

KAHANIYA

CULTURAL & STORY MAGAZINE

Vol. VI |

MAY, 1959

| No. 1

THE BEACH ENCOUNTER

He saw her standing at the bus stand and from the way she was fidgeting he knew that she was not waiting for the bus but for something else.

—G. LEWIS

Shyam was waiting at the enquiry counter at the G.P.O. The few persons in the queue in front of him slowly finished their business and moved out. He wanted some information in connexion with an undelivered parcel. Shyam moved nearer the counter and looked at the girl, who sat there. For a few flickering seconds crowded memories flashed through his brain. He had made an astounding discovery! There she was just in front of him! Yes, the very same girl he has been searching for years! Shyam undoubtedly recognised her face and vainly tried to get confirmation of his finding by switching on a broad smile, a smile to emphasize their past familiarity and friendship. But his gesture was not rewarded. She looked at him dispassionately and asked in a matter-of-fact tone, "What is it you want to have please?"

Fastening up his smile, he replied, "In fact, I wanted to know something about an unde-

livered parcel. But..." he stammered and with a simple suggestive gesture with his forefinger, he again tried to convey his quest for her identity. He asked in a very friendly, soft tone, "Where you in Madras, I mean, some five years ago?"

It was strange to notice the reaction on her face. Her face was set, diffident. Eyes flirted, showing a sort of uneasiness. But very successfully she pretended to be indifferent to his approach for friendliness and businesslike diverted the subject and said, "What sort of parcel, a V.P.P.? Then go to the sixth counter, please."

Shyam had to withdraw from there at that answer. An elderly lady who waited in the queue just behind him, turned her head and cast a cold glance at him in an accusing manner. Shyam escaped from there and staggered through the lobby, stealing a second glance at her, the girl behind the counter; yes, that was the very same girl he was in

search of!

Even from the queue in the sixth counter, Shyam could watch that girl's face. Evidently she was also surreptitiously looking at him; stray looks of embarrassment and guilt. Whenever their eyes met, she tried to avert hers in a manner suggestive of indecision and doubt. That confirmed his notion. His mind wandered to the vast regions of reminiscence to recollect about that incident which had brought them together.

x x x

TIME: about five years ago; a fine January evening.

PLACE: Madras; a bus stop in Mount Road.

The twilight was creating deep and vague shadows everywhere. A young lady was waiting at the bus stop, for a bus that had never turned up. As a lazy walker of that hour, Shyam had noticed her from the opposite pavement and for about half an hour he had watched her—there was justification for his act, because her appearance demanded attention from males of any description. Attired in a transparent, flamboyant saree, elegantly and luxuriously displaying a lavish margin of her soft velvety skin through the medium of a scanty choli, she really arrested attention.

She was waiting for some unknown bus, endlessly. The shadows in the street darkened. The electric lights appeared on either side of the street, vainly trying to dispel the unholy darkness. Motor cars and buses roared in the streets madly. The bustling crowd crawled on the pavements like busy ants. The

sky turned its gleaming crimson colour into ghastly darkness. Shyam crossed the street and approached the lady at the bus stop. Every step was taken with fighting thoughts and lusty ambitions. He was excited to notice that she was not hostile to his approach; she did not show any discomfort at his stare. After a calculated pause he ventured to open up the conversation. He asked, "Excuse me, for which bus are you waiting?"

She was reciprocal; she replied, "I must go to San Thome; which bus should I catch?" But her tone did not show real state of ignorance or helplessness.

"You must take bus No. 3. There is no direct bus to San Thome. Get down at Luz and take the bus to San Thome," he said.

"Thank you very much," she said. Men and women, young and old, moved in all directions around them. But none seemed to take notice of these two souls, both struggling in a whirlpool of emotions.

"Where do you come from?" Shyam asked after a few seconds.

"From the College Hostel...I am expected to be back there before seven. I'm afraid what is in store for me to night," she said looking at her watch.

Shyam did not have anything to say. He moved a little towards her. Their elbows brushed together. The shimmering street lights shed a soft glow on the scene. But no one seemed to pay any attention to them. And they in turn seemed to be oblivious of their surroundings.

Their minds were otherwise

occupied. Strangely they did not find any more words to exchange. Silence began to creep between them. Not sure of the motive by himself, he suggested, "Shall I get a taxi?"

"But....." she wanted to say something, looking helpless. Shyam understood her stand. May be she was scared to go alone or she was not having enough money.

"Don't worry; I am going that way and I shall give you a lift." Shyam did not wait for her reply. He hurried to the taxi stand while she watched him submissively.

In the next minute both of them were fast moving in the car through the neon light studded streets towards San Thome. The crowds, well lit shops, cars with their blinding head lights flashed past them. She sat in the car deeply engrossed in raging thoughts. Her high smooth pompadour gleamed in the light and the smell of her perfume filled the space between them. After a time she broke the silence and asked, "Excuse me, what do you do in Madras? Studying?"

"No, I'm employed," he said. He did not want to disclose his full identity. The car took swift curves and was now speeding through the narrow street towards the beach.

"Where to, sir?" enquired the driver.

Shyam looked at her for directions. She appeared rather preplexed, but managed to give an answer, "Near the church."

The car slowed down and came to a stop before the church. Both of them got out. Shyam disposed of the driver. They



*the
Enchanting
Perfume
of the East*
IN

GAWO
Sandal Soap
rapturously alluring
& 'MUSTIC'
It will delight you

GANGA WORKS
ADVAD.

were both left alone. The dark sky appeared immensely ghastly. The tall steeple of the church loomed high above them like a benevolent watchman, grey, inactive, silent: its interiors bulging with grave sanctity.

He looked into her eyes, her young body, sprightly and invitingly alluring. The fulness and perfectness of her breasts maddened him. Both of them remained silent for a few relentless moments, deeply affected by a sort of apprehension.

At last she said softly, "I don't want to go anywhere. Please excuse me; all I need is somebody to help me now. To help me from a disaster."

"What is it? Tell me, let me see whether I can be of any help to you," Shyam said.

"I want some money, about Rs. 45. I must pay my examination fees tomorrow. Or else I won't be able to sit for my B.A. this year." Her voice choked. The noisy sea roared endlessly. By that time they had reached the beach. It was almost deserted at that hour. The cool breeze rustled against her delicate fabrics. She continued, "I am in a sad position. I lost my father last month. I have none else who will help me. I don't know how I can raise the money to finish my course." Her eyes were filled with sparkling tears. She wiped them away before letting them roll down into the dry sand below.

Shyam looked at her pitifully, and asked, "What made you to come here?"

"Nothing. In fact I had asked for money from many of my friends in the hostel. But none could spare it. I was humiliated. Then I thought of a distant relative of mine. I am ashamed to say that he is interested in me rather in an unscrupulous way. I hated him. However I had no other way but to approach him for the money. Fortunately or unfortunately, I couldn't meet him today. I'd been to his office and also to his lodgings. He was not there I was told. Then I walked aimlessly and when I came to Mount Road, I'm ashamed to admit how silly I am, I thought that I may come across somebody helpful! I was feeling lost, forsaken. I don't know how I would be able to face my friends in my hostel and college, if I don't get the money

for the examination fees." After a slight pause she continued, "Please help me. You can keep this watch as a guarantee. I shall repay the money sometime after the exam. Sure." She slipped out her wrist watch from her hand and placed it in his hand. "Please accept this and help me," she pleaded.

Shyam fumbled. The whole scene appeared to him as phoney. He had heard many such instances of pathetic stories so ingeniously carried out by wanton girls of the city to cheat men. That was more or less the character of most of the street girls, runaway women and prostitutes. So Shyam very cautiously tried to be on the guard. He accepted and examined the watch. It was not a cheap one. He assessed the value of it to be more than hundred rupees. And it puzzled him a bit. But when he looked into her face, all his suspicions and doubts flew away; tenderness set in.

"All right, I shall help you. But could you come along with me to my house? Now I don't carry money with me. If you can come up to my....." he suggested.

"Don't you think it is too late? How could I return at such an hour to my hostel? If only you could meet me tomorrow morning...Please," she begged him.

"Yes. Where shall we meet?" he asked.

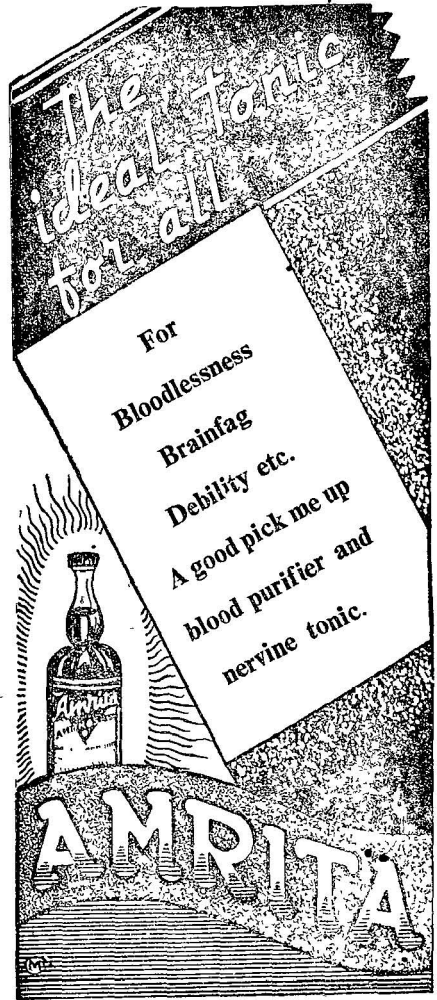
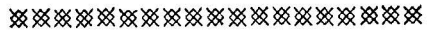
Then she suggested a place. Both of them agreed to meet at 8 in the morning at that place. Meanwhile she forced him to keep that pledged watch with

him.

“Now we will hurry back. It's too late, please,” she pleaded. There was a touch of relief and happiness in her voice. Shyam was not able to say anything, even though he had much to converse with that lovely creature in that pleasant hour. But he crushed all the lusty thoughts in his mind as both of them treaded over the sandy beach hurriedly, back to the city. They got into a taxi and she guided it to her hostel. It was a famous women's hostel in the city. At the gate, she said good night and also reminded him about their appointment next day. She disappeared in the darkness inside. Then only Shyam realized the painful truth. She was honest. Poor girl in distress. If he had not met her she might have in sheer desperation forced to pledge her priceless and precious treasure, her youthful body, for the sake of the money for the examination fees!

Next day, at the appointed hour, both of them met and she got the money. She did not have enough words to thank him. She got his address, and they parted. The watch was to be returned when she paid back the money. Shyam slowly walked back, carrying with him the sweet thoughts about her, her dark eyes, lovely face, red lips, adorable figure. He could not forget her for many, many days.

Days and months passed by. Nothing was heard of her. It appeared that she was lost in the multitudes of the teeming city. The colleges closed for vacations and reopened. No news came

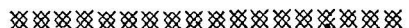


Manufacturers :

KESARI KUTEERAM Private LTD.
MADRAS-14.

Agents for Mysore State :

Seetharama General Stores (Agencies)
70, Arcot Srinivasachar Street,
Bangalore-2.



from her. Shyam had almost forgotten the incident. He buried his thoughts about her in the deep frozen vaults of youthful follies.

x x x
Four years later Shyam got married. And it happened, one day he proudly presented that tiny watch to his young wife. A few months later he was transferred from Madras to Bombay, and thus about five years after that incident at San Thome beach he happened to meet her again. There she was sitting behind the counter right in front of him. And yet she had not recognised him! Was it a pose? He wanted to test her and he thought of a suitable plan.

Next day he took the watch from his wife saying that he had found a buyer for it and that he would get a new one for her. He then went straight to the post office. There was no one at her counter which admirably suited his purpose. He approached it and without saying a word placed the watch before her on the counter.

If he had expected her to show some surprise he was mistaken.

She evidently was expecting him. For she smiled and telling him to wait went to the man sitting behind her and showed him the watch. He looked at Shyam and coming to the counter handed him a cover saying, "I am glad to meet you. My wife has told me everything and I wish to express my gratitude to you." The girl added, "I am sorry yesterday I pretended I had not met you before. My husband was sitting behind me and I thought he might misunderstand and misjudge me if you alluded to our meeting in the beach in Madras. In the evening when we went home I told him about it and how I had to exchange my watch for the money to pay the exam fees. He said that when next you came I was to return the money whether you had the watch with you or not."

Shyam took the cover and thanked them. He was happy he had been of some service to this girl in her hour of need. After sometime he took leave of them and from behind the counter two pairs of eyes watched his departing figure with a friendly grateful look.

HIS CHOICE

Tommy had been naughty, and when his father arrived home he said, "Tommy, do you know what happens to a good boy?"

"Yes, dad; they go to heaven."

"Do you know what happens to bad boys?"

"Yes, dad; they go to the other place."

"Well, Tommy, wouldn't you rather be a good boy and go to heaven?"

Tommy thought a minute.

"No, father, I'd rather go with you."

It is no use saying "We are doing our best." You have got to succeed in doing what is necessary.—Churchill.

THE STORY OF A LETTER

This is an English rendering of a moving story by Mrs. Lakshmi Subramanian, a noted Tamil writer, who has won several prizes in short story contests. This one originally appeared in 'Kadir'. We hope to publish a few more stories from the pen of this gifted lady.

MRS. LAKSHMI SUBRAMANIAN

It was already nine o'clock. Barely forty minutes left to start for the office if he were to be in time at ten. Sundaram gathered up the papers and placed them in the file. His wife Kamala was in the kitchen preparing the meal.

There was a knock on the door. 'Post' called out the

postman. Usually he used to throw the letters in and depart. But to day he waited till Sundaram opened the door and then handed him a letter saying: "There is 3 nP due sir." Sundaram paid the excess charge and went in.

The letter was for Kamala. He noticed that it was redirected

Estd.: 1906

Head Office: UDIPI, S. India.

The Canara Banking Corporation Ltd.

As on 31-12-1958

Paid-up Capital	...	Rs. 20,00,000
Reserves	...	,, 14,40,000
Deposits	...	,, 7,19,35,000
Advances	...	,, 3,95,40,000
Total Working Capital	...	,, 9,18,94,000

(Rounded off to the nearest thousand.)

"Service with a smile" being its motto, the Bank transacts Banking business of every description with a fine network of 53 branches spread over the States of Madras, Andhra Pradesh, Kerala, Bombay, Mysore & West Bengal.

**It's the oldest among all the Scheduled Banks founded
in the State of Mysore!**

from her father's place. The handwriting was new and unmistakably it was a masculine hand. He was familiar with the handwriting of all Kamala's friends and this letter, therefore, puzzled him. For a few seconds he held it in his hand undecided what to do; then his curiosity getting the better of him he opened it.

It was a love letter, an ardent one, and Sundaram was intrigued. He read it with mounting resentment. His body stiffened, his eyes widened with wonder, and little beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. He looked like a man who had received a terrible shock. For how long he sat there staring at the letter he did not know. He was oblivious of his surroundings and his mind wandered back to the days when he was in college.

x x x
He was then in the final year of the college. The Tamil Association of which he was the secretary had held an oratorical contest in which many students had taken part.

The first prize was won by a sad-eyed girl. Her name was Kamala. That had given him an opportunity to make her acquaintance. She was a plain looking girl and she was not high up in her class too. The only thing that was striking in her appearance was the sad look in her eyes, like that of the animal's which was being led to the sacrificial altar.

Sundaram graduated, and in course of time got a job. Nearly two years later his father raised the question of his marriage and he was asked to go and see a particular girl. Sundaram was

not willing to marry then but in order not to offend his father he went and what was his surprise when he found that the girl was none other than Kamala! More surprising still was the fact that she had grown into a beautiful maiden and her eyes were lovely. There was no trace of sadness in them. He was captivated by her charms and soon they were united in wedlock.

x x x
Theirs had been a happy married life. He could not recall a single instance all these past years when she had given him cause to regret his choice. In return he loved her with all his being. But she had all along been deceiving him! The thought brought a revolting feeling in him and suddenly he felt limp and lonely.

Who was this Mani who had written that letter in such endearing terms professing his undying love? How long has this clandestine love affair been going on?

As he sat there brooding over these questions he heard approaching footsteps from the kitchen. Sundaram pushed the letter into the drawer and pretended to be busy with the file. Kamala addressed him: "It is nearing 9-30. Aren't you coming for meal?"

Sundaram, however, was too upset and excused himself saying that it was already late for the office. He dressed hurriedly and taking his cycle departed. But before leaving the house he called out his wife and said there was a letter for her in the drawer of the table.

When he returned home in the

evening his mood had not changed. He noticed that Kamala's eyes were swollen and red from weeping but he did not speak to her at all. He ate in silence and sat there in the easy chair bemoaning his fate.

Kamala finished her chores in the kitchen and went to the bedroom. It was about 9 in the night. Silence prevailed everywhere. Suddenly Sundaram thought he heard her sobbing. He listened intently. There was more sobbing. His heart softened a little and he went into the bedroom.

"Why are you crying like this Kamala?" he asked. There was no reply. Instead there were more suppressed sobs.

"Kamala, tell me, what is the matter?" He sat there beside her on the bed and patted her hand. Kamala controlled herself and wiping the tears with a corner of her sari asked, "Do you have faith in me?"

"What a question!" Sundaram replied as if he was surprised at her but added in a serious tone: "Tell me the whole truth, Kamala. I cannot bear this any longer."

And then she began to narrate the following story:

Mani and I were friends from childhood. We went to school together, played together, and helped each other in doing our home work. One day a national leader paid a visit to our town. All the children had gone to see him but I could not go as there was no one to accompany me. Just then Mani came in his bicycle and asked me whether I would like to come with him sitting on

AMRUTANJAN



FOR

All aches and

Pains

the back seat. I was a little afraid of riding, but my father readily gave his consent and we both went gaily chatting all the way. When we returned it was late and the sun had set. Mani was in a gay mood and rode fast at the same time talking to me, now and then turning back towards me to stress some point.

"Don't look back. You may dash against someone," I said apprehensively. But he did not care for my words and when suddenly another cycle turned from a side street, Mani had no time to avert the accident. There was a crash and both of us were thrown on the ground. I

saw blood on my forearm and the sight of it made me giddy and I lost consciousness.

I opened my eyes next day in the hospital. My hand was bandaged and I felt excruciating pain. My parents were by my side. My first thoughts were of Mani.

"Mani," I whispered. He must have been sitting there behind my parents for he asked, "How are you feeling Kamala?"

I looked at him. His head was bandaged and one of his arms was in a sling.

"Are you much hurt?" I asked him with great concern in my voice. My father addressed Mani, "You must really go now and rest." But Mani did not go. "I don't feel any pain at all," he said. "It is the thought that Kamala is injured that is causing me pain." His eyes were filled with tears and his voice was choked with emotion.

I was ten then, and he was thirteen. But the memory of that moment is still enshrined in my heart. I felt drawn towards him then with sisterly love — love which is as pure as that which a mother bestows on her child.

Eight years passed and then my father broached the subject of my marriage. He said he had decided to stop my education and give me in marriage to Mani. "He loves you dear, and I am sure you like him very much."

It came as a painful surprise to me. All along I had regarded Mani as my elder brother and the thought of marrying him was repulsive to me. I told my father about it but he brushed aside my objections as silly and proceeded with the prepara-

rations for the marriage.

I was in a fix. I did not know what to do. Then a solution suggested itself. Why not tell Mani himself and enlist his help in cancelling this marriage?

It was a Friday, and I was returning from the temple when I met Mani. I stopped him and said, "Mani I want to speak to you."

"What is on your mind, Kamala?" he asked. He had sensed that something was wrong from the way I had spoken to him. I told him then how I felt about him and why it was impossible for me to marry him. "Anna, will you not respect my feelings?" I pleaded.

He looked at me for sometime without saying a word. Then he said slowly, "I now see what has been troubling your mind. I had noticed the sadness in your eyes for sometime but I thought it was due to excitement and strain of work. You need not worry on any account. I love you but I won't force you to marry me against your wishes. I will wait. In the meanwhile if you meet a man whom you love, you go ahead and marry him."

I was much relieved but before I could thank him he had gone. I did not see him afterwards. I heard that he had gone away somewhere. A fortnight later a letter came to my father asking him to cancel the marriage.

My father was very angry with me for he knew that I was responsible for the break, and he tried his best to get another bridegroom to get me married early.

That did not depress me in the least. In fact I was happy I was

not forced to marry Mani. Two years later you came and we were married. It looks from Mani's letter that he had never given up hope of marrying me and the disappointment of losing me for ever must have been too much for him. Making a sacrifice is great by itself. But greater still is to make it when you are least prepared or qualified for it. From the letter received I understand that. Something had been attempted that was plainly beyond his capacity. The process consumed his whole being. He died a week after writing this letter."

Kamala's voice was choked with grief and she looked away from him at the window. Her eyes were filled with tears.

Sundaram had sat there like one in a trance listening to the narrative. "Did you say Mani is dead?" he asked as if suddenly awakened from a dream.

"Yes," she said. "Seven

years back. Just before our marriage."

"Then," Sundaram asked fumbling for words, "how did this letter come today?" She looked at him for a while. Then the whole explanation of his behaviour flashed across her mind.

"Why?" she asked in a tender, caressing tone, "did you not notice the post mark? It clearly shows the letter was posted way back on April 7, 1952."

Sundaram looked at the letter. By a strange trick of fate it had been unusually delayed in the post and delivered only now!

He realised how groundless his fears had been and how foolishly he had behaved towards his beloved.

"Will you forgive me Kamala?" he asked gathering her in his arms, and in reply she nestled closer to him. He knew then that he had been forgiven and he was happy.

(Translated by Miss Vimala Prabhu, B.Sc.)

Solve your washing problem by

555 SOAPS

&

55 BHARAT SOAPS

UNITED SOAP WORKS

68, PERAMBUR HIGH ROAD, MADRAS-12.

Wanted distributors in all unrepresented areas.

MOONGALAMEDU MURDER CASE

S. RAJAGOPALAN

One of the well recognised principles in the the trials of crimes is that the best evidence must always be given. Eye witnesses are really the most valuable of all, but the difficulty lies in procuring them, since every murder is planned and perfected in secrecy. Next come confessions by the doer himself; and they are accepted if corroborated by the discovery of facts conclusive about the murder. The third in order of importance would be the testimony of the approver or the accomplices, who really would be the co-participants in the crime. This type of testimony is fairly decisive, but its very infallibility depends upon its being proved by other independent pieces of evidence. An approver or an accomplice may not always be a paragon of truth; and the need for his being corroborated has been dictated by prudence and indeed experience.

Perhaps nothing could illustrate it more pointedly than a sensational case of murder in Malabar, the curtain over which was rung down only recently.

Rangaswami Goundan and his brothers were rich and influential landlords in Moongalmedu village, in Chittur Taluq, near Palghat in South Malabar. He was verily a potentate in the locality and his word was law. Another brother of theirs, one

Chinnaswami Goundan, had conceived a passion for the girl of a farm labourer of his, who had already been discarded by her husband. In September 1956 he had eloped with her and both of them were living in Palni for three or four months. Her mother, however, interfered and brought her back to her house, with a view to keep her out of Chinnaswami's reach and then took her to the house of her brother Velayudha Ezuthachan (28) who was residing in a village ten miles away. The girl was living there till 28-1-57 and then came back to her parents' habitat at Moongalmedu. Rangaswami Goundan and his brother appear to have felt that this would result in renewing the infatuation of their brother for the woman. Rangaswami was residing in his residence with his family. He had also a farm house which is about a furlong and a half from the Palghat Pallachi Road and not far distant from the village chowki post. The girl's family was living on the northern side of the village.

On 1-2-57 a little after sunset it was alleged that Rangaswami, his brother and five farm servants of his along with another Rangaswami Goundan had assembled at the house of one Venkatarama Pillai. Then Rangaswami sent a farm servant to fetch the girl from the house of her

parents, representing that Chinna-swami Goundan wanted to see her. The messenger, however, proceeded to the house and warned the girl that Rangaswami was intending to kill her and asked her to flee. The girl and her parents immediately vacated the premises and took shelter in the house of one Palaniappa Goundan. Then the girl's father hid himself behind a big banyan tree with a view to watch what the party was proposing to do. The party by that time had come to know the trick played on them and suspecting the messenger's bonafides, took him back to the farm house, dealt him a few blows and then let him off.

It was then 8 p. m. and at that time Velayudhan, the girl's uncle, alighted from a bus at the road junction and proceeded to the house of his sister and brother-in-law.

Rangaswami being balked of his prey sent in two of his servants to fetch Velayudhan. He was then apprehended by Rangaswami himself by catching hold of his tuft. He was then turned over to his farm servant (who had functioned as the messenger previously) and another, to be detained in his house and tied up.

After some time the party went to the farm house in a bullock cart and they found Velayudhan on the pial of the house with his hands tied up behind him to the pillar with ropes.

Then commenced persistent whipping and beating of the unfortunate man by all the farm servants, under the direction of Rangaswami, all through the night. Afterwards, again under his orders, an Etna burner was brought

Insist on
BEING GIVEN
L. G.
 QUALITY COMPOUNDED
ASAFOETIDA
 SOLD EVERYWHERE
 OR DIRECT
From :
Laljee Godhoo & Co..
SOWCARPET, MADRAS-1
Head Office :
B O M B A Y

from his house and it was lighted. Rangaswami held the burner up to the victim's face. The flame was licking the face until it became completely charred. All the while Velayudhan was crying, "Don't kill me" but nobody took notice of it.

The charring over, hands and feet were bound together and he was suspended with a rope from the rafter with his back almost touching the floor. Satisfied, Rangaswami and his brother repaired to their habitation and the rest sat there. At day break it was found that Velayudhan had died. The party then reassembled and the body was for the

hence removed to the plantain garden. The ropes with which he was hung were thereafter thrown into the well; the whips and sticks were burnt and the blood was washed away from the pial.

At that stage an excise party was announced and all of them immediately ran away. Towards the evening after the excise party had left, Rangaswami and his men reappeared on the scene. The dead body was then packed into two gunny bags and was put in a bullock cart underneath a heap of firewood and driven towards the Korayar river. At about this time one of the farm servants who had been actively assisting all the operations, right from his visit to the girl's parents, gave the slip and hid himself until 10-2-57 when he was arrested.

The cart was driven by one of the farm servants and it was followed by another cart (savari vandi) driven by Rangaswami himself. This was noticed by two men who were just then returning from a nearby shandy who said they saw the whole thing by means of the torch light kept by one of the party.

As the carts were proceeding two other people, servants of one Chinnakutti Goundan, purported to notice a dead body underneath the firewood, of a male wearing a blue shirt with the face burnt up and charred. The cart stopped at a place near the river. They voluntarily assisted in removing the body from the cart. They then piled the firewood, put the gunny bags on them and poured kerosene oil which had already been brought in two

tins and set it on fire. They were waiting there till the whole body was burnt; and at the conclusion of operations they were paid Rs. 10 each by Rangaswami. At day break they removed the bones some of which were partially burnt and concealed them under the weeds and bushes on the southern side of the river.

The girl's father who was watching the happenings from his hiding place behind the banyan tree, took his wife and daughter to another village and spent the night there. On the following morning he went to Rangaswami's farm house and enquired about the whereabouts of Velayudhan. Rangaswami's brother told him that they did not know where he was. He then met Velayudhan's wife and was informed that he had left his house with a blue shirt on and had not returned. Then, four days later on 6-2-57 he finally lodged a report in the nearby police station. A case of murder was registered and investigation was set on foot.

The Circle Inspector proceeded to the village a Moongalmedu at about 2 p. m. He questioned a number of people. Then a few days thereafter, viz on 10-2-57, he arrested the farm servant who had run away and examined him. The same day, he visited Rangaswami and recovered the Etna burner from the verandah of the house.

The farm servant then took the Circle Inspector to the well, and with the help of a diver, the ropes were discovered and drawn out. Next day, the Inspector examined the farm ser-

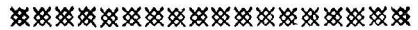
yants of Chinnakutti Goundan and was taken by them to the river bed. There underneath the weeds, the Inspector found and seized a big bone. On and around a nearby rock he discovered and seized a few chips of bones and also some charcoal and ashes.

The doctor and another expert in the person of a Professor of Forensic Medicine, certified that the big bone was a portion of the back bone of a human being over the age of 20.

The farm servant then made a detailed confession, setting out what all had happened so far, right from the commencement of his mission to the girl's parents. He was taken in as an approver on 26-3-57. All the while Rangaswami, his brother and the other farm servants were absconding. Rangaswami's brother was apprehended on 29-3-57. The others surrendered before the court on the following day.

All of them were charge sheeted for murder and rioting, armed with deadly weapons. They were seven, and consisted of Rangaswami and his brother and five other farm servants, one of whom was a youngster of 16.

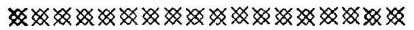
At the trial, all the accused completely denied the offence and contended that it was all a concoction. The Sessions Judge of Palghat, acquitted one farm servant and convicted all the rest excepting the boy accused, who was ordered to be detained in the Borstal Institute. Rangaswami was sentenced to death. His brother and two other farm servants were awarded imprison-



COCK SUPERIOR BATHIES & PERFUMES
 BRAND
FLOWER DUST PROTECTS CLOTHES & BOOKS
 SOLE AGENTS: UNITED CONCERN 54, BUNDER ST., MADRAS-1.

FAMILY NECESSITIES
 I.D.L. 12
KASMAS KASTURI PILLS
 I.D.L. 18
KARJAN GOROJAN PILLS
 I.D.L. 15
BALUX PURGATIVE PILLS
 SOLE AGENTS: UNITED CONCERN 54, BUNDER ST., MADRAS-1

SADVAIDYASALA LTD., NANJANGUD
 AYURVEDA VIDWAN *Prof. Rundy's*
ALMONTINE
 NERVINE TONIC
 LEHYA
RUMOPARS
 LIQUID RHEUMATIC PILLS; OIL TROUBLES
SWASKO
 LUNGS TONIC
 LEHYA
NANJANGUD TOOTH-POWDER & 54 MEDICINES
 SOLE AGENTS: UNITED CONCERN 54, BUNDER ST., MADRAS-1



ment for life and one other got two years' prison.

The Sessions Judge based his conclusion principally on the testimony of the approver and on the corroboration of the story by the two wayfarer witnesses and the two farm servants of Chinnakutti Goundan, buttressed as they were by the dis-

covery of the material objects, such as the ropes, the Etna burner and the bones.

The murder must indeed have been a most cruel and revolting one. Yet its very ferocity made it somewhat incredible and the story of the happenings, though given in a most logical and consistent array, carried with it its own fallibility. A little examination would prove this.

First let us start with the motive. What was such a diabolical crime for? To induce the parents of a girl already discarded by her husband, give up her connection with Rangaswami's (1st accused) brother? Well, a very word from him, who was such a force in the village would have persuaded the parents. But why should Velayudhan be put to death? He had no lot or part in it and came in only as a casual visitor.

The parents were poor people depending on the bounty of Rangaswami; and a murder was not at all the only way to bring them round. And never was so grave a crime supported by so slender a motive.

How about the murder? If the approver's story be true, Velayudhan was killed by a long drawn out torture, all committed in the open pial of Rangaswami's house, where he was living with his family inside and which itself was but a furlong or two away from the main bus road and the village chowki post. Furthermore, the locality was subject to frequent excise raids; one such happened on the very day of the occurrence.

Again, if really he had been killed, the body would have

been taken out and concealed. Instead, it was said, it was left hanging from the rafter for a pretty long time. That itself would have invited public notice.

If the motive for the murder was too slender, the manner by which it was supposed to have been committed was too fanciful to be true.

The approver it would appear was in the employ of Rangaswami and had been dismissed by him over a year ago. Would it not be other than strange for him to be assigned this most serious and outrageous business?

Therefore, it was clear that his testimony alone would not be a safe basis on which to connect the accused with so heinous a crime. One has, therefore, to look into the other circumstances and see if they corroborated his story. The farm servants of Chinnakutti Goundan could not corroborate him, since they themselves were *participio in criminis*, having assisted in the disposal of the body. They too have to be corroborated by independent evidence.

The crucial man was doubtless the father of the girl. What did he say and do? At first he suggested that a party consisting of Rangaswami, his brother and his farm servants came to his residence at 8 p. m. on the fateful day, armed with deadly weapons and that on seeing them he and his daughter took to their heels. Then, he said, he hid himself behind a tree and watched Velayudhan arriving, being beaten and taken to the farm house. This was not in consonance with the story of the prosecution,

which mentioned nothing about the assembling of the party in a menacing mood at the residence.

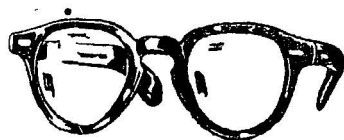
Then he admittedly saw the whole outrage being perpetrated before his very eyes. What did he do? He did not think it worthwhile to report the fact to the chowki post which was quite close by or indeed to any one else. He proceeded, he said, direct to Velayudhan's house. There was a police station on the way and there was also another person with whom he conferred, who was an ex-MLA. There was no whisper of the grim happenings. Most serious of all was his visit to Velayudhan's wife and enquiring about Velayudhan's whereabouts, when according to the prosecution story he himself was aware of what all had happened to him.

Now consider the evidence of the two wayfarer witnesses.

They told the court that they saw a bullock cart stacked with firewood followed up by another cart driven by Rangaswami. This was inconclusive and did not suggest any foul play.

The most important witnesses were really the two farm servants of Chinnakutti Goundan, who were credited with having completed the fruition of the crime. They said they saw a body with a charred face and clad in blue shirt; but that was clearly an untruth. For the night was dark and the body had been wrapped in gunny bags and covered all over by firewood. How could they see the body clad in a blue shirt, unless it be to fit in the statement by Velayudhan's wife that he wore a blue shirt before he started off from his house? They narrated that they voluntarily assisted in the dis-

PHONE : 4 1 9 8



RADHA BROS.

Ophthalmic Opticians

174, BROADWAY, MADRAS.

posal of the body; but before the investigating officer, they said they carried out the orders of their master Chinnakutti Goundan.

As for the discovery of the bone and the bone pieces, one circumstance should not be lost sight of. At or about the place where they were picked up, there was a burning ghat where such things were available in abundance. And although the opinion of the expert medical witness might be decisive there was no reason to think that it was that of Velayudhan.

The Etna burner was in the verandah of Rangaswami's

house because he was maintaining an oil engine. Nothing turned on the discovery of the ropes which was long after the main incidents were alleged to have happened.

By far the most crucial issue was whether Velayudhan was really dead. His identity with the remains had not been proved to the hilt and the evidence of the approver which had provided the only link could not be acted upon at all.

Therefore, the learned judges of the Kerala High Court set aside the convictions and acquitted all the accused.

(Copyright with the author.)

SELF CONDEMNED

The police court was crowded, for both the girl and the man charged with kissing her against her will were well known in the district.

"You say," said the defendant's solicitor, "that my client took you by surprise, and that you gave him no encouragement whatever?"

"I do," said the girl.

"Doesn't it strike you as strange that he should have managed to kiss you as you were unwilling?" added the solicitor. "Look at my client and then consider your own height. Why, you must be at least a foot taller than he is."

"Well," she said, with an air of disdain, "I can stoop, can't I?"

RULED OUT

"Would you have my daughter just as much if she had no money?" asked the self-made man.

"Of course," said the suitor.

"Then you must be a half-wit. Get out!"

"Mummie, I want to go to the zoo to see the monkeys."

"What an idea, Arthur! Fancy wanting to go and see the monkeys when your Aunt Jane is here!"

Poor is he who always wants something or the other. Fear has he who thinks he is going to lose something. To give is to gain strength. To receive is to invite weakness.—*Swami Sivananda.*

THE CLEVER RABBIT

Once upon a time there was a water famine, and the runs went dry and the creeks went dry and the rivers went dry, and there wasn't any water to be found anywhere, so all the animals in the forest met together to see what could be done about it. The lion and the bear and the wolf and the fox and the giraffe and the monkey and elephant, and even the rabbit—everybody who lived in the forest was there, and they all tried to think of some plan by which they could get water. At last they decided

to dig a well, and everybody said would help—all except the rabbit, who always was a lazy little bugger, and he said he wouldn't dig. So the animals all said, "Very well, Mr. Rabbit, if you won't help dig this well, you shan't have one drop of water to drink." But the rabbit just laughed and said, as smart as you please, "Never mind, you dig the well and I'll get a drink all right."

Now the animals all worked very hard, all except the rabbit, and soon they had the well so

THERE IS HARDLY A TOWN OF ANY
IMPORTANCE IN SOUTH INDIA

Which is not Served by a Branch of

THE INDIAN BANK LTD.

(Estd: 1907)

Reserve & Other Funds: over Rs. 99 lakhs
(including Share Premium)

Deposits: over Rs. 35 Crores

23 Local Offices in Madras City and Suburbs

Branches. in : Bombay, New Delhi, Calcutta, Colombo, Penang,
Kuala Lumpur, Malacca and Singapore.

Banking facilities of every description including foreign exchange.

London Agents : Westminster Bank Limited.

New York Agents: First National City Bank of New York.

D. P. PARTHASARATHY,
Secretary.

deep that they struck water and they all got a drink and went away to their homes in the forest. But the very next morning what should they find but the rabbit's footprints in the mud at the mouth of the well, and they knew he had come in the night and stolen some water. So they all began to think how they could keep that lazy little rabbit from getting a drink, and they all talked and talked, and after a while they decided that someone must watch the well, but no one seemed to want to stay up to do it. Finally, the bear said, "I'll watch the well the first night. You just go to bed, and I'll show old Mr. Rabbit that he won't get any water while I'm around."

So all the animals went away and left him, and the bear sat down by the well. By and by the rabbit came out of the thicket on the hillside and there he saw the old bear guarding the well. At first he didn't know what to do. Then he sat down and began to sing a sweet melody.

Presently the old bear lifted up his head and looked around. "Where's all that pretty music coming from?" he said. The rabbit kept on singing.

This time the bear got up on his hind feet. The rabbit kept on singing.

Then the bear began to dance, and after a while he moved so far away that the rabbit wasn't afraid of him any longer, and so he climbed down into the well and got a drink and ran away into the thicket.

Now when the animals came the next morning and found the rab-

bit's footprints in the mud, they made all kinds of fun of old Mr. Bear. They said, "Mr. Bear, you are a fine person to watch a well. Why, even Mr. Rabbit can outwit you." But the bear said, "The rabbit had nothing to do with it. I was sitting here wide awake, when suddenly the most beautiful music came right down out of the sky. At least I think it came down out of the sky, for when I went to look for it, I could not find it, and it must have been while I was gone that Mr. Rabbit stole the water."

"Anyway," said the other animals, "we can't trust you any more. Mr. Monkey, you had better watch the well tonight, and mind you, you'd better be pretty careful or old Mr. Rabbit will fool you."

"I'd like to see him do it," said the monkey. "Just let him try." So the animals set the monkey to watch the well.

Presently it grew dark, and all the stars came out; and then the rabbit slipped out of the thicket and peeped over in the direction of the well. There he saw the monkey. Then he sat down on the hillside and began to sing.

Then the monkey peered down into the well. "It isn't the water," said he. The rabbit kept on singing.

This time the monkey looked into the sky. "It isn't the stars," said he. The rabbit kept on singing.

This time the monkey looked toward the forest. "It must be the leaves," said he. "Anyway, it's too good music to let go to waste." So he began to dance, and after a while he danced and

moved so far away that the rabbit wasn't afraid, so he climbed down into the well and got a drink and ran off into the thicket.

Well, the next morning, when all the animals came down and found the footprints again, you should have heard them talk to that monkey. They said, "Mr. Monkey, you are no better than Mr. Bear; neither of you is of any account. You can't catch a rabbit." And the monkey said, "It wasn't old Mr. Rabbit's fault at all that I left the well. He had nothing to do with it. All at once the most beautiful music that you ever heard came out of the woods, and I went to see who was making it." But the animals only laughed at him. Then they tried to get someone else to watch the well that night. No one would do it. So they thought and thought and thought about what to do next. Finally the fox spoke up. "I'll tell you what let's do," said he. "Let's make a tar man and set him to watch the well." "Let's do," said all the other animals together. So they worked the whole day long building a tar man and set him to watch the well.

That night the rabbit crept out of the thicket, and there he saw the tar man. So he sat down on the hillside and began to sing.

But the man never heard. The rabbit kept on singing.

But still the tar man never even moved his head. In wonder the rabbit came a little closer and sang.

The tar man never spoke. The rabbit came a little closer and closer.

At last it said: "Look here, you get out of my way and let me down into that well." The tar man never moved. "If you don't get out of my way, I'll hit you with my fist," said the rabbit. The tar man never moved a finger. Then the rabbit raised his fist and struck the tar man as hard as he could, and his right fist stuck tight in the tar. "Now you let go of my fist or I'll hit you with my other fist," said the rabbit. The tar man never budged. Then the rabbit struck him with his left fist, and his left fist stuck tight in the tar. "Now you let go of my fists or I'll kick you with my foot," said the rabbit. The tar man never budged an inch. Then the rabbit kicked him with his right foot,

For Guranteed

SOV. GOLD, GEMSET JEWELLERY, ARTISTIC AND
UTILITY SILVER WARES, WATCHES & NOVELTIES

Please Contact

Jain Jewellery Co

No. 7, Nageswara Rao Road, T'Nagar, Madras-17.

IN THE CITY OF IGNORANCE

SWAMI SIVANANDA

There was once a wandering monk who had a young disciple. The monk was wise but the young disciple was impetuous and at times foolhardy due to his love for pleasure. During their wanderings they once arrived at a city called Maha Andhernagari. Putting up at a rest house, the guru sent the chela to purchase some foodstuffs from the bazaar for their frugal meal. The disciple went but soon returned dancing in glee loaded with a bagful of eatables, sweets and fruits of endless variety. The guru asked him what all this meant. The chela replied, "O guruji we will

settle here permanently. This city is heaven on earth. In this city the price of anything and everything is uniformly *one pice* per seer. Anything under the sun that you require, from a pin or needle up to silk and velvet, or gold and gems, costs but a pice per seer. For a tuppence we both can live the luxurious life of a king. Let us remain here till the end of our lives."

No sooner the guru heard this than he at once rolled up his deer skin, tucked up his loin cloth, and taking his staff and bowl came out of the rest house on to the open road and address-

A BOON TO MOTORISTS

**Full Range of Genuine Spares
at competitive prices**

for

HILMAN, HINDUSTAN, HUMBER, SUNBEAM
TALBOT, MORRIS AND WOLSELEY CARS,
MORRIS COMMERCIAL, DODGE AND COM-
MER TRUCKS.

Contact:

Reliance Trading Co.,

3, GENERAL PATTERS ROAD, MADRAS-2.

Grams: STUDY

Phone: 85228

ing his disciple said, "Let us leave this sinister place at once O disciple! This is not heaven. It is saitan's own city. Come, come, tarry not a moment longer in this city of darkness. Each single second that you delay will endanger thy very life. Where everything is almost free for the mere asking there life has verily turned topsy turvy. Pleasure here will soon turn to dire danger and thy smiles will give place to bitter tears. Come, let us leave this place at once."

The smile disappeared from upon the disciple's face. He turned vexed and disappointed at the prospect of missing this feast of pleasurable indulgence offered by the 'pice-per-seer' commodities of Andhernagari. His rosy dream-palaces were coming tumbling to the ground. He pleaded with the guru to remain urging him that nothing but joy would result from such a happy life, getting all things for a mere song and enjoying without much trouble or exertion. The guru was adamant. The disciple saw this and suddenly decided to break off from the guru and remain in this paradise of 'pice-per-seer' milk and curd, and fruits and sweets. Where else could one ever hope to get such a chance? Thus he thought within his foolish self and told the guru, "Alright if thou wilt go, go. I choose to remain in this city though you don't."

"Be it so," the guru replied and with a final warning, he left the disciple and the city. Thus the disciple came to settle down in Andhernagari, the city of benightedness, where everything

could be had for the mere asking, as it were. So cheap were the things that with a penny a day a man could eat, drink, and live in a royal style. The disciple's life was one round of joy daily. He could eat to his heart's content. He could easily get whatever things desire dictated and procure all that his senses craved for. Thus the five senses and the mind had their sense-demands satisfied even before they could arise. He had only to collect a few pices, which he easily did within half an hour, by wandering into the well-to-do locality each morning. He gorged himself with tasty delicacies, regaled himself with fine scents and an occasional flower garland. His lips were ever crimson with the juice of fragrantly-spiced betel leaves and nut. He looked quite distinguished in a silken gown and smart orange-coloured turban. In the room which he came to occupy at the dharmasala, there was a fine cot with a soft bedstead upon it. A fine hukka with polished silver decorative bands stood upon a stool made of carved ebony. There was a nice carpet on the floor too.

Thus five or six years passed. Good living had made him put on considerable flesh and he was quite thickset and bulky now. He forgot what he was and was intent only upon enjoying the maximum pleasures in this wonderful city where he could get everything he wanted or wished for. Thus days, months and years passed on smoothly in a stream of easy-to-get enjoyment. The disciple grew fat, gross and sensual.

While the disciple lived thus,

things in this great city of topsyturvism went on as usual in their mad way. The minister was a fool of the highest order. He was excelled only by his master, the king. The law of the land was of an extraordinary brand. The judges and law givers vied with the king and minister. And in this wonderful city one day there occurred an accident. A man was passing along a narrow road by the side of a newly constructed wall. As he was passing, the wall collapsed and a portion of it fell upon the man and injured him. The man at once lodged a complaint to the magistrate against the owner of the wall. But now the day happened to be a Friday and it so happened that it was the practice of the king to hold open court on all Fridays after 10 a. m. and cases occurring between 10 a. m. and 1 p. m. were taken directly before the king. Thus the injured man's complaint was referred at the open court directly before the king. The trembling owner of the house was hauled up before him.

King: Now then, the wall belongs to you?

Owner: Yes, my king.

King: Come, what have you to say? Why should you not be punished for the injury suffered by this man?

Owner: O sarkar! Though I own it, I know nothing about the wall. It was built entirely by a contractor, who alone is responsible for its standing and for its falling.

"Catch hold of the contractor and get him here at once," roared the king. The guards were at once despatched and soon the



For
FRESH &
FULL OF
FLAVOUR

A. K. Appadurai Mudaliar & Sons

Coffee & Provision Dealers
132-136, Pycrofts Road,
MADRAS-5.

Branch: 17, South Mada Street,
MYLAPORE.

wretched contractor was brought before the court.

King: Man, your wall fell and injured one of my subjects. What have you to say now before I send you to the gallows?

Contractor: Doubtless I contracted the deal, my great king. But I pledge that it was the mason who really built the entire wall. He did the whole job. If he did it well, all would have been well. He did it ill and hence it fell and caused hurt.

The king was pleased with the contractor. He vigorously shook his head up and down and said: "Yes, yes. You are right, my man. Go to the royal kitchen and have a drink of buttermilk. Turning then to the guards he ordered: "Go at once, hunt out and fetch me the mason."

The guards found the mason repairing a broken bridge. They swooped upon him suddenly and without the slightest warning caught him by the scruff of his

neck and hurried him into the court.

"Speak up for yourself before I hang you by the neck," roared the king in a terrible voice. "Vile mason, slayer of my subjects. Builder of tottering walls. How dare you commit such an atrocity?"

The mason gulped and rubbed his throat with his left hand. He was an elderly man with grey hair. He knew he was in a very bad situation. He said: "Your Majesty! the fault is not mine. The mortar that went into the wall was not properly mixed and thus the work of the wall was not satisfactory."

"Who is the mortar mixer?" asked the king in an ominous tone.

The mason heaved a sigh of relief. He made haste to reply: "O my wise king. The mortar mixer was a man called Buddu Singh Gadbadi."

Buddu Singh, was soon brought to the court.

"Why did you not mix the mortar well?" asked the king in a stern voice.

Buddu Singh blinked and replied:

"Sarkar! In the name of my grand mother tell me how on earth could I mix my mortar properly, when the rascal, who was to supply me with water from the nearby tap across the street, was the atrocious idiot. Never did he in right time bring the water supply. Thus the mixture was either too dry or not ready, when the mason wanted it."

The king was getting restless. The court was getting late. His dinner was delayed and yet the man to be hung did not seem

easy to hit upon. Everyone seemed to have a perfect case, but justice must be done and a vigorous hunt was made for the water conveyor. His name was Makku Plastri. When he was brought to the court the king, who was already impatient, roared:

"Why did you dally and delay water and foul the mortar mixture of Buddu Singh?"

Makku Plastri replied: "I am not to blame, O great king. I had to get the water from across the street and as I was getting water, a dancing girl across the street was singing a beautiful tune from her balcony. I am fond of music. I used to stop and listen. My leather bag is very leaky and as I listened to the prostitute's song, all the water leaked out of the bag. If the prostitute did not sing from her balcony, I would have been prompt and proper in my duty."

"Release the man," ordered the king. "Go and get the prostitute."

The guards summoned her to the court.

"Wretched woman," the king said. "Why do you sing from your balcony?"

The prostitute was frightened out of her wits and she could think of no proper answer to the query. She was forthwith ordered to be executed, and the guards hurried her up to the gallows. Its work done, the court rose.

The courtesan now stood on the gallows. The hangman's noose was lowered over her head. The unfortunate woman was halfdead with terror. But an extraordinary situation now cropped up. The lady was slender and thin. The hangman's noose

was too big for her slender head and small neck. Consternation prevailed. All the officials at the gallows were perturbed how to do the hanging now. This was the question that agitated their minds. A man was sent posthaste to the minister. The minister placed the matter before the king, who said: "If this woman's neck is too small for the hanging noose let them find a person of proper size to fit it and then do the hanging."

Guards were at once sent to look for a man of sizeable proportions to fit the noose. Two of the guards happened to pass by the dharmasala where the disciple was put up. The disciple had just had a very sumptuous dinner and was sitting on the open verandah in the sunlight, picking his teeth.

The guards espied him. Here was their man, well fed, sleek and a fat enough neck to take on the noose to a nicety. With an exultant hurrah they rushed up to him and unceremoniously dragged him from the verandah to the street and hurried him along. The disciple loudly protested, remonstrated and pleaded, but to no avail. He was taken up and deposited on the gallows. Thoroughly frightened, he asked what they wanted with him. The magistrate on the spot replied: "You have got to be hanged."

Disciple: "Why? I have done nothing."

Magistrate: "But what is it to us? That man was injured and the culprit has to be hanged."

"But I am not the culprit," cried the disciple, to which they

THE CONCORD OF INDIA INSURANCE CO. LTD.,

(Incorporated in India)

Underwrite all classes of General
Insurance business



MADRAS BRANCH:

'FINANCE HOUSE', PATULLOŞ ROAD,
MADRAS-2

told him, "But then you are the proper size. She was too small for the noose. As you fit it perfectly, up you go. You have got to dangle." And the court poet, who was also the part-time court jester, said:

"Be you the culprit or be you no,

To join the majority you've got to go.

However much you may harangue and wrangle,

It is finally settled that you have got to dangle."

Then they placed the noose on the fat neck of the fat disciple.

Now it was that the fat disciple remembered his good guru's grave and serious warning. He was now weeping bitterly. In terror he trembled and the sweat broke upon his forehead and flowed down his neck. He was in an agony. He cried: "O master! Save me. O, why did I disobey you? Why did I eat and grew fat in this city of darkness?"

Suddenly there was a stir in the crowd around the gallows. Someone pushed through to the front, crying out, "Stop, stop." The hangman paused for a moment. A stately figure, a sanyasin, with matted locks, mounted the gallows and stood by the side of the disciple. It was the guru. A man of intuition, he had come to know from far away that his erring disciple was in grave danger. He had immediately hurried post-haste to the city and arrived at the gallows, at the critical moment. The disciple now interrupted saying, "No, no, no. Don't do it. Hang me. Be quick." But the guru would not listen. He insisted upon

taking the noose. The hangman was helpless. He, looking at the magistrate, asked: "What is all this?" But no one was listening to them, for the guru and disciple were engaged in a hot argument, each demanding that he should be hanged, and refusing to give place to the other. This was an extraordinary situation. It was beyond the magistrate's comprehension.

Once again a fresh messenger hurried to the king. The matter was so extraordinary that the king himself now came in person. He demanded to know from the sanyasin why he wanted to hang himself. The sanyasin at first seemed unwilling to tell him, but when the king insisted, he said: "My dear king! There is a very good reason for my wish. I am an expert in astrology. I have come to know through my calculations that there is an extraordinarily auspicious muhurta at this time to day, and that the person who dies during that muhurta at this particular point of latitude and longitude where the gallows are situated and in this noose, that person will become the supreme emperor of this entire land in his immediate next birth. I want to become an emperor. Therefore, I have hurried with great haste to be in time at this spot. Well, you have the reason. Now let me be hanged, quick, before the muhurta passes away."

The king grew indignant. "Preposterous," he cried. "You fellow! you to become the emperor? What audacity! What cheek! It is I who have to be the emperor. I shall be hanged right now." So saying he slipped

his head into the noose. There was great pandemonium. The guru grasped the disciple by the hand and they both quickly hurried away from the spot, and walking fast, soon reached the outskirts of the city. The disciple fell in prostration before the guru and clasped his feet. He accepted his error, expressed remorse and begged forgiveness from the guru.

IT WAS SIMPLE

During the last war the U. S. Government made a determined drive to persuade all members of the American Expeditionary Force to take out Government issued life insurance. A white Lieutenant was assigned the task of selling policies to a Negro regiment. His success was not exactly sensational. In fact, he didn't sell a single policy. Confessing his failure to a coloured Corporal, he requested the latter's assistance and got it in this succinct speech that the Corporal addressed to his fellows:

"Boys, I have worked with you, slept with you, and ate with you. I have shot craps with the best of you and here is one thing none of you seems to have figured out. It costs Uncle Sam 10,000 dollars every time a soldier who is insured is killed in battle. It doesn't cost him a penny when a soldier who is not insured is killed. Now stop and figure: Which soldier is Uncle Sam going to send to them front line trenches first?"

The consequent sale of government insurance, it was stated, was little sort of terrific!

STAINLESS STEEL WARES

SCREW KOOJAS, THERMOS FLASK CONTAINERS,
HEADLIGHT COWLS & SHIELDS FOR ALL
CARS & MOTOR CYCLES AND ANY
SPECIAL KIND OF VESSELS CAN
BE SUPPLIED AGAINST
SPECIFIC ORDERS

STEEL & ALLIED INDUSTRIES

60, ROYAPETTAH BAZAAR ROAD
MADRAS-14

The Professor's Disappointment

MAHALINGA PADMANABHAN

"You are the prettiest woman I have ever set my eyes on, Leena," said Dr. Kausi as he playfully pinched her on the cheeks and blew a kiss at her.

"Thanks a lot professor for the compliment," cooed Leena with a mischievous look in her eyes.

Dr. Kausi wished at that moment that he was years younger so he could make love to her and win her heart. With a sigh he got up from the sofa and walked towards the window. A cool breeze was flowing and the sky was streaked with crimson and yellow as the sun was about to go down the horizon.

But he was not admiring nature's display of colour and beauty. His mind was pre-occupied with thoughts of his colourless and unromantic life all these years bound as he was with matrimonial ties to an old fashioned wife.

"Leena," he said turning round, "to-morrow is a holiday. Why not we go to a picture together?"

"Why not? I would love it," she replied.

"It is settled then. I will call here at 5-30 in the evening. Good night," he said and dragged his heavy steps out of the house.

x x x

Kausi was intrigued when he saw a car standing in front of her door next evening. He soon recognised it as that of the

young flying officer's who was living next door. "Meet Flying Officer Madhav," Leena introduced the officer to Dr. Kausi as he entered the house.

The smart young man got up and shook hands with the professor and said, "I have seen you before professor, only I have not been formally introduced to you. How are you, sir?"

"Oh, thank you," Kausi greeted back.

"I came to take Leena for a drive."

"I see. But she promised to go with me to a picture," Kausi replied trying to hide his disappointment.

"I am sorry, professor," said Leena in a sweet voice. "The weather is fine and a drive on the Marina is much better than sitting for three hours in the stuffy atmosphere of the theatre."

"Why don't you come with us professor?" asked the officer.

"No, thanks. I don't wish to spoil your evening. Two is company, three is a crowd, you know," he said with an air of lightheartedness and added: "Well, I will get along then," and departed.

"Sorry, Leena. Your friend seems to be a bit offended."

"What do you mean?" Leena frowned.

"Imagine that old crony trying to make love to you....."

"You are unnecessarily jealous," she laughed.

"I am sorry, Leena. I did not

mean to hurt you, dear," he said and putting his hand round her waist drew her nearer and planted a kiss on her lips.

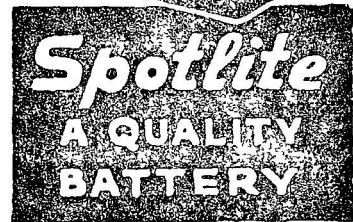
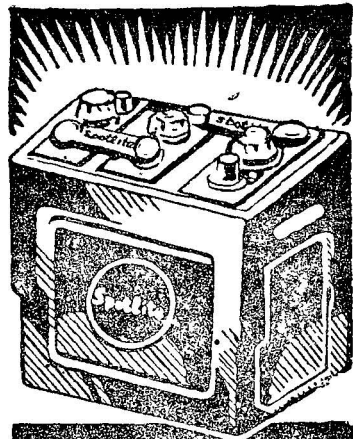
X X X
Dr. Kausi chose the loneliest spot on the beach and stretched himself on the sand. He fell into a reverie. He felt forlorn and miserable. He realised he had no right to feel so and it was quite madness for a man of forty seven years, married and having four children, to fall in love with another woman. But all the same he had felt irresistibly drawn towards Leena ever since he came to make her acquaintance.

"What are you dreaming about Kausi?" shouted Subbanna as he espied the reclining figure on the sands. Subbanna and Kausi were neighbours and often used to go together to the beach.

"Oh, nothing in particular," Kausi said. Usually he liked the company of this person but to day he wanted to be left alone.

Just then a couple came into view emerging from behind a boat. They were walking to the water's edge. "Why, that is your Leena," Subbanna remarked.

Dr. Kausi raised himself on his elbows and at once recognised the pair. They were the Flying Officer and his Leena. They did indeed make a fine pair. A



SRIDHAR & CO. MADRAS. 2

pang of jealousy shot across Kausi's heart.

"What concern is it to you and me Subbanna? We are old and our life has been spent. The young just tolerate us and get much amusement out of our helplessness before them," Kausi said. His eyes were still focussed on the pair moving towards the water's edge.

Subbanna understood and just nodded!

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

"Eddie is feeling fed up to-day."

"Why?"

"He took his girl to Tony's for lunch. While they were dining she discovered a fly in the soup. 'Waiter!' she said, 'remove this insect!' and the burly waiter threw Eddie down two flights of stairs!"

HOW YOU CAN TURN YOUR THOUGHTS INTO REALITIES

It is our desires and fears that make us what we are and by conscious effort we can change our pattern of life, says Ruth Phelps in the following article in *Rosicrucian Digest*:

We create our thoughts and emotions. They are part of the being which we have formed, yet what we think and feel effects in turn what we are. Desires and fears, of which the individual himself is often unaware, help to make him and his environment.

If a stenographer is afraid of the job, she has trouble, because to some extent she invites what she fears. She brings into being the fear in the first place. However, in visualising what she fears, as we all do, she creates that very thing. We picture to ourselves not only what we want, but what we don't want, what we fear. When there is a conflict in our thoughts and emotions, when we fear and desire at the same time, we defeat our ends, and when as is often the case, the fear is the stronger, that is what wins out.

A suggestion at night on going to sleep brings an answer in the morning to a problem that had seemed insoluble. But what happens to the suggestion of disease, or to the one of fear of losing a job?

The creator in man may work without conscious direction. It works unconsciously without the individual's awareness of it. The

creative part in the mind, rather than being subconscious is in the subjective and cosmic levels of the mind. It follows that that part of man's growth should be in his learning to be creative consciously, to give direction to the creator in himself rather than let it work helter-skelter. The subconscious is the storehouse of three active parts—the objective, subjective and cosmic. The creator is subjective and cosmic, not subconscious. It is not conscious simply because we are too frequently unaware of its activity.

The artists use the material in the subconscious, whatever it is. The content of the subconscious is, so to speak, the raw material out of which are made not only the artistic works of man but also his very life. What we do with the storehouse and the creator is more important.

In the process of living, man forms ideas, emotions and objects. More often than not, these are intended to be both beautiful and useful.

Objections cause reactions. Ideas and emotions effect the whole being. They are in a sense creative as well as useful, beautiful or ornamental.

It is obvious that when a man makes a table for his home or

even if he buys one with money he has earned, he has created not only a useful item but one that may be beautiful too. It creates pleasure and indirectly at least the table plays a part in the meals eaten from it, or the games played on it. It is less obvious that a man who is jealous has created in some measure his jealousy, and that emotion creates a reaction in himself and in those around him. It helps to bring into existence the situation he fears.

It is said that everything exists potentially in the cosmic. Man creates by realising. This means that man creates the world in which he lives by becoming conscious of his ideas, his beliefs, his philosophy. In a sense, in his development from primitive in society to more complex cultures, man forms new sciences and philosophies, but by these sciences and philosophies he affects the world around him. The world is different because he realises that world.

Little do we understand that this is true also of man himself. He is what he thinks he is, but not objectively and superficially. He is what he thinks deep in the subjective and creative parts of his being. It behoves us then to know those depths and to learn direct all of the mind.

We have said that man creates ideas, emotions and objects. In a sense too, he makes body, soul and soul personality. He is given a body at birth, it is true, but his thinking and feeling react on and make changes in the body. This is almost a truism in this day of psychoanalysis and psychosomatics. Yet we continually



MERCURY * SPECIAL * HB * PAPER NO. 1000

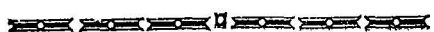
MERCURY * BLUE * MERCURY * CHECKING

**M
E
R
C
U
R
Y**

THE NAME FOR GOOD
PENCILS
BLACKLEAD, COPYING
& COLOURS



Manufactured by:
THE MADRAS PENCIL FACTORY
3, Stringer's Street, MADRAS-1



go on permitting the creator to work without direction. Man does not really create the soul, but he does create his own awareness of the soul, of the cosmic within him. And as his awareness increases so does his happiness and also his usefulness to himself and society.

The soul personality corresponds to the subjective self. It is in a very real sense a creation of man. It arises from the union of the body and soul. It develops throughout life, and is created by our living, by our feeling and thinking. It develops during the lifetime, but it also develops over many incarnations. It may be we carry over unconsciously from one life to another what we have learned to control and direct consciously in previous lives. In any case the soul personality is the creation of the individual. We are what we make ourselves.

There is a third set affected by each of us, another trinity which we help to create: ourselves, others, and the objective world. As we make ourselves, so do we affect other people, family friends even persons we hardly know. As we grow spiritually we learn to live with others and even for them. We expand our beings to include more than the individual self. The greater this spiritual growth, the more we create others, and the more we affect the world in which we live. If we do it unconsciously, the result may be disastrous. If we do it consciously we have a chance to add to the joy instead of the pain in our lives.

It takes hard work to learn to

be creative in the right way. It takes planning before we do something—and reviewing afterwards. We need aims and purposes, and we need to know how we have fallen short of them. It means heart break at failure and joy at accomplishment. It requires objectivity too, a detachment which is difficult to achieve.

The mind must be trained and cared for as if it were a child or an athlete. It needs to be fed, rested, and worked. We feed our minds unwittingly. The subconscious stores our impressions, our conceptions, our emotions whether we will it so or not. We must learn, therefore, to feed it consciously as much as we can, as well as to learn what food has gone in without our realising it. The storehouse contains material for the creator. It must have more than mush and hash if it is to perform its work properly. It requires amusement for light food, study and meditation for a solid diet and a leaven of things beautiful. Music, a day in the country, a lovely vase, these are as necessary as the study of science and mysticism.

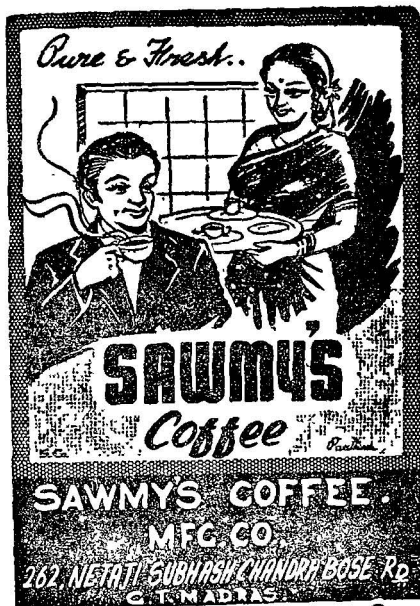
Once you have fed the mind, test it. Like the stomach it is after the feeding that the work is done. When you rest the mind, you are giving it an opportunity to work. Rest, in this case, may mean going to something else entirely different. If it is creation you expect of your mind, then do something not creative in the same sense. Once you have done your studying and meditating on an idea, then feed it to the mind and go out and garden,

write letters or paint the wood-work. Let the creator do its work in peace.

When you think that your mind has had time enough, then work it. Write the idea, paint it, play it, or whatever you wish. Or was it yourself you were creating? Then use that part of you that is remade. It takes practice and judgment to learn to know when the creator is ready to be worked. If the story won't go right, then look it over, try to decide what is wrong, and give it back to the creator with the proper suggestion, and the idea will be reworked.

The stenographer who is afraid of the job must feed the mind with understanding of the situation and the reason for her fear. After that, suggestion (call it affirmation if you like) may be added to the diet.

Affirmation without understanding will help only temporarily if at all. Once she straightens out the "diet", rest is needed for a time while the creator works. That does not mean leaving the job. It requires confidence in the creator, in the cosmic working through you, in order to accomplish the work. Feed the mind at night, rest it as you sleep, and go to work in the morning. This is not a new formula—but how often have you used it? Food, rest, and work—with this you can create a story or yourself.



Anyone who wishes to be creative artistically must also include in his diet the ideas on which he means to work, an idea for a story, a painting, a song. The final work may have little resemblance to the original idea when the creator is finished with his work, but the idea must be put in consciously. Otherwise, the creator will work helter skelter and the result may be likewise. If you don't like the result of the creator's work, you may add further food in the form of another idea, or a suggestion is what is needed. It is you yourself feeding the mind, and you must direct the work.

EXAMPLE

A teacher was explaining to her class the meaning of the word "collision". She said: "It occurs when two bodies come together unexpectedly." She pointed to one child. "Now then, give me an example of a collision."

There was a moment's silence, then came the reply: "Twins!"

HOW TO READ CHARACTER.

PARAMAHAMSA YOGANANDA

The study of others' character enables one to be alert to ways in which he can improve his own.

One type of character study is based on physiognomy. It is said that the salient characteristics of man are revealed in his body—a very strong statement, to be taken with great discrimination. Not all one's physiological characteristics do tell the real tale of the inner life.

Aristotle studied physiognomy as a guide to character. Hindu teachers go deeper. They say that all the thoughts of all one's incarnations are reflected in the eyes. Though the eyes reveal the whole story of the soul, not only of this life but of past lives, still it requires a master's mind to analyze the revelation of your past lives in the reflection of this life.

A yogi has calm eyes because he is thinking of the tranquil Spirit. Fear, anger, jealousy, sex, greed, spirituality—all these cause suitable reflections in the eyes. That is why detectives, who can control their facial muscles so as not to betray by their expressions what they are thinking, nevertheless cannot control the suspicion in their eyes.

Sometimes you are walking along and suddenly you see something in the eyes of a person you pass and you think, "I don't like that person," or, as the case may be, "I like him." Eyes tell

the whole story.

Facial and bodily expressions have been studied, and the bumps on the head have been analyzed. Caesar didn't like Cassius because he was thin and couldn't smile. Some people think that fat people are luxury-loving and don't like to work, and that thin people are spiritual. On the other hand, in India fat people are often considered to be spiritual and thin people not so much so. Some writers say that those who are thin think too much and therefore flesh doesn't grow around them. A study of history shows that both thin and stout people have been good rulers. Physical appearance doesn't always tell the story.

If you are fat now you were fat before; or if in this life you are thin you have been thin for several incarnations. You have inherited from the past those hidden characteristics; and no matter what you eat, that thought-pattern tends to manifest itself.

Physiognomy as a revealer of character is true from the standpoint that if one takes into account all the thoughts that have passed through a particular mind during incarnations, they show in the body. But it takes the intuitive power of a master to "read" one's physiognomy completely and correctly.

Two husbands heard the news that their wives had drowned. One was showing great grief and the other was not saying any-

thing; but the one who showed sorrow outwardly felt less love for his wife than did the husband who didn't reveal by his physical expression any pain at all. So physical expressions and movements do not always indicate what you feel or are. For example, Socrates was very ugly. He met a great astrologer who said, "Socrates, you are the most evil and wicked person I know." Socrates' students were very angry at the astrologer, but their teacher replied: "You are right. I have been all that in the past. But though I have overcome it by wisdom now, still the things I did then are registered in this body, making it appear ugly."

No two faces are the same. Each is different because of characteristics that have manifested themselves in this life and in past lives. So it is not a matter of simply judging people as bad or good because their looks are repellent or pleasing.

St. Francis was not physically attractive, whereas Brother Masseus was a handsome man. But Brother Masseus did not possess the spiritual beauty of St. Francis. St. Francis' body was ugly because in his early years he had been a luxury-loving person and was worldly. Even though he overcame that way of self-indulgence, still his body registered the life he had lived.

There is another branch of investigation related to physiognomy, that of pathognomy. A pathognomist studies the feelings and emotions of others through their outward signs or expressions in the body; in peoples' movements, the incidents in their lives,



and in their emotional reactions. That is a very deep study—finding out the true feelings and reactions of people.

One's feelings and habits indicate his characteristics. But some people have cultivated the ability to hide their true feelings because they don't want to expose themselves to others.

The study of physical characteristics and the study of the emotions should be combined for the most accurate analysis. Some people are emotionally stirred at the slightest thing. Musicians in this country are as a rule very emotional, and most of your music is emotional, because it is written around the theme of human love. In India music centres around the thought of God. That is why it tends to quiet the storms of emotion and to bring out deep spiritual calmness. Not all western musicians are emotional, of course; nor are all Indian musicians spiritual, though for the most part they are.

One of three basic qualities predominates in every man, according to Hindu philosophy. *Satva* is the quality of those that have spiritual tendencies. They eat properly, cultivate good habits, and are devoted to the Lord. The *rajas* type is active; such persons keep busy with



It is a moment of great decision and the clenched fists of N. T. Rama Rao and the determined looks of Kannamba show that they are not daunted at all—a tense scene from Swastisri's forthcoming picture *Rechukka and Pagati Chukka* in Telugu.

work until they die. Those in whom the *tamas* quality is uppermost fill their lives with quarrels and anger and jealousy and sex.

Very few people know in what lies their own good. By this one criterion you can judge anybody. Ninety-nine per cent of all people fail under that test. Tell a person, for his own good, to do a particular thing, and he will do exactly the opposite. Why? Because he can't help himself; his materialistic habits are too strong. Very often people won't do what you suggest, even though they know it is good for them, just because you have said so. Those who really want to improve should mix more with those who are calm and self-controlled. The weak should seek out the strong and the strong should seek out those who are even stronger.

After judging the *satva*, *rajas*, and *tamas* qualities in others you can analyze their physical qualities. Some people say that women are "catty." But men can be just as catty. The cat eats the tame canary and then sits calmly like a yogi in order to cover up his evil act. Some people enjoy being destructive to others' peace and happiness. Their whole purpose is to disturb and upset; they go about in society and seek out fights, like predatory wolves.

Certain types of people have been compared to the jay—chattering all the time. It is said that man was created first, and that the god Twashtri then took the gentleness of the moon, the softness of the down from the swan's breast, the beauty of the flowers, and the chatter of the

With the best compliments

of

V. SHANMUGAM

**Provision & General
Merchants**

531-532, Pycrofts Road,
TRIPLICANE, MADRAS

jay, and, combining these things, made woman. And man was so happy. But after a while he went to Twashtri and said, "She is a beautiful creature. I really appreciate her. But she talks without rest and she has become the bane of my life. Take her back." Then after two months the man again visited Twashtri. "I am very sad," he said. "Please return the woman to me." But after a while he came again and said, "Please take her back." This time Twashtri said, "No, you have to keep her!"

Women can complain, for their part, about men. Unless men and women understand each other they are a torture to each other. Man and woman both were created on the same platform of equality in God, because no man can come without woman and no woman can come without man. It is the duty of man and woman to bring a balance within themselves between their predominating qualities. Man is guided more by reason and woman more by emotion. Each person should perfect both reason and feeling within himself, so

that in the eyes of God they may each be perfect, with both reason and feeling properly balanced.

Some people behave like donkeys; they seem to have no memory whatsoever, and they are stubborn. No matter how much they have been tortured by the consequences of sense slavery still they go on practicing their bad habits. They quickly forget the painful results of sense indulgence and hence do not learn from their experiences.

In nature all the different animals represent different emotions and characteristics; but man has them all in himself. He can act like the snake or the wolf or the fox or the lion. Within us is the essence of hades and heaven. We should learn to

express more of the divine within us.

A great study of character is to be had in the analysis of the eyes and the emotions. But the greatest way to learn about character is by soul intuition. If you remain calm you will be able to feel intuitively and exactly the nature of each man you meet.

Intuition is the greatest power of analysis. As a mirror reflects all things held before it, so when your mind-mirror is calm, you will be able to see reflected in it the true character of others. If you are busy doing good to all, remaining calm and meditative, the true character of whoever comes to you will be reflected in the mirror of your mind.—*Self Realisation Magazine.*

HIS RECKONING

The going got just a bit too hot for a little lad in the front line trenches during the last war and he suddenly decided to take a run out powder. Successfully eluding everyone's attention, he sneaked out of the trench and, once in the open country, began running as fast as his feet would carry him. Suddenly in the pitch blackness, he ran full tilt into somebody who, it was immediately apparent, was an officer.

"Where the devil are you going?" barked the officer.

"Why Lieutenant, I....." began the frightened soldier.

"Lieutenant!" ejaculated the officer in amazement.

"May be you are a Captain," began the private.

"A Captain!" cried the officer.

"You can't be a Major, could you?" essayed the private.

"Major!" came the reply in a tone even more outraged than before. "Dammit all man, can't you tell a General when you see one?"

"A General!" gasped the private. "Glory be, have I run that far?"

*

*

*

THE WAY LIFE IS

Young Bride: "To commemorate an awful quarrel we had last week, Jim and I, planted a tree in the garden."

Friend: "Well, now, that is a nice idea! If Fred and I had done that we should have a wonderful forest by now."

THERE IS HOPE FOR ★ ★ THE MENTALLY ILL

LUCIEN NERET

World Health Day, observed each year on April 7, was devoted this year to "Mental Illness and Mental Health in the World of Today".

The number of mentally sick people in the world is on the increase. Since the 1850s when the first statistics were drawn up, the number of mental cases in hospitals has increased tenfold. Dr. Paul J. J. van de Calseyde, of the World Health Organization, reckons that in Europe alone nearly two million people are being treated for mental disturbances. More than a third of the hospital beds are occupied by mentally sick people. In the United States, there are about 1.5 million persons suffering from mental illness and 7.5 million from other personality disturbances—all in all, about 1 in every 16 people.

Two types of factors cause mental illness: pathological change in the nervous system, and difficulties encountered by the individual in adapting himself to his environment. The stress and tensions of modern life create disturbances in mental functions. The increasingly complex situations man has to face make it more and more difficult for him to keep in touch with the world around him. This is the cause of the disturbing number of cases of neurosis, and so-called "functional" psychosis.

Faced with this growing problem, modern psychiatrists have resolutely turned their backs on old methods under which mental illness was regarded simply as a functional disturbance of the brain, and a "madman" as a dangerous individual who ought to be locked up.

Until relatively recently the patient whose personality was already affected by a mental disturbance, was plunged into the inhuman, impersonal atmosphere of the lunatic asylum. All his personal possessions were taken from him, he was made to wear a ghastly uniform, and put into a dormitory where he became a mere number among other numbers. There he stayed, gradually losing all hope and even the will to regain his freedom and the right to live.

There are still hospitals of this type, but they are gradually disappearing. A revolution is taking place in the treatment of mental ailments and the success of the new methods has been so startling in the past few years that a new approach is bound to be adopted even in the most retrograde institutions.

The movement stems from a more human attitude towards the patient and confidence in his readjustment within the framework of society. Of recent years a relationship of an entirely diffe-

rent nature has been established between the patients and the doctors who treat them. Activities such as occupational therapy, meetings and amateur theatricals are now organised in psychiatric hospitals. The links between the patient and his environment are gradually restored, as the causes of the mental trouble are analysed and removed.

In certain hospitals, such as Ville-Evrard in France, the patient is received on his arrival by a "hostess-psychologist". Instead of cross-examining him, she introduces him to his fellow-patients, shows him over the building and, already at this initial stage, tries to interest him in some form of social activity. All this contributes to build up an atmosphere of confidence, a trump card for the doctor treating the case.

Thus modern psychiatrists have come to recognize that their task does not consist in "protecting society" against madmen, but in restoring to society sick people whom it is their job to cure.

The results of the experimental work carried out at Ville-Evrard in France, and other centres are now known throughout the world. They show that psychiatry has become one of the most effective of the healing arts.

This new attitude toward mental sickness is here to stay. The community no longer has the same horror of mental ailments. New methods of treatment are contributing to dispel prejudice, to make people understand that mental ailments are neither shameful nor incurable diseases, and

that instead of being terrified and hiding their fears it would be far better to diagnose the trouble right away before the disturbance develops into a real illness. If the trouble is tracked down in its early stages the patient can often be cured without even having to go into hospital. The number of cases treated this way are growing every year.

Psychiatry has come a long way in the past twenty years. As recently as 1922 general paralysis was considered incurable but, to-day, thanks to early treatment of syphilis, this terrible disease has practically disappeared.

Shock techniques such as insulin therapy and electric shock treatment are now applied in cases that were formerly considered hopeless. Acute delirium of infectious or toxic origin can be cut short in a few hours, and melancholia can now be cured in a matter of days by such methods.

Soviet psychiatric hospitals, basing their treatment on the teaching of the physiologist Pavlov, were the first to use narcotherapy, or treatment by sleep, in 1935. Very modern methods are used in these institutions, such as the Kachenko Hospital in the suburbs of Moscow, where out of a total of 419 registered nurses, there are only 8 male nurses.

Chemico-therapy is another modern technique which has made tremendous strides. Drugs such as chlorpromazine, reserpine and many others which chemists are discovering almost daily are now used to relieve conditions such as mania, melancholia, delirium and hallucination. And

psychological treatment is being used concurrently with biological techniques. Techniques such as psychotherapy or psychological treatment through work, have produced very valuable results.

The development of a corps of doctors, psychologists, instructors and nurses familiar with the techniques of modern psychiatry is one of the major requirements of mental health; for what the patient needs above all as much as any medicine—is that someone should show interest in his case, simple human kindness.

When there is no specific remedy for a specific disorder, the psychiatrist tries to associate and combine various techniques. The field of research is tremendous, for mental illnesses alone are as varied as all the other types of diseases together.

There is still much to be done in mental health but already there are promising signs: in the

~~~~~  
Phone: 3757 :: Grams: Mayerdrug

All kinds of English  
Medicines can be had at

**Mayer & Company**

Post Box No. 504  
16, Iyah Pillai Street,  
P. T., MADRAS-3

---

Moffusil orders promptly  
attended to

~~~~~  
past few years the number of patients released from psychiatric hospitals has increased quite considerably—80 to 85 percent as against 50 per cent formerly. And the average period of hospitalization, formerly a year, has been reduced to four months.

—Unesco.

THE WINNER

A group of soldiers were travelling in a train and they began swapping stories about their conquests among the weaker sex.

Each had a story to tell, all made up, of course. It was now the turn of raw recruit. "I had a friend," he began, "who met with an unfortunate accident in the prime of youth. He straight went to heaven and when he rang the bell at the gates, St. Peter looked out and enquired who he was."

"Private Smith," came the reply.

"Just a moment," said St. Peter. An hour later the heavenly gates were opened and Smith was asked to enter.

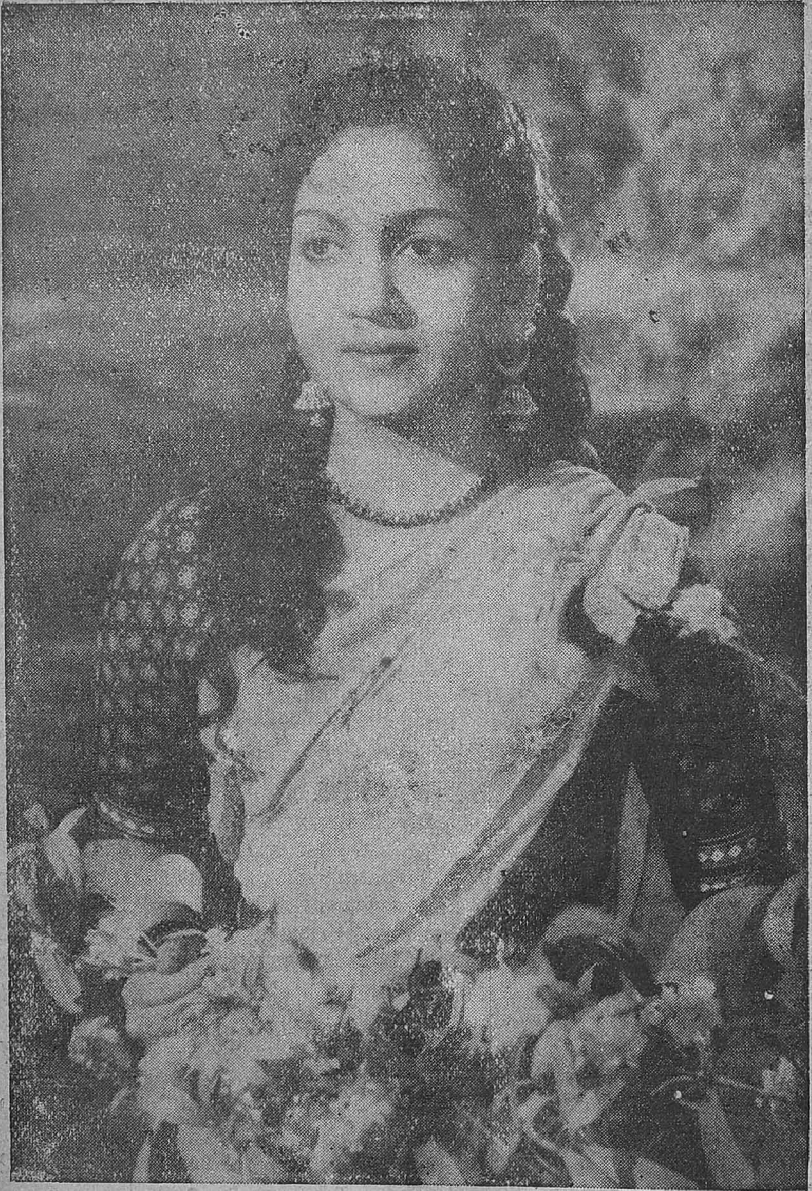
"What is the big idea," asked Smith, "making me wait so long? Have to look up my record?"

"Nay, my friend," said St. Peter. "I was locking up the women."

* * *

The snake itself it not affected by the poison that is in its fangs; but when it bites another, the poison kills the creature bitten. Likewise there is Maya in the Lord, but it does not affect Him, while the same Maya causes the delusion of the whole universe.

—Sri Ramakrishna.



Anjali Devi, the trilingual star, in a charming pose. The heart throb of millions of film fans she has acted in nearly a hundred pictures and has been declared the best actress in the ballot conducted by the Andhra journalists. Last month she gave a munificent donation of Rs. 25,000 to the Venkateswara University, Tirupathi.

GANDHIJI IN PRETORIA

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

Barrister Gandhi's first day in Pretoria opened his eyes to the indignities of the colour bar in Africa. An American Negro escorted him from the railway station to a small hotel owned by a *pucca* American. The latter could accomodate him only for the night, and that too on certain conditions. He was to dine in his own room and not come to the common dining room. The proprietor sympathised with the Indians but he had to look to his business. White men would desert him if he entertained coloured guests. Gandhi had to accept the condition.

Next day Gandhi visited Abdulla Sheth's attorney, Mr. A. W. Baker, who received him warmly. He said, "We have no work for you as a barrister, for we have engaged the best counsel. The case is a prolonged and complicated one. So I shall take

your assistance only to the extent of getting the necessary information. And, of course, you will make communication with my client easy for me, as I shall now ask for all the information I want from him through you. That is certainly an advantage to me."

The trial date for Dada Abdulla's case come near and Gandhi was all eager to do his best for his client.

The suit was for £ 40,000, arising out of business transactions and full of intricacies. The best attorney and counsel were arranged on both sides. Young Gandhi had ample opportunity to study their work. The preparation of the plaintiff's case for the attorney and the sifting of facts in support of the case was left to Gandhi. It was an education to Gandhi to see how much the attorney accepted and how

Little's Oriental Balm

For Colds, Aches & Pains

Germex

For any skin trouble

Little's Oriental Balm & Pharmaceuticals Ltd.,

11/12, NORTH BEACH ROAD, MADRAS-1

much he rejected from his preparation, as also to see how much use the counsel made of the brief prepared by the attorney. This preparation of the case gave him a good opportunity to utilise his powers of comprehension and his capacity for marshalling evidence.

Gandhi was convinced from the study of the case that truth was on the side of his client. But the litigation dragged on. The attorney's fees and other expenses were mounting up each day. Young Gandhi felt it immoral to go on advising the fighting of the case for an indefinite period. It was a colossal waste and handicapped both parties. Why not then attempt at a compromise? Why should the ill will between parties who were after all relations be allowed to mount up, as also the costs? That was the question that troubled him finally. Gandhi, the moral man, got the ascendancy of the lawyer in him. He boldly suggested a compromise, harangued about it and pleaded for it with both sides. It was not accepted. Then he pleaded for an impartial arbitrator. Both parties agreed. An arbitrator

was appointed and the case was argued before him. Dada Abdulla won. It was good the case was thus ended. But Gandhi would have preferred a compromise instead of a decision of an arbitrator.

The decree was for £ 37,000 and costs. If immediate execution was taken, Tyeb Sahib would have found it difficult to pay. The latter hated filing a bankruptcy petition. Gandhi intervened and persuaded Dada Abdulla to take the payment in instalments spread over a long period. Gandhi was happy over the result. He felt that the true function of a lawyer was to unite parties riven asunder. This was his mission as a lawyer. He hated the common role of a persistent lawyer who was out to protract litigation and make money out of men's miseries, not caring a jot for their welfare.

And a large part of his time during the twenty years of his practice as a lawyer was occupied in bringing about private compromises of hundreds of cases. He felt he lost nothing thereby, neither money nor his soul.

PRACTICAL

A successful business man, who spent a great deal of money to ensure that his men should work under the best conditions, said to the staff one morning:

"Whenever I enter this room I want to see every man cheerfully performing his task, and therefore, I invite you to place in this box any further suggestions as to how that can be brought about."

He sat back to await results.

A week later the box was opened. It contained a slip of paper, on which was written: "Don't wear rubber heels."

If you were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like whales.

—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

LIGHT ON LONGEVITY

More than a century ago Oliver Wendell Holmes, a physician as well as an author, prepared a prescription for longevity. To those who wanted long lives his advice was "to advertise for a couple of parents, both belonging to long lived families."

That there is considerable truth in this statement has now been confirmed by researches in U. S.

It has been known for a long time, writes William L. Laurence in *N. Y. Times*, that resistance to infectious disease manifests itself in two forms. One is the acquired, specific type of immunity, which develops as the result of exposure to a specific micro-organism. Such exposure may be either natural, as is the case when an individual contracts a specific bacterial or virus infection or artificial, as is the case when an individual is vaccinated with dead or attenuated organisms producing a specific disease. In either case the body develops antibodies, substances that provide immunity against the specific disease-producing organisms for varying periods of time, sometimes for life.

But there is another type of resistance to disease, infectious or non-infectious, that is not the result of exposure to a specific disease-producing organism and the consequent development of anti-bodies. This is a form of

innate, general immunity which endows the individual possessing it, presumably by heredity, with resistance against infections by bacteria and viruses in general, as well as against non-infectious diseases. Very little was so far known about this all-important, natural type of immunity.

Pioneer studies at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, by Prof. Henry S. Simms on "aging as a physiological process" have led to the suggestion that this innate resistance plays an important role in determining an individual's life expectancy. "Ninety per cent of the deaths in the United States each year," Professor Simms says, "result principally from the progressive loss of resistance to disease with advancing age." The death rate in humans, Professor Simms found, "is at a minimum at the age of 10, when only one child in 1,200 dies." If the death rate were to remain at this 10-year-old level throughout the entire life span, Professor Simms calculated, "our life expectancy would be over 800 years."

X X X
Properdin

Scientific light on the phenomenon of natural resistance to disease was first cast in 1954 when a team of investigators at Western Reserve University, Cleveland, isolated a protien substance from the spleen of animals and man which, studies

indicated, played a significant role in maintaining the body's natural resistance against disease both infectious and non-infectious. This substance was named properdin (from Latin *perire*, to destroy.)

It is quite likely that this properdin exists in larger measure in members of long lived families than in the others.

x x x

Antibiotics in Sericulture

A new method to wipe out bacterial diseases of the silk-worm is recommended by microbiologist Evrik Afrikyan of USSR. His method is to impregnate mulberry tree leaves

with solutions of antibiotics which keep there for a long time. Feeding such leaves to silk worms not only protects them from disease but stimulates their development and tends to increase the weight of the cocoons.

Experiments at the silk worm breeding station of the Armenian Academy of Sciences proved that the mortality rate of silk worms at various phases of their development was reduced on an average to 0.6 per cent; in some instances it dropped to naught. In the control groups which got no antibiotics the mortality rate was between 17 and 24 per cent.



This handsome actor, Sri A. Nageswara Rao, has made a very handsome donation of one lakh of rupees for the starting of a college in Gudivada, his native place. It is to be named Akkineni Nageswara Rao College. Shivaji Ganesan is another popular star who has made an equally generous donation of one lakh of rupees for the Mayor's Midday Meals Fund for the school children. The names of these two will ever remain enshrined in the hearts of the people of Andhra and Madras.

It has also been established that treatment of silkworm seed with antibiotics did not interfere with its vital activities. This makes it possible to eliminate the causative factors of bacterial diseases of the silk worm.

At the present time Armenian scientists are exploring the possibilities of applying antibiotics to the treatment of virus and other diseases of the silkworm.

x x x

Oxygen For Virus Diseases

Experiments on animals carried out by two scientists of Lenin-grad, have created requisites for the development of a method to treat virus diseases with the help of oxygen.

Experiments have shown that compressed oxygen causes changes in cell metabolism, activates oxidizing processes within the cells where the virus develops. This creates unfavourable conditions for its survival.

Scientists injected mice with mortal doses of the viruses of such grave diseases of the nervous system as acute disseminated encephalomyelitis. The infected animals were placed for a definite period in a chamber filled with oxygen at a pressure of one extra atmosphere. Observations have shown that in 50-70 per cent of the cases the organism of the animals overcame the virus and remained healthy.

x x x

Mental Health & Intellectuals

Nervous disorders are far more common among people engaged in intellectual work, particularly teachers, than among manual workers, was the opinion expressed in discussions at a

symposium on the mental health of intellectual workers, organized last month at the International Centre of Pedagogical Studies in Sevres, near Paris.

Dr. Paul Sivadon, Chief Medical Officer of psychiatric hospitals in the Paris area and Vice-President of the World Federation of Mental Health, stated that in France psychic troubles are definitely on the increase among educators, particularly among secondary school teachers. An investigation carried out in the United States in 1956 revealed the following percentages for different categories of neurotics admitted at a large hospital: teachers, 54 per cent; monks and nuns, 42 per cent; lawyers and housewives, 36 per cent; dentists, 30 per cent; farmers, 19 per cent; doctors, 17 per cent and railway mechanics 9 per cent.

According to Professor Delore, Director of the Institute of Social Medicine at Lyons University, most intellectuals do not observe basic health rules. Not only are they generally of a nervous temperament but their sedentary occupations make them prone to digestive and circulatory troubles. Most great men, Professor Delore added, had led unhealthy lives; with one notable exception—Pasteur.

x x x

Research on Cold

Recently Louis Roy, a young French scientist attached to the Laboratory of Animal Physiology in Paris, carried out an unusual experiment for which he was awarded the Pelmann Biology Prize in October 1958. He plunged the heart of a chicken

embryo coated with glycerine into a solution of liquid nitrogen. (-196°C.) The heart contracted and seemed to frost over. At this stage of the experiment it had the consistency of a stone—you could break it up with a hammer. It could be maintained in this inert, deathlike state for several years.

Next, the scientist revived the heart by plunging it into warm water. Then a miracle happened. The 'stone' began to quiver, to throb—it came alive and pulsed like the control-heart, which is the guiding factor in the experiment.

This technique of freezing at a very low temperature and returning to a normal temperature had already been used by biologists experimenting with lower organisms, such as spores and grains, or with fish.

Louis Roy's experiment is important because it was carried out on a warm-blooded animal, and it opens up a broad field of investigation on the use of cold in preserving living tissues. It also highlights the extraordinary benefits that could be derived from operating a "bank of tissues and organs" which could provide patients on the danger list with new skin, hearts or kidneys taken from dead bodies and maintained in perfect condition by congelation.

The main obstacle up to now has been that the human organism does not seem to tolerate the graft of human tissues taken from another body. But experiments now in progress may prove that the body could tolerate a grafted organ provided it were subjected before hand to a special

refrigerating treatment. Under the effect of cold, the organ's physico-chemical structure undergoes a profound change which may make it tolerable to the organism on which it is to be grafted.

Researchers in many different parts of the world have also used the techniques of cold to modify physical characteristics of various species. Chrysalids subjected to cold for a long period produce a different type of butterfly: its wings and legs change shape, and its colouring is altered. The fruit-fly (*Drosophila*) which is often used in experiments, changes its size under the effect of cold. If the fly, after being fertilized, is cooled to a temperature of between 0°C. and -5°C. it becomes de-fertilized, producing only unfertile eggs. Its ovules can withstand the cold, but the spermatozoa are destroyed.

Scientists have shown that cold can stimulate life, by prematurely hatching out the eggs of a silkworm. In this way, they can obtain larvae in the summer instead of having to wait until the following spring.

In the United States, two scientists have demonstrated the effects of cold in inducing parthenogenesis. By directing a stream of icy cold water around the oviducal funnels (Fallopian tubes) of a rabbit, they succeeded in inducing birth without prior fertilization.

Thus cold can be used both to accelerate and to halt vital life processes. It can suspend life, providing a rest period during which a tired organism has time to recuperate. And perhaps one

day it may help to prolong life.

x x x
Those Hangovers

It is not the amount of alcohol that fathers the hangover, science has now discovered, but the amount of minor components in the liquor—esters, fusel oil, acetaldehyde. Two scientists speaking at a Boston meeting of the American Chemical Society disclosed that they have made an instrument which measures the quantities of these substances in alcoholic beverages. Their measurements show that vodka is least likely to produce hangovers, with gin, scotch, bourbon and rye following in order. For the future they envisage synthetic

whiskies, entirely free of hangovers, which could be drunk right out of the distillery, saving the costs of aging. For those who need to suffer, however, the hangover ingredients could be synthesized in.

x x x
Space Exploration

The National Aeronautics and Space Administration, U. S., has announced the selection of seven men to undergo training as the nation's first astronauts or spacemen. Some two years from now, if all goes well, one of the seven will climb into a one-ton space capsule atop an Atlas intercontinental ballistic missile which will catapult the capsule into orbit around the earth.

●
A LESSON

When President Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, he was visited by some ladies of the Temperance Union. They suggested that he christen new ships with soda pop instead of champagne.

"The trouble with you ladies," said Roosevelt, "is that instead of opposing the christening of the vessel with champagne, you should encourage it. It could be a great temperance lesson."

"Why, what do you mean Mr. Roosevelt?" queried one of them.

"Well," he replied, "just remember that after the first taste of wine, a ship takes to water and sticks to it ever after."

* * *
"What about the tenner you promised to return to me on the first of this month?"

"That's alright. I wanted to but I learnt your daughter's marriage is coming off next month. I will bring the money then with my congratulations.

* * *
"You just bring the money and I will congratulate myself."

EXPLAINED

"There must be a mistake in the examination marking," said the student to the teacher. "I don't think I deserve an absolute zero."

"Niether do I," said the teacher, "but it is the lowest mark I am allowed to give you."

On the Importance of Vedic Studies

The Vedas are the roots of all dharmas and hence it is the duty of all to foster Vedic studies, says His Holiness the Sankaracharya of Kamakoti Peetam.

VELANDAI

How did the temples come into existence? From what do they derive authority for their sanctity? What is it that invests the minds of millions of devotees who behold the gopurams with a sense of reverential awe and piety?

The temples derive their authority from the several South Indian agamas. The deities installed in them are sanctified through Vedic hymns.

Those who sanctified these deities were persons who strictly adhered to the prescribed observances like *niyama*, *achara*, *ahara* and *dhyana*. They invoked the presence of the deities in their hearts through their penance and chanted the Vedic mantras. They dedicated and offered the fruits of their rigorous penance to the deity installed in the temple and thus sanctified the images of God. They did this not for their individual benefit, but with the object that the deities so sanctified may bestow grace on the worshipping public. Thus the Vedas, the spiritual life that they ordain and the holy men who exemplified that ideal in their lives constituted the very basis of the temple, not merely as a structure in brick and mortar,



but as a religious institution making for the spiritual education of the people. The Archaeological Department spends time and money to study and explain the architectural and other external features of temples. But hardly any thought is bestowed on the ultimate basis of the temple institution namely, the Vedas.

The Vedas are the roots of all dharmas—*Vedokhila dharma moolam*. If the roots of a tree are exposed, the tree withers and dies. The Vedas are the hidden

source of strength for everything. But what are we doing to preserve this source? In South India, Kerala ranks first in the matter of Vedic studies. This is because the Upanayanam of a Namboodiri Brahmin is performed in his seventh year and within the next five or six years he is made to master this branch of the Vedas. During this period the Namboodiri boys lead a life of rigorous discipline wearing only a loin of cloth and sleeping on a deer skin. The present Chief Minister of Kerala, Sri Sankaran Nambudiripad, is said to have undergone such a course of study. The next place in the matter of Vedic studies goes to the Telugu region. The encouragement for Vedic studies was provided by annual examination and Vidvat Sadas held at Vijaya-wada during Navaratri. Scholars were honoured with cash presentations on this occasion and also given certificates testifying to their scholarship. These scholars used to return to their homes on foot, and enroute grihasthas to whom they showed these certificates also gave them generous gifts. At every marriage an amount was earmarked for making presents to Vedic scholars. The Tamil Nad ranks third in Vedic studies. Nowadays not many among us are devoted to Vedadhayana.

All the Vedas centre in God. The Lord says in the Gita: *Vedaischa sarvairahameva vedyah*. This is an echo of a well-known passage in the Kathopanishad. There is only one God and he is the Paramatma. He is the author of creation, preservation and destruction. A tree springs into

life from earth; and becomes a part of the earth when it dies by decay. Similarly the entire universe derives its being from God, is sustained by Him and finally merges into Him. The only unchanging and undestructible being in the universe is God. Other religions also proclaim the existence of only one God. If the God of another religion answered the attributes mentioned above, he must be accepted as that one and only God but known by a different name. It is said that if this view is accepted the bond of religion would become loose and the chances of conversion to other religions would increase. But that is not true. If an adherent of one religion comes to believe that the God proclaimed by his religion and the God proclaimed by another religion are the same, he will not change his religion; for such an action will be tantamount to denying the God of the religion he professes who is the same as the God of the religion which he proposes to embrace. He will thus be a traitor both to his former religion and to his new religion.

The Vedic religion is anterior to all religions which adopt this definition of God. Any person who thinks of forsaking the Vedas becomes untrue not only to God, but to his own self. The Vedas contain the immutable rules by which the Universe functions for all times, the past, the present and the future. They determine the entire range of human relationship and activity. The Vedic injunctions govern our entire life from birth to death. We are now at a stage

when we follow the Vedic injunctions by habit without understanding their meaning or significance. If this attitude is allowed to continue, there is the danger of our losing the Vedic tradition, a danger not only to this country, but to the whole world. It is our duty to produce in sufficient numbers persons who make the Vedas their life-study and who are able to explain the Vedic mantras. According to

the statistics available, the number of students learning the Vedas either privately or in patasalas is very small.

With sufficient inducement more scholars may come forward to make a life study of Veda Bhashya. The Vedas have to be studied from the mouth of a teacher. If their purity and efficacy are to be maintained a dedicated and strictly disciplined life is necessary.

These two, the Manifest and the Unmanifest, although differing in name, in essence are identical. This sameness is the mystery, the deep within the deep, the door of many mysteries.

—Lao Tze.

* * * *

What good is it if we acknowledge in our prayers that God is the Father of us all, and in our daily lives do not treat every man as our brother?—*Swami Vivekananda.*

* * * *

Happy is he who has overcome all selfishness; happy is he who has attained peace and happy is he who has found the truth.

—*The Buddha.*

* * * *

As cows, after eating their fill, lie down quietly at a place and chew the cud, so after visiting a sacred spot or a place of pilgrimage, you must take hold of the holy thoughts that rose in the mind while there, sit down in a solitary corner and think of them till you be immersed in them. You must not devote yourself to sense pursuits and drive away such higher ideals from your mind immediately after you turn away from those places.

—*Sri Ramakrishna.*

* * * *

Moulded clay is fashioned in a vessel, but the usefulness of the vessel depends on the empty inner centre. Doors and windows are cut to make a dwelling place, but the usefulness of the house depends on the empty inner space. Thus the value of existent things comes from the use of non-existence.—*Lao Tze.*

* * * *

LAWYER'S ROLE

"Who is appearing for you, my man?" a magistrate asked the man in the dock.

"I'm appearing for myself, sir," said the man.

"Are you pleading guilty or not guilty?"

"I'm innocent, sir. Sure, if I was guilty I'd have a lawyer."

The New Age of Chemistry

NIKOLAI SEMYONOV, NOBEL PRIZE WINNER

While physics predominated in the first half of the 20th century, in the second half, in my opinion, chemistry will take over. Of course, the physicists still have to face many vital problems—how to obtain controlled thermonuclear reactions, for instance, but it is chemistry, none the less, that is responsible for the present tremendous advance in that very field of technology which has hitherto been the most static and inert: I have in mind the manufacture of man-made materials.

Goods that are made of natural materials do not have all the properties required and are far from perfect from our point of view. And yet since time immemorial man has had to adapt himself to the things nature provided him with. Long periods in human development were named after the basic material used—the stone, the bronze and the iron ages—and it seems that we still live in the latter.

The discoveries of the past few decades have laid the foundation of a science which gave the start to a new age—the age of synthetic polymers.

The creation of materials is becoming more and more governed by the wishes of scientists and engineers. Chemistry is making materials which are as strong as steel, as warm as wool, more stable than gold, as elastic as natural rubber, more transparent than glass, and just as beautiful as precious

stones.

Synthetic materials are destined to play a paramount part in the development of man's well being.

There is a vast field of application for plastics in machine building. I have in mind, for instance, the manufacture of gears and other machine parts which will not require lubrication. Scientists also have to work on the composition and technology of the so-called glass fibre plastics. These are hard, light and elastic, and have a wide range of uses. They may, for instance, be employed to make mine props. Synthetic glass is useful for car bodies and bicycle frames, for furniture, boat bodies and pylons for high-tension lines.

One of the most important problems still outstanding is the creation of plastics and synthetic rubbers capable of withstanding high temperatures.

Opportunities for the use of plastics in construction are indeed tremendous. Strong and easily shaped plastics can be obtained from straw and reed in those areas which lack forests, while in wooded areas they can be made from saw-dust, moulded together with a small proportion of cheap plastic material. The principal task is to commence extensive production of various polymers at an early date and introduce them into every branch of the national economy, into every household.

It is also quite possible that

the application of chemistry to the theoretical and practical aspects of biology, particularly in medicine and agriculture, will be of even greater importance. Many dangerous diseases have been done away with by small doses of chemical drugs. Wonderful results have been obtained in agriculture by employing small doses of chemicals in pest and weed control.

With the use of polymers, chemistry has learned to accelerate the formation of soil structure and to control soil erosion. There is big future for polymers in agriculture. However, I believe that we are only just beginning. There will be real miracles when chemistry moves boldly into fundamental problems of biology and uncovers the secrets of such processes as nervous excitation, muscular contraction, the action of enzymes, etc.

Then, as a result of fruitful co-operation between chemistry and biology, two new lines of development will be opened up. Firstly, the conscious influencing of organisms by chemical means, and, secondly, the industrial application of certain physico-chemical principles of the functioning of an organism.

Chemistry has to solve the most fundamental and profound problem: what actually happens when a substance ceases to be inanimate and life originates?

It is hard to comprehend all the implications of such a discovery. It will revolutionize chemotherapy and will open up opportunities for the cure of such dread diseases as cancer, cardiovascular ailments, etc. (Briefly reported in our last issue.—Ed. K.)

In agriculture this discovery will mean that hereditary changes in plants and animals will come under man's control.

The development of physics in our century has made it clear that experimental and theoretical research into the mechanism of new phenomena may result in tremendous technical accomplishments, in the creation of processes non-existent either in nature or in technology. I have in mind the chain reactions of fission and fusion. Mankind has never before witnessed anything of this kind.

The precise sciences—physics and chemistry—have entered a new stage. The employment of their achievements can raise the level of well-being of the peoples of the world to unlimited heights.

CAUTIOUS

Four youngsters were playing cards in the street. A strange man joined them and watched with great interest.

"Well, who's winning?" he eventually asked.

One of the youngsters looked up suspiciously. "Are you from the income-tax office?"

* * * *

Victory breeds hatred, the defeated live in pain.. Happily the peaceful live giving up victory and defeat.—*Lord Buddha.*

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Sri N. A. Palkhiwala,
Bombay.
Sir,

Speaking about Morarji's budget you said:

"It is said that (high) taxation is necessary to finance the successive Five Year Plans. Economists have calculated that even after twenty years of planning, the national income will only be double of what it is now and even then we will be among the poorest nations of the world. A very substantial part of the huge amounts raised by crushing a section of the people really goes down the drain. It is amazing how many scandals in the public sector, how many instances of utter waste of public funds, how many examples of sheer extravagance in administering the country are allowed to occur year after year without any proper enquiry or any conscientious effort to prevent their recurrence. In the meanwhile, the burden of taxation keeps on mounting higher the cost of living goes up, the poor man is dissatisfied, the middle-class man is dissatisfied and the rich man is dissatisfied....."

Wait a minute! Wait a minute! In which category are you classifying the Congresswalas? For, you see they are the only ones who are not dissatisfied. In fact they are proud of the record of their Governments these past ten years. Do they then come under the the super rich class?

—Zero.

General Ayub Khan,
President, Pakistan,
Karachi.
Dictator,

Once again the little plot which your minions in Kashmir hatched to put India in the wrong has misfired! They reported a raid by Indian troops and accused them of carrying away a constable. But later it was proved that there was no such raid at all and the missing constable was indeed arrested on the Indian side of the cease fire line!

You know once a lie is told you have to go on inventing more lies to cover up the first one. Your country's whole case about Kashmir is based on lies. It was the politicians who launched this little war to divert the attention of the people from the home front.

You are not a politician. You are a military man. You have stated that you want peace and goodwill of India. Why not then apply your fresh mind to the problem and try to effect a compromise? You will then cease to be a dictator and become a liberator!

—Zero.

0 0 0
Sri M. V. Krishnappa,
Deputy Minister for Agriculture,
New Delhi.
Sir,

Has the world gone topsy turvy or what? I am tempted to ask this question because of the new scheme you have in

mind—popularisation of cow's milk.

Cow's milk! Think of it! In a land where cow is venerated and worshipped you now come forward and say that government thinks it necessary to popularise cow's milk! Can there be a more harebrained scheme than this?

Do you think that the cow is reared in India mainly for worshipping? Or for its dung to be used as fuel?

Desist, my dear sir, desist, from launching this scheme, lest you become the laughing stock of the country!

—Zero.

0 0 0

Sri V. K. Krishna Menon,
Minister for Defence,
New Delhi.
Barrister,

Sad, sad indeed is the impression left in my mind after reading your statement in the Lok Sabha about the shooting of the Indian plane over Pakistan.

This was the first instance of an Indian plane straying over the border into Pakistan and promptly it was shot down!

But look at the other picture. Pakistan planes have been violating our air space regularly a number of times and all we have done is to lodge a few protests!

Pakistan army has also been carrying on frequent border raids. In Bengal they have forcibly occupied some pockets which legitimately belong to us.

The Pak planes which frequently penetrate deep into India do not come on pleasure jaunts.

Evidently they come for reconnaissance purposes. And they go scot free while the first Indian plane that strayed into Pakistan by mistake was deliberately shot down!

Well, you have said that you do not want to do anything contrary to international law and practice. That is as it should be. But how long are you going to tolerate such violations? Are you content to just lodge protests and go on patting yourself on the back saying that you have acted correctly?

Why not for a change act the Pakistan way? Why not pay them in their own coin? —Zero.

0 0 0

Chou En-Lei,
Peking.
Prime Minister,

There is no gainsaying the fact that the Dalai Lama's fleeing the country and coming to India has been a great blow to your prestige. And that is the reason why perhaps you have repeated the charge that he is still under duress when you know perfectly well that he is moving about freely in this country.

The Dalai Lama's party consists of a handful of people. If your charge is true it means that these companions are sticking guns and daggers at his back and holding him a prisoner! And by implication it means that the Indian security forces guarding him are conniving at it!

Tsch! Tsch! That line of talk, my dear friend, may be alright for your home consumption. But what about the people here? They know that your charge is fantastic! It doesn't do you or your country any

good. In fact if you are not careful it will make people here distrust all propaganda that comes from communist countries and any statement made by you or your government will henceforth be taken with a large pinch of salt!

0 0 0 —Zero.

Sri Kamraj Nadar,
Chief Minister,
Madras.
Chief Minister,

Analysing the causes of the reverses suffered by the Congress in the recent City Corporation elections you said that one reason was because men of outstanding ability in the party were not forthcoming to contest the elections. That according to you, perhaps, influenced the middle classes to abstain from voting.

When someone asked whether it was not a fact that Congress had lost the support of the middle classes, you said that was also quite likely.

What intrigues me, dear Kamraj, is that you do not seem to be perturbed at all by this. Perhaps you think that the middle classes will veer round.

I wish I can share your optimism. But has it ever occurred to you that there may be another reason for the poor voting result? That the middle classes who have long been supporters of Congress have dwindled in numbers? That the various taxation and other policies of the Congress have pushed the middle classes lower and lower in the social scale?

Well, think over it my friend and do something to save the middle classes who have so long been solidly behind the Congress.

If they go completely under where will Congress be? —Zero.

0 0 0

Sri Kailasnath Pandey, M P.,
C/o Lok Sabha,
New Delhi.

Sir,

The more I ponder over the bill which you have introduced in the Lok Sabha seeking to make hunger strikes illegal, the more I feel that you are doing a great disservice!

Do you know why? The Congress which has given every adult a vote has also given them the right to strike provided it is preceded by proper notice!

You know hunger strike forms part of the weapon of strikers like picketing. I can understand if you say that under the present context of building up India's economy all strikes are anti-social and should be banned. Why pick up the hunger strike alone which, if you think over it, does some inconvenience to the striker alone where as a general strike can do untold harm to an industry and even paralyse the nation?

The better solution would be to ban all strikes except the hunger strike! Think how many advantages are gained by such a step. The more people strike the greater the food saved! Another advantage is that by virtue of their self imposed denial of food the strikers would get progressively weakened and the chances of violence breaking out is reduced to nil!

You thus see that rather than banning hunger strikes you should encourage it. Let hunger strikes thrive! Hunger strikers ki jai!

—Zero.

THE SCREEN & THE STARS

A. VENKATESWARA RAO

Sri B. Nagi Reddi of Vauhini-Vijaya Studios has been unanimously elected President of the South Indian Film Chamber of Commerce at its annual general body meeting held last month. It is a fit recognition of the debt which the film world owes to this young and energetic studio owner-producer who put up a stiff fight against the imposition of the quota system last year for raw films. Here are the other office bearers. Vice President: Sri A. Ramiah; Honorary Secretaries: Sri P. S. Ramakrishna Rao, and Sri V. C. Subramaniam. To them and the committee members my congratulations.

0 0 0
FILM BALLOTS

For some years now the holding of film ballots to select the "best" stars and best pictures has become quite the fashion in India like its counterpart in Hollywood. Recently three such ballots were conducted in the south.

The first was by the Andhra Film Fans Association. They had distributed one lakh ballot papers in the theatres to be filled in by the theatre goers.

The second ballot was conducted by the Andhra Film Journalists Association, Madras, who published ballot forms in the Telugu journals.

The third one was conducted by the Madras Film Fans Association who appointed a panel of judges to pick the best stars.



Sri B. Nagi Reddi

Looking ahead with confidence.

In the first and second ballots A. Nageswara Rao, and Anjali received top honours while Relangi was chosen as the best comedian and Kamamurthy and Rajasulochana for best supporting roles. K. V. Reddy was declared the best director and *Manchi-manusuku Manchi Rajulu* was declared the best film. The choice of the Madras Film Fans Association for top honours was different. It gave first place to N. T. Rama Rao and Rajasulochana.

All these, of course, are box office names and they are veterans of the screen and they richly deserve the honour given to them by the three different associations.

However, a few words regarding these ballots and the way they are being conducted are not out of place.

The Andhra Film Fans Association was the first to announce the holding of the ballot and publish the results in the local papers. But the Andhra Film Journalists of Madras thought perhaps that they were pushed into the background and some of them were soon up in arms and questioned the validity of the results. So they conducted another ballot by publishing ballot forms in their journals. To their surprise and chagrin they found their earlier criticisms were hasty. The results of the ballot were exactly the same as that announced earlier from Rajahmundry.

The result of the Madras Film Fans Association ballot, however, differed from the above as stated already.

Here thus is a piquant situation with two different lists of "bests". It is rather awkward and confusing too. Would it not be better if these association had a joint ballot in future seeking the co-operation of all the theatres and journals and under the supervision of the Film Chamber? Such a step is sure to serve the cause of the industry better.

0 0 0
STATE AWARDS

Bengal has once again bagged the Presiden't gold medal. The picture that won this coveted prize is *Sagar Sangame* which also fetched its producer the cash award of Rs. 20,000 and the



A family conference evidently in which S. V. Subbiah and G. Sakuntala are putting their heads together while Rajagopal looks on—a scene from Devar Films' *Vazha Vaittha Deivam*.

director Rs. 5000.

South got two silver medals for the Kannada *School Master*, and Telugu *Pellinati Paramanalu* directed by K. V. Reddy, and a certificate of merit for the Tamil *Annayin Anai*.

Dr. Rajendra Prasad speaking

Sri Venkateswara Rao who is writing this feature has nearly two decades of experience in the line and will be glad to answer any queries from the readers.

on the occasion said that when he toured the South East Asian countries he was surprised to find Indian films being exhibited there. "This casual evidence of the popularity of Indian films," he said, "should make us all the

more careful, if not punctilious in the matter of production and selection of themes and actual presentation."

He added:

"Both psychologically and pedagogically the screen has come to be recognised as a very potent means of disseminating useful information and thereby inculcating desirable habits and social traits. One peculiarity of this medium is that, because of its dependence on audio-visual stimuli, it is applicable to all the age-groups. That is to say, a good film makes an impression not only on the mind of the child or the adult, but also on that of the grown-up. For this reason, films are marked out as one of the most effective means of educating the people."

0 0 0

SHAKUNTALA

The world's greatest epic, Kali-



It is a safe bet that Baliah is up to some mischief. With him is V. K. Ramaswami—a scene from Devar Films' *Vazha Vaitha Deivam*.

dasa's *Shakuntala* is again to be brought to the screen. This ever-green story this time will be filmed in full length Geva colour. The man behind the venture is Surya Prakash Gupta, a young and enthusiastic business man who performed the muhurt at Golden Studios under the banner of Gupta's Kalamandir. As regards stars he has made the ideal selections—vivacious Vyjantimala, Pradeep Kumar and Gemini Ganesan. The picture is to be directed by Ramanna and will be in two versions, Hindi and Tamil.

LAVISH OUTDOOR SET

Nearly 150 bullock carts took part in a spectacular race recently some three hundred miles away from Madras. Over fifty thousand people lustily cheered them and a battery of cameras recorded the occasion on fifteen thousand feet of film. As you would have guessed it was an outdoor shooting in which Savithri, A. Nageswara Rao and Relangi took part. It is estimated this outdoor set cost Sambhu Films, the producers, nearly fifty thousand rupees.

THE REASON

Hitler and Goebbels were motoring one day when by an accident the car ran over a pig. Hitler called Goebbels to stop the car. "We must not offend these simple farm people. Go into the house there and apologise for killing the pig."

Goebbels did as he was told and came back a few minutes later loaded with vegetables.

"I don't understand this," said the puzzled Hitler. "Weren't they sore?"

"On the contrary," said Goebbels. "For some reason or other they let out a shriek of joy and insisted in giving me these vegetables as presents."

"Exactly what did you say?" asked Hitler.

"All I said was," answered Goebbels, "Heil Hitler! The pig is dead!"

*

*

*

"Patrick," said the priest. "whisky is your worst enemy."

"But, Father," said Pat, "wasn't it only last Sunday you were telling us to love our enemies?"

"It was," said the priest, "but I didn't say anything about swallowing them!"

*

*

*

"Darling," cried the young salesman as he burst into his home one evening, "guess what, I just got a Commission in the army."

"A commission again?" wailed the wife. "Why can't you try to get a regular salary once in your life?"

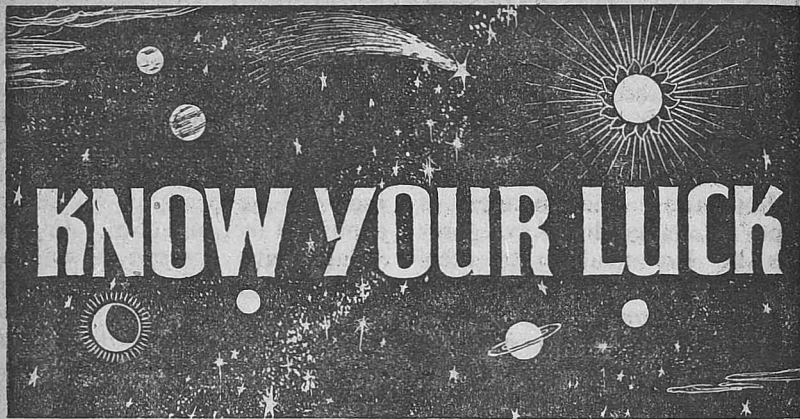
*

*

*

*

O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes!—*Shakespeare*.



P. V. RAO, 5/2, BESANT ROAD, MADRAS-5

MESHA RASI or ARIES

Planetary positions reveal that the first half of this month is more favourably disposed as to your affairs. Sukra, the lord of income, being in his own house should make it easy for you financially. Any extra hobby or learning that you have can be best turned to advantage during this month. If unmarried this is a favourable month for choosing a partner in life. The lord of the 3rd house Budha, neecha in 12th house, and your ruler Mangal in the 3rd house reveal that you may not be happy with your brothers or sisters owing to misunderstanding or friction. A journey may occur. Second half may not be good for your eye sight and differences may also arise with relations. One of your sons will come up well claiming your special attention. As a speculator you stand to gain especially through a partnership business. Domestically you will be happy

Aswani
harani &
¼ Krithika

in the first half. You may have greater amenities after the 5th. Vehicular happiness is indicated in a few cases. Officially you are aspiring too high and you may not be able to achieve your objectives without some resistance. Merchants will do well especially in foreign business. Partnership will pay well.

3, 8, 11, 13, 15, 16, 18, 22, 25, 30 are good days.

VRISHABA RASI or TAURUS

The first three weeks of this month will make you engage yourself gainfully in all your undertakings or activities. Your ruler Sukra being in his own house should render your mind bright and happy and your future outlook free from any impending troubles around you. There may be distractions or obsessions overwhelming your mind for sometime in the first half. This is entirely due to the malicious

¼ Krithika
Rohini & ½
Mrigashira

working of your own people whom you cannot easily dispose of. Second half is more favourable but you will have more open enemies than secret adversaries. A journey may be envisaged in the last week. Financially much fluctuations may be experienced. Avoid friction in money matters with near relations. If married, your wife may not keep fit in the last week. Domestically second half is more harmonious than the first. A house move may be in the month's picture. Your health may be better during the first half. Throat trouble is indicated in the second half. Officially this is an important month from the 2nd half onwards. You may gain some favours from your boss. Merchants will find this month very lucky. Mangal-Sani opposition may indicate some rifts amongst partners in partnership business. Foreign business will be more lucrative.

3, 5, 8, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18, 21, 25, 26, 30 are good days.

MITHUNA RASI or GEMINI

Planetary lay out is likely to disturb friendships during this month. Extra tact in dealing with elders and old friends is to be exerted. Doctors and engineers will be among your friends. Avoid friction with youngsters. Since the solar course is through the 11th house in the first half, you will have help from sympathisers, or even from government. Exercise moderation in treating friends. Your ruler Budha is neecha till the 8th but is in an elevated position and therefore should enable you to achieve

your desires and ambition in the first half. In the second half Surya will be in the 12th house which may make you depressed and unhappy in your surroundings. You may have enemies also. One of your sons will cause you much anxiety. Papers, records, letters, correspondence will have special significance during this month for you. One of your brothers will cause you much concern. Financially the month requires greater financial conveniences. Second half may require temporary loans to be raised for your needs. Avoid misunderstandings with your elders. Officially you may achieve your cherished goal during the month. Merchants will meet with unexpected barriers or oppositions. Foreign business perhaps may be more easy.

5, 1, 11, 13, 15, 16, 18, 21, 22, 25, 26, 27, 30, 31 are better days.

KARKATAKA RASI or CANCER

But for one planet Mangal in the 12th house all other planets being favourably configured there will be greater benefic influences over your affairs than before. Mangal in the 12th might make you hasty, impatient and more angry than before. All other planets being well placed they offer greater contentment, popularity, opportunity and security in your outlook of life. Guru-Sukra may help you plan for practical and material gains in your existing undertakings, besides bringing more contentment in your environment.

during this month. Sukra tends to give you more domestic comfort and friends than before and a change in your present domestic residence. The highlight of the month will be around your second house affairs, viz. finance. Planets indicate sudden chances of luck for immediate betterment and long range stability. You will make new friends and old friendships will be deepened. For, they will be of congenial type affording you happiness and social advancement. Your elders will give you a helping hand. Officially you will win your goal more easily than before. Merchants will be unusually lucky during this month making more profits than before. They had better eliminate the risk of speculation as far as possible. Foreign business will be encouraging.

8, 11, 13, 14, 16, 18, 21, 22, 25, 30, 31 are better days.

● SIMHA RASI or LEO

Planetary positions are fairly indicative of greater benefic influences than before. Particular emphasis is laid on the positions of planets near the elevation indicating that you should follow your natural inclination to study and broaden your interests. It may be that some advanced subjects requiring extra thinking and exact knowledge will attract you. If you are a business man commerce with other countries, political or semi-political matters having to do with jobs, rail roads, air, or bus lines may prove interesting to you by way of extra activities engag-

Makha,
Poorvaphal-
guna and
¼ Uthara-
Phalguna

ing your mind. Sukra in the 10 house attracts increased affection and attention not only from the loved ones but also from the higher ups. Budha and Mangal coupled with solar course through the 10th house also add a congenial atmosphere to your intimate circle. Mangal and Guru are in constructive position to help you in social and public life. Letters, correspondence or communications will prove fruitful. Your wife's horoscope will now prove greatly advantageous to your interest. Surya in the 10th will bring you to the notice of your departmental heads who may take some interest in your activities. Environment around you will contribute towards your general welfare. Financially the aspects of malefics may keep you depressed at times but other planets about your meridian will add much to your financial conveniences and sources of income. Officially you may stand to gain much. Merchants will have a very good time. Their business will prosper more than ever.

5, 8, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18, 21, 22, 25, 26, 30 and 31 are good days.

● KANYA RASI or VIRGO

Major planets are still not favourably aligned to your interest. Rahu rising on your rasi with aspects from Sani, Budha and Mangal, does not pre-
 sage a happy state of affairs. Your ruler is in the 7th in neecha state without moral backing. Guru's aspect might improve his situation slightly making it fortu-

¼ Uttara-
phalguna
Hastha and
¼ Chitra

nate for you to earn well and come to the forefront by hard work. The malefic aspect might either disrupt the health of your wife or that of yours unless the potency of the radix guarantees it otherwise. Any marriage proposition will hold good and may be brought to a success. Court case if any may be avoided. Financially heavier expenditure is indicated. Heavy fluctuation is indicated during this month. The position of Sukra, the lord of the 11th in the 9th, shows money to be gained through a distant place or higher ups or parental connection. Insurance agents will be more lucky in gaining good income and favour of the department. Publishers, journalists, lawyers will do well this month. Domestically the month does not hold out a happy, undisturbed harmonious life. There may be troubles through relations. Officially you may not gain much. One of your seniors might take special interest in your welfare. Merchants will do well in spite of heavy troubles afoot. Foreign business will succeed more during this month.

3, 5, 8, 11, 15, 16, 18, 20, 21, 25, 26, 27, 30 are better days.

THULA RASI or LIBRA

Major planets may be said to be in order. Other

½ Chitra
Swathi and
¾ Vishaka

planets are favourably inclined especially in the first half.

Special emphasis may be laid over the 6th house affairs, i.e., health and servant troubles. Great care should be taken about your health. Your ruler in the 8th house, especially, may effect your



Established 1909

FOR RELIABLE AND
GUARANTEED
JEWELLRY

Please Visit

JEEWAN BROS.

204, CHINA BAZAAR, ROAD,
MADRAS-1.

(Popularly known as
Pillaiar Kovil Kadai)



health after 15th. Eye sight, stomach trouble, weakness or general debility may cause you some anxiety. Guru's aspect minimises the results of these indications. Financially first half is better. Money may come more easily than before. Friends and relations might help you. Money may also be expected from a distant place. Avoid wrong investment in the second half. House move may be thought of after the 25th. Domestically this month continues as before, with added emphasis against your health if at all. Heavy expenditure is indicated. Officially this is a month of hopes but realisation is slow. A journey may occur in the last week. There may be sudden change in official life. Merchants will find this month very lucrative. Partnership will work favourably. New partnership may be found necessary or opening of a new branch may be of advantage.

3, 5, 7, 8, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18, 21, 22, 25, 26, 30 are better days.

VRISHCHIKA RASI or SCORPIO

Planetary line up does not presage benefic influences at work this month. Mangal, your ruler, is ill placed till the 21st. Surya from the 15th may bring you unnecessary anxieties and your hopes may not be easily realised. Guru alone is somewhat favourably and sympathetically vibrating bringing peace of mind and steadiness of life. Mangal in the first half may in some cases disturb health conditions. A journey may also be envisaged. Avoid rupture with your relations and elderly people. Financially it is not satisfactory. Your money that has accrued to your credit may not be forthcoming as per schedule. Friends may trouble you. Avoid financial operations either with friends or banks. Officially, this month is unfavourable in the first half itself. Your boss may be well pleased with you from the 2nd half but avoid discussions and dissensions. Last quarter may show a change in your favour. Merchants will find this month very active and lucrative. They may have new contacts established and new partnership formed. Foreign business will encourage them.

3, 4, 5, 8, 11, 13, 15, 16, 18, 21, 22, 25, 26, 30, and 31 are better days.

DANU RASI or SAGITARIUS

Planetary positions do not seem to be favourably disposed in your affairs this month. The three

Moola,
Pooryashada
Uttarashada

changes of positions, of Budha on the 8th, Sukra on the 5th and Mangal on the 21st do not presage any encouraging feature. Mangal aspected by Sani in the 7th house may set off a series of inharmonious reactions amongst relations, friends or outsiders. Temperate language and avoidance of trouble with others are counselled in all your work and deeds. Avoid friction from the 2nd half when Surya enters the 6th house. Your health may be disturbed then; domestically you may not be happy; children may cause you anxiety. Expenditure goes high beyond your limit. Tendencies in general are hardening up and depressing enough. Mangal's opposition from the last week of last month might have suddenly brought about a long journey, ill health, or differences of opinion with your relations! Marriage negotiation will meet with obstacles. Avoid unpleasant talk about you in the social circles. Financially Mangal's position is bad. Sani on your rasi is calculated to cause some strain and stress besides fluctuations too. Economy should be your strong point in spite of favourable position of Sukra for gaining money either through friends or through extra activity. House move may be in the month's picture. General health in the second half may not be free from disturbance; belliousness will be the chief cause of trouble besides rheumatic pain. Newfound friends and casual acquaintances may be left to themselves. Officially the month holds no encouragement. Merchants will meet with business impediments and experience

troubles in partnership.

3, 8, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 18, 20, 21, 22, 26, 31 are better days.

●
**MAKARA RASI or
CAPRICORN**

With Sukra entering the 6th house and Mangal into the 7th house in the last week of the month, the month cannot be reckoned as more satisfactory than the last one. On the other hand these planets coupled with other malefic combinations may bring about some unexpected quarrel towards the end of the month and some disappointment. First half disturbs the domestic circle. Some unwelcome news of death elsewhere may be heard or your general health may be disturbed. Second half onwards you have no peace of mind regarding your family and children and also your professional matters. A journey is expected perhaps to your native place where you will meet some dear and near relations who will welcome you into their fold. Financially you will be as before. A slight improvement or some extra income may be expected later. There will be inconveniences also felt at times. Friends will oblige you towards the end of the month. Mother if you have will claim special attention from the last week. A close friend of yours may have to be helped out of some trouble. Domestically this is not a harmonious month on account of many destructive elements around you. Officially last week seems to be more active and helpful. Merchants will not do well

towards the end. Partnership may also get disturbed in the last week.

8, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 20, 21, 22, 25, 26, 30 are better days.

●
**KUMBA RASI or
AQUARIUS**

Planetary map this month maintains the tempo of the favourable radiating influences over your affairs in general. Guru,

Sukra and Sani are all favourably aligned vibrating benefic influences for better luck during this month. Your ruler in the 11th house will be aspected by Sukra on the 25th showing thereby that your chances for betterment of your affairs officially or professionally are bright and hopeful. This is a month wherein you take greater interest in social and domestic life. If a marriage has not taken place in the last month you may try this month with better chances of success. Your wife will contribute much to your prosperity. In the last week the malefic aspect of Mangal and Sani may disturb your health in particular. Avoid unsocial elements. Your wife then will have some sort of functional derangement. Financially this month is good. Expenditure side will surely be lopsided. Don't believe your friends who are waiting for your weak moments. Officially you may gain some advantage in service. Your boss will be favourably inclined towards you and you can exercise your pull as against anybody working behind your back. Merchants will be lucky.

Foreign business will be successful. Partnership may be under disturbed waters in the last week.

7, 8, 11, 12, 13, 13, 15, 16, 18, 21, 22, 24, 25, 26, 31 are better days.

MEENA RASI or PISCES

The general condition of the planetary map is in no way more congenial than last month. The only planets that may be said to be favourably working for your cause are Surya and Guru in the 3rd and 9th house sectors indicating minimum of trouble around you in respect of money and domestic life. The solar course through the 2nd house might bring about financial pressure in the first half and some relief in the second half. Heavy expenditure is indicated in the last week

‡ Poorvabhadra
Uttarabhadri
& Revatha

including troubles through your relations, friends and colleagues, because of malefic aspects of Kuja in the 5th house from the 21st and Sani in the 10th house, to the 12th house. Domestically this is not a harmoniously happy month. A change of house or investment on house or land or vehicle may occur. Officially there does not seem to be any change. If at all, a transfer may be worked for if desired. Heavy work with differences even with the colleagues may be envisaged. Merchants will find this month very speculatively inclined. They must be guarded in regard to speculative matters as Mangal's position may prove dangerous to their excessive or unguarded speculation. Foreign business will be very encouraging.

3, 8, 11, 13, 16, 18, 22, 25, 26, 30 are better days.

ENGLISH OR HINDI?

"Some utopians argue that for subserving unity, Hindi is indispensable. Hindi protagonists fail to recognise that the amount of unity ensured was the outcome of those who fought the Britishers with English as asset. Unity cannot be forged by law or force. It is the result of mutual love, respect and understanding. If real unity is the cherished goal, English is indispensable," says "English or Hindi", a pamphlet published by New Justice Publication, 29, Muthial Naick St., Madras-7. Priced 0.30 nP. this gives cogent reasons with copious data for retaining English in India.

* * * *

God created women. And boredom indeed ceased from that moment—but many other things ceased as well. Woman was God's second mistake—*Nietzsche*.

* * * *

He is mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath. —*Shakespeare*.

* * * *

God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please, you can never have both. —*Emerson*.

NASIK PRINTING PRESS & INFLATION

A. D. SHROFF

In the current budget of Government of India it is estimated that currency and Mint will bring in Rs. 55.60 crores against a little under Rs. 35 crores in the previous year. This is an interesting item to study, owing to the fact that under our planned economy deficit financing to a considerable extent has to be resorted to. Deficit financing means asking the Nasik Security Printing Press to work full three shifts to produce new notes, the cost of producing new notes being insignificant compared to what they are sold for. All the new notes which are printed at Nasik are handed over to the Reserve Bank. The Reserve Bank uses these notes in lending that amount of money to the Government of India to meet its commitments. The Government of India pays interest to the Reserve Bank. It swells the profits of the Reserve Bank and the profits of the Reserve Bank now are a source of revenue to the Government of India!

Deficit financing means that Government makes commitments to spend so much money in the year while it has not got the money. If you or I had attempted to do it, we will soon be seen in the bankruptcy court. But with a very efficient printing press, the Government can do it, but up to a certain limit. At one stage, we were told and the

Planning Commission endorsed the view that India could easily stand the strain of Rs. 1,200 crores of deficit financing, on the basis that Rs. 1200 crores of deficit financing would not cause such inflationary pressures in the country, as would push up prices beyond the capacity of the people. But unfortunately, the background in which the Planning Commission had estimated the figure has gone completely wrong. For instance, the Planning Commission had estimated that we would need to draw on our sterling balances only to the extent of Rs. 200 crores whereas in less than three years we had to draw over Rs. 500 crores. Therefore, deficit financing must cause a very serious disturbance to our balance of payments. And that serious disturbance will add to the inflationary pressures in the country.

We cannot correct our balance of payments position by going to the Nasik Printing Press because people outside from whom we buy will not accept our notes. Therefore, we will have to raise so much money abroad to enable us to meet the deficits between the exports and imports which means further and fresh borrowings from abroad. We can borrow from the Nasik Printing Press on the basis of payable when able. But we cannot do it when we go abroad to borrow.

KAHANIYA

ENGLISH STORY MAGAZINE CATERING TO ALL TASTES

- * SHORT STORIES
- * FOLK TALES
- * FAMOUS MURDER TRIALS
- * RAMBLES IN COURT LIFE
- * STORIES FROM BHAGAVATA
- * SCIENCE NEWS
- * FUN
- * YOUR LUCK FOR THE MONTH

Subscription Rates :

One Year Rs. 3-00

Single Copy Re. 0-25

Become a subscriber to-day by sending Rs. 3/- by M. O. or Postal Order and thus ensure your copy.

Write to :

KAHANIYA

32, Pelatope, Mylapore, Madras-4

Approved for Public Libraries

And, therefore, every foreign borrowing means a specific commitment which has to be met on the due date. This is an aspect of our economy which needs to be very greatly emphasized because deficit financing and inflationary pressure will not only cause increasing suffering and hardship to the people at large but will also automatically add to the cost of Plan expenditure. Every increase in the price level adds to the

price of implementing the Plan. After all, what does Plan expenditure mean? It consists mainly of two items—acquiring capital goods from abroad and secondly, spending money locally in hiring so much extra labour and buying so much of extra materials within the country. And, therefore, inflationary pressures which would push up prices automatically add to the cost of the Plan at least in so far as the rupee expenditure is concerned.

CONCURRED

“When I was a boy,” reminisced the lawyer, “my highest ambition was to be a pirate.”

“That so?” said his client. “Congratulations.”

*

*

*

BOYS WILL BE BOYS

“Do you know where little boys go who don't put their money in the collection box on Sundays?” asked the vicar of a small boy.

“Yes, vicar,” replied the lad. “To the pictures.”

*

*

*

*

GOOD REASON

“Dad, why is a man not allowed to have more than one wife?”

“Son, one day you'll realize that the law protects those who are incapable of protecting themselves.”

*

*

*

“Will you marry me?” asked the young man hopeful at a Christmas party.

“Why, you couldn't keep me in handkerchiefs,” replied the girl.

But the suitor was not discouraged. “Well,” he said, calmly, “you don't expect to have a cold for the rest of your life, do you?”

*

*

*

When a person excels at something he should do something else in which he is a novice because that brings him down to the earth.

—Bernard Shaw.

*

*

*

*

To know that we know what we know, and that we do not know what we do not know, that is true knowledge.

—Thoreau.

THE SIXTH YEAR

Five years ago this month *Kahaniya Monthly* made its first appearance before the public. It was a modest issue of forty-eight pages but the lack of bulk was compensated by giving good reading matter of a very high standard. And every month thereafter *Kahaniya* has come out with something fresh and exciting, so much so that to day the monthly is going into thousands of homes and is being read with interest both by the young and the old. Some of its features have been copied by other magazines but never equalled. We may mention in this connection "The Famous Murder Trials" by Sri. S. Rajagopalan which have been appearing from the very first issue. A lawyer by profession and a writer of distinction he has been presenting these cases in the form of a story laying emphasis not on the grim and grisly details of the act of murder but on the legal arguments for and against which resulted either in a conviction or acquittal. We are sure the lay readers and even lawyers have found these cases instructive reading.

Variety is said to be the spice of life and in *Kahaniya Monthly*

we have endeavoured to give a variety of features apart from regular stories and articles and occasional extracts.

The philosophical and religious stories of Swami Sivananda have been regularly appearing in these pages. These stories written in his simple and homely style have a perennial interest. The "Rambles" by Sri V. G. Ramachandran wherein he has been recounting famous cases of Norton and others is another distinctive feature. Lately we have added a regular science section and also Zero letters and now film news. And lastly there is the monthly forecast by Sri P. V. Rao, whose knowledge of the stars and their subtle influence on men and events is something uncanny.

Five years are now behind us. The monthly is now in its sixth year of publication. We will be always glad to receive the views of readers on the stories and articles appearing in these pages and also their suggestions to improve the magazine still further.

We take this opportunity to express our thanks to all the advertisers who have taken space in this issue.

CONTENTS

The Beach Encounter	...	7	There is Hope For the	
The Story of a Letter	...	13	Mentally Ill	... 47
Moongalamedu Murder Case	...	18	Gandhiji In Pretoria	... 51
An American Folk Tale	...	25	Light on Longevity	... 53
In the City of Ignorance	...	29	On the Importance of Vedic Studies	58
The Professor's Disappointment	...	36	The New Age of Chemistry	... 61
How To Turn Your Thoughts			Candid Communications	... 63
Into Realities	...	38	The Screen & the Stars	... 66
How To Read Character	...	42	Your Luck for May, 1959	... 70