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In Kuchar you will hear of King Pochan, ruler of the Tokars, and how, when the enemy approached, he disappeared and with all the treasures of his kingdom, leaving only sand, stones and ruins behind him.

Each entrance to a cave suggests that some one has already entered there. Every creek—especially the subterranean creeks—draw one's fantasy to the underground passages. In many places of Central Asia, they speak of the Agharti, the subterranean people. In numerous beautiful legends they outline the same story of how the best people abandoned the treacherous earth and sought salvation in hidden countries where they acquired new forces and conquered powerful energies.

In the Altai Mountains, in the beautiful upland valley of Umon, a hoary Old Believer (Starover) said to me: "I shall prove to you that the tale about the Chud, the subterranean people, is not a fantasy! I shall lead you to the entrance of the subterranean kingdoms."

On the way through the valley surrounded by snowy mountains, my host told us many tales about the Chud. It is remarkable that "Chud" in Russian has the same origin as the word wonder. So, perhaps, we may consider the Chud a wonderful tribe. My beard guide told how "once upon a time, in this fertile valley lived and flourished the powerful tribe of Chud. They knew how to prospect for minerals and how to reap the best harvest. Most peaceful and most industrious, was this tribe. But then came a White Tsar with innumerable warriors. Then for the first time, a white birch began to grow in this region. And, according to the old prophecies, the Chud knew that it was the time for their departure. And the Chud, departed under the earth. Only sometimes can you hear the holy people singing; now their bells ring out in the subterranean temples. But there shall come the glorious time of human purification, and in those days, the great Chud shall again appear in full glory."

Thus the Old Believer concluded. We approached some stony hill. Proudly he showed me, "Here we are. Here is the entrance to the great subterranean kingdom! When the Chud entered the subterranean passage they closed the entrance with stones. Now stand just beside this holy entrance."

We stood before a huge tomb encircled by great stones, so typical of the period of the great migrations. Such tombs, with the beautiful remains of Gothic relics, we saw in South Russian steppes, in foothills of the Northern Caucasus. Studying this hill, I remembered how during our crossing of the Karakorum pass, my sais, the Ladaki, asked me, "Do you know why there is such a peculiar upland here? Do you know that in the subterranean caves here many treasures are hidden and that in them lives a wonderful tribe which abhors the sins of earth?"

And again when we approached the Khotan the hoofs of our horses sounded hollow as though we rode above caves or hollows. Our caravan people called our attention to this, saying, "Do you hear what hollow subterranean passages we are crossing? Through these passages, people who are familiar with them can reach far-off countries." When we saw entrances of caves our caravaners told us, "Long ago people lived there; now they have gone inside; they have found a subterranean passage to the subterranean kingdom. Only rarely do some of them appear again on earth. At our bazar such people come with strange, very ancient money, but nobody could even remember a time when such money was in usage here." I asked them, if we could also see such people. And they answered, "Yes, if your thoughts are similarly high and in contact with these holy people, because only sinners are upon earth and the pure and courageous people pass on to something more beautiful."

Great is the belief in the Kingdom of the subterranean people. Through all Asia, through the spaces of all deserts, from the Pacific to the Ural, you can hear the same wondrous tale of the vanished holy people. And even far beyond the Ural Mountains, the echo of the same tale will reach you. Often you hear about subterranean tribes.
The lakes or the other side of the mountains. Very often the sisters of the giants live on the other shores of the lakes or the other side of the mountains. Very often they do not like to move from the site, but some special event drives them from their patrimomial dwelling. Birds and animals are always near these giants; as witnesses they follow them and announce their departure.

Among the stories of submerged cities, the story of Kerjenetz city in the Nijni Novgorod section possesses a superb beauty. It is related that when the victorious Mongol hordes approached, the ancient Russian city of Kerjenetz was unable to defend itself. Then all the holy people of this city came to the temple and prayed for salvation. Before the very eyes of the conquerors, the city solemnly sank into the lake, which thenceforth, was regarded as sacred. Within, in complete silence, around the lake, where the holy city was submerged. It is touching to see how vital witnesses they follow them and announce their departure.

This procession recalls the sacred festival of the Manasarovar Lake in the Himalayas. The Russian legend of Kerjenetz is attributed to the time of the Tartar yoke. It is related that when the victorious Mongol hordes approached, the ancient Russian city of Kerjenetz was unable to defend itself. Then all the holy people of this city came to the temple and prayed for salvation. Before the very eyes of the conquerors, the city solemnly sank into the lake, which thenceforth, was regarded as sacred.

The endless Kurgans of the southern steppes retain around them numerous stories about the appearance of the unknown warrior, nobody knows from whence. The Carpathian Mountains in Hungary have many similar stories of unknown tribes, giant-warriors and mysterious cities. If, without prejudice, you patiently point out on your map all the legends and stories of this nature you will be astonished at the result. When you collect all the fairytales of lost and subterranean tribes, will you not have before you a full map of the great migrations? An old Catholic missionary casually tells us that the site of Lhasa was sometimes called Gotha. In the Trans-Himalayas, at heights of fifteen thousand and sixteen thousand feet, we found several groups of menhirs. Of these menhirs in Tibet, nobody knows. Once after an entire day's trip through the barren hills and rocks of the Trans-Himalayas, we saw, at a distance, some black tents prepared for our camp. At the same time, we noticed, not far from the same direction, those long stones which are so meaningful for every archaeologist. Even from afar, could be distinguished the peculiar design of their construction.

"What kind of stones are these on the slopes?" we asked our Tibetan guide.

"Oh?" he replied, "they are Doring-long stones, this is an ancient sacred place. It is very useful to put grease on the heads of stones. Then the deities of this place help the travelers."

"Who laid these stones together?"

"Nobody knows. But this district from ancient times has been called Doring-long stones. The people say that unknown people passed here long ago."

Across the relief of the Trans-Himalayas we saw distinctly the long rows of vertical stones. These alleys finished with a circle also three high stones on the centre. The direction of the entire figure was from west to east.

After encamping, we hurriedly proceeded to the site. And with the full evidence before us we realized that here was a typical menhir, such as gave its glory to the stone field of Carnac. On the surrounding slopes no objects were found. Not far from the menhir there was a trace of a small river temporally dried. No excavation was permitted because of the prejudices of the Tibetans who (Continued on page 176.)
STALIN, the Man on the Wheel

By Abdul Ghafur

Mussolini standing on the cannon and thundering out his bellicose speech; Hitler raising his right hand to receive the salute of the Storm Troops; Stalin standing on the steps of Lenin's monument to receive the ovations of the Moscow crowd; the dictators of Europe form an impressive portrait gallery. A dictator stays so long as he can hold the imagination of his people; Goebbels blazing out into fiery eloquence in praise of the Fuhrer, the speakers broadcasting from the Rome Station and bursting into flambant orators of the foreign policy of I.I. Duco, demonstration meetings, the staging of the political stunts, the marching past of the troops of Black Shirts all tell tale of the contrivances of the Super Man, to hold still tighter the grasp on the public mind.

To the man in the street, their lives might seem one long series of public activities and condemned to pass in the glare of the public limelight. The recent visit of Stalin to his mother living in the distant Caucasus, the recent book of Henri Barbusse gives some extremely interesting and entertaining anecdotes of his private and political life and often let us peer into this small insignificant building behind the high wall of the Kremlin where sits Stalin (the Russian for steel) hard but flexible like the metal, smoking an evening pipe in his scantily furnished dining room or enjoying the gleaned shouts of his eldest son, Jachka, playing outside in the yard.

Stalin was born at Gori, a small town in Georgia in a house with brick foundations, timber walls and a plank roof. His father Vissarion Djugashvili worked hard as a shoemaker in the neighbouring town of Tiflis and, in one of the museums, is still exhibited the mean rope-seated stool of Stalin. Every morning old Khashim used to grapple with his basket of vegetable and fruit and with the copies of the new issue of the pamphlets and proclamations concealed carefully under them. He would go to the gates of the factories, waiting for the hands to come out. To some of his chosen customers he would sell his wares packed neatly in the current number of the paper.

The Okhrana (the Police Service) was once the indirect means of saving his life. Under the pressure of heavy work carried in conditions and environments, not very favourable for health, young Stalin had fallen a victim to tuberculosis. Once he was in Siberia, on the high Steppes, he was given a hot pursuit by the police on a very cold morning. It had blown a blizzard all the day, but Stalin suffered forth into the dreary weather to follow the course of a frozen river and it took him several hours to reach the nearest place of shelter in the face of such a severe snow storm. When he entered the hut, he was a human icicle from head to foot. A heavy blizzard of eighteen hours saved his life and by this accident, he had shaken off all traces of tuberculosis.

While the other dictators mostly depend on the power of their lungs, the aerial designs of their gestures, and their violent language, Stalin, like his master Lenin, is working in his words, a master of simple and direct speech. It was an early trait of Lenin and, when in his early youth, his elder brother Alexander was hung for his extreme political views, the young Vladimir remarked with his far-away look: "No, we must follow a different path. That is not the one that we must take" and talked no more. The curtness of Stalin's replies once took the turn of grim resolution and finality when advancing on the head of a crowd of Tiflis railway strikers, the police threatened to open fire if they did not disperse. "You do not frighten us; we will disperse when our demands are fulfilled," was the cool reply of Stalin.

"I never met," says Gorki, "whose laugh was as infectious as that of Vladimir Ilitch (Lenin)." And Stalin also laughs at the top of his voice. He is full of a rather queer kind of humour and has the caustic touch of one for whom the course of his life has not been a ballet room dance. Orkhalashvilli, one of his companions during his work among the Tiflis labour, relates a highly diverting incident during the course of a meeting of the party held at the house of an important Caucasian comrade. "During dinner the young son of the master of the house came and sat on his father's knee, and the father petted him and tried to calm the impatience of the child who was too young to be interested in the serious discussion. Then Stalin rose, took the child gently by the hand and led him to the door, saying, 'My young friend, you are not on the agenda to-day.' Irony was the chief element of his conversation with the Krona-