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Reader's Digest

MARCH 2020

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INDIA
TODAY
GROUP

SPECIAL
COLLECTOR'S
EDITION

Seven
Words To
Live By

**DISCOVER
THE
CLASSICS!**

The Unforgettable
Albert Einstein

The Husband
Who Vanished

Gandhi's
Independence
Day Miracle

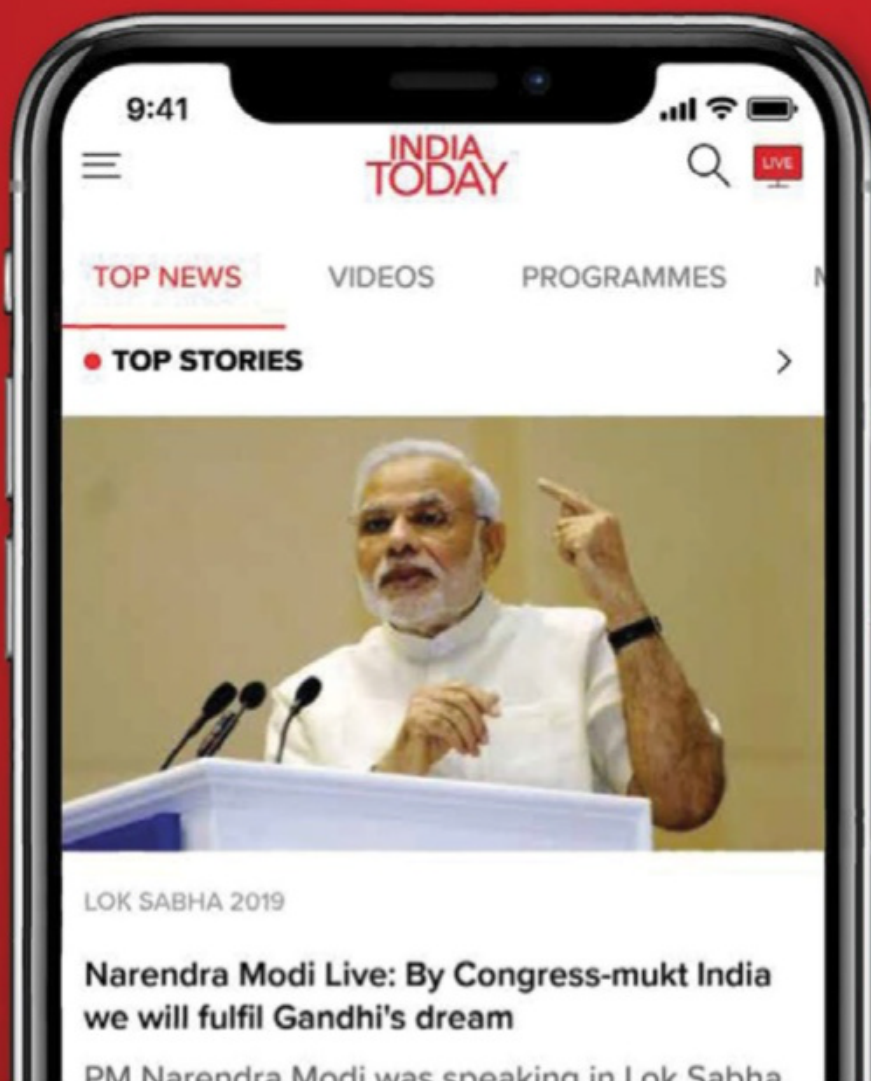
BONUS READ
What It Takes
To Be Royal

... and many more memorable stories

INDIA
TODAY

BREAKING NEWS

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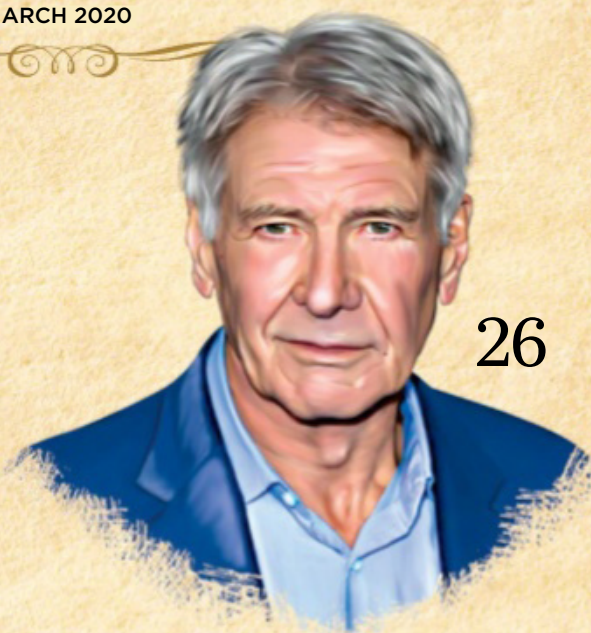
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BELIEVING IN SMILES WITH GREAT MOMENTS AND IMAGING



DON'T JUST TAKE, GIVE – Never stop bringing smiles by creating instant memories with Fujifilm's Instax range of cameras.

"The medium is the message. Taking an analogue photo these days simply offers a different message from taking a photo with a mobile phone, or even with a high-end digital camera." says Fujifilm Managing Director, Haruto Iwata

There is a certain warmth to both the technology and the resulting tangible photograph that brings people together. Instantly outputting the photo and watching it come to life is a special reminder of the reality of that moment, the mutual experience. Taking several photos with Instax and sharing them can strengthen communication and build cohesion in a group.



Mr. Haruto Iwata - Managing Director, Fujifilm India

While producing world-class digital cameras and helping drive the digital revolution more than anyone, Fujifilm still produces the world's finest old-school colour film. There will always be something special to the non-digital approach. How do we know? Millions of customers around the world say so. Instax is simply

one incredibly fun, incredibly convenient example of the past remaining relevant!

The range of Instax cameras brings back the nostalgia wave among millennials as well as the populace. This has been doing well as the users nowadays are always looking for something "new". Also, sharing

printed photographs has gained a lot of interest among consumers. Further, the operation of these cameras has become easier over the years, their aesthetic design and attractive colours are also enticing everyone. Rising trends of sharing printed photographs and decorating work stations with collages of printed photos have also done their

bit to keep the instant photo camera from becoming non-existent. This trend offers to the insight that the photography ethos is inconstant yet the same. The allure is for quirks, trends, and innovations but amidst this, the nostalgia of conventional photography is still winning the game.

NEVER STOP

BELIEVING IN SMILES WITH GREAT MOMENTS AND IMAGING

Fujifilm's photo imaging solutions bring you beautiful prints using environmentally friendly technology ensuring that you relive the moments each time and every time. With Instax range of instant cameras you can shoot quality images and get prints instantly. And our award-winning range of Digital Cameras are sure to suit Pros and enthusiasts alike. With a tactile feel, features that no other manufacturers are offering and great quality lenses, future of photography is going to be even more exciting.



INNOVATING SINCE 1934



Medical Systems

Pioneer in diagnostic imaging and information systems for healthcare facilities.

Digital Cameras

One of the best regarded camera brands worldwide.

Photo Imaging & Instax

Retail photo solutions for beautiful prints. Instax range of instant cameras to shoot & get prints instantly.

Recording Media

Setting benchmarks for computer data storage, professional video production and TV broadcasting.

Graphic Arts

Delivering high-quality industrial printing & providing reliable and convenient solutions.

Industrial Products

State-of-the-art testing equipment using digital X-ray technology.

FUJIFILM
Value from Innovation

Reader's Digest



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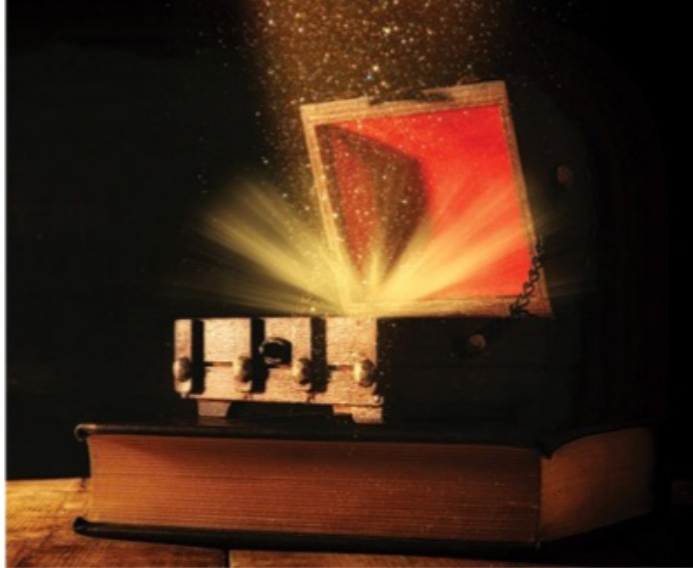
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DEAR READER

Striking Gold



There are many rewards of working for a magazine like *Reader's Digest*. But the one I look forward to the most is our Classic Issue every March. Working on it gives us an opportunity to dive into the archives of this great magazine. Every time we do so, we find gold—articles of enduring value that our founders DeWitt and Lila Wallace dreamt would inspire and bring hope to millions. We salute their wisdom and vision: Truly, the joy of reading these wonderful stories from the past nine decades, and to curate them for you, is priceless—it's easy to get lost in the pages and forget deadlines. Reading them allows us to renew our vows to pursue excellence, the way *Reader's Digest* editors have down the years, and also doff our hats to them.

This issue, you are holding in your hands, has the best of the

best. 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' (p 58), a wartime saga that is a favourite of the team, but then what's not to love about 'Night Train To Chittagong' (p 64), a white man's epiphany faced with certain death; 'Where There Is Love' (p 80), the heart-warming account of a dog-mummy; 'The Unforgettable Albert Einstein' (p 72); the dramatic 'The Husband Who Vanished' (p 92), 'Gandhi's Independence Day Miracle' (p 86) and other such stories. Do not miss the interview of the great cartoonist R. K. Laxman (p 102) by our former editors Ashok Mahadevan and Mohan Sivanand—it's simply delightful.

Happy reading!

Sanghamitra

Sanghamitra Chakraborty
EDITOR

Send an email to
editor.india@rd.com



Aluminium lift & slide door

WINDOWS AND DOORS

opening beautiful vistas through Fenesta

Fenesta's vast and innovative range of windows and doors are designed to give your homes, offices and buildings that extra graceful look that will make heads turn. Not just looks, Fenesta's windows and doors can effectively shut out outside noise, and also provide insulation from the extreme temperatures outside.

For the green touch

Fenesta, part of the famous 129 year-old Rs. 7,771 crore DCM Shriram Group, has gone from strength to strength since its launch in 2002. From its pioneering design and manufacture of precision-engineered and customised uPVC (un-plasticized polyvinyl chloride) windows and doors, Fenesta is now foraying into

aluminium products, as part of its contribution to Planet Earth.

Fenesta's aluminium windows deliver a minimalist and ultra-modern style statement. These range from lift & slide, slide & fold doors to tilt and turn and sliding windows, which are not just premium-designed but offer diversity in use. These come in slim frames with more glass area providing you the wide and clear expanse of view that you want. The versatile and tensile Aluminium series carries forward the Fenesta legacy of unparalleled design language, empowering architects to explore options for large glazed spans and multi-storey applications with near seamless sight-lines. Moreover, it provides them with the flexibility to achieve complex layouts which are structurally stable. From offices, hospitals, shopping malls, to elegant homes, Fenesta has a wide range to suit every taste.

Keeping you secure and happy

Besides the aesthetics, Fenesta also keeps the security needs of customers in mind, and its windows and doors come with several enhanced safety and security features. While preventing the outside extreme temperatures from seeping in, Fenesta windows allow proper ventilation. In areas where the noise decibel is high, Fenesta's strong "noise insulation" ensures that outside sounds are shut out. Fenesta windows do not just shut out the outside noise, but also insulate homes from dust – thereby protecting you from toxic levels of particulate matter in the atmosphere, that can lead to serious health concerns



Fenesta luxury door teak finish

Open the door to peace of mind

Fenesta luxury doors are elegant, state-of-the-art products made of hybrid polymer that combine the aesthetics of wood and the durability of polymer. The doors, available in plain and designer finish, and four colours – White Oak, Natural Oak, Teak and Walnut – give you the stately look of a timber door, but minus the headache of having to bother about termites. Besides being termite resistant, the doors are also waterproof, and require negligible maintenance. The doors also do not expand or contract with temperature extremes, which wooden doors are prone to. There is no cracking, or fading either, and no need to paint them, ever! The doors are available as ready-to-install integrated door solution systems, which include the frame, trim, panel, lockset, handle, hinges, stopper, buffer, transportation, installation and post sales service. The hassle-free installation is done by well-trained company professionals. Fenesta also offers prompt and comprehensive after-sales service, to ensure you maximum peace of mind.

Making a mark

In just 17 years Fenesta has created a niche market for its products. It has presence in more than 327 cities across the country – a feather in its cap indeed. The company also associates itself with art, as its domain involves working with architects. It is closely aligned with the Jai Rangam Theatre Festival, the largest in north India. Fenesta is serving all premium developers such as the Prestige, Brigade, DLF to mention a few. Its products find pride of place in hotels, hospitals, temples, offices and commercial spaces, and even luxury houseboats. Fenesta has launched a new premium range of Georgian bars and trims for its windows and doors. So, bring Fenesta windows and doors to your homes and workplaces, and see and feel the difference yourself.

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OVER TO YOU

NOTES ON THE
January ISSUE



20 Questions for the 2020s

While going through the vision for the 2020s by experts across various fields, I wished agriculture had found a mention. Ours is an agriculture-based economy; we need to concentrate on finding a way forward to increase yields of crops, livestock and fisheries. Keeping in mind India's burgeoning population and the impact of climate change, we need to address technological innovations in agriculture and animal husbandry on a war footing in the coming decade. As Nehru rightly remarked, "Everything else can wait, but not agriculture."

—PARTHASARATHY MANDADI, *Tirupati*

Parthasarathy Mandadi gets this month's 'Write & Win' prize of ₹1,000. —EDs

Extraordinary Indians

After being served with a life sentence at 20, it is exemplary how Nigel Akkara managed to turn around his life to become a social worker and a successful actor. The *Reader's Digest* team has done a wonderful

job of bringing us these powerful stories, which establish that determination, courage and conscientiousness have always paid off. The stories of Payal Jangid, Commodore Lokesh Batra, Bhimavva Chala-wadi, Saalumarada Thimmakka, Vanlalruati,

Major D. P. Singh, along with Akkara, are all incredible accounts of everyday heroes who transformed their own and others' lives through bravery, strength and perseverance.

ASHIMA SAINI, *Ludhiana*

Of History, Conquest and Anarchy

During the East India Company's rule in India, no principles were followed—anarchy is the right word to describe that time in history! During the British Raj, government servants believed their duty was not to the people, but to their masters overseas.

William Dalrymple rightly points out not to mistake the crumbs for gains, which were purely accidental! I enjoy reading Dalrymple's books, even though it takes me time to finish them. The interview inspired me to finish reading *Anarchy* rather quickly.

MALLIKA
GOPALAKRISHNAN,
Bengaluru

Life on the Frontline

This story made for excellent reading. I wonder why paramedics do not get the respect they deserve in our country! In India, everyone wants to become a doctor. Is it money that motivates them to do so? I hope that changes and young people start recognizing the deeper values of human life and choose the life of a paramedic.

DR KALA KESAVAN P.,
Thiruvananthapuram

Wanted: Faith for Peace and Hope

Samit Basu has rightly forewarned that religious conflicts will continue to damage India for generations. I believe the main factor for such a grave situation is the erosion of our national character.

No one, including religious heads, seems to live by their faith; instead, they play dangerous games in its name. There is a deepening crisis of character in the country. Nehru's words continue to be relevant until today: "We have ...

to face this crisis of the spirit of India ... we have neither the old nor the new faith and we drift not knowing where we are going."

KELATH GOPAKUMAR MENON, *Thrissur*

The Rule of Age 10

The Rule of Age 10 provides an insightful perspective for those who have (had) trouble finding their calling or those disenchanted by their jobs. The revelation that your younger self always had the answer to the question about the career choice that will bring true contentment is mind-blowing. The possibility of getting to know what one wants by delving into the recesses of one's memory is both fascinating and deeply liberating.

SIMRAN KAUR, *New Delhi*

Dear Reader

While the Citizenship Amendment Act (CAA) is being opposed tooth and nail by a section of citizens, we can only hope that wiser counsel will prevail and there

will be sanity in the country. Violence spells disaster for a democracy. If sections of the citizenry feel that things are not headed in the right direction, they should embrace the path of law, instead of taking the law into their own hands.

SRINATH H. R., *Bengaluru*

Keep the Peace

Everyone needs good neighbours. Getting along with those in your neighbourhood makes a huge impact. It could be the key to a happy life.

Some simple ways of being a good neighbour: a friendly smile or a greeting goes a long way; be considerate—keep the volume of music and loud outdoor conversation low, respect common spaces and shared walls and discuss problems, if any, in person.

BEENA MATHUR, *Pune*

Write in at editor.india@rd.com. The best letters discuss RD articles, offer criticism, share ideas. Do include your phone number and postal address.

Humour in Uniform

1950s

WHEN BRIG. GEN. (now Lt Gen.) 'Chesty' Puller's First Marine Regiment was surrounded by six Chinese divisions at Chosin in Korea, Puller made one of the typical statements for which he is famous:

"Well, we've got the enemy on our right flank, our left flank, in front of us and behind us. They won't get away this time!"

PFC ALBERT L. SARGIS in a letter to *Esquire*,
NOVEMBER 1958

1960s

"LOOK AT YOU!" shouted the sergeant indignantly, as he glanced over a bunch of new and unsavoury-looking recruits.

"Your ties are crooked. Your hair ain't combed. Your boots ain't polished. Your trousers ain't pressed ... Suppose some country suddenly declared war!"

E. K. H., JANUARY 1961

OUR DRILL SQUAD gleefully realized that it was too late for our sergeant to prevent the entire front rank from walking into the side of our barracks, because he hadn't allowed himself time to fire the proper order.

As if by mental telepathy, each of us made up his mind to walk straight into the wall in formation, at rigid attention. There was a ragged thump as 10 soldiers hit the wall. But before any of us had a chance to get a smile halfway in his face, the sergeant let go. "If you men had been properly aligned," he barked, "you'd all have hit that wall at once!"

J. D. STEVENSON, JANUARY 1961

1970s

MY SISTER-IN-LAW, sending some homemade cookies to brighten my Christmas in Vietnam, wasn't taking any chance with my health. A note on the outer wrapping read: "If this package arrives after 10 January, give it to the enemy."

MAJOR DONAL M. NAGEL, USAF, JANUARY 1970

2000s

MY SON RETURNED home after fighting for the US army in Iraq. But I still couldn't help reacting like a mum when I saw him on the base running over to some buddies to return a bayonet. "Kevin!" I shouted before I could stop myself. "Don't run with that knife in your hands!"

PAM HODGSKIN, FEBRUARY 2004



AstroTak.in



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CONVERSATIONS

Words of Lasting Interest

MAY 1957

A Perfect Moment

Eight-year-olds were not supposed to be awake at this hour. But I wanted to sit in the swing for a while and watch the moonlight

BY Gladys Bell

SOMEWHERE ALONG THE ROAD out between 'beginning' and 'ending', there is a perfect moment for every living soul. There may possibly be more than one. But for the most part we are too busy, too

young, too adult, too sophisticated, too this or too that to recognize it—and so, the moment may be lost.

My perfect moment came when I was eight years old. I awoke one spring

SHUTTERSTOCK

night to find moonlight flooding my room through the open window. It was so bright that I sat up in bed. There was no sound at all, anywhere. The air was soft and heavy with the fragrance of pear blossoms and honeysuckle.

I crept out of bed and tiptoed softly out of the house. Eight-year-olds were not supposed to be astir at this hour. But I wanted to sit in the swing for a while and watch the moonlight. As I closed the door behind me, I saw my mother sitting on the porch steps. She looked up and smiled and, putting her finger to her lips, reached out with her other hand and drew me down beside her. I sat as close as I could and she put her arm around me.

The whole countryside was hushed and sleeping; no lights burnt in any house. The moonlight was liquid silver and so bright we could see the dark outline of the woods about 1.5 km away. "Isn't it beautiful?" I whispered, and Mother's arm tightened about me. Our shepherd dog, Frolo, came across the lawn and stretched himself out contentedly, his head on Mother's lap. For a long time we were all three perfectly still. The stars were pale and far away. Now and then the moonlight would strike a leaf of the Maréchal Niel rose beside the porch and be caught for an instant in a dewdrop like a tiny living spark. The shrubs were hung with necklaces of diamonds, and the grass was sweet with the dampness.

We knew that in the dark woods there was movement and sound among

the wild things—the rabbits and squirrels, the opossums and chipmunks, as they moved about in their own world. And in the shadowy garden, and in the fields, things were growing. In the meadow the foal slept beside its mother, and nearby, a young calf nuzzled its mother.

Very soon the blossoms on the fruit trees would lose their petals in a pink-and-white snowfall, and in their place the young fruit would appear. The wild plum thicket would be filled with

IN ALL THIS BROODING SILENCE THAT SEEMED INFINITE, THE MIRACLE OF LIFE WAS GOING ON, UNSEEN AND UNHEARD.

plums, round and glowing like tiny lanterns, made sweet by the sun and cool by the rain. In another field the young corn plants were inching their way upwards. Melons would soon dot the trailing vines, where now, the squash-like blooms were replenishing their nectar in preparation for the onrush of bees in the morning.

In all this great brooding silence that seemed so infinite, the miracle of life was going on—unseen and unheard. The bird sitting on her eggs in the mulberry tree carried out a divine purpose. The hills, undisturbed by passing centuries, proclaimed strength and

grandeur. The moving of the stars, the planets, the countless worlds—all were governed and held within the safety of the omnipotent yet gentle hand of the Creator.

Mother pointed towards the cedar tree. “Look,” she whispered softly, “that star seems caught in the branches.”

As we watched it, suddenly from the topmost point of a pear tree a mockingbird burst into song. It was as though the joy that overflowed his heart must find expression. The notes were pure gold, free and clear and liquid as the moonlight—rising, falling, meltingly sweet. At times they were so soft as to be barely audible; then he would sing out, a rapturous *profondo*. As suddenly as it had begun, the



FROM 1957

concert ended and the night was silvery still again.

An eight-year-old does not analyze his thoughts; he may not even be aware that he is surrounded by infinity. But he sees a star impaled on the branch of a cedar tree, and knows pure ecstasy. He hears a mockingbird sing in the moonlight, and is filled with speechless joy. He feels his mother’s arms about him, and knows complete security.

The surging, sweeping process of life, the moving of worlds and the flowing of tides may be incomprehensible to him. But he may nevertheless be strangely aware that he has had a glimpse through an open door, and has known a perfect moment. **R**

THE REASON WHY

RD JANUARY 1962

While working as nurse in the maternity ward, I asked a young medical student why he was so enthusiastic about obstetrics. He said sheepishly, “When I was on medical rounds I suffered from heart attacks, asthma and scabies. In surgery I was sure I had ulcers. In the psychiatric wards I thought I was losing my mind. Now, in obstetrics I can relax.”

MARY BETH HOOTEN

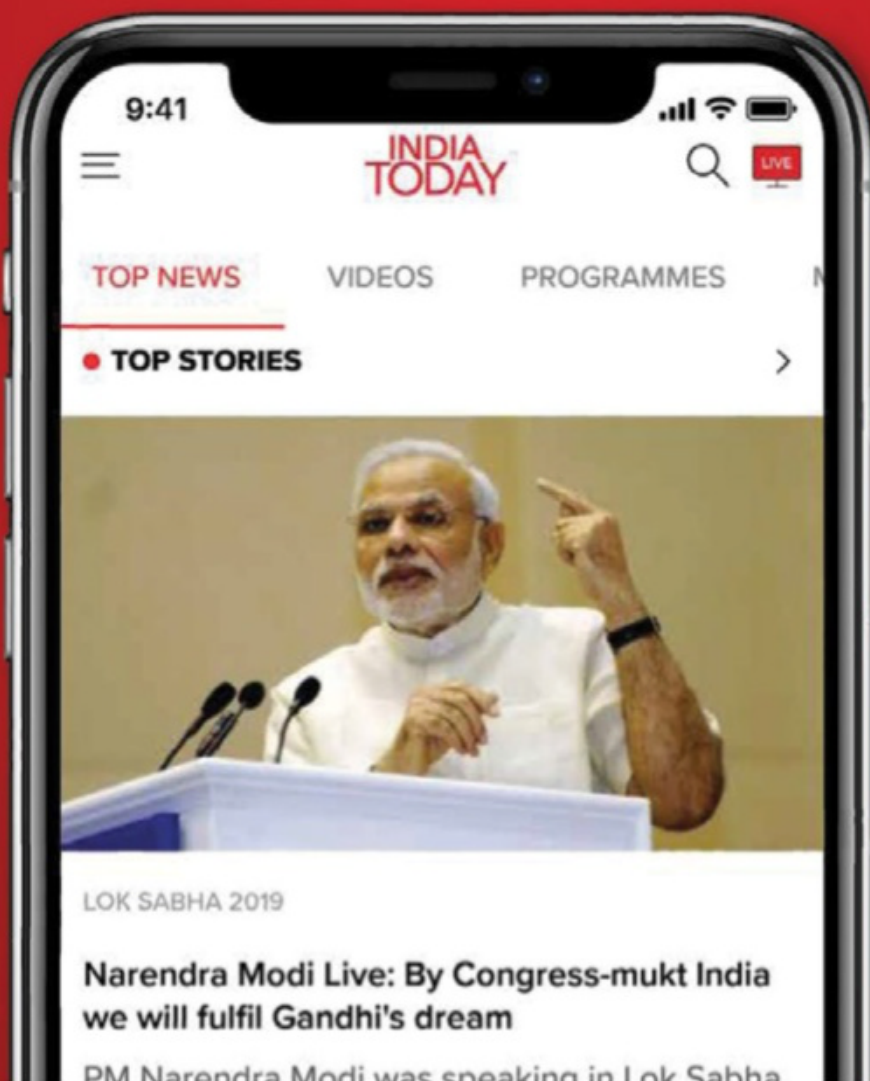
Asked why she never wore her glasses when she went out with her boyfriend, the girl explained, “I look better to Harold without them—and he looks better to me.”

BILL IRELAND

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BREAKING NEWS

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NOVEMBER 1953

Where Do You Look?

A celebrated author and actress explores that universal and timeless conundrum—of strangers in uncomfortably close quarters

BY CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

ILLUSTRATION BY SIDDHANT JUMDE

MAYBE IT'S A SIGN OF NEUROSIS (and if it is, I hope nobody lets me know), but I am becoming more and more acutely sensitive about those moments when one doesn't know where to look.

Consider the elevator situation. The act of waiting for an elevator brings out a suspicious streak in people. You arrive and push a button. Another person comes along, and after a glance of mutual appraisal you both look quickly away. The new arrival suspects you of not having pushed the button; and you wonder if he is going to be mistrustful and give the button a second shove—a tension broken by his walking over and doing just that. Then back to waiting and the problem of Where To Look.

Shoes are convenient articles for scrutiny—your own and those of the other person—but only for a short time. Hotels, of course, often provide framed reading matter near by. But

you can study such items as 'Dance tonight in our Avocado Room to the conga rhythms of Pepe Alvarez and his Poncho Gauchos' just so long—after that you're taken for [an ...] adult with a reading deficiency.

When there's no reading matter, the arrow of the indicator comes in for a lot of absorbed attention. But, like the watched pot, the watched arrow is reluctant to do its duty. It seems either to go into the slow motion of Big Ben's hour hand or to stop fixed at a distant upper floor for so long you begin to think the operator is up to no good. Failing an arrow, some people wait for the delivering glow of the 'down' light with the devotion of religious zealots waiting for the fiery chariot. When the light does go on, the Where To Look problem continues.

Inside the elevator—especially in these modern crowded, claustrophobic



boxes—any mutual exchange of glances on the part of the occupants would add almost a touch of lewdness to such already over-cosy sardine formation. Some people gaze at the back of the operator's neck; others stare trance-like at those little lights which flash the floors.

A rather similar situation arises in a Pullman diner when one is obliged to sit opposite an unknown at a table for two. How to fill in the awkward wait between writing out "Luncheon No. 4 with coffee" and its arrival? If you are

not the type who, given the slightest provocation, bursts into friendly chit-chat with a stranger, you run the risk of getting involved with someone who is.

Two strangers sitting opposite each other at a distance of a foot and a half, and determined to avoid each other's eye, go in for a fascinating little game. They reread the menu, fool with the cutlery, inspect their fingernails. Comes the inevitable moment when glances meet; but they meet only to shoot instantly out the window for a view of the passing scene. Sometimes

the scene isn't passing, being a station stop close-up of a motionless freight car. Then there is again some interesting reading matter, such as A. T. & S. F. or *Route of the Zephyrs*.

Another looking problem à deux is when your dentist is bending over you and coming closer and closer with the intensity of Rudolph Valentino. What he's after is not your soul but your cavity. To look back with responding intensity doesn't seem just right—and anyway, who could, with a mouth wide open and wadded with a lot of little cotton bolsters? Moreover, by the time this sheik of the bicuspid is going with light and pickaxe into the depths of the molar cavern, his face is at such immediate proximity that if you look directly into his eyes your own will become crossed. It means closing them—which might be considered affected—or rolling them heavenwards.

THE OCULIST SETTLES that question by his specific command of "Look straight at me." With him it's a question not of where to look but of where to breathe, for after plunging the room into darkness, she advances with lowered head as if to play 'owl's eyes' and remains with you, brow to brow, for long moments of medita-



FROM 1953

tion. This weird session always rouses in me a girlish impulse to giggle, or to see what he'd do if I were to purse my lips and kiss him. (I have up to now managed to keep such manic urges under control.)

I am fond of music, but not when it is played at me, like an individually addressed oration.

I remember having a business luncheon with a TV agent in a restaurant where the violinist strolled about the room, playing soulfully before various tables. When I observed him coming in our direction, I lowered my head to the angle where my hat brim became a sheltering umbrella and conferred earnestly with the agent—a subterfuge which didn't, in the least, discourage the violinist. Having finished his selection, he stood waiting for recognition, smiling and bowing eagerly.

I bowed back in a manner I hoped implied gracious dismissal, but, as I feared, he asked me to name my favourite tune. A sudden question like that has a paralyzing effect on the mind and I can never think of anything but 'Star Dust', which is actually not particularly a favourite. Feeling slightly idiotic, I named it. The ambulant maestro's bow swept out the opening bars, with the mechanical ennui of a performer who is constantly receiving

requests for the same old piece from the same old country bumpkins.

I tried to pick up the business conversation, but I felt obliged to glance up occasionally at the virtuoso, who gazed at us with fatuous knowingness. Apparently in his fantasy, the agent and I must surely be recalling how long ago we danced to these magic strains on our Bermuda honeymoon, or had listened to it coming over the radio of our clandestine love nest. In a horrified effort to correct such possible impressions, I sat up straight and fixed him with a matter-of-fact look. But it was impossible to keep it fixed, for by now his gaze of ecstasy gave the further horrifying impression that it was he rather than the agent with whom I shared the love nest.

WHAT DOES ONE DO under such circumstances? Gaze back? And if so, with what expression? A way out would have been the closed-eye coma of the music devotee, but ‘Star Dust’ doesn’t rate it. The unsatisfactory solution was to con-

tinue my conversation with the agent and to glance up at the persistent minstrel from time to time with bright little nods of approval—until he went away.

If all this implies that I am one of those unpleasant shifties who can’t look a fellow man in the eye, I have been grossly misleading. For no one is to me more irritating than the person who keeps glancing off as though looking for someone more interesting to come along, or possibly communing with some unseen spirit. And that in itself offers yet another Where To Look puzzler. Does one glance off to see what he’s looking at, or continue talking to the side of his face?

This supersensitivity may indeed be a sign of neurosis. If it is, and if it gets bad enough for me to have to do something about it, there’s comfort in the thought that the Where To Look problem won’t arise on the analyst’s couch. Maybe, that’s what the couches are there for. Maybe—and it’s a cheery supposition—analysts themselves suffer from the same complaint. **R**



SMART FUZZ

RD OCTOBER 1939

During strikes, a motion-picture camera manned by police has proved an effective means of quieting disturbances on picket lines in Cleveland, USA. The camera is set up opposite the line, to await developments, whereupon the pickets become models of decorum.

Films are clinching evidence in court in case of damage suits.

Philip W. Porter in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Personal Glimpses

BEHIND-THE-SCENES OF THE LIVES OF THE FAMOUS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KESHAV KAPIL



ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S Secretary of War, Edwin Stanton, wrote a letter to a general who had abused him and accused him of favouritism. He read the letter to Lincoln, who listened and exclaimed, "First-rate, Stanton! You've countered him well! Just right!" As Stanton folded the letter into its envelope, Lincoln quickly asked, "Why, what are you going to do with it now?" "Send it to him." "No, no, that would spoil it. File it away. That is the kind of filing that keeps it sharp—and doesn't wound the other fellow," said Lincoln.

RICHARD SIMPSON, APRIL, 1962

As Indian ambassador to the then United Arab Republic, I was once involved in organising a charity show of the film *Mother India*, for the Egyptian Red Crescent movement. While inviting President **GAMAL ABDEL NASSER** to grace the show, I hinted that in view of his usual hectic schedule, he need not actually stay for more than a few minutes.

The President arrived only 20 minutes late for the show. I thanked him profusely and in polished diplomatic phrases reminded him that he need stay for about 10 minutes. Nasser turned to me and enquired if I had seen *Mother India*. Outraged at the suggestion that I spent my valuable time watching films, I replied, "Of course not, Your Excellency."

"Mr Ambassador," Nasser said softly, "I have already seen the film twice and I want to see the whole of it again for the third time."

APA PANT, *Undiplomatic Incidents* (Sangam Books)

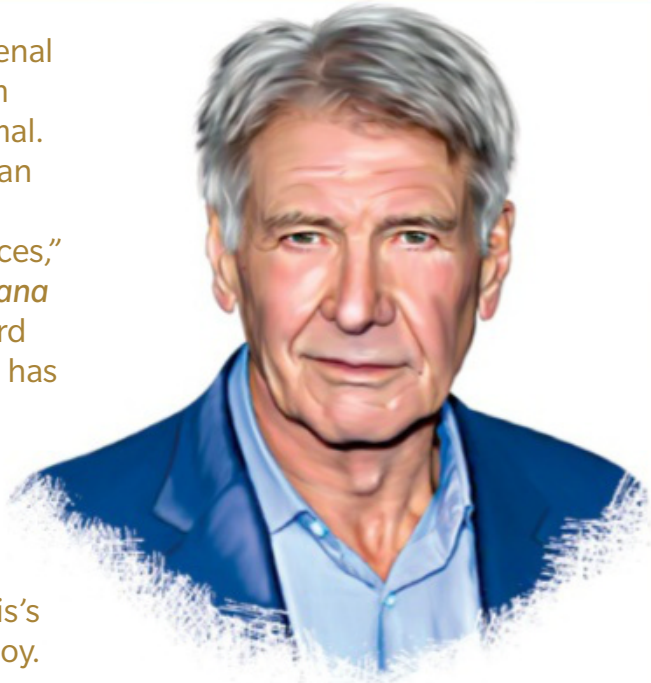
AUGUST, 1988

WALTER CHRYSLER was 35 and a master mechanic on a railroad when he bought his first automobile, a \$5,000 four-door Locomobile, on

HARRISON FORD'S phenomenal success as an actor comes from his ability to be, well, very normal. "I generally play an ordinary man who does extraordinary things under extenuating circumstances," says the hero of *Star Wars*, *Indiana Jones* and *Patriot Games*. As Ford notes, this talent for the typical has not always been appreciated:

The head of my acting programme called me into his office. "Kid, sit down," he said. "You just ain't got it. Let me tell you a story. In one of Tony Curtis's first movies, he was just a bellboy. But you took one look at the guy and you knew he was a movie star. Not so with you."

Leaning across the desk, I said, "But I thought you were supposed



to think he was a bellboy." As far as I'm concerned, that's what acting is all about.

CARLA HALL in *Washington Post*, JULY 1993

borrowed money. The car was shipped to his home town in Iowa and towed to a barn at the Chrysler home.

Chrysler studied that car for three months before he attempted to drive it. Referring to the instruction book, he took the vehicle apart, spread the pieces on newspapers and made sketches; then he put it back together. When he was sure he understood it, he drove it.

L. A., FEBRUARY, 1976

DICK McDONALD, the founder, with his brother, of McDonald's fast-food chain, tells a story about their

mother. She was Irish, and to an Irish mother, a job is important—firefighter, police officer, shoe clerk, anything that provides a regular pay cheque. My brother and I always worked for ourselves, and this drove her crazy.

Years went by, and we were very successful with our restaurants. "Your sons have their name on buildings and in TV commercials," said one of Mother's friends. "I'll bet you're really proud of them."

"I guess so," Mother replied. "But I still wish they had good, steady jobs."

MARK POTTS in *Washington Post*, SEPTEMBER, 1985

Life's Like That

1950s

PROBABLY THE MOST popular doctor in our town is a general practitioner who takes such warm personal interest in his patients that we're apt to think of him more as a friend than a doctor.

Recently I called on a neighbour who had been indisposed. Finding her feeling miserable, I urged her to call the doctor.

"I'm going to," she promised, "though I half hate to—it upsets him so when his patients get ill."

L. W. K., JULY 1956

ONE MORNING, I left my husband in our hotel room and went shopping. When I returned I got out of the lift on the wrong floor. Stopping at the door of what I assumed to be our room,

I knocked and said softly, "Honey! Oh, honey!" There was no response, so I knocked again. "Honey," I called, "Honey, it's me. Let me in honey."

At this, an exasperated male voice said, "Madam, this is a bathroom—not a beehive!"

HILDA SEENEY, SEPTEMBER 1958

1960s

MY 80-YEAR-OLD grandmother, who drives a car like a cowboy, prides herself on never having had to pay a fine. Recently she almost spoilt her record. Sailing through a halt sign, she was stopped by a policeman.

When she appeared in court, the magistrate looked at Grandma and said she had no business to be driving at her age—this was obviously a case of poor eyesight. With that, Grandma pulled a sewing kit out of her bag, threaded a needle at her first try and handed it to the magistrate. "Your turn," she said.

He failed. The case was dismissed.

MRS R. GOLDEN, JANUARY 1962

MY WIFE'S FRIEND, the mother of five active young children, was explaining that the only way she could maintain her sanity was to make them play outside most of the day.

"What do you do on rainy days?" my wife asked.

"Give them umbrellas," she replied.

RICHARD PELLICANE, JULY 1965

1970s

WHILE OUT FOR my daily run on our town's bicycle track, I noticed two young children and their mother coming towards me on bikes. The mother's bike was wobbling noticeably. As they drew near, the children flanked their mother's bike with theirs.

To the puzzled look on my face, they responded, "Learner driver." The mother smiled, and they continued on their way.

STEVEN SCHEER, FEBRUARY 1976

1990s

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, while I was serving with the Air Force at a remote air base where domestic help was not available, my wife suddenly had to leave us for a few days.

Aware of my lack of culinary skills, and concerned about our two children's diet, she gave me a crash course in preparing eggs for breakfast, then made food packets and stored them. I was only required to heat the contents and serve them twice a day.

The day after her departure, I opened the fridge to find neat packages marked 'lunch,' 'dinner' and, over a tray of eggs, 'break first.'

AVM C. V. PARKER (RETD), JULY 1993

WHEN A FOUR-YEAR-OLD neighbour visited our house, I showed her our pet tortoise, which refused to move. Even after we gently tapped its carapace, the tortoise would not come out of its shell.

The little girl was perplexed. "No battery?" she asked.

BINU CHERAYATH, AUGUST 1993

2000s

WHILE WALKING through an airport, my dentist ran into a group of people from his hometown. Among them was one of his patients.

When he said hello, she gave him a curious look, saying he looked familiar but she could not quite place him.

"Lean back and look up at me," he suggested.

She did. "Oh! Dr Harrison!"

GEORGE JUST, SEPTEMBER 2001

AFTER MY HUSBAND and I had a huge argument, we ended up not talking to each other for days. Finally, on the third day, he asked where one of his shirts was.

"Oh," I said, "now you're speaking to me." He looked confused. "What are you talking about?"

"Haven't you noticed I haven't spoken to you for three days?" I challenged.

"No," he said. "I just thought we were getting along."

BETH DORIA, DECEMBER 2001

Picturesque Speech

TOWARDS MORE LIVELY LANGUAGE

1930s

DECEMBER 1933

Winston Churchill once blandly remarked of a parliamentary opponent that he had “missed a very fine opportunity for keeping quiet.”

Newsweek



**He paused
and looked
about him
like a hostess
collecting
eyes at a
dinner party.**

P. G. WODEHOUSE

JANUARY 1935

The clock hands were closing like scissor blades on midnight, snipping off another day.

GEORGE BROOKS, in *Collier's*

Note from the 1935 editors about this entry: “And the following quotation, ladies and gentlemen, from *The Pie Slinger*, by George Brooks, in *Collier's* for 17 November, has been submitted by 234 readers in 40 [US] states, the District of Columbia and Canada; and as we go to press (4 December) additional letters submitting it are reaching us at the rate of 18 a day.”

1940s

MARCH 1942

Sample of the perfect tribute

I can feel the twinkle of his eyes in his handshake.

HELEN KELLER, on Mark Twain

OCTOBER 1945

Brief newspaper editorial:

The atomic bomb is here to stay.
But are *we*?

DONALD VINING

1950s

NOVEMBER 1958

A boy so awkward he trips over the flowers in the rug.

FERN JAMISON

Videomatic

Television is called a medium because so little of it is either rare or well-done.

MRS DEANE BINDER in *The Catholic Digest*

For the Pun of it

The trouble with political jokes is that they often get elected to office.

TONY PETTITO, quoted by Earl Wilson

ALAMY

JANUARY 1959

Party People

Nothing is more irritating than not being invited to a party you wouldn't be caught dead at.

BILL VAUGHAN



Gracie Allen explained how she knows when she's had too much to drink: "A little blurred tells me."

EARL WILSON

1970s

NOVEMBER 1970

Picture it

A fire cracking its knuckles ...

ROGER DONWAY

A distant dog barks, taking nips out of the silence ...

JOSEPH MORGENSTERN in *Newsweek*

A smile flitted across his mouth and tweaked his moustache ...

PATRICIA ROSSEY

APRIL 1976

Meeting Place

A committee is a group of people who talk for hours to produce a result called minutes.

A. D.

1980s

APRIL 1986

Tube Tomfoolery

Man to friend: "It used to be my reading I couldn't catch upon. Now it's my video-cassette recordings."

LEPPER

Wife to husband: "Shall we watch the six o'clock news and get indigestion, or wait for the eleven o'clock and have insomnia?"

REAMER KELLER

Husband to wife: "It's the late, late movie—'Ali Baba and the Forty Commercials.'"

BIL KEANE

1990s

JANUARY 1990

Wit Bits

Sermon: preacher feature

MARK GRENIER

Fast-food restaurant: economy gastronomy

DAVID E. REILLY

Proofreader: blooper snooper

DOREEN CLENDENEN

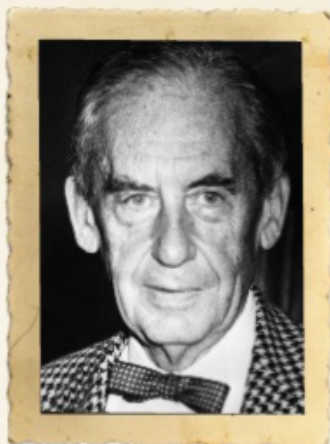
JANUARY 1993

It's a Parent

Parents are people who have photos
For everyone to see,
In compartments of their billfolds
Where the money used to be.

MERRY BROWNE

Points To Ponder



Act as if you were going to live forever and cast your plans way ahead. By this I mean that you must feel responsible without time limitation, and the consideration whether you may or may not be around to see the results should never enter your thoughts. If your contribution has been vital, there will always be somebody to pick up where you left off, and that will be your claim to immortality.

WALTER GROPIUS, *architect*, NOVEMBER 1970

The thing that gives me, and has always given me, the most happiness in life, is writing. As Emerson said, “The mind celebrates a little triumph every time it formulates a thought.” I had one yesterday and it cheered me up all day.

KENNETH CLARK, *art historian*, MARCH 1977

How can we judge the work of a society? On what basis can we predict how well a nation will survive and prosper? We propose this criterion: the concern of one generation for the next.

URIE BRONFENBRENNER,
psychologist, JANUARY 1971

Tidiness is one of those virtues that never will be assimilated with pleasure. It makes life easier and

more agreeable, does harm to no one, saves time and trouble ... yet there must be some ominous flaw to explain why, in spite of the concentrated effort of humanity to teach it to young, millions in every generation continue to reject it.

FREYA STARK, *author*, MARCH 1973

Criticism may not be agreeable, but it is necessary. It fulfils the same function as pain in the human body: It calls attention to an unhealthy state of things.

WINSTON CHURCHILL,
Former British prime minister, MAY 1969

Many reconciliations have broken down because both parties have

come prepared to forgive and unprepared to be forgiven.

CHARLES WILLIAMS, poet, MARCH 1978

Of all the people you will know in a lifetime, you are the only one you will never leave or lose. To the question of your life, you are the only answer. To the problems of your life, you are the only solution.

FREDELLE MAYNARD, author, MARCH 1979

Science does not have a moral dimension. It is like a knife. If you give it to a surgeon or a murderer, each will use it differently.

WERNHER VON BRAUN, aerospace engineer, AUGUST 1980

Perhaps the best reason for having calendars and for making life in years is that the cycle itself offers hope. We need fresh starts and new chances, the conviction that beginnings remain available, no matter how many we've

blown. And the yearly clock can start anywhere along the line.

LOUDON WAINWRIGHT, songwriter, OCTOBER 1982

The government and the press have conflicting purposes. Their perceptions differ ... this is not a bad thing ... the government should continue on its course and the media on theirs, as imperfect and unsatisfactory as these courses often are ... the government and the press should function at arm's length ... if their purposes are forced into an artificial and unnatural agreement, the nation is harmed.

JAMES DEAKIN, journalist, OCTOBER 1984

There is no such thing as a little country. The greatness of a people is no more determined by their number than the greatness of a man is determined by his height.

VICTOR HUGO, poet and novelist, DECEMBER 1983

God grant that not only the love of liberty but a thorough knowledge of the Rights of Man may pervade all the nations of the earth, so that a philosopher may set his foot anywhere on its surface and say, "This is my country".

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, American revolutionary, JANUARY 1961



Notes From All Over

1940s

SIDEWALKS IN LOUISBURG, North Carolina, USA, are divided into sections with stripes: two outside lanes for loafing, the inside one for walking. A local authority states that the plan is working satisfactorily.

JANUARY 1940

1960s

IN A TRAILER PARK at Acapulco, Mexico, I met a family from Missouri, USA who had converted an old hearse into a camper, complete with cots and cooking equipment. On the rear doors was the inscription: It Takes a Heap o' Livin' to Make a Hearse a Home.

CYRIL W. PLATTES, OCTOBER 1965

1970s

BRITAIN'S USUALLY QUIET House of Lords roused itself to a spirited debate on whether new members should bow three times, as they have since 1621, or whether once would do. By a vote of 106 to 31, the Lords decided that three would be retained. "Once we tamper with the ceremonial," cried Lord Cudlipp, "we surely disturb a whole host of ghosts."

Milwaukee Journal, DECEMBER 1975

"STAR WARS WAS the popcorn picture of all time," says Al Lapidus, who runs popcorn companies in Los Angeles and Seattle.

"People became so nervous watching the film that they ate like mad. Theatres that usually sell 150 pounds [68 kgs] of popcorn a week sold 1,200 pounds [544 kgs] during the Star Wars engagement."

SHARON JOHNSON in *The New York Times*,

JANUARY 1979

1980s

IN SOME MAJOR cities, the crowds are leaping, twisting and twirling frenetically to American rock 'n' roll. The People's Republic of China has caught Saturday night dance fever!

The usually dour Communist Party officials who are monitoring all this arm-twisting diversity seem to have made the decision that dancing is not a bad way to let off steam, and that disco in particular may not be the decadent Western activity that they deemed it during the Cultural Revolution. Rather, they claim, it is a kind of folk dance. It also turns out to be good exercise.

DANIEL SOUTHERLAND in *Washington Post*,

APRIL 1986

CLASSIC CAMPAIGNS

Reader's Digest has showcased the best of Indian advertising down the years. These classic ads capture the pulse of the nation and allow us to view the country's narrative in the past six decades. They tell stories of iconic brands that were once a part of our lives—and some that are still thriving.



"TO SAVE
WATER WE
OFTEN TAKE
A SHOWER
TOGETHER...
AND WE
ALWAYS USE
A BOMBAY
DYEING TOWEL."

Beautiful designs,
lovely textures.
Soft and strong absorbent
even when rare.

TOWELS BY
BOMBAY DYEING

Forget the itchy, burning misery of prickly heat!

Use NYCIL.
The prickly heat powder for quickest relief.

NYCIL is the only powder that keeps you cool and comfortable. It's the only powder that's gentle on your skin. It's the only powder that's safe for your baby.

Get NYCIL. Forget Prickly Heat. For just \$5.95.

NYCIL is the only powder that keeps you cool and comfortable. It's the only powder that's gentle on your skin. It's the only powder that's safe for your baby.

NYCIL is the only powder that keeps you cool and comfortable. It's the only powder that's gentle on your skin. It's the only powder that's safe for your baby.

[illegible]

**Does change of
season mean
a change of face...**
because of pimples, boils
and other skin troubles?

**Root out trouble
where it begins**
with SAFI
THE BLOOD PURIFIER

I SHOT HIM
...because I loved him!

With this modern Agfa camera you can take sparkling black-and-white as well as color photographs of your loved ones. Its Agfa Agnux 1-6.3 color lens has great 12 bright "pixels" for Agfa Agnux 1-6.3 color lens gives you 12 bright "pixels" pictures. Its built-in mechanical shutter has 1/100th, 1/200th, and 1/500th. It's all yours for only Rs. 80



Beautiful
ever-ready
color!
Price Rs. 14
German
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Skin troubles—even measles—appear at change of season when liver and digestion grow sluggish. And blood impurities increase. SAFI removes these and cleans your blood. It acts internally as a powerful anti-septic, anti-bacterial, astringent and laxative—stimulant to purify your blood.

Take WATERBURY'S COMPOUND

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and break that **COUGH**







Waterbury's Compound
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to Coughs, Colds, Bronchial
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BOSTON, AMERICAN-ALCOHOL COMPANY

THE FORMULA
THAT INDIA
DISCOVERED
CENTURIES AGO



Long before the real
great hair filler was created
many years ago, India was renowned
for her treasure
trove in every
fold of nature
and art.

Herbs, bark-ell, also an
early Indian discovery, you've lost
more for centuries until modern
science and research rediscovered
its purity for hair restoration
and named it KEO-KARPIN.

Keo-Karpin, safely & perfectly, replicates
the purity with nature's own rich substances

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Totally different Liril. Inspired
green with the exciting freshness
of leaves. Tangy, tingling citrus...
makes a bath-time woman of you.

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with
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DELHI MOSCOW LONDON



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HER SMILE IS INSURED



WITH THE FLUORIDE PROTECTION
OF BINACA FLUORIDE

Binaca

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To get a pleasant
fresh breath, use Binaca
toothpaste. It is specially
formulated to give you
a clean, white, healthy
mouth. It is also
effective in preventing
tooth decay and
gum disease.

Binaca Fluoride
Gives you a clean, white, healthy mouth.

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model Fiat with the big car look

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Progressively manufactured by
THE PREMIER AUTOMOBILES LIMITED BOMBAY
CONTACT YOUR NEAREST SALES

Some brands pictured here are still around, while others exist only in our memories. They bring alive happier, simpler days gone by, and make us smile. Taste the nostalgia of these classic campaigns.



LEGACY RULES

History is interesting. Never linear, it originates from multiple regions, periods throwing up multiple achievements. But all of them have left us equipped with wisdom, distilled and mixed in the later periods to finally give us a complex, but very interesting tapestry called India.

If India continues to confound observers, there is a group of people who seem to know this country like the back of their palms. We are talking about institutions that have helped people evolve while constantly reinventing themselves to be counted as one of the world's best.

They are the true testaments to our nation's progress from the time when we won our freedom to the present age.

These are brands that have the aura of timelessness and have stood up for values that are truly Indian. It is with this sense of awe and pride that we present a few brands that have been with us for generations and take this opportunity to applaud their roles in our lives.

A SPONSORED ADVERTISING PROMOTION

GIC Re - THE INDIAN REINSURER AND A GLOBAL LEADER



आपत्काले रक्षिष्यामि

GIC Re

THE MOTTO OF GIC RE CREATED BACK IN 1976 IS AAPATKALE RAKSHISYAMI, A SANSKRIT PHASE THAT TRANSLATES TO, "I SHALL PROTECT YOU IN TIMES OF DISTRESS".

General Insurance Corporation of India (GIC) emerged to function as the holding company, and to own the nationalised General insurance companies on behalf of the Government of India.

As per its writ, GIC, mirrored Government priorities on various fronts and oversaw the Indian General insurance industry, shouldering key responsibilities like investment, recruitment, reinsurance, technical matters and co-ordination on behalf of the industry. It was a role it carried out for 28 years, consolidating the industry and working for its development and growth along the lines of priorities set out by the Government and with the objective of creating a healthy and competitive industry and of spreading General insurance far and wide in the country.

With the liberalisation of the Indian insurance sector, GIC reinvented itself as a pure reinsurance company in November 2000. It was re-notified as 'Indian reinsurer' under Insurance Act, 1938 and continued to receive obligatory cessions from direct insurers. The company which had started



writing foreign inward reinsurance business in 1991 and shared it with its subsidiaries, continued writing it purely on its own account from April 1, 2002. Retaining its name, the company rebranded itself GIC Re to denote its new identity.

The corporation provides reinsurance support to life and non-life insurers and leads reinsurance programme of many insurers in Africa, SAARC countries, the Middle East and South Asia. It has overseas presence through branch offices in Dubai, London, Kuala Lumpur and subsidiaries in South Africa and Moscow (Russia). It has a joint venture reinsurance company, GIC Bhutan Re Ltd in Bhutan.

Ranked 11st largest Reinsurer globally by Standard & Poor (2019), GIC Re has a rating of A- (Excellent) from A. M. Best for its financial strength.



The year was 1971, almost 4 decades ago, when two visionaries dreamt of a Made-in India brand.

A brand that would go on to become a household name in India for generations to come; VIP!



Evolution of the VIP Company logo

The brands' foundation was built on the vision of two friends, both electrical engineers then at the Maharashtra State Electricity Board, Jaikumar Pathare and L Jaipal Reddy.

Friends that later on became business partners; they started out Maxwell Industries from small government contracts and went on to revolutionise the Indian hosiery business and clothing industry with VIP men's underwear brand.

In the midst of an unorganised India and economic chaos, both Jaikumar Pathare and L Jaipal Reddy, identified one key differentiating aspect – **BRANDING!** "The big players were Victor, Cozy and RR Dawn. These brands were using underwear as a commodity. Our emphasis was on advertising and marketing and creating a brand," as Mr. Jaikumar Pathare, erstwhile Chairman would say.

In 1971, when it was unheard of, Maxwell industries undertook a serious market research to understand consumer purchase behaviour, which revealed that men's underwear was a new upcoming product that required design innovation. Since then the

brand has gone from strength to strength with a proactive approach in marketing and branding and innovation in design. Maxwell industries introduced the elastic underwear with stylish cuts under the VIP Underwear brand. This is the first time the Indian

market saw design innovation in a product like men's underwear. Since then, VIP Group has grown tremendously with a strong national presence. Key brands of VIP such as Frenchie, a front-line underwear brand for men and Feelings, an economy brand of intimate wear for women continue to enjoy brand recall in India today.

Design innovation has always been at the pinnacle for VIP to such extent that the name VIP Frenchie has now become synonymous with the 'Y cut' style of brief, almost becoming a generic name for this style.

Frenchie the brand, became huge; who can forget the iconic advertising campaign where Dalip Tahil in underwear with a flowing robe rescued maidens in distress from roadside thugs. The advertising campaigns like **'ADJUST MAADI'** too ensured that VIP the brand and Frenchie continued to remain relevant in a vastly competitive inner garment

If you think this is stretching things a bit too far...

You should see the product!

VIP Frenchie. The compact and precise designer brief with a real manly stretch! The world is switching to it in a big way, and so are our major cities! A real international choice from VIP for our men of style and action.

VIP Frenchie
Designer briefs for the man of the world

Frenchie advertisement in 90's

industry.

Today, the VIP world is driven by both sons of Jaikumar Pathare, Sunil Pathare and Kapil Pathare, Directors at VIP Clothing Ltd. handling VIP, Feelings, Frenchie and Leader portfolios. With a pulse of the Indian as well as foreign textile markets, Mr. Sunil Pathare shares, "A revolutionary brand VIP was started by two novices in the

innerwear industry.

With their guidance we have grown the brand into a national name and are determined to take it to new heights.

We believe with improved technology, design innovations, brand strategy and stronger distribution networks, VIP as a brand will scale newer heights in India as well as globally."



**DESH KI SEHAT
DESH KA NAMAK**



DESH KI SEHAT, DESH KA NAMAK

TATA SALT IS INDIA'S FIRST NATIONAL BRANDED IODIZED SALT. LAUNCHED IN 1983, TATA SALT PROVIDED AN ASSURANCE OF PURITY IN A MARKET WHERE UNBRANDED SALT OF DUBIOUS QUALITY WAS THE NORM.

Tata Salt is a household name that has inspired brand loyalty for 35+ years now reaching more than 170+ million households.

The iodized Tata Salt

Tata Salt also holds the distinction of being the pioneer of Salt Iodization in India.

What is a given today, was born out of a nation's health necessity back then. India was facing a goitre outbreak of epidemic proportions when the then Prime Minister Mrs. Indira Gandhi approached the then Tata Group Chairman Mr. J. R. D. Tata to help address the situation. With the

objective of addressing the issue of micro-nutrient deficiency in the country, Tata Salt launched a nationwide movement of Salt Iodisation launching India's first ever Iodised Salt - and thus the journey began.

Using Vacuum® Evaporation technology, Tata Salt offered consumers a healthy, hygienic alternative — an iodized vacuum evaporated salt that was completely untouched by hand. Containing the right amount of iodine, which is vital for physical and mental growth and development, the brand soon saw results.

The National Family Health Survey II (1998-99) revealed that 71% of the households who were consuming Tata Salt were getting adequate Iodine in their everyday intake, thereby, reducing the incidence of Goitre.



The Hypertension Saviour - Tata Salt Lite

Today, Hypertension (high blood pressure) has emerged as one of the leading health problems of the country.



A research undertaken by the Tata Salt team showed that over 40% of the urban adult population in India suffers from hypertension – and thus was born Tata Salt Lite, a low sodium salt specially formulated to keep the blood pressure of

consumers in check.

Refined, iodised and potassium enriched, Tata Salt Lite is specially formulated to contain 15% lower sodium than regular salt. It is designed to provide consumers a convenient means to reduce their sodium intake without compromising on the taste.

The Iron Rich - Tata Salt Plus

One out of two women in India today are found to be iron deficient, making them vulnerable to anaemia. And it affects the family too - about 25% men and 73% children are also found to be iron deficient.

Tata Salt undertook extensive research along with the National Institute of Nutrition, Hyderabad and came up with a new formulation – Tata Salt Plus, an iron fortified iodized salt which fulfils up to 50% of a person's daily iron requirements.



DID YOU KNOW?

The word 'Salary' comes from the Latin word *sal*, for Salt.

Tata Salt takes care of the taste palette

Over the years, Tata Salt has ventured into new product segments to meet the changing needs of its customers, adding Sprinklers, Tata Black Salt and Tata Rock Salt to its repertoire.

Tata Black Salt brings to your dining table the goodness of amla, behara and many other ingredients. You don't just add a great tangy taste but also rich minerals like potassium and iron. It addresses health issues like indigestion and constipation.



Tata Rock Salt brings a refreshing combination of great taste and health to your table. The pink crystals are rich in essential minerals like calcium, magnesium and potassium. It can also be used to enhance fasting foods. Both of these come in a unique crusher format, making sure that the natural richness stays intact for a long time. A simple twist of the crusher will explode a burst of flavours and minerals to your food.

Tata Salt is the market leader in the category staying true to its credo, '**Desh Ki Sehat, Desh Ka Namak**'. The commitment to make India healthier and stronger, was the vision of the founders. The legacy continues...with an enduring trust of the consumers in the brand and the product range.

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FEBRUARY 1972

Seven Words to Live By

Suppose you could offer one word of advice to a young person living in the year 2000. One word! What would it be?

BY John W. Gardner

OVER THE PAST FEW YEARS I have been asking this question of many friends, and the answers have been remarkably consistent. Three words are almost universally at the top of the list.

The most frequently mentioned word is 'Live'. It is a sound choice for the First Maxim. If you have in mind Schweitzer's "reverence for life", and a biologist's sense of the complexity and wonder of the life process, you will understand the breadth and depth of the word.

In Thornton Wilder's play, *Our Town*, a young woman dies and discovers that she has the opportunity to live one day of her life over again. She chooses her 12th birthday. When the day begins, her

first reaction is an intense desire to savour every moment. "I can't look at everything hard enough," she says. Then, to her sorrow, she sees that the members of her family are not experiencing life with any intensity. In desperation, she says to her mother, "Let's *look* at one another!" And later: "Oh, Earth, you're too wonderful for anybody to realize you! Do any human beings ever realize life while they live it?" Most people waste life. The First Maxim says, "Live, be aware, experience, grow".

The second one-word maxim mentioned by almost everyone is 'Love'. People attach many different meanings to the word, and the Second Maxim



means all kinds of love—fraternal, sexual, religious, humanistic. But it means, above all, the capacity to break through the barriers that cut one off from others and from values beyond the claims of self—to give and receive, to commit oneself, not childishly but in mature escape from the prison of self-absorption. It can happen at 18 or 80.

The Third Maxim is 'Learn.' We're brought up to think that learning is a 'duty'—and all too often, school convinces us that it is a very dull duty. To clear your mind of such nonsense, watch a baby learning to walk. He tries, fails, tries again, improves, bumps his nose, cries, laughs and keeps on. He isn't being dutiful. He's simply doing what he was designed to do—learn.

Many people who suggested the Third Maxim were also saying: Learn who you are, learn to be at peace with yourself, learn the effect you have on others, open your mind to new experience. Learn! It's fun. It hurts. It changes us. And it keeps us 'alive.' When Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr—one of the great US Supreme Court justices—was 92, a friend came upon him reading in his library and asked, "What are you doing?" Justice Holmes smiled and said, "Improving my mind."

Live. Love. Learn. Any reader who checks with friends will find considerable agreement on these words. But ask for another choice and you will make a



FROM 1972

curious discovery: Though most people arrive at the same first three maxims, agreement breaks down completely on the fourth. A devout young friend of mine says, "Believe!" A scientist says, "Seek!" A distinguished physician says, "Produce!" I found no consensus. Then a couple of years ago I was scheduled to deliver an after-dinner speech to the American Philosophical

Society, one of the most distinguished scholarly groups in the nation. I decided to put the question to the members and their wives. Where would one find a group of men and women better fitted to assist in the search?

The most popular choice of this group was 'Think,' although some of them preferred variations such as 'Understand' or 'Know.' The next choice was 'Give,' and related words such as 'Help,' 'Serve' and 'Share.' Then came 'Laugh,' along with 'Smile,' 'Play' and 'Enjoy.'

Many people have asked what my own preference for the Fourth Maxim would be. My choice is 'Try.' It's a homely word, and 'Aspire,' meaning 'to try for something better,' might seem more adequate. But it's hard to know that what you are striving for will actually turn out to be better. I'll stay with 'Try.'

Live, Love, Learn, Think, Give, Laugh, Try. Can you pack better advice into seven words? **R**

Campus Comedy

1960s

ONE DAY ON MY WAY to class at a New York City college, I overheard this conversation between two long-haired individuals: "It's a nice place to protest, Leon, but I wouldn't want to go here."

ELLEN MCKENNA, MAY 1969

1970s

AMONG THE ROUTINE notices on the bulletin board of the National Academy of Design in New York City there appeared not long ago the following: "Whoever knows the whereabouts of the hand removed from our skeleton in Studio No. 5 kindly return it to the office."

A few days later, there was an inscription on the notice: "No! I will never come back! I'm free at last! The Hand."

The inscription was hand-lettered.

LAWRENCE VAN GELDER in *New York Times*,
DECEMBER 1977

1980s

"WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?" a cranky schoolmate was asked by one of her friends.

"I just got back my last English paper," she grumbled. "I got a C-minus."

Trying to cheer her up, I interjected, "You know you use more muscles to frown than you do to smile."

"So leave me alone," she snapped. "I'm exercising."

SETH JAYSON, JUNE 1988

1990s

WHEN MY DAUGHTER CALLED to announce that she and her roommate were moving out of their university dormitory to an apartment occupied by two college men, I asked if she'd considered her father's reaction.

"Oh, Mom," she said, "tell him not to worry. We don't even know these guys."

LYNN BUCHANAN HUBER, APRIL 1994

DURING MY SOPHOMORE year at Whitman College in Walla Walla, Washington, I was having trouble deciding on a major. In an agonizing discussion with my adviser, I decided to double major in astrophysics and theatre. Getting up to leave, I said, "Thanks for your help. But what am I going to do once I graduate?"

My adviser shrugged. "You could be a star," he said.

MICHAEL BURLES, FEBRUARY 1997



How Long Does a Cold Really Last?

Blow your nose and read on for the answers

BY Lauren Cahn

COMMON COLDS ARE the main reason your kids miss school and you miss work. But what exactly is a cold? The common cold is a result of a viral infection of your nose and throat (upper respiratory tract). It's usually harmless, although it might not feel that way. Typical symptoms of this condition include a sore throat, runny nose, coughing, sneezing, headaches and body ache.

How do colds spread?

Colds are caused by viruses. In fact, as many as 200 viruses cause cold symptoms, with rhinovirus being the most common. According to family physician Dr Megha Tewari, cold viruses spread through the air, bodily fluids



and from touching surfaces where virus particles have settled.

How long does a cold last?

Most people fully recover within seven to 10 days. Tewari breaks down the length based on your symptoms.

Sore throat: usually runs its course within the first day or so

Mild headache: usually resolves itself within a few days

Mild body ache: a few days

Low-grade fever: a few days

Fatigue: may linger for a week to 10 days

Nasal congestion: one to two weeks

Coughing: may continue for one to two weeks

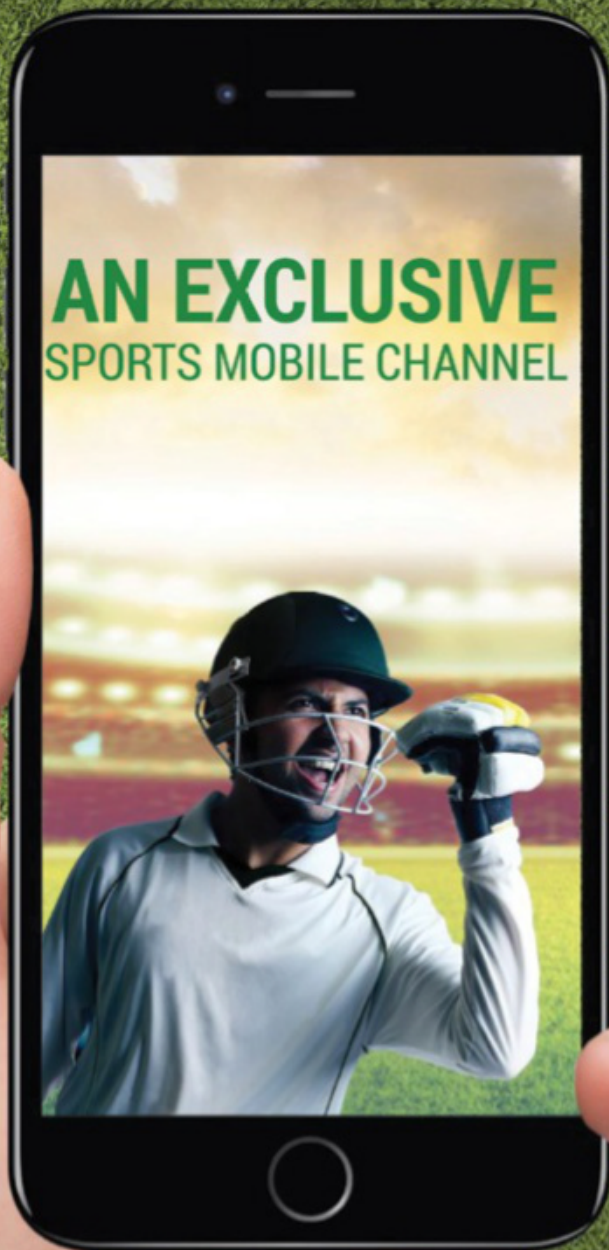
What to watch out for

You should see a doctor if you experience any of the following:

- ◆ a temperature of 100°F or higher
- ◆ symptoms that last more than 10 days or are severe or unusual. **R**



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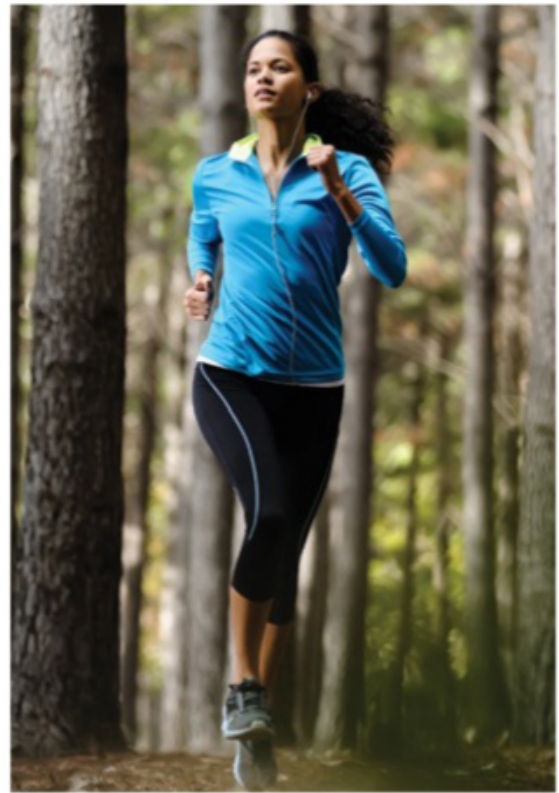
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Polycystic Ovaries Decoded

Why this misunderstood condition need not cause panic

BY Dr Puneet Bedi

EVERY OTHER DAY I get panic calls from girls, sometimes as young as 13, saying they have been 'diagnosed' with Polycystic Ovarian Disease (PCOD) or Polycystic Ovarian Syndrome (PCOS) and prescribed lifelong hormone treatment to 'cure' it. Now known as Polycystic Ovaries (PCO), the condition they have been 'diagnosed' for is indeed common, affecting almost 25 per cent of all women, but it is no longer considered a disease and is often overdiagnosed. A genetic predisposition is seen and environmental factors like diet and lifestyle may be involved, but the disorder is not fully understood. Ovaries secrete both male and female hormones under the influence of the hypothalamus and the pituitary gland, in the brain. In PCO, the



level of male and female hormones is higher. A suboptimal insulin utilization and thyroid dysfunction may also be associated, producing a wide variety of symptoms. Symptoms include signs of excessive male hormones like acne, facial hair and weight gain or irregular periods. Some women may have problems conceiving.

Diagnosis

Two of the three features must be seen to make a diagnosis for PCO:

- Hormonal imbalance
- Irregular periods
- Showing ultrasound features of PCO

If you've been diagnosed, do not panic. You're not 'abnormal' or ill. Any condition affecting a quarter of all

women cannot really be called a disease. A majority of young women will need no medicines at all and a healthy balanced diet and regular exercise may keep you free of symptoms for years. Since it is a condition, rather than a disease, the aim of treatment is not to 'cure' but to treat the symptoms.

Symptoms and Their Treatment

■ **Cosmetic symptoms** These include acne, facial and body hair, dark patches in the underarms and obesity, which may sometimes require treatment with anti-male hormones—but their effect is temporary. They may arrest, but not reverse the changes already present. Local creams and laser therapy, which has become safer and cheaper in recent years, are often used.

■ **Menstrual irregularity** An easy way to treat it is with the oral contraceptive pill. Some pills contain anti-male hormone drugs and may also help women with cosmetic symptoms like facial hair.

■ **Weight issues** About a third of all women with PCO will be overweight. Weight management is always a challenge, but a balanced diet, low in fat and carbs, will help you drop weight. Even losing a few kilos corrects hormonal imbalance significantly. If you're overweight, get your sugar levels checked. Exercise and seek expert diet management; only in extreme cases should bariatric surgery be considered. Metformin was earlier prescribed to reduce weight and treat infertility. Recent studies show it is not required

unless the patient is also diabetic, in which case it is necessary to treat it.

■ **Fertility** Even those who have problems conceiving should be reassured as this is one cause of infertility which can be treated. With proper treatment, 90 per cent of women with PCO conceive.

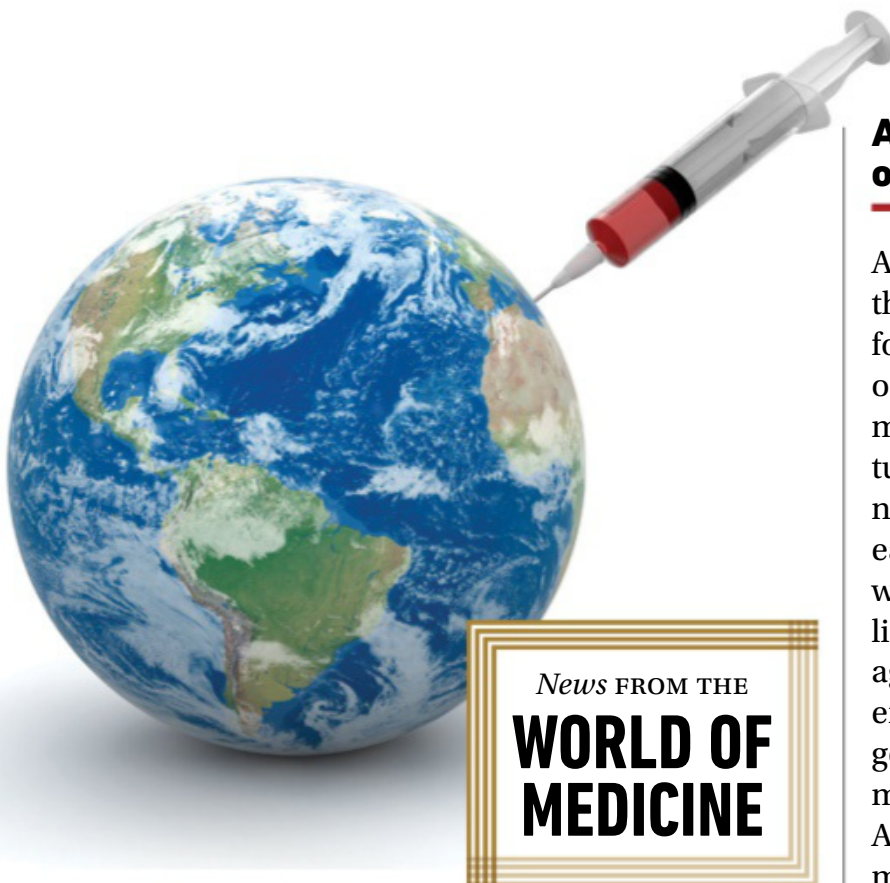
WEIGHT MANAGEMENT IS ALWAYS A CHALLENGE BUT A BALANCED DIET, LOW IN FAT AND CARBS, HELPS REDUCE WEIGHT.

A judicious use of anti-oestrogen drugs like clomiphene, administered to make an egg, generally work. Severe cases may require hormone injections to induce ovulation. This should be carefully monitored with ultrasound and blood tests as high hormone levels can cause serious, life-threatening hyper-stimulation.

■ **Other health issues** PCO also has a bearing on long-term health as it may be associated with other hormonal disturbances such as abnormal sugars due to ineffective utilization of insulin (insulin resistance), thyroid dysfunction and other metabolic disturbances, which may increase the risk of diabetes and heart disease at a later age. **R**

Dr Puneet Bedi is Consultant, Obstetrics and Gynaecology at the Indraprastha Apollo Hospital, New Delhi

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A New Type of Dementia

A report published in the journal *Brain* found that up to a third of Alzheimer's-like dementia cases may actually be caused by a newly identified disease called LATE, which stands for limbic-predominant age-related TDP-43 encephalopathy. LATE generally progresses more gradually than Alzheimer's and is marked by the accumulation of the TDP-43 brain protein, while Alzheimer's is associated with the beta-amyloid and tau brain proteins. But many people appear to suffer from both diseases, triggering a more rapid decline than from either condition alone. This finding may help explain why trials of drugs designed to curb beta-amyloid and tau have failed to help patients—and point the way to more effective treatments in the future.

SIT TIGHT ON STANDING DESKS

Desks that can be adjusted for either sitting or standing are sometimes touted as a way to fight obesity, but according to a review of 53 studies, no significant results support this claim. This makes sense, given that simply standing doesn't burn many calories. However, some study participants found that standing helped them feel less fatigued, reduced lower-back pain and improved blood pressure mildly. Desk height, monitor height, amount of time spent standing and the use of an anti-fatigue mat (to cushion the feet) all affected the benefits people experienced.

Hands-Only Version of CPR Saves Lives

Traditional cardio-pulmonary resuscitation (CPR) includes both chest compressions and mouth-to-mouth rescue breaths, which some people are reluctant to perform because they're afraid of contracting an infectious disease. But when a patient is in cardiac arrest, according to a review of national Swedish data between 2000 and 2017, you can leave out the mouth-to-mouth breathing and still save a life. Compared with no CPR, receiving the standard or hands-only version at least doubled a patient's chances of survival, and the likelihood that someone would receive CPR from a bystander rose by nearly 70 percent with Sweden's promotion of the compression-only version.



MAGNETS HELP EYES

The fluid in your eyes helps protect your cornea. However, if too much builds up, it can cause glaucoma, an increase of ocular pressure that may damage the optic nerve and cause blindness. Glaucoma drainage devices, which remove excess fluid, are an increasingly common treatment, but over time, microorganisms within your body collect on the devices and render them inoperable. Now researchers have designed a self-cleaning drainage device with tiny components that vibrate when a doctor passes a magnet over them, shaking loose the microorganisms.

Turmeric's Use in Cancer Therapy

Not only has turmeric been part of Indian cooking, it has also been an integral part of traditional medicine for ages. Its anti-cancer benefits have also been acknowledged in Ayurveda. Now Thiruvananthapuram-based Sree Chitra Tirunal Institute of Medical Sciences and Technology (SCTIMST) has won a US patent for developing turmeric-based curcumin to target malignant cancer tissues. According to experts, this method will not affect the surrounding healthy cells unlike in other therapies. After clinical trials, it will go through several rounds of tests before it reaches clinics and hospitals. Studies in the past on curcumin, the chemical that gives turmeric its golden colour, have established that it has anti-clotting properties and reduces inflammation, besides its role in fighting cancer.^R

—WITH INPUTS FROM
V. KUMARA SWAMY



Tax-Saving: How to Avoid Last-Minute Pitfalls

The multiple advantages of planning your investment decisions early in the financial year

BY Surya Bhatia

IT IS THAT TIME of the year again. Popularly called JFM (January/February/March) by companies involved in the selling of financial products, the idea is to aggressively attract investors looking for last-minute tax-saving investments, as they fast approach the closure of the financial year. While many investors realize that it is far more prudent to make the investments much earlier, sadly, for a large investing population, most tax-saving investments are made only in the last quarter. This is either due to the lack of awareness on the benefits of investing early or simply the general tendency to postpone things until the last minute.

So what are the drawbacks of making tax-saving decisions during the last months of a financial year? And how should you approach investments?

Investing Round the Year

Firstly, the investor partially loses the power of compounding—when interest starts earning interest. The earlier you make an investment, greater the compounding effect. So, instead of investing at the fag end of the financial year, it is better if it is done at the beginning. If poor cash flow is your excuse, you could start investing small amounts round the year through monthly premium payments or investment in mutual funds like ELSS (Equity Linked Savings Scheme) via the Systematic Investment Plan (SIP) route. This will not only ensure financial discipline but also keep the cash flow under control. This further provides benefit in the form of rupee cost averaging for market-linked investments like ELSS and ULIPs (Unit Linked Insurance Plans). In other words, you buy more units



when the markets are down and fewer when they are riding high. This enables you to arrive at an average price for your investments.

Keep Long-Term Needs in Mind

Secondly, starting early means you can decide on the investment, which suits your requirement as well as your profile. You save on money too. Hence, it can become a case of good investment with tax planning becoming incidental. For example, if you need a life cover you can think and decide on what the sum assured should be, and whether you need to go in for a term plan (pure life cover) or a ULIP or an endowment plan. If the sum assured is what your financial planning demands, the thumb rule says seven or eight times your annual income should be the ideal. However, it can vary on a case-to-case basis. If you have a long-term investment horizon and can take risks, then ELSS could be the best option. And if you

are risk-averse or have low to moderate risk appetite, but can invest for the long term, then PPF (Public Provident Fund) is a good option.

Of course, these decisions can be taken in the last few months of the financial year too, but the challenge is that you are running against time, as you need to submit the tax-saving receipts to your employer or else TDS (Tax Deducted at Source) at a higher rate will apply. So, in a hurry you end up making an investment, which may be good but may not fit your profile. You may not have any other option this year if you did not plan your investments well, but you would be well advised to spend some time, in the next financial year, to take an informed decision instead of making a last-minute dash that you may repent later. **R**

Surya Bhatia, a Delhi-based financial consultant, is managing partner, Asset Managers.





FEBRUARY 1949



Two Gentlemen *of* Verona

A silent epic of youthful devotion

BY A. J. CRONIN

ILLUSTRATION BY KESHAV KAPIL

A S WE DROVE through the foothills of the Alps, two small boys stopped us on the outskirts of Verona. They were selling

wild strawberries, scarlet berries that looked delicious against the green leaves lining the wicker baskets.

"Don't buy," warned Luigi, our cautious driver. "You will get fruit much better in Verona. Besides, these boys ..." He shrugged his shoulders to convey his disapproval of their shabby appearance.

One boy wore a worn jersey and cut-off khaki pants, the other a shortened army tunic gathered in loose folds about his skinny frame. Yet, gazing at the two little figures, with their brown skin, tangled hair and dark earnest eyes, we felt ourselves strangely attracted. My companion spoke to the boys and discovered that they were brothers. Nicola, the elder, was 13; Jacopo, who barely came up to the door handle of the car, was nearly 12. We bought their biggest basket, then set off towards town.

Verona is a lovely city, rich in history, with quiet medieval streets and splendid buildings of an exquisite pale honey colour. Romeo and Juliet are reputed to have lived there. Bombed in the recent war, it has lost its bridges, but not its gaiety or charm.

Next morning, coming out of our hotel, we drew up short. There, bent over shoeshine boxes beside the fountain in the public square, doing brisk business, were our two young friends of the previous afternoon.

We watched for a while, then, as trade slackened, we went over. They greeted us with friendly faces.

"I thought you picked fruit," I said.

"We do many things, sir," Nicola answered seriously. He glanced at us hopefully. "Often we show visitors through the town ... to Juliet's tomb and other places of interest."

"All right," I smiled. "You take us along." As we made the rounds, my interest was again provoked by their remarkable demeanour. They were childish enough, and in many ways quite artless. Jacopo, although his lips were paler than they should have been, was lively as a squirrel. Nicola's smile was steady and engaging. Yet in both these boyish faces there was a seriousness which one respected, an air of purpose far beyond their years.

In the week which followed we saw them frequently, for they proved extremely useful to us. If we wanted a pack of American cigarettes, or seats for the opera, or the name of a restaurant that could provide good ravioli, Nicola and Jacopo could be relied upon to satisfy our needs, with their usual cheerful competence.

What struck us most was their unremitting willingness to work. During these summer days, under

the hot sun, and in the long evenings when the air blew chill from the mountains, they shined shoes, sold fruit, hawked newspapers, conducted tourists round the town, ran errands—they exploited every avenue which the troubled economy of the town left open to them.

One night, we came upon them in the windy and deserted square, resting on the stone pavement beneath the pale arc lights. Nicola sat upright, his face drawn by fatigue. A bundle of unsold newspapers lay at his feet, while Jacopo, his head pillowed upon his brother's shoulder, was asleep. It was nearly midnight.

"Why are you out so late, Nicola?"

He had started sharply as I spoke but now he gave me his quiet, independent glance.

"Waiting for the last bus from Padua. We shall sell all our papers when it comes in."

"Must you keep at it so hard? You both look rather tired."

"We are not complaining, sir."

His tone, while perfectly polite, discouraged further inquiry. But next morning, when I went over to the fountain to have my shoes shined, I said, "Nicola, the way you and Jacopo work, you must earn quite a bit. You spend nothing on clothes. You eat

little enough—when I see you having a meal it's usually black bread and figs. Tell me, what do you do with your money?"

He coloured deeply under his sunburn, then grew pale. His gaze fell to the ground. "You must be saving up to emigrate to America," I suggested.

He looked at me sideways, spoke with an effort. "We should greatly like to go to the US. But here, at present, we have other plans."

"What plans?"

He smiled uncomfortably, with that remote air which never failed to baffle me.

"Just plans, sir."

"Well," I said, "we're leaving on Monday. Is there anything I can do for you before we go?"

Nicola shook his head, but suddenly Jacopo's nostrils quivered like a puppy's and he piped up eagerly.

"Sir," he burst out, "on Sundays we visit the country, to Poleta, 30 kilometres from here. Usually we hire bicycles. But tomorrow, since you are so kind, you might send us in your car."

I had already told Luigi he might have the Sunday off. However, I answered, "I'll drive you out myself." There was a pause. Nicola was glaring at his young brother. "We could not think of troubling you, sir."

"It won't be any trouble."

"We should greatly like to go to the US. But here, at present, we have other plans."
"What plans?"
"Just plans, sir."



He bit his lip, then, in a rather put-out tone, he said, "Very well."

The following afternoon we drove to the tiny picturesque village set high upon the hillside amidst sheltering chestnut groves, with a few pines on the upper slopes and a deep blue lake beneath. I imagined that our destination would be some humble dwelling. But, directed by Jacopo's shrill treble, we drew up at a large red-roofed villa, surrounded by a high stone wall. I could scarcely believe my eyes and before I could recover breath, my two passengers had leapt nimbly from the car. "We shall not be long, sir. Perhaps only an hour. Maybe you'd like to go to the café in the village for a drink?" They disappeared beyond the corner of the wall.

When a few minutes had elapsed, I followed. I found a side-entrance and, determinedly, rang the bell.

A pleasant-looking woman with a ruddy complexion and steel-rimmed spectacles appeared. I blinked as I saw that she was dressed in the white uniform of a trained nurse.

"I just brought two small boys here."

"Ah, yes." Her face lit up; she opened the door to admit me. "Nicola and Jacopo. I will take you up."

She led me through a cool tiled vestibule into the hospital—for hospital the villa had become. We traversed a waxed and polished corridor between well-equipped wards. We went upstairs to a southern balcony which opened to a vista of the gardens and

the lake. On the threshold of a little cubicle the nurse paused, put her finger to her lips and, with a smile, bade me look through the glass partition.

The two boys were seated at the bedside of a girl of about 20 who, propped up on pillows, wearing a pretty lace jacket, was listening to their chatter, her eyes soft and tender. Despite the faint flush high upon her cheekbones and the queer inertness of her posture, one could discern at a glance her resemblance to her brothers. A vase of wild flowers stood on her table, beside a dish of fruit and several books.

"Won't you go in?" the nurse murmured. "Lucia will be pleased to see you." I shook my head. I felt I could not bear to intrude upon this happy family party. But at the foot of the staircase I drew up and begged her to tell me all she knew about these boys.

She was eager to do so. They were, she explained, quite alone in the world, except for this sister, Lucia. Their father, a widower, a well-known singer at La Scala, had been killed in the early part of the war.

Shortly afterward a bomb had destroyed their home and thrown the three children onto the streets. They had always known a comfortable and cultured life—Lucia had herself been training as a singer—and they had suffered horribly from near starvation and exposure to the cold Veronese winter.

For months they had barely kept themselves alive in a sort of shelter they built with their own hands amidst the rubble. Then the German Elite Guard established headquarters in Verona and for three dreadful years ruled the city with ruthless severity. The boys grew to hate those harsh, unwanted masters and when the resistance movement began secretly to form they were among the first to join. It was not a matter of 'playing war'. Their extreme youth and insignificant size, added to an intimate knowledge of the neighbouring hills, made them immensely valuable. They were used to carry messages to the forces of liberation and, more dangerous still, to ferret out information on the movements of the German troops.

The good nurse broke off, her eyes moist, then with even deeper feeling she went on. "I need not tell you how fine they were, these infants. How they went in the darkness, through the mountain passes, with letters in their shoes which might cause them to be shot. And when it was all over, and we had peace at last, they came back to their beloved sister. And they found her suffering from tuberculosis of the spine, contracted during the miseries of the war."



FROM 1949

She paused, took a quick breath.

"Did they give up? I do not have to answer that question. They brought her here, persuaded us to take her into the hospital. In the 12 months she has been our patient she has made good progress. There is every hope that one day she will walk—and sing—again.

"Of course, everything is so difficult now, food so scarce and dear, we could not keep going unless we charged a fee. But every week, Lucia's brothers have made their payment." She added, simply, "I don't know what they do, I do not ask. Work is scarce in Verona. But whatever it is, I know they do it well."

"Yes," I agreed. "They couldn't do it better."

I waited outside until the boys rejoined me, then drove them back to the city. They sat beside me, not speaking, in a mood of quiet contentment. For my part, I did not say a word—I knew they would prefer to feel that they had safely kept their secret. Yet, this silent epic of youthful devotion had touched me deeply. War had not broken their spirit. And, if an untimely maturity had been forced upon them, at least they had accepted it with dignity and courage. Their selfless action brought a new nobility to human life, gave promise of a greater hope for human society. **R**





OCTOBER 1967



Night Train To **CHITTAGONG**

Two young men from opposing sides come
face to face during the highly charged days
of the struggle for Indian Independence
and World War II

BY D. W. DAVID

ILLUSTRATION BY KESHAV KAPIL

IT WAS BENGAL, 1942, a dark time for India. At our regimental forward base depot in Dacca, the adjutant handed Captain N. and me a set of identical papers,

sealed and top secret. We were on our way to join the regiment at Chittagong and we had a dangerous railway journey ahead of us. "I can't offer you any escort," the adjutant said. "I haven't a man to spare. But these dispatches must reach our commanding officer as soon as possible. We aren't in wireless contact, so I must depend on you two."

By this time Singapore had fallen, Malaya was overrun and Japanese columns, driving through Burma, were poised to attack Assam, the gateway to India. Added to this threat from the east, the country harboured another menace within itself—militant activists who demanded immediate independence for India. The vast majority of Indians were loyal to the British government, but a small, articulate group of political extremists detested the British even more than the Japanese aggressors. Long years of patronizing rebuffs had bred hatred of British rule, and pro-Axis riots were beginning to hamstring the desperate efforts of the military.

Our journey to Chittagong involved a night on the train and a crossing of the great Brahmaputra river—in ordinary circumstances, just a tiring

ride of some 320 kms. But now there was the hazard of encountering goondas—bands of hooligans, revolutionaries and thieves—carrying long cane-cutting machetes. They often waylaid trains to rob and murder white occupants.

The adjutant was nervous. "These dispatches contain the names of known Japanese sympathizers in Chittagong, who, in the event of a Jap breakthrough, would be a ready-made fifth column," he said. "I've made two identical copies so that ..."

His meaning was plain. If one of us fell afoul of the goondas, the other might, with luck, get through.

THE 'THIN RED LINE'

Captain N., a former tea planter, had little use for Indian aspirations and regarded all extreme nationalists as traitors. He was scornful of the adjutant's excessive caution. "I'd like to see any goonda interfere with me," he growled. I shared the captain's scorn, but for different reasons. A young subaltern, I was full of pride in British arms. If the 'thin red line' had controlled the Indian masses for centuries, there was no reason now for an armed British officer to fear a few underfed zealots with knives. As to Indian politics, I knew little and cared less; I was here to fight a war.

At the station, Captain N. and I threaded our way through the swarming crowd and entered our respective compartments—his near

the engine and mine at the rear. (More caution on the adjutant's part!) The porters stowed my luggage. I opened the screened windows of my carriage and, as the train lurched out of the station, poured myself a drink—whisky and cold water out of a thermos. Then I lay down on my bunk. Soon the whisky and the low, pounding rhythm of the wheels were having their effect.

“JAI HIND!”

What woke me I do not know. The train was motionless, and the dim light in the compartment had gone out. The fan had stopped, too, and my bush jacket clung to me damply. A mosquito seemed to be droning near my ear—louder, louder, louder. Suddenly I sat bolt upright. I had heard that noise once before. It was the voice of a mob—an eerie, mindless sound like the roaring of the sea, but with a shrill counterpoint of hatred to fret the nerves.

We had stopped at a large station. The platform was a swaying mass of figures. “Jai Hind!” the mob was yelling. I closed the windows and ran to the door on the other side. No one was visible. The ground beyond the track fell away into open country.

A revolver cracked, once, twice,

then twice more in rapid succession. I jumped down onto the track and looked up the long curved line of the train. Suddenly the door to Captain N.'s compartment burst open, and a mass of struggling figures spilled out. The figures dispersed and, in the grey light of early dawn, I could make out a body on the ground. I was alone.

At that instant I felt my arm gripped. I whipped around, prepared to sell my life dearly, and confronted

a terrified middle-aged Eurasian, a half-caste of mixed English and Indian blood. His topi was askew. His equally terrified wife cringed at his side. “For God's sake, Mr Officer, help us!” the man gasped.

“What's going on?”

“The goondas are attacking the Europeans on the train. They are working their way down from the engine. We

shall all be murdered. Help us, sahib! In God's name, what to do?”

A FAINT HOPE

At 22 years of age, without experience in mob control, I didn't know. The cockiness I had shared with Captain N. died with him. But I couldn't admit my ignorance and fear, even to myself. I was British, a decision maker (the Eurasian's use of ‘sahib’ implied this).

**The figures
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in the grey light
of early dawn,
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a body on the
ground. I was
alone.**



"Quick, into my carriage!" They scrambled in. I followed, locked doors and windows, and sat down. I had no idea what to do next. I lighted a cigarette. Trying to look impassive, I offered the Eurasian one, but he stared at me without comprehension. Fear had totally engulfed him. I felt my resentment rising as I looked at his ashen countenance. No man likes to see his own weakness reflected in another's face.

Crash!

An axe was being used on the door—blow after blow rained against it. I knew it could not last long, but with the crisis upon me I felt calmer. I reviewed the courses open to me. I could wait for them to burst in and slaughter us, as they surely would. I could open the window and fire at them, as Captain N. had done. Or perhaps I could persuade them that the police or military were on their way. A faint hope, but better than certain death.

I rose and approached the door. The Eurasian, realizing my intention, sprang at me and clawed my arm, gibbering in the urgency of his terror and despair. I shook him off, and he sprawled against the bunk. I opened the window. Immediately outside, the axe wielder paused, his axe raised in midstroke. Just behind him, directing operations, stood three men, dressed in the invariable uniform of white trousers, white open-necked shirt and white forage cap. Behind

them stretched a sea of yelling, expectant faces: the eternal mob.

I addressed the nearest of the three leaders, a dark, intense youth; a student, perhaps, from some university. "You can't come in here," I said. "This is a first-class compartment." The young man stared. "How dare you, a foreigner, tell us what we cannot do in our own country?"

LAST CHANCE

We gazed at each other, a young Indian and a young Englishman of approximately the same age. Had I been older, more set in my beliefs, I might have reacted differently. As it was, I had an uneasy feeling his question made sense.

"What is it you want?"

"We want to travel to the river—in *this* compartment."

This was my last chance. A wrong decision could mean a horrible death for the two Eurasians who had trusted me, death as well for many who would face treachery if the papers I carried failed to reach their destination. I looked at the speaker for a long moment, and something I seemed to see in his eyes gave me hope. I stepped back and opened the door.

With deliberate dignity the three mounted the steps and entered the carriage. The last one turned and spoke swiftly to the waiting crowd, four of whom detached themselves and followed him. Dark, unsmiling

men, gaunt with hunger and bitterness, they crowded into the compartment, waiting for orders. They kept their hands behind their backs, but I knew what they held.

As the train pulled out of the station, I realized that all that stood between us and death was my own persuasiveness. No other help was possible now.

The dark youth opened the interrogation: "Where are you going?"

I explained.

"Why should you expect us Indians to fight your battles for you?"

The Japanese, I tried to tell him, were no respecters of persons. If they conquered India, they would enslave the whole population, native and European, whatever their political opinions.

"Even if that were true, why should we care? We are slaves now, to you British. Millions of us are starving and in rags. What could the Japanese do to us worse than you and your countrymen have already done?"

I had never looked at it that way, but I could see his point. Still, I didn't yield. I told him what the Japanese had done in their conquered territories.

"I do not believe you. The Japanese

are Orientals like ourselves. They will welcome us as allies—we are fighting the same enemy."

A MEETING OF MINDS

How many hours we argued, I do not know. But I knew I had to keep talking whether I was making any impression or not. And, as we talked, I began to realize that the young man was uncertain of his theories—he seemed to need to talk to convince himself.

His companions required no such stimulus. Older, more sullen, they wanted to get the business over. Their instinct was to kill, to wipe out the hated enemy. But the young man was their leader.

He had been to college. He was India's future. They would not act without him. The hatchet men remained standing, swaying to the rhythm of the train. The Eurasians huddled together in the corner. We talked on.

Looking back now, 25 years later, I can see the young Indian and myself in clearer perspective. We were playing cards with death as the stakes; but the bloom of youth and idealism had not quite left us, and we still believed in reason. I wanted desperately to change the young man's poor opinion of my people; he burned

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to show me the error of my countrymen's ways. Then, as always, the hope of the world lay in the meeting of young people of different races—before their attitudes harden, before they identify themselves completely with their nation and background. Our conversation was just such a meeting.

We talked on.

Then, suddenly, the balance of power was reversed—the train came to an abrupt halt, and from outside came the sound of running feet and British voices shouting commands. The door was flung open.

An enormous sergeant shouldered in, followed by an Indian non-commissioned officer who glared at my goonda companions like a wolf. Behind these two I could see a platoon of troops ranged along the side of the train.

The sergeant stared at me incredulously. “You all right, sir? We heard about the ambush, never expected to find anyone alive. I’ll take these scoundrels to the civil police. You’ll be making a charge, of course?”



OCTOBER 1967

I looked around the compartment. The Eurasian was transformed. Fear had left him; hatred now suffused his face. Without a word to me, he dragged his wife from the compartment. Pausing before the raiders, he spat out one word: “Bastards!”

DECISIVE WORDS

I looked at the others. The hatchet men stood dully. They would accept whatever fate had in store for them. The two older goondas likewise seemed fatalistic; whether I charged them or not would not alter their attitudes. The battle I had to win was for the mind of the young man.

Again, I read my answer in his eyes, eyes that appealed to me not for mercy but for understanding. I knew then that my next few words would be decisive. Would he become a rabid hater of ‘foreigners’ like his companions, or an influence for the moderation and sanity the world so desperately needed?

I turned to the sergeant. “No,” I said, “there will be no charge.” **R**

A SIMPLE WISH

RD MARCH 1977

Him that I love, I wish to be free—even from me.

ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH, THE UNICORN AND OTHER POEMS (PANTHEON)

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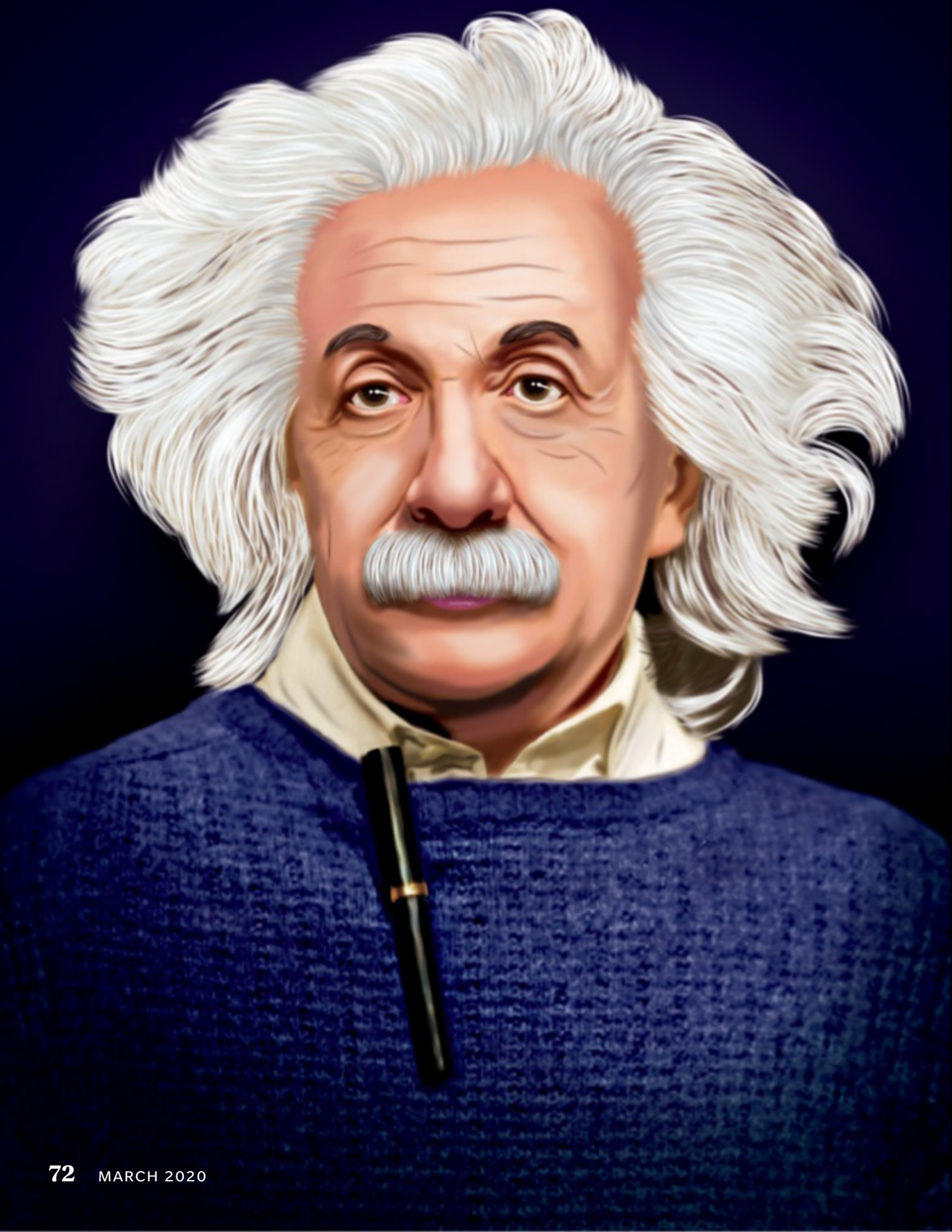
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I, Manoj Sharma, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

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JANUARY 1968



The Unforgettable **Albert Einstein**

A professor remembers his encounters with
Albert Einstein, and pays a glowing tribute to the
man's genius and his many accomplishments

BY BANESH HOFFMANN

ILLUSTRATION BY KESHAV KAPIL



HE WAS ONE OF the greatest scientists the world has ever known, yet if I had to convey the essence of Albert Einstein in a single word, I would choose 'simplicity'. Perhaps an anecdote will help. Once, caught in a downpour, he took off his hat and held it under his coat. Asked why, he explained, with admirable logic, that the rain would damage the hat, but his hair would be none the worse for its wetting. This knack for going instinctively to the heart of a matter was the secret of his major scientific discoveries—this and his extraordinary feeling for beauty.

I first met Albert Einstein in 1935, at the famous Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, New Jersey. Einstein had been among the first to be invited to the Institute, and was offered *carte blanche* as to salary. To the director's dismay, Einstein asked for an impossible sum: It was far too *small*. The director had to plead with him to accept a larger salary.

I was in awe of Einstein, and hesitated before approaching him about some ideas I had been working on. My hesitation proved unwarranted. When I finally knocked on his door, a gentle voice said, "Come"—with a rising inflection that made the single word both a welcome and a question. I entered his office and found him seated at a table, calculating and smoking his

pipe. Dressed in ill-fitting clothes, his hair characteristically awry, he smiled a warm welcome. His utter naturalness at once set me at ease.

As I began to explain my ideas, he asked me to write the equations on the blackboard so that he could see how they developed. Then came the staggering—and altogether endearing—request: "Please go slowly. I do not understand things quickly." This from Einstein! He said it gently, and I laughed. From then on, all vestiges of fear were gone.

BURST OF GENIUS Einstein was born in 1879 in the German city of Ulm. He had been no infant prodigy; indeed, he was so late in learning to speak that his parents feared he was a dullard. In school, though his teachers saw no special talent in him, the signs were already there. He taught himself calculus, for example, and he told me that his teachers seemed a little afraid of him because he asked questions they could not answer. At the age of 16, he asked himself whether a light wave would seem stationary if one ran abreast of it. It seems an innocent question, but this shows Einstein going to the heart of a problem. From it there would arise, 10 years later, his theory of relativity.

Einstein failed his entrance examinations at the Swiss Federal Polytechnic School in Zurich, but was admitted a year later. There he went beyond his regular work to study the masterworks of physics on his own.

Rejected when he applied for academic positions, he ultimately found work, in 1902, as a patent examiner in Berne, and there, in 1905, his genius burst into fabulous flower.

Among the extraordinary things he produced in that memorable year were his theory of relativity, with its famous offshoot $E=mc^2$ (energy equals mass times the speed of light squared), and his quantum theory of light. These two theories were not only revolutionary, but seemingly self-contradictory as well: The former was intimately linked to the theory that light consists of waves, while the latter said that it consists somehow of particles. Yet this unknown young man boldly proposed both at once—and he was right in both cases, though how he could possibly have been is far too complex a story to tell here.

MENTAL MAGIC Collaborating with Einstein was an unforgettable experience. In 1937, the Polish physicist Leopold Infeld and I asked if we could work with him. He was pleased with the proposal, since he had an idea about gravitation waiting to be worked out in detail. Thus we got to know not merely the man and the friend, but also the professional.

The intensity and depth of his concentration were fantastic. When battling a recalcitrant problem, he worried it as an animal worries its prey. Often, when we found ourselves up against a seemingly insuperable difficulty, he would stand up, put his pipe on the table, and say in his quaint English, “I will a little tink” (he could not pronounce “th”). Then he would pace up and down, twirling a lock of his long, greying hair around his forefinger.

Suddenly, he would stop pacing as his face relaxed into a gentle smile. He had found the solution to the problem.



A dreamy, faraway yet inward look would come over his face. There was no appearance of concentration, no furrowing of the brow—only a placid inner communion. The minutes would pass, and then suddenly Einstein would stop pacing as his face relaxed into a gentle smile. He had found the solution to the problem. Sometimes it was so simple that

Infeld and I could have kicked ourselves for not having thought of it. But the magic had been performed invisibly in the depths of Einstein’s mind, by a process we could not fathom.

When his wife died, he was deeply shaken, but insisted that now more than ever was the time to be working hard. I vividly remember going to his house to work with him during that sad time. His face was haggard and grief-lined, but he put forth a great effort

to concentrate. Seeking to help him, I steered the discussion away from routine matters into more difficult theoretical problems, and Einstein gradually became absorbed in the discussion. We kept at it for some two hours, and at the end his eyes were no longer sad. As I left, he thanked me with moving sincerity, but the words he found sounded almost incongruous. "It was a fun," he said. He had had a moment of surcease from grief, and these groping words expressed a deep emotion.

IDEAS FROM GOD Although Einstein felt no need for religious ritual and belonged to no formal religious group, he was the most deeply religious man I have known. He once said to me, "Ideas come from God," and one could hear the capital 'G' in the reverence with which he pronounced the word. On the marble fireplace in the mathematics building at Princeton University is carved, in the original German, what one might call his scientific credo: "God is subtle, but he is not malicious." By this Einstein meant that scientists could expect to find their task difficult, but not hopeless: The Universe was a Universe of law, and God was not confusing us with deliberate paradoxes and contradictions.

Einstein was an accomplished amateur musician. We used to play duets, he on the violin, I at the piano. One day he surprised me by saying that Mozart was the greatest composer of

all. Beethoven, he said, "created" his music, but the music of Mozart was of such purity and beauty that one felt he had merely "found" it—that it had always existed as part of the inner beauty of the Universe, waiting to be revealed.

It was this very Mozartian simplicity that most characterized Einstein's methods. His 1905 theory of relativity, for example, was built on just two simple assumptions. One is the so-called principle of relativity, which means, roughly speaking, that we cannot tell whether we are at rest or moving smoothly. The other assumption is that the speed of light is the same, no matter what the speed of the object that produces it. You can see how reasonable this is if you think of agitating a stick in a lake to create waves. Whether you wiggle the stick from a stationary pier, or from a rushing speedboat, the waves, once generated, are on their own, and their speed has nothing to do with that of the stick.

Each of these assumptions, by itself, was so plausible as to seem primitively obvious. But together they were in such violent conflict that a lesser man would have dropped one or the other and fled in panic. Einstein daringly kept both—and by so doing he revolutionized physics. For he demonstrated that they could, after all, exist peacefully side by side, provided we gave up cherished beliefs about the nature of time.

Science is like a house of cards, with concepts like time and space at the lowest level. Tampering with time brought most of the house tumbling down, and it was this that made Einstein's work so important—and so controversial. At a conference in Princeton in honour of his 70th birthday, one of the speakers, a Nobel Prize-winner, tried to convey the magical quality of Einstein's achievement. Words failed him, and with a shrug of helplessness he pointed to his wristwatch, and said in tones of awed amazement, "It all came from this." His very ineloquence made this the most eloquent tribute I have heard to Einstein's genius.

**Einstein
saw scientific
principles in
everyday things
to which most of
us would give
barely a second
thought.**



unaware of the effect he was having on them, and went on with the discussion as though they were not there.

We think of Einstein as one concerned only with the deepest aspects of science. But he saw scientific principles in everyday things to which most of us would give barely a second thought.

He once asked me if I had ever wondered why a man's feet will sink into either dry or completely submerged sand, while sand that is merely damp provides a firm surface. When I could not answer, he offered a simple explanation. It depends, he pointed out, on surface tension, the elastic-skin effect of a liquid surface. This is what holds a drop together, or causes two small raindrops on a

window pane to pull into one big drop the moment their surfaces touch.

When sand is damp, Einstein explained, there are tiny amounts of water between grains. The surface tensions of these tiny amounts of water pull all the grains together, and friction then makes them hard to budge. When the sand is dry, there is obviously no water between grains. If the sand is fully immersed, there is water between grains, but there is no water surface between them to pull them together. This is not as important as relativity; yet, as his youthful question

SAND SENSE Although fame had little effect on Einstein as a person, he could not escape it; he was, of course, instantly recognizable. One autumn Saturday, I was walking with him in Princeton discussing some technical matters. Parents and alumni were streaming excitedly toward the stadium, their minds on the coming football game. As they approached us, they paused in sudden recognition, and a momentary air of solemnity came over them as if they had been reminded of a world far removed from the thrills of football. Yet Einstein seemed totally

about running abreast of a light wave showed, there is no telling what seeming trifle will lead an Einstein to a major discovery. And the puzzle of the sand does give us an inkling of the power and elegance of Einstein's mind.

COSMIC SIMPLICITY

Einstein's work, performed quietly with pencil and paper, seemed remote from the turmoil of everyday life. But his ideas were so revolutionary that they caused violent controversy and irrational anger. Indeed, in order to be able to award him a belated Nobel Prize, the selection committee had to avoid mentioning relativity, and pretend that the prize was awarded primarily for his work on the quantum theory. Political events upset the serenity of his life even more. When the Nazis came to power in Germany, his theories were officially declared false because they had been formulated by a Jew. His property was confiscated, and it is said that a price was put on his head.

When scientists in the United States, fearful that the Nazis might develop an atomic bomb, sought to alert American authorities to the danger, they were scarcely heeded. In desperation, they drafted a letter, which Einstein signed and sent directly to President Roosevelt. It was this act that led to the fateful decision to go all-out on the



FROM 1968

production of an atomic bomb—an endeavour in which Einstein took no active part. When he heard of the agony and destruction that his $E=mc^2$ wrought, he was dismayed beyond measure, and from then on there was a look of ineffable sadness in his eyes.

There was something elusively whimsical

about Einstein. It is illustrated by my favourite anecdote about him. In his first year in Princeton, on Christmas Eve, so the story goes, some children sang carols outside his house. Having finished, they knocked on his door and explained that they were collecting money to buy Christmas presents. Einstein listened, then said, "Wait a moment." He put on his scarf and overcoat, and took his violin from its case. Then, joining the children, he accompanied their singing of 'Silent Night' on his violin.

How shall I sum up what it meant to have known Einstein and his works? Like the Nobel Prize-winner who pointed helplessly at his watch, I can find no adequate words. It was akin to the revelation of great art that lets one see what was formerly hidden. And when, for example, I walk on the sand of a lonely beach, I am reminded of his ceaseless search for cosmic simplicity—and the scene takes on a deeper, sadder beauty. **R**

ALL IN

A Day's Work

1950s

IN THE PLANT cafeteria I overheard an office girl telling her friend about the awful cold she was getting and how miserable she felt. "Why didn't you ask your boss to let you go home?" the other asked. "I did," she snapped. "All he said was, 'Don't be alarmed, Miss Stratten. Anybody who doesn't feel sick in this kind of weather just isn't healthy.'"

LISA SEHL, NOVEMBER 1958

1970s

TWO BUSINESSMEN WERE in a Phoenix coffee shop. One reflected moodily, "I can successfully motivate 1,200 salesmen working for me, but I can't persuade one teenage son to get a haircut.

R. K. DUNBAR, quoted by Marilou Meyers in
Phoenix Central News, OCTOBER 1975

PET THEORIES

I have a great idea for an invention for dieters—a refrigerator that weighs you every time you open the door.

R. V. CLEMENTS, quoted by Earl Wilton,
Field Newspaper Syndicate, MARCH 1977

1980s

ADVERTISING MOGUL David Ogilvy believes in the saying, "Hard work never killed a man." He assumed his staff would work as hard as he did, and was amazed by one copywriter who did not. "Do you know that every day at exactly five o'clock, that fellow gets up from his desk, puts on his hat and coat and goes home?" Long pause to let it sink in. "Think of the extraordinary self-discipline that takes."

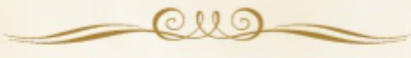
JANE MAAS, *Adventures of an Advertising Woman*
(St. Martin's), APRIL 1986

1990s

WHEN ANY OF the huge robots at the factory where my husband, Mike, works runs low on energy, it will return to its 'garage', plug itself in and recharge its battery. One night, three robots headed for their garages at the same time. Watching, Mike's boss shook his head and said, "They're just like the rest of my employees. If one takes a coffee break, they all take a coffee break!"

ANNE CROTTS, FEBRUARY 1990





JULY 1978



Where There Is LOVE

A classic tale of a boy, his dog and
a bittersweet truth

BY ALETHA LINDSTROM

ILLUSTRATION BY PRIYA KURIYAN



WE GOT HIM

with the other animals when we bought the farm. Not that we wanted the black, shaggy mongrel. We had

our hearts set on a collie—a pup we could train for the farm as a companion for five-year-old Tim. But when the former owners failed to return for their dog, we resigned ourselves to keeping him. *Temporarily*, we thought.

“If we ignore him, maybe he’ll go away,” I said to Carl, my schoolteacher husband. He didn’t. In fact, the big beast apparently considered the farm his responsibility. Each morning, he inspected the animals and the farm buildings. Then he made a complete circuit of the entire 61 acres. That finished, he bounded across the sloping fields to slip beneath the fence for a visit to old Mr Jolliff, who lived near a creek at the farm’s edge.

The big dog—we learnt from Mr Jolliff that his name was Inky—was pensive and aloof those first weeks. Grieving for his former master, Inky asked no affection, and we offered none. Except Tim, who sat by the hour on the back steps, talking softly to the unresponsive animal. Then, one morning, Inky crept close and laid his head in the boy’s lap. And before we knew it, he had become Tim’s shadow.

All that summer the boy and dog romped through fields and roamed

the bush. Each day, they brought back treasure. “Mum, we’re home!” Tim would shout, holding the screen door wide for Inky. “Come and see what we’ve got!” He’d dig deep in his jeans and spread the contents on the kitchen table: a feather; wilted buttercups with petals like wet paint; stones from the creek that magically regained their colours when he licked them.

All too soon it was time for Carl and Tim to go back to school, and lonely days for Inky and me. Previously, I’d paid little attention to the dog. Now he went with me to the letter box, to the chicken coop and down the lane when I visited Mr Jolliff.

“Why didn’t they come back for Inky?” I asked Mr Jolliff one afternoon.

“And shut him up in a city flat?” Mr Jolliff replied. “Inky’s a farm dog; he’d die in the city. Besides, you’re lucky to have him.”

Lucky? I thought ruefully of holes dug in the lawn, of freshly washed sheets ripped from the clothes line. I thought, too, of litter dumped on the back veranda: old bones, discarded boots, long-dead rodents. And beer cans! Each morning, on his way home from Mr Jolliff’s, Inky retrieved one can from the roadside and placed it neatly on the doorstep. He was noisy, too, challenging each truck and tractor on the road with loud barks that brought me running.

Still, I had to admit that Inky was a good farm dog. We learnt this in early spring when his insistent barking

alerted us to an ewe, about to lamb, lying on her broad back in a furrow, unable to rise. Without Inky's warning she'd have died. And he had an uncanny way of knowing when roving dogs threatened the flock, or when a sheep went astray.

ONE MORNING, instead of a beer can, Inky placed a starving grey kitten on the doorstep. He hovered anxiously while the fluffy mite lapped her fill of warm milk. Then he carried her to his blanket in the barn, licked her thoroughly and settled down beside her while she slept. From that day on she shared his bed.

But Inky's deepest affection was reserved for Tim. Each afternoon when the school bus lumbered down the road, Inky ran joyously to meet it. For Inky—and for Tim—this was the high point of the day.

One late-summer day when I had been in town, Tim came home with me after school. He was instantly alarmed when Inky wasn't waiting for us by the driveway.

"Don't worry, Tim," I said. "Inky always expects you on the bus, and we're early. Maybe he's back in the bush."

Tim ran down the lane, calling and calling. While I waited for him to return, I looked around the yard. Its

emptiness was eerie. Suddenly I, too, was alarmed. With Tim close behind me, I ran down to the shed. We pushed the heavy doors apart and searched the dim coolness. Nothing. Then, as we were about to leave, a faint whimper came from the far corner of a horse stall. There we found him, swaying slightly on three legs, his pain-dulled eyes pleading for help. Even in the half-light I could see that one back leg hung limp, the bone partially severed. With

a little moan, Tim ran to Inky and buried his face in the dog's neck. By the time the vet arrived, Carl was home. We placed the dog on his blanket and gently lifted him into the vet's van. Inky whimpered, and Tim started to cry.

"Don't worry, son," the vet said. "He's got a good chance." But his eyes told a different story.

It was Tim's bedtime, so I took him upstairs and heard his prayer. He finished and looked up. "Will Inky be home tomorrow?"

"Not tomorrow, Tim. He's hurt pretty badly."

"You tell me that doctors make people well. Doesn't that mean dogs, too?"

I looked out across the fields flooded with amber light. How do you tell a little boy that his dog must either die, or be a cripple? "Yes, Tim," I said at last. "I guess that means dogs, too." I tucked in

**One morning,
Inky crept close
and laid his head
in the boy's lap.
And before we
knew it, he had
become Tim's
shadow.**



his blanket and went downstairs.

Carl had finished his jobs and was getting ready for a meeting at school. I tossed a sweater over my shoulders. "I'm going to Mr Jolliff's. Maybe he'll know what happened."

I found him sitting at his kitchen table in the fading light. He drew up another chair and poured coffee. "Tim in bed?" he asked. "I miss him now he's at school. Thank goodness Inky still comes to see me. Though come to think of it, he didn't show up this morning. I worried about him."

Somehow I couldn't talk about the dog. Instead, I asked, "Do you know if anyone was cutting weeds around here today?"

"Seems to me I heard a tractor down along the creek this morning," Mr Jolliff replied. "Why?" He looked at me. "Did something happen to Inky?"

"Yes," I said, and the words were tight in my throat. "His leg's nearly cut off. The vet came for him ..." I wanted to say more, but couldn't. I finally murmured, "I'd better be getting home."

Mr Jolliff followed me into the yard. "About Inky," he said hesitantly, "if he lives, I'd give him a chance. He'll still have you people and Tim, the farm and the animals. All he loves. Life's pretty precious ... especially where there's love."

"Yes," I said, "But if he loses a leg, will love make up for being a cripple?"

He said something I didn't catch. When I turned to him, he'd removed

his glasses and was rubbing the back of his stiff old hand across his eyes.

By the time I reached our yard the sun was gone, leaving the world to the magic of cool, thin silver and shadow. I walked down by the shed and stood with my arms on the top fence rail. Beyond the lane the horses were grazing. I watched until they vanished in the moonlit mist. Then I dropped my head and let the tears come.

I cried because Inky had been so gentle with the animals, and because he loved Tim so much, and Tim loved him. But mostly I cried because I hadn't really wanted him; not until now, when this terrible thing had happened. Why do we so seldom know how much we love something until we are faced with its loss?

INKY'S PAW COULDN'T BE SAVED.

Too vividly, I recalled how Inky had raced across fields and meadows, swift and free as a cloud shadow. I listened sceptically as the vet tried to reassure us: "He's young and strong. He'll get along on three legs."

Tim took the news with surprising calmness. "It's all right." He said. "Just as long as Inky comes home."

"But those long jaunts the two of you take may tire him now," I cautioned.

"He's always waited for me. I'll wait for him. Besides, we're never in much of a hurry."

The vet phoned a few days later. "You'd better come for your dog. He's homesick." I went immediately,

and was shocked at the change in Inky. The light was gone from his eyes. His tail hung limp and tattered, and the stump of his leg was swathed in a stained bandage. He hobbled over and pressed wearily against my leg. A shudder went through the hot, thin body and he sighed—a long, deep sigh filled with all the misery and loneliness of the past few days.

At the farm, I helped Inky from the car. The grey kitten came tumbling, but Inky seemed unaware of her. He looked first to the sheep, grazing in the pasture; then, beyond the fields to where the horses moved among the trees. My heart ached as I realized how great must have been his longing for this place. At last, he limped to the shed and slipped between the doors.

While his wound healed, Inky stayed in the shed, coming out only in the evenings. When the low sun slanted across the fields and the horses came up for water, we'd see him standing by the trough. After the horses returned to pasture, he disappeared into the shed.

During those days the sick feeling never left me. *You are a coward to let him live*, I told myself. *Afraid of hurting yourself, of hurting Tim*. But in my heart I wasn't sure. We so seldom know the real reasons for things



FROM 1978

we do, or fail to do. A week after bringing Inky home, I was in the yard raking leaves. When I'd finished one area, I sat on the steps to rest. Reluctantly, I reached for the rake.

Then, with a flurry of leaves, Inky was beside me. I knelt and stroked the fur so smooth and shiny again. He moved, and I was achingly aware

of the useless limb.

"I'm so sorry, Inky," I said, putting my arms round his neck and pressing my head against his.

Sitting awkwardly, he placed his paw on my knee and looked up at me with soft, intelligent eyes. Then he pricked his ears and turned to listen. In an instant, he was off to meet the school bus. He ran with an ungainly, one-sided lope—but he ran with joy.

Tim jumped from the bus and caught the dog in his arms. "Oh, Inky!" he cried. Inky licked Tim's face and twisted and squirmed with delight. They remained there, oblivious to anything but the ecstasy of being together again.

Watching them, I knew we'd been right to let the dog live. Most of us are maimed to some extent either physically or emotionally, yet few of us want to die. What was it Mr Jolliff had said?

"Life's pretty precious ... especially where there's love." **R**





AUGUST 1983



Gandhi's **Independence** **Day** Miracle

It was 15 August 1947 in Kolkata. The burning hatred between Hindus and Muslims was about to break out into civil war, when the Mahatma, through an extraordinary pact of friendship, suddenly brought peace to all

BY HORACE ALEXANDER

Where was Mahatma Gandhi on 15 August 1947? Surely the man who had led the movement for freedom would be in the forefront of the national celebrations in Delhi on that day. Instead Gandhiji created one of the most extraordinary happenings in his eventful life. Here is the story:



BIHAR AND EAST

Bengal had suffered severely from violent communal strife in late 1946. In the Noakhali district of East Bengal, members of the Muslim majority had attacked their Hindu neighbours and burnt their houses. Gandhi immediately went there to bring the two communities together again. Soon the Muslim minority in Bihar was even more brutally attacked by their Hindu neighbours. Gandhi went there to give courage to the Muslims and a change of heart to the Hindus. I joined Gandhiji in Bihar, and together we travelled to Calcutta. On 11 August we would go to East Bengal, for Gandhi had given a solemn pledge to the frightened Noakhali Hindus that on Independence Day, when East Bengal would become part of Pakistan, he would be with them.

Hours after our arrival in Calcutta, leading Muslims from Calcutta had visited Gandhiji and had begged him not to go to East Bengal. He must stay in Calcutta, and try to bring peace to

the great city. If there was peace in Calcutta, they said, there would be peace throughout all of Bengal. Gandhiji was not easily convinced. He wanted full assurance that the Muslim bosses in East Bengal would protect the Naokhali Hindus. Time was short; but the Muslim leaders agreed, so Gandhiji stayed in Calcutta.

GANDHIJI HAD A PLAN. He invited Muslim leader Shaheed Suhrawardy—former chief minister of Bengal and a sharp critic of Gandhiji—to join him in the attempt to bring peace to Calcutta. First they would go to a deserted Muslim house, and persuade the local Hindus to invite the Muslims to return to their homes. Then they would go to a predominately Muslim part of the city to persuade the Muslims to invite their Hindu neighbours to return, and so on, until all over the city Hindus and Muslims were living in peace together. Suhrawardy agreed.

A deserted Muslim house was found in the Beliaghata section of the city. Here I joined Mahatma Gandhi and his new partner, Suhrawardy, on the afternoon of 13 August. When we arrived we were met by a crowd of boys shouting. When it was explained that I was a friend of Gandhiji, they shouted: “Gandhi go back”. The demonstration against Gandhi continued and stones were thrown through the windows. Finally, some of the young men went into the house to talk with Gandhi.



Mahatma Gandhi visiting a house in Bengal in 1946 accompanied by Shaheed Suhrawardy (next to Gandhi, on the right)

THE YOUNG HINDUS had been preparing for the day, when all the Muslims would go to Pakistan and they would have a purely Hindu India. A slaughter of Muslims and Hindus was expected immediately after freedom. But Gandhiji hoped for something better and told the young men that was no way to start India on her life of independence. The world should see that India was a land of tolerance and generosity. How could they accuse him of being anti-Hindu? Finally, Gandhiji sent them home to think it over. The

next day, they offered to support Gandhiji in his efforts for peace so long as he remained in Calcutta.

On the 14th, many assembled for Gandhi's regular evening prayers. Towards the end of the prayer time, some of the young men realized that Suhrawardy was not present, and assumed, rightly, that he was in the house. So they came shouting for his blood. A policeman and I—we were inside with Suhrawardy—closed the shutters. But even after Gandhiji returned, the noise outside continued.

Gandhiji then began talking to the men outside. Immediately there was silence, for all wanted to hear what Gandhiji was saying. He upbraided them for showing hostility to Suhrawardy. Whatever they thought of his past, he had now agreed to join Gandhiji in the effort to bring peace. If they accepted Gandhiji, they must also accept his colleague.

Gandhiji brought Suhrawardy forward, and stood with one hand over his shoulder. "Do you accept the blame for the great Calcutta killing of last year?" a young man shouted at Suhrawardy. "Yes", replied Suhrawardy. "I do accept that responsibility. I am ashamed of it."

"That," Gandhiji commented to me a few minutes later, "was the critical moment. There is nothing more effective than public confession for clearing the atmosphere. In that moment he won them over."

Whilst Suhrawardy was speaking, someone came with the news of fraternizing in another part of the city. Some Muslims had joined Hindus to put up the Indian national flag. The crowd outside Gandhiji's house cheered this announcement.

GANDHIJI WAS CONCERNED that the people of India should put first



FROM 1983

things first and not turn Independence Day into a mere jollification. Those who were with him on the 15th joined him in prayer and fasting. At every decisive moment in the national life, the appropriate thing was to turn first to God, in thanksgiving, and to pray for the courage and wisdom to continue in the path of justice.

Fasting was also appropriate, as a reminder that the "semi-starved millions" in the villages could not celebrate by eating more food on that day, however much they might wish to. It was a reminder that the primary purpose of freedom from foreign rule was to overcome our vast poverty. "On this first day of our freedom," he said, "we must not forget the poor and the hungry."

We started prayers at 3 a.m. Gandhi was always punctual. Soon, we heard singing. Schoolgirls were coming to greet the Mahatma with songs of freedom composed by Rabindranath Tagore. When they found that we were chanting prayers they joined us, then took a blessing from the Mahatma, and departed. Later, we all settled to our various jobs, as if it was any other day, and we wondered: *What was happening all over the city? Were Hindus slaughtering Muslims?* It was about 10 a.m.

when some of my friends told me: “You must not sit here all day. Come and see.” So they took me, and I saw. The miracle had happened. It was as if, after a year of darkness, suddenly the sun was shining again in its full glory. If ever a whole city was intoxicated with joy, it was Calcutta on the 15th of August, 1947.

EVERYONE SPOKE OF the ‘miracle of Calcutta’. And the East Bengal bosses had done their part too. All Bengal celebrated in peace. Harmony prevailed. Lord Mountbatten, who had joined in the celebrations in Delhi, spoke of the effective “one man boundary force”.

Whether it is right to speak of the total change that came upon Calcutta on that morning of 15 August 1947 as a miracle depends on the meaning attached to the word ‘miracle’. But it is difficult to believe that the mutual hatred and distrust between the two

great religious communities of Calcutta would so suddenly have turned to goodwill without the example of the extraordinary pact of friendship made by Mahatma Gandhi and his bitter critic Shaheed Suhrawardy.

Not that all the inhabitants of Calcutta suddenly became saints. Indeed, some irreconcilable young Hindus began a serious effort to destroy the new peace of Calcutta, and even made an unsuccessful attack on Gandhiji himself. Unable to bear the riots, Gandhiji started a fast unto death. But the population of Calcutta as a whole showed no interest in the outburst of violence, and peace was quickly restored.

There have been incidents of communal violence during the past 36 years, but on the whole, Calcutta has refused to be divided again into two hostile factions, ruled by fear and hatred. Mostly, people still live in peace with their neighbours. **R**



TEEN SPEAK

RD JUNE 1955

As the father of a teenage daughter, I try not to interfere with the privacy of her mail. But when she asks me to post a letter, I feel the remarks she inscribes on the back of envelopes are fair game. I’ve been amused by such ditties as “If Snooky lived across the sea, Boy what a swimmer I would be.” But recently all the old reliables have been replaced by a mysterious word: LAKAOIA. I finally got up enough nerve to ask what it meant. “Oh, Dad,” my daughter groaned impatiently, “everyone knows LAKAOIA—Love and Kisses and Other Indoor Amusements.”

LIONEL M. KAUFMAN





JANUARY 1987



The Husband Who Vanished

For 15 years, Anne McDonnell lived in limbo—not knowing whether her Jim was dead or alive. Then one afternoon the doorbell rang

BY JOSEPH P. BLANK



THE McDONNELLS

lived in a small brick house in Larchmont, a suburb of New York City. Jim was foreman of mail carriers at the

post office where he had worked for 25 years. A gentle, soft-spoken man, he had a wave-of-the-hand acquaintance with hundreds of people in town. Married in 1960, he and Anne were childless.

During February and March 1971, when he was 50, Jim McDonnell suffered a curious series of accidents. None was critical in itself, but the combination appeared to trigger a strange result.

Carrying out the garbage one evening, he slipped on ice-coated steps, bruised his back and struck his head. A few days later, driving to work, he had a fit of sneezing, lost control of the car, hit a telephone pole and banged his forehead against the windshield. The following day, a dizzy spell at work sent him tumbling down a flight of steps, and again he banged his head. Ten days later, he again lost control of his car and hit a pole. Found unconscious, he was hospitalized for three days with a cerebral concussion.

On 29 March, 1971, Jim borrowed a friend's station wagon and drove to Kennedy Airport to pick up Anne's brother and family. Then he took

them to Anne's sister's house. When he returned the borrowed car at 10 p.m., he was unaware that the leather wallet containing his identification had slipped out of his pocket onto the floor of the station wagon. Jim declined the offer of a ride home: "I have a terrible headache and the walk will help clear my head." Ordinarily the walk would have taken about 15 minutes.

At 11.15 p.m., Anne called the owner of the station wagon; he had no idea why Jim had not yet reached home. It was unlike Jim not to telephone if he was delayed. At 2 a.m., Anne called the police and reported her husband missing.

After 24 hours, the police sent out an all-points bulletin and began writing some 50 letters to Jim's friends and relatives. They followed through on every anonymous tip and even checked unidentified bodies in New York morgues.

DETECTIVE GEORGE MULCAHY

was assigned to head the investigation. He knew Jim was a man of probity and openness—the two attended the same church—and Mulcahy was sure the disappearance had nothing to do with wrongdoing by Jim McDonnell. Investigation confirmed that McDonnell's personal and professional records were impeccable, and turned up no tendencies towards self-destruction or any evidence that he had been a victim of an accident or attack.

For Mulcahy, the only explanation was amnesia.

The phenomenon of amnesia is clouded in mystery. Why it occurs in some patients and not in others is open to medical speculation. What is known is that loss of memory can be caused by stroke, Alzheimer's disease, alcoholism, severe psychological trauma—or by blows to the head. Any individual whose brain has suffered such injuries can simply wander aimlessly away from the place where he lives, with all knowledge of his past blacked out.

"For weeks," Anne's sister recalls, "Anne walked the house wringing her hands and praying. She agreed that Jim could be a victim of amnesia—and she worried about his health. Anne was sustained by her deep trust in God. She felt that one day He would provide an answer."

Anne remained alone in the house, waiting. At night, watching television, she would stare at the overstuffed hassock where Jim had dozed off most evenings. She often dreamed he had come home, only to wake up and find he wasn't there.

Soon after Jim's disappearance Anne realized she had to earn a living. She took babysitting jobs, was

a supermarket cashier and worked in a hospital cafeteria. In 1977, she took her current job as a nursing attendant.

Anne fell into the habit of working at the hospital on holidays because it was easier if she kept busy. *I've got to go on, live as best I can*, she told herself. Through it all, she had faith that Jim would return. She kept his clothes in the closet covered to protect them from dust. His razor and can of shaving cream remained in the bathroom cabinet.

A friend once
said to him,
"From your
accent, you
must be from
New York."
Jim replied,
"I guess so."



DURING HIS WALK home, Jim had indeed blacked out, losing all ability to remember who he was and where he lived. What happened then is unclear. He may have taken the train to Grand Central Terminal, then another train or a bus south. The next thing he knew, he was in downtown Philadelphia,

a city he had never visited before.

Seeing signs advertising the services of a James Peters, a real estate agent, Jim adopted James Peters as his own name. It never occurred to him to seek assistance at a police station or hospital. He had no past; his only reality was the present.

James Peters got a Social Security card, which could be obtained at that time without showing a birth certificate, and took a job in the

luncheonette of a health club. He next worked at a cancer research institute, cleaning out animal cages. He also got a night-shift job at the P&P luncheonette, where he became well known for his omelettes, as well as his courtesy and good humour. After a year he felt he was established at P&P and quit his job at the cancer institute.

Jim made new friends, joined an American Legion post and the Knights of Columbus, and became an active member of the St Hugh Roman Catholic Church.

He never talked about his past, and his friends didn't pry. One once said to him, "From your accent, you must be from New York."

Jim replied, "I guess so."

TO CHERYLE SLOAN, a waitress at P&P, Jim was special: "He loved kids. At Christmastime, he played Santa Claus at orphanages. He grew a big white beard to make his appearance more authentic. Of course, we wondered about his past. My mother decided that he had to be an ex-priest or an ex-criminal."

Bernadine Golashovsky recalls: "Soon after Jim started at P&P, I took a job there as a waitress. My father had died and Jim apparently had no family, so we adopted each other. He became my father figure, and we—my husband, Pete, our four children and I—were his family. The children loved him."

About a month before Christmas 1985, Bernadine noticed that Jim had grown unusually quiet and subdued. Something seemed to be turning in his mind.

On Thanksgiving Day, Jim visited the family and sat watching television with Pete. A scene appeared in which a mail carrier was making deliveries on a miserably rainy day. Pete said, "Boy, that's one job I wouldn't want."

Jim frowned and said, "I think I used to be a postman."

"Really? Where?"

"I don't know," Jim answered.

"New York?"

"I'm not sure. But I think I remember my parents. A little."

Jim spent every major holiday with Bernadine and Pete. On Christmas Eve he always arrived late, because the Golashovskys were his last stop on his rounds of wishing friends a happy holiday. On this Christmas Eve, he never arrived. Bernadine and Pete stayed up all night waiting for him.

ON 22 DECEMBER, Jim had fallen and banged his head. The next day, at work, he seemed distracted, and late that afternoon he had fallen again, striking his head. On 24 December, he awoke feeling confused, yet elated. After almost 15 years, he knew who he was! He was James A. McDonnell Jr, of Larchmont, New York. His wife's name was Anne. Then, suddenly, he was scared: *Is Anne alive?*

*Has she remarried?
If not, how will she
greet me?*

ANNE HAD JUST returned home from Christmas Mass, where she lit candles and prayed for Jim. A light snow was falling, and she was in a hurry to leave for Christmas dinner at her sister's before the roads grew slick.

Then the doorbell rang, *Oh, my*, she thought, *this is not a good time for a visitor.*

Anne opened the door—and peered at a man with a full white beard. Immediately she recognized Jim. She couldn't speak.

To Jim, Anne looked a little older, but prettier too. His heart overflowed.

"Hello, Anne," he said.

"Jim," she gasped. "Is it true?" Her breathing came in bursts, as if she had been running. "Oh, I'm glad you're home. Come in, come in." They barely touched hands. They were too stunned to fall into each



FROM 1987

other's arms. The embraces and the tears would come later.

Anne led Jim to his favourite seat, the overstuffed hassock. They began to talk, trying to fill in the gaps in time. Finally, Jim's eyes grew heavy. Exhausted and happy, he dozed off. After 15 years, Jim McDonnell was home at last.

ON THE DAY AFTER Christmas, Jim reported his return to the police. That evening the Golashovskys received a phone call from a *New York Daily News* reporter who told them Jim was fine. Bernadine phoned Jim's friends with the good news.

A week after his return Jim had a complete physical, including a CAT scan of his brain. The conclusion: He was in normal health.

Jim and Anne have had no problems resuming their lives as a married couple. "Each day we are together," Jim says, "makes the time we were apart seem shorter." **R**

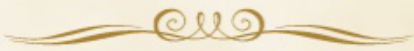
HAVE A COMPLAINT?

RD MAY 1976

Sign in a New York store: "Complaints department on the 45th floor.

Lift out of order; please use the stairs."

S.H. GILBERT



Laughter

THE BEST MEDICINE



1950s

ASKED HOW IT FELT to attend the dedication of his own statue, the honoured man said, “Well, somehow, you begin to feel differently about pigeons.”

BILL DOWNS, quoted by Samuel Steinman
in *Rome Daily American*, MAY 1958

WHEN A SUDDEN storm blew up at sea, a young woman, leaning against the ship’s rail, lost her balance and was thrown overboard.

Immediately another figure plunged into the waves beside her and held her up until a lifeboat rescued them. To everyone’s astonishment the hero was the oldest man on the voyage—an octogenarian.

That evening he was given a party in honour of his bravery. “Speech! Speech!” the other passengers cried.

The old gentleman rose slowly and looked around at the enthusiastic gathering. “There’s just one thing I’d like to know,” he said testily. “Who pushed me?”

V. SPENCER GOODREDS, *Good Stories and How to Tell Them* (Denison), MAY 1959

1960s

WITH POVERTY the subject of much American soul-searching, this letter to *The Times*, London, reflects a British viewpoint. Writes W. H. T. Porter:

Sir—I am reminded of the temporary civil servant who was put on the established staff. Overjoyed, he broke the glad news to his wife, who asked what pay increase was involved. When told that the pay was precisely the same, she exclaimed, “Oh, that’s ridiculous! We’re living in poverty now.” “I know,” replied the lucky fellow. “But, thank God, it’s permanent!”

SEPTEMBER 1964

THREE GENTLEMEN appeared at the railway station, alcoholically propelled. As they reached the platform the train began to move, and all three staggered towards it. The station agent and a porter managed to bundle two of them aboard, but they didn’t get the third gent on the train. He stood sadly on the platform, watching it disappear. “Too bad, mister,” the agent said. “Wish



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you could have got aboard." "Yeah," replied the man, "an' my frens'll be sorry, too. They were seein' me off."

Commerce Magazine, SEPTEMBER 1964

1970s

"We want a responsible man for this job," said the employer to the applicant. "Well," said the young fellow, "I guess I'm your man. No matter where I've worked, whenever anything happened, they always said I was responsible."

Management Digest, DECEMBER 1975

1980s

JETHRO WAS the most bashful boy in the county, so his mother was astonished when he told her he was going a-courting. He spent an hour getting ready and left with a strange look in his eye, but he was back in half an hour. "Well," his mother asked, "how'd it go?"

"Fine," said Jethro.

"Did you see her?"

"Sure did," he chuckled. "And if I hadn't ducked down behind the hedge, she'd have seen me too."

NATL WADDILL, *Hints and Helps for Home and Health (Vantage)*, NOVEMBER 1983

"HOW DID YOU get that bump on your head?" a man asked his friend.

"Well, there was this sign over the entrance of a building I was about to enter, and since I'm short-sighted, I stepped closer to read it."

"And what did it say?"

"Caution—door swings out."

PHILIP LAZARUS in *National Enquirer*,

MARCH 1985

1990s

A MAN APPROACHES the Gate of Heaven and asks to be let in. "Tell me one good thing you did in your life," St. Peter says to him. "Well," replies the fellow, "I saw a group of punks harassing an elderly woman, so I kicked their leader in the shins."

"When did this happen?"

"About 40 seconds ago!"

MICHAEL S. COFFEY, JULY 1991

"ONE WINTER MORNING, an employee explained why he had shown up for work 45 minutes late. "It was so slippery out that for every step I took ahead, I slipped back two."

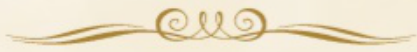
The boss eyed him suspiciously. "Oh, yeah? Then how did you ever get here?" "I finally gave up," he said, "and started for home."

ERIC WIGHT, JANUARY 1996

"OURS IS A GOOD RESTAURANT," said the manager. "If you order an egg, you get the freshest egg in the world. If you order hot coffee, you get the hottest coffee in the world, and—"

"I believe you," said the customer. "I ordered a small steak."

JIM REED, *Treasury of Ozark Country Humor* (Reedmark), MARCH 1996



DECEMBER 2004



UNCOMMON MAN

The late Rasipuram Krishnaswamy Laxman was one of India's foremost cartoonists and creator of the immensely popular character, the Common Man. Here he talks to *Reader's Digest* about some of his pet peeves and his life as a cartoonist

BY ASHOK MAHADEVAN AND MOHAN SIVANAND





HE'S BEEN ONE OF India's most popular cartoonists for more than five decades, but Rasipuram Krishnaswamy Laxman is not the merry, benign funny

man many of his fans fondly imagine him to be. He has a mordant view of the world, especially of politicians, and he doesn't suffer fools of any stripe gladly. Woe betide you if you say something silly in his presence. Work has been the passion of his life, and even the stroke he suffered last year has not slowed him down much. He has to be helped to get up and to move around, but while drawing he remains as fiercely alone as ever. We met the octogenarian Magsaysay-award winner at his Mumbai home on a recent Saturday evening, but only after he'd finished his cartoons for the next day's paper. After we'd been served fine South-Indian coffee, his testy look made it clear that there was to be no fooling around.

READER'S DIGEST (RD): Your cartoons are coming out just like before. How do you manage given your current state of health?

R. K. LAXMAN (RKL): I have been drawing since my childhood. But I don't know how long my cartoons will continue ... My left side is affected. It's difficult to use my left hand which is very important for everything, even holding a newspaper. The paper keeps

moving. I prevent that by putting off the fan and placing a weight on it. I have to read many newspapers—all are full of speeches. So boring!

RD: Then why do you read them?

RKL: To get some ideas.

RD: Do you take breaks?

RKL: I don't think about time. I carry on till I finish my work.

RD: You don't wear a watch?

RKL: Why should I wear a machine? If I want the time, I can ask.

RD: You've said in your autobiography that machines fascinate you. You repair clocks?

RKL: I used to, as a hobby. Now I can't. Anything that goes out of order around the house, I used to repair—all the taps, the electrical connections ...

RD: You've been in the profession for well over 50 years ...

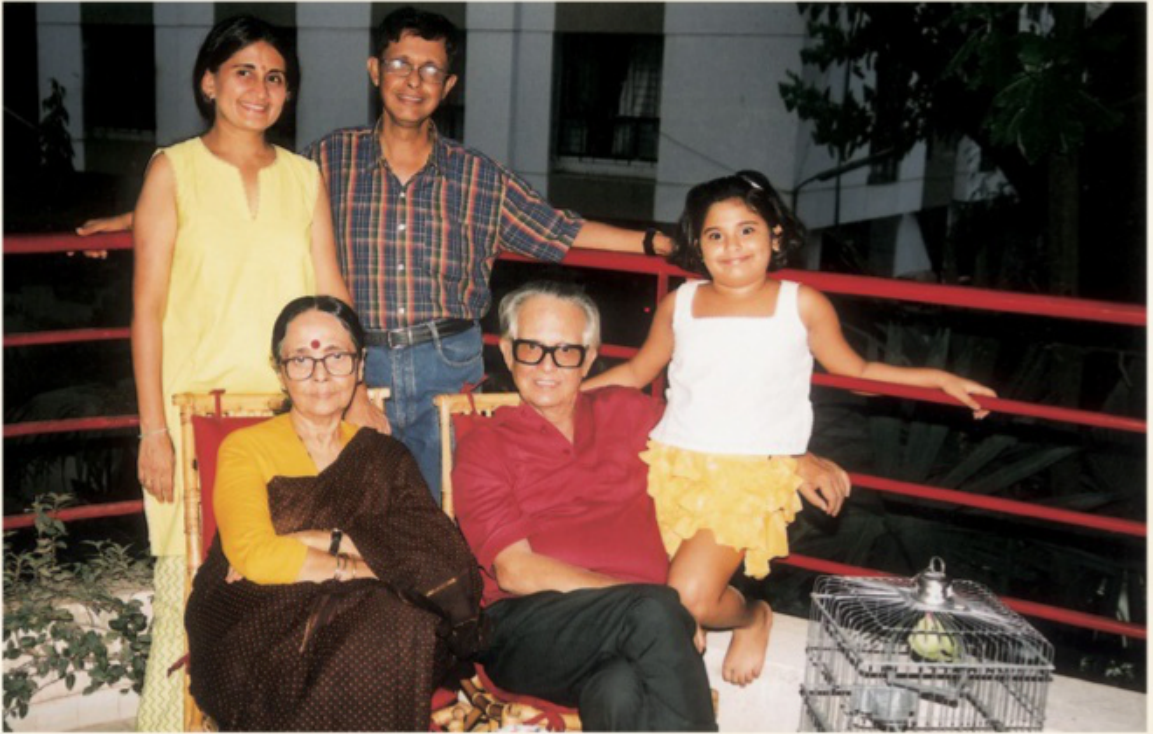
RKL: 54 years in *The Times of India* alone.

RD: What has changed in all those years?

RKL: Politics has gone from bad to worse! Yet politicians have been providing me with my bread and butter. Morarji Desai, Deve Gowda ... these kinds of characters have helped me.

RD: Name one good politician.

RKL: Manmohan Singh.



The Laxmans at home. Seated: Laxman and his wife Kamala. Standing: Laxman's son Srinivas, his wife Usha, and their daughter Rimanika

RD: Did you ever consider moving to Delhi to be near the scene of action?

RKL: I went to Delhi frequently, attended the Lok Sabha, the Rajya Sabha, but it's better to live far away from all that—you get a better view.

RD: You've met many politicians in your time. Did you meet Nehru?

RKL: Yes. Also Indira Gandhi, Rajiv.

RD: What did you think of Nehru?

RKL: He was the best ... gentle, cultivated and caring. He called me for 10 minutes, but our meeting went on for an hour.

RD: If our leaders have changed, have our people changed too?

RKL: They remain as helpless as they ever were. They don't react very much.

RD: Is that why your character, the Common Man, has also not changed?

RKL: He doesn't change. He's the ubiquitous silent observer.

RD: He's never spoken a word?

RKL: Never.

RD: Will you give him something to say?

RKL: No, I won't. The power is in keeping one's mouth shut, not in blah-blahing.



Above: Laxman with one of his crow paintings. Right: A Common Man sketch made especially for *Digest* readers

RD: You remember the Emergency?

RKL: My God, don't remind me.

RD: You met Indira Gandhi then.

RKL: I went and saw her, told her my profession depends upon satire and she said, "In a democracy cartoons are essential, you go on, don't worry." But V. C. Shukla [then union information and broadcasting minister], took umbrage at one of my cartoons and warned me. I said Mrs Gandhi has asked me to carry on. "Don't mention her name," he said, "many people mention her name and think they'll get away with it."

RD: You remember that cartoon?



RKL: It had the Common Man in a perambulator, being pushed by D. K. Barooah [then Congress president].

RD: After V. C. Shukla's warning, you went to Mauritius for a vacation.

RKL: I had a wonderful time in Mauritius. Then I saw a newspaper in a hotel which said "Mrs Gandhi is to have elections soon." So I came back. And you know, she lost and I won!

RD: The Emergency is a part of our history. You think it can happen again?

RKL: I don't think so. With so many terrorists around, nobody will risk it.

RD: Did being the youngest in a family of eight children help you become what you are?

RKL: A great advantage I had was that my family never interfered with me. As a kid when I drew on the wall, they appreciated it. When I failed in school because I was weak in mathematics, they never questioned me.

RD: Even though your father was a strict headmaster?

RKL: He never questioned me. So, I developed my art on my own. Just see how the mothers and fathers of today harass their children!

RD: You were close to your mother?

RKL: Very close. My mother was an orthodox South Indian lady. She had had no formal education, but was well-versed in the Tamil classics, the *Ramayana*, the *Mahabharata*, even Shakespeare. She was a good tennis player and a great chess player. The maharani of Mysore was her close friend. Whenever she played chess with the maharani, Mother used to get defeated deliberately, so that there'd be no ego problems.

RD: And your brother, R. K. Narayan—did he influence your career?

RKL: I started to illustrate his short stories, essays and novels even when I was very young.



The Barooah Emergency cartoon the authorities didn't laugh at

RD: Was there any other brother who influenced you?

RKL: They were all appreciative. Once I was copying a cartoon from *Punch*. One of my brothers who was passing by said, "Never copy. Draw from real life!" From that day, I never copied.

RD: Did any of your teachers encourage you to draw?

RKL: One day in primary school the teacher told our class, "Draw a leaf" and left. Later, as each boy showed him his work, the teacher was furious. When my turn came, he looked at the *peepal* leaf on my slate and asked, "Did you draw this?" I got scared and said "No sir ..." and started walking backwards, thinking I'd get a slap. But he said "Very good, you'll become a good artist," and gave me 10 marks out of 10.



A typical 'You Said It' pocket cartoon from *The Times*

RD: Were you keen on your studies?

RKL: No. Who needs a degree for my type of work? My degree certificate is still in the Mysore University registrar's office—I haven't yet picked it up! But I have [honorary] doctorates, doctor of Marathwada University, Mysore University ... [laughs].

RD: After high school, you applied to Mumbai's J. J. School of Art?

RKL: And I was rejected. Those idiots said I showed no signs of talent. They did me a favour—that's the irony.

RD: If you'd got into J. J., what would you have been today?

RKL: I would have been in some

advertising company, an artist doing babies' food and ladies' lipsticks.

RD: Years later, J. J. School invited you to an awards ceremony.

RKL: I gave away the awards. Then they said, "Speech, speech!" and so I spoke. I described how I was rejected years back. I repeated their words: "You show no talent whatsoever."

RD: There's a theory that many creative people do poorly in studies.

RKL: Too much school and college! The year my brother R. K. Narayan wrote his famous book *Swami and Friends*, he failed in his B. A. English!

RD: Do you always get ideas for your cartoons?

RKL: Each day is worrisome. My God, what-am-I-going-to-do, that sort of thing. The moment you finish your drawing for the day, the next day is already upon you. But somehow all these years, something, some politician or other, has provided me ideas—touch wood.

RD: Haven't you told yourself 'Look, I know the idea is going to come anyway, so I mustn't worry about it'?

RKL: That overconfidence is never there.

RD: Have you ever been told by your editor what to draw?

RKL: Never.

RD: You started writing books, too, after many years of drawing cartoons. What was your first book?

RKL: *Hotel Riviera*, a novel.

RD: That was based on the hotel you lived in when you first came to Bombay?

RKL: Yes. How do you know that?

RD: It's in your autobiography.

RKL: I see ... I haven't read it.

RD: Why do you paint crows?

RKL: I like that bird very much. Stands out against any background. Black and white, subtle green and black, blue and black, and it's the most intelligent bird.

RD: You like it for its intelligence?

RKL: For its colour and shape. The ugly bird is the peacock—overrated, too garish.

RD: That's the national bird. You think the national bird should be the crow?

RKL: Yes, the crow!

RD: How would you describe your own cartoons?

RKL: It-could-be-better ... sort of thing. I wish I had drawn that like this.

RD: So if you had a chance to correct it, you would?

RKL: No I wouldn't. I would say



FROM 2004

'It's good enough.'

RD: Did you ever have any disappointments in your career?

RKL: Fortunately, no.

RD: What do you attribute that to?

RKL: Hard work.

RD: With many new cars available, why do you drive an Ambassador?

RKL: It's one of the best cars. Spacious, very strong. The black Ambassador is my favourite.

RD: Even in your cartoons, when you draw a car or a plane, you draw old models. You don't draw Hondas and Marutis, you draw Ambassadors.

RKL: Not purposely. Perhaps I am not observing modern-day cars. Planes have not changed much.

RD: What is it like being a famous person?

RKL: I don't feel great.

RD: But you must get invitations from everyone to go here and there.

RKL: Yes. I used to address Rotary clubs, Freemasons, this, that. But I've stopped now.

RD: Did you belong to any of these societies?

RKL: No, not even human society. I'm a loner. **R**





FEBRUARY 1965



Happily
Ever After
With The
**Brothers
Grimm**

If it hadn't been for this scholarly German pair,
the world's most enchanting fairy tales
might have disappeared forever

BY GEORGE KENT



NCE UPON A time, there lived in Germany two devoted brothers who wrote a little book. They were so modest and they expected so little of

the book's sales that they were willing to take no money for it.

To their astonishment, it was a great success. And over the years it has continued to please until today it is, second only to the Bible, the world's most famous book—the most widely read, the most generally remembered. It has sold close to a billion copies in no fewer than 20,000 editions. It has been translated into more than 50 languages in some 40 countries. It is still in print after 152 years, and still has a magical impact on our ways of writing, thinking and looking at life.

The title of the little book was *Tales for Children and the Hearth*. We know it better as *Grimms' Fairy Tales*, after the brothers who wrote it—Jakob and Wilhelm Grimm. Its story is an extraordinary chapter in the annals of publishing.

It began when one of the brothers' college professors aroused in them an interest in historical research. As they explored the past, both brothers became fascinated with children's stories—but not because of the tales' interest for children. The Grimms were scholars, and to them the old stories were important in the way

fragments of pottery are important to an archeologist—for the light they shed on man's history.

The stories were part of a great oral tradition, in existence long before men knew how to write. Some had been collected and published, but many others had never been written down, and only a few aged peasants here and there remembered them. When they died, the tales, some of them dating back thousands of years, would die with them. It was urgent to record them before their tellers should all vanish from the earth.

So, when Jakob was 22 years old and Wilhelm 21, the brothers Grimm began looking for people with good memories. It was not easy. Those who knew the fairy tales decided that the brothers must be a little crazy. What possible interest could grown men have in witches and talking stones and gingerbread houses? Still, they were pleasant, persuasive young men ...

A SHEPHERD WAS happy to spend an afternoon spinning the old yarns for a bottle of wine. An old cavalry sergeant come upon hard times told a few more in return for a patched up pair of pants. One old woman, living in a home for the aged, hesitated to talk. If she was heard telling her stories to anyone but children, she might be locked up as a mad woman, she said. So Wilhelm Grimm got a friend to take along his children as an audience for her, and she began with alacrity, "Once upon



(Top and below) Illustrations from *Snow White and Cinderella* from an 1893 edition of *Grimms' Fairy Tales*; (right) Artwork depicting Red Riding Hood, circa 1910

a time—" The friend wrote down her stories while Wilhelm listened, hidden behind a curtain.

The Grimms' best source turned out to be a tailor's wife. Not only did she tell her stories well, but she told them each time in exactly the same words. If she went too fast and was asked to repeat, she would retell them slowly, without a change.

AFTER FIVE YEARS, the brothers had 86 stories. Being scholars primarily, and unconcerned with the matter of entertainment value, they put the manuscripts on a shelf "for future reference." There they might have remained if a friend, Achim von Arnim, had not come to town and read several. "What a marvellous collection!" he exclaimed. The stories must be published, he insisted. Von Arnim personally made the necessary arrangements with a printer in Berlin.

A few days before Christmas, 1812,



the first edition of *Tales for Children and the Hearth* went on sale. It came in two versions: one poorly printed, another on quality paper. Because the stories were put down as they had come from the mouths of the old people, simply and without moralizing, the result was a book that children could read without difficulty. It was enormously popular.

This first collection included many of the stories that have become part of our language: *Hansel and Gretel*, *Snow White*, *The Frog Prince*, *Cinderella*, *Rapunzel* and *Tom Thumb*, among others. Two more volumes followed, and the total of the Grimm collection now came to 210 tales.

Many of these tales date back to a time when myth and reality were almost indistinguishable. The long slumber of Briar Rose or Sleeping Beauty may represent winter, her awakening the kiss of spring. Cinderella's triumph may stand for the bright sun of morning, after a troubled night. Of all the stories, incidentally, *Cinderella* is the most told. More than 345 versions have been identified; it is known in every country of the world.

SOME OF THE MAGICAL STORIES

are 'simpleton tales,' told by mothers to their less bright children to build up their self-confidence. In these, the poor, weak, often stupid hero wins happiness and wealth, not so much by his own efforts as by the aid of divine grace in the shape of a bird, a kindly old man or a warmhearted witch. Ill-doers are punished, often horribly.

Soon, in translations, the tales were being read or listened to by the little ones of every civilized nation. The stories were published even in Swahili, Tajik, Bengali and other languages of Africa and Asia. As they entered the jungle, the old tales changed. Cinderella in one version goes to the ball in a canoe. In Africa, the witch's house in *Hansel and Gretel* is made not of cake but of salt,

a greater delicacy there. Since snow is unknown on the equator, Snow White's name becomes Flower White.

More than 200 plays for the stage and marionette theatre are based on stories told by the Grimm brothers. More than 40 have become operas, of which the most celebrated is Humperdinck's *Hansel und Gretel*. *Sleeping Beauty* is the favourite with composers, especially ballet makers. In addition, a vast number of choral works, novels and movies have been drawn from the Grimms' tales.

The brothers who gave the world such a bountiful storehouse were the two oldest sons of a family of six children born to a lawyer in Hanau,

Germany. It was a strict but cheerful household, and there was always great affection between the two brothers. They went to the same school, and at college both studied law in obedience to their father's deathbed wish. They wrote books together. Yet, the two men were very different.

Jakob was small and neat, with sharp, light-blue eyes. A serious indi-

vidual with a superb intellect, he did not smoke, drank little and had little use for society. He died a bachelor. Wilhelm, one year younger, was taller than his brother, a handsome, smiling man with dreamy, poetic eyes.

**The long
slumber of
Briar Rose or
Sleeping Beauty
may represent
winter, her
awakening the
kiss of spring.**



And he loved people. He delighted in spending an evening with friends shouting out the old folk songs. Both brothers cajoled people into telling them stories, but it was Wilhelm—a born storyteller—who wrote the final versions in the form we know. Though he always had an eye for the girls, he did not marry until he was 40.

When he did (the bride was a druggist's daughter who had helped him in his hunt for fairy tales), he insisted that Jakob live with him and his wife. A great-hearted man for all his austerity, Jakob became part of the household. Wilhelm's three children were as dear to him as if they had been his own. It was a noisy, happy home, and the young ones had the run of the house, except for Jakob's large workroom. This was off limits to the rioters. At bedtime, Wilhelm would start them on the way to sleep with a Grimm fairy tale.

THE BROTHERS DEVOTED 50 years of their lives to the study of antiquity. Huddled over old parchments, they found the material for a long list of books with such forbidding titles as *Legal Antiquities* and *German Heroic Sagas*. They learnt to read in a dozen languages and translated the myths of Norway, Denmark, Scotland



FROM 1965

and Ireland. They became fascinated with linguistics and helped to transform the study of words into an exact science. Jakob, who did most of this work, is often described as the 'father of philology'.

Though the brothers were triumphant as scholars, economically they never quite got their heads above wa-

ter. Having written the most fabulous bestseller of all time, they were paid next to nothing for it. At no time during their careers as librarians and professors did they have a year's income equivalent to more than \$5000. When recognition came to them, neither of the brothers was impressed. They lived for their work, not for rewards.

The brothers spent their last years working on a colossal dictionary which was to be their masterpiece. Unfortunately, it ended with the letter F. Jakob was writing the word *frucht* (fruit) one September day in 1863, when he fell ill at his work. He died a week later, aged 78. Wilhelm, always sickly, suffering from asthma and heart trouble, had died five years earlier. In 1960, the dictionary brilliantly begun by the brothers was finally published—in 32 volumes. It is a fitting monument. But it is the little book of children's tales that is destined to live happily ever after. **R**





OCTOBER 1957



What It Takes To Be **Royal**

Five years into Queen Elizabeth II's reign, and with the Commonwealth of Nations still in its infancy, *Reader's Digest* was invited to go behind the scenes at Buckingham Palace with the world's most influential royalty

BY FRANCIS DRAKE AND KATHARINE DRAKE

A**T ADMIRALTY ARCH IN LONDON,** a bobby [a British police officer] is holding back traffic, extending the right of way for a sprightly horse-drawn carriage whose maroon door panels display the royal arms. Inside the carriage are some worn red-leather cases—the Queen's boxes, containing top-secret reports and memoranda flown in daily from all over the world. At Buckingham Palace, a Queen's messenger descends with the boxes—one of them a top priority Foreign Office box—and carries them through nearly half a mile of corridors to a room on the second floor of the palace.

This famous room is the Queen's 'office'. About 99 per cent living room, it is spacious and handsome, with a subtle colour scheme of green and oyster grey, against which the light reflects a rich gleam from period porcelains, crystal, gold leaf, silver and glossy tabletops. Staring down from the walls, some dozen ancestors, combining looks of melancholy virtue with heavy, full-lipped mouths, share a family resemblance.

This is a feminine room—all that challenges it is a man-size mahogany desk, right-angled in a huge bay window overlooking the palace garden. The desk is awash in official-looking papers and, from it a wall of photographs juts up, a cheerful hodgepodge

of children, family groups, uniforms, wedding gowns, boats, dogs, horses.

Sitting at this desk, pen in hand, brows puckered, is one of the most remarkable young women of our time—Elizabeth II, by the Grace of God, Queen of the United Kingdom, Head of the Commonwealth, Defender of the Faith. But neither hereditary titles nor the documents before her reflect Elizabeth's personal record of achievement—the fact that in five brief years her effort and personality have made her the best-loved, best-known, most travelled, most energetically dedicated sovereign in the history of the realm.

Elizabeth is wearing a cherry-red wool dress, pearl necklace, pearl earrings and no shoes. It is one of the rare moments of the day when the royal footwear can be off-duty, even if their owner cannot. There is about her a tissue-paper immaculacy, a formidable neatness. Not a wisp has escaped the moderately wavy, conventionally coiffed, medium-brown hair; the famous Windsor skin is petal fresh. In private, Elizabeth is as regal as in public—no impatient gestures, no elbows on the desk, no slouching. The royal back is like a board, a legacy from the late Queen Mary, whose own ramrod carriage remained, to the end, inflexible.

THE INVITATION

The Queen selects a gold key—there are only two, and the Foreign Secretary has the other—and opens the

Foreign Office box. The first missive she picks out provokes a spontaneous exclamation of pleasure. Written on White House notepaper, it is signed 'Dwight D. Eisenhower' and contains an invitation to visit the United States in October 1957.

The Queen is delighted, but not exactly bowled over by surprise. The invitation has been hanging fire for nearly 18 months. Initiated at low diplomatic levels to avoid boomerang embarrassments, it was finally smiled on by President Eisenhower and the Prime Minister, then shelved because of the Middle East situation, revived for spring possibilities, dropped because of royal commitments to Portugal, France and Denmark, reconsidered, scuttled by indiscreet 'leaks', finally revamped to include the opening of the Canadian Parliament.

The actual appearance of the invitation informs the Queen that (a) it has finally achieved the blessing of the three governments and (b) that her wish has come true—to visit the US during the year commemorating the first British settlement at Jamestown. The project is of such importance that the Palace will henceforward refer to it as The Visit.

On the surface, The Visit looks

like another routine trip by royalty. Actually, it is designed to emphasize the coming of age of a new group of nations which, if they stay united, may some day rival the power of the US itself. Elizabeth goes to visit the US less as Queen of England than as Head of the Commonwealth, an organization in which Empire domination has been replaced by partnership.

The serious-faced young Queen knows that much water has flowed

under the London Bridge since 1776, when ancestor George III, up on the wall, lost those pesky colonies. To Britons of the Queen's generation 'colonialism' is a dead issue. She is as proud as her countrymen that while the Communists have been holding 100 million people behind the Iron Curtain, the British have been freeing 500 million from

**In private,
Elizabeth is as
regal as in public—
no impatient
gestures, no
elbows on the
desk, no
slouching.**



colonial ties, investing \$300 million a year in their local industries and helping them to complete self-government, no strings attached. In her first sovereign visit to the New World, Elizabeth will be representing the very same ideas of liberty pioneered by her American kinsfolk.

From daily perusal of her boxes, Elizabeth also knows that this policy is good for all concerned. England's trade with her former territories has

nearly doubled, while their own local production has increased 1,200 per cent. Her young Commonwealth now numbers about 640 million people—a quarter of the population of the globe.

The Queen has made herself the symbol of this Commonwealth's unity. With her husband she has tramped the length and breadth of the new nations, making devoted friends. The new nations feel that she understands them. They believe that she is on their side—and to an extraordinary extent, she is. The young Queen and her husband will probably influence the world in which we live as few couples have ever done in history.

THE GIRL AND THE QUEEN

Sitting alone at her desk, intently considering all the implications of the President's invitation, something is missing from the Queen's appearance as the world generally sees it. It is the 'smile', target of millions of cameras, the catalyst that can bestow on Elizabeth's fresh good looks a quality of beauty. Without the 'smile', the relationship between girl-at-desk and ancestors-on-wall is quickly apparent. To the Queen, the most even-tempered, least moody member of the royal family, this stern-mouthed, Hanoverian heritage has been a trial since childhood.

To overcome it, she is forced to smile unrelentingly every moment she is in public. If she relaxes, reporters may write that 'the Queen



The Queen is renowned for her love of Welsh corgis.

appeared displeased', which can be disastrous for the organisation she is visiting. The strain of smiling for hours on end can be understood only by those who have tried to do it. The muscles of the face tremble with fatigue, the smile becomes a grimace. Elizabeth has mastered the difficulty, just as she has conquered the exhausting job of standing hour after hour in spite of aching muscles.

Off duty, her manner is relaxed, friendly, her reactions as natural as those of any girl anywhere. She is gentle with the nervous and the tongue-tied, for she is shy herself. She is mad about her husband and her children, and she fights continuously to keep her family life separated from her official duties. She prefers a small house to a palace, the country to the town, sports clothes to formal dresses. She has a lively sense of humour and, when anything appeals to it, her hands



**With the Duke of Edinburgh
at Royal Ascot in 1957**

go between her knees, back goes her head and she laughs unrestrainedly.

On duty, her blue eyes take on a cool expression in which can be sensed some of the spiritual loneliness imposed by the Crown. The job of being Queen calls for endless devotion to endless duties. If there is conflict between love and duty, pleasure and duty, even exhaustion and duty, there can be only one decision. It is a lot to ask of a fun-loving girl with her own family to raise. She could not do it without her religion and a sense of dedication inherited from her father.

Normally good-natured, self-disciplined, slow to anger, Elizabeth has a steel core which becomes apparent if anyone, Philip included, tries to tamper with her obligations as she sees them, or reflects how—ever slightly upon the dignity of the Crown. The eyes blaze, the mouth sets obstinately and the offender is tartly

brought to heel. It is well that she has this steel, for, privy to secrets she may not confide even to her own husband, Elizabeth is saddled with crushing responsibilities, not for a term or two, but until the day she dies. Under the British constitution, no statute is valid until it bears the ancient words *La Reine le veult* (The Queen wills it), followed by her personal signature—and Elizabeth signs nothing she has not understood. Every important Foreign Office telegram, every top-secret report must be read and filed in her memory for, while politicians come and go, the Sovereign is always there, and it is her duty to help cabinet ministers with her sense of living history.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

The Queen's engagements—to lay corner stones, unveil plaques, place wreaths, plant trees, visit hospitals, attend receptions, review troops, open exhibitions—are made up a year ahead from some 2,500 requests for personal appearances. Once she has accepted an engagement, nothing is too much trouble.

In the blinding heat of Ceylon (now called Sri Lanka), to please the people, she wore her heavy coronation dress embroidered with scores of yards of gold wire. To complete the costume, she put on a massive diamond coronet, a diamond necklace and long white gloves. Thus clad, she moved for hours through thousands of people under a burning tropical sun. Her

aides were drenched with perspiration, their white uniforms sticking to their backs, but she finished the day smiling, with even her make-up unsmudged. The Governor General murmured a compliment on her extraordinary performance. "Oh," she replied wryly, picking at the thick embroidery on her dress, "my only fear was that this gold wire would melt!"

The strain of being ever on centre stage is enormous. Occasionally, it is almost too great. Prince Philip watches her closely and rallies her on occasion, but sometimes even this backfires. Once, when they were approaching a large group of children, he whispered to her: "Buck up, old dear, you're drooping." The children dissolved in mirth. They were from a deaf school, lip readers all.

Elizabeth is completely fearless, confident that no one will ever harm her. On her travels in Asia and Africa she has become locked in crowds 10,000 strong. In Nigeria, a person jumped into her car—but only to present a petition. In a Johannesburg railway station, an old man rushed at her to ask her to go outside where his crippled son could see her. She did. In Canada, a youth broke through the Mounties and asked her to give him an autograph. She did not. Blind lepers with disease-ravaged limbs crowded about her in a leper colony, and only her compassion was affected. At home, she goes everywhere unescorted. On one occasion



The Queen's first televised Christmas speech in 1957

this alarmed the MVD (Russian Ministry of Internal Affairs) guarding Soviet leader Nikita Khrushchev, who was paying an official visit at Windsor. To relieve a constrained afternoon, she offered to drive him around Windsor Park in her own sports car. The MVD were horrified.

"But no one will shoot while I am driving!" said Elizabeth brightly. It was no use. The crowned ruler could walk from one end of the Commonwealth to the other without danger, but the head of the Soviet Socialist Republics dared not stir without his police.

POMP AND PROTOCOL

Now a new journey is in prospect. Following the Queen's acceptance of the invitation, plans for The Visit slowly take shape. There are hundreds of items; each is approved or amended by the Queen personally, and the



**With Dwight D. Eisenhower
at a White House banquet**

final timetable is printed for the guidance of all concerned. For the Atlantic crossing, a standard plane is charted from BOAC—the British state-owned airline. A few changes are made to provide a private compartment for the Queen and Prince Philip; the choice of crew is left to the airline.

Now comes the selection of the Queen's party. The entourage represents the last word in teamwork. Besides being perfectionists at their own jobs, they are specialists in protocol and formal etiquette. Each has an assigned, rehearsed role. At every event there must be two ladies-in-waiting to aid the Queen. There must be two private secretaries and one equerry (royal horse handler) for the Queen and a secretary for Prince Philip. The press secretary must be on hand at all times. Behind the scenes will be the Queen's first dresser, Miss 'Bobo' MacDonald and one assistant to cope

with incessant changes of clothes; a valet for Prince Philip to produce his uniform. All the principals must be backed up by secretaries, servants and assistants. Last and perhaps most importantly, on a state visit is the doctor, ready to head off nervous physical exhaustion, insomnia, digestive upsets, colds and headaches.

Esoteric items of information are now ping-ponging across the Atlantic, between the entourage and their hosts in the US, such as: The Queen is strictly a three-course eater (a note which drove French chefs into melancholia during the Paris visit); she prefers simple fare and is allergic to shellfish ... New York City is not the capital of New York state ... 'God Save the Queen' has the same tune of 'My Country Tis of Thee' ... American liquor is stronger than British ... British electric razors and steam irons will not operate on an American current ... The President's hobby is painting ... The Queen does not smoke, neither does Philip ... Pocahontas was [a Native American] female ... (Most of the information is for the staff. Elizabeth and Philip are fond of the US and know more about the country than many Americans.)

The most time-consuming item is the Queen's wardrobe. On this trip, as on all others, she will be stared at, filmed and appraised front, back and sides—from the instant she shows herself in the morning until the late hour she retires at night. Every minute of every hour she must look her best, for

the cameras will catch the slightest slip-up. An ordinary girl can freshen up as she goes along; but the Queen of England on duty may never twitch her dress, straighten her stockings, repair her make-up or keep everyone waiting while she retires to powder her nose.

Protocol demands that every dress be new; it would be considered discourteous to appear in a dress worn in another country—or even to appear in one city in a dress worn somewhere else. Each garment must be an original design, for the Queen must never wear a model worn by another woman.

The schedules of The Visit to the United States and Canada show a minimum of 10 days on duty, and require as many as five changes a day to allow for day and evening, rain or shine, inside and out. This means a total of 50 dresses, and because every one must be perfect the instant it is worn, each will require three to five fittings—a total of 250 fittings superimposed on the Queen's already crowded schedule.

The star numbers are the evening dresses. For these she summons Norman Hartnell, who made her coronation dress. His job is extraordinarily difficult. He must bring out the distinction in the Queen's trim, if petite, person, her natural grace and majesty and point out, besides, the romantic appeal that is the complement of crowns. The dresses must photograph well

and be light-toned to ensure her being visible against the crowds.

On top of all this, Hartnell must consider the competition of hundreds of other dresses. For instance, in the state visit to Paris this spring, the Queen was up against the smartest women in France, each with unlimited time and money with which to procure the dress of her life. For the ultimate function, the state banquet with the President of France, Hartnell designed a beautiful gown embroidered in pearls, topaz and gold (all costume jewellery; real gems are worn on her person, never used on her dresses), showing the fleur-de-lis and poppies of France.

It was a creation that could have drowned many women; but when Elizabeth appeared on the grand staircase of the Élysée Palace, her hair blazing with diamonds, her neck circled with an emerald-and-diamond necklace, her bosom crossed with the brilliant scarlet sash of the Legion of Honour, the women of Paris broke into a murmur of applause. But it was not just the dress, or the jewels, or Elizabeth's youth; it was the extraordinary bearing that transformed a pretty girl into a beautiful woman, radiating an authority and grace inherited from generations of British kings and queens.

Daytime outfits pose a special problem. For example, the Queen looks well in a fitted dress; but she is continually getting out of cars

before a battery of cameras, and it would ride up. A revealing photograph would only provoke an amused smile among Western people, but in the Asian stretches of the Commonwealth the effect would be deadly; the Queen would lose dignity. Since Elizabeth is not supposed to have legs, the hems of her dresses are heavily weighted. Most girls can hold down their skirts in the wind, but not the Queen. She must hold her purse (in her left hand) often, plus a bouquet—the flowers are generally damp and frequently drip down the front of her new dress—and keep the right hand free for handshaking and waving. Princess Margaret, watching her sister standing on a platform at a ship launching, holding the bouquet in one hand, the bottle of champagne in the other, fighting off a gale meanwhile, remarked “Lilibet needs three hands today!”

DEVOTION TO DUTY

The Queen has four months to make ready for The Visit, and she needs that much time, since all the preparations



FROM 1957

have to be worked into a schedule already jam-packed with dates made long in advance.

Elizabeth Alexandra Mary of Windsor has had little youth—most of it was consumed in the harsh training of a Queen. She makes it her business to move constantly among people who are grappling with the problem of rebuilding

from the ruin of war. “What the world now needs most is a solid bridge between East and West,” she has said. “The British Commonwealth is surely such a bridge.” Behind the headlines, the pictures, the speeches and fanfare of The Visit will be the untiring work of a young woman who leaves nothing to chance and who has a passionate devotion to duty.

Thanks to her work behind the scenes, everything will seem effortless. Her plane will touch the Washington runway just as the President steps from his car. It will taxi up to him, the door will open, the guns will boom, the band will play and Elizabeth II, smiling, fresh, assured—and in a gust-proof dress—will walk down the ramp and shake Mr Eisenhower’s hand—on time to the minute. **R**

EXCERPT FROM *WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A QUEEN*.
FIRST APPEARED IN *READER'S DIGEST*, OCTOBER 1957.

Notes From All Over

1970s

WHEN THE MONA LISA was stolen from the Louvre in Paris in 1911 and was missing for two years, more people went to stare at the blank space than had gone to look at the masterpiece in the 12 previous years.

BARBARA CARTLAND, *Book of Useless Information* (Bantam), JANUARY 1979

1990s

WHAT COULD BE more relaxing than lying back in a steaming bath ... of hot milk? Or wine perhaps? Japan's public baths have to do something original to attract bathers. With 90 per cent of Japanese now owning baths at home, the number of public baths has dwindled. Between 1981 and 1987 more than 1,000 of them closed. In desperation, the nation's surviving bathhouses—still more than 10,000—are spicing up their services. Some entertain clients by providing workout programmes and offering comedy shows. Takenoyu, a bathhouse in Tokyo, thrills clients every Sunday by filling its baths with scented herbs, lemons and red wine. Attendance doubled at Hisamatsu Yokujo, a bathhouse near Tokyo, after it began offering tubs of milk on Sundays. It is just part of owner Hitoharu Tanabe's 80-million-

yen effort to improve the bathhouse, which he rebuilt to resemble a bungalow, draping fake greenery across the ceiling and walls. Goldfish swish in a tank suspended above bathers. Not all the new marketing techniques succeed, though. Tanabe tried floating apples in the bath—but they got cooked, and bathers ate them.

YUMIKO ONO in *The Wall Street Journal*,
JANUARY 1990

EARTH'S PEOPLES once spoke perhaps as many as 15,000 languages, according to linguist Michael Krauss of the University of Alaska Fairbanks. Of the 6,000 that remain, he says, up to half may be dying because they're not being taught to children. Krauss considers a language "safe" if children will still be learning it by the year 2100—if it has state support and/or is spoken by millions of people.

Large populations spoke Breton and Navajo earlier in this century, but both are now severely endangered. Other experts fear Gaelic, Basque, Yiddish and Pennsylvania Dutch may be in trouble too. Krauss worries that if present trends continue, 90 to 95 per cent of the world's languages could be doomed or extinct by the year 2100.

Life, AUGUST 1994

Quiz

OUR COLUMN FROM JUNE 1986

BY V. GANGADHAR

A religious and moral romance whose main characters represent ideal types, the Ramayana has inspired Indians for more than 2,000 years. Test your knowledge of the famous epic with this quiz

1. Which of these poets produced a much-acclaimed version of the *Ramayana*?

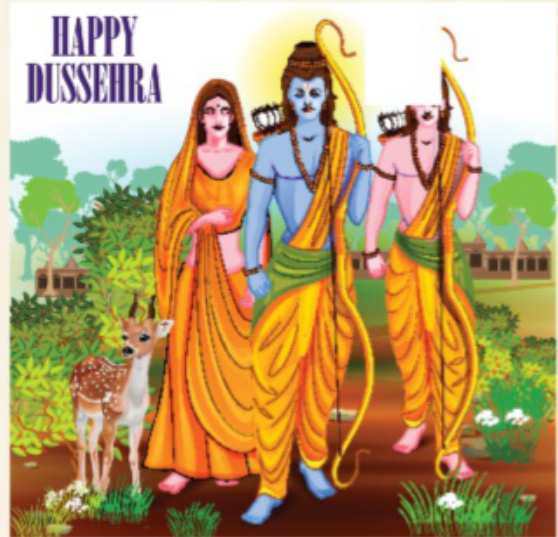
- a.** Aurobindo **b.** Kabir
c. Tagore **d.** Kamban

2. Under which zodiac sign was Rama born?

- a.** Cancer **b.** Leo
c. Sagittarius **d.** Gemini

3. Match the personalities with the following statements:

- a.** Hanuman **b.** Shabari **c.** Sampati
d. Mareecha **e.** Manthara **f.** Ahalya
i. Seduced by Indra, she was cursed by her husband to lie as a stone in his ashram.
ii. He died shouting "Ha Sita, Ha Lakshmana!"
iii. She poisoned her queen's mind leading to Rama's banishment.
iv. He informed the monkey's search party that Ravana had carried away Sita to Lanka.



v. He leapt at the sun and was wounded on the left cheek by Indra's vajra.

vi. She entertained Rama and Lakshmana with fruits in her ashram.

4. Distances in the Ramayana are mentioned in *yojanas*. One *yojana* is approximately:

- a.** Eight kilometres **b.** Three kilometres
c. 24 kilometres **d.** 14 kilometres

5. True or False?

- a.** King Janaka performed a great yagna after which he was blessed with a daughter, Sita.
- b.** Ravana was an exponent of the veena.
- c.** Hanuman's leap to Lanka was made from the top of the Mahendra hill.
- d.** Jambavan was a great monkey king in Rama's army.

6. Rama sent his signet ring to Sita through Hanuman. What did she send him back through the same messenger?

- a.** a lock of her hair **b.** her anklet
- c.** beads from her necklace
- d.** her *choondamani* (jewel worn on her head)

7. Link the heroes with their achievements in the Ramayana war:

- a.** Nala **b.** Sugreeva **c.** Vibheeshana **d.** Angada
- i.** He identified the rakshasa warriors to Rama.

ii. He supervised the construction of the bridge to Lanka.

iii. He was Rama's personal messenger to negotiate peace with Ravana.

iv. He escaped from the clutches of Kumbhakarna by biting his ears and nose.

8. Who provided Rama with a chariot during the final battle against Ravana?

- a.** Agni **b.** Brahma **c.** Indra **d.** Vishnu

9. Some heroes in the epic suffered because of curses inflicted on them. Match the heroes with the curses:

- a.** Kabandha **b.** Kumbhakarna **c.** Vali
- i.** He would sleep for months at a time.
- ii.** He would die if he set foot on Rishyamook mountain.
- iii.** He was turned into a monster without a head, with his mouth on his stomach and one eye on his chest.

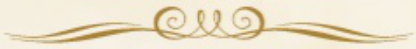
10. During Rama's exile, what did Bharata keep on the throne?

- a.** Rama's sceptre **b.** his sword
- c.** his sandals **d.** Rama's portrait

Answers

- 1. d.** Three marks
- 2. a.** A tricky one.
- 3. a-v; b-vi; c-iv; d-ii; e-iii;** it right.
- 4. d.** A tough one.
- 5. a-false; b-true;** for each correct answer.
- 6. d.** Three marks.
- 7. a-ii; b-iv; c-i; d-iii.** Two marks for each correct answer.
- 8. c.** Three marks.
- 9. a-iii; b-i; c-ii.** An easy one. One mark each.
- 10. c.** Two marks.

If you scored less than 10, you owe yourself the pleasure of re-reading the epic. Between 10 and 30 is average, while between 31 and 45 is a good score. Anything above that represents an epic performance!

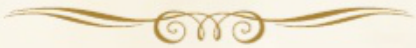


IT PAYS TO ENRICH YOUR

Word Power

OUR COLUMN FROM DECEMBER 1968

BY PETER FUNK



The words in this test are of Greek origin. Check the word or phrase you believe is nearest in meaning to the key word. Answers are on page 130.

- 1. stigma** *n.* (stig'-ma) A: disgrace.
B: pain. C: wickedness. D: triumph.
- 2. patriarch** *n.* (pa'-tre-ark) A: Greek arch.
B: patron. C: elder. D: aristocrat.
- 3. synchronize** *v.* (sing' kro naiz; sin'-) A: to blend. B: accommodate.
C: separate. D: cause to coincide.
- 4. plutocrat** *n.* (ploo-'to-krat) A: rich man. B: leader. C: idealist.
D: guardian.
- 5. demagogue** *n.* (dem'-a-gog) A: dictator. B: rabble-rouser. C: oracle.
D: madman.
- 6. endemic** *adj.* (en-dem'-ik) A: contagious. B: non-infectious.
C: native. D: widespread.
- 7. orthodox** *adj.* (or'-tho-doks) A: rigid. B: precise. C: ceremonious.
D: conventional.
- 8. genealogy** *n.* (je-ne-al'-o-je) A: heredity. B: pedigree. C: race improvement. D: word study.
- 9. syndrome** *n.* (sin' drom) A: combination of symptoms. B: clique.
C: conference. D: monopoly.
- 10. pathos** *n.* (pay-thos) A: melodrama. B: sorrow. C: anguish. D: pity.
- 11. bibliophile** *n.* (bib'-lio-phail) A: drunkard. B: perfectionist.
C: book lover. D: book list.
- 12. panorama** *n.* (pan-oh-ram' a) A: three-dimensional image. B: view.
C: mural. D: tumult.
- 13. monolith** *n.* (mon'-o-lith) A: single stone. B: etching. C: nomad. D: beast.
- 14. phobia** *n.* (fo'-be-a) A: compulsion. B: fear. C: worry. D: madness.
- 15. monologue** *n.* (mon'-o-log) A: learnt treatise. B: tedious, repetitious speech. C: soliloquy. D: constant hum.
- 16. apogee** *n.* (ap'-o-je) A: result. B: apex. C: indifference. D: curve.
- 17. synthesis** *n.* (sin'-the-sis) A: summary. B: outline. C: arrangement.
D: combination.
- 18. autonomous** *adj.* (aw-ton'-o-mus) A: arrogant. B: spontaneous. C: self governing. D: erratic.
- 19. amphibious** *adj.* (am-fib'-i-us) A: obscure. B: primitive. C: sluggish.
D: adapted to both land and water.
- 20. cosmopolitan** (koz-mo-pol'-i-tan) A: worldly. B: bored. C: immoral.
D: suave.

Answers

1. stigma—A: Disgrace; mark of shame or discredit; blot on one's reputation; taint; as, the *stigma* of defeat. From *stigma*, 'mark, brand'.

2. patriarch—C: Elder; leader; father or head of a family or group of families; as, the *patriarch* of the clan. From *patriarches*, 'head of family'.

3. synchronize—D: To cause to coincide, be simultaneous or agree in time or rate; as, to *synchronize* watches. From *syn-*, 'with', and *chronos*, 'time'.

4. plutocrat—A: Rich man having power by virtue of his wealth. From *ploutokratia*, 'rule by wealth'.

5. demagogue—B: Rabble-rouser; unscrupulous person, who, to attain power, appeals to the emotions of the crowd; as, a *demagogue* among the candidates. From *demagogos*, 'popular leader'.

6. endemic—C: Native; indigenous; belonging to a specific area. "Cholera is *endemic* in the Orient." From *endemos*—*en-*, 'in', and *demos*, 'people'.

7. orthodox—D: Conventional; proper; conservative; holding generally accepted beliefs; as, *orthodox* faith. From *orthodoxos*, 'right opinion'.

8. genealogy—B: Pedigree; lineage; history of ancestry; as, the *genealogy* of one's family. From *genealogia*, 'science or study of race or family'.

9. syndrome—A: Combination of symptoms characterizing an illness or abnormality; as, the 'whiplash' *syndrome*. From *syndrome*—*syn-*, 'with', and *dramein*, 'to run'.

10. pathos—D: Sympathetic pity; quality in human experience that arouses pity or compassion; as, a moving drama of irony and *pathos*. From *pathos*, 'suffering'.

11. bibliophile—C: Book lover; book

collector; as, a confirmed *bibliophile*. From *biblion*, 'book', and *philos*, 'devoted to'.

12. panorama—B: Complete view of a scene; as, a *panorama* of sea and hills. From *pan*, 'all', and *horama*, 'sight'.

13. monolith—A: Single, great stone; figuratively, any structure having massive uniformity; as, the communist *monolith*. From *monos*, 'single', and *lithos*, 'stone'.

14. phobia—B: Persistent, often irrational, fear; obsession against; as, a *phobia* about cats. From *phobos*, 'fear'.

15. monologue—C: Dramatic or literary soliloquy; sketch performed by one actor; also, a long speech by one person in conversation. From *monologos*, 'speaking alone'.

16. apogee—B: Apex; point in the moon's orbit when it is farthest from the earth; hence, high point; as, the *apogee* of the scientist's career. From *apo-*, 'far from', and *ge*, 'earth'.

17. synthesis—D: Combination or unification of parts into a whole; as, a *synthesis* of many ideas. From *syntithenai*, 'to put together'.

18. autonomous—C: Self-governing; independent; as, an *autonomous* community. From *autonomos*—*auto-*, 'self', and *nomos*, 'law'.

19. amphibious—D: Adapted to both land and water; as, the *amphibious* frog. From *amphibios*—*amphi-*, 'both', and *bios*, 'mode of life'.

20. cosmopolitan—A: Worldly; at home the world over; not provincial; as, a sophisticated, *cosmopolitan* traveller. From *kosmos*, and *polites*, 'citizen'.

VOCABULARY RATINGS

16-14: Fair

18-17: Excellent

20-19: Extraordinary

As Kids See It

1960s

WORKING AS the desk clerk at a full-to-overflowing motel, I was confronted by a man who insisted that he had a reservation for himself and his family. We had no record of a reservation having been made for him and, to make matters worse, every hotel in town was full.

I spent 15 very uncomfortable minutes listening to him blast our reservation system, and trying to find a room to put him in. I had just about decided to take his suggestion to cancel another reservation in order to give him a room, when the front door opened and a small boy walked into the lobby. The youngster came over to the man, looked up at him, and said, "Did it work, Daddy?"

RAY L. SCOTT, APRIL 1969

1970s

A NEIGHBOUR has an eight-year-old who has just started writing compositions in school. The child came home to find a note from her mother, reading: "Will be delayed getting home. I am shopping for dinner and have to pick up some odds and ends. Please change from your school clothes and take the dog for a walk. Love, Mother."

Across the top of it, the youngster scrawled: "Excellent."

ROBERT SYLVESTER, *Chicago Tribune-New York*

News Syndicate, MARCH 1971

WE WERE DISCUSSING the imminent arrival of our second child, and I said we would have to move to a bigger house. Our first-born listened gravely, then shook his head. "That wouldn't work," he said. "He'd follow us."

N. J. RUSSELL, JUNE 1972

1980s

RETURNING HOME one afternoon with my two daughters, Kimberley, age two, and Kristi, six months, I pulled into my driveway and stopped to check the mailbox. But when I returned to the car, I found Kimberley had pushed the locks down on both doors—and I had left the key in the ignition. For an hour I tried to explain to Kimberley how to pull up the door handle. I was on the verge of tears. My husband wasn't home, and since we live in the country, there were no neighbours to help. Finally Kimberley stood up and softly tapped on the window. As I looked down at her, she said, "Mommy, do you want me to roll down the window?"

DIANE PRESTWOOD, DECEMBER 1982

Quotable Quotes



**God gave us our memories
so that we might have
roses in December.**

JAMES M. BARRIE, December 1975

**A good listener is not only
popular everywhere, but after a while,
he knows something.**

WILSON MIZNER, March 1977

**Although the world is full
of suffering, it is also full of
the overcoming of it.**

HELEN KELLER, March 1985



**There is no such thing as a
non-working mother.**

HESTER MUNDIS, February 1985



**Trying to sell a comb to a
bald man? Don't sell the right
product to the wrong audience.**

JAGDEEP KAPOOR, brand guru



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