i am an old fountain pen now finding my place in a dark corner of a cupboard of my master , who is no more. I belong to the family of 'Black Birds'. I was manufactured in England 55 years ago and was shipped to Madras for sale. Messrs Simpsons on the Mount Road, Madras was our wholesale dealer. From there I was sent to 'Pen Corner' in Georgetown, Madras. Mr. Rajan, then a young boy of 16 appearing for the matriculation examination, bought me for Rs. 3/-.

I felt happy that I got a new master, a brilliant young lad whom I am going to serve for some years. My color was black and my nib was gold-coated with a firm point. My writing was smooth and it was like sailing on calm waters. I preferred 'Swan' ink, blue or black. It was my master's choice to select the ink. My master first used me to take his matriculation examination. Whether it was due to his hand writing or my beautiful flow I cannot say, but he passed his examination with distinction. That helped me to gain the love of my master who then onwards considered me as a lucky possession. I was always his companion finding my place comfortably in the pocket of his neat shirts. We both developed an inseparable intimacy and he believed that his progress in education and getting a good executive job in government through direct recruitment as a Revenue Divisional Officer was all due to me.