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INDIA MAGAZINE comes out on the 1st of every month.

The Editor invites short stories for consideration. All matter must be written legibly on one side of the paper, preferably typed. Payment will be made at our usual rates after publication.



Statement about ownership of INDIA MAGAZINE (Rule 8 Form IV), Newspapers (Central) Rules, 1956.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Place of Publication | : 460/465, Pycrofts Road,
Triplicane, Madras-5. |
| 2. Periodicity of Publication | : MONTHLY
1st of each Calendar Month. |
| 3. Printer's Name | : B. VENKATAVARADAN
Proprietor,
JEEVAN PRESS. |
| Nationality | : INDIAN |
| Address | : 460/465, Pycrofts Road,
Triplicane, Madras-5. |
| 4. Publisher's Name | : B. VENKATAVARADAN |
| Nationality | : INDIAN |
| Address | : 460/465, Pycrofts Road,
Triplicane, Madras-5. |
| 5. Editor's Name | : B. VENKATAVARADAN |
| Nationality | : INDIAN |
| Address | : 460/465, Pycrofts Road,
Triplicane, Madras-5. |
| 6. Name & Address of individuals who own the paper | : B. VENKATAVARADAN
: 460/465, Pycrofts Road,
Triplicane, Madras-5. |

I, B. Venkatavaradan, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

28th February, 1957.

B. VENKATAVARADAN,
Signature of the Publisher

MARCH '57

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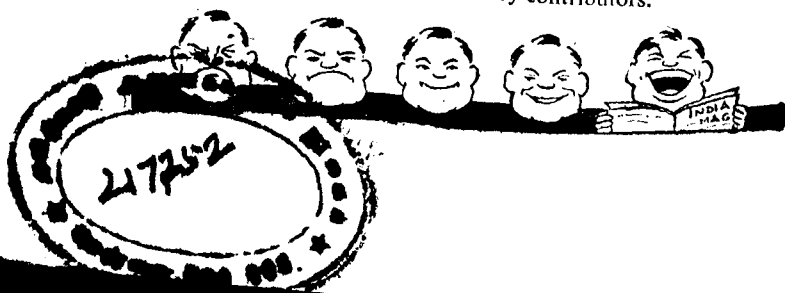
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The names of characters and places appearing in fictional stories are purely imaginary and any reference to living persons is only coincidental. The Editor does not accept responsibility for the views expressed by contributors.



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Leading National Monthly

VOLUME II } MARCH 1957 { No. 1

ROLE OF AN OPPOSITION

VERY shortly the battle of the elections will have been over. The din and dust of controversy will have settled down and the new Governments will have begun their tasks in a far quieter atmosphere. What will be the shape of things to come? We venture the guess that while Congress will find itself in the saddle as before, opposition parties or groups will function in greater strength.

One of our elder statesmen, Sri C. Rajagopalachari, has been repeatedly emphasising the need for an effective Opposition if democracy is to have a healthy growth in our country. His view found ready endorsement by Lord Attlee who visited India a few months ago. That the Congress is wedded to democracy we shall readily concede. But one-party rule, when all is said and done, will render idle parts of the machinery that should keep democratic processes alive. This is a danger that must be guarded against.

But the question is whether the opposition groups in State Assemblies and in the Lok Sabha will rise to the occasion. They must sink their petty differences, forget their animosities and knit themselves into a proper opposition party, based on a broad well-defined policy and programme. We should not expect so much of sniping as constructive criticism that should act as a brake on the party in power. For this purpose the various groups and independents in the Legislatures must seek re-alignment. This is a desirable development to which progressive

—Please see page 4

Current Comments

IMPROVE VILLAGES

Dr. Toynbee, the famous historian, remarked in the course of a speech that 90 per cent of India's population live in the villages. How can their standard of living be raised? More employment opportunities must be provided for villagers during the idle season. Good roads must be laid out to link villages which are mostly inaccessible during the rainy season. They must be taught to keep their surroundings clean and sanitary and their water supply pure and uncontaminated. Amenities like electricity, radio sets in public centres for groups of villages will go a long way towards ameliorating their lot. The continuous trek to towns and cities will be checked, if not stopped altogether, if village life is made more attractive. It should be a prime responsibility of the new Governments, both State and Central.

DISGUSTING

An explosive situation has been created by the Security Council's new resolutions on Kashmir. That blood is thicker than water is proved by the fact that the United States has thrown its weight on the side of the United Kingdom. Our Prime Minister's visit to Washington has produced no

tangible result. On the contrary, Indo-U.S. relations have slightly deteriorated. Of Indo-British relations the less said the better.

ROLE OF AN OPPOSITION

—EDITORIAL *Continued*

Leaders must give their careful thought and attention. Almost all parties in the country have declared themselves in favour of socialism in varying degrees and so the difficulties about a coalition towards an effective Opposition will not be insuperable.

But Communists are not easy or dependable allies though Shri Jaya Prakash Narain may think otherwise. The nation is yet to be provided with proof that they have given up their extra-territorialism and their mental reservations about a bloody and violent revolution to overthrow the present order of society and government. Communal groups, pledged to liquidate minority communities and demand separate 'sthans, are as dangerous as the Communist party, and must be avoided like the plague. Will they subordinate their objectionable views and agree to a common platform in regard to a healthy opposition?

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THEIR ONLY DAUGHTER

By SUDHA RANGANATHAN

"WELL, you see, I am a rather retiring sort of person. Actually I am the retired head-clerk of a reputed firm of this place. Though I was head-clerk for two or three years only, you see, I had served with that firm from the beginning, that is nearly thirty-five years now.

My wife, well, I do take pride in her, has managed, I should add, very well indeed, within my meagre salary. We have put by something for my old age, as well as given our only daughter Parvati, the best we could afford. Though it is I who say it, she is a very well-behaved girl. She would never trouble us for anything, no, not even for a skirt, or even pester her mother to dress her in a new way that had just come into vogue among her classmates.

Some said that we petted her too much, because she was born rather late in my life. I was completing my fortieth year, when Parvati was born, and I did not have any kids after that. But I should admit that I have never said a harsh word to her. No, sir, not me. My wife even went one step better than I did and she practically worked like a slave to keep her happy. Of course, we

taught her household work also. Parvati could sing tolerably. We made her complete her school course, before we thought of her marriage. My wife was rather against sending Parvati to college, as she thought it might turn her head and give her ideas above our means.

Parvati is an ideal girl. She never objected to the bridegroom selection we were going through. Whenever we asked her opinion, she would just smile and say, "You know best, father," and blush. I loved to see the colour rise in her spotless, fair cheek, and her delicate ears turn red under her abundant black curly hair. I used to tease her also. Of course, we were careful enough not to praise her openly.

SHE grew up to be a modest, unassuming girl, very pretty and accomplished. You see, I had retired by this time and settled down in a small house bought with my savings. I used to sit in the verandah in the mornings, pretending to read the newspaper, but actually watching the passers-by on the road. Well, one day a young fellow came straight to me, and asked me if we could go inside the house for a minute. When I had com-

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piled with his request, he came straight to the point, and declared that he wanted to marry my daughter. He said he was working in a company as a clerk, and stood a fair chance for quick promotion. He also added that he was without any near relations and that he had come to this place to canvass orders for his firm. It seems he had seen my daughter often. I was pleased with his frank demeanour, and could guess by the way that Parvati was peeping at him from behind the door, that she had taken a fancy to this fellow. But how could I reply so quickly, on such a heavy matter? I said I would let him know in two months.

IN the meanwhile, I made enquiries about him, and learnt that he was perfectly honest in his representations. So, on an auspicious day, when Parvati was just turning seventeen, we married her off to this young man, with our blessings. I was very happy that I had secured such a good son-in-law. My idea was to persuade him to take up a job in this place itself, so

that we could be meeting our Parvati often. But I was not successful in the quest of a job for him. (Am I meandering too much? You see I am so very proud of the peaceful life that God has blessed me with, that I have fallen into the habit of talking too much. I am an old man now, so please bear with me patiently).

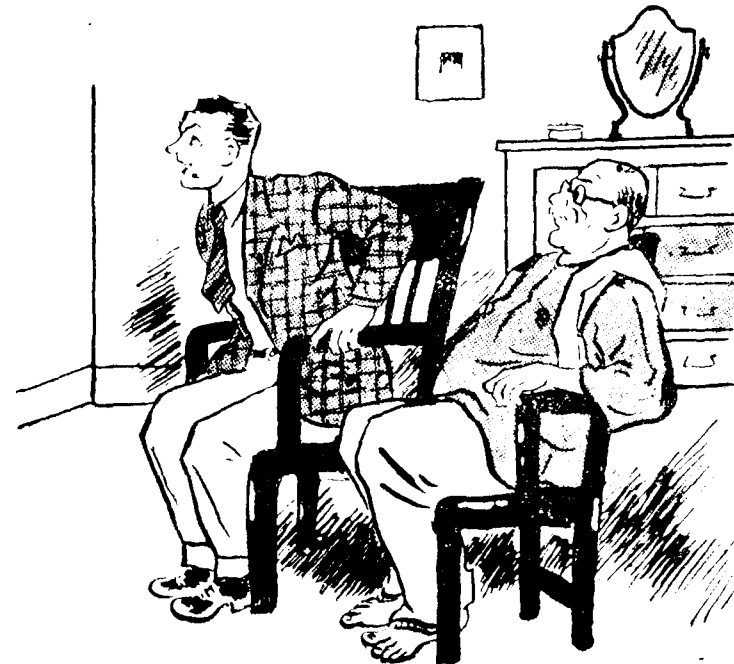


LAST year has been lucky for us, Parvati has been blessed with a son—my grandson! He will be completing one year this September. You cannot believe it, but I tell you that there never was a better baby on earth. The few months that Parvati stayed here with us, during her confinement, I think, were the best period I had ever spent in my life. They were over too quickly for me. Why, my grandson was so clever, and healthy (may Heaven preserve him from evil eyes) that he could distinguish between me and others, when he was just four months old, and Parvati had to leave us to join her husband. He was such a

nice healthy fellow and would bawl like anything for his food, but he was always very quiet with me. Everybody here says that he has taken after me in his looks. Why, even now, in the last letter that Parvati had written, she has mentioned that the young chap was the spitting image of me.

MY wife says that I should write everything, as far back as I can remember, so that I can give my grandson a clear idea of how his mother was and how his grandparents brought her up. I thought it was a good idea and that is why I started on this...

Shankerdas put down the



papers he had been writing. The newspaper boy had come. Eagerly he received it and opened it for the fresh morning news. Why? What meets his eye? "Severe Earthquake rocks Anjar and surrounding areas"—Oh Lord! He let out a shout that brought his wife running to the front. With tears streaming from his eyes, he mumbled incoherently, pointing to the paper. His wife took it more bravely, and immediately set about preparing for a journey to her daughter's place—at Anjar.

SHANKERDAS refused to take her with him. He feared the evil that lay before him, and the strain for his wife. He had learnt from the telegraph office that all communications were cut and that there was no use appealing. He rushed to the railway station, only to learn that the train stopped several miles before the destination, and that there would be no guarantee of further transport being available. As a last resort, he rushed frantically to his old manager's bungalow. Fortune was kind and the old Seth lent his car and driver.

Slowly, at least to Shankerdas, it seemed slow, the tortuous path was traversed. They had covered the three hundred odd miles within ten hours. By the time he reached the suburbs of the city or at least what was left of it, it was very late in the

night. Everywhere, policemen were going round in jeeps and armed patrols were guarding the havoc of Nature. Rescue squads were working untiringly at their tremendous, nerve-racking task, by the light of flares and torches. Some kind-hearted souls were going round the groups of huddled townsmen, cheering them and offering them help. Shankerdas forgot his hunger and his grief when he saw the heroic struggle of man against Nature. With one pitiless gesture, she had hurled thousands upon thousands of human beings into the abyss of despair. Still the glorious spirit that has survived in Man from time immemorial, raised itself and went back to his thankless, helpless task of fighting against Her.

HOPE glowed again in his breast. Perhaps his Parvati would be amongst the survivors. He tried to peer into the benumbed, shock-stricken faces, but it was too dark. The driver advised him to wait till daylight. A police officer had come there by this time, and asked him the reason for his arrival. Shankerdas told him about Parvati and his anxiety for her. The officer also advised him gruffly but kindly, to sleep till the morning and then start searching and in the meanwhile, not to disturb anybody.

Then the next tremor came. Earth trampled again to see

the havoc she had caused unwittingly—so many years of labour destroyed in a few seconds. It was mild in intensity, but it spread panic among the helpers and the sufferers. Even Shankerdas felt like dropping his quest and running away, screaming, with the crowd, rushing blindly into the outer darkness. By the time the authorities could exercise control and abate the general exodus, the driver had vanished with the panic-stricken. Shankerdas crept to the car, and huddling there, tried to sleep and rest his aching muscles and broken heart.

BY early morning he was up again and started pestering others to help him. He was informed that the rescue squads were still too busy with the worst affected areas, and that no individual could be given help, singly as such. But he was given permission to continue his search in the ruined city, alone.

Groping and stumbling among the debris, he met with many of the ravaged inhabitants, vainly trying to salvage a few of the valuables and cherished possessions, crushed and held forcibly by the crumbling masonry. Here and there, water conduits had broken out and were flooding or rather polluting the twisted streets. Slow-

ly bitterly, guided here and there by a few kind words of direction, he groped his way into the heart of the ruined city.

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This mass of rubble was once a three storeyed building where his Parvati had been proud to live, surrounded by other equally tall buildings. His son-in-law had been contented that his office was in the basement and all he had to do was walk down the stairs. Now, the two upper storeys had fallen down through the lower, leaving ragged edges of wooden beams protruding here and there. The staircase was blocked by the stones and timbers. The rescue squad was busy removing the stones and broken beams carefully and quickly.

The moment he saw their faces, grim with determination to do their duty, in spite of all the hazards and the gruesome finds they had met with, Shankerdas realised the fate of his daughter and son-in-law. There was no need for him to identify the shapeless mass of bodies, pinned beneath the heavy stone-walls, their faces unhurt, but terribly distorted by fear.



So that was it. That was why he was born in this world, to suffer untold mis-

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ries, at the close of his life. "Oh Lord, take my life and give them back theirs! What is the use of my living on in this world, worn with care and toil, while they, so young and hopeful, should die such a horrid death? Oh, where is my grandson, the apple of my eye, my chubby darling? Oh Lord, grant it that I hold his body at least, once more, in my hands, before I die," Shankerdas sat down there, with his head in his hands, and tears, hot and grimy, coursing down his wrinkled cheeks.

JUST then, he heard a voice say behind him, "Oh, I say. I think that there is some hollow space here, behind the staircase. Probably a kitten is hiding there. Here, help a bit in heaving this door. There, there, slowly does it, oh Gosh!"—here he gave such a loud gasp of astonishment that made Shanker turn his head.

There, smiling at them, sat an-year-old baby, sucking his thumb and gazing at them through his clear black eyes. Then he lifted his thumb and pointing at Shankerdas, babbled "da-do". Here was hope of a new life gazing at them through this appalling ruin. Amidst death and desolation, God's hand had preserved this child for the future. Shankerdas fainted away in sheer happiness.

The **BRIDE'S TORMENT** *By Viswa*

TWO strong male hands tied the marital knot round her neck and feeling it nervously with her shapely hands Raji knew that her dreams had come to an end. There was a film of tears that threatened to blot out her vision. She gently brought up her silk kerchief, wiped the perspiration on her forehead, and then suddenly wiped her eyes.

"The smoke and the heat have proved too much for the darling," her mother said to her father. "Look up, dear, and smile a bit. They are showering rice on your head in blessing."

But her mother's voice was drowned in the shrill laughter of about half a dozen girls. They were her old college mates and were the cynosure of all male eyes. And they were teasing the bride.

"See her now," mocked one of them. "She said she was never going to marry. With her father's money she planned to go to London and New York for higher studies. She would come back and serve as Principal of the Girls' College or Director of Public Instruction."

"Don't deride her so," warned another girl. "She may still carry on her studies with her husband's permission."

"You know what happened to Kamala who took her M.A. degree in literature last year. Her husband was more enthusiastic about her trip to the United Kingdom and announced his intention of accompanying her and all that. What happened? They went up to the air port and returned. She was not feeling well."

"What happened? I haven't seen Kamala these two years."

"Oh, you don't know. She later on undertook a trip to the maternity hospital."

ALL the girls giggled; even the bride could not help smiling. The bridegroom himself seemed to admire the mischief and liveliness of his wife's friends and grinned from ear to ear.

But Raji's heart was aching. She was sore at her grandmother for hustling her into matrimony. Her own father was not so keen. He was prepared to let her complete her graduate course, but his own mother (her paternal



hustle marked the preparations for this wedding. He gathered a sheaf of horoscopes and consulted a host of astrologers. There were fantastic demands from parents who wanted her father to pay up all the expenses incurred

grandmother) insisted on seeing her married, and he had to comply. What unseemly haste and what hustle and

on behalf of the son—for having sent him to school and college, for having fed, clothed and sheltered him.

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And then her father's choice fell on this young man—Ramathirthan—who had studied up to Intermediate. What would people think if they came to know that she had sat in the B. A. class? Her father had plumped for him because he was a clerk in the State P.W.D. Though poor, he would be getting his pension and would not let his wife starve.

RAJI had a good look at him.

He was strong but not so handsome. He had a slight squint in his left eye. Would he allow her the same freedom which she had enjoyed in her parental home? In the innermost recess of her heart she longed for Pathy, the young man, who had remained with them all these years. He was an orphan, a distant cousin, whom Father had brought up as his own son and educated him. They had played together, and she had even allowed him to make love to her whenever they were alone.

But Raji's mother was a shrewd and she put a stop to the affair by sending him to her brother in Bombay. There he got a job as a clerk in a mill and apparently forgot all about her.

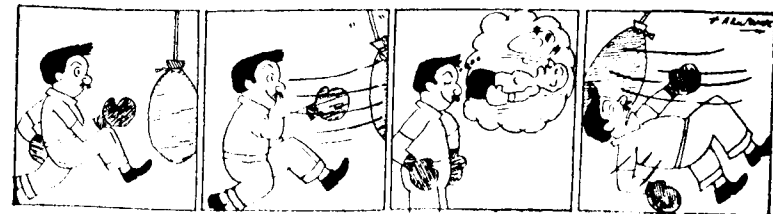
She was thinking about all this as she was dozing in a room behind the kitchen. Her younger sister, Radha, came running, "Raji, come to the pandal, won't you? There is a big surprise for you. The musician has come and..."

"I have a headache, Radha. I won't come unless Father asks me to."

"Listen now, do you recognize the voice?" her sister asked.

"Yes, the musician sings very well," admitted the bride. "He is rendering 'Kalyani raga' in a superb effortless way. How charming is his voice. I am eager to sit near him and enjoy the performance." As she got up, adjusting the folds of her sari, Radha hugged her. "It is an amazing thing, sister. Your husband is singing now. They say he is the musician's pet pupil and the master has asked him to deputise for him!"

EAGERLY Raji dashed through the hall and reached the pandal. There was a glow of pride in her eyes as she gazed at her husband. She had at least fallen in love with her voice now. ***



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On Being Praised!

It is but natural for a man to like being praised. But the well deserved praise is only an asset; whereas the praise lavished on certain occasions is nothing short of a curse in disguise. I am prompted to make this remark because some time ago a very eminent doctor of Bombay while felicitating a Central Cabinet Minister during the course of his address remarked: "Your great love for the development of such and such a faculty was evident from the fact that such and such institution had come into existence entirely through your efforts."

The gist of the doctor's speech appeared in the next day's morning papers. Reading it, the doctor's friend, curious to know the quantum of contribution in cash, kind or any other way of help, administrative or otherwise, which the Minister in question had made towards the establishment of the institution enquired on phone when the doctor laughed and begged him not to indulge in legpuling as it was common knowledge that the Minister had done nothing whatsoever in the matter and that in any case he (the doctor) had to say something when he was called upon to receive the Minister.

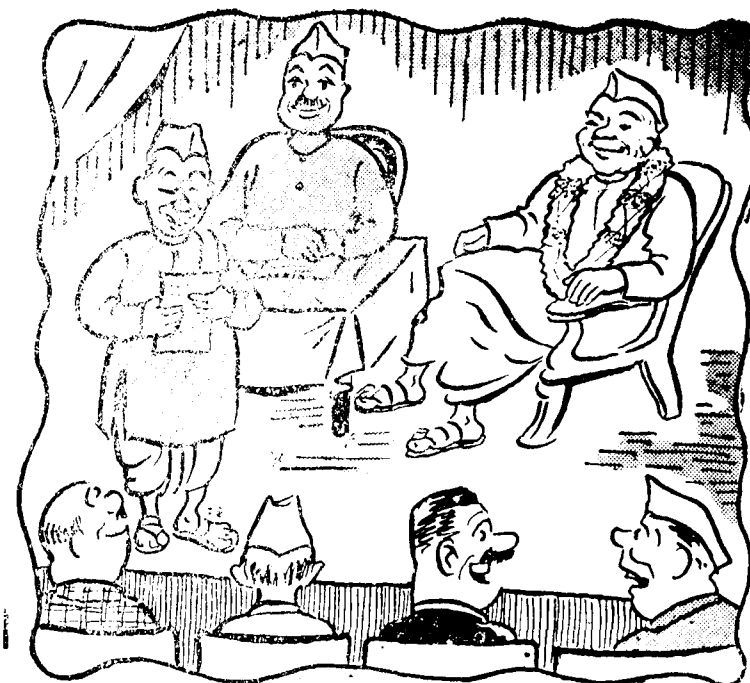
While receiving an address of welcome when the recipient of the address protested against the hyperbole used in describing his qualities, the spokesman of the organisation presenting the address remarked: "But if the true qualities of a person were to be described no address of welcome would ever be presented to any member of the public." The recipient pro-

BY
RAGHUNATH HADKAR

tested again saying that he was pulling him down much lower than he deserved to be. The gentleman reassured him in all sincerity that he had made a general remark and that the recipient did have some qualities which would be publicly mentioned without being derogatory to his prestige.

ON one occasion, a gentleman from another State in Bombay was promised an address of welcome by a local friend but his stay was short and the printed address did not arrive in time. So the Bombay friend rushed with the belatedly arrived address to the railway station and the recipient almost half

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hung out of the window to snatch it as it was handed over to him in the running train, shouting that he would have it framed in his own town.

AN editor of a publication once received a letter from a luminary conveying that although he himself did not believe in saying anything in his own praise but one of his senior pupils had insisted on writing a small biographical sketch and forced him to forward it for publication. Unfortunately he forgot to detach from the biographical sketch a note in his own handwriting to his pupil as to how he should write the biography to be sent for the

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publication.

At a felicitation function of a gentleman a photograph was to be taken at the time of the handing over the address to him by the president. Unfortunately the flash lamp failed. The president was, therefore, asked to hand it over again a second time so that the photograph could be taken at just the right moment. The flash lamp again failed. So the President was asked to keep holding it on one end while the gentleman held on to the other end till the photograph was taken, which was done after 5/6 futile attempts.

When I recollect the above incidents I experience a sense of a little embarrassment while receiving exuberant praise from anybody and to be frank I hate such people especially so because certain occasions are meant for praise and praise only whatever the defect of an individual may be.

THIS also reminds me of the famous episode of Voltaire when he was prevailed upon to praise Mons. Blanc on his death, although he did not like Mons. Blanc during his life time. Finally he wrote that Mons. Blanc was honest,

able and learned etc. but he ended with the words "Yes, he is all that provided he is really dead", which shows that praise received on certain occasions has not necessarily the same value as on others.

IT is my candid opinion that the praise lavished on occasions like receptions, and jubilees runs a close parallel in formality to the praise lavished after the death of individuals. This is the reason why I hate people praising me and if you are being praised exuberantly please make sure that your legs are not being pulled!

GOOD MANNERS

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.
—Emerson.

A polite man is one who listens with interest to things he knows all about, when told him by a person who knows nothing about them.
—De Morny.

And life most sweet, as heart to heart.
Speaks kindly when we meet and part.
—Mary Baker Eddy.

We cannot always oblige, but we can always speak obligingly.
—Voltaire.

Tact consists in knowing how far we may go too far.
—Jean Cocteau.

Good manners and soft words have brought many a difficult things to pass.
—Aesop.

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STRANGE Encounter

THE engine blew the whistle in response to the Guard's signal and puff-puffed, prior to pulling out of the station. There was a scramble of the loitering passengers and the last-minute arrivals to get into the almost moving bogies. The second class carriage wherein he was travelling alone was also pushed open by a porter who thrust into it a holdall, a small trunk and a tiffin carrier. A good-looking lady, just past her teens, followed the luggage into the train, and, having paid the porter, surveyed the compartment with a quick glance. She was taken aback on realising that there was a lone companion of the opposite sex sharing the two-berth coupe. At once she turned towards the door, deciding to change the carriage, but couldn't succeed as the train was already in motion.

The lady stood in the doorway with a frown on her face, muttering under her breath. Ram sat towards one end of the lower berth, looking at her. A comely woman, with a shine in the eyes, an attractive nose, a black mole on her fair cheek looking like a beauty spot, and a tall, grace-

ful and perfect physique, she was Beauty personified.

"Oh these porters—how irresponsible they are! The fellow took me in here when I told him I wanted to get into the ladies' compartment. What an awkward situation for me!" She expressed her anger towards the porter thus, talking to herself.

Ram interjected, "Excuse me, madam, but you can't be choosy when you're about to lose the train! Had you arrived earlier the porter wouldn't have got these 'blessings' from you. There was nothing to do for him but push you in

A Short Story

BY

G. Venkataratnam
&
G. Kameswara Rao

somewhere if you were to travel in this train. I believe you are blaming him for no fault of his."

LATA looked him full in the face attempting to put on an injured look at his sarcasm. But she could only smile, for he was correct. If she did not get in here she could have boarded only the next train to Madras.

Ram, watching the lovely dimple on her cheek which appeared when she smiled, said, "You may be seated, madam, till the next halt when you can move over

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to the ladies' compartment. If not, you will compel me also to suffer the strain of standing for an hour and a half or more when only the opportunity for your interchange arises on arriving at the next big stop."

SHE did not reply him but continued her brooding gaze at the telegraph wires that were in continuous up and down motion, the trees and shrubs that were flying past her and the storks that were flying in a 'V' formation. How could she help her 'nick of the moment' arrival at the station when she had to travel thither 15 miles by bus from her place, and that too on a cold wintry morning and the bus having broken down en route! Thank Heavens—she was able to get into some compartment or other! Yes—this gentleman was correct in saying that she would have to stand for a pretty long time till the next halt where she could go over to the ladies' compartment. Of course there was one halt in between but it was a small station and she wouldn't get the necessary time for the shift.

Her thoughts were interrupted by a muffled cough from Ram who tried to turn her attention thus towards his "standing-self".

She said, "I am sorry to trouble you, sir, you please be seated as you were and I will sit at this corner of the bench

till the time when I can change over." She perched herself on the edge and again began beholding the revolving earth around the speeding train through the window.

Ram resumed his seat, throwing an occasional glance towards Lata whose fore-curls over the forehead were fluttering due to the rushing wind.

"If I am not inquisitive, may I know how far you are going, doctor?" he enquired.

LATA turned towards him with a sudden jerk. Of course, she realised, he must have known from her name and degree painted on her trunk that she was a doctor. Reluctantly she answered him that she was going to Madras. Ram now noticed what a musical voice she had,

"Are you working there?"

"No, I am going there for the first time, to take up house-surgeoncy in the General Hospital."

"You are new to the place, I believe. I think you have someone awaiting to receive and introduce you to the metropolis. But where have you studied?"

"There is none in that city known to me. I have to fend for myself. I took my degree at Vizag."

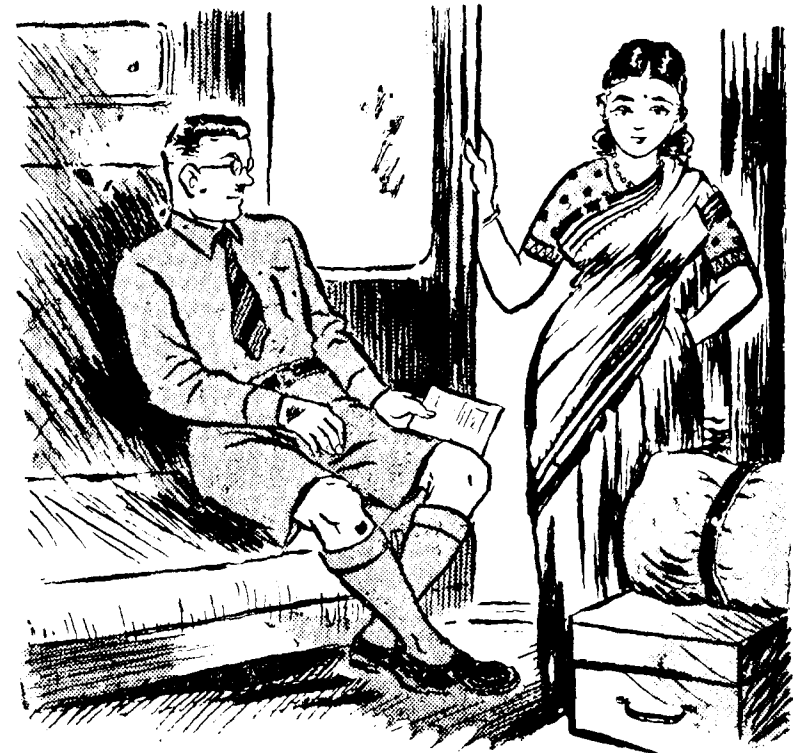
She withdrew again into her shell. Ram remarked a grave and melancholy air

in her disposition. He began to wonder why such a pretty young woman, who took a professional degree, should have something to worry her. Probably, disappointment in love. Or, was she troubled in mind at the prospect of entering the city with none to approach for guidance?

"If you don't take me amiss, I can offer assistance to you at Madras. I am also going there," he said.

Lata did not know how to take this, coming from a perfect stranger. "What are you going there for?" she asked.

"I AM there for the last two years as an Assistant Engineer in the P. W. D. I am returning there now after attending to my ailing father at my native place for which I had been there on leave. I am living alone at Madras, but I have a female cook. So, you may, if there isn't any objection, accept my hospita-



She stood staring . . .

My for a couple of days till you are comfortably settled in a suitable place."

LATA wasn't sure as to the intentions of this gentleman. It was only now that she took any notice of his looks. He was a tall and sprightly young man of about thirty years. No doubt he was attractive and had a soft and gentle expression in his eyes. But, appearances can be deceptive. Even so, there was some urge in her heart to trust him. She answered him, "I thank you very much for your kind offer. I wonder how you expect me to react to such a proposal coming as it were from a man unknown to me prior to my setting foot in this carriage. Anyway, as there is plenty of time to reach the destination, I'll think over and reply to your suggestion."

There was a hush again in the compartment except for the extraneous sounds caused by the rotating wheels of the train. Rani could not suppress any longer his concern at her worried look. He resumed the conversation, enquiring about her parents, her native place and other personal matters. Lata, though such curiosity on the part of a man, known only as a co-traveller, was unhealthy couldn't restrain her impulse, modest as she was, to keep up the conversation.

"My father is a Government pensioner. We hail from Malakapuram near Berhampur. I have just completed my M.B.B.S., course. After I finish my house surgeoncy I wish to set up private practice in my native place and devote my life to serve the needy poor freely as also to try to solve the rural health problem."

"THERE must be some event in your life that prompted you to take such a decision. Aren't there so many other lady doctors passing out every year? Many of them get married sometime or other and lead a domestic life, paying scant attention to their professional work. There are others who utilise the 'four-letter' suffix to their names as a means of amassing wealth, deleting the word 'sympathy' from their dictionary. If you do not consider me to be a Nosey Parker, may I know why you wear a look of disappointment in your countenance? I know it is not decent for an unacquainted man to ask such a personal question of a lady. But something I don't know what, is compelling me to find out the cause for the sorrowful expression in you."

Lata was a bit agitated at these prying questions, in spite of which she told him her story.

Her father Srikantharao, was a retired Tashildar and

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she was an only child of her parents. While still a girl in her teens her parents contemplated her marriage. In the course of their search they came across a distant relative, Mr. Kesavarao, whose only son was studying in the Intermediate at Vizag. The parents of both parties having discussed the preliminaries, decided that further progress could be made if the boy approved of the girl.

Accordingly a date was fixed for the interview, and on the appointed day the bride-groom-to-be and his parents arrived. The boy was very handsome and made a very good impression on everyone including the bride. Everyone present expressed the opinion that it would be an ideal match. The interview appeared to be a success.

THE visitors departed in high spirits, saying that they would communicate their decision shortly. A couple of months fled by but there was not any message. Lata's parents were perturbed at this silence. They were sure, from the talks with their

counterparts, that this match would go through. They didn't like to lose this opportunity as it would be difficult to secure such a good match again. They wondered if it was a question of dowry. They were prepared to go to their maximum capacity to fix up this match. But what could they do when there was nothing but a hush from the other side?

AFTER a couple of months more, somehow word trick-

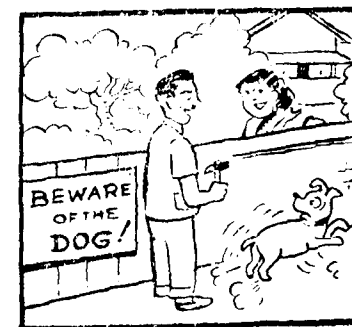
led through to Lata's father that the affair could not be gone through because of the refusal of the bridegroom, the cause of which was not known definitely. Srikantharao at once wrote to Kesavarao asking for the overdue opinion. The reply he received

confirmed the previous news. The cause of the boy's refusal was very flimsy—that the girl did not have a good physique! After all a girl in her teens can't look like a grown-up woman. a fact probably ignored by them!

As Lata was narrating the above, Ram's features were undergoing a change. A sort of tension was rising in him.

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"I never thought our Doggie would be frightened of this notice!"

Lata perceived this but behaved as if she did not notice it, though she was wondering what the reason for it was. Meanwhile the train happened to halt at the intermediate station. Someone pushed the door open to get in but hesitated on seeing Lata and Ram in the coupe and went away without entering the compartment, obviously in search of another.

RAM nodded to Lata to continue her story, though he himself remained mum.

"The failure of this match depressed all of us and was a big disappointment to everyone concerned. My father tried several other matches but in vain. Meantime I was progressing with my studies in school. Disgusted with his unfruitful endeavours, my father decided to give me a complete college education. Thus it was that I took up this medical profession."

"Have you decided not to marry, doctor?"

"My parents were approaching me now and then about this but I refused to consider the matter. I am determined not to marry."

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Ram enquired, "But what is there to give you that dejected look? I guess it is connected up with your decision not to marry."

Lata did not answer him but looked away. Ram noticed that his question had hurt her feelings from the tears that she was wiping out. He could not bear to see this.

He said "Lata, you will be surprised at what I say now. I am that boy, Ram, who interviewed you so long ago. Kesavarao is my father. Now I understand why there was an urge in me to enquire after your personal matters. There must have been an impression of you in me subconsciously leading to a faint recollection of you now."

Lata could not believe her ears. Was it all true? What an amazing coincidence!

RAM continued, "I now regret my previous opinion. I was a hot-headed fellow in those days and had some high and foolish notions about marriage and the girl I should marry. Later on I realised how wrong I was, but could not rectify the mistake."

—Please see page 31

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THE DANCER



"SHYAMALA, you dance very well, indeed," said Das, the troupe master admiringly to the young woman who stood before him. She was dressed in flimsy silk and had tied up her long pigtail with a red ribbon. They were speaking in the back room of the stage, and she was getting ready for one of the exotic dances for which she was becoming famous. The audience was getting restive and clamouring for her. They could hear the catcalls and the whistles and the appeals of the stage manager through the mike to keep quiet for just a few more minutes.

But Shyamala did not heed the noise. She went on dabbing more powder on her face while the diamonds she wore flashed in all their brilliance.

Her smile seemed to add to their sparkle.

"Mr. Das," she said briefly, "you are a dear. I don't like this extravagance in words. Why aren't you a little more free with your money?"

Before he opened his mouth she was gone like a meteorite and he could hear thunderous applause greeting her appearance on the stage. She had not much use for the traditional style but she had grace and suppleness of body which she could bend effortlessly in a thousand ways. She had curves in the right places and she exposed them to mad hungry audiences.



By SRIKANTAN

COBRA dance was her forte. While her male partner accompanied her on the instrument she wriggled all over the stage. The audience sat

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hypnotised, as it were, by her sinuous movement. Then her head alone swayed to suggest the hood of the cobra, now hissing in all its fury and poised for a strike. Later on, she herself played the role of the cobra's victim, suffering from the bite, showing the intense agony of one waiting for the last moment.

THE audience called for a repeat performance but she hastened back to the dressing room and threw herself on a divan in sheer exhaustion. She almost panted for breath as Das stood over her, beaming. "That certainly was the grandest performance of your career," he remarked. "If only you could consent to my proposal, I would keep you in comfort."

"Five hundred every month and an advance of two thousand rupees, to boot. Give me a written undertaking; otherwise, you had better leave me alone," she curtly told him and sat up. The silk sari slipped from her shoulders, revealing the ivory white of her bare arms but she hastily adjusted it to look more proper. But Das's eyes were greedy and roving.

A servant came in with two cups of steaming coffee on a tray. Shyamala took both the cups while Das produced a cigarette from his pocket and struck a match to light it. She noticed that his hand trembled while a husky voice

startled them both. Its owner was a plumpy woman on the wrong side of thirty and she almost glared at Shyamala.

Das froze at her sight. "This is a surprise, Rekha darling. I had promised I would be home by 1 a.m. sharp. What is the matter? You seem to be upset."

She breathed hard and smelled of liquor. Her face was flushed and her eyes were glazed. She was even slightly unsteady in her gait. "I have been waiting for you these three days and somebody else answers for you when I call you over the phone. I know you have a new distraction," she said icily, glancing at Shyamala. "There are bills to pay and the creditors are pestering the life out of me. I must have three hundred rupees at once. Don't you try to dodge me this time."

"Well," he hedged, "there is no question of dodging you, dear. Why not you wait till eight in the morning when I shall ask my manager to hand you the sum and even more if you want?"

"You are trying to cheat me again," she laughed hysterically. "I am not going to leave you until..."

Before she finished the sentence, the chief organizer of the Music and Art Sabha came in grinning. "Mr.

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Troupe Master," he said, handing Mr. Das a packet of currency notes. "I have pleasure in giving you Rs. 500 after deducting the advance of Rs. 500 given to you last week. The collections amounted to less than Rs. 1000. But we have added up a little from our reserve funds. And we have a little surprise for you. In appreciation of Shyamala Devi's excellent performance of the evening, the committee is presenting five sovereigns to her now. We would much rather the presentation had taken place before the audience which shouted its wild enthusiasm for her art.

"AND now," he went on, "I have pleasure in awarding these gold coins on behalf of the committee." Suiting action to his words, he gave them to Shyamala and bowed himself out.

Shyamala checked her first impulse to pass on the sovereigns to Das but secreted them in the small purse which she dug out of her bodice. Rekha was already bursting with envy and stared hard at Shyamala. "They were crazy about me, too, once, if you want to know," she told her in an indecently loud tone. "But if am ruined today you know who is responsible."

Suddenly she pounced on Das and snatched the packet

containing the currency notes. She counted three hundred, put back the remaining notes and thrust the envelope into Das's breast coat pocket. "There you are. Aren't you a darling?" she mocked. "I am off now. Thank God, I came at the opportune moment. I shall be waiting for you in my flat, and there is your special bottle reserved



for you." And she quikly made her exit.

Das puffed on furiously at his cigarette and didn't speak a word for some time.

"A nice hussy you have got," she remarked, gathering up her things.

"Don't you believe a word of what she says," he assured

her. "She always gets drunk and makes scenes. I have a plan to get rid of her. Once we begin our tour she will cease to bother us, you may be sure."

"Is she married to you?" she asked.

"No fears," he scoffed. "I picked her up from the gutter, to speak the truth. She was plying the oldest profession in the streets but I gave her a status and respectability by enrolling her as a member of my troupe. I built up her glamour and taught her to dance and perform many new acrobatic feats. I fell for her in a foolish moment but she has stuck to me like a leech. Too much of drink and hysteria have rendered her unfit for anything. At times she gives me hell."

ON the way home, she was silent and brooding. He was sitting at the wheel and she was leaning against the cushion in the back seat, her arms held above her head. She was undergoing a conflict of emotions.

He dropped her in front of her residence, asking her to think over his proposal and promising to comply with all her conditions. He also reminded her of the performance next day at the same theatre under different auspices. She said she would think over his offer, and got out.

There were three rooms opening one into another that

formed a small but self-contained portion of a huge house built on modern style. An old woman opened the door and eagerly welcomed her. "You are very late. Little Rani is sleeping though the fever has not subsided, but he is fretting. He is waiting for you."

"Oh, bother him!" she almost shouted. "He is trying my patience. If he expects me to stay home all day and night where is food to come from? Can't he look after the baby with your assistance? I am tired of it all really."

SHE went into her own room and locked herself in. It was past midnight. She divested herself of her stage dress, washed off her make-up, and after taking a cup of milk, brought by her mother, threw herself on the bed. But she courted sleep in vain. She thought of Mohan in the next room and clenched her fist. "Mohan is a good-for-nothing fellow living on my earnings," she told herself. "He came into my life seven years ago. But he is an uneducated fool. Because he helped me in an accident with great presence of mind and risk to his own life, I permitted him to make love to me. He is not intelligent nor handsome. But he is devoted to me like a dog. When little Rani was born to me he pressed me to marry him, and though the darling is three years old I have not made up my mind. But he is

content to love me and the baby and considers it his greatest privilege to keep near us and do our bidding. I have abused him and insulted him and even kicked him once but he never opened his mouth.

"Now has come this new urge, the new disturbing force in the person of Das. He wants me to be the star and chief attraction of his troupe, and if I go on tour it will take months for me to be back. Of course, I can earn lots of money and can send enough to Mohan and trust him to keep Mother and Rani in comfort. But Das seems to have other intentions as well..."

SHE yawned at last and sank into a sound sleep. The next day she laughed with Mohan and played with the child and asked him to take Rani to the doctor. She was pleased with herself and her ability to succeed. Of course, the stage-going world was amazed at her beauty and grace. Very few knew that she was a mother of a child. Its father was content to remain in the background and serve her in silence.

That night her performance on the stage won more thunderous applause and the collections were double the previous day's. When she spread out a scarf and asked for alms like a snake-charmer several spectators in a raptu-

rous mood threw rupee coins, gold rings, knick-knacks, and whatever they had at the dancer, and she gleefully picked them all up. They certainly meant a lot, and she was going to keep them herself.

BEFORE they left, he gave her a written undertaking, embodying all her conditions and promised her a cheque first thing on the morrow. Once in the car, she was in a mellow mood and when he gave her a finger of Scotch from his bottle, she gulped it and gasped. It soon began to warm her blood and heart. She forced him to stop the car by the side of a deserted maidan. Both of them walked towards the grass, and sat down. He held her in his arms and she yielded like soft clay in his hands. Their lips met in a warm, passionate kiss. His arms tightened about her waist and she burrowed deeper into his arms, when a heavy hand descended on her head. For two seconds she was stunned. Then she realised in a flash that it was a female hand and that her attacker was none other than Rekha. She dragged Shyamala by her hair, and kicked Das in the stomach who was too drunk to resist.

Before Shyamala could collect her wits and defend herself, Rekha had overwhelmed her. She gave her hard raps on the head with her fists, and heavy slaps on her

back. Shyamala started to run but she couldn't escape her assailant. The latter scratched her face with her long nails. The young dancer felt as if somebody had thrown acid at her face. And she felt blood on her hands.

She ran on this time as fast as her legs could carry her, got into a rickshaw that was passing by and reached home at 3 a.m. Mohan was aghast at this gory sight but he was quick to act. He brought a taxi and took her to the emergency ward of the hospital. . . .

It was a week before she got out of the hospital. The doctors did all they could to heal her wounds as speedily as possible. One of them knew of the value of her face and how her career rested on its beauty. But there was a long livid streak which they said would take a long time to disappear. Make-up, however, they said, would not reveal it.

Then only Mohan revealed what had happened to the troupe master. Das had got away with slight bruises and Rekha took him in the car to her residence. The woman, it appeared, got another hysterical fit, and she had to be taken to hospital. Das had been to Shyamala's residence several times

but Mohan had told him about her condition. He was too ashamed to present himself at the hospital and news about the scar on her face worried him.

She thought long about the incident. "Mohan dear, come here," she said. When he came to her she hugged him, sitting up on the bed, and kissed him for the first time since the birth of their child. "Well, we shall get married and we shall think more of home and kids. I have been foolish and indiscreet. Forgive me and forget the past. I have got some savings which we shall invest wisely. I have said good-bye to my career."

There was a knock on the door and she could hear Das's voice.

"Tell him, dear, that my career as a dancer is ended and that I have no wish to see him. Ask him to go. It is all over."

SHE drew the bedsheet up to her neck and pretended to be asleep.

After a few minutes' talk with Mohan, Das reluctantly turned back, and she could hear the whirr of his car again.—(Copyright)

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The PAST IMPERFECT

By Prabhat Vaidya

As the new year day is over and one realises that the sum total of one's achievements during the year that is past is practically nil, except perhaps a few more grey hairs about one's temples and/or a few more inches around one's equator, one naturally despairs of the future and turns the floodlight of reminiscences on one's past.

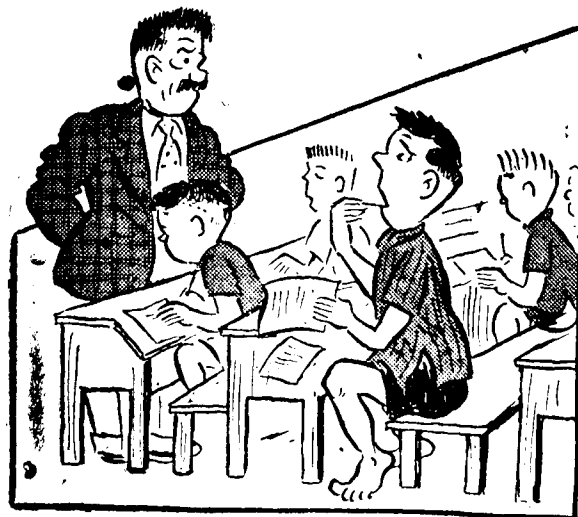
One of my greatest achievements was at a carrom game that had just been introduced in those days and over which gray beards shook their heads as much as to say "nine days' wonder". The occasion was some school tournaments, and this story happened in the preliminary rounds. We tossed, I broke, and potted a white with the opening shot. Then I proceeded to pocket all the other whites, without conceding a single flick to my opponent, also taking the queen in my stride. My jubilation was short-lived; the dark border to this silver cloud was, though I won that match and sent my rival—a boy with glasses, adam's apple, and no chin—home verging on tears, I did not get anywhere in the vicinity of

the semi-finals even. I suffered the humiliation of being licked in the very next fixture by a cheeky little kid who beat me hands down, made rings round me and all but danced on my corpse. My feat was not immortalised in the school magazine or mentioned on the notice board. Unsung, unhonoured—that was me. Nor have I been able to repeat this fluke-in-a-thousand, try as I never would.

About the same time I had a red-letter day in my lessons too. The papers at the annual exam that year were pretty tough—and you must remember students had not still perfected the weapon of non-violent non-co-operation and walk-outs, so that there was nothing we could do but sweat it out. Fortunately the arithmetic paper was easier. There were ten sums, time, work and speed, vulgar fractions and all the other apparently purposeless problems, each carrying 10 marks. I solved nine, but could not get the hang of the last one, a hard-nut to crack, and undoubtedly the brainchild of the head master himself. Then, my powers of induction being

even then quite well developed, I glanced at all the answers which were either 1 or 10 or 0, and worked out the problem backwards from those alternatives. At the results, I saw my name topping the list, like Ben Adam's; as far as that subject was concerned, I had 100 marks. But I quickly descended from the clouds to terra firma, for bracketed with me was Vyas also 100, second only because of the accident of alphabet. Needless to add, I have never since reached the 100 mark again.

My versatile proficiency was not confined to indoor games or desk work. I have a childhood record to my credit in the field of open-air sport too. After hunting in the woods, haunting a motor garage and hinting the itiner-



at the exam hall....

ant *mochi*, I had been able to build myself a catapult. Armed thus, I sallied forth into the wilds with some friends similarly equipped. Anon, I spied an elderly *bulbul*, grey where he should have been black and brown where he should have been red, perched on the summit of a bush and warbling away in a cracked voice—probably remembering his gay young days on his 35th birthday. Selecting a round pebble and taking careful aim, I let fly. And to everybody's amazement, particularly my own, the bullet hit the exact spot where the grand old *bulbul* was. The only hitch was, before the cannon ball hit the spot marked X, the bird had cast a surprised glance at me, shaken its little tail, almost cocked a snook at me, and fluttered out of the trajectory's range. And, although I tried and tried with my catty thereafter, with the patience of a Circe—no, I mean Penelope.... Silvana

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Mangano's double role has muddled me up I could not duplicate that marksmanship, cold consolation that neither could my friends.

I would probably never reach the age when I would get down to writing my autobiography, far less would I reach the prominence that would make publishers queue up for any such book; but if my memoirs ever come to be written, these incidents will appear therein in letters of gold!

STRANGE ENCOUNTER

—Continued from page 22

I took my engineering degree and joined service but have not been to my native place all these years. My parents have been pressing me about marriage, but I told them of my decision not to marry.

"A word to you, Lata. Let me offer my sincere apologies to you for causing so much disappointment to you. As I already said, it was some whim of mine. I trust you will forgive me now for it."

Lata was eagerly hearing every word he uttered, as also sizing him up. Yes: it was he. Only he has turned into

a full-grown man, with a moustache that slightly changed his features. This must have been the reason for the impulse in her to keep up the conversation as also to talk to him about herself.

She said, "Mr. Ram, I do not know what to answer. I am doubting as to the reality of the situation. I am overwhelmed at this happening."

"At least now, please reply to my invitation to accept my hospitality at Madras. After we reach there, I would like to, with your permission, write to your, as well as, my parents, asking them to prepare for our wedding."

Lata closed her eyes in assent and tears of happiness rolled down her cheeks. ***

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Continued from Feb. issue:—

HER LAST FLING

The Story So Far :

Prabha is an attractive woman of thirty-two. She has turned her back on her career to respond to the call of matrimony. An elderly widower, who is a bank manager, has taken a fancy to her. Just two days before her wedding Prabha sees a film but misses her bus back home. It is past ten in the night and she is caught in the rain. Ravindran, one of her former admirers, gives her a lift in his car but it capsizes in a muddy field, and both of them are taken to the hospital. She escapes with a shock, but Ravindran is lying unconscious in the hospital. What will the bridegroom-to-be think of it all? Now read on:—

HER sense of shame was complete when her wailing mother and distraught relations crowded round her bed.

She recovered from the shock soon enough at home in the comforting arms of her mother and under the ministrations of her solicitous uncle, aunt and cousins who had come to attend her wedding. Early in the morning when a neighbour rushed in with the newspaper which carried a paragraph about the accident, announcing the names of the victims Prabha hid her face in her hands and wept bitter tears of grief. "Cancel the wedding, mother and uncle," she shouted. "I can't bring myself to face him after all the publicity linking my name with Ravindran's. Tell him before he comes."

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But Maghnath had already quietly entered the house and in the presence of all the gaping relations put his arms round Prabha's shoulders. Only then did she remove her hands from her face and she saw Maghnath's eyes looking into her own. "Don't fret yourself, my darling. We shall offer worship at the Shiva temple in token of our gratitude for your escape. What if the news has been published in the papers? As I understand it, Ravindran gave you a lift while you were waiting for the bus and both of you were involved in the accident. I just phoned up the hospital and was relieved to learn that he has recovered his consciousness and that he will be all right after ten days. I shall visit him this evening, if permitted, and convey your wishes for his speedy recovery. Meanwhile, you go ahead with the arrangements for the marriage. It is to be a very simple ceremony, you know, and I am sure you will be well enough to stand the strain, won't you?"

Prabha now smiled in her tears and embraced her future husband. She was just able to nod her assent. A new warmth and a new love flooded her entire being. (Concluded.)

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ANOTHER Sunday. It was Atlantic City, Coney Island, Miami and Hollywood; it was a farmers' Saturday market, a dollar-day bargain basement—in short, it was Sunday at the Stargates.

It had been going on for as long as Penny could remember. The row upon row of car tops beneath her window looked like the parking lot at the stadium for a double-header.

She sighed, as she wriggled cautious toes into a pair of nylons. She was fastening down a garter from her girdle and wondering how one went about becoming a hermit when her younger sister, Drusilla, plunged into the middle of the blue and silver bedroom.

Dru gave one look at Penny and exploded: "Garters! For gosh sake! And a girdle! Where are you going? On a train?" Her 14-year-old figure in grimy white shorts, peppermint-striped shirt with dangling tails was as devoid of

curves as nature had made it. Her lightish brown hair was in need of a good brushing.

"No—I wish I were," Penny said. "I am merely going down to greet our guests, dear. To be the usual Exhibit A—any law against being clean?"

"I'm clean!" Dru gathered her defences. "Well-almost."

"I don't care whether you're clean or not. You're not much worse than dad, better than the friend of his who arrived last night to paint the horses—looked as though he'd been sleeping with them. Even mother is losing her figure-from association. I'm going to be clean and meticulously groomed, for once—the way a lady should be on Sunday."

"And read Dickens and stuff."

"It might be more interesting than answering the same old 2 questions we get every Sunday: 'So you are Penelope? What a beautiful name!'"

A STORY

BY

KATHERINE GREER

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3—March '57

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A world-famous father and a houseful of prying visitors are cause enough for a little white lie that leads a lovely daughter into a romantic escapade which keeps her on pins and needles and threatens to change her name!

Penny slipped a pale pink frock over her head. It was the perfect shade for a brown-eyed blonde with a creamy skin. "Whom are we entertaining today?"

"DUNNO. Except that I heard muz say something to daddy about 'political bosses, sex female,' and if he dared let them flatter him, into running for governor, she'd divorce him! She wouldn't, though; she's still nuts about him—at his age—positively putty in his hands!"

Penny laughed. "How do you know?" Dru's ideas on love were really something.

"I've watched them, when they're alone—"

"Not often, then!" Penny was thinking: Why should I stay here today? When the convertible is yearning to be out on the road?

"Personally"—it was Dru's newest word—"I agree with muz on this. I think daddy has enough to do with writing books and stuff and raising pigs and ducks, without running for governor. Still, it might not be too bad—for us, I mean. We'd have to have

a doorman. And visitors would have to sign a book or have a ticket or appointment or something. You might like it better, Pen—the privacy—and we might have to stay dressed up in the gov—"

"Don't be such a dimwit, dear—he'd never really run. It's good publicity, that's all, to help the sale of his newest book. The way these Sundays are—the way we are."

"I still don't see why you mind so much," Dru puzzled. "The ones who come on Sunday are no more boring than the usual run of characters; more numerous, that's all. Personally, I think you should take them in your stride, the way I do."

"I AM taking them in my stride today," Penny said. "If anyone asks you where I've gone, you don't know. Keep sticking to it and the next box of chocolates I get is all yours."

She slipped down the back stairs, dodged her father, talking with three women on the side terrace. She conjured a quick picture of Lorren

Stargate in gubernatorial morning coat, his favourite orange and blue-striped jersey beneath it. A governor taking the oath of office in a T-shirt would be a novelty.

SHE had nearly reached the convertible by a circuitous route when she met a tall, broad-shouldered young man in a gray suit.

"Hello—what's your hurry?" He blocked her path.

She might have circumvented him by crawling beneath a clump of bushes. If he had said, "Hello, toots!" she would have. He was smiling

down at her, but in a nice way, definitely not the "Hi-toots" type.

She smiled back, reminding herself that it was the duty even of a hostess-in-a-hurry to be decently friendly to a guest. She said: "Hello! It's a lovely day".

"Isn't it! If you've found exactly the spot for it—as I have. A cool, shady, quiet place not far from here. I'd be glad to show it to you."

"THANKS, but I'm—" Was he, after all, the "Hi-toots" type in a slightly more subtle way?



In a cool shady spot....

"I can see you really are in a hurry. I'm sorry." He stood aside to let her pass.

SOMETHING about the whiteness of his teeth in his lean bronzed face when he smiled, the smile in his eyes, deep-set beneath straight dark brows, took hold of her. She said: "Why—I believe I'd have time to see your special place!"

"There!" he exclaimed, when they came to a retreat she knew well and loved. "Isn't this worth seeing?"

"Very nice," she agreed guardedly. Next thing, he would be introducing himself, expecting her to do the same. The pattern would be set, the routine questions begin.

"Don't blame you for hurrying—to get away from that!" He nodded towards the house. "Ringling Brothers, isn't it! How Lorren Stargate ever finds time to write with all those people!"

"Oh, he writes from midnight on—they say. He adores having crowds around."

"You live near here, I suppose? You know him well?"

"Yes, I know him—rather well." She thought: It's true what you've been taught about lying. One tiny evasion leads to another; you get in deeper without meaning to.

"I just met him a while ago—he still doesn't know me from Adam. Celebrities are

like that, I guess. Unless you're talking about them, feeding them a line, they just aren't interested."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that." Her defence was weakened by the knowledge that she might have said it. "Did you try to talk about something else to my—to Mr. Stargate?"

"Yes, a little. Nothing really of importance. It was my boss' idea—command, practically—or I wouldn't have come. Especially if I'd had any idea the place would be overrun with his public, all 500,000 of them!"

"Sundays are the worst. If you had come on a weekday—things aren't nearly as thick on weekday—M-er—Mr. Stargate—" The first evasion had been on her account, to change the routine. Now, it was on his account she had to keep on; he'd be so embarrassed for daring to criticize her father. "He's really not so bad—as authors go."

"You aren't interested in authors, then? In writing?"

"GOOD heavens, no! Lots of people come here who don't even read, much less write! Take today, there are lady politicians and housewives and lodge members and—"

"And you! I hope you're not any of those."

"No."

"I don't even know your

name. Mine's Kendall—Robert Nelson Kendall—Bob, to you!"

"Mine's Penny—Smith!" There—it was out! Lucky the Stargate daughters were invariably Penelope and Drusilla in the press. If he hadn't been around here long, if he didn't read much—he looked like the active, outdoor type.

"THE Stargates go in for farming, too—in a big way," she went on cautiously, hoping to draw him out. "Do you like farming?"

"I might, if I'd spent much time on a farm. My dad's always been in the wholesale hardware business."

"Oh, I see." Nice substantial business, hardware. You couldn't be temperamental and erratic and sell anything as tangible as nails and chicken wire; screws and shovels.

"I wasn't talking to Lorren Stargate about hardware," Bob was saying. "Naturally, I wouldn't expect him to be interested in that."

"I think it's very interesting. I wish you'd tell me about it."

"Nothing much to tell. Besides, I'm here learning about them manufacturing and now—in the Bakerite Stove Co."

"About that, then—"

"I'd rather talk about you!"

They compromised on the world—and life.

Penny judged by the increasing number of empty spaces in the parking lot that it must be well after 5. The visitors usually thinned out by then.

"I really should be going." She made a reluctant move. "That gray convertible over there is mine. If you haven't a car, I'll drop you off in town."

"I haven't—and thanks. I could stay here forever—it's been swell—but I suppose your family will be expecting you."

They were within a few feet of the car when Drusilla descended upon them.

"Penny, where you have been? I thought you said—"

"I did say 'good-bye' to you dear—to your mother and father, two hours ago." Dru could be fairly intelligent, for a younger sister, if you used the right tactics. "But I met Mr. Kendall. We had so much to talk about. And now we simply have to dash—good-bye again, dear!"

"OH—good-bye-huh-so that accounts for the garters and the—"

"I'm bringing maple creams, chocolates, Drusilla, darling, the very next time I come! Come on, Bob!"

As they drove off, Bob asked, "With more garters—"

what did she mean by that?"

"Oh, just a little joke we have. She's the younger Stargate daughter, you know—really a darling. Pretty, too, when she's dressed up."

"SHE could do with a shower and a scrubbrush at the moment. Is the older sister as sloppy as the rest of them?"

"Oh, no!"

"I suppose it's just a pose with them—a build-up for the Lorren Stargate legend; famous-author-just-an-ordinary-fellow stuff. Not that I hold it against him. I'll probably never see him again. But I've got to see you again." He changed the subject, before she had time to agree or defend.

"I'd like to see you again, too." She hadn't thought beyond dropping him in town. Now she did. The mess one small distortion of the truth could get you into! "But it's like this: My parents are the exact opposites of the Stargates—they're practically hermits! And they're not very well—they can't stand company."

"Why, that's too bad—tough on you. But don't you think on account of my being a stranger in town—"

"Strangers least of all!" The Y.M.C. was upon them. "Shall I let you out here?"

"Yes, this will be fine. And I have it!" Bob found a solution. "We'll meet again at the Stargates! Next Sunday—same time, same station!"

Penny turned the convertible into the kerb. "We-ell—" she hesitated.

"You'll meet me?" he repeated eagerly.

"Mmmm—I guess so!"

He leaned towards her, caught her shoulders, kissed her squarely on the mouth.

"That's what you've done to me, Penny Smith!" His voice was husky. "That's something for you to think over all week. And if you decide you didn't like it—don't meet me!"

"I'll meet you—I mean, I think I will!"

When she had set the car in motion, she sank back on the red leather. "It's crazy," she murmured to herself, "I've known him less than three hours! Gosh, am I in a jam!"

ALL week, she kept thinking and planning, rehearsing even. She would say to him straight off: "My name is not Smith—it's Stargate!" Forthright, that's what she'd be—and humble.

A new crop of house guests for the next week-end didn't help. Penny composed a dozen different entrance lines, all of them duds. In despera-

tion, she considered appealing to her father for help. "Suppose you had a girl who had called herself 'Smith' instead of—"

"Old stuff!" He'd dismiss the idea without even a hearing. "Amateurish! Mistaken identity is as dead as flaming youth!"

No, definitely, it would be no use dragging in her father. No use dragging in anyone—

That, in fact, was her main problem at 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon.

Usually their visitors were divided 50-50: those who preferred to remain inside to sigh over her father's cluttered desk and get everyone ink-stained signing autographs; the other half, the rugged type, who craved to see the horses, pigs and ducks, even to operate the tractor. Today, however, the percentage of the latter was obviously much higher.

PENNY'S retreat was off the beaten path to the stables; but there were always avid walkers who took the long way. While she waited, two prowling foursomes mercifully passed her by.

"Darling—you came!" She hadn't heard Bob's step behind her.

He kissed her again—it was just the same. Except that this time his arms were around her, drawing her

close; and she liked that, too. Except that it took her breath away; and she needed her breath for what she had to say.

"I—I—I—I—I mean—I was—well—" That certainly wasn't very good, but it was a start. Suddenly, she slipped away from him.

It didn't help much, the way his eyes devoured her. "Let's sit on this bench—and talk," she stammered. "There's something—"

"Oh, here you are, Penelope, my dear!" The worst had happened! Not merely rugged outdoor guests—one of her father's personally conducted tours! "This is my elder daughter—Mrs. Andrews, Miss Palmer, Miss—"

He made the rounds, while Penny stood, like a snowman frozen to the spot, feeling Bob, standing ramrodish beside her, not daring to look at him.

Mechanically, she managed the required response: "This is Robert Kendall—"

"Why, yes—of course!" Unexpectedly, her father's face lightened up—not just his genial host look. "You were here last Sunday. You're the boy who wrote the lyrics for the university hit show a couple of years ago. I've read those short pieces you left with me—they're good!"

"Thank you very much, sir! I really didn't expect

you even to read them. As I told you, it was my boss's idea that I came—I thought I had a lot of nerve."

PENNY couldn't believe her ears. He certainly did have a lot of nerve! And she had been in abject misery all week for her deceit!

"You promised to show us the arboretum, Mr. Stargate," one of the party reminded him. "It would be nice if Miss Penelope and her friend would join us—"

"If you'll excuse us," Bob said firmly.

The instant the others were out of earshot, Penny's flow of words—torrents of them—came back to her.

"Everything anyone could say about writers goes double for me! I hate them! Conceited, two-faced, mercenary! They'll do anything to promote the sale of a book—to get one published—even to making love to a more famous author's daughter!"

"You believe that!" Bob caught her shoulders, pressed down hard. "Why, you little—little—you Penny Smith!"

"I was going to explain—about that." The torrent turned into a feeble trickle. "I was starting to—I guess it's too late now."

"It isn't. But I think I know. Let's skip it. I was going to tell you, too—today—about the things I've written. Just that show your dad mentioned. Then the short pieces I showed him. They probably won't amount to a darn; but if they do, you'll be well trained for a wife—"

"I won't!"

The Dalmatians, advance guard, probably, of another group of walkers, discovered them gleefully, and wiped muddy paws up and down Penny's skirt.

Bob patted them receptively.

"I suppose you adore horses, ducks and pigs, too!" she groaned. "I suppose when you're at home you like wearing a striped T-shirt!"

"Yes, I do," he admitted, pulling her away from a new set of approaching voices. "But there's one thing I don't like—it's this tour stuff! This Grand Central terminal! With me even three's a crowd—beginning now!"

PENNY, thought: "Dru was right about mother. And I'll be like her. I understand now. You take it—and love it—if he's what you want—"

All she could find to say was to repeat inadequately: "Beginning now!" It was enough.—(Copyright)

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SHANTI'S VISIT

OUR grandfather being a retired judge, (staying in Mysore for reasons of health) and our father being a doctor, they wanted both law and medicine to exist in our family. Hence they wanted me to be a lawyer and my younger sister to take up medicine. Though our father had a kind spot in his heart for us, he used to scold us about our studies. Ever since our mother's death Grandfather wanted us to stay with him, but Father did not want us to leave him. For some time, there was a tug-of-war for us between our father and grandfather. It so happened that Shanti (my sister) could not get a seat for medicine here, (thanks to the "high standard" of our Medical College). When our grandfather came to know of this he arranged for a seat in Mysore.

Though Father hesitated first to send her there, at last he had to let her go. I saw that the magic word "Medicine" only made him bear her separation. After a few days, she left us. No doubt, Father knew that the old man would take care of her better than himself but still he asked her to write about her difficulties if any,

in her regular letters. We were feeling her absence now and then. Time went on in the same way until a day when father went out on his usual official tour for a week or so.

Liberty! Everything in the house was my own now. I thought myself to be the only person on earth enjoying such freedom. Coming home from college, I threw myself on a sofa and was relaxing. Hari,

A Short Story

BY
R. M. PRAMATH NATH

our good old servant, came to my room with a cup of hot coffee and said "Master, (No doubt the word "Master" pleased me very much, especially when father was out) here is a letter. I guess, it is from Shanti."

I ACTUALLY snatched it from his hands and began going through it. I was surprised to see the sentences underlined with red ink. They ran..... "Omkar, at last I am able to get a friend from whom I cannot part throughout my life. She is

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Kanti, my best friend on earth. She eats with me, drinks with me and even dances with me. Often she is an object of fun at home. When I venture out on my own work, she too accompanies me. Well! you can realize her bewitching beauty when you see her personally, as she is coming with me there during our Term Holidays. I hope you too will be glad to enjoy her company."

I jumped up from my seat and soon the word "Kanti" filled my head. My joy knew no bounds. I was far away in a fairy land and Kanti was with me.

I WAS awakened by the voice of Hari, who said, "Master, the coffee is getting cold." For an excuse I shouted, "Sister is coming with a memsaheb, Hari.

Hurry up to welcome them." Ah! what company was I going to enjoy! Sister's friend! Very beautiful she must be!

Well! they were coming on Friday, only a few days left, but enough time to prepare a welcome for our guests. I ordered our servants to behave well, and asked them to keep everything neatly in its own place. I got the coverings for the beds, the sofa sets, the radiogram and the tables arranged to a nicety. Cotton

and silk curtains were replaced by modern plastic ones. Some more flower pots were borrowed from our kind neighbour and were kept here and there. But what about my room? Ah! I cleaned and decorated it humming to myself joyous tunes.

I THOUGHT over the important question as to how to receive her. Never before had

I received any girl nor welcomed one. The first thing I decided, rather determined, was not to stammer. In the company of girls I am apt to stammer, being nervous, you may think! But about her voice? Would she too stammer? No, never, I think.

*Her gay and simple words,
Might be like music of
birds!.....!*



At last the appointed day arrived. I put on a fine suit and then once again turned over the pages of the book "Girl friends and how to receive them." Well, it was time to start. Once again I went before the mirror and thought myself to be the right sort of young man of whose company any girl might be proud. I had a good look at the house too, and was satisfied that it was impressive, that it lacked neither beauty nor neatness. And after some time I was there strolling on the railway platform. Unfortunately, I came to know that the train was late by *thirteen* minutes. I cursed the number and the railway authorities. I stood there impatiently with hands thrust into my trouser pockets, shifting weight on one or the other leg, anticipating the moment of meeting Kanti and triumph. But still it never seemed to arrive.

At last the train came panting towards the platform. I began to count the carriages gazing at them: one... two... three... four... five? Yes! My sister was in it, waving her hand. I ran towards the compartment and it came to a halt.

Shanti stepped outside and said:

"Omkar, I am glad that you have come... Where is fa....."

"But where is Kanti?" I asked eagerly, interrupting her.

"Oh!" she said. "Here is my friend Kanti. Wish her, she is my best friend on earth."

And with these words, she was forcing the forelimb of a Persian Cat into my hands! Asking me to shake hands with it! Strange! kind of introduction it seemed to me. It was a well built Persian Cat, white as snow with a red band round its neck. It was looking nice, very nice indeed. It seemed to have been well fed, overfed, rather.

"Ah! do not tell me about those damned cats and dogs," I snorted ignoring the introduction and went towards the compartment to find Kanti there. As I was peeping through the windows, I found none but a fat and aged woman, with a forbidding look. She shot a haughty question at me:

"What in the world are you looking for, young man?"

I felt guilty at the words that she shot at me. It seemed as though she was overhearing our conversation, but soon, I checked myself and said energetically:

"I beg your pardon, madam, I was just looking whether she (pointing towards Sister.) had forgotten anything....." Saying so I withdrew myself hastily..... Alas! Kanti was not there. My sister was keenly watching my strange antics.

"Where have you left your girl friend Kanti?" I questioned.

"What? Are you mad? Who said that I have got a girl friend with me?" She screamed almost.

"The one about whom you wrote in your letter."

"BUT—" (recollecting) "I wrote about this cat only," she said, hugging it, "her name is Kanti."

"So you wrote about this creature?" I shouted unaware of my surroundings.

"Don't take leave of your senses, Omkar," she retorted.

I found bitterness in her voice for which I cursed none but myself and was lost in sore disappointment.

Soon I heard her voice saying:

"Omkar, please take care of the luggage; we have to get home quickly." It was Sister.

"Yes," I said mechanically.



"He says he has not come here to beg, sir. He is going to the polling booth to vote for the man of his choice!"

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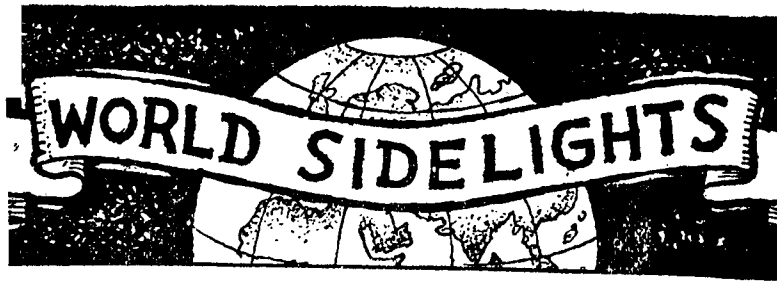
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THOSE INFANT PRODIGES!

THE possibility of having a child prodigy is one of those remote yet impelling chances that must occur to all parents at some time or another.

Every generation produces its crop of staggering prodigies; but not all of them by any means live up to their youthful brilliance; and many who do mature into real geniuses burn themselves out early, although there are records of men whose lives from infancy to old age have been marked by exceptional brilliance, like Lord Macaulay and Dr. Johnson, writes David Gunston in the "American Baby."

What are the chances of your child becoming a prodigy? These amazing mental powers are always in part hereditary, although that does not mean that parents alone may pass on the brilliance; it may lie much farther back in the child's ancestry. Of every thousand children born, it has been reliably computed, about 50 may be termed as bright,

25 as really brilliant and only one as a prodigy.

Even then, that one may not turn out to be a real, undeniable genius. And infant prodigies are nearly always boys.

There was Lord Macaulay, who sat down and wrote a serious history of the universe at the age of seven! He edited a nursery paper even earlier than that.

Read In Cradle!

He never had any trouble over reading, and all through life no matter what he read, he memorised it so thoroughly that he could repeat whole chunks of it — from memory, in later life, many years after that first reading.

Dean Swift could read any chapter of the Bible before he was three. Earl Byron read all kinds of literature perpetually from the age of five. Of John Stuart Mill it was said that he must have begun to read in his cradle, so wide was his knowledge of books

before he was eight; he started to learn Greek at three!

Dr. Johnson could read easily at three, and when still toddling in petticoats he would daily be handed a prayer book by his mother, shown the Collect for the day, and told: "Sam, you must get this by heart."

Brndshaw's Feat

She would then go upstairs, but before she could reach the second floor he followed her and "repeated it distinctly".

Henry Bradshaw also read well at three, and when a boy at Eton he had a library there of over 500 volumes, and whilst still a lad he read through in one year all the standard English poets, including Chaucer, Spencer and Tennyson.

Even more remarkable was the case of William Sidie, who read at two and actually lectured on the fourth dimension to a group of learned professors when he was eleven!

But his youthful brilliance quickly faded, and he became a clerk at five pounds a week and died unknown at 46. An American boy from Brooklyn, Arthur Greenwood, mastered

the alphabet at twelve months and was made a Master of Physics at only eleven.

Ruskin At Five

But the classic prodigy, if the case can be believed, was that of the German baby Christian Heineker, who was born at Luebeck in 1771. He is said to have been able to speak a few hours after birth, knew the Bible inside out at two, had a knowledge of Latin, Greek and French as well as history and geography at three and, strangest of all, predicted his own death which took place, not entirely unexpectedly, at the age of four! *Surely a prodigy to end all prodigies!*



CONVICT: "Ten years over! And so soon! You can't turn me out into the world like this!"

John Ruskin was a bookworm at the age of five, having been taught to read in infancy, and before he was six was familiar with Shakespeare, Scott, Byron and a host of classics. Disraeli knew the world of literature so early that he claimed to have been "born in a library", while Sir Walter Scott revelled in the complete works of Shakespeare in his nursery.

Musical prodigies are equally numerous and capture popular fancy even more, as

witness the recent crop of boy conductors. Handel played the organ, composed and was famous in Germany by the time he was five, while at the age of six, Mozart, with a string of excellent compositions already behind him, embarked on a violin, piano and organ tour of Europe.

But he was a good example of the flame of genius burning out quickly, for he died at the age of only 35. Chopin, who died when 39, is said to have wept at the sounds of music when still a baby. Haydn was composing at six, and at that tender age Richard Strauss had written a performable polka, Mendelssohn was another composer-prodigy, writing much music still loved today when he was in his teens.

Strangest Of All !

In our own day Yehudi Menuhin was playing the violin well at three, with his sister at the piano, and both Solomon and Poulischnoff were keyboard prodigies, although their gifts were wisely fostered in those early days by long years of study before concert work was undertaken full-time. Sir Landon Ronald could play the piano before he could talk.

Strangest of all the prodigies are perhaps the unique mathematical freaks who can do lightning calculations or abstruse problems in their

heads whilst still children. Very few of these turn out to be anything more than a flash in the pan, and most lose their gifts very early, often before adulthood is reached.

There was Truman Safford, who became a mathematical scholar before he was eight or nine. When only ten he was asked, in a test, to multiply in his head 365,365,365,365,365 by itself. In not more than a minute he replied correctly: "133,491,850,208,566,925,016,658,299,941,583,225!" Apparently it was all done by a spontaneous mental picture.

Perhaps it is just as well for the sanity of the world that infant prodigies are so rare!

CALENDARS

Civilizations always construct a calendar, "a set of shelves for pigeon-holing time." The friend you sent one may not think so, but our modern time-system is a precious possession. There are twenty thousand years of nerve-racking thought behind it.

Man first seized on whatever seemed regular. "So many snows ago," he would say; or "at the next great flood," Nights measured time long before daylight and darkness were known to add up to a twenty-four-hour day. Hence we still speak of a fortnight. Short periods were pictured as household duties.

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In the east an hour is still called "a vegetable-boiling"; a moment, "the frying of a locust," writes a British peiodical.

Slowly man saw that three natural intervals seemed constant—from sunrise; from full moon to full moon; from one longest daylight to the next. These gave him day, month and year. But a year was hard to grasp.

Caesar's Reform

Unfortunately the number of days in a lunar month (twenty-nine and a half) is an awkward figure; also, twelve lunar months add up to eleven days short of 375. So to keep right with the sun the priests had to add days to the calendar. In Rome, if you were a debtor, you could bribe the priests to add days to suit you. By Julius Caesar's time, January 1 was really October 13—the calendar was eighty days ahead.

Caesar, who had learned astronomy in Egypt, reformed the calendar, fixing the year as 365 days, six hours; but this was, in fact, eleven minutes fourteen seconds too long, so each following century was nearly nineteen hours out.

July was named after Julius Caesar, and August after the Emperor Augustus. Tiberius pointed out there would soon be more emperors than

months. Caesar's calendar, with its extra day every fourth year, held good till Pope Gregory's time.

Rioters Shouted

A papal decree set things right in 1582, but Queen Elizabeth could not, for political reasons, appear to submit to the Pope; so not till 1752, when Parliament made September 3 into September 14, was our calendar corrected. The mob believed it was a "Popish plot" to rob Protestants of eleven days of their lives. Rioters shouted: "Give us our eleven days!"

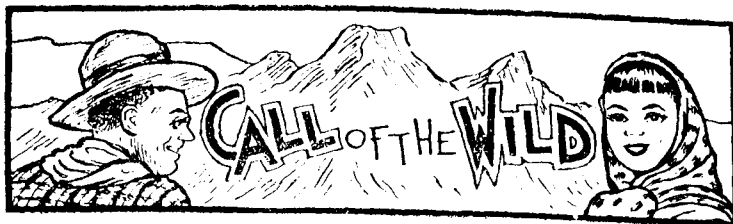
Our present system makes every fourth year (i.e. those divisible by four) a leap year with an extra day in February. But there is no extra day in exact hundred years *unless they are multiples of 400*. This reduces the calendar error to one day in 3,328 years.

The Extra Day

Auguste Comte, the great humanist philosopher, wanted a reformed calendar with thirteen months each of twenty-eight days. The extra day required to complete the 365 was to be sacred to the dead. Each month he gave the name of a great man—for example, Homer, Moses, St. Paul, Shakespeare. The extra day needed every fourth year was to be dedicated to a famous woman.

—Please see page 59

A Long, Complete Story



By NAN SHIPLEY

THE moment the unkempt, middle-aged man swaggered on to the train at Winnipeg and took a seat across the aisle from Ellen Birk, she knew she was going to have trouble with him. Perhaps it was the sly way his eyes slid over her neat green suit, or the loud way in which he remarked: "It's beginning to look like fall, don't it?"

Ellen wanted to squelch him with a few well-chosen comments, but it wouldn't do to arrive at Whitefish Bay with any strikes against her. "Yes, it does," she agreed curtly.

"Are you going far?" he asked.

"I'm going to the end of the railway—and farther." She tucked her feet under the seat when she saw his eyes intent on her ankles.

The stranger looked triumphant and leaned closer.

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"Then you must be the new school teacher for Whitefish Bay."

Ellen nodded and began to turn the pages of a magazine.

"My name is Peter Larson I can help you at Whitefish."

"Thank you, but I do not expect to need help."

He snickered. "Everybody at Whitefish Bay needs my help. Why, if it wasn't for me they'd all starve to death!"

FOR the first time, Ellen looked directly at him and disliked everything she saw. "I understand the men of Whitefish Bay make their living fishing in Lake Winnipeg," she said.

Larson gesticulated broadly: "But who buys their fish and hauls it to the nearest railroad? Who gives them credit all year round at the general store? I'm not kicking—I always get my money,

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or some things as good as money, you can bet. But sometimes I wait a long time for it. Now you're going into town a stranger, and I can give you lots of information that—"

"MR. Larson, I believe strongly in first impres-

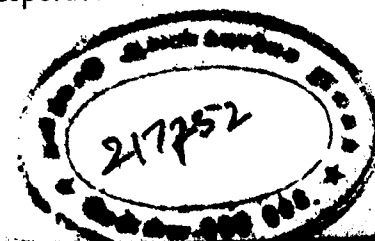
sions, and if you don't mind I'd rather gather my information that way. And maybe you've noticed" she indicated the magazine in her hands—"I'm not a very sociable person."

He laughed and got to his feet. "After a couple of



She came into the little community looking for light-hearted adventure, but the sense of poverty that lay at the heart of Johnny's coolness was a challenge that could only be met with desperate measures.

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months with the Swansens you'll be glad enough to be sociable with the storekeeper. Fish gets mighty tiresome three times a day."

She kept her eyes on the magazine and listened to the retreat of his heavy boots. But he had spoiled the journey for her, and she recalled how all friends had advised her against talking the school at Whitefish Bay. "Why are you burying yourself away up there?" they had asked.

NOW she wasn't sure why. Last term, suddenly rebelling against the principal's rigid routine, she had thought that teaching school in a remote settlement where she could be responsible for all the pupils offered challenge and adventure. But Peter Larson had made it seem like a foolhardy move.

It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon when wide stretches of lake shimmered through the bush, and the conductor strode through the coach calling; "Next stop, Mile 180. All out. End of the line!"

Even before Ellen had stepped down to the wooden station platform, she could hear Larson shouting: "Hey, Johnny—Johnny Swanson, here's the new teacher!"

She stood in the sunshine feeling the eyes of everyone gathered to meet the train turned in her direction. But

she was watching a tall young man stride towards her in plaid shirt and denim pants thrust into high rubber boots. His hair was fair, but his mouth had a strained look and there was no friendliness in his eyes when he met her own.

"I'm Ellen Birk," she introduced herself when he stood waiting for her to speak.

"My mother asked me to meet you," he told her, catching up her bags under one arm.

She walked in silence beside him down to the dock, and felt friendless because his welcome hadn't been as warm as she had expected. It was almost as though he resented the errand of transporting her from the train across the lake some 30 miles to Whitefish Bay.

Johnny's boat was painted white on the outside, and had a gray interior enlivened by two scarlet gasoline drums and the strong odour of fresh fish. The swift exhilaration of the little boat nosing out into the lake filled Ellen with a sense of freedom she had dreamed about when she applied for the lake-school.

GRADUALLY the blurred outline of the far shore took form. First Ellen saw the trees, then the neat line of idle fishing boats at the water's edge, the whitewashed

cabins set back from the stony beach, and the fish-nets hanging to dry on large wooden reels.

"It's far more picturesque than I expected," she exclaimed, when Johnny turned to indicate that this was home. "It looks more like a painting than reality."

"Yes," he agreed soberly. "I've sometimes thought that, too."

THE Swanson cabin had the same trim appearance as Johnny's boat, although it was an old building made entirely of logs. Johnny's mother, a thin woman with graying braids set like a coronet on top of her head, met them at the picket gate, and her friendliness made up for any lack of warmth Ellen had known earlier.

"Ellen—that is a very pretty name, and it's good to see such a nice young girl coming here to teach the children. But come in and meet Johnny's father," she said.

Mr. Swanson was a white-haired man so

badly crippled he could not walk without a cane. He greeted Ellen in a kindly manner and said, "I hope you will be comfortable with us."

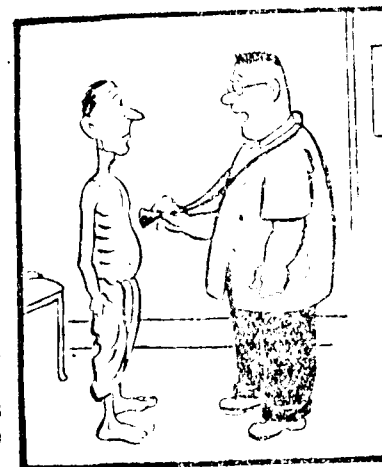
"You're to have the room in the attic," Johnny's mother said, leading the way to a stairway built against the living-room wall and disappearing into a square hole cut in the ceiling.

The attic was furnished with a cot, a dresser and two oil-lamps hanging from the rafters. Only the fishnet curtains, dyed a soft shade of blue, saved the place from stark bareness. Looking at them, Ellen was stabbed with the sense of the family's poverty and knew that here lay the key to Johnny's coolness.

"When the sun shines through them they look almost like lace," Johnny's mother hurriedly declared.

SWALLOWING her emotion, Ellen smiled. "I know I'm going to like it here, Mrs. Swanson."

"Please call me Christine—everyone does." And



DOCTOR: "The only thing for you to do now is to insure your life and assign the policy to your wife!"

she turned and went down the stairs.

Monday morning was chilly and dark when Ellen was awakened by the pungent aroma of coffee, and a patch of light that lay like a carpet at the entrance to the attic. She saw by her watch it was 3 a.m.

There was the slish-swish of rubber boots, the sound of a door opening and closing, and finally Christine's slim shadow as she stood at the foot of the strairs and inquired softly: "Did we awaken you, Ellen?"

"I think it was the smell of the coffee. Is everything all right?"

"Oh, yes. I'll bring you up a cup of coffee and then you can go back to sleep."

CHRISTINE, wearing an old kimona over faded flannel-pyjamas, sat on the edge of Ellen's cot and told her that Johnny and his father had gone out to set their nets in the lake.

"But why at this awful hour?"

"The lake is always calm before sunrise. After dawn the wind rises and it often gets too rough to set the nets."

"When will I be able to go along?" Ellen asked, suddenly interested.

"You can come along tomorrow morning if you're willing to help haul in the fish. I always go to help. Johnny and Arni manage to set the nets without me, but when the nets are full they need every pair of hands they can get. But you'd better get some sleep. They will be going back to bed when they come in."

On her first trip to the fishing grounds Ellen discovered how urgently all hands were needed for the arduous work. In the cold early dawn in Johnny's boat, she was stunned by the realization that all along this vast shoreline thousands of other men, women and children were similarly employed. The enormity of the fishing industry overwhelmed her—that and the fact that so much hard labour resulted in such meagre returns.

"Why haven't the fishermen become more prosperous?" she asked Christine as they stripped the slippery fish from the nets.

"It's seasonal work, and we all have big accounts at Peter Larson's store. It seems to take a long time to get out of debt." She sighed.

As the eastern sky brightened, Ellen's legs grew cramped and her hands were clumsy with cold. She glanced at Arni Swanson's gnarled hands expertly coiling the

nets back into boxes ready resetting, and she wondered what he was thinking. Millions of fish annually were taken from this great lake, and many men must have grown rich. But the Swansons and their friends had not—in fact, many of the men were permanently injured by the hard work. Eight years ago Arni's team of horses had gone through the ice when he was hauling fish and, although he had escaped drowning like his horses, his legs were badly crippled.

ELLEN looked at Johnny manoeuvring the boat, and noticed again the tight line of rebellion on his mouth. These were proud people and their constant indebtedness to Larson rankled. Why should he operate the only store in the community? Why should he be the district's only fish-buyer? Yet who else among them could afford a fleet of skiffs in summer or tractor-trains in winter to haul the catch across the lake to the railway?

Snow came early in November, and Whitefish Bay was in the lull between fall and winter fishing when the men waited for the lake to freeze solid enough for cold-weather operations. This was the time for house parties and dancing to Arni's concertina and old Hake Johnson's fiddle, and skating with Johnny on the smooth, mirror-like lagoon.

"I didn't think you'd stick it out with us this long," he told her one night as they walked homeward through the blue-white moonlight. "None of the other teachers has. Why are you staying here, Ellen?"

"In the beginning I came looking for some sort of adventure or just to be my own boss," she laughed. "Then when I saw there was so much to be done I decided to stay on." She looked up at him. "But what about your future? Your mother told me you have your pilot's license."

He nodded. "By the time I was 18 I'd had enough and went away to study flying. Then dad's accident happened before I got established in anything, so I came back to take over his work. Once I thought we could break away by turning over our fishing grounds to others, but the Swansons have always fished here. Dad can't give up his fishing rights. Once he did, he'd feel entirely dependent upon me."

"BUT this hard life isn't good enough for any of you," Ellen protested.

"I know that. We should all be getting more for the work we do."

"Then you make a better living for them!"

"I've dreamed of nothing else for a long time. But how?"

She looked up at him smiling. "You will think of something, Johnny. I know you will."

He put his arms about her and kissed her mouth. The fervour of their kiss mounted until they stood clinging together breathless at the wonderful discovery of their love for one another.

THERE was no school the day the men of Whitefish Bay left for their winter camps out on Lake Winnipeg. Some of the women accompanied their husbands, but most of the men went in pairs, like Johnny and his father, and when they were gone the whole community seemed desolate.

One night, it seemed to Ellen that she had no sooner huddled under her blanket in the dark attic than she was aroused by dogs barking, and Christine calling out as she ran to the door: "Something has happened, Johnny's team is back!"

Ellen pulled on her bathrobe and hurried downstairs just in time to see Johnny in his snow-covered parka carrying his father in his arms. Without a word Christine ran ahead into the bedroom to pull back the covers.

Ellen swung the kettle over the open fireplace and, kneeling, prodded the ashes into life.

In a few moments Johnny came and stood beside her, and when she looked up he said dully; "He's been sick for a week. We thought it was a heavy cold and he wouldn't let me bring him in sooner."

Even as they stood looking at one another, Christine, white-faced, joined them, her hand touching Johnny's arm: "You'll have to go across the lake and bring a doctor." Then she was back at her husband's side.

Ellen watched the last snowflakes on Johnny's moccasins vanish in the firelight. "There's no one to take care of my nets." He spoke as though to himself. "If I leave them I'll lose our contract with Larson."

ALL at once Ellen was sick to death of this stumbling-block called Larson. She knew how desperately the family was depending upon the winter's catch to reduce their debt—knew, too, that Peter Larson would jump at the chance to confiscate Johnny's nets on the grounds that the fish already belonged to him, but she could not bring herself to offer Johnny sympathy. "Now seems to be the time to break away from this life," she declared.

"How can I?" he demanded fiercely.

"How much longer can you go on working for Larson hating every minute of it?"

We're in love, Johnny—what about our future? Forget about the winter camp and your nets and your debt to Larson, and—"

He laughed shortly. "Forget! It's easy to see you've never been in debt!"

"If I ever were," she flared, "I'd never crawl to Larson! What's the matter with you, Johnny? You can fly—you're young and strong—you know the fishing business here as well as anyone. Why are you so spineless? I just can't love a weak man!"

INSTANTLY she was sorry, but he gave her no time to apologize. The door opened and closed, and he was gone.

The next morning the doctor arrived by snowmobile. Ellen was pulling on her heavy overshoes, and she waited by the kitchen stove drinking another cup of coffee until he came out of the bedroom. On meeting her eyes, the doctor said: "A bad case of pneumonia. But under Christine's care he'll pull through all right. By the way, I have a special message for you, young lady—if you're the young lady Johnny told me about."

She nodded, too nervous to speak.

"Johnny said I was to tell you he'd sold the dog-team for train-fare to the city, and that he wouldn't be back until the scheme he had in mind

worked out successfully. Now I hope that makes more sense to you than it does to me."

Oh yes, it made sense—beautiful, exciting sense! Johnny was free, he'd broken away.

Yet, as the days passed without further word, her anxiety grew.

"Did Johnny tell you he was going to run away like this?" Christine inquired one evening.

"Oh, he didn't run away," Ellen was quick to defend. "I know he'll be back when he's got some sort of a good-paying job or some plan."

"Arni and I don't want Johnny keeping us. We've got our fishing rights. With a little help we can still keep ourselves."

"Oh, Christine, it's nothing like that. It's—" But how could she explain the situation when she knew nothing about it. "Johnny and I quarrelled. I guess I flew off the handle and was mean to him. I'm sorry if I've caused any trouble for all of you."

CHRISTINE sighed. "It's just that we're worried about Johnny's nets. Larson is sure to claim them for our debt; then what will we do?"

It was a dazzling afternoon with frost hovering like jewel-dust in the sunshine when Ellen, wiping off the black

boards after school, heard the sound of a plane circling the little settlement. There wasn't a doubt in her mind that it was Johnny coming home. All her instincts were to run out and meet him when she saw the plane land and two men step out. But she closed the door slowly and returned to her work. Johnny's return might mean everything to her—or nothing at all. For if he had not worked out some saving plan for his family and friends, then her time at Whitefish Bay was short. She had eaten too much fish, seen too much want among the people here to remain.

Most of the day's radiance had faded when she could no longer put off going home. Now, she reasoned, the Swanson family would have made their peace with one another or be irrevocably torn apart, and, since Johnny had not rushed to meet her, she felt that he had not forgiven her or had come back beaten.

SHE had reached the gate when the door of the cabin opened and Johnny, still wearing his sheepskin jacket and clumsy flight boots, came down the steps to meet her.

Neither of them spoke as he caught her hands and gazed down into her face. Then, seeing his smile, she whispered: "Oh, Johnny you've found a wap!" And their kiss was long with victory.

"Just as you once said I would."

"Tell me about it."

He laughed at her eagerness. "It's a long story, but to make it short I can tell you that I was able to interest a large company in the idea of shipping fish from this district by air instead of rail. The catch will be picked up right here out of our nets, and we'll do in a couple of hours what it was taking Larson two or three days to accomplish—and there won't be any hauling fee for the fishermen to pay either, to get our fish to market."

"It sounds wonderful. Now you won't have to work so hard with your nets."

"I won't have to work with the nets again. We'll be able to hire a couple of strong young fellows to do that so that dad can still keep the fishing grounds he loves."

"You don't mean you've got the job of flying the fish out!"

"That's it. The manager—Mr. Harrington—is in talking business with dad now." His arm was strong about her waist as they walked towards the house. "Now about our business—we should be married soon, Ellen—name the date."

BUT now that he was here, safely hers again, it was good to tease him and evade a direct answer.

When they entered the kitchen, Christine had the table set with her best linen, and she hummed as she moved about setting out hot fish cakes, home-made bread and steaming cabbage.

"Our success has already gone to Ellen's head," Johnny told her. "She refuses to say when we will be married."

Ellen smiled at his mother as she removed her overshoes on a hooked mat by the door.

"And why should she be in any hurry to name the day?" Christine demanded. "You were slow enough in asking her."—(Copyright.)

—Continued from page 49

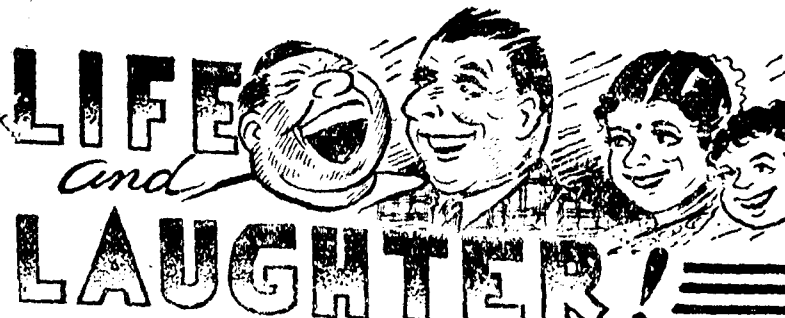
THOSE INFANT PRODIGES !

During the revolution, the French adopted a "Calendar of Reason." There were twelve months of thirty days each, and the remaining five days were dedicated to the *Sans-culottes*. (This means "without breeches"—it was the slang name for the first ragged rebels.) Names chosen for the five days were: Virtue, Genius, Labour, Opinion and Recompense. Napoleon, as he conquered Europe, found calendar confusion too much for him, and abolished the new scheme.

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LIFE and LAUGHTER!



THE bride of a struggling writer was the big success of the evening, and all the men at the party elbowed each other to dance with her.

"She's charming, old boy," the host raved to her husband. "And her dress is a poem."

"Not a poem," corrected the writer. "Sixteen poems, five short stories and nine articles."

BRIGHT BOY!

A relative had been married, and a fairly generous portion of wedding cake had arrived by post. The mother gave her four-year-old son a piece, and told him that if he put it under his pillow his dreams would come true.

"But, Mummy," protested the youngster, "why can't I eat the cake and put the pillow over my stomach?"

VOICE FIRST

"My dear, she's the sort of woman who always enters a room voice first."

"WHY are you rolling the dustbin around, Willie?"

"To amuse little Betty."

"And where is Betty?"

"In the dustbin!"

AND THEN...

A medical officer was testing the camp water supply.

"What precautions do you take against infection?" he asked the sergeant in charge.

"We boil it first, sir," replied the sergeant.

"Good."

"Then we filter it."

"Excellent."

"And then," said the sergeant, "just for safety's sake we drink beer!"

FOR HOURS

"I hear you met Brown's wife the other day. What kind of woman is she?"

"The kind who talks for hours about things that leave her speechless."

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"I DIDN'T run after you when we were courting," said Mrs. Browne.

"No," replied her husband. "A trap doesn't run after a mouse, but it catches it."

SO SIMPLE!

A vicar was having a serious talk to one of the young men in his parish.

"John," he said, "I hear that you have been raising false hopes in maiden hearts. Rumour whispers that you are engaged to one girl in this village, another in Little Mitchin, and a third in Brenchley. How can you do such things?"

"Simple," was the reply, "I've got a bicycle."

MEMORY

"Iceland," said the school-teacher, "is about as large as Siam."

"Iceland," wrote one of the pupils afterwards, "is about as large as teacher."

PAWNING HIS SUIT!

"Is it true that Eva is going to sue Reggie for breach of promise?"

"She was going to, but she found out that it wouldn't be worth while."

"No letters, I suppose?"

"It wasn't that. No money. She was on the point of filing a suit when she heard that Reggie was pawing one."

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"BUT, darling," said a prospective bride, "if I marry you I'll lose my job."

"Can't we keep our marriage a secret?" asked a fiancé.

"But suppose we have a baby?"

"Oh, we'll tell the baby, of course."

RISK FOR BOTH

"How do I know you're not marrying my daughter for my money?"

"Well, we're both taking a risk. How do I know you won't go bankrupt in a year or so?"

HER FEAR

"My wife says that if I die she will remain a widow."

"She must think there's not another man like you."

"No. She's afraid there is."

POINT IT OUT!

A man who was wanted for robbery heard that the police were on his trail. Hastily he went to the local railway station and asked for a ticket to the end of the line on the fastest train.

"Our fastest train left just ten minutes ago," he was told.

"Well," gasped the man, "just give me a ticket and point out the track."

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ASKED why he wanted a day off, the employee explained that it was his silver wedding anniversary. "My wife and I would like to celebrate," he said.

"Well, I suppose so," grumbled the employer, "but are we going to have to put up with this every twenty-five years?"

NOTHING BUT...

In the midst of her first driving lesson, Mrs. Williams complained to her husband: "George, that little mirror up there isn't right."

"What's wrong with it?" queried the husband.

"I can't see a thing in it but the car behind!"

NO FRIEND!

"Friend of the bridegroom?" asked the usher at a wedding.

"Certainly not!" replied the dignified matron. "I am the bride's mother!"

STARTING PRICE

"Haven't the dresses in this window a splendid finish, dear?" a young wife asked her husband.

"Nothing wrong with the finish, it's the starting price that gets me," commented the man as he hurried on.

"DID you see how pleased Mrs. Godolphin was when I told her that she didn't look a day older than her daughter?"

"I didn't notice. I was too busy watching the expression on her daughter's face."

PROSPECT

"Father was delighted when I told him you were a poet."

"I'm glad to hear that."

"Yes, the last of my boy-friends he tried to kick out of the house was a boxing champion."

EASY GUESS!

"Got away, has he? Did you guard all the exits?" asked the inspector of the new constable.

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "but I think he must have left by one of the entrances!"



STENO (to boss): "I wouldn't catch the last sentence that you shouted, Sir. Will you repeat it, please?"

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PREVENTING TOOTH DECAY

by A Physician

YOUR teeth bothering you a little these days? Perhaps one of them aches a bit or another has a spot which means decay. And even if you haven't a tooth ache, that's no guarantee that everything is going well with your teeth.

If it's any comfort, there are plenty of others in the same boat.

According to one authority by the time the age of 70 is reached eight women out of 10, and seven men out of 10, have lost all their teeth. And chances are that your teeth are twice as bad if you live in the east rather than in the west. Nobody knows why, exactly, but it may be due to the presence or absence of fluorine in the drinking water which seems to ward off tooth decay. Or it may depend on other chemicals.

A good deal of this tooth trouble can be chalked up to sheer poverty. Why is it necessary for us to see the dentist? In short, why do teeth decay?

For 3,000 years men have been arguing about that question. And it has become a great deal more important today. The more our civilization progresses the more man's teeth decay.

The obvious clue to the

causes of tooth decay when we compare primitive teeth free from decay and our rapidly decaying teeth lies in checking up on the difference in food. Certain kinds of food seem to be responsible for increased tooth decay. Doctors have found that when rats are allowed to drink popular soft drinks their teeth seem to decay more rapidly. Gingerale, grape juice and cranberry juice also harm rats' teeth. All such fluids contain acids. And when sugar is added to them, they cause the teeth to decay even more rapidly.

The theory as to sugar causing tooth decay is simple. Sugar serves as a food for the bacteria in the mouth that are responsible for tooth decay. The more sugar you eat, the more food for the bacteria, and the more decay. Some dentists believe that avoiding all sugary and starchy foods for a couple of weeks in a row will starve out the bacteria, and ward off tooth decay, at least for a while. Refined sugar seems to be the food the bacteria dote on. Natural sugars in fruits are safer for the teeth. And hand in hand with the apparent increase in tooth decay is the fact that the consumption of sugar is about 10 times greater than it was 100 years ago. To offset the

effect of the sugar, some dentists believe that eating an apple after every meal will clean up the starches and sugars that may remain in the mouth.

Scientists believe tooth decay can result from acids formed in the mouth 20 minutes after starches and sugars are eaten. Fresh fruits and vegetables have the general result of making the saliva more alkaline, and thus cut down on the production of these acids. Further, if the teeth are brushed immediately after a meal, the acids that help cause decay may not form, and thus the chances of decay are less.

Another aspect of the problem is being tackled by the researchers at the University of Illinois. They believe that the acid-producing bacteria in the saliva are killed off by the presence of ammonia compounds—just as they may be fed by sugars. In fact, the deadly effect on the ammonias is lost if a person eats too many sugars and starches, thus disrupts the natural chemical balance of saliva. The remedy is to add ammonia compounds to the saliva. This can be done by means of a mouthwash or a toothpaste. So far, the results from such tests are hopeful.

Food also affects our teeth because of the soil on which it grows. If the soil lacks essential food elements, such as calcium, the plants that grow on the soil lacks essen-

tial food element. And the people who eat the plants will not get the right foods to make healthy teeth. The soil may also give off certain chemicals into drinking water which prevent decay. Drinking water that contains much fluorine may cause the teeth to become mottled, but it also helps protect the teeth against decay, as many surveys have shown.

And there is definite indication that our emotions may hasten tooth decay. Some doctors and dentists believe that the emotional stress of modern society is partly responsible for increased tooth decay. We know that anger and fear can change the chemical nature of the blood, and there is a good chance that they can likewise change the chemical content of the saliva, which other research has shown to be important in causing decay.

In spite of all the progress in research, all the hope that the new methods promise, teeth still decay. One of the soundest methods of treating tooth decay is still to provide thorough and consistent dental treatment for all school children. Catching the cavities early will save their teeth. Wherever such a programme has been tried it has succeeded remarkably in cutting down the amount of decay in adult mouths. True, the costs are high, but there is little question that the results in terms of dental health are worth it.

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Home Budgeting!

WITH his cupped hands holding his face tight and his legs thrown carelessly on the table before him Jat — constricted universal name for Jatadharan — sat immobile, plunged in furious thought.

Jat always prided on the fact that whenever he did think, it was always furious thinking.

And when Jat sat so thinking some mouse was sure to come out of that mountainous labour of thinking and everyone in the house knew this.

At last Jat's legs began to move slowly, then oscillate a bit quickly,

and later vigorously. The cupped hands uncupped themselves and stretched in a hundred ways in a mood of relaxation. The sombre face brightened as though lit with a powerful idea. And the eyes twinkled merrily.

"Bug!" he shouted, "Bug!"

Bug was his pet name for his spouse Bagavathi, his better-half, his wifey, his lovey-dovey, and ever so many things besides.

Bug knew she would be called in.

"What's the idea?" she asked with a sneer in her tone.

"You see," he said and coughed twice. "Much of our financial worries and crises, or you may call them catastrophes, is due to the fact that we don't plan, we don't plan ahead with sufficient forethought and acumen. And how can we plan without sufficient data, without sufficient facts and figures, without proper statistics? This leads to the subject of day-to-day accounting, proper ledger-posting, subsequent auditing, checking and mapping, so that you will know everything at a glance."

By

R. BANGARUSWAMI

Jat shot forth two more coughs.

"WHY all this fuss?" Bug said suavely. "I know our financial position as well as one can know it. The knowledge throbs in my veins, looms in my dreams and even threatens to become a nightmare. We are not millionaires. Why make such a pother about the small income about the proper spending of which we make so many mental plans and schemes?"

"But you see that without regular accounts we are liable to forget payments made and may make double payments

and commit such mistakes which are apt to make further roads into our slender sources."

Bagavathi giggled.

"No such contingency has arisen or will arise. I almost tam every item of dues."

JAT pulled a long face and smoothened his nose. "Supposing the Incometax authorities ask for accounts?" he beamed.

"How will they when your salary is not anywhere near the taxable minimum?" she curtly asked.

"I am a Government servant and I think it is safe to keep accounts," said Jata-dharan with a bit of firmness.

"You may please yourself, I won't stand in the way," she snapped and was about to go.

"You don't catch me, Bug. You write the accounts and I will do the auditing. Unless these two departments are separate there won't be efficiency." Jat's voice was persuasive.

"My kitchen work is heavy enough for me," she said. "My keeping the account books in the kitchen is liable to soak them in oil or get portions of them fried up and the rest coated with smoke all over. And such funny accounts they will look!"

"Then will you do the auditing. I will keep the accounts," put in Jat happy to find an alternate solution.

"I know no odd eating or even eating!" said Bug whereupon Balu shot forth from nowhere and burst out into laughter.

"You insolent kid," shouted the father. "Why don't you write the accounts?"

Balu jumped up in ecstasy. He thought he was going to be the key figure of domestic finance. Mother would, of course, do the spending, and father would do the auditing.

BALU provided himself with a stout bound book, red ink, black ink, a separate table, and other paraphernalia. And the little twelve-year-old Balu looked big with terrible importance when he wrote or rather perpetrated the so-called accounts to the great chagrin and discomfiture of his six-year younger sister Kamalu who took every opportunity to file complaints against him. Balu wrote what his mother said and whatever his father said with the result that the same expense was often entered twice. Again entries like: Given to Father for expenses Rs. 5 and then he would follow it up by writing the details of the money given to Father. Thus it was found that more money was spent than they got either as salary or as loan!

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BALU soon found that account-keeping with all accounts and no cash was



very irksome. He said that he could not keep proper accounts unless all the cash was handed over to him, a notion immediately dubbed preposterous by both the parents in one voice. Balu complained of heavy school work and handed over the work to Kamalu who took it up with pride. She followed her brother's wonderful book-keeping methods and using the red ink and black ink as occasion and her idiosyncrasy demanded.

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BEFORE the month was out a landmark in the juvenile adventure of account-keeping happened. Kamalu with her two ink-bottles open and with her two pens and her account books was jotting down the day's expenses when unseen by her the two-year old baby, Juju, a mischievous little devil, stormed in and in less than a split second emptied the ink on the notebooks. Before screaming Kamalu could to anything the baby had coated her body and dress frighteningly with patches of crimson ink.

—Please see page 71

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CONTEMPORARY OPINION

RESPONSIBLE OPPOSITION

At Begusarai, Mr. Jai Prakash Narain repeated his favourite plea about the need to build up a "strong, healthy and responsible" opposition to keep the ruling party on the right "path." Few will quarrel with his general thesis. That is indeed a serious lacuna in Indian democracy which needs to be removed. But Mr. Narain seems to think that a "strong and healthy" opposition can be made to order, or that Mr. Nehru can pull it out of his hat like a rabbit. The evolution of a party, or for that matter of democracy, is a slow process, whose pace cannot be forced. The conditions for the growth of an effective opposition party have to evolve themselves and cannot be artificially created by a fiat. Unless it commits a fatal blunder, the Congress is destined to rule the country during the lifetime of Mr. Nehru, largely because of his powerful personality behind it, and not a little because of the party's own past record of service and prestige with the people. Ultimately, the electorate is the sole arbiter

of the relative worth of the parties in the field.

—*Times of India.*

UN-AMERICAN WELCOME

President Eisenhower, for the first time went to the airport for receiving a visiting celebrity, namely, King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia, who had been accorded a cold-shoulder welcome by the New York authorities. The President's intention must have been partly to cushion off the effects of first impressions when it is the boast of America that she welcomes every visitor with open arms. Mayor Wagner gave certain reasons for his not spreading the carpet for the Arabian Monarch attended by 70 retainers. Now comes the news that on account of unfriendly expressions of opinion regarding Tito, the Belgrade Dictator has decided not to appear in the United States. When Stalin was alive, Tito had been a hero with New York columnists, since he had defied the Moscow tyrant, and Tito wisely made the best of both worlds when it came to financial aid and fighting armour.

With de-Stalinisation in progress, Tito's equivocal stand dwindles in value and

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his supposed enormities as a totalitarian become magnified. Even in the past tours of Marshal Tito, certain groups had regarded him with misgivings. The covert reason was that (in the case of Roman Catholics) the Marshal had strained relations with ecclesiastical authorities, suspected of lukewarm loyalties. In the third week of December, there was a rally of Roman Catholics in New York, where the organisers specified the treatment of Archbishop Stepinac as illustrative of Communistic tyranny. It must be very embarrassing to the American President that non-conforming visitors should be subject to signs of discourtesy, but the American people, when it comes to outspokenness, do not hesitate to differ from the governmental hierarchy, since receptions are not made to order in that country.

—*Deccan Herald.*

DIVIDE AND RULE

The Chinese Prime Minister's address at the Special Convocation at Santiniketan emphasised a particular aspect of the policy pursued by the Western Powers which has been illustrated clearly by the latest Security Council resolution on Kashmir. Mr. Chou En-lai accused them of "creating discord among Asian and African countries by means of antagonistic military blocs with an attempt

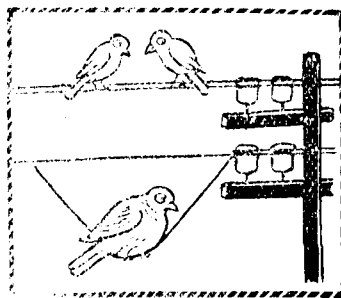
to divide and rule." The Kashmir dispute has placed at their disposal a very convenient weapon to be used against India whenever Prime Minister Nehru's policy of non-alignment creates serious difficulties for them. Britain which might have been expected to take a rational view of Pakistan's preposterous claims (it was on the basis of an Act of the British Parliament and during the regime of a British Governor-General that the "Hindu Maharajah" acceded to India), has actually taken the lead in organising a fresh crusade against India, and British diplomats have found overzealous camp-followers in practically all sections of the British Press. The resolution was ready even before the Indian representative had explained his case. The security Council virtually condemned a litigant without hearing his case. Such unusual anxiety to oblige Pakistan is obviously due to its membership of the Baghdad Pact and its readiness to receive American military aid. It is also due to an obvious desire on the part of the Western Powers to teach India the precious lesson that camp-followers alone can expect crumbs from the master's table. There can be no friendly co-operation between the two States into which this subcontinent has been divided as long as the Western Powers pursue this policy. For the time being it

in their interest to create and consolidate the rift between India and Pakistan; but in the long run artificially manufactured instability in such a strategic area cannot be beneficial to the world.

To —A. B. Patrika.

DEMONSTRATIONS

Pakistan has been giving all sorts of provocations to India. Pakistan leaders, who are expected to act responsibly and with dignity, have been publicly talking of invading India and capturing Delhi. The slogan of *jehad* and "Delhi chalo" has excited the passions of the people of that country. The burning of the effigies of Mr Jawaharlal Nehru at the instance of these leaders is also a daily occurrence in Pakistan. These provocative acts have caused untold indignation in India. But the people here have generally behaved with restraint and dignity as a result



"See how the wire has gone down. Still she would not admit that she has put on more weight!"

of the appeals of Mr. Nehru and others to remain calm and not to retaliate in any way. However students are feeling more excited than others and they have organised protest demonstrations in different parts of India. These demonstrations have on the whole been dignified and peaceful. At one or two places the more excitable sections tried to follow in the footsteps of their counterparts in Pakistan and the Police had to intervene. The indignation felt by students at the events in Pakistan was natural; and if nothing serious has happened it is a tribute to their sense of discipline. Their leaders have set the path of peace before them, and in no circumstances should they abandon that path.

It is true, as some say, that Pakistan in its present mood would understand the language of force and that any other language would be construed by it as the language of weakness. Still so far as we are concerned, we should act and behave as a disciplined and civilized people should act and behave. It would be a folly to copy Pakistan's methods and tactics even under provocation.

—The Tribune.

THE NAUGHTIEST MAN

Depreciated or not, a rupee, is a rupee for all that! Its powers are im-

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mense both on the terrestrial and spiritual plane. The talisman that was tied around Prime Minister Nehru's arm on the eve of his flight from Madras contained one potent rupee-coin. It was guaranteed to keep him safe on the air to ward off the evil eye—the malignant ones are particularly busy in election time—and to make him generally invincible. Talisman or not, a rupee has to be kept in circulation if it is not to become dead money, and a dead coin like a dead soldier, is not of any use to anybody. So it was enjoined on the Prime Minister by his benefactor, the donor of the charmed amulet, that on reaching his journey's end he should give the rupee to the poorest man. In a country where there is no floor to poverty this poses a particularly ticklish problem. The best qualified recipient is to be found, in our opinion, in the ranks of working journalists for even the proverbial church mouse would consider it a slur on his financial status if he was placed in the same income group as members of the inky profession. It is on record that a working journalist submitting his monthly budget for the close scrutiny of the Wage Board had given these tell-tale figures: "Income Rs. 150. Expenditure Rs. 10—on cigarettes, Rs. 10 on tea, Rs. 15 on food, nothing on house rent (rent in arrears from the time

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I moved into the house) at Rs. 110 as interest charge on loans taken from Kabu and Rastogis. Deficit by further borrowings every month." It is, however, a comforting thought that there are poorer people than lists. The most vocal confident claimant to Prime Minister's rupee is the Union Finance Minister, Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari, who has hit an all-time low with the statement: "I am the poorest man in the country." There is a saying that people with naught are naughty. The talisman, in all fairness, should go to the naughtiest man in the country. But it is slightly disconcerting to be told that he has to be the Union Finance Minister.

—The Pioneer.

HOME BUDGETING!

—Continued from page 67

Bug came to the scene and Jattoo. 'Juju wants his turn in the game of accounts,' said Bug.

"No mother," said Balu who came from the street on hearing Kamalu's screams. "Baby has done some auditing."

Jatadharan alone stood silent like a pillar.



MIDGET AND HIS DOG

KULLAN was shorter than a normal midget. He was thirty inches high and reached up to the knees of a full-grown adult. But he always attracted undue and unwelcome attention. Small boys crowded around him and cracked jokes. Since he had lost his father and mother, there was nobody to feed him. He tried to seek a job but he was laughed out. Shop-owners told him that they did not want a doll. The young man he was already twenty-two—was much put out. He hid himself behind a tree and wept the whole night.

He made up his mind to go from town to town until he got a job. But he was not successful. Throughout the day he would wander about in the streets. Some kindly soul would take pity on him and give him some money to purchase food. Kullan would spend the night on the pavement itself and resume his march in the morning.

He had made friends with a small street dog whom he

named Tiger. The dog was hungry and famished like himself, and he shared his food with the animal whenever he got something to eat. The dog followed Kullan faithfully like a shadow. But he was bigger than his master and this circumstance made people laugh at both. But Kullan was always genial and sweet-tempered and did not mind the jokes at his expense. He joined in others' laughter, much to the latter's embarrassment.

BUT the monsoon rains had begun to pour and Kullan felt very miserable. There was no dry place or sheltered corner where he could take refuge. One evening he was completely drenched and shivering. Tiger, too, was miserable but he stood bravely by his master.

Kullan thought for a while. He looked about and saw a big white house opposite. There were lights shining through the window. He asked the dog to stay where he was, stepped up to the

door and gave three knocks. After a few minutes, an old gentleman opened the door and peered out. He was surprised to see a midget bowing low to him.

"Sir, I am a stranger to this place and caught in the rain. Will you kindly allow me to spend the night in your house until the rains subside? I have already taken my meal."

THE old man paused for a minute. "Well, young man," he said, "you are welcome to stay here until morning. In all my life, I have not experienced such beastly weather. My people have gone to another town and will return only tomorrow morning. You can remain in the front room. Come in or the house will be flooded."

The old man must be very rich, thought Kullan. The rooms were splendidly furnished. The host gave him a cup of milk and though he declined it at first, he drank it on his insistence. He, however, refused to use a cot, as desired by the host, and slept on the floor in a dark corner.

In the small hours of the morning Kullan suddenly woke up. His blood froze at the sight that met his eyes. The rains had stopped and a crescent moon was shining through the clouds. Though there was no light in the room, with the help of the moonlight he was able to see what was happening. Two

tall men, obviously burglars, were binding the old gentleman to a chair and demanding the keys of the safe. "We will wring your neck if you don't give up the keys at once," one of them threatened.

On the floor was a sharp knife. Kullan knew it belonged to one of the burglars. He noiselessly crept behind, seized the knife, buried the blade in the calf muscles of one of the burglars and raced back to his corner. The victim looked about but saw none. Neither of the intruders could have suspected the existence of a midget. "Let us get off quick, pal. I have been hurt badly and I feel blood gushing down my leg. Leave everything and carry me."

Both the thieves were panicky. When they ran out Kullan's dog sprang upon them and gave chase. Kullan himself was shouting "Thieves! Thieves!" His alarm woke up two plucky neighbours who caught hold of the limping thief.

MEANWHILE, Kullan untied the ropes that held the old gentleman to his chair and removed the gag from his mouth. The owner of the house commended his resourcefulness and engaged him as a permanent watchman. Tiger, too, became the pet of the family.

—By SHANKAR.



HOLLYWOOD'S TOP WIZARD

IN hospital for a check-up, the Very Important Patient was given a dose of bismuth to show up on X-ray plates. But when the plates were developed they showed blanks. No bismuth.

The New York doctors were flabbergasted. They thought they were on to a revolutionary new disease. Then the V.I.P.'s wife stepped into the breach.

"Sam," she chided her celebrated hasband, "tell me what you did with that bismuth?"

He turned to her with a twinkle in his eye but without a sign of remorse. "I didn't like it so I poured it into the plant pot," he said.

Law Unto Himself

That's Sam Goldwyn for you!—the unpredictable genius they call "Mr. Motion

Pictures"; the Hollywood legend who's a law unto himself; the financial wizard who's made a vast fortune out of films—making them in his own way, with his own money and in his own good time—yet may not have enough change in his pockets to hire a cab.

He leaves his wife, Frances, happily married to him for over thirty years, to settle the bills and taxis and tips. She's the only business associate he's ever had, his adviser and "right-hand man."

Trouble At Fruitstall

One evening he was walking home after a tiring day in the studios and as he passed a fruit stall, without thinking, he picked up a juicy peach started to eat it as he strolled on his way. The stallholder scrambled after him, demanding five cents for the peach. Goldwyn felt through his

pockets carefully. But it wasn't any use. He hadn't a cent on him.

What to do? He borrowed a further five cents from the irate peach seller so that he could 'phone his wife to send someone along in a car with a total of ten cents to get him out of trouble!

Perhaps it's because in his youth money meant so much to him that to-day Sam Goldwyn only bothers his head with the higher finance of his films. Born Sam Goldfish in Warsaw, he made his way to England at the age of eleven and worked in a blacksmith's shop in Manchester.

By eking out his wages he saved enough to sail to New York, got a job in a glove factory and spent his spare time learning English at night school. His weekly wage was three dollars. "I still managed to save some to send home," he told me, writes Derek Barat in "Tit-Bits."

First Film

In 1913, noticing how eager crowds poured into a nickelodeon, he decided his future lay in films. His first "studio" was a converted stable in which, with Cecil B. DeMille, he made "The Squaw Man." It proved an enormous success.

To-day, a sprightly, alert figure who belies his seventy-four years, he still decides

everything that goes into his pictures—from the plot down to the length of his leading lady's eyelashes. He selects the cast and music, supervises sets and lighting....does everything but turn the camera.

It is his scrupulous attention to detail that produces perfection and the kind of smash-hit pictures we now expect of him. Films like his Oscar-winning "Best Years Of Their Lives" (his wife's favourite: "It was her idea," he smiles); "Wuthering Heights" (starring Laurence Olivier and the one he likes best himself); the Eddie Cantor comedies and later the Danny Kaye riots.

Famous Faces

But along with his flair for perfection he also has an uncanny know-how about what the filmgoer wants. A knack of picking a story that's a winner and—perhaps most of all—of spotting star-quality in an unknown actor or actress.

Will Rogers, Ronald Colman, Gary Cooper, David Niven... are just a few of the famous faces Goldwyn introduced to the screen. From the ranks of his high-kicking Goldwyn Girls have emerged such significant shapes as those of Betty Grable, Paulette Goddard and Virginia Mayo.

He spotted Vilma Banky's photo in a Budapest shop

and window when she was a little-known Hungarian actress. Her luck by her beauty he sign-souther up for a princely 100 Tars a week and packed her Bag o Hollywood as his latest every. She did not know English so he taught her four words—"L a m b and pineapples"—and to repeat them when reporters questioned her.

His gimmick was a great success. Before long everyone was talking about the "Lamb Chops and Pineapple Girl." Goldwyn teamed her up with Ronald Colman and turned them into one of the silent screen's most romantic teams. He, the great lover, she, the mysterious vamp.

Perfect Voice !

In his big new musical one of Sam Goldwyn's hunches has paid off handsomely. He knew he had to find the right singing voice to dub into Jean Simmons' mission girl role; listened to scores of recording without any luck; then suddenly, hearing a new singer one day, exclaimed: "That girl is perfect! Who is she?"

The singer turned out to be... Jean Simmons. So Goldwyn let her put over her own songs in "Guys and Dolls" and by the success she's made of it—has once again proved himself right.

And what about the Goldwynisms, those famous wise-

cracks that have earned him the reputation of being the world's shrewdest joker?

"I'll give you the answer in two words: Im Possible!" he's once said to have declared. And: "Anyone who consults a psychiatrist ought to have his head examined."

Pungent & Witty

Someone once suggested making a film about nuclear warfare. "Don't touch the atom bomb. It's dynamite," he retorted. Later: "I'll believe in colour television when I see it in black and white."

"I've something important to tell you. Listen slowly".... "I'm having a bust made of my wife's hands".... "A verbal agreement isn't worth the paper it's written on...." And so they go on. But the great Sam Goldwyn denies ever having originated them.

"I'm not clever enough to have done that," he said, with a twinkle in his eyes.

But if he expects me to believe him, having listened recently to his pungent and witty remarks on filmmaking, I'm afraid—to use the most goofy of all Goldwynisms—he'll have to "Include me out."

PROGRESS IN SOUTH

"The Motion Picture Industry in South India has made some progress during 1956. Market conditions, internal

and outside, were far more favourable than in the previous years. There has been an increase in the number of theatres, permanent and touring, resulting in some rise in the overall gross collections for the trade. The installed capacity of the available studios is almost reached and the number of pictures censored has been higher than in the previous year", says the South Indian Film Chamber of Commerce, reviewing the motion picture industry's progress in South India in 1956.

The total number of pictures censored during the year has come to 102, compared to 97 the previous year, it adds. Beside these 102 pictures, 5 pictures in Sinhalese were produced in South Indian Studios.

New Trends

The number of Tamil pictures has gone up by five and of Telugu by three while there has been a drop in the number of pictures made in Canarese and Malayalam. Among the pictures produced, 51 were in Tamil, 27 in Telugu, 14 in Canarese, 5 in Malayalam and 5 in Hindi, compared to 46 in Tamil, 24 in Telugu, 15 in Canarese, 7 in Malayalam and 5 in Hindi produced in 1955.

While 85 films were produced in the studios of Madras, and 15 were taken in mofussil centres, two Hindi films origi-

nally taken in Bombay were dubbed in Tamil.

As in years past, more than 50 per cent of the producers of the year were comparatively new. There were altogether 76 producers who account for the 102 pictures. Of the 33 studios and established producers were responsible for 57 pictures, while 45 productions were completed by 43 new producers.

Dubbing of pictures has been the order of the day during 1956, for there were only 68 themes which were duplicated and triplicated into 102 productions. Out of 51 Tamil films, only 18 films have not been dubbed so far. So also out of 27 Telugu films only 2 films were not taken in other versions. Out of 5 Malayalam films 4 were not duplicated and out of 14 Canarese films 9 were not dubbed in other versions.

Relief To Trade

The Madras Cinemas (Regulation) Act, 1955, was enforced with effect from 30th May, 1956, and with it the screening of "Approved" films which had been suspended by reason of a Supreme Court judgment for a period of about 90 weeks beginning from October, 1954, was revived during the year.

The Madras Government have introduced a series of measures which have the effect of removing several

restrictions on cinemas. The grant of 12 months' licence to running cinemas, the relaxation of licensing rules as between permanent and touring theatres and the passage of the Madras Cinemas Amending Bill intended to produce a unified single authority for expeditious licensing—all these go to give the much-needed relief to the exhibition trade.

At the Centre also, there has been a good volume of legislative work in respect of the motion picture industry.

Encouraging

There has been some rise in the total collections for the trade during 1955-56. But

while success attended on a few pictures, there were many which were not able to recover even the cost of production. The chief reason for this, says the report, was "the all too exacting nature of the taxation policy in general and the incidence of the Entertainment tax in particular."

"Nevertheless," concludes the report, "the trends of the trade during 1956 strike a note of confidence for the future and if the same levels of progress continue unabated in the years to come and if also the policy of taxation liberalised, there is every prospect of the trade coming into its own."



NALINI JAYWANT & USHA KIRON IN "AAN BAAN".

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SOVIET GIRLS IN DELHI

If there is anything which impressed Delhi citizens to a great extent, it was the glamour of the Soviet actresses. The Soviet girls, who could stand comparison with the most glamorous Hollywood beauties, felt no necessity for a make-up to appear in public. Their unsophisticated simplicity heightened their charms. While crowds cheered and mobbed the artistes wherever they went, they in turn waved bouquets and blew kisses to the enthusiastic admirers. Olga Zabolotkina, actress, who looked chic in a lowcut velvet black gown, at the inauguration of a six-day festival of Soviet films by Dr. B.V. Keskar, Union Minister for Information and Broadcasting in New Delhi, was the main centre of attraction. Lyudmilla Kasutkina appeared in her Russian furs and pale green brocade gown while Baken Kadykeyeva attired as a Kirghiz belle. The most simply dressed were Clara Lachka who appeared in a black gown and a transparent mauve stole. In short, their elegantly cut gown and a few pieces of judiciously chosen jewellery bespoke of that cultivated taste which is so difficult to acquire, states a Calcutta report.

HERE & THERE

S. D. Narang is to produce "Delhi-ka-Thug," the adventures of a Bombay police

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officer operating in Delhi in the guise of a crook.

Madhubala will play the lead—as a tough criminal!

The musical score is by Ravi.

Shooting of Anand Chit "Pagal Khana" will be resumed after a break of two years.

Suraiya plays the role of a girl who goes mad because her lover deserts her.

Anjali Devi who is well on her way to completing her appearance in 100 pictures, plans to retire next year.

Her 100th film will mark the end of her acting career. "What I badly need now is rest and I hope to have it after retirement," she said.

She is at present busy with roles in 23 films.

Filmistan has decided to adopt a bold and refreshing policy in film production to bring more vitality into its future films.

The management has made up its mind to hunt for off-the-beat stories and groom newcomers for screen careers. It is also seeking new directors and techniques in pictures handled by them.

A party of 35 Indian film stars, play-back singers and dancers will embark on a