

# ***Mahatma Gandhi: No Stranger to Hollywood Movies...***

by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

TO show you also that even India's great little man has his ideas about motion pictures, here is an amusing incident that happened when I interviewed Gandhi at the outdoor prison at Poona, in southwestern India. To all questions submitted, Gandhi, the Hindu mystic, remained silent. It began to look as if the eighty-five hundred mile trip had been made in vain; then, just as I was about to leave him, the interpreter said that India's great man wanted to ask *me* a question. I listened attentively to the almost inaudible sing-song of his voice. Finally the interpreter spoke forth: "I know little about America, sire," said he, "except from what I see from the occasional motion pictures I attend. To what class there, sire, do you belong?"

My first impulse was to tell him that, as far as I knew, America had no classes. But instead, I decided to ask him first to clarify his statement.

"Well, sire," came back that even-leveled, age-old voice, "are you a gangster, gentleman, or cowboy?"

Amusing? Yes—and perfectly understandable, too, when you think of the type of film foreign exhibitors choose from our home producers.



Movies gave him very queer ideas