

WITH LOVE
AND
BRICKBATS
—
G. A. ST GEORGE



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K.K. Venugopal

SK no 37
WITH LOVE AND BRICKBATS

*Paradoxical the title
Of this volume well may seem;
Yet behold the hearth marital,
There bouquets with brickbat's teem;
Love, regard and admiration
Oft to raillery have recourse
And many a jeering objurgation
Springs from true affection's source.*

By the same Author :

WITH LYRE AND SAXOPHONE

WITH LOVE

and

BRICKBATS

A. H. WHEELER & CO.

FIVE RUPEES

RAILWAY BOOKSTALLS.

BY

G. A. S^T GEORGE

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To My Friends

Many of the names in this book have appeared in
Lines of India and some in various journals and
India I under my grateful acknowledgments to the
Editors and Publishers concerned for their courtesies
in publishing the records of those who have
been in India.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Many of the verses in this book have appeared in 'The Times of India' and some in various journals outside India. I tender my grateful acknowledgments to the Editors and Publishers concerned for their courtesy in permitting me to reprint those verses here.

G. A. St. G.

SOME OF OUR CAESARS

(With acknowledgments to E. V. Knox)

- Had Tojo been ruler of India
(a nightmare that's faded away)
With bayonet and gun he'd have solved every one
Of the problems that vex us to-day.
- Had Tojo been ruler of India
He'd have simplified much in this land
And non-violent resistance, with the sharpest insistence
Would, I'm sure, have been violently banned.
- If Gandhi were ruler of India
(a subject his fans often broach)
The British would quit, with a fifty page chit
Couched in terms of benignant reproach.
- If Gandhi were ruler of India
We'd pull down the shutters all round,
To the march of mankind we'd remain deaf and blind
By hiding our heads, in the ground.
- If Jinnah were ruler of India
(and he'd make a most elegant Khan)
Muslim Leaguers would croon to the bright crescent moon
Smiling saucily o'er Pakistan.
- If Jinnah were ruler of India
Not many would envy his lot
If you're but one to four and the latter get sore
You may be in a pretty tough spot.
- If Ambedkar were ruler of India
(and my hamal would like him to be)
Prejudices of caste would be things of the past
And that would be G.K. by me.
- If Ambedkar were ruler of India
The coolies would make much more pelf
And with prospects less glum would perhaps soon become
As rotund as the Doctor himself.

If *I* were the ruler of India

(the mere thought makes me feel quite unwell)

With capers and song I'd make laws all day long

In a beautiful soft-padded cell;

For if I were the ruler of India

I'd certainly be 'up the pole'

Maybe I lack guts but I'd *have* to be 'nuts'

To even consider the role!

FROM THE GALLERY (1)

(Solo for bathroom baritones and ashram altos, to the tune of Tit willow, Tit willow.)

A MAHATMA sat singing on top of a fence

“Quit India, Quit India, Quit India”

He would pause for a while, then again would commence

“Quit India, Quit India, Quit India”

And I said “O Mahatma, I fear I am dense

“But your song doesn't seem to make very much sense”

His reply was to chant in a tone more intense

“Quit India, Quit India, Quit India.”

So I said “O Mahatma, pray why do you chant

“Quit India, Quit India, Quit India?”

“For with things as they are it is clear that we shan't

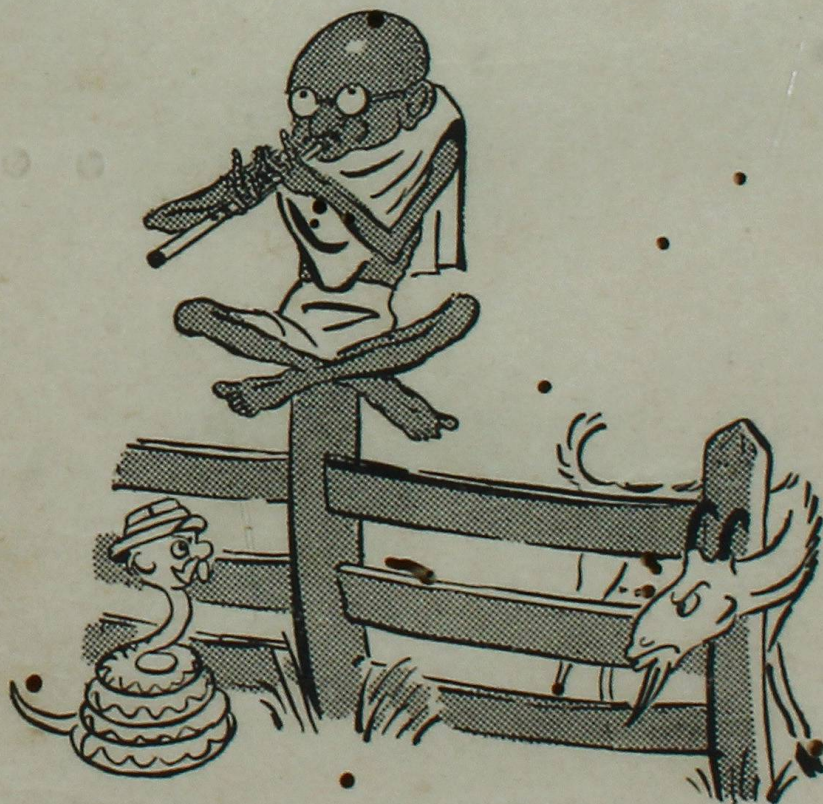
“Quit India, Quit India, Quit India”

And he answered indulgently “Brother, I grant

“That at present, perhaps, it is true that you can't

“But it's just the *idea* that I wish to implant!

“Quit India, Quit India, Quit India.”



FROM THE GALLERY (2)

(To the tune of Widdicombe Fair)

Ho ! ryots, Ho ! coolies, come lend me your ears
All along, down along, out along Ind
Your standard of living has prompted the tears
Of Mr. Birla, Mr. Tata, Kas. Lalbhai, Doc. Matthai, Sir Ardeshir,
Knight Ram, Mr. Shroff, and Uncle Purshotamdas and all,
And Uncle Purshotamdas and all.

Ho ! scheduled, Ho ! have-nots, let joy banish woe
All along, out along, down along Ind
For in fifteen years you'll be in clover—and so
Will Mr. Birla, Mr. Tata, Kas. Lalbhai, Doc. Matthai, Sir Ardeshir,
Knight Ram, Mr. Shroff, and Uncle Purshotamdas and all,
And Uncle Purshotamdas and all !

FROM THE GALLERY (3)

(To the tune of Oh, Mr. Porter)

(con dolore)

Oh Mr. Savarkar

Whatever shall I do

I happen to be a Muslim, but I feel I'm an Indian too,

Oh Mr. Savarkar

You make me feel awfully blue

When you tell me the Mahasabha is militantly Hindu!



FROM THE GALLERY (4)

(To the tune of *Daisy, Daisy*)

(*con amore*)

JIN-NAH, Jin-nah

Give him your hand Sir, do

He'll grow thin-nah

Worrying over you ;

We'll give you a stylish " marriage "

And a nice swadeshi carriage

And you'll both look grand, sitting hand in hand

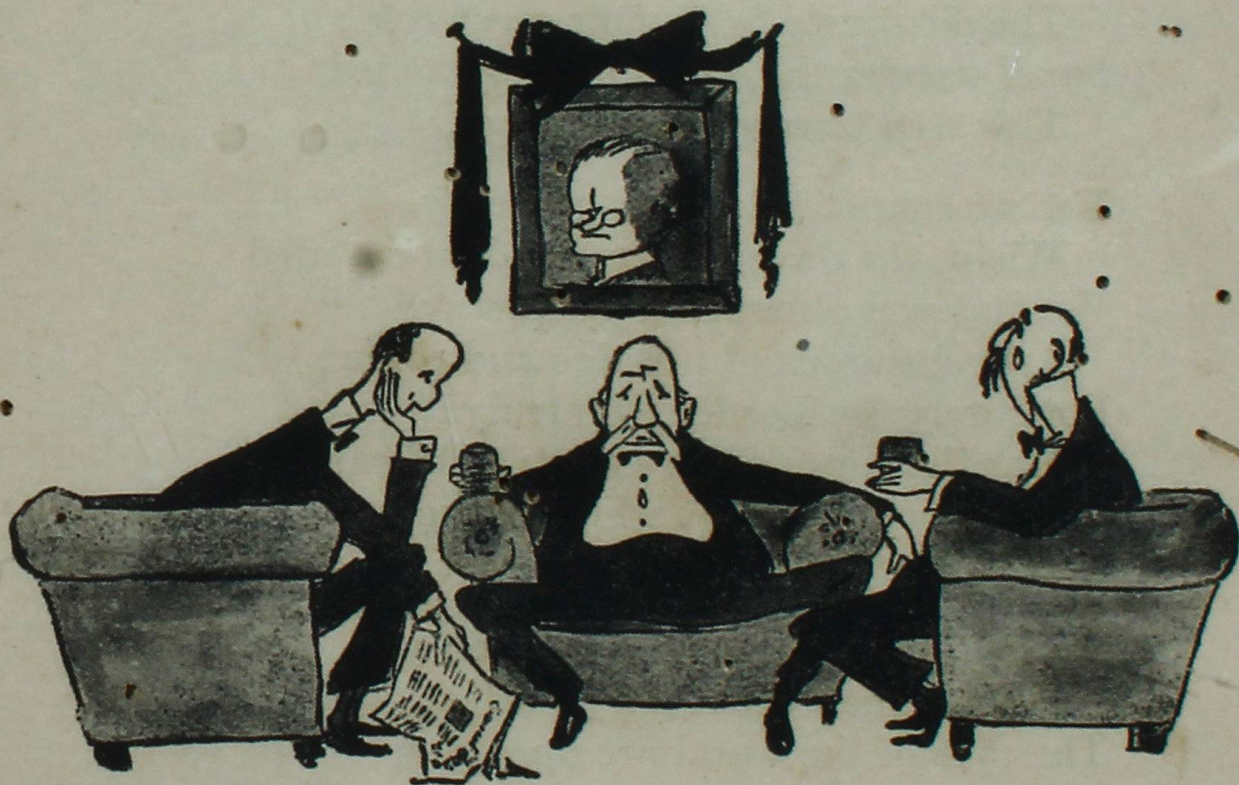
On a driving seat made for two.



FROM THE GALLERY, (5)

(Chorus for true-blue diehards, to the tune of, Rose Marie)

OH A-mery, we've lost you
For overboard they've tossed you,
We know that there are some who will not miss you,
But we have often felt a wish to kiss you,
Though foolish foes have cussed you
We hoped that you would nev-er go,
Because we knew that we could always trust you
To maintain the status quo-o-o.



VOX POPULI

(To the Nation's Leaders)

IN many a brave declamation

We have heard you with passion profess
That your cause was the cause of the Nation
Your resolve : to relieve our distress ;
We have followed you gladly and blindly
With faith, with affection and pride,
And when Fate has at times frowned unkindly
We still have remained at your side.

If we found in your words contradiction
We stifled all doubts on our part
For we felt a deep, inner conviction
That you had our true welfare at heart ;
With what joy then we see you afforded
The chance to fulfil your great role ;
Small wonder the world has applauded
This step towards India's goal.

Yet we cannot help feeling uneasy
When, the dawn of our freedom descried
We find you obstructed by queasy
Apprehensions of prestige and pride ;
For surely the Leader who truly
Has the cause of his country at heart
Will subordinate that which unduly
Imperils the whole for the part ?

No less than the hopes we pin on you,
No less than the trust we attest,
The eyes of the world are upon you
Their belief in your wisdom expressed ;
We entreat you whom we respect dearly
To prove our trust not misapplied
And by statesmanship, firmly and clearly
To prove our high faith justified.

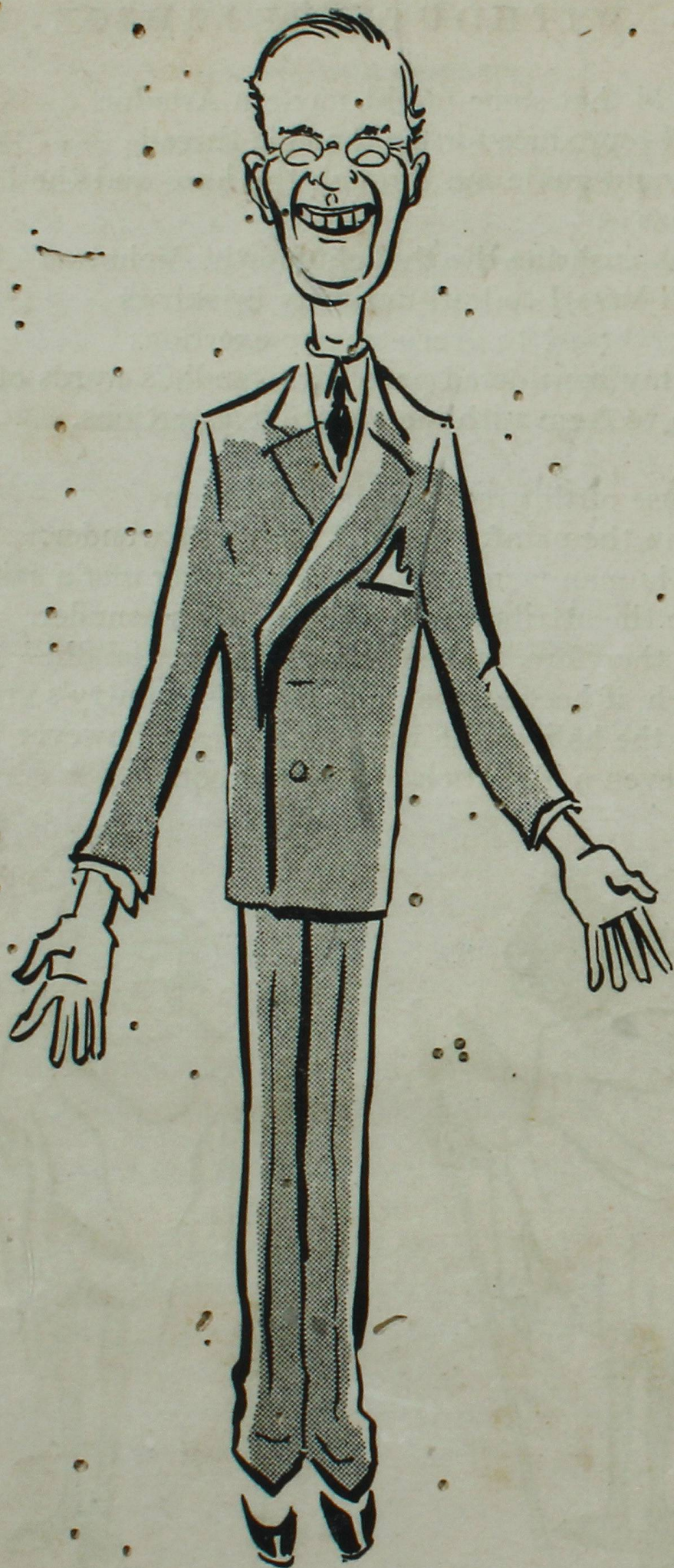
WITHOUT PREJUDICE

OH would that some bright modern Ariadne
Could reproduce for me a magic thread
That would guide me through the haze and the labyrinthine
maze

Which enshrine the thoughts in the Mahatma's head !
No wish have I to hurl untimely brickbats
Or perversely to decry sincere exertions
But to my bewildered pate, Mr. Gandhi's words of late
Seem to teem with incompatible assertions.

The cause of this regrettable impression
Lies in the painful truth, I shouldn't wonder,
That a human being mayn't be a lawyer *and* a saint,
Since the attributes of each are poles asunder.
May I, therefore, make this plea to Mr. Gandhi
Which, if heeded, may advance his country's growth :
Choose the halo *or* the wig ; for no man, however big—
Not even a Mahatma—can wear both.





DEADLOCK DIRGE

(After Rudyard Kipling's "Last Chantey")

THUS spoke Sir Stafford, and he spoke for all the Cabinet,
Appealing to the Indian politicians he addressed :

" Since we need your help and you
Badly need assistance, too

Shall we now compose our quarrels on the lines that I suggest ? "

Softly and silkily and smoothly sang the Congressites :

" Your Offer, as a gesture, is most welcome, we allow

But we desire to be

Politically free

Immediately and fully—we want Independence *now*."

Then spoke the Leader of the principal minority :

" Your proposals are inadequate, or so they seem to me

For a factor you ignore

Is that we are one to four,

With the Congress in the saddle, what would *our* position be ! "

Loudly and reproachfully chorused the Mohammedans :

" We share the grave misgivings of our most respected khan

It is very plain to see

That for our Community

There is only one solution, Sir, and that is Pakistan."

Then spoke the Leader of the Mahasabha votaries :

" India is one unit and belongs to the Hindus !

Who disputes our holy right

We'll resist with all our might

And we'll have no truck with any scheme not based upon our views ! "

Fierce were the yells of the fiery Mahasabhaites :

" India, holy India, is the land of the Hindus !

Any plan for its bisection

Will incur our stern rejection,

To even contemplate it we implacably refuse ! "

Then spoke the Leader of the humble folk and underdogs :

“ We’ll agree to no solution that ignores our plight of plights
Down the dismal ages past
We’ve been victimized by *caste*
We demand due recognition of our fundamental rights.”

Mournfully responded the disconsolate Untouchables :

“ We’ll agree to no solution that ignores our situation
From the moment of our birth
We are outcasts on this earth
We demand to be uplifted from our present degradation.”

Then spoke Mr. Gandhi and his voice betrayed some petulance :

“ I have pondered all our troubles and I see but one solution
The Britishers must quit
And we must see to it
By non co-operation—I propose that Resolution ! ”

Gently but firmly replied the harassed Britishers :

“ We note your observations with astonishment and pain,
When we find that you agree
Among your several selves, then we
Shall be pleased to give the keys up—in the meantime, we remain ! ”

Then conferred the Leaders of the two opposed communities,

All India waited breathlessly, praying for a pact ;
After three long weeks they found
That they had no common ground
And the outcome of their parleys was the Deadlock, still intact !

Loud cry the people, and their voices ring impatiently :

“ We are tired of all the wrangling, all the empty eloquence
We are tired of pious phrases ;
Vicious circles, trackless mazes ;
God grant us leaders blessed with broader views and common sense ! ”

PLEA TO PEARL

PEARL BUCK she wrote *The Good Earth*, which the world acclaimed
as well

And some other books on China which were praised almost as well
And since we knew she'd lived there, when she wrote of far Cathay
We attended with respect to everything she had to say ;

But recently the lady has revealed another yen

And DEMOCRACY in capitals now claims her gifted pen,

Maybe we're disillusioned or it may be something crude in us

But her comments on this subject seem extremely platitudinous

And when she holds that India is a 'test case' for her theory

We feel the somewhat vulgar urge to say "Come off it, dearie!"

For clearly her proposals for the situation here

Show insufficient knowledge of the facts and atmosphere

And since, in this connection, nought is drearier or windier

Oh, please Pearl, stick to China and, for Pete's sake, keep off India!

BALLADE OF A HOPE DEFERRED

LAND of the palm and the banyan tree
Land of the Mussulman and Hindu
Land of the pauper and jewelled grandee
What has the future in store for you ?
True it is, oh painfully true
Now you grope in a fog obscure
Nevertheless shall the light break through
One day your leaders shall be mature.

Hard to credit it now, I agree
None can blame you for feeling blue :
Communal cant and hyperbole,
Demagogues raising a hullabaloo,
Bigots concocting a devil's brew,
These the afflictions you now endure
Nevertheless your despair subdue,
One day your leaders shall be mature.

Though now on every hand you see
Clouds and portents of darkest hue :
Pundits and prefects bowing the knee
To prejudice, fetish and caste taboo,
Age-old roots obstructing the new,
Obsolete heresies still secure ;
Nevertheless shall wisdom ensue
One day your leaders shall be mature.

L'Envoi

Brothers, this platitude keep in view :
Blossoms the rose from the mud and manure,
Hence I adjure you all doubts eschew
One day your leaders shall be mature.

GUIDANCE AND LIGHT

• POOR Mr. Gandhi seeks "guidance and light"
• For he finds himself in a most worrying plight :
Whether or not he should fast yet again
That is the problem which vexes his brain ;
Perhaps it will help Mr. Gandhi decide
If we cite a few relevant facts as a guide :
When Blondin Niagara's Falls first essayed
On a tight-rope, his feat round the world was relayed
But when he'd repeated the deed more than once
The public declared themselves tired of such stunts :
When the pole-squatter perches on top of a staff
To work off a grouse, all he gets is a laugh ;
We gape at the man who chews tumblers and nails
Till we've seen him three times, then our interest fails ;
The funniest joke which we happen to hear
Upon repetition is apt to seem drear ;
The infant who brightly lisps Tennyson's " Brook "
When he does it again, we could smite with the book !
When the Film Star embarks on her umpteenth divorce
Our comments are apt to be less kind than coarse ;
When the ex-champ essays a come-back in the ring
It is seldom bouquets that his former fans fling !
Many more such examples could lengthen this list,
But we trust that those cited may serve to assist
The Mahatma to estimate whether or not
It is worth while inviting a weary " So what ! "

ALI AND HIS DREAM

ALI was a Lawyer, Ali held a brief
For ninety million Muslims—or such was his belief

Ali was ambitious, yearned to be a Khan,
Ali in a vision saw the land of Pakistan

Ali was enchanted, found it wondrous fair
Ali made his mind up he would lead his people there

Ali's dream proved catching, Ali's prestige grew,
Ali was a headache in the realms of the Hindu

Ali became zealous in his demagogic role,
Ali sought a vehicle to take him to his goal

Ali met Sir Stafford, who offered him a ride
Ali was mistrustful of Sir Stafford as a guide

Mohandas met Ali, parleyed long with him
Mohandas thought Ali's plan a most fantastic whim

Ali dug his toes in, Ali made it plain
That any who obstructed him would so obstruct in vain

The Viceroy then propounded a conciliatory scheme
Providing scope for Mohandas and room for Ali's dream

The Viceroy invited each of them to help him choose
A Council giving parity to Muslims and Hindus

Mohandas and Ali probed the offer's implications
Mohandas accepted it—with certain reservations

Ali claimed the sole right to submit each Muslim name
Mohandas insisted he could not admit that claim

Neither party yielded and it soon was plain to us
That Mohandas and Ali had missed yet another bus

From this one fact emerges clearer far than any other
They would rather each forego Swaraj than work with one
another !



THE SAINT AND THE DEMAGOGUE

(After Edward Lear)

THE Saint and the Demagogue drifted to sea
On a leaky swadeshi craft,
They had a mixed crew and a rianny goat too
And a rudder both fore and aft,
The Saint sat and steered at the 'forrard' end
And moaned to an Indian guitar:
"O Mahomed, my brother! O Ali, my friend
What an obstinate fellow you are
You are
You are
What an obstinate fellow you are!"

At his steering post aft the Demagogue laughed
And his answer was far from polite:
"It should be clear to you that your own stubborn view
Is solely the cause of our plight;
You know in your heart that the course which I steer
Is safer than yours, by far;
O Mahatma, my love! O Mohandas dear
What a shocking old humbug you are
You are
You are
What a shocking old humbug you are!"

A decade has gone and the wrangle goes on
And the craft is still out in mid-ocean;
Will they *ever* agree? Well, I too am "at sea"
I haven't the ghost of a notion;
But prophets discern in the arcuate moon
A sign that they will before long,
O may the day dawn! O may it be soon,
But our prophets are often so wrong
So wrong
So wrong
Our prophets are often so wrong!

WANTED : A SOLOMON

I VENTURED to see Mr. Gāndhi,
(Though I'm not a *News-Chronicle* man)
And I asked him if he would please outline for me
In brief his political plan;
"I will try to" he answered benignly,
"I can see," he went on, "you're my friend."
He continued to speak, but I left the next week,
For my note-books had come to an end.

I dropped in upon Mr. Jinnah,
And joining him in a cigar
I pursued my design to get him to define
Pakistan, as he hadn't so far;
Though he answered in good Gujarati
What he said was so very involved
That at dawn the next day when I tottered away
I left with my problem unsolved.

I went to see Dr. Ambedkar,
I asked him just what he would do
If he had a free hand to enact all he planned
For making the 'Scheduled' less blue;
He looked at me very severely,
"What would I do if I had the powers ?
"I will tell you," said he, "in the first place I'd see"
And he told me for nearly eight hours.

I looked in on Mr. Savarkar
And I asked him to please tell me why
Mahasabha Hindus hold such very strong views,
And a red light came into his eye.
"I'm afraid that you misunderstand us,
"All we seek are our just dues," he said,
"Our great party fights for Hindus' holy rights"
After four hours he paused, and I fled.

I pondered on all they had told me,
Each how, when and where, why and whether,
And quite certain am I that if there lives a guy
Who can knit all their viewpoints together—
All their widely divergent ambitions—
I repeat, if a guy lives who *can*
Then all I can say—let who will say me nay—
He was not born of woman and man!

IF/WHEN THE GREAT DAY DAWNS !

“ Oh frabjous day ! Callooh ! Callay ! ”

And all that sort of thing,
India ki jai ! Ourselves ki jai !

With fervour let us sing ;
Oh paeans of praise ! Oh Day of Days !
Let every saint and sinner
Lift up his voice and now rejoice
With Gandhi and with Jinnah.

Oyez ! Oyez ! let every fez
And turban in the nation—
No matter who may jeer or boo—
Wave high in jubilation ;
Avaunt ! all fears, let hearty cheers
Resound from each community
Whose Chiefs to-day have paved the way
For Hindu-Muslim unity.

Oh Pact Supreme ! so long the dream
Of India's groping millions ;
Sing canzonettes from minarets,
Let temples peal carillons ;
Let loud hurrahs rock the bazaars,
The long, long night is over
And every sect may now expect
Quite soon to be in clover.

Oh Happiness ! after such stress
To see a new dawn break,
With joy untold we now behold
India at last awake !
Now let each caste forget the past
We've said good-bye to that ;
Freedom is near, the course is clear——
What are you smiling at ?



HE AND SHE SHANTIES



BALLADE OF A STRIKING SIMILARITY

LADIES and gentlemen when they woo
Differ considerably, scribblers say,
This, dear reader, is quite untrue
Both the traditional code obey ;
Thumbed in Eden the cards they play,
Equally practised esquire and dame,
Be their project the church or hay
Man and Woman are much the same.

By word of mouth and in billets-doux
He fashions fables her heart to sway
Her face, her form, her intellect too
Surpass, he swears, the Graces' array ;
A lady likewise, when she's " that way "
Kindles the gentleman's ego to flame,
Endows him with every godlike trait—
Man and Woman are much the same.

Thus is hastened the tender coup
Thus is conjured the yielding Yea ;
Long ere Paris lit Helen's view
Long ere dawned Cleopatra's day
Have loving ladies and gallants gay
Advanced their cause and achieved their aim
With heady homage and homied bouquet—
Man and Woman are much the same.

L'Envoi

Saints and Censors, remember, pray,
Ere you apportion rebuke or blame,
When Pan is piping his frolic lay
Man and Woman are much the same.

THE LADIES OF KARACHI

(“ . . . So here's to the girls of Karachi, the friendliest, happiest and best-looking young women I have come across in India. No standing on ceremony or organized introduction nonsense about them, they greet you from the start as an old friend and in a few minutes make you feel you are one.”—Soldier's tribute in SERVICE MAGAZINE.)

THE ladies of Karachi

Are friendly, kind and gay
They are not stiff and stachi
As are some of Bombay :
The maidens of Madras are
Reserved and apt to bore,
In which fatiguing class are
The belles of Bangalore.

The cuties of Calcutta,

As many testify,
Scowl horridly and mutta
If given the glad eye ;
The haughty dames of Delhi
No spark dare wink at twice
And bold men quake like jelhi
When they “dish out the ice.”



The lasses of Bareilly

Are comely, but alas !
They eye you far from geilly
If you attempt a ‘ pass ’ ;
And you may ogle vainly
The damsels of Belgaum
Who indicate quite plainly
They view it as bad faum.

The sweet young things of Salem

Become neat vinegar
If you attempt to hail 'em
Before you've met their Ma ;
As for the girls of Poona
I've heard an awful lot
About them, but I'd soona
Not say exactly what !



If I had not been stuck now
For space, I'd mention more,
e.g., the nymphs of Lucknow
And the lovelies of Lahore.
But it is to Karachi
That I would wend my way
Where the girls aren't stiff and stachi
But friendly, kind and gay.



HERO AND HEROINE

(Familiar Hollywood Film Species)

She told me I simply *must* see them
She said they were simply divine,
Though my instinct, I fear, was to flee them
For I felt that her joys were not mine
(God forbid !)
But she said if I went, I would see what she meant,
So I went
And I did.

He was, I am bound to agree,
Handsome,
He was all I had feared he would be
And some !
Aggressive and rough, and incredibly tough
And that way with the girls that is called "caveman stuff"
Which, in his case, was nearer the anthropoid ape
For he seemed less intent on romance than on rape
And assessed woman solely in terms of her shape ;
Maybe I'm too old,
The guy left me cold.

She was, I will freely admit
Comely

• From the start, though, I' eyed her a bit
• Glumly ;

Though her form was divine, her voice was a whine,
She incessantly waggled the base of her spine,

She was vixen and shrew ; her consumption of pegs
Was in terms not of bottles or flagons, but kegs,

And her role seemed designed for her torso and legs ;
Call me prude if you will,
The dame made me ill.



LAMARR ET L'AMOUR

(Hedy Lamarr, the film star, announced to-day that she expects to become a mother next June.—NEWS ITEM.)

THOUGH other men clamour
For the oomph and the glamour
Of various Hollywood stars
Only one form and face
Make my own pulses race
And those are Miss Hedy Lamarr's.

To me no film lady
Is fairer than Hedy
Who presents, from her head to her toes,
An alluring alloy
Of the Siren of Troy,
Cleopatra and Sadhona Bose.

Faithfully from afar
I've adored Miss Lamarr
And I should have continued to, maybe,
But I cannot deny,
It's a smack in the eye
To learn she is having a baby.

Though for her sake I'm glad
Still the news makes me sad
For although she will ever be fair,
It will be somewhat harder
To feel the old ardour
When the lady is Hedy la Mère !



AFTER THE BAWL.

WHEN I first saw Miss Lauren Bacall
I felt I might possibly fall,
 But she started to sing
 And love promptly took wing,
I, as promptly, vacated my stall.



BLONDE BOMBSHELL

(The amazing story of an alleged army deserter's masquerade as a blonde girl was unfolded when Arthur Jones, alias "Betty Hubbard," was remanded in custody. Wearing a flaxen wig, a modern dress, silk stockings and smart shoes Jones made a convincing impersonation of a fairly attractive young woman. His pose worked successfully for about a week and he made several "dates" with boy friends; then he made the mistake of shaving near a window and was observed.—NEWS ITEM.)

ALLEGED to be a soldier, Arthur clearly wasn't fond
Of his calling and he felt that he would rather be a "blonde"
So having made his mind up he exchanged his former rig
For a frock and silken stockings and a fetching flaxen wig.

So skilfully did Arthur thus effect his transformation
His appearance as a female moved the males to admiration,
For "Betty," alias Arthur, looked so winsome and so pretty
That "she" soon was being dated by the young men of the city.

Arthur for a week or so kept up his masquerade
While many a heart beat faster for the blonde, bewitching "maid,"
And it is not unlikely Arthur would be "Betty" yet
If he'd stood back from the window while he wielded his Gillette!

There ought to be a moral in this somewhere—if there is
It's that many a shady secret lies beneath a pretty phiz;
So before you date a new blonde, if your own face you would save
Make sure that her's is not the kind that needs a daily shave!

SOLDIER'S SOLACE

(*"It has been emphasised over and over again that the British soldier gets as much or more kick out of seeing women at Base Camps as he does from actual things he can buy from canteens."*—NEWS ITEM.)

OH, show me a woman, Sergeant
Show me a woman, *please!*
For I'd much rather see a live, genuine She
Than purchase a tin of Kraft cheese;
You can keep all your 'bully' and bacon,
Your marmalade, pork and baked beans,
I would rather observe a nice feminine curve
Than the 'lines' in the Army canteens.

"A woman is only a woman
But a good cigar is a smoke"
When Kipling wrote that he was either quite batty
Or making a cynical joke;
I'm partial myself to tobacco,
There are times when a gasper's sublime,
But still, all the same, if it's that or a dame
Me for the dame, every time!



So show me a woman, Sergeant,
A redhead, of course, if you can
But a blonde or brunette, whether cat or coquette,
Will make me a most happy man ;
Yes, merely the sight of a woman
Will serve both to comfort and cheer,
For when forward I crawl under fire, I'll recall
There are dangers far worse in the rear !



DEAR LITTLE MITES

("Adults in love should never embrace one another in the presence of children. Anyone who has merely a nodding acquaintance with Freud knows that the effect on young minds of such demonstrations is painfully confusing and often very harmful.")—ARTICLE IN AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

I SHALL ne'er forget the day
 When I chanced on Auntie May
 In the garden spooning slyly with the Vicar,
 It made me feel quite rummy
 In the head and in the tummy,
 A sort of seasick feeling, only sicker !

I remember, too, the night
 I beheld the shocking sight
 Of a fellow with his arms around my sister,
 I felt so horrified,
 And I thought I should have died
 When he tilted up her face to his and kissed her.

But all that was years ago,
 Now I'm older and I know
 Thanks to Freud, exactly why I felt so silly,
 At least, I think I do,
 But I must say, *entre nous*,
 Quite a few of Freud's assertions leave me chilly.

For the girl I would make mine
Has a brother, rising nine,
Who watches us embrace without a blush
Nor does he slink away
But just grins, as though to say
Poor saps, I wonder why you like that much!

Very seldom is he willing
Till I tender him a shilling
To concede the tete-a-tete for which we yearn :
So apart from doubting Freud
I feel quite a bit annoyed
When I think of all the " bobs " I failed to earn !

BALLADE OF A NEGLECTED MAXIM

("The defendant admitted that some of his letters to the plaintiff were extravagantly affectionate."—From report of Lawsuit.)

HEARD in Hellas, unheeded yet,
Echoes the warning of beau and blade,
Wooers of redhead, blonde and brunette,
Who badly blundered and dearly paid ;
Clear as daylight the slip they made
Writ in words of their own inditing,
Plain the message their fate conveyed :
Tell her the tale, but never in writing.

Daily from Tottenham to Thibet
Swells the roll of the battered brigade,
In morning journal and police gazette
Ever anew is the theme displayed
Of reckless flatterers unafraid
Still in the ancient folly delighting ;
Brother, if Trouble you would evade
Tell her the tale, but never in writing.

Speak her tenderly, cosset and pet,
Carol or croon her a serenade,
Do your stuff, but never forget
A lady duped is a hand-grenade ;
Shun the pen as the dude the spade
Lest your fingers you find igniting,
Useless then even legal aid,
Tell her the tale, but never in writing.

L'Envoi

Gentlemen, be she matron or maid,
Cold or responsive, coy or inviting,
Scratch a goddess you find a jade,
Tell her the tale, but never in writing.





THE HEDONIST AND THE PURITAN

THE private life of Mr. X
Embraced—and how!—wine, song and sex
And pleasures gay and gaudy ;
The private life of Mr. Y
Conversely was extremely pi,
He shuddered at the bawdy.

In business X had pep and punch,
To take a chance or back a hunch
He seldom hesitated ;
While Y, severely orthodox
Steered well away from danger's rocks,
On thin ice never skated.

Men, in the main, found Y a bore,
They took to X a great deal more,
His company was cheering ;
Though here and there a cautious spouse
Did not invite him to the house,
His pagan habits fearing.

The ladies found X stimulating,
His zest for living fascinating,
His piracy intriguing ;
But Y, whose mind was truly nice
They found as dull as warmed-up rice
And speedily fatiguing.

X in time acquired a wife
Led her a gay and giddy life
And kept her wondering faintly ;
While Y, of course, when he wed too
Lived purely—'twas the lady who
Eloped with one less saintly.

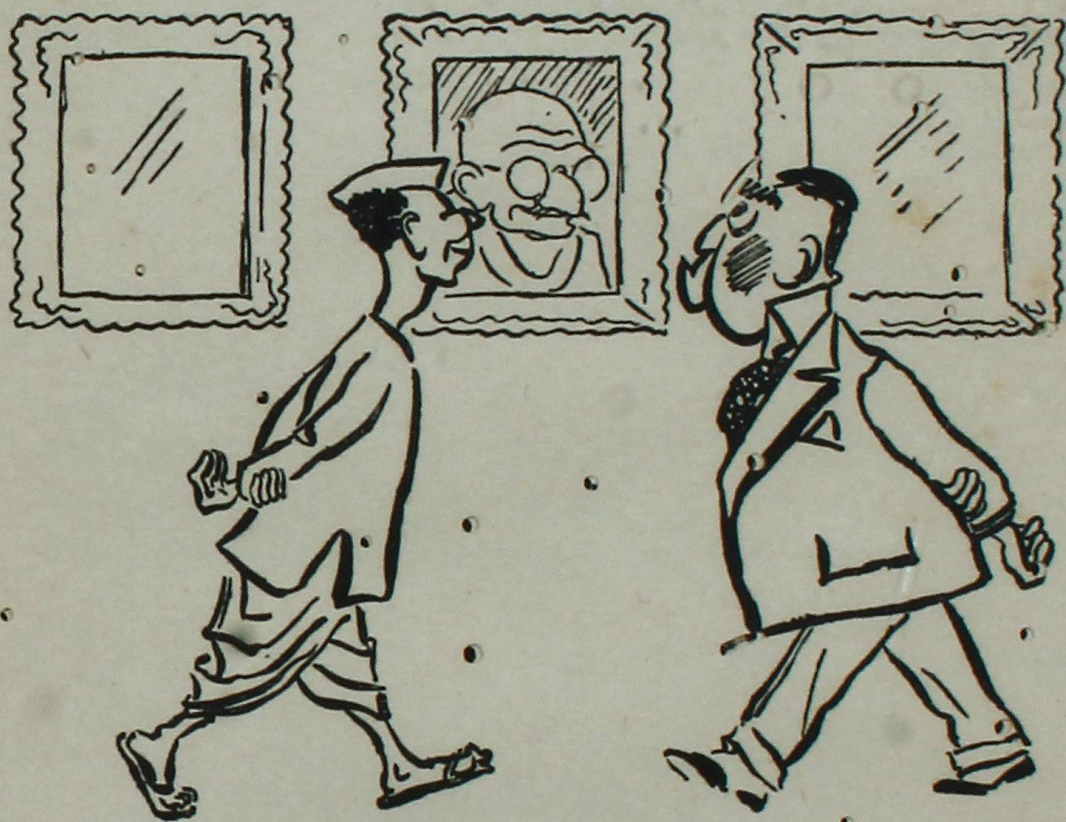
Now if you say this tale is trite
You'll be unquestionably right,
Yet do not frown upon me ;
'Tis well at times to realise
If none were Xs, all were Ys,
Mankind would die of *ennui*.



PIKESTAFF

SHE was lovely, witty, merry
He was handsome, brilliant, very ;
Yet friends whose prophecies miscarried
Wonder why they never married!

CLERIHEW GALLERY



CLERIHEW GALLERY

(1)

MR. GANDHI
Is no dandy ;
To offset his nudist leaning
He clothes his thoughts in words of double meaning.

(2)

Mr. Jinnah
Is a persuasive word-spinner
And solemnly assures us all
That divided we stand and united we fall.

(3)

Jawaharlal Nehru, Pandit,
Bows to the Congress mandate,
But strives in expressing his views
To be all things to all Hindus.

(4)

Mr. Savarkar
Disdains the *charka* ;
Instead
He weaves some vermilion designs with his head.

(5)

Mr. Bhulabhai Desai
Formed a plan that went awry
He discovered in due course
What happens when an immovable body meets an
irresistible force.





(6)

Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel
Doesn't think very well
Of the British; and shouts Hurrah !
For *satyagraha*.

(7)

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu,
Numberless grieve for, as *I* do ;
Descending from Parnassus to the Forum
She tripped over her laurels and tore 'em.





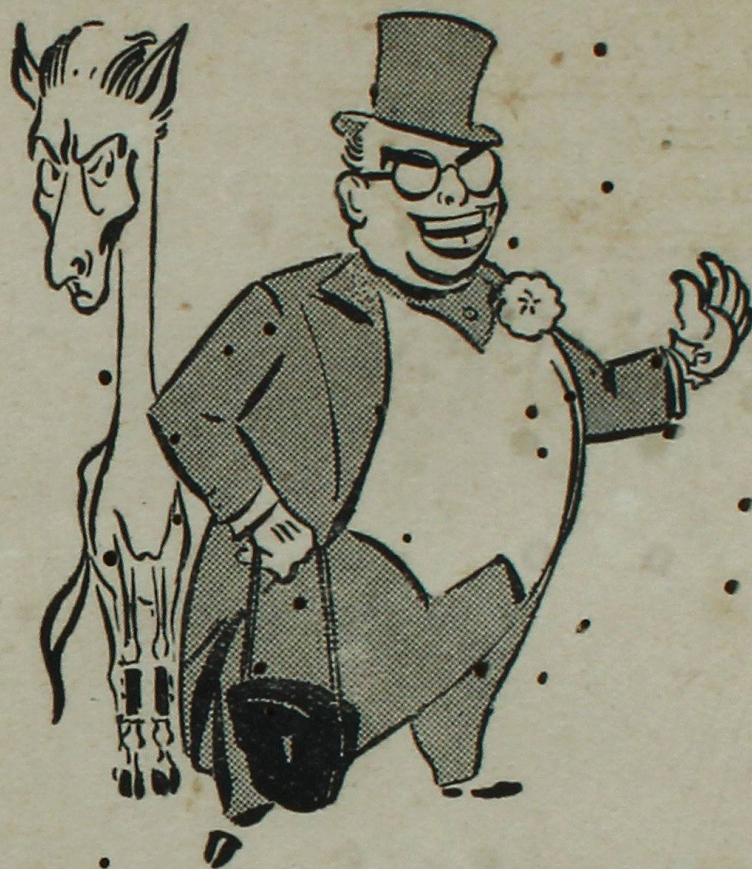
(8)

Mr. Rajagopalachariar
Composed an *aria*
To the Crescent Moon ;
Mr. Jinnah thought he sang it out of tune.

(9)

Maulana A. Kalam Azad,
Muslim Leaguers consider a cad ;
They have a particular loathing
For stray sheep in wolf's clothing.





(10)

The Aga Khan
Says nothing about *Pakistan* ;
His stable, of course,
May have no room for that horse.

(11)

Mr. Jamnadas Mehta
Is hard to fetter,
His Government colleagues, sighing,
Have given up trying.



(12)

H. E. H. the Nizam

Said "Damn!"

And was gloomy for weeks in his manner

When he found he'd been given a spurious anna.



(13)

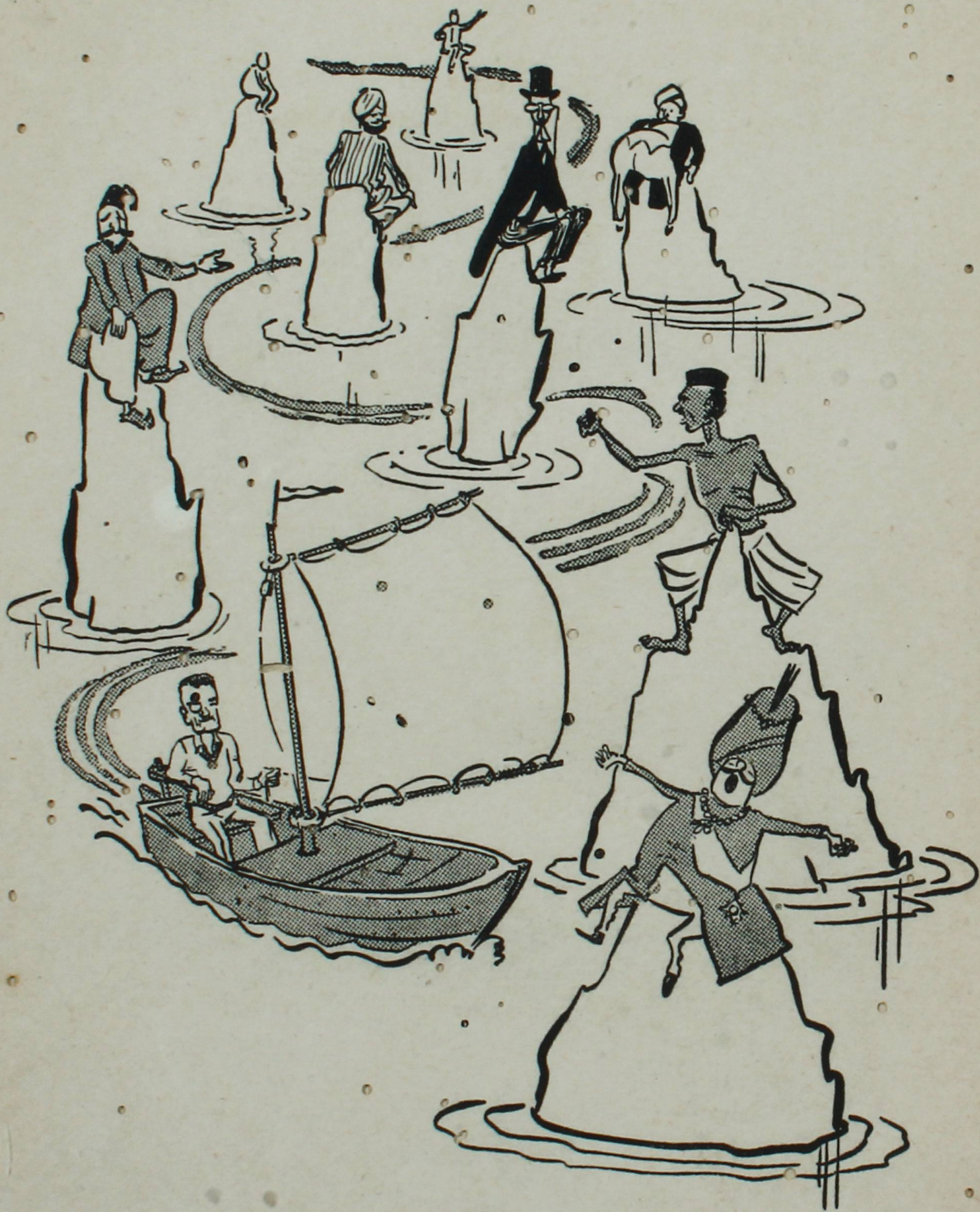
Mr. J. R. D. Tata
Wrote a moving sonata
With Mr. Birla and others,
To their impoverished brothers.





(14)

Mr. Verrier Elwin
Deserves and may well win
Renown in the world of letters
For recording the life of our moral betters.



(15)

Viscount Wavell,
Is not naval,
But by general confirmation
He has little to learn about navigation.

ROVING RHYMES



DISENCHANTMENT

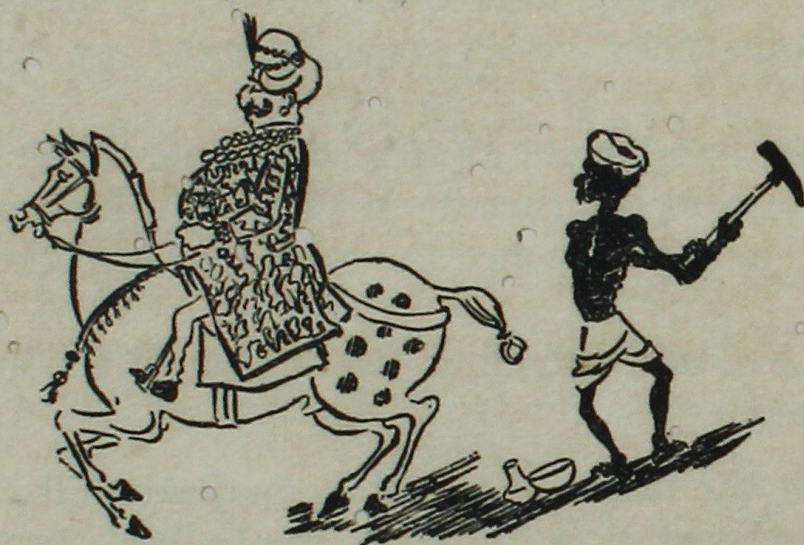
“SHIP me somewhere east of Suez . . .” no need for me to quote
The remainder of the famous lines that Rudyard Kipling wrote ;
But I venture to suggest that had he been with us to-day
The nostalgia for the East which he expressed in ‘Mandalay’
Would seem to him the echo of a mood quite out of key .
With existing circumstances—just as it seems to me.

Time was when I thrilled also to the slender, swaying palm
And the temple bells’ sweet music brought my heart romantic
balm ;
When the swift, flamboyant sunsets made me shiver with delight
And glamour seemed incarnate in the purple Eastern night ;
When the golden, sun-drenched landscape mocked the drabness of
the West .
And the hushed and brooding jungle seemed the haunt of gods
unguessed.

I, too, have felt the magic of the dark, majestic hills
Have felt my heart grow lighter to the bulbul’s tuneful trills ;
I, too, have bathed in colour in the rainbow-hued bazaars,
And breathed the fragrant scents of dawn, beneath the deodars ;
I, too, have sung the beauty of the Eastern woman’s face
And felt my senses tingle to her flowing, lissome grace.



But I have, too, seen poverty and squalor side by side
 With palaces whose grandeur leaves the senses stupefied ;
 I've seen resplendent Rulers decked with gems beyond all price
 Whose subjects toil like galley slaves to earn a bowl of rice ;
 I've seen the cruel decrees of caste, which none dare contravene,
 By which the well-born brand their lowly brothers as ' unclean.'



I've seen two great communities accept their own frustration
 With apathy, because one feared the other's domination ;
 I've seen their chosen Leaders put their country's plight aside
 For political expediency, blind prejudice and pride,
 And seen them stage a ' conference,' a farcical pretence
 At which each merely strove to gloss his own intransigence.

So ship me west of Suez, to the shores of the U.K.

Where the bright hibiscus blows not and the sunsets are less gay
 But where nature's softer harmonies assuage the fretful heart ;
 And political opponents, though their minds be far apart
 Have learned to pull together to achieve their common goal
 Of the welfare of their country and their people as a whole !

STEPPING-STONES

SOME men to fortune's peak attain
By means of a superior brain,
While some get there by charm and wit,
And some by plodding and sheer grit,
Some make the grade by being tough
And some by impudence and bluff,
Still others by some special skill,
And several more by strength of will,
A favoured few by influence
And (one or two !) by common sense.
In India, though, remember please
You cannot hope to climb by these ;
Then how ? Come, come lad, don't be daft !
By graft, of course, by graft, by graft.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

(Convicted of stealing jewellery consisting of pearls, emeralds, and rubies valued at thousands of rupees, from the Bombay Bullion Exchange Safe Deposit Vault, a clerk in the Bullion Exchange was sentenced to one day's simple imprisonment and a fine of Rs. 500.—NEWS ITEM.)

IF you've ever had the feeling
That you'd like to do some stealing
To accelerate the affluence you desire,
Though your conscience may have erred
You have doubtless been deterred
By reflecting that the outcome might be dire.

A long and tedious spell
In a bare and cheerless cell
Is a prospect you have probably dwelt well on,
Which no doubt has served to stay
Your temptation to give way
To desires that prompted you to be a felon.

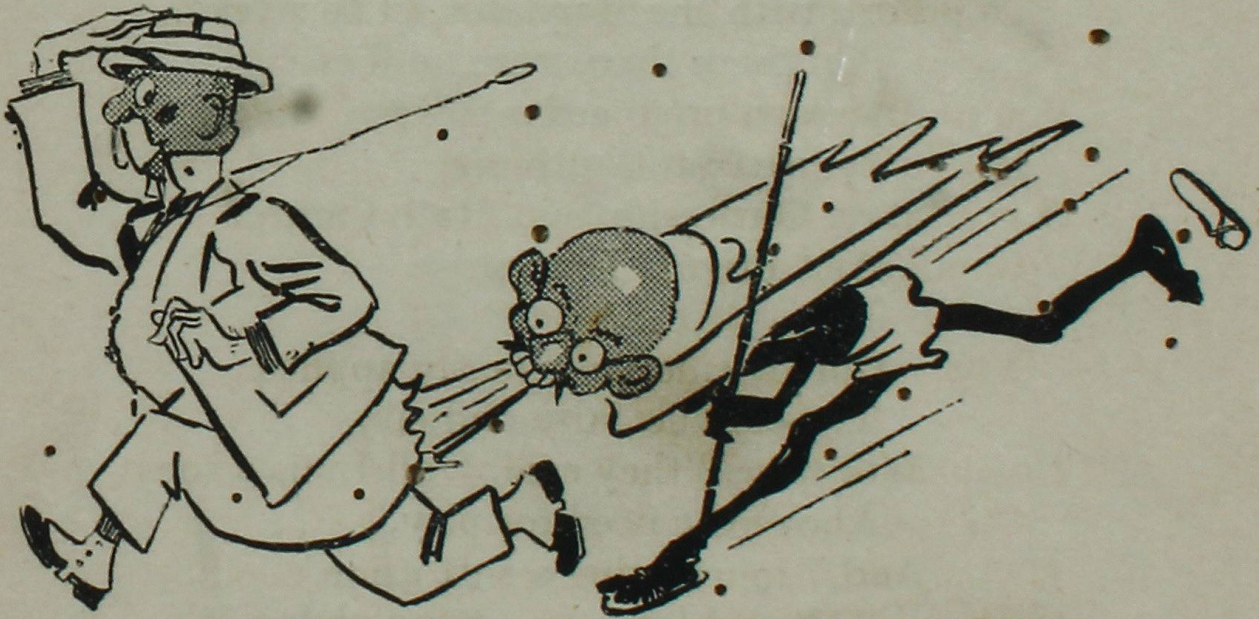
You need entertain no more
Painful fears upon that score,
It is clear in that respect you've been a mug ;
Go all out and get the swag,
If you end up " in the bag "
You will merely serve a day or so in jug.

Go ahead and help yourself
To your neighbour's jewels and pelf,
If you fear the consequences you're a noodle ;
They may catch you soon or never
If they do, and you're clever,
What's a day or two in jail if you've the boodle !

BY GUM!

(On Thursday, Mr. Gandhi was examined by a dentist, who took impressions of his gums for a new set of artificial teeth.)

How the Mahatma chews
May seem but trivial news,
But its implications here may well affright us,
For Mr. Gandhi, you'll allow
Is pretty formidable now—
What, then, with brand new teeth with which to bite us!



THE COMMUCRATS

(After Lewis Carroll ; and disrespectfully dedicated to the Bombay Planners.)

THE Magnates and the Altruist
Surveyed the dismal land,
They wept like anything to see
Such want on every hand ;
“ If this could but be remedied , ”
They said , “ it *would* be grand ! ”

“ If seven men of wealth and power
Combined to cure all this
Do you suppose , ” the Magnates said ,
“ Their plans could go amiss ? ”
“ Of course not , ” said the Altruist
And blew them all a kiss .

Forthwith the Magnates set to work
(On them there were no flies)
And soon produced a scheme , which was
In brief : to synthesize
State Ownership and State Control
And Private Enterprise .

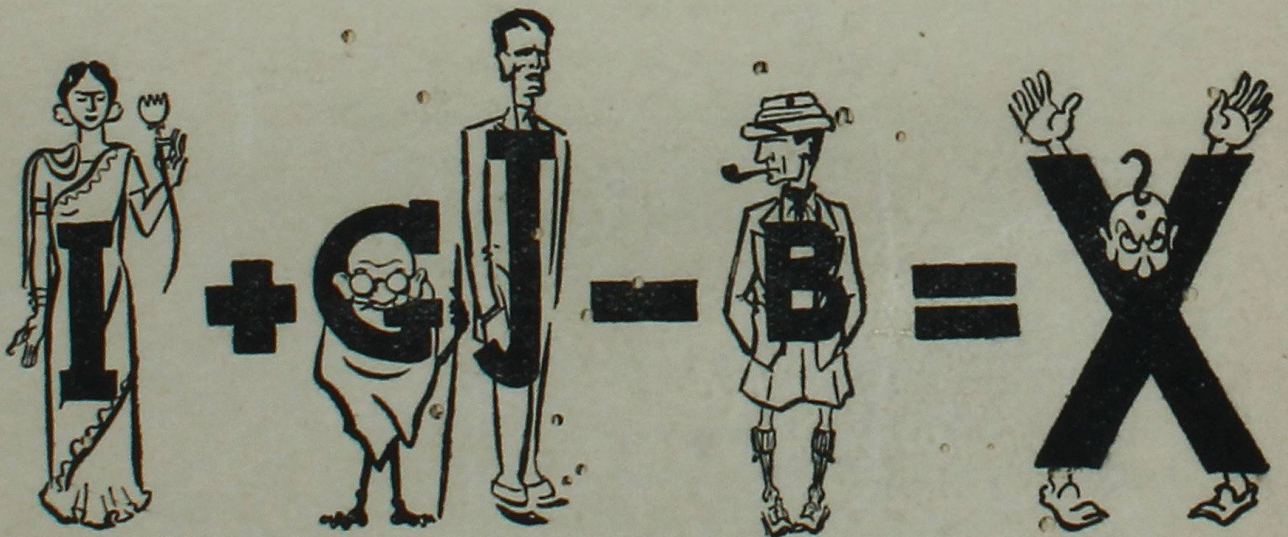
“ Our scheme , judiciously applied
To field and farm and city
Will raise , ” they said , “ all India’s sons
Above the need for pity ,
And , ” murmuring a soft aside ,
“ Should leave us sitting pretty ! ”

The Magnates and the Journalists
Reviewed the Promised Land :
“ Do you suppose , ” the Magnates asked ,
“ We’ll bring it off , as planned ? ”
“ We doubt it , ” said the Journalists ,
“ But the advertising’s grand ! ”

“ And if you ask us why,” they said,
“ We answer as we do, •
The reason, which is clear to us
And should be clear to you,
Is that no man who makes a cake
Can eat and have it too ! ”

'A B C OF INDIA

A FOR *ahimsa*, or "play don't be rough"
B for the British, by Gad, Sir, they're tough!
C stands for Congress, whom Cripps couldn't coax
D is for Delhi, and diehards—and mokes;
E, Exploitation, a word we oft see
F of course Freedom, from B and from E,
G is for Gandhi, half saint but no sap
H the Hindus, whose caste system he'd scrap;
I is for India, whose rulers won't quit it
J, Mr. Jinnah, determined to split it;
K stands for *khadi*, or spin your own shirt,
L for the League with which C tries to flirt;
M, Mahasabha or "Up, the Hindus!"
N, Pandit Nehru, again front page news,
O is for Ordinance or "do as you're told!"
P, *Pakistan*, which makes M's blood run cold;
Q is the Qaid-e-Azam, *alias* J
R is Rajaji, with whom he won't play,
S, *Satyagraha*, "*suaviter in modo . . .*"



T, mutual Trust, alas ! dead as the dodo ;
U the Untouchables Brahmins abhor,
V is the Viceroy, we pity him more !
W, Women, sat on as a sex,
I + GJ — B = X ;
Y stands for *Yoga*, the pathway to Bliss,
Z denotes Zero, our hopes are at this !

SENATOR CHANDLER AND INDIA

WISECRACKER Alexander Pope has said
That 'fools rush in where angels fear to tread,'
The self-same poet felt constrained to sing
'A little learning is a dangerous thing,'
While many a bygone proverb-maker owns
That glass-house occupants should not throw stones,
And that ere others' actions we decry
We should remove the beam from our own eye.
Had Mr. Chandler but recalled the said lines
He might have been less keen to hit the headlines ;
One trait in common have the wisest men
They don't butt in on things beyond their ken.

H Y M N O F H A T E

THE "good old British diehard"

Who recks not time ner tide
Gives me no urge to try hard
To shrink from homicide,
And gladly could I see dead
The newcomer who *knows*
Exactly what is needed
To heal all India's woes.

The Pakistan supporter

Who'd split this fair domain
Deserves, I feel, no quarter
And should be cleft in twain.

The affluent Maharajah

Who grinds his subjects low
To make his bank-roll larger,
I'd ship to Uncle Joe.



CRUMB OF COMFORT

(India-made calcium, a bone-building and health-giving substance, will soon be an ingredient of all bread sold in Bombay.—NEWS ITEM.)

HABITANTS of Bombay, let us render today
Our beneficent Government praise,
Whose solicitous care for our clothing and fare
Has been shown in a number of ways,
And whose fatherly zeal for our general weal
Does not stop at our comfort alone,
But extends to our teeth, to our skin and beneath
Right down to the structural bone.

Such largeness of heart on a Government's part
Is as praiseworthy as it is rare
And we'd be, I suggest, churlish boors to protest
That our bones are our private affair ;
So if you should dread calcium grains in your bread,
And if having no choice makes you boil
Do not grumble or curse, but be glad it's no worse,
For it might well have been castor oil !



WISHFUL THINKING

(Indians are by nature reflective, and if we were more so, and they could acquire our sense of humour, India's troubles would speedily be resolved—MAGAZINE ARTICLE).

IF we had their reflective bent
And *they* our sense of humour,
How quickly India's discontent
Would be an empty rumour.
So thinks a British scribe, a view
That might ring rather hollow
To leaders Muslim and Hindu;
I fancy that my sweeper too
Would find it hard to swallow!

VERDICT ON BEVERLEY

BEVERLEY, oh Beverley, how could you be so cruel!

You label India's scribes as 'duds' and then add further fuel
By likening New Delhi and its ministerial men
To a gaudy British matron with the accent of South Ken.

Beverley, oh Beverley, you cause no little pain

When you say that Mr. Gandhi is 'inordinately vain.'
Dub, if you will, the British Raj a smug, complacent, fat Ma
But you shouldn't say such horrid things about the dear
Mahatma.

Beverley, oh Beverley, we gather from your views

That you find the Congress 'Fascist' and you don't much like
Hindus,

We gather, on the other hand, you do like Mr. Jinnah

And you think his scheme of Pakistan a more than likely winner.

Beverley, oh Beverley, be all that as it may,

You may be right, you may be wrong, for who are *we* to say!
But when you call our "E.A." members 'liverish' and 'narrow'
'Suburban' and 'pretentious,' then you shock us to the marrow.

"E. A."—*European Association.*

But we can take it, Beverley, however hard you hit
And even get a kick out of your cheeky schoolboy wit,
This being so, your book has found a place upon our shelves
So chalk one virtue up to us—we *can* laugh at ourselves!



PLAINT OF A "GIFTED AMATEUR"

If I can spread to stanzas eight
What some may write in one,
Have I not cause to feel elate
And count my work well done ?

If, seeking for ingenious rhyme
My theme I strain or twist,
Is that an indication I'm
An exhibitionist ?

If, striving to present my wit
In polished jeux-d'esprit
I stretch the context just a bit
Is that a fault in me ?

If fellow poets, filled with spleen
Belittle my endeavour
Is it not clear they are so mean
Because I am so clever !

THE WEARY EDITOR'S REPLY

No !
Guess !
Yes !
Heigh-ho !

TRIO UNTENDER

(Variation, with acknowledgements, on a theme by Dorothy Parker)

ELIOT and Auden and Spender

With the Muses are not very tender,

El' drags Calliope into the manse

Spen' at Erato looks coldly askance

Aud' gives Euterpe a kick in the pants

While highbrows their hosannahs render

To Eliot and Auden

To Eliot and Auden

To Eliot and Auden and Spender.

A MATTER OF PRINCIPAL

(London schoolmasters have told the London County Council Education Committee that in the plans for staffing new primary and secondary schools they will urge that no man shall serve under a headmistress.—NEWS ITEM.)

BRAVELY the die has been cast
And schoolmasters, in a firm way
Have declared to the London C. C.
That in all of the schools where a Headmistress rules
No man shall be under her sway.
Feminists may be aghast
But most married men will agree
For they know full well what psychologists tell
In many a ponderous tome :
That a man works his best and with far greater zest
In conditions which strongly contrast
With those that prevail in his home !

THERE ARE OTHERS!

(*“ Three women—two British nurses—landed on the mainland as part of a Commando party. The third woman, a French Lieutenant, is the only known Commando woman in the world.”*—NEWS ITEM.)

OH rash and false assertion!
Oh dark and dire aspersion
On militant Minerva
And all the fair who serve her
With rifle, blade and bomb!

What of the maids of Russia
Who sniped the sons of Prussia
With such superb aplomb?

And what of countless others?
Those wives, for instance, brothers,
Who, fired with martial feeling,
Send erring spouses reeling
With poker, pot and pan!

Clearly the chap who vented
The view which I've lamented,
Is not a married man!



TIME TOTTERS ON

THE air has been mastered
The stars we'll soon visit,
The atom's been plastered
Superb feat ! or is it ?
Designs theoretic
Become facts every day,
Babies, synthetic,
Are well on the way ;
Sound is a laggard,
Light we've caught bending,
Nature grows haggard,
Her secrets defending ;
Science's impact
Makes God's world seem small,
Man will have Him whacked
In no time at all !

ENQUIRY

“ Oh why, oh why, do you sign yourself my
“ Obedient servant ”—oh *why* ?

When you surely must know had you ever been so
I'd have sacked you ages ago.