

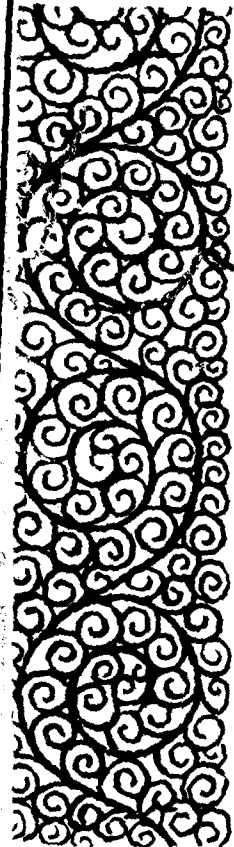
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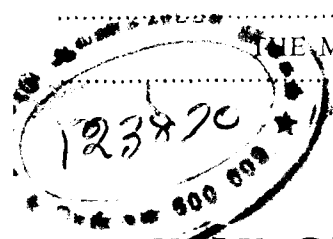
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INSIDE READING

- Stories
- Articles
- Features
- Fun
- Flashes From FilmLand
- Questions & Answers
- &
- Astrological Forecasts
For January, 1959.



LEADING MONTHLY FOR HOME & FAMILY



THE MONTH'S SPOTLIGHTS

WHAT OUR READERS SAY

LETTERS INVITED —

Readers are welcome to express their views on any subject they like. They must, however, be brief and to the point. The Editor does not accept responsibility for the views expressed in these pages.

SOCIALISTIC PATTERN

Sir,

Present-day politicians make much noise about Socialism and attempt to thrive on it. But the common man whose only concern is day-to-day existence does not understand or feel convinced about it.

Of what use is the Socialistic Pattern of Society if it is not conceived in a spirit of real understanding of the present situation which makes living not only difficult but impossible? Our Prime Minister said at Calcutta: "Our declared goal is the Socialistic Pattern of Society. We will brook no obstacles and if there are any in the way, we will sweep them out with broomsticks. The planning is not a question of building up a few hundred factories. What we have

to bear in mind is to meet the needs of increasing population, the coming, developing generation, and to provide them with the necessities of life— food, cloth and shelter."

Even after eleven years of independence we are confronted with a grim spectacle as to how the necessities of life referred to by the Prime Minister are being made available. A writer describing the sick part of U. says. "The unfortunate people weighed down by extreme poverty, steeped in ignorance, under-fed and under-clothed are victims of man and nature." The abolition of the Zamindaris has not touched them. Political independence has little meaning for them. Their cry is for food and the capacity to buy the basic requirements for existence. There is not the only problem of chronic food scarcity; often when grain is supplied from "other areas, they have not the means to purchase it even at the controlled prices."

This exactly is the situation in the whole country today. These are not obstacles, they are dire

— (Please see cover page III)

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EDITORIAL

India Magazine

THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

VOLUME 3

JANUARY 1959

No. 11

THE TASK BEFORE US

A YEAR full of sensational events and of considerable significance to India has gone by. In Europe, France has thrown democracy overboard. In several countries of Asia, Burma, Pakistan, Siam and elsewhere it has been buried with military honours. What then is our duty? Should we not safeguard democracy with re-doubled care and vigilance?

Our Prime Minister has taken the view that the Indian people are sound at heart and that, having twice voted for a democratic form of government, they will not plump for military rule or dictatorship. Under ordinary circumstances we would have been heartened by such a reassurance. But it has to be remembered that Pakistan was part of India and the Pakistanis of today were the Indians of yesterday. They have accepted military rule without protest or even murmur. So those in authority in our country can ill afford to be complacent or pin all their faith on the good sense of the people. The danger is ever present, as that sagacious elder statesman, Mr. C. Rajagopalachari, is repeatedly pointing out. The Government and the Congress must create a climate which is not favourable to a coup. By importing more foodgrains it must remedy the conditions of scarcity that is making people discontented. Into the question whether there is inflation today or no we have no desire to probe. But we would only say this. What explains the soaring prices of foodstuffs and other commodities? Does not the issue of naye paise in huge quantities amount to inflation?

We wish all our readers

A Happy New Year.

FROM DOMINION TO REPUBLIC

(CONTRIBUTED)

AS a sovereign republic India enjoys a status and prestige, unknown before. She is not the satellite of any Big Power. She is not answerable to anyone for her actions but to her own people. She can chalk out a policy to suit her tradition, temperament and genius.

On the 15th August, 1947 India came into being as a Dominion but even at birth she was torn into two. The amputated part was the Dominion of Pakistan. In spite of this tragedy, India was not still-born nor was Pakistan. The end of foreign rule was thus brought about under very unhappy circumstances. The people heaved a sigh of relief. Under the guidance of Gandhiji, the magician, we were transported with joy and the air of freedom seemed to descend on the country

all of a sudden. The clouds of oppression and repression had rolled away and the majestic mountains came into view. Our vision had broadened and we treated even the Britisher as one of our own. The Mountbattens symbolised that sense of fraternity and unity. We all had the elated feeling that the human race was one big family of which India was just a part.

First Day

On August 15, 1947, the scenes of enthusiasm and jubilation witnessed in almost all parts of India were indescribable. The high and the low among all classes and castes greeted one another warmly and even embraced with pledges of eternal friendship and loyalty. The gaiety of the people in city, town and village proved to be tremendously infectious. The streets and roads presented a neat ap-

pearance; flag and festoons added to the attraction. Processions and mammoth meetings marked the close of a memorable day. Everyone basked in the sunshine of everybody else's smiles. Even the poor and the needy were not forgotten. They were sumptuously fed and clothed.

In the cities, especially, most of the citizens were out of their residences to breathe the new air of freedom, watch the illuminations of public buildings and places or attend the meetings addressed by leaders of all walks of life and different schools of thought. They all swore loyalty to the flag of freedom; they would even die for it if necessary. Indeed, it was the most memorable and happiest of days. Only one leader was unhappy and distressed. It was Mahatma Gandhi. He was agonized over the partition of the country. He had never been reconciled to it. At one stage he had even offered to make Jinnah the first President of free and undivided India. But the latter scorned and scoffed at him.

His Hope

It was evident that Gandhiji was hoping against hope that partition of the country would be avoided somehow. But he

forgot that it was British treachery at its worst that was responsible for this unexpected culmination. They divided every country that they dominated. What was the experience of Ireland and Germany? (The same game is being played today. The British are trying to tear up Cyprus.)

Too Late

Gandhiji apparently thought that Britain would play a straight game this time. If only she had honest intentions of serving India she could have put her foot down. She could have taken up a firm attitude with the Princes and told them that their future lay in integration with India and not in isolation. But the British were gushing with sympathy for the League which was their own creation. They were eager to see that Pakistan emerged with greater strength and vigour than India. Nothing would please them better than an India weakened by internal dissensions which would ultimately wipe it off the map of the world. The Labour leaders, however, were an exception. They came into power too late and what they could do was too little. The Conservatives had already done their worst. They had engendered an atmosphere of mutual suspicion, distrust and

lickering in which the voice of wisdom was not heeded. Mr. Jinnah became more and more recalcitrant and the demand for partition could no longer be ignored.

Grave Obstacles

Then came the bombshell. The riots in the capital shocked and stunned the nation into a state of palsy. Bitter was the realisation that some of the erstwhile foreign rulers were ranged on the side of Pakistan and were bent on creating chaos and confusion. Men like Lord Wavell predicted utter disaster and even openly said that it would take more than a decade for conditions in India to stabilise themselves. The administrative machinery threatened to break down. The Princely States were as many pockets of foreign influence. India stood in danger of Balkanization. Gandhiji was

assassinated. The genius of Sardar Patel averted further trouble and it was plain sailing thereafter for the ship of state.

On the 26th of January, 1950, India ceased to be a Dominion and converted herself into a sovereign republic. But Republic Day, it is to be confessed, does not evoke the same enthusiasm among the people as Independence Day. Why? There are grander pageants and illuminations but the official impress on such occasions appears to make the common man cold and aloof. Independence Day conjures up the years of struggle, the blood and tears of countless brave sons and daughters who risked their all on the altar of freedom. Republic Day holds no such glamour for the ordinary folk. It marks just the transition of India from one status to another. Nothing more, nothing less.

The Editor will be glad to consider short stories, humorous skits and articles of general interest from readers. He accepts no responsibility for manuscripts mislaid, damaged or lost in the post. Contributors should send a stamped, self-addressed envelop if they desire return of the rejected material. Please send your contributions to:

The Editor, INDIA MAGAZINE,
589, High Road, Triplicane, Madras-5

SHORT STORY

Caught In The Storm

It was a hotel on the hillstation and the two fair visitors were sleeping in their rooms, when a thunder-storm broke out. One of the girls was frightened and ran for company.

"I DON'T believe in marriage," declared Preetham, daintily sipping her coffee. Even this comparatively mundane action was executed with an air of sophistication entirely in keeping with her provocative personality. She looked the picture of exquisite beauty as she leaned back and moistened her lips, allowing her abundant hair to fall behind the chair.

Her friend Hemalata eyed her with amusement and said: "Rubbish! Where's the meaning in a girl's life without marriage—without children—and without love?...."

"Love indeed! What is it anyway? When some man looks right into your eyes and fervently says you're the most beautiful woman in the world? Is that what you call...."

"That is only the smallest aspect of it, my dear. If there is one force in the world which cannot be tamed, it is love. It's uncontrollable....it's a many-splendoured thing...it's divine...pure...."

"Wonderful speech," interrupted Preetham sarcastically, "But did you say pure?"

BY

K. P. F. SOLOMON

"Not only that but...."

"Well, let me tell you that when a man gets his arms around a girl, his feelings are anything but pure. They're...."

"That's being silly, my dear girl. But if your ambition is to be an old maid, go ahead. By

the way," she added slyly, "has anyone been getting his arms around you?"

"Oh, shut up. You and your one-track mind!"

THE argument was interrupted by a sudden knocking at the door. The girls looked guiltily at each other, and then one of them opened the door.

"You!" exclaimed Preetham to the man who entered. "I thought you were out hunting butterflies or something."

"And I seem to have caught a couple of big beautiful butterflies," he said banteringly. "What's the quarrel, anyway? I hope I am not intruding?"

"You are," stated Preetham callously, "But won't you rest your wearied limbs, Mr. Ashok?"

"The 'mister' is an unnecessary formality, don't you think, Preetham?" said Ashok seating himself in one of the vacant chairs. "After all, you people are my neighbours in this hotel, and we've been acquainted for nearly eight or nine days."

"That is indeed very kind of you, Mr. Ashok," said Preetham with calculated irony. "And in return you may continue to address me as MISS Preetham. Coffee?"

"No thanks, Preetham," said Ashok smiling comfortably. He produced a Gold Flake and lit up. "As I was saying, what's the quarrel about?"

"We were *not* quarrelling, you seem to have mistaken only concluded," said Hemalata, speaking for the first time since his entrance. "We were having a little discussion about Philosophy."

"Philosophy?" said Ashok dubiously.

"What's wrong with Philosophy?" asked Preetham.

"Nothing at all. But I hope you are not going to waste your holiday in this lovely hill station arguing about philosophy, of all subjects. It should be easy for a couple of...er...charming girls like you to find some more interesting topic to argue about."

"Well, Mr. Ashok," said Hemalata. "What would you consider an appropriate subject for a couple of girls to argue about?"

"Oh, there are trillions of subjects—men for instance, or love, or something..."

"Love?" they echoed in unison, exchanging glances.

"What's wrong with love?" enquired Ashok, blowing a large cloud of smoke which helped camouflage the girls' confusion.

Preetham was the next to speak: "What are your views on love, Mr. Ashok?" she asked.

He pondered for a moment, smiled and then said: "It's a bit difficult to express my views on such a controversial subject. But I will say this: A man cannot live without it, nor can a woman. Not only from...the...er...biological viewpoint, but also

from the intellectual. All the golden qualities of woman scintillate only when bathed by a man's love, and vice versa. There are some stupid so-called modern girls, who deceive no one by loudly denouncing love and all that. Actually, as an amateur psychologist, I can tell you that these are the very girls who secretly hanker after love."

At this Preetham coloured furiously and tried to conceal her confusion in loud laughter. Hemalata giggled and pinched her hip.

"I agree with you entirely there, Mr. Ashok," said Hemalata glancing mischievously at Preetham. "Don't you, Preetham?"

But she merely mumbled something. Ashok drew a last lungful from his cigarette and rose, looking for some place to throw the butt. "Well, excuse me" he said. "I'm after those other butterflies." Halfway out of the door he turned around to say: "And in case you have any further problems, don't hesitate to bring them to me".

"What impertinence!" exclaimed Hemalata when the door closed behind him. Then she laughed and said: "But he certainly is a promising young amateur psychologist."

"Oh, shut up!" said Preetham feigning an air of nonchalance. "But isn't it dreadfully bad of us to talk so...so...intimately with a man we hardly know?"

"I suppose so," admitted Hemalata, "But he is certainly handsome," she mused, looking up at the roof. Then she turned to face Preetham: "Now come, my dear little girlie, tell Auntie Hema *all* your secrets....."

She just managed to dodge the flower vase that came flying at her.

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That night a violent thunderstorm raged over the hillstation. The wind howled through the trees with satanic force, and every now and then the storm would show its teeth in a flash of vivid forked lightning. In her bed Preetham was wide awake and tossing about with her old childhood fear of thunderstorms. A sudden reverberating crash of thunder made her jump up from below the blankets and scamper to the door, with the object of seeking the company of Hemalata in the adjoining room.

As she stumbled down the streaming-wet corridor, the flimsy sari she wore became wet with spray, and clung to her body. Blindly groping, she knocked at the door until it was opened from within. The room was dark and without speaking a word she turned and closed the door behind her. She was just opening her mouth to speak when the light was switched on, almost blinding with its sudden brilliance. And then she received the shock of her life, for before her stood Ashok in striped pajamas. It was obvious she had blundered into the wrong room!

"I....I.... made a mistake," she mumbled. "I thought this was Hemalata's room...." She was shivering from the icy coldness of the wet sari that clung to her.

"ARE you sick?" enquired Ashok anxiously. "You're shivering." He came forward and placed his hand on her arm. "You're wet!"

"I'm all right....just....made a mistake." She was embarrassed beyond words, for the wet robe clung to her curvaceous figure, and exposed to his roving eyes, every delightful contour. Then another gigantic crash of thunder shook the building to its very foundation, and with a sudden little scream she fell into his arms and held him tightly. When the rumble of thunder subsided, she made an effort to release herself, but his arms were strong and firm around her. He raised her. She raised her face to his as though hypnotized, and almost involuntarily their lips moved closer, softly touched and held; then crushed with a fury wilder than the storm that raged outside....

Some time later, Ashok cupped her face in his palms and looking into her eyes, whispered: "Preetham, your eyes are like deep, dark lagoons in the paradise of your face....You're the most beautiful girl in the world...."

Strange, thought Preetham, this very morning I used those words tauntingly. But stranger

still, I like it....Oh!....how I like it...

"Tell me more," she murmured...

"That was a real storm, wasn't it, Preetham?" asked Hemalata after breakfast next morning. "I thought you were deadly scared of storms."

"Not last night's storm."

"That's good...It's high time you discarded your juvenile fears and acted grown up."

"I have," declared Preetham mirthfully.

"My dear girl," said Hemalata looking suspiciously at her. "You act strangely this morning...You seem very happy about something. Your face is more radiant than usual. What—is—the—reason, Madam?"

"The storm."

"What do you mean? Did you have a dream or something and fall in love with your dream?"

"I..." Preetham began, but just then Ashok entered the room and cheerfully said: "Good morning, my ladies. And what's the argument about today? The beggar problem?"

"No, Mr. Ashok," said Hemalata. "We were discussing last night's storm..."

"Quite a storm," interrupted Ashok, catching Preetham's eye.

—Please see page 16

A DIARY HABIT

By M. V. CHANDRAN

TO have or not to have a diary? That is the first question. Opinions are bound to vary from person to person, according to the needs and circumstances and more important, according to the purpose attached. And varied are the purposes indeed, including keeping a diary as a fashionable or literary show!

The pros and cons are many and varied. The greatest difficulty, evidently, is want of time to keep it up regularly. Diaries, exuberantly started, with pagefuls of profound matter, to begin with, often end with more gaps than entries! Of course, there is no need for regularity in the volume or daily quota. After all, some days are great and some others, not so; some deeds are profound and some others not so. And it is hard to believe that the difficulty of recapitulation of the day's major items could be a stumbling block.

Even to those to whom it is so, the diary practice would be a good remedy perhaps!

The diary habit has got to be a secret, preferably. Knowledge of it can often scare friends and make them wary in their utterances with their anonymous biographer! Like a hedgehog, they would curl themselves up at his approach!

A major reason why the diary habit does not enthuse many people seems to be the absence of a sufficiently large audience for what they have to say. Few, if any, are satisfied with an audience consisting of the self and forced listeners in the family or outside.

But far outweighing these are several favourable factors. The most inspiring is the delightful freedom of thought and expression. There are no prescribed rules or forms of writing which the diarist has to obey. We may even spell as we like and abbreviate as we please.

viate as we like! We may wander into side-tracks as and when it pleases us. We need preserve no sense of proportion or responsibility. No subject which was begun has to be continued, no one who becomes a bore need be allowed to linger on the page. No feelings not even the diarist's own, require to be considered. No fear of a critical audience to demand gaiety from a mood of sadness or cast a shadow on your spirits. There is just no need for hypocrisies at all! And even those who fear the pry of undesirable persons or posterity into this private record could resort to safe code words.

The diarist need have no fear, while puffing himself up before the mirror of posterity or the future, that his skyrocketing ambitions or dreams are more likely to provoke mockery than admiration. He can dip his thoughtful pen with courage and snap his fingers at the cynics who do not know what he is about. It is difficult, however, to conceive a diarist so patient and painstaking as to maintain more than one diary, similar to the accounts books of commercial geniuses—a true one for purely personal use and another, for public display. And difficult it is also to imagine a vainglorious punctilious diarist who would roll off his dates in advance with

routine details intermingled with minor variations.

What we fear most to be told of us is perhaps the most serious subject of a private diary—not the public acts or even the secret schemes which underlie them, but the little weaknesses, follies and cravings which, however tolerable in the light traffic of every day, would make us ashamed, if they and they only represented us to posterity. The fragments of Pepys in his famous diary about Lady Castlemain, we may be certain, would make her blush, however much she would not care for all the hard things that her contemporaries said of her relationship with King Charles! We have it on the authority of Pepy's Diary that she called for a patch from the face of one of her women and "wetted it and so clapped it on her own by the side of her mouth. I suppose she is feeling a pimple rising there." Though this reveals only her lively sense of approaching misfortune, rather than anything to her discredit, the odds are that if she had known Pepy's intentions and that all the world for generations would read it and smirk over it, she would have taken extraordinary care to guard her words and actions from him.

A diary, in general, is a weapon, a bomb with an inexhaustible time-fuse which may explode uncomfortably in anyone's grave!

SHORT STORY

Too Shy For Words

By SHYAM SUNDAR

"I AM thirty-one today," laughed Giridhar to his friend Bhagat. "But I don't know whether I should expect your good wishes or expressions of sympathy."

"Many happy returns," said Bhagat heartily. "To me and to my sister Rajeswari you are worth your weight in gold. We

for you, I am afraid, I would not have survived this recent attack.

"Stop this recitation, please," begged Giridhar. "I daresay any other friend would have done more for you. I would have taken leave, too, but you insisted on my attending office. All credit goes to your sister and to none else."

An incident five years ago upset Giridhar and almost warped his mind. His friend coaxed him to tell his secret.

want you to remain with us always. How could I forget what you did during my illness? You sat up all the night and gave me the medicine at stated intervals. You insisted that my sister should have some hours of sleep during the night, so she could have energy enough to look after me in the day. But

"Which brings me to the question which I shall put to you straight. Are you not going to marry my sister and relieve me of a growing burden? You know, she likes you, and you...."

GIRIDHAR suddenly rose up, grabbed his coat from the nail on the wall and made for the

door. Bhagat caught hold of his shirt tail and drew him back. "I am sorry, Giridhar, I opened the topic of your marriage which you have forbidden so often. I promise I won't broach it hereafter. Please stay for dinner."

Giridhar relented and sat back on his chair. "It is not that," he grinned. "Your mention of marriage reminded me of a colleague's wedding tomorrow and I wanted to send a telegram of congratulations. Well, I can send it even tomorrow. This time you have not frightened me by that reference."

There was a soft rustle from behind the door. Giridhar knew it was Rajeswari. She had been overhearing the conversation. He looked at her retreating figure and heaved a sigh. She was certainly pretty. She was past twenty-five but grace and liveliness marked everything she said and did.

WHEN she was back in the kitchen Bhagat turned to his friend. "Now, Giridhar, you must tell me your secret. We have been such close friends for five years and it is time you opened out your mind and heart. Why do you shrink at the mere sight of women? You even perspired when a girl at the bus stop smiled at you. Come on, friend, out with your secret."

Giridhar coughed slightly and wiped his face with a kerchief.

Six years ago (he began) I was working as an apprentice in a photo studio. The proprietor took pity on me—I had lost my parents and was practically starving—and gave me food and lodging in his spacious house. Early in the mornings I would attend to his personal correspondence and do some shopping on his behalf. He was liberal in his allowance and treated me as one of his own family. He would even trust me with huge amounts which I was to deposit in banks or deliver to some friend of his. I alone kept the keys of his safe.

HE had two wives. The first was an elderly woman of forty-five. She was in a nursing home for treatment of an ulcer in the stomach and there seemed little chance of her coming out alive. But she was a kind woman and whenever I went to see her with food or fruits, she used to praise me and bless me. I came to regard her as my own mother.

The studio owner, Mr. Prakash, had a second wife. He married her in the hope that she would ensure the line of succession. The first one was sterile. My master was worth lakhs but the absence of an heir—or even an heiress—distressed him considerably. When even after five years of his second marriage there was no child to bless his life, he got moody and desperate. Soon he came under the influence of a matrik-cum-vaideik who promised to rejuvenate him and

make him the father of twelve children. Mr. Prakash would go with this man to some chosen shrines and return after a week or fortnight.

Before he left his house he would instruct me to look after the household affairs and leave with me the keys of his safe until his return. I would keep away from the studio and remain in the house. During one such interval Jumna—I mean, my master's second wife—thrust her attentions on me. You may retort, "Who knows you were not guilty?" No, Bhagat, I will swear I was blameless up till a certain stage. She was seven years my senior but she was good-looking and curvaceous. When her husband was absent and the servants were downstairs she often came into my room on a thousand and one pretexts and exercised all her blandishments. Though I was sufficiently aged I was not used to feminine wiles. She put on subtle perfumes, wore the nicest of saris and sweet-smelling flowers in her hair and would bend down between my face and the book I was reading. Then she would sit close to me, almost cheek to cheek, and go on talking.

THEN it dawned on me that she was madly infatuated with me. As my room was next to my master's—he often wanted his medicines and I had to attend on him—she called me in as if she had taken her husband's place. Oh, Bhagat, I don't

know how it happened. One midnight I succumbed to temptation and found myself in her arms. For a month we made love to each other and were deliriously happy.

EARLY one night she cooed to me and I took her in my arms. A dim light was burning and she was about to switch it off when we heard someone coming up. I shuddered and broke out into a sweat. It was my master who was just then returning home. The servant downstairs must have opened the door. "Oh God! It is your husband," I whispered. "Where shall I hide?"

There was no place where I could conceal myself. The room had two cots for husband and wife and it was impossible to hide under them. One could easily detect an intruder. And in another minute he would walk in. I had not even bolted the door, Jumna looked thoughtful. She wanted to wriggle out of the situation. If she cast in her lot with me—a penniless loafer—she would have to tramp the streets and beg for her food. Here was comfort, fortune, prestige; even if the husband passed away she would get a share of his enormous property. So she forgot what she had done to lure me into her trap. She suddenly struck against my face with her fists and clawed my chest with her long nails. "Go away, you villain!" she shouted at me. "Get out or I will call the ser-

vants. You sneak in like a thief and try to outrage my honour in the absence of my husband. Oh, Ram! Oh, Govind! Where are you? Help! Help!"

My master rushed in and confronted me. Jumna flung herself on him and sobbed on his shoulder. I stood tongue-tied and rooted to the spot. Blood was oozing from my chest but I did not care. My boss blazed at me in righteous indignation. "Giridhar, I never dreamt you would do this to me. Well, I don't want to create a scene. Walk out of my house this instant..."

"I came out, vexed with myself, and stumbled upon you, Bhagat. You gave me food and got me a job. Now, see my chest for proof." He took off his shirt and Bhagat noticed five or six livid scars—long stripes left by human nails.

"That explains," remarked Bhagat. "I can very well understand why you distrust women. What happened to your master and his wife later?"

"It is a sad story. My master's first wife sent the servants all over the city to look for me. She had come back home. It appears she knew of Jumna's love affairs in the past and spoke of them to her husband. And then..." Giridhar paused.

"Then what?" asked Bhagat, impatiently.

Giridhar grinned. "Jumna gave birth to a son after eight months. Mr. Prakash became the happiest man. He died a year later."

Bhagat laughed.

Rajeswari came in, slowly. "Your meal is ready," she announced with a smile and retired into the kitchen.

"But you don't fight shy of Rajeswari. Better you marry her next week," spoke Bhagat in an earnest tone.

"All right then," agreed Giridhar. "She is the one girl I love with all my heart."

The friends shook hands solemnly over the deal. ‡‡

Caught In The Storm

—Continued from page 10

"...And dreams and love," concluded Hemalata rising. "Now I must go down to the corner to get some magazines."

Halfway out of the door she turned around and said: "Oh, Preetham, I forgot to tell you. Last night during the storm I came to your room, thinking you would welcome company..."

And with a tinkle of joyful laughter she was gone!

SHORT STORY

THE VIOLINIST

By GOPAL SHARMA

"AND what did the rascal give you today?" asked Sundari as her daughter entered the house. It is three months since Vishnu Ram gave you any money. He owes you Rs. 240. Is it not?"

Bama still would not open her eyes. But she spoke in a muffled voice. "I have brought ten rupees today. That was all I could manage to knock out of him."

She was a beautiful artiste who produced magic melodies from her violin. And, very appropriately, she married a musician. . .

her hands and turned her face away from her mother.

The old woman bent over her daughter and felt her forehead. "Bama, dear, I hope there is nothing wrong with you. It is nothing but the usual headache, I suppose? But you have not answered me. What has the rascal given you? From tomorrow you had better stop going to that music school. Everything about it is bogus."

"TEN RUPEES!" shouted the woman. "I told you I must have hundred rupees at least today to pay the rent to the landlord, to silence the milkman and the grocer. How many months would you expect them to keep quiet? Vishnu could at least have given you that monthly allowance of fifty rupees. He has stopped that too but never fails to take advantage of you. He is a perfect blackguard, I tell you. Curse the day on which I

gave you birth. A girl with no guts. Better I drop dead than having to endure all this agony."

The old woman beat her head with her hands, wiped her eyes and tore open the leather bag. She threw out the miscellaneous contents on the floor and took the crumpled ten-rupee note that had stuck to the bottom. She flung the empty leather bag towards the easy-chair and went out grumbling.

BAMA lay silent but she was boiling with rage. She was quite vexed with Vishnu; her love for him now turned into hate. It all happened three years ago. Six months after her marriage she lost her husband whom she had loved with all her heart. Venkat was a handsome fellow. Both studied music in the same school. He was a good vocalist and she was an able violinist. They had found a common interest in each other.

Though very young, Venkat gave successful concerts. Bama often accompanied him on the violin and whenever the two appeared together hundreds of people flocked to hear them. Under the shining lights on the dais Bama looked very beautiful and her performance on the violin was neat and graceful. But Venkat was often complaining of pain in the chest. A doctor warned him not to exert himself and advised complete rest for six months. But where could

he go for money to feed himself, his wife and mother-in-law?

He ignored the doctor's advice and gave more concerts than before. He even seemed to pick up health. To soar to great heights of fame he went every morning to the house of an aged veteran musician and underwent intensive training. It was an evening concert at which he appeared with his wife. His songs were punctuated with continuous applause. He was triumphantly winding off with a final song when he suddenly bent down and vomited blood. The resultant confusion was appalling. Members of the audience made a sympathetic rush towards the dais and crowded round the musician. A doctor residing a few blocks off was brought in and it was some minutes before a way could be cleared for him. He advised the patient's immediate removal to the hospital. But the doctors there pronounced him dead.

EVEN on the dais Bama was weeping. Some ladies who had been sitting nearby consoled her as best as they could and took her in a car to her home. But imagine the young woman's consternation when they brought in the dead body of her husband. Her mother had gone to a neighbouring town and was not expected to come back before the next week. It was Vishnu Ram, the owner of the music school in which both Venkat and Bama were trained, looked after the arrangements for the funeral

and sent a car to fetch Bama's mother. He pressed her to take some money from his purse and attended to all their needs for some weeks. He had them shifted to a small outhouse adjacent to a bungalow because the rent was low.

Then he made a proposition. Bama should take up a job as a violin teacher in his school and train girls. Since his school had fallen on hard times he could give a salary of Rs. 80 for a start. The mother reluctantly agreed and Bama was glad to escape from the gloomy atmosphere of the home. Her husband had left her nothing. In fact, she felt bound to pay up some of his debts. His creditors, however, did not press her. What Vishnu offered was ridiculously low but it was worth while serving under him. He had helped her with all his money when her husband died. How could she forget it?

At school she had not much of work but she had to stay there during the whole day. Her own residence was far off and it was expensive to go twice by the bus. Often he would hire a taxi and drop her at her house. In the afternoons he provided refreshments for her at his own expense.

ONE evening she was practising on the violin and Vishnu Ram was appreciatively listening to her deft touches. There was a high wind accompanied by heavy rain and they waited for it to abate. Even the servant had left

because he had to go a long way. She was herself enraptured by the sweet melodies that came out of the violin. And, suddenly, the lights went out. She laid down the instrument in fright and called to Vishnu. "Vishnu, come out. Let us brave the rain if no taxi is available and reach the bus stop. Can't we catch the last bus?"

"I am afraid the last bus has left, Bama. It is past nine. See how the wind roars and the rain lashes. There is not a soul on the road. Let us wait for some more time. I shall be watching for a taxi."

INSTEAD of going out to watch for a taxi, he quietly closed the door and laid a hand on Bama's shoulder. She did not protest or even move aside. Then he brought the hand lower down and encircled her waist. He pressed his cheek against hers. When he heard her heave a sigh he brought his lips to hers. "Bama, dearest, I have been dying for this moment. Don't you love me?"

She did not reply but embraced him with warmth and ardour. She lost her head completely and melted away under his kisses. They moved to a broad bench and spent the night until the early hours. When she woke up she wept over what had been done but Vishnu comforted her. He promised her an additional amount of fifty rupees by way of allowance.

In the first two months he was prompt in payment of both the salary and the extra allowance for the extra purpose. Bama's mother at first waxed indignant at Vishnu's conduct but was mollified by his money. Soon, however, things went wrong and Vishnu had great difficulty in running the school. The young widow had to sell her jewels one by one because Vishnu failed to pay for three months. Her mother's harsh words had wounded her to the quick. She felt silly and ashamed. She knew that a new tenant of the bungalow who had moved in only the previous week had been overhearing the conversation. His window opened right into the outhouse. But she did not feel angry for he seemed to be a gentleman. He had a pretty wife and a young daughter, probably twelve or thirteen. He often went away in his car and came back at irregular hours.

SHE took up her violin and played one of her best songs. She knew the new tenant and his wife were listening in rapt attention.

"She has the magic touch for sure," she heard him saying. "Wonder who she is?"

"She looks pretty and decent, too. But they seem to be starving, mother and daughter," his wife told him.

"Yes, I too heard some such thing. Some fellow who is fond

of her has let her down and has not paid her the usual salary and allowance. What a pity!"

The door opened and in walked Vishnu, grinning.

"BAMA, you look so dejected," he said. "Please don't be brooding. I saw your mother going to the bazaar. Won't you speak up, honey?"

"Women are fools, I tell you," she shouted. "They often fall for crooks. Take my own case for instance. What happened?"

"I am sorry, Bama, you have misunderstood me. If I had money I would have willingly given it to you," he assured her.

She laughed. "Not to me but to your new sweetheart, Rangini."

"That is not true, Bama, and I am not of that type."

She jumped up from her easy-chair, seized her little violin and struck him on the head with it. He did not suffer any visible damage but the violin was broken into two.

Without a word Vishnu ran from the house and Hema flung herself back on the easy-chair and sobbed. Her face was buried in her arms and the tears trickled down. After a while, she felt the touch of a soft hand and looked up, startled. It was the new tenant's wife.

"I must apologize for the intrusion. We happened to hear you talking to that man and we are proud of the way you knocked him out. I wish I had some of your spirit. But we are not concerned with your private affairs. We heard you playing expertly on the violin and we thought you could train our daughter very well. Will you come up to our house after half an hour? I will be there with my husband, waiting to discuss our terms."

HE smiled through her tears and nodded her head in gratitude. She saw the visitor to the door and then went in to change her dress. She locked her house and entered the main bungalow with hesitation and uncertainty. Her fears were set at rest when the lady of the house and her daughter received her with a welcome smile. Mr. Dutta rose from his chair when he saw her. He was a tall thin man with a grey head, greying at the edges. He had a majestic appearance.

"Well, young lady, we would

first of all congratulate you on your undoubted talent as a violinist. You can teach our daughter and we shall pay you handsomely for it. I have another offer to make. We want a violinist for the local radio station. You have a good voice, besides. You can take part in our dramatic performances. Do you accept that engagement from tomorrow?"

Bama stared. "Yes, sir, I am very thankful to you and your wife," she stammered.

"No thanks for us, please," he waved her off. "We feel it a privilege to be of some help to you. Your salary will be Rs. 100 to start with. For coaching the girl we will pay separately—say, Rs. 50. Here, take this card and call for me at the radio office at 9 a.m. tomorrow."

The hostess took Bama into the kitchen and gave her a sumptuous lunch. ‡‡

LOVE Vs. HATE

Whatever you do in life, do with love. Hate is the destroyer of life, where love is its guardian. Hate blinds our vision and warps our talents; but love releases our energies for the creative action that sustains mankind.

—DR. SMILEY BLANTON.

SWEET GIRLS WANT TO BE BAD WOMEN!

WHO makes the greater impact on film audiences—the girl-next-door sort of heroine who usually gets her man in the end, or the thoroughly unscrupulous man-hunting type, who does well for mink and diamonds but invariably comes to a sticky end? And what kind of woman—the good or the bad—is more satisfying for an actress to play?

That, it seems, depends very largely on the actress. Though one fact emerges quite clearly: the stars who are most often cast as good girls have a secret longing to be bad on the screen; while the notorious vamps dream of being sweet young things just once in a while.

I came on this very discussion recently on the set of "The Whole Truth," the new murder thriller starring Stewart Granger, George Sanders, Donna Reed and the Italian lovely, Gianna Maria Canale, writes Alison Barnes in "Tit-Bits."

"Vy do zey keep casting me as a femme fatale?" demanded Gianna Maria almost plaintively. As she stood there in a brilliant red, low-cut evening gown, flashed her big green eyes and shook her long, dark hair, I felt I had a faint inkling of the reason. "In ze feelms I usually play ze bad girl—and in real life I'm so-o-o-good," purred Signorina Canale, who in her current picture certainly lives up to her reputation as a siren of some merit.

Opposite Lament!

The beautiful wife in the film who suffers from the wiles of Gianna Maria Canale is played by Donna Reed. Her lament is just the opposite: "When you've been nice for so long, it's hard to be naughty. So here I am, in another sweet part!"

She does admit, after serious consideration, that she's beginning to prefer the nice parts.

"Because I'm getting so used to them," she told me. But she feels strongly that the filmgoing public is not as enamoured of the naughty types as it was.

Not that Donna Reed can't turn in a "naughty" performance when the script requires it. Remember, she won her Oscar as the bad girl in "From Here to Eternity." But, even now that she's in such demand as one of the screen's top sweet girls, she confesses she'd love the chance to play somebody slightly astrigent just once in a while.

Burning Ambition

Another beauty with a burning ambition to play femme fatale parts is twenty-year-old Italian redhead Luciana Paluzzi, who came to London recently to co-star with Stanley Banker and Victor McLaglen in "Sea Fury." Though she strikes me as having more than her fair share of the necessary requirements she invariably gets cast as a nice girl, and has even once had her charms slightly modified for the screen! That happened in her very first film, a documentary about the Cannes Festival, which she made at the tender age of twelve.

Then, in 1953, Luciana happened to be in Rome with her mother when she got an introduction to Director Jean Negulesco, who was making "Three Coins in the Fountain." She spoke very little English at the time and, at her interview, sud-

denly broke into a little story she had learned to recite in her English classes, which amused and delighted Negulesco immensely. He was looking for a fresh-looking, bright young girl to play Rossano Brazzi's cousin and Luciana filled the bill admirably.

Since then she has made many pictures, including the French one, "I Had Seven Daughters," with Maurice Chevalier, an Italian one with Vittoria de Sica, the recently seen "No Time to Die," and the daring Brigitte Bardot film, "Ma'mselle Striptease." But she hastens to add rather ruefully: "Not as a stripteaser—I played a very demure young lady."

Dubious Compliment!

Luciana's fellow countrywoman, Sophia Loren, made the somewhat drastic decision just over a year ago that she was going to abandon glamour and go all out to become a serious actress. "Being considered a glamour girl is a dubious compliment, though it is certainly one way of attracting attention when a girl is starting a movie career," she says. "But I am very serious about being an actress," explains Sophia and admits that her idol is the legendary Eleanora Duse.

The gorgeous Sophia has certainly come a long way in the last few months. She played strong drama in "Desire Under

the Elms," has recently completed what she calls "the best acting opportunity I have so far had on the screen," in Sir Carol Reed's "The Key," and then was teamed with Cary Grant in a new comedy called "Houseboat."

Now we have the illuminating experience of seeing Martine Carol in her first-ever straight dramatic role, in "I'll Defend You, My Love." More surprising still, the girl who rose to fame, partly on the infinite variety of her screen bath scenes remains fully clothed throughout the picture, except for one or two bedroom scenes with her film husband, Gabriele Ferzetti.

Mercilessly Dragged

Martine, who some time ago announced her intention of never taking another film bath in full view of the cameras, plays the part of a young wife whose past is mercilessly dragged into the open by an unscrupulous newspaper. She describes it as "a wonderful role, because all I was asked to do was act."

Anyhow, at the end of a particularly heart-rending scene, in which she visits her illegitimate daughter in hospital after the child has been missing all night, both Martine herself and Gabriele Ferzetti, her co-star, were moved to genuine tears.

But looks, it seems, can be a handicap to a girl's career. A shapely figure certainly can, according to another fascinating Parisienne, nineteen-year-old honey-blonde Danik Patisson, whom we have recently seen in the controversial "The Width of the Pavement." "When you have a beautiful figure," sighs Danik, "all the producers want you to do is to stand and do nothing. But I would much prefer to do something."

Despite this, Danik is credited with what producers call "a chameleon personality," enabling her to switch quite easily from a sweet, shy young girl to a harsh, embittered woman of tragic experience.

Pleasure-loving Sorceress

Now the sweet-faced Maria Schell suddenly breaks out into a wonderfully uninhibited portrayal of a thoroughly abandoned, pleasure-loving sorceress who enslaves Yul Brynner in "The Brothers Karamazov." I had never dreamed of her playing such a delightful hussy.

Meanwhile Cyd Charisse, possessor of the loveliest dancing legs in Hollywood, dons the clothes of the 1930s and turns herself into a redhead to play a flamboyant nightclub entertainer in "Party Girl," opposite Robert Taylor. If you shudder, as I did, at the thought of a figure like Cyd's being encased in the shapeless styles of the 1930s, take heart. Designer Helen

Rose, who created her thirty changes of costume for the picture, is on our side and says: "Nature, which has a reason for everything, gave girls curves and a waist, not intending them to wear what looks like a badly built tent. Cyd Charisse has the kind of shape the world should be in!"

And what a problem film clothes can be! Take the case of poor Sylvia Syms, one of the busiest of our young actresses. After finishing her starring role in "Ice Cold in Alex," in which she wore khaki all the way through, she went straight into "No Trees on the Street," only to find that, as a London shop-girl, the call is again for shoddy clothes.

Main items in her wardrobe are: skimpy off-the-peg dresses of prewar days, overalls, cheap cardigans, worn shoes and a selection of well-laddered lisle stockings! Sylvia doesn't really

mind, so long as the parts continue to be as interesting and varied, but there are moments when it crosses her mind that it would be nice to dress up for a change.

Bad Girls Remembered!

But it seems that the drab, dressed parts are the ones that get a young star to the top. Virginia McKenna wore clothes that were anything but glamorous in the two films for which she is likely to be remembered for a long time. "A Town Like Alice" and "Carve Her Name with Pride." But now she has plunged enthusiastically into a very different role in "The Passionate Summer."

All of which seems to suggest that variety is the spice of an actress's life, but that, generally speaking, the bad girls in films are remembered long after the good ones have been forgotten.

.....
INDIAN FILM NEWS
.....

BY N. RAJASHEKHAR

That Beautiful Screen Goddess

Well known as the Goddess of the Indian screen, Kokila Ben, (Nirupa Roy) was born on 4th January 1931 in a Gujarati family. There was opposition to her joining the films and her parents tried their best to change the decision taken by their daughter but Nirupa Roy was

adamant and she made a debut in a Gujarati film.

It is an irony of fate that the wife Nirupa Roy got a break in films instead of her husband Kamal Roy who sought a career in films.

Because she appeared in a number of mythological films she acquired the title "Screen Goddess." She appeared in a few socials—"Do Bigha Zamin," "Garam Coat," "Karigar," etc. She had to don make-up for different kinds of roles as a vamp and as a swash-buckling heroine in "Sindbad the Sailor" and "Chal Baaz" respectively.

As a result of having worked in a number of mythological films Nirupa Roy worships regularly and observes fasts during important festivals.

Madhubala taught Nirupa Roy to speak Hindi when she first joined the films. On the first day on the sets Nirupa was frightened very much and she did not open her mouth for nearly an hour.

Her Marriage

The way in which she married Kamal Roy makes an interesting narration. According to the custom of the family the bride and the bridegroom were not permitted to see each other though the date of marriage was fixed. Both had anxiety but it was Kamal Roy who took the initiative. Nirupa Roy used to go to her auntie's place to help her in the household work. Somehow Kamal Roy found this out and convincing the old lady he used to go to the kitchen and see Nirupa Roy. While talking once he caught hold of her hands. She felt that she would swoon for she had her own ideas about men and women. He came, saw and

conquered her. Nirupa feels proud to be Mrs. Kamal Roy and listen to what she says about him. "I worship him."

Yes. Cinegoers also adore her for she is the "Screen Goddess." May she live long to entertain millions of moviegoers. What more can we wish for, on her 29th birthday that comes off on 4th January?

ANGULIMALA

Produced by Thai Information Service, 'Angulimala' has in its cast Bharat Bhoshan, Nimmi, Chandrasekhar, Amita Guha, Manmohan Krishna and Ullahas in important roles. This picture, directed by ace director Vijaya Bhatt, with musical score by Anil Biswas is scheduled to be released during the month of March 1959. Photography is by V. Avdhut, while art is looked after by Kanu Desai.

HEERAMOTI

"Heera Moti" which is fast nearing completion is based on Munshi Premchand's classic "Do Bailon Ke Katira" and has in its cast the popular pair of "Do Bigha Zamin"—Balraj Sahni and Nirupa Roy in stellar roles. Supporting cast includes Shubha Khot, Naaz, Kailas and others. Musical score is by Roshan and the film is directed by Krishen Chopra.

MUGHAL-E-AZAM

Sterling Investment Cor-

poration's "Mughal-e-Azam," starring Dilip Kumar, Madhubala, Prithviraj and others, directed by K. Asif, seven years in the making, is reported to be ready for release on 26th January. This is claimed to be India's costliest movie made at a cost of rupees one crore.

ANADI

Raj Kapoor-Nutan starrer "Anadi" with a musical score by Shankar Jaikishen is slated for a very early release. Hrishikesh Mukherji, editor turned director, directed this film.

DULHAN

Nirupa Roy-Raj Kumar-Nanda starrer "Dulhan" directed by V. M. Vyas with a musical score by Ravi awaits a very early release. This is a social offering produced by Pushpa Pictures.

CHALTI KA NAAM GAADI

This film is slated for an early release, having come out of the Censors without a single cut. Starring the three Ganguly brothers, Ashok Kumar, Anup Kumar and Kishore Kumar, this film has Madhubala in the feminine lead, supported by Veena, Helen and Cuckoo. S. D. Burman writes the musical score of "Chalti Ka Naam Gaadi," directed by Satyen Bose.

PANCHAYET

Awaiting release very soon is

Tasviristan's "Panchayet" starring Pandari Bai, Shyama, Raj Kumar, Jabeen, Dais Irani and others directed by Lekhraj Bhakri. Music of this film, produced by Kuldip Sehgal, is provided by Iqbal. Incidentally this is the first Bombay film in which Pandari Bai is acting, though she has a few Hindi films to her credit. (Remember "Bahar" and "Bhabi" of A. V. M.)

FILM QUIZ

1. What is the real name of Geeta Bali?
2. Name the first film of Nimmi.
3. Who is the wife of Sohrab Modi?
4. In which picture did Naushad make a debut as music-director?
5. Who is the father of dancer Minoo Mumtaz?

(Turn to page 31 for answers.)

LITTLE KNOWN FACTS

Kishore Kumar, the youngest of the Ganguly brothers, entered films as a playback singer. Later on he became an actor too.

Nutan can talk French fluently besides Hindi, Urdu and English.

Producer-director-actor S. D. Narang came to limelight, acting opposite Ramola in "Khaz-

anchi." He now produces and directs films under the banner of "New Oriental Pictures."

* * *

The real name of Pratima Devi is Khair-u-nissa.

* * *

Smriti Biswas who usually plays the role of a vamp began her acting career in Pancholi Pictures. Then she tried her luck at Calcutta and now she is settled in Bombay.

* * *

BEHIND THE SCENES

Music director, actor, writer and now a director S.N. Tripathi who has acted and scored music in a number of Basant pictures and Shashikala Joshi, a Maharashtrian stage artist, were married at Bombay recently. Very close friends were invited and the wedding was a very simple ceremony. At present Tripathi is directing "Kavi Kalidasa."

* * *

The marriage of Director Narendra Suri (He directed "Lajwanti" for Mohan Sehgal) and Kamala Nayyar, a research officer in the Planning Commission took place at Ferozepore in December last.

The Crisis

There is so much in the air

these days about raw film shortage. There are many instances where production is suspended for want of raw film. The demonstration conducted recently at Madras is an important event and it showed the exact position of employees of the film industry in the absence of raw film being supplied to the producers.

It was in June 1957 that the Government of India revised its import policy but the control over raw film came into effect only in December 1957. The problem of raw film became worse than before as there were new entrants to the line of producers.

The Indian Motion Picture Producers Association of India met the Hon'ble Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri recently and discussed about the raw film. It is understood that he gave a sympathetic hearing and he has assured that action will be taken by Government to ease the situation.

Curtail the Length

This in short is the problem of raw film. Have people in the industry tried to solve the problem of raw film shortage? They have no doubt been successful in demonstrations and strikes. If only they wanted to improve the situation, they could have done it.

Even at a stage like this our producers are producing pictures

at a length of 19,000 and 20,000 feet. Why not curtail the length? It is necessary to distribute the raw film to old producers before the new entrants. I hear that some producers have sold their raw film quota in the black market. If this is true the moral standard of our producers should go up. There have been so many re-makes of films once popular. Why all this?

Fine Gesture

The Government of Rajasthan have exempted "Talaq" from entertainment tax.

The move taken by the Government of Rajasthan is praiseworthy though this is not the first of its kind. (The Bombay Government exempted from tax "Mother India" and "Do Anken Baara Haath.")

On Tagore

Shri Satyajit Roy is assigned to make a documentary on the life of Rabindranath Tagore.

It is really welcome news for, who could do better justice to the undertaking than Satyajit Roy who won laurels both at home and abroad for producing good pictures like "Pather Panchali?"

Here & There

For the foreign language 'Oscar' the Academy of Motion

Picture Arts and Sciences has asked the Film Federation of India to send in an entry. It may be remembered here that last time "Mother India" was submitted as an entry.

* * *

Dilip Kumar, the matinee idol, returned to Bombay after a month's rest abroad.

* * *

Suchitra Sen has replaced Madhubala in "Bombai-Ka-Babu," being made by Naya Films.

* * *

"Zimbo," the first Jungle film in Gevacolour, will be released in China shortly.

* * *

Manhar Desai, the popular star of mythological films, will produce a children's film for which he has written the script.

LEST WE FORGET

It was in the cold month of January, years ago, when we lost Kundanlal Saigal, the immortal singer. During these years none could fill the void as a singer. Even to-day his songs are popular.

"Coarse features, uneven face and unusually tall," that's how I

remember Saigal." This was how a scribe described him. But beneath those coarse features there was a voice which made millions of moviegoers spellbound. Music was in his very bones.

Born on April 11th 1904 at Jammu, Kashmir, Saigal worked as a clerk, typist, salesman and a hotel manager. After Sircar spotted him, he went to Calcutta and appeared in a number of New Theatres' pictures, which included "Devadas," "Zindagi," "Dushman," "Lagan" etc. He then migrated to Bombay where

he made some films which included "Tansen," "Bhakta Surdas," "Shahjahan." Saigal's last film was "Parwana."

To-day Saigal may not be with us, but his memory shall always endure, the magic voice always ringing in our ears.

Sircar's "Amar Saigal" was not a filmic achievement, true, but certainly it was a fitting tribute to the immortal singer.

May his music make moviegoers remember the golden era of music in films.

Film Review :

DILLI-KA-THUG

Crime pictures seem to be the order of the day, for more and more films on crime are being made in Bombay and there seems to be enough response for such films.

New Oriental Pictures' latest offering, "Dilli-Ka-Thug," is one in this direction. It tells the story of a criminal who is involved in the manufacture of spurious medicines. Finding Delhi dangerous he

shifts his place of activity and makes Bombay his headquarters. An innocent guy whose father was the victim of that criminal, goes in search of him and finally finds him. In his search he falls in love.

Common to such pictures we witness a couple of dances in the hotels, which include a Rock N' Roll number and a villain known for his notorious activities. The dances seem to be rather weird.

<i>Producers :</i>	New Oriental Pictures.
<i>Story, Screenplay and Direction :</i>	S. D. Narang.
<i>Music :</i>	Ravi
<i>Cast :</i>	Kishore Kumar, Nutan Smriti Biswas, Madan Puri, Minoo Mumtaz, etc.

Kishore Kumar easily carries the show, though he tends to overact sometimes. The director, in trying to make Nutan the Esther Williams of India, has failed to do so. Why on earth did he need a swimming heroine? Ah! the answer is not far to seek. The producers wanted to have a water ballet. The water ballet, if I may call it a ballet, leaves much to be desired. Colour has not helped it much in being better. Smriti Biswas does a Rock N'Roll number but one is not impressed. Others in the cast fill the bill.

from the songs which have already become popular should take him to the desired goal of popularity. Narang's direction is in keeping with the theme of the film.

"Dilli-Ka-Thug" is not a serious crime drama (In a way many of the films that emerge from Bombay studios are not serious crime dramas.) Its main intention is to entertain and it does it with Rock N' Roll numbers and catchy tunes.

Answers to Film Quiz :

Photography is without any flaw. Sound recording and other technical standards are adequate. Ravi's music judging

1. Harikirtan Kaur. 2. Barsaat. 3. Mehtab. 4. Prakash's Station Master and 5. The well known dancer Mumtaz Ali.

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Will India Survive As A Democracy?

By RADHA KUMUD

IS the Bandung spirit alive or dead? Is the Asian soil unsuited to democracy? With bewildering rapidity democratic institutions in the neighbouring countries of India have collapsed like a house of cards. When they achieved freedom from colonial rule, praise was lavished on India. They said that it was her fight for independence that inspired them to throw off the foreign yoke and establish self-government.

The Western Powers watched the progress of the countries that were tending the young plant of democracy. At Bandung the nations of this continent talked of liberty, fraternity and equality and warned the Colonial Powers to keep their hands off Asia. A new resurgent force was born and everyone thought that it would serve as the bulwark of democracy in this continent.

Where are They?

Let us face facts and get at

the root cause of the malaise of dictatorship that has afflicted our neighbours and distant friends. What has gone wrong with Pakistan, Burma, Iraq, Siam and the Sudan? Military coups in Egypt and Syria belong to the dead past but a reference to them is not out of place here. Why are people fond of military dictatorship? If personal and national liberties had been prized by the people would these men in khaki have appeared on the scene? Why is there not even the semblance of a protest by freedom-loving folks? Where are the politicians who talked big of liberty and the eternal vigilance, exercised by them? In Pakistan, especially, not one of them has dared to raise his voice against the trampling of the people's rights. Where are the men who thundered against India and kicked up a lot of dust? We certainly expected them to talk vehemently against the new regime? It cannot mean that

they have begun to acquiesce in it, forgetting what they stood for.

Where once people walked with proud heads fear is now stalking the land. They dare not raise a whisper against the dictator. His efficiency surprises them but they do not remember that any new broom is apt to sweep well. The hoarder, the black marketeer, the corrupt individual and officer quiver from head to foot for the punishment, if detected, is unprecedentedly severe. It is good so far as it goes. The hoarded stocks come up to the surface and are sold at dirt-cheap rates. It looks as if the present economic stress and strain will soon be eased and people feel contented and heave a sigh of relief.

Future Trends

By cutting the Gordian knot economic scarcity has been remedied. But will this spell of plenty last for long? It is extremely doubtful. The merchants who have been fined and flogged will bid good-bye to his business. He has had enough of these vexations, trials and tribulations. He will certainly turn his back on a career that has brought him disgrace, discredit and loss. This is not to say that one sympathises with him in his sorry plight. But this certainly is not the method to give a fillip to trade and industry. When the present stock of goods is exhausted, the Government will

have a hard time of it looking for responsible businessmen and merchants to indent for more articles for sale, for trade and industry in any form will cease to be attractive. So the Government itself may have to undertake the sale of goods that it may have to import or commandeer. Will it not ultimately lead to economic paralysis, the crippling of private enterprise? Surely, no military regime would like to take over the duties of a Socialist State! The people will wake up only when summary trials and punishments begin to get on their nerves. To divert attention the dictator may flirt with the idea of going to war with the neighbour and making himself indispensable to his people.

Why U Nu Failed

Burma had a most selfless ruler in U Nu. Probably mundane affairs had less attraction for him than spiritual. Why was he not able to control the violent elements in the ruling party and the bandits in the countryside? That unfortunate country has not enjoyed internal peace and quiet, so essential to progress, since the Japanese invasion. With the help of the army U Nu could have restored order throughout the length and breadth of the country and asserted himself. The lawless elements could have been crushed, the ruling party could have been purged of its dross and law and order could have been established on a more firm basis. All that was required of the

Prime Minister was more firmness, more ruthless action in the interests of his country. Why did he throw up his hands in despair? Being the head of a democratic state, why did he pin more faith on military rule? He initiated land and other reforms before the conditions were ripe for them. Was this a sign of strength or weakness? Will his successor justify the expectations raised about him? When a man of such high stature and integrity as U Nu has confessed to failure few would care to be optimistic. Burma's future is an unknown quantity.

Bandung Spirit

Then we come to Ceylon. True, democracy is yet to be firmly established there. The present conditions unfortunately militate against it. The riots that broke out and the abnormal conditions of life obtaining there at times were indicative of deep-seated trouble that may flare up at any time. The present Government derives its strength from a multiplicity of parties and rests on very shaky foundations. Let us therefore dismiss the little island from our discussion, for the conditions there are too peculiar to merit serious attention. As for Indonesia, parts of that country are still seething with trouble. Democracy has not made much headway. Some years ago, it seemed, Indonesia would prove to be the heart of Asia. So many sovereign re-

publics met there and solemnly vowed to travel quickly towards progress and prosperity. That hope is now fading fast.

Despite Plans

India is the only democracy standing rock-like amidst all this political debris. But what of her future? Will she once again stir up the neighbouring nations and show the way? Has she set her house in order? It is a puzzling question. We have given too much of encouragement to the Communists and given them a fair strip of land to rule over. Co-existence, whatever its merits in international affairs, has no place in internal administration. It is like letting a rat into a godown of grains and do its worst. In the next elections the Communists will make an all-out effort to capture West Bengal, Andhra Pradesh and even Madras. The Congress is yet to forestall this possibility.

On the economic front conditions are becoming more and more unsettled. The prices of foodstuffs are going up day by day despite all the Plans, projects and the assurances of our Ministers. It is time this alarming trend was checked. If we have attained self-sufficiency in food production why then are prices shooting up? In those countries where democracy has failed it was economic scarcity that precipitated the crisis. One need not be more plain.

HEALTH FEATURE—SIMPLE TIPS FOR ALL

GLANDULAR FEVER

CAUSE & CURE

BY A PHYSICIAN

GLANDULAR fever is often thought of as a childhood fever, and children under twelve are particularly likely to catch it, but it has been known to afflict older children and sometimes adults. Fortunately, it is an illness which is inconvenient and uncomfortable rather than dangerous.

It starts very like a "chill," or a cold, with a shivery feeling in the spine and sometimes a headache. The child may also tell you his throat is sore, and if you look down his throat it may appear rather red and inflamed. If he hasn't had measles yet you may wonder whether he is getting them now. If you have a thermometer at home and take his temperature, you will be alarmed to find it away up at 101 deg, or perhaps even higher. The obvious thing to do is to put him to bed, and this is one of the fevers which can be very well nursed at home with very little danger of it spreading to any other members of the family. Epidemics have been known, but

they are unusual, and have only occurred in crowded places such as barracks.

Very Painful

On the second day the child's temperature is still very high, and you will probably want to call in your family doctor. Among other things he will examine the child's neck, and on the second or perhaps the third day he will find little lumps at one side or both. Often one side comes up first, and the other follows. The glands are placed in row, one above the other, at each side of the neck, and are like tiny sacks containing useful cells. Normally you cannot feel that they are there, as they are so small and soft. In glandular fever they become swollen up to about the size of a plum, or even sometimes as big as an egg, and are very painful to touch. At this stage the little patient looks as if he has mumps, not measles, except that the swelling is glandular and is much lower down in the neck. It hurts to swal-

low, and the child will want lots of drinks and only very milky foods which will slip down fairly.

Fruit Juices

In the first few days of the illness, vomiting is quite likely to happen, and this too will limit the amount of food the child is willing to take. You need not worry about this; in four or five days his appetite will improve and the glands may already be going down, and he will be able to eat milk puddings and some steamed fish. Custard with crushed stewed apples can be very cool and refreshing while throat is still tender. Fruit juices are, of course, excellent, and he should have a large supply of these and a jug of water at the bedside.

Nose-bleed is a very common complication, and should be treated in the old-fashioned way with something cold, like a key, held at the back of the neck and the head held well back. You can take away the pillow to make this easier. He may also have conjunctivitis, which is redness of the whites of the eyes, and is very uncomfortable. In that case your doctor will probably give you soothing drops to put in his eyes, or you can give an eye-bath of warm boric lotion three or four times a day. This will ease the pain and also help to cure his eyes. It is restful to have the light shaded and if the room is a sunny one, a blind or thin curtain should be drawn.

Sometimes in glandular fever

the glands in other parts of the body become swollen as well. They may be in the armpits or groin. They are also tender and painful in the early stages, and subside again after about a week.

The high temperature generally goes down when the glands start improving. It may go up again and take several more days to return to normal. Usually the whole illness is over in a fortnight, though it may occasionally last longer, up to a month. Other children in the house should not be allowed into the sickroom, but there is no need for them to stay away from school.

The Cause

Glandular fever is thought to be caused by a very tiny organism, called a filterable virus. We do not yet know of any medicine which will affect it, and so the treatment of this condition is just the treatment of the symptoms as they arise. The best thing to do for the painful swollen glands is to put hot fomentations on them. A piece of flannel placed in very hot water and wrung out between the folds of a towel, then placed round the affected part as soon as the child can bear the heat, will relieve much of the discomfort. Gargling is not very easy for small children, but mouth washes of warm salt and water may help. By the second week the glands often don't hurt any longer and the main problem is to keep the unwilling patient in bed at all. ‡

The New Housemaid

The new housemaid was unusual in appearance. Her hair was light auburn, her eyes extraordinarily green, and their pupils had a curious way of contracting in full sunlight until they became mere slits.

MISS CHARLOTTE DIBLEY was a lady of uncertain age and temper, but of very decided likes and dislikes. Above all, she detested cats with a thoroughness typical of her temperament.

So that when Janet, her single-handed elderly maid, came to her one morning and informed her that a ginger kitten had not only come into the house uninvited, but had sat itself down in front of the kitchen fire with apparently every intention of remaining, Miss Charlotte's annoyance may be imagined.

"Send it away," she said peremptorily.

"I did, Ma'am—put it out twice, and it came in again both times the minute my back was turned—"

"Ridiculous!"

"It wasn't as if I'd wanted it

to stop—battered its paws or given it milk," Janet went on in self-defence.

Miss Charlotte put down her knitting. Her aspect was combative. She was not descended from a race of soldiers for nothing.

BY

Mrs. J. O. Arnold

"Let me see it!" she said, the light of battle in her eye. She followed Janet into the kitchen—in two minutes that ginger kitten would be out of it.

THERE it was—sitting on the rug in front of the fire, its paws tucked under it, purring contentedly and blinking its green eyes with smug satisfaction.

It was not a pretty kitten. Its colour was what is usually des-

cribed as ginger, and it gave no particular evidence of breeding. In short, it was a common or garden kitten without the faintest claim to distinction.

"Shoo!" said Miss Charlotte with dignity, and great determination—having first directed Janet to open the kitchen door.

BUT the kitten did not shoo. On the contrary, it stretched itself luxuriously and commenced "padding" the hearth rug with its forepaws in sign of complete contentment.

Miss Charlotte stooped down. The kitten looked up. The stimulus the former had intended to administer in the direction of the open door somehow did not come off.

"It means to stop," said Janet.

"It shall not. You know that I detest cats—"

"Mice are worse," Janet objected briefly, "and to tell the truth, we're getting over-run, ma'am. There was a regular old grey-whiskers in the parlour when I went in this morning. Father of a family I should say—"

Miss Charlotte, despite her martial ancestors, uttered a half-suppressed scream.

"I've set traps and they just walk off with the cheese as cool as cucumbers. P'raps we'd

better try the kitten for a bit, ma'am. They say the very smell of a cat drives away mice. And, mark my words, if the mice get a-top of us and we want a cat, we shan't be able to get one, no matter how hard we try."

Miss Charlotte succumbed. The kitten stayed. And it had not been established in the house for many days before the strange happenings which are the subject of this veracious history, took place.

Miss Charlotte lived in secret fear that one day Janet would leave her. There had been, for some time, signs and portents that made her tremble. She knew Janet's value, and the difficulty of obtaining servants. At last, one week after the ginger kitten had made its appearance—the blow fell, though not precisely in the form she had anticipated. Janet informed her mistress, civilly but firmly, that the work of the house was too much for her and that if she was to be retained there must be an additional maid.

MISS Charlotte advertised at once, but with little hope of success. There was nothing to attract a young housemaid in her convenient but out-of-the-way abode. The nearest cinema was miles away. Probably there would not be a single applicant for the easy situation described in alluring terms in two newspapers.

To her surprise her misgivings proved to have been without

foundation. A young woman of prepossessing appearance, and agreeable manners, answered the advertisement in person almost at once. So exactly did she fulfil Miss Charlotte's requirements that, but for her conviction that to dispense with a character certificate was immoral, she would have engaged the girl on the spot.

"Though I don't know as there's much in it, ma'am," Janet said when her mistress explained that there must be a brief delay: "If it's a written one you never know who wrote it, and mostly it's too far off to go and see. Often enough there're aunts and such like as can write a fairly good hand, to say nothing of friends. Still, I shouldn't care to live with a girl as hadn't a reference, I will say... Well, I hope it'll be all satisfactory, for I do feel the work more and more every day. Time I had a rest, my mother says—"

That frightened Miss Charlotte. The girl was as good as engaged from the moment that threat was uttered. She did not care if the prospective housemaid were a congenial liar, an expert breaker, wore artificial silk stockings and a cap at the vanishing point—the one vital thing was that Janet must be retained at all costs.

HOWEVER, the reference was good, and Kate was sent for without further delay. She came promptly to time, and in a couple of days announced that she

had "settled." Miss Charlotte breathed freely once more. Everyone said she had been extremely lucky.

FROM the very first day the new maid took the ginger kitten under her especial wing. The little creature responded warmly. Wherever Kate went the little kitten followed. Miss Charlotte's ruling that the ginger kitten was not to enter the parlour was rendered futile because Kate's duties took her there, and the kitten followed at her heels continuously.

"You waste too much time over that cat," Miss Charlotte said, as severely as she dared. There was something indefinable about Kate that made Miss Charlotte, to her immense secret chagrin, feel as if she were the dependant and the maid the one in authority. The girl said nothing. Miss Charlotte looked at her, hoping the power of the human eye might accomplish what words had failed to do.

The new housemaid was unusual in appearance. Her hair was light auburn, her eyes extraordinarily green, and their pupils had a curious way of contracting in full sunlight until they became mere slits.

Her sandy eyebrows had one or two hairs of peculiar length—quite an oddity. Her teeth were small and white, the molars sharp and pointed.

—(To be concluded.)

Beauty Treatment For Skin

By H. S.

HAVE you rough skin on your upper arms or thighs?

Poor circulation usually is the cause. Try stiff massage with a large rough mitt that has been designed specifically to tone up sluggish circulation. It will do wonders. If you can't find one, try an extra scrubbing on the area with a very hard handbrush instead.

A salt rub once a week also will help this problem considerably. Just before you rub, dampen your hand and the area on which you will work, so that the salt will adhere more easily. Then massage a handful of salt into the skin with a rotary movement. When you are done take your bath quickly, for salt stings if it is left to dry.

This treatment not only removes dead cuticle from the surface but it also whips up a fine circulation to work on the sluggishness deep down. Take these massages easy at first, work for just a moment or two, until you learn just how forcefully you can apply the salt without

having your skin becoming sensitive.

A handful of raw oatmeal soaked in a quarter of a cup of milk for about fifteen minutes, is another excellent remedy for this difficulty. Try this, too, once a week. A massage with this concoction does not stimulate circulation quite so violently as salt, but it bleaches as it removes surface roughness. For this reason the oatmeal is sometimes better for reddened upper arms.

Excellent Remedy

After the massage, permit the oatmeal to remain on for a few minutes before you rub, particles and all, for some of its best bleaching properties get to work as the milk dries. Rub the rest into your hands to have them soft and white.

Either of these treatments is excellent, harmless and easy to do. Experiment will tell you which is better for your particular problem. Or, if you like both for different reasons, try alternating them. Since both

treatments are drying, apply a thick, hand lotion or feeding cream after either. Rub the surplus into your hands of course, working the cuticle back.

In fact, using a hand lotion on your arms and legs, winter or summer, after every bath, is an excellent habit. It helps to counteract dryness. A good hand lotion is quickly absorbed and not so sticky as to ruin sleeves soon afterwards.

After Bath

The winter cold and sun tanning in summer often work havoc with the oil glands. The glands cannot manufacture the body oils quickly enough to counteract these exposures. To help nature alone give yourself a "baby oil" bath once a week.

Rub a fine, pure baby oil all over massaging briskly until most of it is absorbed. Do this just after a warm bath when the pores are open and receptive. Follow with a vigorous rub down. Use a rough, nubby towel saved just for this purpose and you will finish off with a fine healthy glow and a supple, well lubricated skin. Nothing keeps skin younger because this stimulates circulation, too. Results? Skin becomes smooth as velvet.

And, incidentally, while you're at it, always rub a little of this hand lotion or feeding cream into those elbows and heels after the bath. Nothing destroys the

illusion of beauty faster than a glimpse of unattractive, calloused elbows, or discoloured, hardened heels.

An Ounce of Prevention

An ounce of prevention for lovely feet comes in not wearing shoes that are too small. They only cause callous spots, corns, a new frown line, and an ungraceful carriage.

In summer, or if your skin is on the oily side, use eau-de-cologne or toilet water to "cut" the oversupply of oil. Be sure that the cologne you choose blends with your perfume, for the scent lasts longer than you think.

The raw oatmeal treatment will also bleach your neck and shoulders to dazzling whiteness. No one knew that better than the belles of the eighteenth century! Their camellia complexion owed much to the mundane cereal.

Exquisite Grooming

The elbows seem to suffer most from neglect, possibly because they protrude more or because the thin skin there darkens and builds up its own callous from elbow-leaning.

A soft, smooth, white elbow is much more attractive than a rough, reddened one. The woman who has neglected her arms should give them extra treatment.

—Please see page 48

Questions & Answers

All types of questions from our readers are welcome. Answers may be diverting, informative or instructive as the case may be but under no circumstances is any offence meant to anyone.

K. Ram Tirth, Nagpur.

Q.—I have written a story about three girls whom I loved in my early life. To whom shall I read it first for approval?

A.—Better read it to your wife before retiring to bed and watch her face!

R. L. Singh, Calcutta.

Q.—The other day I was shocked to find two girls angrily tearing up an English magazine. Can you guess?

A.—Probably a magazine containing objectionable sex advertisements. The fair sex has good reason to tear it and even burn it. That is a warning to you not to take it home! Better not buy it.

V. K. Karkera, Bombay.

Q.—Can you tell us whether girls are looking at boys or whether boys are looking at girls?

A.—First you tell us who represents magnet and who represents steel!

S. C. Saksena, Pilibhit.

Q.—Who wants war?

A.—He who hates peace!

Q.—India is said to be free. In what way?

A.—It is for you to judge since the freedom of the nation is reflected in the individual citizen.

P. S. Narayan, Bangalore.

Q.—Why don't people laugh in sadness and cry in happiness?

A.—People will do so if they remember that pleasure is laced with pain and vice versa.

M. Ratna Prabhu, Guindy

Q.—How is it that a woman's head is always influenced by her heart and a man's heart is always influenced by his head?

A.—Man and woman think and act differently because they are made differently. It is through their differences, physical and otherwise, that life is transmitted.

Narain Mahtani, Tondiarpet.

Q.—What is the best in a human being and the beast in him?

A.—When a hungry man parts with his food in favour of a hungrier man he shows the best in him. He shows the beast in him when he covets another man's wife.

K. Prasada Rau, Palasa.

Q.—What gives us the greatest pleasure in our lives?

A.—The sight of a beautiful woman or a flower or a calm sea or a majestic mountain. Of course tastes vary. Some men derive the greatest pleasure from beating their wives; some women from talking gossip and so on.

Kanailal Bose, Darbhanga.

Q.—I have seen flies entrapped in cobwebs. If I save them the spiders will go hungry. If not, the flies will die. Can you suggest a solution to come out of the dilemma?

A.—Nature has her own checks and balances and it is better, as far as possible, not to interfere with her ways. Follow your conscience in all such matters.

This month's prize of five rupees for the best question has been awarded to: Kanailal Bose, Darbhanga.



IN NAME ONLY

"You've been racing along at fifty miles an hour, miss, and I'll have to report you," said the police motor-cyclist. "What's your name?"

"Prudence."

ENVY

An ancient mosquito and a young one were talking things over. The older one mentioned how lucky things were for youngsters. "How can you say so?" replied the other. "Look at the things we have to put up with now: all kinds of insecticides. It's so hard to live these days."

"Maybe," retorted the elder. "But in my time when I wandered around the beach we could

bite a girl only on the hands or the face. Look at the opportunities you fellows have these days!"

NOT SURE

"Give a husband enough rope and he'll hang himself," said Mrs. Higgins to her friend.

"I'm not so sure," replied the friend. "I gave mine too much and he skipped."

NO EXPERIENCE

"How do you like bathing beauties?"

"Don't know. I've never bathed one."

THE LAST TRAIN

"What do you miss most now you're living in the country?"

"The last train."

TRUTHFUL ANSWER

He was trying hard, but he didn't seem to be able to make much headway with the pretty girl.

"Those lovely hands," he murmured. "Your wonderful lips and those beautiful eyes! Where did you get those eyes?"

"Oh," replied the girl, coolly, "they came with my head."

SCOT'S TRICK

A bride had four umbrellas given to her as wedding presents, and decided that she would change one of them, the gift of a Scots friend, for one suitable for her husband. She took the umbrella to the shop whence it came and asked that it might be changed. The assistant said she was afraid it could not be done.

"But why?" asked the bride. "The name of your shop is on the label."

"Yes," replied the assistant, "but that's a label for recovering. It is a second-hand umbrella!"

WANTS TO KNOW

"But I thought I wired you not to bring your mother home with you," said the husband.

"Yes," replied the wife. "That's what she's come to see you about."

OPEN THE PURSES!

As a train pulled up at a wayside station the guard noticed smoke pouring from a "No Smoking" compartment. Opening the door, he eyed the six guilty-looking passengers inside.

"Gentlemen," he remarked, "there are two rules on this line which are repeatedly broken. First, that smoking is forbidden in carriages not set aside for that purpose. Second, that the company's servants may not accept bribes. You have already broken one of these rules."

GHOST!

Brown was awakened by a strange moaning outside his bedroom window. He got up and looked out to see what was causing the weird sound. Then Mrs. Brown awoke. Sitting up in bed, she called to her husband: "What is it, John?"

"It looks like a ghost," he replied in a hoarse whisper.

"Oh, really?" she asked. "Anybody we know?"

JAPAN'S FUTURE EMPRESS

ALL Japan is thrilled and astounded. A 2600-year-old imperial tradition has been given the go-by. 25-year-old Crown Prince Akihito is to wed a commoner, 24-year-old Miss Michiko Shoda.

Though the girl in this case is no poor Cinderella, the news has more than a romantic fairy-tale glow. The game of tennis paved the way for the dramatic break with the past and a 'new look' ahead. It was a fitting tribute to Japan's assumption of a democratic way of life.

Despite deep love sustained by four years of close contact, Miss Michiko at first turned down the Crown Prince's offer. Only constant telephones from her lover to change her mind made her yield in the end.

At the Club

How did the romance develop between the Crown Prince and the commoner? It happened at

Karuizawa, a summer mountain resort. He took notice of her for the first time four years ago when he saw her playing tennis. Thereafter, for two summers, he was able to play tennis and to chat together with her in the company of his friends and hers. The romance budded and bloomed, though both observed the utmost decorum.

By the end of 1957, they had become quite attached to each other, as Miss Michiko confided to her friend about this time: "I suppose you will consider me crazy if I tell you what I am thinking about now and what I am up against." Actually, the prelude was then over.

More tennis followed. In fact, in April, this year, Miss Michiko joined the exclusive Tokyo Lawn Tennis Club—a club of which Akihito was a member. While the two did not compete very much with each other to avoid publicity, the club became a

rendezvous spot for them in the sense that it enabled them to see each other, if only for a casual greeting or a sidelong glance of acknowledgement.

Secret Proposal

In September, this year, Miss Michiko left Tokyo, mainly to provide her an opportunity to think matters over quietly by herself. By this time, the agitated girl had already received a secret proposal of marriage from the Crown Prince. The magnitude and implications of the offer overwhelmed the girl to uncertainty and fear. She agreed with her parents that it would be best for her to decline. The matter, nevertheless, tugged hard at her heart as she left Japan.

From afar, she finally and reluctantly wrote to her mother that she had decided to refuse the marriage proposal. The Crown Prince was bitterly disappointed but continued to hold out hope as Miss Michiko informed him that she wished to be a close friend for a long time. When she returned, Akihito ultimately prevailed upon her to accept the dictates of her heart, for deep down in her heart, she loved him. Thus the marriage is sincerely and passionately

grounded on trust, respect and love.

Years back, those who knew the honours student of the Tokyo Sacred Heart college, unanimously announced, "if a girl like her were to be selected to become the bride of Crown Prince, it would be an ideal choice."

Hailing from a distinguished family that boasts of direct or indirect family ties with many prominent scholars and business leaders, Miss Michiko is fully equipped to play the role of the future empress. Her father, Hidesaburo Shoda is president of a 1,000-million-yen flour company. He insisted on giving her an upbringing in the continental style. After marriage, he and his wife resided for several years in Europe and the United States.

Her friends described the attractive "one-chance-in-a-million" girl as a combination of beauty and brains. (She weighs 114.5 lbs and stands 5ft. 3.5 in. in her bare feet). In all of her semester exams, she made the honour roll with an average of above 90 in all subjects. She majored in English literature and graduated from the college in March last year.

Accomplished

But "Michi," as she is affectionately called by her classmates, was not the sallow-faced, book-worm type. She excelled in sports and her favourite, of course, was tennis.

Nor has she neglected the traditional lessons in tea ceremony and flower arrangements which are 'musts' for daughters of well-to-do families in Japan. Should an occasion arise for Prince Akihito to try some of her own cooking, he will find that she can turn out palatable dishes of Chinese cuisine, or Western style food topped off with an appropriate dessert.

Although blessed with approval of the Imperial Family Conference, many formalities need to be cleared by the Crown Prince and his 'bride-to-be' before they wed, most probably next May. Betrothal gifts must be exchanged before the engagement becomes formal. The gifts of the Imperial family comprise "tai," "sake" rice wine and silk cloth. The Crown Prince has to visit the Three Shrines in the Imperial Palace to report the betrothal to his ancestors. The Emperor will then confer the Grand Cordon of the Order of the Precious Crown, the highest honour for a woman, on Miss Michiko, and the Crown Prince will present her with a "sword

of self-defence." On the day before the wedding ceremony, the two will compose and exchange romantic poems written with brush and ink on pink-coloured poetry paper.—B.J. ‡

Beauty Treatment For Skin

—Continued from page 41

Scrubbing with a complexion brush will remove the dark, grimy look. A nightly application will soften the rough skin. To kill two birds with one stone, try using a bleaching cream. Using two lemon halves in which you place your elbows while you read or relax during the evening, will do wonders in restoring their natural colour.

Now you see how to give yourself a "body facial." Spend just a few minutes once a week, before or after your bath as the case may be for your particular problem—and you'll have complexion beauty all over—exquisite grooming from head to foot.

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SHORT STORY

Turn Of The Wheel

By M. S. V. CHARI

Sampath was about to marry Mina but his wily uncle interposed all sorts of obstacles in his path and brought about his ruin. Could Cupid be so blind?

"Mina!"

IT was Sampath, the office manager-cum-proprietor of the "Asian Industrials Ltd." who called for his steno-typist.

Mina hastened to his room with note-book and pencil in hand.

Instead of getting down to business, contrary to his usual nature, Sampath openly stared at her in admiration of her undoubted beauty and smiled pleasantly. Mina could not but blush under his steady gaze.

Mina trembled with emotion. To do Mina justice, she was indeed a beautiful lady who just passed her teens. Her spectacles

added to her grace. She was dressed simply but well. She was of medium height and neither slim nor fat. The hair on her head was parted in the middle and her back. Mina came of a middle-class family. Her parents gave her a college education, not because they wanted that she should take to any career but simply that she might not idle away the time at home, having nothing to do. But somehow her marriage did not come off and she was enabled to complete her education. She became a full-fledged B. Com.

[N] due course, she got a job in Sampath's firm where she had been working for two years.

Sampath was also a young man in his early thirties, of

fair complexion and neatly dressed. He was rich and had business education in America.

EVER since Mina came in his way Sampath seemed to experience a strange feeling of a void in his life, which he had never felt before. Diving into the recesses of his heart he was able to discover that he had fallen in love with Mina. But he was too much of a gentleman to betray his feelings in his matter.

"Mina!" said Sampath after a long pause. "I want to meet your father and ask for your hand. You see, I am old-fashioned even in these times. Nevertheless, I would like to know if you have any objection to my doing so."

Mina blushed, and indirectly gave her consent. "But there is one difficulty," she said in a tone of slight concern. "My father is a staunch believer in astrology and unless our horoscopes agree, there may be some trouble."

"But I have no fear that our horoscopes will disagree," replied Sampath.

Iswara Iyer was a famous astrologer. He had a reputation for honesty and parents of prospective brides and bridegrooms flocked to him. Ramani, the father of Mina, too, went to this man and gave him the horoscope of his daughter and that of Sampath. He want-

ed a week's time to examine them.

Iswara Iyer was scanning the horoscopes of Mina and Sampath and making elaborate calculations when he heard the hooting of a car outside his house. He hastily tucked away the horoscopes under the mat on which he was sitting and ran to the door to meet the rich client at the door.

An elderly gentleman got down from the car. It was no less than Laxman, the mirasdar of Kurupatti. Laxman gave two horoscopes to the astrologer and wanted him to find out whether they agreed. It was an urgent case, said Laxman, and had to be looked into then and there.

[ISWARA IYER put on his spectacles and pored over the bride's horoscope. After examining it for over an hour, he took the bridegroom's horoscope. As he scanned the name on the latter's horoscope, he stared for it bore the name of Sampath. This was not lost upon Laxman who never took his eyes off the astrologer all the while.

Laxman wanted to know what had caused the astrologer to start but he tried to excuse himself.

Laxman immediately drew out his purse and taking out a hundred-rupee note thrust it into the hands of the astrologer. Iswara Iyer confessed that he had received Sampath's horoscope in con-

nection with another bride and that had caused him to start.

[LAXMAN was now on tenter-hooks for he frantically wanted to know who the rival to his daughter was. Another hundred-rupee note made the astrologer disclose the name of the other bride and her parent. So saying he drew out the horoscopes of Mina and Sampath and handed them over to Laxman.

"Mr. Iswara Iyer", Laxman said. "I am prepared to give you anything if you can convince Ramani that the alliance between Sampath and his daughter would be ruinous to their happiness. Ramani is a credulous fellow and has great faith in astrology. See that this does not get your sanction as it well might, in view of Sampath's wealth. So saying he thrust a bundle of notes, the value of which only Laxman and the astrologer knew.

Exactly a week later Ramani came to the astrologer's house. Iswara Iyer pulled a long face, looked visibly troubled and spoke in low measured tones. "Ramani," he said in a tone which rang with the utmost sympathy. "I have examined the horoscopes. They simply do not agree whatever method I might adopt in my calculations."

"May I know in what particular the horoscope does not agree?" Ramani anxiously pressed. "If it is a case of minor

disagreement we would do 'Santhi' to propitiate the evil stars."

"No, Ramani," replied the astrologer. "The disagreement is vital and goes to the root of the matter."

"If it is only a question of poverty, I don't mind," Ramani hinted.

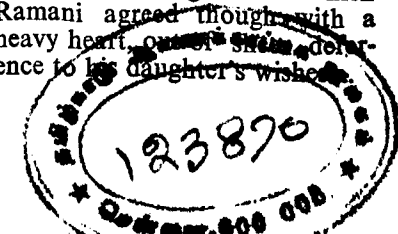
"No, Ramani. It is still more vital. The very happiness—I mean, matrimonial happiness of your daughter is at stake. Please do not ask me more. I cannot be plainer!"

"Has it anything to do with the shortness of life of either the bride or the bridegroom?" Ramani asked.

The astrologer looked annoyed.

"Well, as you have compelled me to answer, I shall tell you. The boy has Angara Dosha and the girl has not. Such alliances will be fatal to the life of the bride."

RAMANI told his daughter how matters stood—astrologically. But Mina did not care. To her a short span of life with Sampath was preferable to a long unhappy life with one whom she could not love. She prevailed upon her father to agree to the marriage to which Ramani agreed though with a heavy heart, on the condition of deference to his daughter's wishes.



The scene now shifts to the palatial residence of Laxman. We hasten to tell the reader that Laxman was no other than the maternal uncle of Sampath. He had come on a visit to his uncle in response to the latter's invitation.

Laxman made kind enquiries of Sampath and his business and of his mother who was his own sister. Laxman led the conversation gradually to the topic of Sampath's marriage. Suddenly he flashed the question, "Sampath, have you any objection to marry Sita, my daughter?" And he called out to his daughter. "Sita, come here. Your cousin has come. It is long since you have seen each other."

Sita came, fully and elaborately dressed and bedecked with ornaments, blushing profusely.

"When did you come?" asked Sita. "I hope Aunt is well."

SAMPATH was ill at ease and knew not what to say. But he had the wits to understand that the entire show was stage-managed. But to do justice to Sita, she looked well if slightly plumpy.

"Yes, Sita, Mother is well," Sampath managed to blurt out in reply, smiling shyly.

After a few minutes of such inane conversation, Laxman asked Sita to go in and fetch coffee.

Laxman now turned towards Sampath, "I hope you like my daughter, Sampath?" he asked anxiously.

But Sampath did not reply.

Laxman felt sure that his silence meant consent.

"OF course, I don't expect you to say 'yes' on the spot", said Laxman. "You have to consult Sister. I know you are not modern in these matters."

"Not that, uncle," Sampath hastened to reply. "The fact is I have not thought of marriage as yet and your suggestion is too sudden for me. That is all. But I shall consider and write to you."

But Laxman nodded knowingly, "I hope, Sampath, you have not given away your heart to any other lady as yet," he hinted with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes. Sampath stared and his face was tell-tale.

"I, Uncle?" he asked, "Not yet, uncle—"

Laxman did not allow him to finish the sentence and quickly diverted the conversation.

When Sampath returned home, he promptly wrote to his uncle, explaining the true reason why he could not marry Sita.

Laxman became furious for he knew it was Mina who stood

in the way. And he felt the greatest contempt both for Sampath and for Mina. He began to think ill of them both. He thought Sampath was a rake and Mina a flirt.

"But I will teach Sampath a terrible lesson," swore Laxman. "He shall go to the gutters with his sluttish wife. I am not Laxman if I can't wreck their happiness."

THE marriage of Sampath and Mina took place in a gloomy atmosphere. Sampath's mother did not attend the marriage for Laxman had poisoned her mind against Mina. As for Mina's parents, they put on faces which they might well have reserved for a funeral for they thought this marriage was only the prelude to the premature death of their daughter. Sampath and Mina alone were happy.

Laxman did not allow the grass to grow under his feet. He was a director of the Bank in which Sampath had large dealings. He prevailed upon the directors to stop the overdraft to Sampath on the ground that Sampath's business was failing. The Bank thereupon made a demand on him to make good the overdraft within twenty-four hours. Naturally Sampath's credit fell. And the Bank sealed his business premises.

But Sampath had the least suspicion that Laxman was at the bottom of his troubles.

Sampath looked sad and haggard but never complained to Mina. It was only when the papers announced his firm's collapse that she knew of his misfortune. She felt helpless and miserable.

In the midst of the height of Laxman's revengeful joy at Sampath's fall, a thing happened.

As he was returning in his car home from the Bank, supremely happy on hearing the news of Sampath's firm being sealed, suddenly his driver steered the vehicle to avoid running over a stray dog. As the car was being driven at a high speed it hit against a culvert on the road. The culvert gave way and the car was hurled into the channel below.

The driver was instantaneously killed but Laxman was only seriously injured. But his life hung in the balance for two complete days. His head injuries gave a lot of anxiety to the doctor. He developed high fever and was in a delirium. "Sampath," he raved. "I have grievously wronged you and I fully deserve this punishment. God, please forgive me. I shall make ample amends."

HIS wife and daughter sent for Sampath who rushed to his uncle's bedside with his wife and tended him night and day.

At last the fever subsided and Laxman was able to recognise

—Please see page 63

PLANETS & YOUR FORTUNE

The following predictions are based on the movement of the Nine Planets in the 12 Rasis according to Gochara. The positions of the planets from Janma Rasi (Moon's Place) are taken into account in forecasting the effects. Those running a favourable Dasa or Bhukthi will experience the evil effects in a lesser degree and those running malefic Dasa or Bhukthi will experience the evil effects in a greater measure.

[Astrological Forecasts for January 1959]

By T. V. RAMAN

MESHA

(Aswini 4, Bharani 4, Krithigai 1.)

Mars, Lord of the Lagna, is placed in the 2nd house and is aspected by Jupiter. Your health will therefore be excellent on account of the position of Mars and Raghu in the 6th house. The most important feature of this month is that Saturn has since transited to Dhanus and Jupiter to Scorpio. Both these transits are good. Saturn, Lord of the 10th and 11th house, having been placed in the 9th house, promises success in all undertakings, increase in wealth, popularity, gains, success in business, promotions in service and all such good fortunes. Some may quit their present jobs only to get better ones in distant places.

Jupiter in the 8th house will not cause evil to you since Saturn has moved to Dhanus. Venus and Sun stay for major part of the month in Makara and hence your status will come to lime-light. Those who have been ailing will gradually regain their health. Those who have been debt-ridden will be free from debts. Businessmen will meet with substantial profits. Film stars will thrive well. Those who intend going abroad will have an opportunity to visit foreign lands. There will be a big element of luck during this month consequent on the conjunction of 3 planets in the 3rd house. The month is an excellent one from all points. Lucky Days : 8th, 18th, 19th and 30th.

VRISHABHA

(Krithigai 3, Rohini 4, Mrigasirsha 2.)

Venus, Lord of the Lagna, is placed in the 9th house in conjunction with Sun for the major part of the month. The conjunction of Venus and Sun in the 9th house constitutes a Raja Yoga. Some may, therefore, get an unexpected fortune. Though Venus, Lagnathipathi is well placed, since Mars is in Janma, your health cannot be said to be good. Skin eruptions, physical ailments due to excess of heat and the like are possible. Jupiter's aspect to Mars will go a long way in keeping you fit. Rahu in the 5th house is not a good sign. There will be wasteful expenditure. The children may fall ill. The congregation of Saturn, Sun and Mercury is not good in the 8th house. This indicates blames, sorrowful news and the like. But Jupiter in the 7th house will safeguard your interests. You will be financially well off due to Jupiter in the 7th house and Venus and Sun in the 9th house. Kethu in 11th house promises gain. So you will be able to surmount the obstacles caused on account of Rahu in the 5th house. If you are unmarried, you will get married soon. Those, who have been separated from their wives, will now start living together. The profession will do you good but Saturn in the 8th house will be carrying great distress in the way of your progress. But you will be able to pull through on account of Jupiter and Kethu who are powerfully placed. You should take special care of your

children. Lucky Days : 11th, 21st and 25th.

MITHUNA

(Mrigasirsha 2, Arudra 4, Punarvasu 3)

Mercury, Lord of the Lagna, is placed in the 7th kendra. But he is aspected by Mars by the 8th sight. Hence your health will not be good. Some may suffer from diseases pertaining to the eyes; the month is not good from the point of view of health. Your finances will not be good due to Jupiter in the 6th house. Some may undertake distant journeys due to Saturn, Mercury and Sun in the 7th house. Kethu in the 10th house indicates that you will be successful in your employment and business. Rahu in the 4th house indicates trouble in the household. The month is not good due to Jupiter in the 6th house. Mars in the 12 house indicates wasteful expenses and risk through accidents. Avoid journeys as far as possible. Businessmen will have to exercise great caution. The month is not good in general. Those in jobs should be very careful in their office lest they should incur the displeasures of their superiors. Lucky Days : 10th, 17th and 30th.

KATAKA

(Punarvasu 1, Pushya 4, Aslesha 4.)

The month is an excellent one. Rahu in the 3rd house, Jupiter in the 5th house, Saturn in the 6th house, Mars in the 11th house promise gains and all round success. Jupiter aspects the Lagna by the 9th sight. Your

health will be excellent. Your popularity will be on the increase. Those who had a tough time in the past will now have opportunities to clear their liabilities and have savings. The conjunction of Venus and Sun in the 7th house indicates a successful journey. The congregation of Mercury, Saturn and Sun for the major part of the month indicates gains from different sources. Rahu in the 3rd house will keep you courageous and successful in all your undertakings apart from monetary gains. Mars in the 11th house indicates gains. Jupiter in the 5th house indicates honours from the King, increase in wealth, popularity and the like. Some may get a son. Businessmen will find this month super excellent from the point of view of expansion and increase in profits. Those in jobs will get promoted. The aspect of Jupiter to the 9th house by the 5th sight, the 11th house by the 7th sight

and the Lagna by the 9th sight promise unrivalled fortune, gain and popularity. The month is excellent in general. Lucky Days: 9th, 19th and 29th.

SIMHA

(Makara 4, Pooram 4, Uthira 1.)

Sun, Lord of the Lagna, is powerfully placed in the 5th house. Your health will be excellent. Jupiter in the 4th house, Rahu in the 2nd house, Kethu in the 8th house will all cause irksomeness in the home front. Those in jobs will do well on account of Mars in the 10th house and on account of Jupiter's aspect to the 10th house your finances will be as usual. Saturn in the 5th house will, however, keep you worried. Businessmen should exercise great caution. Avoid cycle riding and the like. Avoid journeys as far as possible. You must devote some time every day to meditation and prayer. The month is good in

3 QUESTIONS FOR RUPEE ONE

Astrologer, "India Magazine," will answer any three questions from anyone for one rupee. No coupon is necessary. All you have to do is to send a crossed Indian Postal Order to the value of One Rupee, endorsed in favour of T. V. Raman. It should be enclosed with a sheet of paper containing your Three Questions and your name and address. Mention also your Rasi, date, time and place of birth. Reply will be sent within ten days. Address your cover to:

INDIA MAGAZINE, Triplicane, Madras-5.

general. Lucky Days : 3rd, 11th and 19th.

KANYA

(Uthira 3, Hastha 4, Chitra 2.)

Mercury, Lord of the Lagna, though placed in the 4th house, will not keep you in good health, since Rahu is in Janma and Kethu in the 7th house is un-pected by good planets. Jupiter in the 3rd house and Saturn in 4th will cause great obstacles in your way of progress. Those in jobs should remain calm and collected. Those engaged in politics and social services should remain over-cautious, lest they should be held to blame. Those in business will meet with loss and hence they are advised not to expand their activities. They should be cautious. Some may undertake distant and useless journeys. The month is not good in general. Lucky Days : 7th and 11th.

THULA

(Chitra 2, Swathi 4, Visaka 3.)

Venus, Lord of the Lagna, is powerfully placed in the 4th house in conjunction with Sun, Lord of 10th, which constitutes a Raja Yoga. Your health will be good. Your popularity will be on the increase. Jupiter in the 2nd house promises increase in wealth and rejoicing at home. Saturn in the 3rd house and Kethu in the 6th house indicate great gains. The only planet that may cause handicap is Mars in the 11th house and Rahu in the 12th house. Avoid journeys and cycle riding. Those in jobs will thrive remarkably. You will get promoted. Those in business

will make huge profit. Those engaged in social services and politics will make tremendous progress. Those who are engaged in film acting will be very successful. The month is excellent in all aspects. Lucky Days : 9th, 19th and 28th.

VRISCHIKA

(Visaka 1, Anuradha 4, Jyesta 4.)

Jupiter in Janma and the aspect of Mars to the Lagna will keep you indisposed. Please take great care of your health. Avoid journeys and cycle-riding. You are now passing through the last 2½ years of 7½ years' Saturn. The danger is not yet over. Devote your time to prayer and meditation. Rahu in the 11th house, however, will give you sufficient gains to face the obstacles. Kethu in the 5th house will keep you mentally disturbed but the aspect of Jupiter by the 5th sight will keep you happy in spite of it. You may undertake a wasteful journey. Those in jobs will be held to blame. Some may lose their jobs and some others will be forced to go on leave. The month is not good. Businessmen will meet with loss. Be cautious in all directions. Lucky Days : 11th, and 19th.

DHANUS

(Moola 4, Poorada 4, Utharada 1.)

You are now undergoing the critical part of the 7½ years' Saturn and Janma Sani in continuation with Sun and Mercury. Your health will be adversely affected. The household will be unhappy due to Kethu in the 4th house. Jupiter

in the 12th house indicates wasteful journey and wasteful expenses. The beneficial planets are Mars in the 6th house and Rahu in the 10th house. Those in jobs will pull through due to Rahu in the 10th house. However, you will have to remain calm and collected. Businessmen will meet with loss. Lucky Days : 8th, 18th and 27th.

MAKARA

(Utharada 3, Sravana 4, Dhanishta 2.)

You have just commenced 7½ years' Saturn. If you are having the first round, the experience will be very miserable. If you are having the second round of it, you will be able to manage. Jupiter, who was hitherto in the 10th house causing great distress, has since moved to the 11th house. The effect of Jupiter will keep your finances well and you will be able to surmount all your difficulties. Mars in the 5th house aspected by Jupiter will keep you however popular despite other evil factors.

Those in jobs will have to be cautious till the 7½ years' Saturn is over. Those who are in the business line should restrict their activities to the absolute minimum lest they should incur loss.

The month is average. Lucky Day : 7th, 11th and 19th.

KUMBHA

(Dhanishta 2, Sathabhishta 4, Poorattadhi 3.)

Saturn, Lord of the Lagna, has since moved to the 11th house. Your health will be

excellent. But Jupiter who was hitherto in the 9th house has since moved to the 10th house which is adverse. Those in jobs may run the risk of losing them. I have seen in my experience, in several cases, Jupiter, in the 10th house keeping the native unemployed. But in your case the evil effects will not be pronounced since Saturn has moved to the 11th house which will put up resistance.

Kethu in the 2nd house, Mars in the 4th house and Rahu in the 8th house will keep you unhappy in the household. Remain calm and collected. Your finances will be average. Lucky Days : 3rd, 13th and 27th.

MEENA

(Poorattadhi 1, Uthirattadhi 4, Revathi 4.)

Jupiter, Lord of the Lagna, who was hitherto in the 8th house causing great distress has since moved to the 9th house. You will be very lucky for some time from now. Kethu in the Janma will, however, have its say on your health. You will have to take great care of it. You may undertake distant journeys due to Rahu in the 7th house. Those in jobs will get promoted. Some may get officers' post. Those who are unemployed will now get employed. Some may visit foreign countries on account of Saturn in the 10th house. Businessmen will make astounding profits. The month is excellent. Lucky Days : 7th, 13th and 26th.

SHORT STORY

On The Rough Sea Of Life

By FITZROY BRONTE

He once rescued her from the clutches of a villain. Years later, though she had become a fallen woman she rushed to warn him of the danger to his life...

THE velvet mantle of night fell on Calicut. Like a mother's hand it lay gently over the ugly scars of the city which daylight revealed in all their nakedness. And now only the beauty of the city with its bright lights and thronged thoroughfares met the eye. And like the meeting of the mother with a much-loved son, tenderly and gently, the sea met the city, her waves lapping lovingly on the beach.

Out yonder the moon rose in the star-strewn carpet of Heaven, shedding her soft radiance across the Arabian waters where anchored ships laden with merchandise from near and distant lands rested tiredly, after long voyaging, on the embracing waves.

As the early night hours passed into midnight, the crowds in the thoroughfares thinned, till only some late revellers the worse for drink were abroad, and these in the drunken manner peculiar to their kind were wending their way homewards. And finally, the streets were deserted; the music and songs from the restaurants and palatial residences of the rich ceased and silence held the city. Calicut slept.

THROUGH the silent night stretched the long palm-fringed Beach Road like a corridor between the sea and the city. And along the road walked a man, firm of tread, muscular of frame and tall in stature. His head was held proudly above the broad shoul-

ders, and the face was exceptionally handsome.

YES. Jack Jameson, was certainly good to look at, and he was as good as he looked. Straight in his carriage and straight in his ways. An unusual personality indeed.

And, now as he walked steadily along the dark beach road, his thoughts, strange to say, went back to a little incident which had occurred at his Rubber Estate some fifty miles from Calicut a few days previously. And he wondered if the man whom he had thrashed and dismissed from his service for immoral conduct would take his revenge against him, as he said he would. These things had happened before, he mused as he went along; and, of course, were likely to happen again.

But, he dismissed the thought from his mind, as he had come to Calicut for Christmas, and meant to enjoy himself for he had a tremendous capacity for enjoyment, even as he had for hard work, being one of those men who worked hard and played hard. And, he was now on his way to the Malabar Club to attend a dance, and meant to have a good time, in the innocent and straightforward way he always did.

As he walked along the thought of the man whom he had thrashed came back to him. It was persistent; and, try as

he would, he could not get it out of his mind. Then, hearing the siren of a ship sound, he looked out towards the sea; and, as he did so, he fancied he saw something moving in a grove of palm-trees bordering the road. He looked again to make sure; and, as he looked, there emerged from the palm-grove a woman.

To his surprise, she came straight towards him. In spite of the shadows which fell from the palm-groves on either side of the road, and darkened it, he could see by the faint light of the distant and just rising moon that she was young and beautiful. But there was tragedy and sorrow in the great dark eyes which looked at him from out of her pale and exquisitely chiselled face.

And, as the strong wind which came in from the sea blew about her claret-coloured silken saree causing it to cling to her form, he could see that she was beautifully moulded; her breasts being well rounded and firm; her waist slender; and her legs perfectly shaped. And, even as he looked upon her, sudden recognition of her came to him. But the memory of her was vague and he couldn't place it.

SHE spoke hurriedly, as if filled with fear; nevertheless, her voice sounded low and musical.

"Sir," she said, "Your life is in great danger. There are

two men following you. I overheard their conversation."

"THEY waited for me, after having followed me for some distance, with the intention of accosting me. But I slipped away and hid in a thick cluster of palm trees on the roadside and from my hiding place, I could hear all they were saying. And I gathered, from their conversation that they were after you, and intended to kill you. So, I came by another road to warn you."

As she was speaking, he was looking hard at her; and suddenly he remembered everything. She was the girl he had rescued about six years back from a man who had molested her; but apparently, he was too late for the scoundrel had already seduced her forcibly. He now remembered a friend of his telling him her history. She was an adopted child and had been well treated and well educated by the man and woman who had adopted her, with the purpose of marrying her to their only son, but when they found that she had been seduced by another man, without taking into consideration the extenuating circumstances of the case, they turned her out. And, as his friend said, it was the usual sad and tragic story; being homeless, friendless and starving, and so, driven by the force of circumstances, she had drifted into a brothel, to become the victim of sin and sorrow. And, now, looking at her, through

the mist of years, and realising all that she must have suffered, his heart was filled with pity for her.

"Lalitha," he said, "don't you remember me?" And, there was a world of understanding and sympathy in his voice as he spoke to her.

"I do remember, Sir," she replied sadly. "But I want to forget for, many moons have passed since I spoke with a good and honourable man like you."

Then looking up at him, with eyes which once held the beauty of the purity which is the crowning glory of all womanhood; but which were now besmeared with the tragedy and sorrow which is sin; the wings of her stained soul fluttered tiredly as she thought of the pure love which might have been hers if she had only met this great gentleman before fate had struck her such a tragic blow.

"I RECOGNISED you, Sir," she continued, "and owing you a debt of gratitude for rescuing me some years ago, I came to warn you; otherwise I would never have dared to speak to you again, realising how things are with me. And, hasten to safety now, Sir, for any moment those two bad men may come and attack you." But, it was too late for, even as she spoke, two men emerged from out of the darkness and fell upon him savagely.

It was a great fight while it

lasted for, Jack Jameson was possessed of great strength, and he was a born fighter. But, fighting against two powerful men armed with knives made the struggle an unequal one. And had it not been for the girl who helped him by snatching away a knife from one of his assailants, at the risk of her own life, and embedded it deeply into the would-be-assassin's chest, and thereby putting him out of action, he would undoubtedly have been killed before long by one or the other of his murderous opponents. But now that he had only one opponent to deal with, it was not long before he overpowered him, and then finally rendered him unconscious with a terrific blow on the jaw which sent him rolling to the ground all broken up and helpless; but not before he had received a severe knife wound from him in the struggle.

LEAVING his former opponents where they lay, he turned to the girl and feelingly said, "You have saved my life, Lalitha, and I will never forget it. I am going to put everything right for you and you will come home with me now. I am afraid I will have to be admitted into the local hospital for a few days to be treated for the wound I have received. But, you will stay at my house until I return and then, if you are willing to do so, I will marry you; and I shall consider it a great honour if you will accept me." She accompanied him; he holding one of her little hands gently and

understandingly; but she was too overwhelmed to speak.

A WEEK passed and the day before he was to return home from the hospital, she made her decision. Then sitting down quietly at his writing desk, with tears flowing down her cheeks, she wrote a letter to him.

Beloved one,

I write this letter to say how much I appreciate the great honour you have done me, a fallen woman, by offering to marry me. But this can never be, because I love and respect you too deeply to ruin your life.

So, to-night, when the waning moon is casting her soft beauty upon the sad earth, I shall go down to the seashore, behind your house; and in your boat I shall go out to the dark and restless sea.

Then, there will be darkness and the world will know me no more. All the sufferings of my so sad and sinful soul shall cease.

Yours forever and ever,
Lalitha

It so happened that Jack Jameson came home that night instead of the following morning as previously intended; and finding the letter on his writing desk, he read it, and tossing it on the desk, he rushed down to the sea shore.

The boat was gone, and gazing out to sea, he saw, in the not-too-far-away distance, a speck on the dark waters which he knew instinctively was the boat; and jumping into the sea, he swam as he had never done before, like a madman, bereft of his reason.

Gradually and still more gradually, he gained upon the boat, until finally he was abreast of it. He then reached out and held on to it; and she, standing up in the boat leant over and with a great effort helped him in.

The dawn found them on their way to Feroke, the beautiful suburb of Calicut and there they were married in the little Old World Church which nestled shyly amid clustering palms by the good priest who had known Lalitha as a child, and had followed her with his prayers through the dark alley of sin, and whose heart was now light as he blessed her and Jack Jameson, making them man and wife in the eyes of God and man. And the God-given day brought with it the sunshine of pure love, peace and happiness for both of them. ‡‡

Turn Of The Wheel

—Continued from page 53

Sampath who was at his bedside. He covered his hands with shame and asked.... "Will you forgive me, Sampath?" and told him how he had been the cause of his ruin.

Sampath consoled him and said that it was all due to the turn of fortune which inevitably changed from time to time and that Laxman was only the instrument of the period of trial. Laxman was inconsolable. "Sampath, I shall make ample amends," he said. "Here is a cheque for rupees one lakh which you may pay at your leisure. I hope this will relieve you from all your financial worries."

Mina who was a spectator of all this drama, was only able slowly to realise the magnitude of Sampath's sacrifice for her sake. For she had to put two and two together to understand what seemed to her to be a complete mystery.

"How you must have suffered, dear, and all for my poor sake," sobbed Mina, laying her head on Sampath's chest.

Sampath consoled her. "You are worth all this sacrifice and even more," he said. ‡‡

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(Continued from previous issue.)

BREAK IN THE JOURNEY

The Story So Far :

[Padma has been married in haste to Sarang, a widower, on the wrong side of thirty. She has been summoned from her mother's house by her mother-in-law who is lying ill. During a night journey Padma and Bapu, her escort, halt at Silver Rock Station to wait for the morning connection. On the dark and lonely platform they are swept on a tide of passion and declare their love for each other.]

When the train steamed in at 4-30 a.m., Padma and Bapu got into it without a word. There were only two passengers in the compartment and they were fast asleep. The young woman seemed hysterical. She threw her arms round Bapu's neck and wept bitterly. "This is the end," she said, sobbing. "I know I won't come back to Mother alive. Please take every possible care of her."

He gently disengaged himself. "Don't give way to such emotions, Padma. Your fears are unreasonable. Aren't you an intelligent girl? Can't you tackle any situation?"

She went on weeping. "You haven't seen that house, Bapu,"

she told him. "It is like a living tomb. They say that Sarang murdered his first wife and his mother abetted him. That is why the people of the village hate them and boycott them. Champak is a terribly possessive and jealous mother."

He patted her on the shoulder and said encouragingly. "I shall stand by you and watch you for a while, Padma. If you feel that any such threat hanging over you, just inform me. I shall see what I can do. But what is done is done and cannot be undone now. Take heart now. The train has reached Bikkur Station."

It was only 5 a.m. and very dark. There was no cart or bandy to be seen. So Bapu took Padma's box and hold-all and led the way through a narrow road.

SUDDENLY, the young woman signed to Bapu to hurry down the road and stand behind a huge peepul tree. Bapu looked up towards the road and understood. He admired Padma's keen sight. There was a small crowd of men—farmers, mostly—carrying two corpses. Padma shuddered and whispered into Bapu's ears, "Look! They are

workers on my husband's farm, carrying the dead bodies of my husband and mother-in-law. But not one of the neighbours goes with them. Oh, God! My body shakes and I feel like swooning."

"Steady yourself and wait here," advised Bapu. "I shall follow the crowd and ascertain the details. Since they don't know me they won't question me. Another train is due here by 5-40 and I shall take you to your mother. There we shall decide what you should do next."

SHE waited impatiently until he returned. The story he told her was brief. Champak died of a heart attack forty-eight hours back—on the day Sarang had posted the letter to Padma. The son became crazy with grief and very violent, too. The farmers invited the priests of the village to perform the funeral rites but they mysteriously disappeared. Then the peasants themselves attempted to take the dead body of the old woman and cremate it as it began to rot and emit a foul odour. But the son attacked them with a big club until they bound him to a pillar.

Strangely enough, he collapsed in a few minutes and was found dead. The farmers conferred quickly and decided to burn the bodies of mother and son together before dawn.

The young woman suddenly lapsed into silence. She allowed

herself to be escorted to her mother's home by Bapu.

The next morning Chengan, the manager of Sarang's estates, presented himself and broke the news of the twin tragedies. Padma and her mother made a proper show of grief. After a few minutes, the visitor informed Padma that she was now the lawful owner of all her husband's property worth three lakhs of rupees. It was up to her to dispose of the property or look after it. The annual income was not less than Rs.15,000. Chengan also revealed that Padma's late husband had left some Rs.20,000 hard cash in the safe. And he invited her to come at once to Bikkur village and speak some encouraging words to her farmers.

That very afternoon Padma and Bapu started for Bikkur Station again—with hope in their hearts and a dreamy look in their eyes. The young man in particular was thinking of another halt at Silver Rock Station that night.

BUT Padma became sick at the atmosphere of the strange house which was now hers. At dead of the night she heard eerie noises and imagined that her late husband was speaking to her. So Padma and Bapu decided to leave the village and move to the city. They sold up Sarang's estates and realised a fortune. The logic of events was hard to resist. Padma and Bapu were quietly married before a registrar. (Concluded.)

WHERE IS MUSSOLINI'S TREASURE?

By THOMAS BALLARD

WHO stole Mussolini's millions? Despite the record heat, millions of Italians spent some time arguing fiercely over this \$ 100,000,000 riddle. Now they are at it all over again, for the celebrated "Case of the Dongo Treasure" is being retried in its entirety in a courtroom in the lovely small town of Dongo between Milan and the Swiss border.

The sensational trial was well under way last August when an ailing juror decided to shoot himself. By that time the court had been in session more than three months. It had heard more than 300 witnesses and had gathered 800 pages of testimony. But, unfortunately, the juror's substitute played hookey from so many sessions that a new trial had to be ordered.

Have the Reds Stolen?

The court is trying to find out,

for the second time, what happened to the fortune Benito Mussolini was carrying with him on his last desperate flight to Switzerland. But this is now only a part of the story. There is also the matter of at least four mysterious murders and of perjury. And even more important is the question of whether the Communist Party stole the "Dongo Treasure" to finance its work in Italy. If the State can prove its cause, Red faces may be very red indeed.

Few post-war political trials—and Italy has had a rash of them—have been so packed with history and drama. The 35 defendants, for instance, include a member of the Communist Central Committee and a Communist member of parliament. Of the 300 witnesses being reheard, five had been close to Il Duce—his widow, his son, his two daughters (including his pet,

Edda) and the sister of his mistress. Others include famous figures of the wartime anti-Fascist underground and a squad of unrepentant Fascists.

Temper Flare

The courtroom scene, like that of the first trial, matches anything produced in Hollywood; tempers flare, charges and counter-charges fly; Fascist glares at Communist; history comes to life.

The case goes back to that day in late April, 1945 when Mussolini left Milan for a dash to the Swiss border. By then he was just a husk of the former dictator, with little hope and even less authority. Along with him, in a German military convoy of 39 vehicles, were his mistress, Claretta Petacci; her brother Marcello, an enterprising young man who apparently had had dealings with the British Intelligence; a few of Mussolini's ministers, and several bodyguards.

Before the convoy left Milan, Il Duce handed a fat brief case to a bodyguard and said, "Guard it well. Italy's destiny is in it!" The court has been told that the brief case, now missing, included Mussolini's secret correspondence with Winston Churchill, and that he hoped to trade his life for the documents. But to make sure they would not lack funds, Mussolini and his aides are also said to have taken along bundles, bags and suitcases filled

with a fortune in foreign currency, gold coins and jewels.

Between Milan and the Swiss border lies a country of mountains and lakes. Here, near the small town of Dongo, the convoy was ambushed by the Communist-led guerillas. When the firing began, Claretta pleaded with her lover to move from their armoured car to a German truck and to put on a German sergeant's overcoat.

Swift Decision

Obediently Mussolini clambered into a truck. A bodyguard tossed a bundle of lire worth about \$ 6,000 in behind him. Mussolini gloomily pushed it aside. "Of what use is this to me now?" He was right. The convoy was soon overpowered. The Germans were allowed to proceed; the Italians were held.

The partisans' high command, then in a secret-hideout in Milan, knew of Mussolini's departure even before he left the city limits. An emergency meeting was called; it was decided that he should die. It was taken for granted that Mussolini's convoy would not get through the guerilla country around Lake Como. The high command in Milan just settled back to wait for the word. It did not have to wait long.

Shortly before noon of April 27, 1945, word of Mussolini's

capture arrived. At once the famous "Colonel Valerio" was on his way to Dongo. He arrived just after 2 p.m. and soon persuaded the guerilla leader to order the execution of the 17 captured Fascists. There was a brief hassale as the Fascists refused to die alongside Claretta Petacci's brother "because he's a British spy." Considerately, the guerillas shot him elsewhere.

Mussolini and his girl-friend were put in "Colonel Valerio's" car and taken to another spot. They died at 4-10 p.m. Their bodies were moved to Milan for public display on a corner now graced by a gasoline station. (From there, Mussolini's body was taken to a Capuchin convent, put in a zinlined crate marked "Documents; Provincial" and kept there until August, when it was returned to the widow for burial.)

Bag of Jewels

While the captives were being killed, the partisans were moving the seized fortune to the Dongo city hall. No two witnesses here have been able to agree on the size of the "Dongo treasure." One estimate put it at nearly \$100,000,000, another at only \$150,000,000. Testimony in the courtroom has dealt with a bag of jewels weighing nearly three and a half pounds, and 145 half-pound bars of gold. One of Mussolini's bodyguards testified that two suitcases loaded with money, jewels and documents

had been dropped in Lake Como.

On the other hand, the Communists who took an inventory in the city hall that night declare the whole "Dongo treasure" is a myth. All they received from the partisans, they say, was less than \$100,000 and Mussolini's gold fountain pen. The money, they insist, was merely a repayment of the funds they had advanced for guerilla warfare.

The trouble with these professions is that they are not backed by other witnesses. A couple of ex-partisans told the court they had taken "five or six very big and heavy suitcases" of treasures to the Communist headquarters in Como, and turned them over to the chief defendant, Dante Gorreri, then Communist boss for the area. Gorreri turns red in the face, shouts: "It's a lie," and declares he wasn't even in Como that day.

Girl who Talked

Neither the Communists nor the Fascists are giving the court much help in trying to learn what happened to the "Dongo treasure." The relatives of the slain Fascists are evasive, except in their expressions of hatred for the war-time underground. At the "first run" trial, a member of Mussolini's secret police gave the Fascist salute on the witness stand and cried: "This is no

what we've been waiting for! We want the entire partisan movement put on trial!" But both the Reds and the Fascists, if for different reasons, insist there were no treasures carried in Mussolini's last convoy.

It is obvious, however, that someone is lying. Witnesses, for instance, have testified that many a small fortune stuck to grasping fingers the day Mussolini died. The mayor of a town near Dongo is said to have bought a villa after the ambush; his wife began to sport jewels similar to those taken from the Fascists. A partisan driver has accused a shopkeeper of stealing from him the gold coins he, the driver, had himself purloined from the "Dongo treasure." And a witness has told the court that after one of the German trucks broke down between Milan and Dongo, children in the area for weeks played with gold sovereigns—not a common toy in this area.

The missing fortune is not the only thing that has made the case so sensational. There is also the matter of a man named "Neri" and his sweetheart "Gianna." Both were partisans who took part in the ambush, "Neri" disappeared about a week after the Dongo attack. The partisan command later announced he had been executed as "a Fascist spy." "Gianna" refused to accept this explanation and spoke angrily of

having personally escorted the "Dongo treasure" to the Communist headquarters. She then also vanished.

Unsolved Case

"Gianna" had a girl friend to whom she told the entire story of the Dongo ambush. The girl talked. She also disappeared. And soon afterwards came the turn of the girl's father, who traced too vigorously the search for his missing daughter. The state charges that the Communists murdered all four to preserve the secret of the "Dongo treasure." The Communist Party has been spending \$40-50 million a year for its operations, and it has been said in the court that at least some of this money had been unwittingly contributed by Mussolini at Dongo.

With the re-trial now in full swing, many observers believe the mystery of the "Dongo treasure" may never be unravelled, and that it will join other famous unsolved cases. Of two things, however, there can be no doubt. One is the injury "The Case of The Dongo Treasure" has already done to the Italian Communists. The other is that, having watched the same trial run twice in succession, the Italians will long remember the racy headlines, the nightly debate, and the juror who made the re-trial possible by shooting himself. ††

DISCOVERY

By SOMESWAR

*When Chandrasekar found that the girl he loved was
'deceitful' he resigned his job and fled to his home.
But his heart-ache never stopped.*

CHANDRASEKHAR looked down in embarrassment. He was always shy in the presence of the other sex. That was the way he was brought up. At college his friends were always teasing him and calling him a modest maiden. Even girls felt bold to make a remark or smile in ridicule when he was passing.

But today, as he got up from the bed, feeling fresh after a good sleep the first thing he found himself doing was looking into a pair of beautiful eyes. It was a bright morning and the sun was coming up with a blushing face in the east. It was his first sunrise in that new apartment into which he came only last night after being transferred to this town. As his dreamless sleep was broken by the twitter of swallows, he decided, before opening his eyes, to look first out of the window and start his first day with the 'darshan' of the Sun.

Instead he looked into the eyes of a girl that was standing at the window of the adjacent house. Only a wire-mesh compound shrouded by a creeper in full bloom separated the two houses.

Chandrasekhar, a man who prided in his regular habits, changed his mind about getting up and fell back on the bed. Strange thoughts he never had before started entering his brain. Why was he embarrassed, why did he look away? He felt he should have been looking into those eyes as long as he could. He would have liked to look at that smiling face for ages. And why was she smiling?

HE did not get up from the bed till 8 that morning. Youth in full bloom, he thought, like those flowers on the fence—so fresh, so delicate. For once he was aware that he, too, was a young man of 23. He too had

the emotions and impulses that characterise Youth. There is nothing wrong in that and he should not make efforts to curb or control them.

Day by day his interest in Sushila, the girl next door, grew without his own knowledge. However, he was also aware that she was similarly interested. He could feel hidden eyes, like fires under ash, enveloping his person whenever he stood at the window. She had a way of speaking with the eyes—telling a lot of things with her smile. It was more than a week since he came there, but without speaking a word to each other, without coming closer than their windows would permit them they established some sort of communion which only loving hearts could understand.

Chandrasekhar began to feel that he could not let this go on any longer. Always serious and highly ethical in his thoughts he never could imagine carrying on a love affair just for the pleasure of flirtation. He would not even think of touching her—however much he wished to kiss those magical eyes and crush her in his embrace—without matrimony. He would never do anything at which society can point a finger.

He was only deciding on some practical course of action when a sweet little voice sounded at his door and tender little hands knocked gently. It was the four-

year-old girl who was generally seen with Sushila. A great lover of children, he took her in his arms and kissed those rosy cheeks—the cheeks, he repeated to himself, so often kissed by his beloved. Lalitha, the little girl, told the purpose of her mission. She came there to take some magazines or books for her.

Somehow he felt inquisitive. Was this little girl her sister? The he asked her, "Who wants the magazine?" "Mother told me to bring them," said Lalitha and pointed to the window where Sushila stood with a smile, looking with interest at Lalitha in his arms. "There is Amma. She is my mother."

CHANDRASEKHAR felt a stab of pain. He let down the child gently and gave her the books and sent her away. For the first time since he came to that house he closed the window and sat down to think. Innumerable thoughts came rushing into his brain like a torrent. Why did it never occur to his mind that she was married? How could he imagine that the damsel who looked so interested in him and seemed to reciprocate his love belonged to another and could never be his? It was strange to him to imagine a man of his moral character entangled in an illicit love affair. He often saw Lalitha calling his neighbour Mr. Shankar as 'father', but it did not occur to him that the only young lady in the house, besides the old

mother, must be his wife. It was a logical inference.

BUT why did she encourage him? Could it be that a girl of that heavenly beauty had bad intentions at heart? Even if she had, would he have thought of a married woman as different from a sister? Chandrasekhar felt guilty and blamed his occupation which brought him to this town.

The next day saw him packing up and preparing for going back to his town. That same day he tendered his resignation and longed to go far away from that place and those memories. The window he closed the day before was not opened again, however hard the fair eyes of Sushila tried to penetrate them. The smile on her face vanished as she saw the taxi in front of his house and a coolie loading it. Lalitha, with instructions from her, ran to him and said, "Mother wants to know where you are going. She returned these magazines."

There was a certain violence in his movement as he snatched the magazines from her hands. "Tell your mother that I am going far away—never to come back again." The anger and hate in those words were beyond the comprehension of the little girl. But Sushila, standing close to the window, could catch them. She felt a darkness covering everything before her eyes. As he was sitting in the

taxi he looked at the magazine in his hand. Just below his name was scribbled another name, the name which now he hated. With anger that could not be controlled he tore the magazine and threw it out of the taxi window. It fell just at the gate of his neighbour. He did not, however, notice that two beautiful eyes which were observing all this, failing to understand anything, were filled with tears.

THE sudden appearance of Chandrasekhar at his home town was a surprise to his father and mother. They appealed to him before he went to the town to leave the job and stay at home. They had enough already and he need not earn, they argued. But he wanted to stand on his own and for the first time in his life went to live away from his parents. They were both glad that he came back.

But their rejoicing did not last long. They saw that he was always in a pensive mood and felt guilty when asked for the reason. His father, Mr. Ramavathar, was a well read and highly educated man. It did not take him long to find that, as natural at his age, his son's mind was troubled with some thoughts of love which he felt ashamed to express. It was no use asking him; hence he set about finding it for himself.

Telling his wife that he wanted to visit some friends in the

other town he went straight to the room where his son used to stay before, tracing it from the postal address he gave. The first thing he did was to meet the neighbours and enquire about Chandrasekhar's conduct and company. After one hour's chat with Mr. Shankar, who turned out to be one of his students when he was a Professor of Philosophy, Mr. Ramavathar came home all smiles.

SOON on his return he consulted his wife on an important subject—now that Chandrasekhar was old enough to get married and shoulder the responsibility of a family. She was already thinking of the same and was overjoyed when he told her he saw an old friend of his in the town and thought that his daughter would suit Chandran very much.

Knowing that he would never go back to that town, he arranged for Mr. Shankar and Sushila to come there themselves. His surprise knew no bounds when he, looked at the girl.

"Mr. Chandrasekhar," said Sekhar, "you should know that I am putting in your hands not only my beloved sister without whom the house will be dark and forlorn but also a 'mother' of little Lalitha. Sushila has been everything to her since she was left motherless the day she was born. That is why she calls her 'Amma'—she would take some time to recover the

shock of separation from Sushila. It is for the sake of little Lalitha that I have not married again..." His voice broke down, as if filled with tears that rose from those memories.

Everything was now clear to Chandrasekhar. He laughed at himself for being so super-sensitive and for having assumed everything of his own accord.

Taking little Lalitha in his arms and tenderly kissing her small hands he asked, "Lalitha, will you live with us—your 'Amma' and myself?"

THE OLD HAT!

A famous film star who was being analysed told her doctor that one recurring dream was really getting her worried.

"I keep dreaming that I'm walking down Hollywood Boulevard without a stitch of clothing on my back," she confessed. "What does that mean, Doctor?"

"It all depends on how you react to the dream," said her analyst. "Are you embarrassed?"

"Definitely," the star declared. "I'm always wearing last year's hat!"

SHOULD WE HAVE

AN OPPOSITION PARTY?

By KRISHNA TIWARI

THE decay of a democracy is certain when there is no Opposition Party to function properly. It is eleven years since India attained Independence and eight years since she converted herself into a sovereign republic. But it is sad to have to record that neither in the Centre nor in the States has any effective Opposition emerged.

Can we adapt or twist the democratic form of government to mean one-party rule? Our Prime Minister does not like the idea. Veteran leaders and thinkers like Shri C. Rajagopalachari are more plain. They have repeatedly warned that if India is not to go the way of Pakistan, a vigorous Opposition Party must be formed straightaway. Practically every politician in the country is aware of this necessity but the pity is that there are no concerted measures to bring such a party into being. There is much confused thinking

about the aims and principles that should govern it. The late Dr. Syamaprasad Mookherjee would have succeeded in founding an excellent Opposition Party in Parliament but alas! Death laid his icy hand before he came out with a well-defined programme.

Nation's Hope

The hope of the nation then centred on those two towering personalities—Acharya Kripalani and Shri Jaiprakash Narain. When the former walked out of the Congress fold it was thought that he would form an all-India Opposition Party with a programme and policy that could easily be adopted both in the Centre and the States. The wrangling over aims, divided loyalty and sharp disagreements led to the weakening of the Praja Socialist Party. The alliance with the Communists for the sake of petty "vic-

tories", during the elections resulted in an eclipse of the party. When Mahatma Gandhi appeared on the political scene he electrified the atmosphere and captured the imagination of the masses with a few soul-stirring slogans, and the Congress under his guidance grew into a mighty organisation. Acharya Kripalani who was such a close disciple of the Mahatma could well have taken over his master's magic wand and wielded it with brilliant results. One wonders whether he has not missed the bus.

Narain's Prestige

Shri Jaiprakash Narain commands unrivalled prestige and influence outside the Congress sphere. The Bhoodan scheme which is attracting world-wide attention naturally helps to focus the limelight of publicity on Shri Narain; it is also because he has thrown himself heart and soul into this work. Many of his countrymen would love to think that the mantle of Shri Nehru cannot fall on worthier shoulders than those of Shri Jaiprakash Narain but there are some who would consider it more fortunate for the nation if the non-Congress leader were to lead an Opposition Party. For, our democratic institutions are bound to suffer in efficiency—if not altogether to collapse—unless an effective Opposition challenges the Government on crucial issues and enlivens politics.

The role of the Opposition is not just to grab power for the mere sake of it but to keep the nation alert and watchful by means of sharp but constructive criticism. Government must be pulled up when it goes against the people's interests or when a wrong-headed policy is apt to land the country in a mess. But for the continuous sniping of Labour Opposition in the British House of Commons, the Eden Government would not have fallen. Of course, the Labourites did not seize power but their vocal opposition made the Conservatives bow to public opinion.

Communist Game

The Praja-Socialists and the Socialists having failed to give the lead, it may be asked whether the Communists can step in. Their extra-territorial patriotism makes them suspect. For certain strategic reasons they are working within the four corners of the Constitution but they have not forsworn violence. They still believe in overthrowing the Constitution by means of a bloody revolution though they do not openly say so. Whenever they appear on platform and make violent speeches there remains the impression that they have not laid bare all the secrets of their mental bag. So the sensible-minded among us who want democracy to flourish and an Opposition to infuse life into it cannot trust the Communists to shoulder such a serious responsibility and discharge it well.

What of the other parties? They are numerically weak and often communal-minded. In the States, especially, there are parties that pit their strength and wits against minority communities and try to seek their liquidation. Some other parties are battling with the forces arising out of linguistic re-organization. They seldom see beyond the nose and fritter away their energies in wrong channels. For them the attainment of the immediate objective is more important than the ideal of stable political conditions and national advancement.

It was open to the Hindu Mahasabha to broaden its aims and platform to accommodate diversified interests but somehow it has chosen to recede into the background. In Pakistan today the Muslim League has become quite a powerless body and may even pass into the limbo of oblivion. What passes our understanding is that in certain parts of India where the reactionary element is preponderant this discredited organization still holds away and is capable of considerable mischief. Separate electorates were the ingenious device of the Britisher who believed in ruling by dividing. They helped Jinnah to demand partition of the country and get away with it. The late leader led Muslims to hope for total migration to the new paradise but great was his disillusion-

ment when he found that crores of Muslims had to be left behind. To the credit of the bulk of the Muslim brethren in India it must be conceded that they have remained as loyal as any of us. And the noblest of them all was the late Maulana Azad. But why should we let this little rump of an organization carry on a vile propaganda and shady tactics against the larger interests of the country? It is to be hoped that the responsible section among our Muslim brethren will give this League a decent burial before the next general elections come off. It is a heartening sign that some National Muslim leaders have raised their voice against it.

Clumsy

In the States the position of the opposition in the Legislative Assemblies is more parlous. Several disgruntled Congress dissidents contest seats in their capacity as Independents. Very often they succeed but once they enter the Assembly they seem to be incapable of any initiative. One should have thought that they would group themselves, formulate some sensible principles and programme and launch themselves into regular opposition. But so far their performance has been poor, clumsy and unsatisfactory. The result is that too many groups claim to speak for the people but none of them is representative. And the one-party rule, which is so detrimental to the healthy growth of democracy, continues.

SHORT STORY

One False Step

By NIRMALA KARASIMHAN

When life is young and temptations lurk in every corner, a girl has to keep her head and heart intact. One false step is enough to ruin her beyond redemption.

MY parents loved me well and brought me up with all their care. But why they pushed me into a loveless marriage I can't understand. They married me off to a fifty-year-old man. My husband, Arun, had a growing bald patch on his head, and his legs and hands were shaking. He had a son by his first wife. Shankar was twenty-five years old when I married his father.

pulse to bite him. But I had learnt to be patient and submitted to his caresses with an unsmiling face.

He was, however, generous and never stinted his money. He bought for me any number of clothes and jewels, and gave me liberal allowances every month which I passed on to my needy parents.

The old man must have been very deeply infatuated with me. He called me "Premi" a hundred times a day (my name is Prema) and his silly love-making disgusted me. He dyed his hair and brows, wore false teeth and put on a strong scent, thinking that he could enslave me. When he brought his face close to kiss my lips I felt an indescribable repugnance. I had difficulty in restraining my im-

I was soon yearning to kiss a vigorous, full-blooded man of my own age and strength. I thought of Shankar. I had already fallen in love with his magnificent body and ever smiling face. One night when my husband had been on a visit to another town I used my blandishments on Shankar who was sleeping in the same hall to give me a better sense of security. I crept very near to him, brushed

my soft bare legs against his. Then moving close to him, I bent over his body and pressed my warm cheek against his. I kissed him on the ear, nose and lips and would have gone on inflaming him still further, but he suddenly got up. Then he folded his palms and prostrated before me. "Mathaji," he said, "you may be younger in years and the loveliest of creatures but I can't love you that way. Of my devotion to you as my own mother you need never have any doubt. Don't mistake me, Mathaji. Of course, not a soul will know about this, you may be sure." With those words he quietly left the hall to sleep in another room.

I WAS angry at first but soon learnt to respect his feelings. I felt frustrated, though, and began to sulk for a while. I had a sudden attack of fever one day and a doctor from a neighbouring street was sent for to attend on me. A charming man was Mohan who had built up a lucrative practice within four years. In his very first visit he cast admiring glances at me and understood my position and my need. He gave me some mixtures and powders and then after two days asked my husband if he could bring his wife in a rickshaw to his clinic. He suspected something wrong with my blood and a test was possible only in his clinic. He also wanted to check up my temperature and other things. "My charges are not very high," he added cautiously.

My husband was scared. He was too fond of me to think of anything wrong happening. I was the pupil of his eye.

WITH tears in his eyes, he begged of the doctor to cure me of my mysterious ailment. He had not much money left but he would spend his all for me with a willing heart. He took me in a rickshaw twice but he had to wait there for a long time and I had to lie in a dark room for several hours. A female nurse attended on me and acted as a link between my husband in the outer room and myself. Then I dissuaded him from accompanying me and he reluctantly agreed.

On the day I went alone to the clinic the doctor ushered me into the dark room and violently kissed me. He dumped himself into the cot and pretended to examine my heart with his stethoscope. When I whispered to him shyly that his heart was beating louder than my own heart he flung his arms round me and stopped my mouth with his hot kisses. I felt bruised all over by his violent ways but I felt infinitely happy.

I went to his clinic every day for nearly three months. After an hour in the dark room he made a show of giving me an injection and loading me with powders, tablets, mixtures and tonics. My husband was relieved when the doctor said that the dark room treatment was a

room upstairs and that Mother's nephew was occupying it. But he did not betray his feelings.

THOUGH he spoke cordially towards me, the joy and pleasure which he had used to feel at my sight had gone out of his existence. He had come to inform me that he had found a bride for Shankar. The next morning he took me home.

My step-son's marriage was an event, indeed. The bride, Swarna, came of a very rich and respectable family. She brought pots of money and lots of jewels and my husband appeared to be happy at this turn. He became more and more detached from life and turned to God for relief and solace. For once he opened out his heart to me and confessed to the grave mistake of marrying so young a girl in the evening of his life. He patted me on the back and I hung my head down to hide the tears filling my eyes.

When we woke up the next morning we were shocked to find that he had quietly died in his sleep. For the first time I felt a great grief tearing at my heart. I wept bitterly over the dead body of my husband. But time heals wounds and my interest in life and its pleasures was renewed. Dr. Mohan cast his net again and I fell into it. I

forgot to tell you. We were all living together. Shankar, Swarna, their baby and I. Swarna, however, was not pretty and she became jealous. Shankar treated me with respect and affection before and would never question my ways. One night I heard her accusing Shankar of having lived with me in sin and preferring me to her. The woman had a nasty temper and she was getting more and more cattish. Unable to bear her wild charges, Shankar one day hanged himself.

Now I am living in a small rented portion, picking up the crumbs thrown by the doctor. They call me a bad woman, who killed her husband and her son. Well, tomorrow, you won't see me alive. From the doctor's dispensary I have taken a bottle of the most deadly poison. And here go the contents down my throat.

THE NAMES

"Now don't forget, Mary," Lady Kumber instructed her new maid, "we are usually referred to as the 'Richmond' Kumbars, to distinguish us from—"

"I know, ma'am," said the maid, "from the Kew Kumbars."

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THE MONTH'S SPOTLIGHTS

DEBATES SAY—(Continued from cover page II)

necessities which cannot be swept out with brooms. These are problems which must be viewed with practical wisdom and human sympathy. Neglect of this pressing need makes the five year plan and resultant Socialistic pattern of Society meaningless and purposeless.

R. S. V. Rao,
Madras.

IS IT NOT MONOGAMY?

Sir,

This may sound unconventional but the sincerity and honesty of my view will not be questioned, I hope. In our country monogamy has become the rule. The Hindu Code Law insists on it. To this there is an exception. There are members of another community who can each marry more than one woman. Even in the Hindu fold there are some minorities that will dwindle in number and strength if the law is not liberalised. There are many poor girls who can never hope to marry if each of them waits for a bachelor from her own community.

I would suggest that the old system of allowing a man to take more than one wife should be revived. If after five years of married life a woman continues

to be sterile she should permit her husband to go in for another bride. She can continue to live with her husband since divorce is abhorrent to the Indian mind. This may sound as a reactionary view but I am all for it, and the law must sanction it. That way, also, discrimination can be avoided. Those who frame the laws for us may have overlooked this aspect though I would be the first to acknowledge their high sense of justice and desire to serve all.

K. Surendar,
Bombay.

WHAT A PITY!

Sir,

Hypnotised by the glamour of the fashion world, hundreds of young men and women are aimlessly drifting. They are cut off from the moorings of religion and become sceptical. Every day we hear them mocking at religious minded people and asking them for solid, visible proof of God's existence. The result is that vice has increased and the sanctity of family life is being violated. What are our religious leaders doing?

N. R. Sharma,
Lucknow.

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