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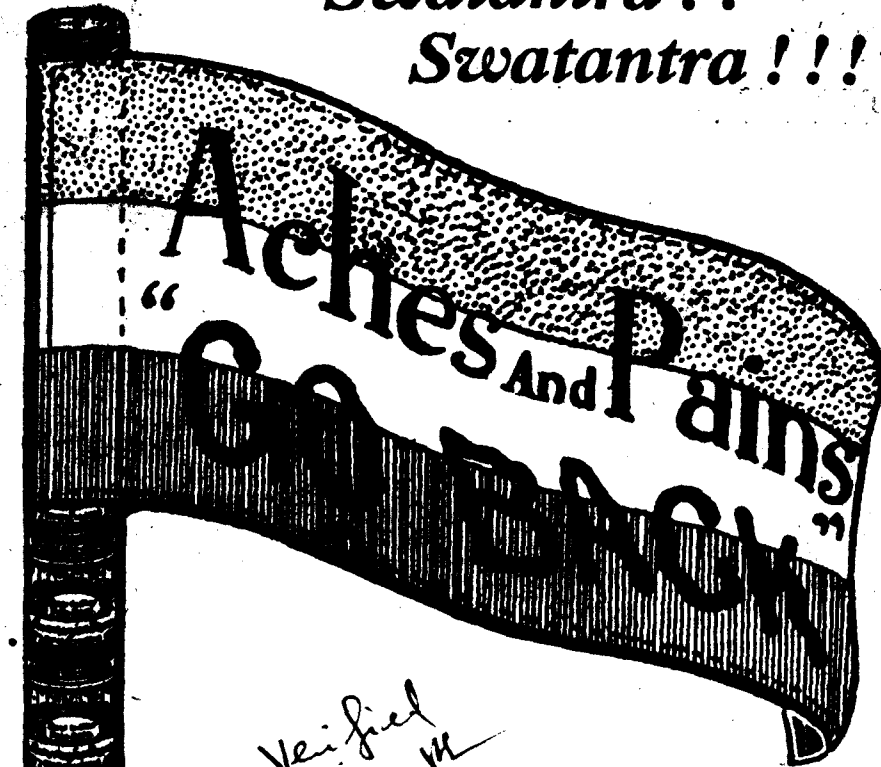
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SWATANTRA

VOL. 1, No. 22

(SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1946)

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Cover Page—'Tiger' Varadachari	
Cartoon—By V. G. Ommen	4
Editorial Comments	5
Sotto Voce—By Vigneswara	10
Law Of Gravity Baffled (Picture)—By Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury	12
Sidelights—By Saka	13
Literary Taste—By "A Telugu Writer"	14
A Day With Louis Fischer—By Our Karachi Correspondent	15
The Poet And The People (Short Story)—By K. Kumbura Rao	17
College Life—By G. Sriram	19
Letters To The Editor—By S. V. Rajagopal Das	20
My Struggle To "Enter" Journalism—By K. Iswara Dutt	21
Non-Gazetted Ranks And Premier Prakasam—By "Justice"	23
Spotlight On The World Which Is The Proper Capital For Andhra Province?—By P. Kameswara Rao	24
Nehru's "Discovery Of India"—By Dr. C. V. Chandrasekharan	29
Communism In India—By M. S. V. Chari	32
Women's Rights—By K. V. S. Ranganadhachari, M.A., B.L.	33
Menace Of Unscientific Medicine—By An Allopath	34
Indian Press Criticism Of Mr. Bhashyam	37
Great Writer And Reformer—By D. Narasimha Rao	38
The Nawab Of Pataudi—By Dr. P. Subbarayan	41
Prospects For Second Test—By N. S. R.	42
Old And Selfish—By Binod	43
Books	44
Letters	46



SWATANTRA

VOL. I
No. 22

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1946.

ISSUED
WEEKLY

TRENDS IN THE CONGRESS

SOCIALIST opposition to the Congress Working Committee's decision to enter the Constituent Assembly was ably led and occupied much time in the A.I.C.C., but eventually it did not prevail. Jai Prakash Narain, the Congress Socialist leader, wants a struggle. In the present mood of compromise he sees no prospect of independence, but only sabotage of the glorious Revolution of 1942. It was not surprising that the A. I. C. C. turned down the Socialist view-point by a large majority. The A. I. C. C. consists for the most part of tired politicians anxious, after years of privation, for a good time at last under the opportunities presented by office-acceptance. The same persons who once revelled in abstemiousness, proudly identified themselves with the poor and were more than content with a small pittance to make both ends meet, have now fallen into the fashion of aristocratic languor, and several of them who have become Ministers and Parliamentary Secretaries have begun to speak superiorly of the impossibility of carrying on life with the scheduled rates of Congress salaries. It has also to be noted that Revolution, so frequently on the lips of everybody, was rarely in the hearts of very many Congress leaders that have latterly attained ministerial or legislative rank. Jail-going came upon them as an unwelcome hardship, to be endured stoically as a passport to political importance, in the inevitable future when the Congress was bound to come to power, but to be got round as quick-

ly as possible with every resource of guile. Some got released through strategic sickness certified to as extremely grave by jail doctors well remunerated for the service. Others had friends continually hanging round the ante-chambers of the Advisers to secure their enlargement on parole. One who now adorns ministerial office in Madras was continually on parole for a whole year! While technically achieving qualification as a jail-returned patriot, he actually underwent none of the discomforts of prison life. The plain fact of the matter is that the original revolutionary urge of the Congress has become considerably diluted by fatigue and opportunism, and "Revolution" has become a degenerate counterfeit for unscrupulous use by keymen in the Congress organisation against the betters barring the way to fulfilment of their personal political ambitions.

The old spirit that found vent in the vigorous anti-imperial struggles of the Congress still survives in some lions of the party on whom years have left no weakening effect and who are ever fresh and ever young and more immersed than ever in dedication to national service. It survives in a few steadfast and far-seeing men to whom it is repugnant to play to the gallery and who pursue as conscious political duty the path of warning the Congress off wrong turns and patiently striving, against the general current, for right ideas to prevail, irrespective of the cost to themselves. It survives in minority groups in the Congress not yet

millions of admirers. It must be confessed that Pandit Nehru has now and again of late been swerving somewhat from his original moorings as a Socialist pledged to scientific political thought.

The Working Committee announced by the new Congress President is unlike any of its predecessors. Its outstanding merit is the inclusion in it of Mr. C. Rajagopalachari. Madras is thus put once again on the Congress map. Dr. Pattabhi whom C.R. replaces did not pull much weight in Congress counsels, and especially after his release from prison after the 1942 movement, he lost many golden opportunities for sound leadership partly out of a desire to appear clever with scintillating statements meant to be packed with wit, partly through an itch for prominence which impelled him into redundant statements which served no particular purpose, and partly in sheer abandon of anti-Communism indulged in as a bid for cheap popularity. The substitution of Dr. Pattabhi by C.R. leaves no Andhra on the Working Committee, which is not quite fair to Andhra having regard to the political importance of that linguistic area. The Congress President would do well to draft on the Committee ex-Speaker Sambamurti, a man of intrepid political judgment and drive whose capacities are at the moment allowed to rust through disuse, to the avoidable detriment of the Congress organisation. Kripalani's exit will be welcomed by lovers of change that had come to regard him despondently as an unalterable fixture in the A.I.C.C. Secretariat. The substitution of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu by Kamaladevi does not seem to us to be an improvement. Several of the new members fall below the level of renown and importance expected of members of the Congress High Command and leave an unpleasant feeling that the President has allowed personal goodwill to take the place of political propriety in making these appointments.

Is This Harijan "Uplift"?

A correspondent has sent us a copy of a letter circulated to all Harijan hostels in Guntur district by the Secretary of the Harijan Hostel, Tenali. The circular gives the names of eleven students who were in the hostel last year, but were "eliminated" this year for the reason, as alleged in the circular, that "under the influence of Communist ideology" their behaviour was "detrimental to the peace and prestige of the hostel". "It is felt appropriate to notify this to you", states the circular, "in the interests of the managements of the hostels in the district." The incitement in these words is unmistakable. They are clearly meant to urge the banning of the "eliminated" students from all the other hostels in the district as well. An attempt in this manner to hound the young for whatever reason from one institution after another purporting to take care of them ill becomes the custodians of Harijan welfare, and such of them as have shown themselves capable of such an attempt should have their credentials for continuing in charge of any Harijan institution thoroughly examined. There has been no withholding of support on grounds of politics or party from any kind of Harijan service. All have contributed to it unconditionally. To discriminate against particular Harijan boys on ideological grounds offends therefore against the very spirit underlying Harijan service, and against all the axiomatically accepted principles that should govern the running of institutions like Harijan hostels. Care-takers of the "depressed classes" betray themselves as ignorant of the very A. B. C. of their business when they insist on any standard of behaviour of a political nature in their wards as a condition of their care-taking. The "peace and prestige" of no hostel should be elevated to a level of greater importance than the welfare of those for whom all the hostels themselves are intended.

What, after all, is the "Communist ideology" that is supposed to have

induced in the eleven eliminated Harijan boys behaviour so detrimental to the peace and prestige of the hostel? Nowadays there is no end to the nonsense that is indulged in about Communist ideology. Actually the essence of that ideology is concentrated in two principles, one stipulating that no man shall exploit another, and the other prescribing joint ownership of the means of production. Nothing else is Communism. Why should any or both of these principles disturb on account of their influence the "peace and prestige" of any hostel? Why, indeed, unless it be that by peace and prestige is meant the undisturbed sway of vested interests rooted somehow in hostility to the two principles cited above, that is, vested interests pledged to exploitation of man by man and to sectional monopoly of control over instruments of production, over employment? In some centres of supposed Harijan "uplift" it has become customary for the so-called promoters of uplift, under their missionary garb, to turn the "uplifted" into so many honorary drudges for their own personal comfort and service. It would be surprising if the peace and prestige of institutions where such practices are prevalent were not rudely shaken by any ideology tending to teach the drudges to assert their rights and refuse to be exploited while supposed to be served. In the general atmosphere of anti-Communism which scheming capitalists supported by thoughtless patriots have been spreading throughout the country, we are anxious that tirades against "Communist ideology" should not become a cloak for malpractices in the management of Harijan hostels. The eleven Harijan boys against whom the Secretary of the Tenali Harijan Hostel has started a vendetta deserve as much care as any for whom the hostels are run, and if as stated in the circular they are of bad character, they should have so much the greater attention. If, on the score of any flaw in behaviour or any imperfection, Harijan boys are to be excluded from care and shelter, the uphold-

ers of such a dispensation would do well to wash their hands of Harijan service altogether and betake themselves to the company of saints, if they can be got at, where their peace and prestige will not be injured by contamination with the erring. Meanwhile, as schools and hostels are meant for immature juveniles and not for paragons of perfect behaviour, and on that supposition Harijan institutions in particular receive generous aid both from the State and the public, it would seem to be fit matter for consideration whether the framers (and supporters if any) of the Tenali circular can be allowed to continue to have anything to do with any form of guardianship over the young, especially the young of a backward community like Harijans.

Let Congress President Help

The Nawab of Chhatari, President of the Nizam's Executive Council, has announced a scheme of reforms indicating—so we are told—"the closest possible association between the ryot and the Administration". Recent happenings in Hyderabad are not such as to encourage any reasonable hope that the reforms now proclaimed will be followed by faithful fulfilment of the objective advertised by the Nawab. On June 15, the Letters Section of *Swatantra* contained disclosures of repression in the State over the signature of Mr. R. Narayana Reddi, President of the Andhra Conference. Other letters not published speak the same tale. It would appear that the target of attack by the Administration is the Andhra Maha Sabha. The Maha Sabha has a membership of a lakh. It has some 150 wholetime organisers. The Sabha has grown into a powerful movement of the people, and under its influence the masses have been awakening to a sense of their rights and learnt the lesson of resistance through unity to age-old forms of feudal exploitation and jagirdars' *zulum* and the oppression and exactions of corrupt officials. Sensing in the growth of the Sabha a de-

mocratic awakening capable of expanding into formidable dimensions unless checked and suppressed forthwith, the authorities of the State have let loose an orgy of atrocious ill-treatment on the primary workers of the Sabha and their supporters, while beguiling the world in the same breath with pretensions of progressiveness and announcements of contemplated constitutional reforms. The arrest of Sheik Abdulla impelled Pandit Nehru to rush to Kashmir in defensive ardour unmindful even of the very momentous responsibilities connected with the Congress talks with the Cabinet Mission that had then devolved on him with unshakable weight by virtue of his position as a member of the Congress Working Committee. Since

then there has been a further elevation in Pandit Nehru's status in the Congress. Conditions in Hyderabad State cry out for prompt helpful intervention from the Congress President with an urgency before which the situation in Kashmir pales into insignificance, if the actual magnitude of the oppression to which people are subjected as the price of political awakening be taken as the test of urgency. The theory of non-intervention by Congress leadership in the internal affairs of the States can no longer hold water. The popular movement in Hyderabad deserves the powerful support of the Congress President even more imperatively than the Kashmir movement, and let us hope it will get what it deserves in just measure.

Sotto Voce

The Genial 'Tiger'



Genius is a happy accident. It constitutes the most complete refutation of the mechanistic view of life. If you want a proof, look at the most distinguished representative of pure music living in our midst today. Kolathur Varadachariar whom two generations of music-lovers have, with the perversity of affection, addressed by the terrifying of 'Tiger' has neither the looks nor the antecedents that one associates with musical excellence. The big burly figure, broad at the hip, the low forehead covered with the emphatic *Thengalai namam*, the waddling uncouth gait heightening the good humour radiating from the glistening pitted face black as ebony, the formal coat and the indispensable betel box make up a picture of beaming incongruity which reminds one of the old sylvan gods of Greece.

Varadachariar was born in an obscure Chingleput village. Now, Tanjore, the cultural capital of Chola

Desa, is the historic home of Carnatic music. It is the devout belief of the Tanjorean that his native soil fertilised by the Cauveri water is the unique breeding ground of the artistic temperament that expresses itself in music. Chingleput has no such pretensions and 'Tiger' early made his pilgrimage to Trivadi haloed by the memory of Thiagaraja and sat at the feet of Patnam Subramanya Iyer, the foremost composer-virtuoso of his time. Blessed is the master who can boast of two such disciples as 'Tiger' Varadachariar and Mysore Vasudevachariar.

With due deference to Tanjore it must be said that there is something in the dry invigorating air of Thondaimandalam, as there was in the Doric countryside, which is productive of originality even as Tanjore favours the mellowing of traditions. In Tiger's musical background many swaras may be discerned but they

are dominated and harmonised by a vitality which seems to be a family heritage. To his elder brother K. V. Srinivasa Iyengar we owe the first comprehensive edition of Thiagaraja's 'Kritis.' His younger brother Krishnamachariar's versatility is only equalled by his iron will-power which has enabled him to overcome physical handicaps that might have snuffed out a lesser man.

Nature has denied Varadachariar that supreme asset, a natural singing voice. Such men, if the spirit of music is strong in them, generally seek to win laurels as composers. 'Tiger' has not evinced such ambitions. This is not surprising in one who is so unaffectedly modest as he is. I have, however, a suspicion that the romantic spirit is the ruling impulse in his make-up which makes him impatient of the restraints of formal composition and uneager for the painstaking perfection of lapidary art. He has a superb sense of form, nevertheless, as any one who has heard his Tanam singing with testify. Everyone of his Tanams is like the pleasure dome of ice that Kubla Khan decreed in Xanadu—a thing of marvellous art that leaps into existence as if by magic and dissolves between our fingers even as you try to grasp its shimmering hues.

There are fanatics who swear by 'pure' poetry, though the concrete examples they give are not calculated to inspire confidence in their judgment. But anyone, Occidental or Oriental, who has soaked himself in Indian music will agree that in the Raga we have pure magic unique of its kind because the other musical

systems that have come down to us have nothing comparable to show. And the Tanam bears to the Raga much the same relation as—if such a comparison may be excused—the Saguna Brahman of the Vedanta bears to the Nirguna Brahman. It is not perhaps an accident that Varadachariar is a pious Visishtadwaitin.

But 'Tiger' is no narrow specialist. In *swara* manipulation and the rendering of classic compositions as in Raga and Tanam singing he gives the impression of a spring of pure pellucid water gushing from a bed of hard rock. Out of strength comes sweetness. 'Tiger' sings as great orators speak, catching fire from the inspiration of the moment but burning with a sustained controlled blaze. To change the metaphor, there is an opulence of stored-up memory from which he draws an endless variety of ideal musical forms. His Raga grows before your very eyes, like the wizard's magical mango. Here is the very antithesis of the neat clock-work artifice that so many of our singers mistake for art.

It is the special glory of Carnatic music that it assigns to the virtuoso a creative role which in other musical systems is the jealous monopoly of the composer. Every time an original artist sings or plays a composition by a great master he virtually recreates it: the reverence with which we cherish the memories of men like Maha Vaidyanatha Iyer and Coimbatore Raghava Iyer is the homage we pay to this creative power. 'Tiger' belongs to this select company.

—VIGNESWARA.

Living the Golden Rule means understanding that everything we do, everything we say, everything we think, affects other persons' lives because in the kind of world we live in they usually have a share in it somewhere. It means sitting in daily judgment upon ourselves, upon our acts. It means following a course because it is right.—Helen Gahagan Douglas.



—By Devi Prasad Roy Choudhury

LAW OF GRAVITY & PFFLE

Note: The balance is retained by sheer habit. A strange phenomenon for research.

SIDELIGHTS ::

Talk what you will of taste, you will find two of a face as soon as two of a mind—Pope.

Sometime back, the Adviser regime banned a Telugu play, *Mundadugu*. *Mundadugu* means "Step Forward". The play was jointly written by two young authors, Sun-kara Satyanarayana and Vasireddi Bhaskara Rao. I had occasion to meet only the first of the two. He is a veritable incarnation of rusticity. The village is written all over him. In a town he would be a misfit. Un-schooled, unkempt, with not much grounding in study and scholarship, all on a sudden powerful cerebration was set in motion in him by the sight of the social evils he saw all around and the forces that made for hope through change—and the urge came to him to write. *Mundadugu* was the result.

I saw the play enacted a year ago at Telaprole, a village in Kistna district. It was a small village. But from miles around, men, women and children collected to see the play acted, which was the more remarkable as admission was not free but had to be paid for. The whole pandal was packed. There were no elaborate scenic arrangements. The theme was about the distress of the ryots subjected to *zulum* at the hands of tax-collectors in zamin estates, tax-collectors whose sole concern was with extracting money. The suffering of people did not matter to them if only they could please the zamindar by filling his treasury with a plentiful supply of money. But it *did* matter to those assembled there to see the play. The manner in which the latter reacted to the play was as impressive as the play itself. While it went on, there was pin drop silence. Many wept, particularly the women. Deliverance from tyranny through unity was the lesson taught by the play, and it was taught most powerfully because of the appeal of its scenes to the experiences of the bulk of the audience,

who were ryots, in that zamindari area. In an urban locality the play might not have made so profound an impression. But at Telaprole it took the hearts of the people captive.

For zamin ryots to witness the play was to get inoculated with a desire for redemption from persecution. If the play went round the whole countryside and all concerned in its subject matter could but once see it, things could not be the same as before, the ryots would know how to form themselves into unions for defensive protection. To the zamindar, it must be confessed, the writers of the play were unmerciful. It is the way of the drama to clothe Evil with flesh and blood and let it loose on the stage to work its havoc until the disturbed equilibrium should be set right by the hand of Nemesis. If zamindars feel disposed to see in the villain of the piece a symbolic representative of their own entire class, the laurels are so much the more glorious for the writer of the play, for the merit and truth of his work stands thereby endorsed, endorsed by a hostile witness at that, and therefore the more valuably though of course unintentionally. But it is not by suppression of portrayals of things unpalatable that circulation of knowledge about them and agitations based on them can be prevented.

The Adviser Government obliged the zamindars by banning *Mundadugu*. They said that the play bred class hatred. What it bred was hatred of oppression; the equalisation of the oppression in the play with the behaviour of a class as such must be treated as the self-confession of a guilty conscience on the part of the representatives of that class. The Advisers were placed beyond the reach of popular pressure. The Congress Ministry is not. It can ill afford to cavil at drama dedicated to the cause of liberating the ill-treated from the dread and

grip of their tormentors. Nowhere is injustice a disembodied spirit. It must have a form. If a drive against any prevalent form of injustice is to be condemned as an exhibition of class hatred, no wrong built round a vested interest can ever be righted in the world.

Petitions and demonstrations to Mr. Bhashyam, the Minister for Law, for revocation of the ban on *Mundadugu* have so far met with evasion. Many Telugu authors, writers and poets backed the appeal for removal of the ban, but undaunted,

Mr. Bhashyam has put his foot in the exact spot where his predecessor in office, the Adviser, had placed his, and refuses to remove it unless the drama under ban should satisfy "his own taste." The conflict here is between the judgment of a politically reactionary Adviser and a respectable consensus of cultured Andhra opinion. We find the Minister whose knowledge of Telugu is nil backing the former against the latter—an exhibition of "taste" on which few that had hoped for better government with the advent of the Congress Ministry, can congratulate themselves or him.—SAKA.

LITERARY TASTE

By "A Telugu Writer"

The Roman emperors used to have in their courts 'food tasters' whose job it was to taste every dish of food that was to be served to the emperor before it was taken by him. This was to protect the emperor from being poisoned by his enemies.

To-day we have in our Cabinet a 'literature-taster' who believes that every piece of art should satisfy 'his own taste' before it could be allowed to be shown to the public. He is anxious to protect the public from being poisoned. *Mundadugu* is a drama written in colloquial Telugu by Sun-kara Satyanarayana and Vasireddy Bhaskara Rao. The theme deals with the sufferings of the ryots under the zamindari system. The drama gained such immense popularity so quickly that within a month after its production requests poured in from all parts of Andhra Desa for its being performed there. As regards the excellence of the drama, suffice it to state that when the Editor of *Swatantra* had an opportunity to witness it, he appreciated it so much that on the spot he contributed Rs. 116 to the organisation which staged it.

But high-placed interested persons who had the ears of the Advisers managed to get the drama banned. Strangely enough, the reason stated was that it was vulgar and defamatory; how and what portions of it were vulgar, neither the order nor the authorities concerned would say.

The Andhra public were surprised and disappointed at this order of the

Advisers' regime. Petitions and agitation during the Sec. 93 days were of course futile. But naturally people were hoping that justice would be done by the popular Government. But unfortunately the Hon'ble Mr. K. Bhashyam has not been able yet to find his way to remove the ban in spite of several petitions and deputations, because he had not yet had either the time or the equipment to 'taste' the play himself.

Recently a memorandum was presented to him signed by almost all the Telugu journalists, poets and litterateurs in the city of Madras (36 persons in all). Prominent among the signatories were Messrs. Sambhu Prasad, Editor, *Andhra Patrika*, Narla, Editor, *Andhra Prabha*, Krishna Sastri, the famous Telugu poet, N. Venkata Rao, Reader in Telugu Literature, Madras University, and Dr. G. V. Seethapathi. Still the Hon'ble Mr. K. Bhashyam is not convinced that this drama deserves to be staged. He is reported to have stated that even if all the Telugu authors and poets should sign the memorandum he could not remove the ban unless the drama satisfied 'his own taste.'

The literary and art-loving public of Andhra would like to know if every piece that is produced in this presidency should satisfy the 'taste' of the Hon'ble the Minister for Law to be protected from being banned? Woe unto literature and art that it should be administered with such 'taste'!

A DAY WITH LOUIS FISCHER

(From Our Correspondent)

Karachi: A tall and massive figure, dressed in simple style with pants and a plain shirt, with open collar, stepped out of a giant flying boat into the quayside of the Marine Airport at Karachi on a sultry Monday afternoon. "There comes Louis Fischer", ejaculated a bunch of Pressmen who had trooped to the desolate and inhospitable Koarngi Creek to greet the members of the unofficial Famine Mission from the United States. Louis Fischer did not belong to the party but had accompanied them with a view not only to study the economic but also the political conditions here, after a lapse of four years.

There was neither the cowboy touch nor Yankee accent about Fischer. He was not munching the proverbial chewing gum, resorted to by restless Americans to get over boredom. He did not flaunt any costly camera which is the invariable accompaniment of high-powered United States newspapermen. A slick portable Harnes typewriter was the only baggage in his hands.

A chunk of curly hair, eyes beaming with intelligence and an insatiable curiosity were the outward manifestations of Fischer's physical and mental make-up. "Has Karachi weather been like this? The last time I was here, it was very pleasant", he told the first Pressman who barged into him. There was a touch of unutterable pathos in the subsequent sentence when he recalled vividly the lunch he had with the late Mr. Allah Baksh, whose star-crossed life was rounded off with an assassin's bullet. Every star newsman who passed through Karachi made it a point to meet Mr. Allah Baksh. Once in his chamber in the Secretariat, when a foreign newspaper correspondent was impatiently waiting to get the hang of Indian politics from the Premier's lips, the telephone bell went on ringing so incessantly that the journalist got impatient and asked Allah Baksh: "Do you do

anything else here except answer telephone calls?"

Louis Fischer was very anxious to know what was happening at Delhi. Curiously enough, at that very moment, the creed was blazing the fateful news that the Congress Working Committee had rejected the Interim Government plan of the British Cabinet Mission. "How I wish I were at Delhi now", said the author of "A Week With Gandhi". Sir Stafford Cripps would be very unhappy at the prospect of your visit, suggested a scribe.

While the other members of the American Famine Mission were very busy undergoing the elaborate Customs formalities, Louis Fischer separated from them, and seated on a wall on the sea front, answered a barrage of questions from Karachi Pressmen ranging from Stalin's totalitarian outlook to American reactions to India's political developments.

Fischer knows Russia like a Cook's guide and he did not conceal his dislike to the way in which Russian foreign policy was at present shaping. "I do not envisage another military clash between Russia and the western democracies now or in the near future", he said but the war of nerves was bound to go on.

"The American people are very eager that there should be an early settlement in India" said Fischer. We do not wish that India should be torn by civil war or violence. We would like to see an Indian National Government established as early as possible."

"Will America stand by the side of Britain, in case there is another



Louis Fischer.

showdown in India", was the query of a Pressman who drew Fischer's attention to a report published in his country about the possibility of international police being recruited to put down the Indian struggle for independence. "Who gave out that yellow story", asked Fischer.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, said the Pressman. "He is a big fool," said Fischer, choked with emotion.

The talk ranged freely on the tangled European situation and the wrangles among the representatives of the so-called Big Four. That India must be represented at the Peace Conference by trusted leaders like Nehru and Gandhi was the firm view of Fischer. By the time the peace picture takes full shape, India will have a National Government and you will have your representative at the peace table," said Fischer.

He paid a glowing tribute to the splendid work done by Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit while she was in the United States. Sardar J. J. Singh, Mr. Syed Hossain and a handful of active Indians are also doing marvellous work, he added.

Fischer evinced keen interest about the food outlook in India. He refuted the allegation that the United States was pampering enemy countries in the matter of food supply. American troops in Germany and Japan were occupation troops responsible for good government. It was therefore their responsibility to feed the people of the two countries. "We do not want epidemics, starvation and other difficulties in the administration of these countries," he added.

Along with his colleagues who included some star newsmen from the United States, Louis Fischer repaired to the Palace Hotel. He was the most restless soul in Karachi that night, because all his thought was of Delhi. He asked whether it was possible to get a special plane for the imperial city.

The next morning, the foyer of the Palace Hotel at Karachi presented an animated appearance. Local Congressmen had come to know that Fischer was in town. A few Gan-

dhi-capped, Khadi-clad college boys visited the hotel to have a glimpse of Fischer and have a talk with him. Fischer's spiritual home is the Congress and he is in his element when he meets Congressmen. He pelted the boys with a number of questions, took them round and introduced each and everyone to the members of the American Famine Mission, signed a number of autographs and posed for a couple of pictures, which America's ace cameraman, Bradley Smith, took. While the students took leave of him after a hectic half hour, he presented them with a box of chocolates.

What is the next book you are planning on India, asked the present writer. "Why not a week with Jinnah?"

Fischer's broad face expanded into a sunlit laughter. "You will be interested to know that my next book 'The Great Challenge' is about to come out. It is a continuation of my autobiography. It deals with the challenge of Russia and deals about how we ought to live and how we live", he said.

In his spare moments, Louis Fischer was busy reading Brailsford's recent book, "Subject India". He was very impatient at the prolonged stay at Karachi and when ultimately the plane which took him and his colleagues winged its way out of Drigh Road Delhi bound, he heaved a big sigh of relief.

Louis Fischer has no superiority complex. He adopts to one and all, the hail-fellow-well-met attitude. The cub reporter who has cut his first journalistic tooth can take as much liberty with him as the star special correspondent who revels in scooping celebrities.

Louis Fischer has John Gunther's amazing industry with Edgar Mowrer's idealism. He will not be returning with members of the American Famine Mission, but will tour India for several weeks. He can be seen in the busy slums of Calcutta as well as the dust and desolation of Indian villages where the hard-hit peasantry lives lives of hunger from monsoon to monsoon.

Short Story

The Poet And The People

By K. Kutumba Rao

The people are waiting for the poet. What a large concourse of people, blocking up the street and all its environs! Most of them look thin and hungry; some are lame, others blind; you can see the marks of sorrow almost on every face; but they have all been waiting patiently, may be for hours, to have just a glimpse of the poet's face.

They have waited and waited, yet the poet does not come out. Sitting in his small room with curtained doors and windows, he is busy having a discourse with the spirits of dead poets. The room is well nigh crowded with them and there is hardly any space to accommodate the living creatures from outside.

Just a few admirers of the poet, one or two of his intimate friends and fellow-poets, have access to his room. While going back they talk among themselves of the poet. Hearing bits of this talk, the people feel still more eager to see the poet.

Some patrons of the poet then came along. They looked angrily at the crowd and brought in the poet's disciples to disperse it.

With the fury of unleashed dogs the disciples pounced at the people and cried, "You miserable creatures are not fit to see the poet. The poet's mind roams in Himalayan heights, how can he stand the foul breath of your bodies? You dirty fellows, grovelling in mud and slime, what have you to do with the divine nectar of his song?"

The people answered in low humble tones, "Masters, it is true we grovel in mud and slime but not by choice. We are forced to it. Give us the poet's song. If we can't take in all at once, give us little by little. Show us the way and we are ready to follow wherever you will lead us".

"First get rid of the foul breath of your bodies and your scarecrow looks, and then you can see the poet".

"Masters, if the poet doesn't help us, how can we get rid of these?"

"If you can't that's your fate, and there is an end of it", said the disciples.

A young man came forward from the people. When he was among the

people he looked very much like the others. Now we see he is a trifle different—strong, healthy and self-confident.

He asked the disciples, "Will you please explain what fate is?"

"Well, fate is helplessness", said the disciples, "these fellows here can't get rid of the foul breath of their bodies. You see, that is their fate".

"I don't see any fate in it" said the young man. "They work and toil day in and day out, just to keep themselves going. Besides they have the job of keeping fellows like you in comfort. If they stopped working, you would soon begin to stink".

"Why do they want to see the poet?"

"To seek his help to get rid of their body odour and scarecrow looks", replied the young man.

"And pass them on to us?"

"A minute back you asked these people to get rid of their body odour. Now you want them to keep it, eh?"

"They have had it all along, so it is better they keep it. Why need we, clean people, get contaminated?"

"I thought, as the poet's disciples, you would be intelligent. Sorry I was mistaken. I shall have to give you a few simple truths. Work need not make scarecrows of men. It need not give them body odour. It can be made pleasant. The poet will tell them the secret of work which doesn't bring these evils in its train. Then work will become a pleasure for everybody. Even you will come forward to do it and take a part of the burden off their shoulders," said the people's spokesman.

"It is a lie, it's a lie. The labourer can never be clean. You can't hoodwink us that way to take a share of work. As for these, the Lord God himself can't wash their dirt away".

"Now, I see, you are talking at the bidding of those who want to keep them always labouring like beasts of burden—and themselves to fatten on their labour", said the young man. He stopped for a minute and added, "Why don't you let them see the poet? They have more faith in him than you have".

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

By S. V. Rajagopal Das

During our college days we were once asked to submit an essay on letter-writing. I produced, I believe, one of the best essays on the theme, but it unfortunately did not catch the eye of the lecturer who was suddenly transferred. And now, with that past record to my credit, I propose to submit an essay on Letters to the Editor, in the conviction that it will, this time, catch the eye of the Editor—who is running, by the way, a regular and most readable Letters Section.

The Letter to the Editor, declared that great critic Y.Y., is the most up-to-date literary form. Though, as a literary form, it suffers from certain limitations, it has nevertheless a great record to its credit. In the first instance its devotees are numerous. Statesmen and salesmen, poets, buffoons, reformers, retired officials, ring-tennis champions and a host of others are amongst its adherents and enthusiasts. From Bernard Shaw to Dr. R. Nagaraja Sarma, almost every hand with an 'itch' for writing has produced at least one glorious letter to the Editor. Now, which literary form has such a queer variety of votaries?

As it is most modern, so is it most popular. Different ages popularised different literary forms. Sonnets, we are told, were the rage in the Elizabethan age. Novels, dramas, periodical essays and other patterns of literature were, one after one, in hot demand—as we say now—a-days—at subsequent periods.

One can write a thesis in praise of the Letter to the Editor. It is the most unselfish form of self-expression. That admirable motto "Art for art's sake" finds herein its fullest fulfilment. Correspondents write letters, one should know, not for love of money nor for love of fame but for self-expression or for self-surrender to a cause. Who says that the cause is, as often as not, ridiculously trivial? Divorce, I am of opinion, is as important a problem as

Mr. Jinnah, Iran, the Cricket Test or Mr. Truman's troubles.

I consider the Letters' column the most important feature in a newspaper, the editorial columns not excepted. The letters reflect the mind of the public. They reveal the opinions of the people and give to the man in the street a voice, a drive, a conscious power.

So much for the political and social value of the Letter. It has its comic aspect too. The Letter is nothing if not revealing. Revelations must not always be expected to be sublime. The pride of place amongst great revelations, so far published in this journal, must of course go to a certain letter headed "Dr. Pattabhi has a devotee". That letter was a masterpiece.

What links up the Letter to the Editor with, say the love letter, is this "spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings." And this links them both with great literature.

When a correspondent relates an experience in train in a disparaging letter on 'Courtesy on railways', he is merely recollecting an emotion in tranquillity. This does not mean that I make him a Wordsworth. But the fact is every man is a poet. Or becomes one at some moments.

Women, it has been argued by women, are better letter-writers than men. The arguments advanced are that they are more frank, more gossipy and more witty. In a Letter to the Editor, however, frankness, gossip and wit are not enough. Wisdom only pays—and knowledge; but are women wiser and more learned than men?

The Letter to the Editor, above all, is a miscellany. It is a mix-up of poetry, politics, religion, philosophy, crime and science. It is the briefest of all literary forms—a question mark or an exclamation mark works wonders as a Letter to the Editor—and it is the most powerful. Its severe limitation, however, is its ephemeral value. But the form will survive.

MY STRUGGLE TO "ENTER" JOURNALISM

AN INTERLUDE OF CLERKSHIP

By K. Iswara Dutt

I am ashamed to recall that there was an occasion when I was disloyal to the call of the pen—to me, the call within. Enthusiasm for one's own heroes lands people sometimes in distress. My enthusiasm for Mr. C. R. Reddi lured me away from the line of my life and led me to the Andhra University Office which for some unknown reason I mistook for the Andhra University itself, while in reality Andhra had more a Vice-Chancellor than a University. A former Inspector-General of Education in Mysore, Mr. Reddi who had then left Mysore for Madras and education for politics and become a force to be reckoned with, returned to his first love as the first Vice-Chancellor of the newly established Andhra University. Less because of his personal kindness than because of the hold of his intellectual sorcery over me—and I have not since come across anywhere another man of his bewitching intellectual qualities—I fancied that any job in his jurisdiction even within a two-mile radius would bring me comfort and peace and followed him into the "blazes" of Bezwada where the Andhra University had its headquarters first. It did not take me long to realise that I got into the wrong place and that I should, at the earliest, wriggle myself out of that administrative dungeon. The atmosphere was stifling and the conditions of work oppressive. Intellectual attainments were at a discount. It was somewhat consoling to find that I had companions in distress—Mr. A. Ramakrishna Rao, a fine scholar and a gifted poet who had since been raised to professional ranks, and Mr. Lanka Sundaram who later obtained a foreign scholarship, received a doctorate, and made a name as a publicist. We used to meet often and conspire together as to the best way of breaking the clerical chains which, while restricting the movements of their victims, allow them enough resilience to stretch their limbs for long-sweep 'salaaming'. Clerkship is one of the greatest hardships in life. It leaves on one's face the indelible impress of predestined helotry. It is a perpetual remin-

der—that one is always somebody's "most obedient servant."

In those dark days of clerical drudgery and boredom I sought refuge in two startlingly incompatible things—the company of fools (and of one in particular) and the shelter of books, the former for entertainment and the latter for enlightenment. It was at that time that I came under the spell of an essayist whose craftsmanship was to me a revelation—"Alpha of the Plough"—the self-same Mr. A. G. Gardiner whose pen-portraits of the celebrities in contemporary annals I had already read with keen interest and deep ecstasy. But between the essayist and sketch-writer, in this case as well as generally, my preference has always been for the former. Whatever the reason or mood, I could turn to no other author, alive or dead, with greater delight. With "Alpha" at my elbow, I found life more enjoyable and the world more endurable. Everything put on a brighter tint for me. For the way of looking at things and for the way in which he wove his magic, Alpha was my only literary deity. At his shrine I was the most genuine devotee. And it was to Alpha that I owed my first love for the light essay which in his hand was a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.

It was again in those days that I had great attraction for one particular English weekly—a light literary one—*T. P.'s Weekly*. At the Higginbotham's book stall at the Bezwada railway station, one copy used to arrive on each Sunday. I used to walk on every Sunday two miles ungrudgingly in the morning sun, if only to snatch away that copy. What wealth of useful information on the latest books and literary developments, it used to give! More than a half dozen volumes still adorn my shelves and I would not exchange them for as many bricks of gold!

That fool of my friend to whom I have already expressed my obligation—and a genuine fool has a definite function in the economy of nature—Alpha and T. P., and Mr. Reddi who like "superior Curzon" seemed to be remote but always scintillated

when one made the right approach, enabled me to endure both the humiliation and poverty of clerkship. There were, however, periodical storms of revolt in my heart which I found it difficult to quell. On two occasions I actually sent in my resignation on one pretext or another, but was made to withdraw it by Mr. Reddi's intervention. It was so flattering to me to find that a mighty Vice-Chancellor condescended to go out of his way to stop a petty clerk from leaving his job but not even he could permanently hold in check a person who always carried a letter of resignation in his pocket.

At the time when I was thinking of flinging my job into the Krishna, my friend Mr. Rama Rao came to Bezvada to spend a few days with me. He had a misunderstanding with his employers and left the prosperous *Times of India* where his life was one of happiness—such happiness as has not come his way since. By nature he is slightly cynical and is accustomed to take a gloomy view of things. When I was with him at Bombay he was fond of telling me often: "My dear fellow, you are an incurable optimist. To make you sober, I should offer you every morning a strong dose of pessimism. That will do you some good." To my agreeable surprise, during his stay at Bezvada, he showed no signs of depression though he had left behind him the alluring prospect of service on the *Times*. When with the best of intentions and with an unconcealed concern for his future, I asked him about his plans to tide over the crisis he soundly, though good-humouredly, rated me, saying: "What is not a cause of anxiety to me, need not, I suppose, be a source of curiosity to you", and triumphantly added: "As a journalist I positively refuse to think of the morrow." It struck me at once that one whose courage failed at the very thought of what might happen to him the next day, forfeited his right to persist in a profession conspicuous for its amazing lists of casualties.

One morning Mr. Rama Rao and I had a long talk about several friends who were working in newspaper offices and were apparently getting on well in spite of their limited talent. "Don't you think", he asked me, "we are much better equipped than these fellows?" This casual remark set me a-thinking. I had no doubt in my mind that Rama Rao's luck was out. He was one of the best "subs" in Bombay but had been thrown out. My own case was entirely different. It was my own fault that I was where I was. I

made no effort, no strong effort at any rate, to go out and find my luck. Was it not time that I should take courage into both of my hands and cast my net in the wide world?

Everything happened to strengthen my resolve to leave the little world in which Mr. Reddi's presence was the only big thing. About this time, our esteemed friend, Mr. Ramakotishwara Rao, turned up with a few printed papers in his hand. He had by then left *Swarajya* and conceived the project of launching a high-class periodical in English. He is one of those wonderful men in whose case no time is allowed to linger between the conception of a thing, however stupendous, and its realisation, however difficult. The moment the idea came into his head, he immediately went to a printing office and got the handbills ready. He also christened the journal, *Triveni*. With little or no resources, but unlimited optimism and superb courage, he had then started to find the means for bringing out the first issue by the end of the month when the Congress session was to meet at Madras. Never did I admire or envy a man more than I admired and envied Ramakotishwara Rao then. His example was in the nature of a challenge to me. Would I ever be able to emulate it? For days I was restless and could do no work in the office. I realised that I should go on leave for a time and plan out my future. And what better place could I think of than Madras at Congress time?

The Congress met that year under the presidency of Dr. Ansari whose figure was handsome and naboblic with an aristocratic Moghul touch. While he was widely respected as the President, he had not impressed me with that brilliance which easily distinguished Maulana Mohammed Ali. I vividly remember how one evening Mr. S. Srinivasa Iyengar who presided over the Subjects Committee meeting when Dr. Ansari went out to perform *namas* disposed with lightning rapidity of tough items on the agenda which the Doctor would have taken at least three hours to finish. The one important subject before the House was the boycott of the Simon Commission on which the venerable Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya made a fighting speech. The session was further remarkable for the resolution passed in favour of independence. In that resolution there lay the Roman hand of the younger Pandit of Allahabad, Jawaharlal Nehru, who had just

returned from Europe after visiting Soviet Russia. The Congress session enabled me to revive old friendships and make new ones and see with what easy assurance and in happy-go-lucky way politicians and publicists aired their views. I thought there was no greater pleasure or more coveted privilege than being able to speak one's own mind.

With that desire, almost amounting to determination, I returned, not to Bezvada to rejoin duty immediately but to Rajahmundry for a whiff of native air. About the middle of March when I was growing more and more restless, I received from Mr. Prakasam a most generous letter. He forgave my past indiscretion in leaving him and offered to receive me back with the greatest pleasure. I was wild with joy as if I suddenly got the editorship of a first rate daily! On the 16th of April, 1928, I found myself a free man. I felt no longer the suffocation of clerkship. The inaccessible Vice-Chancellor honoured me with an

invitation to dinner the next day. To my great joy he expressed approval of my step and wished me well.

I had also the satisfaction of receiving another message from a source which made me positively happy. Writing from Ootacamund, Dr. Pattabhi in his characteristic way said:

"I am glad you have got out of that beastly, clerical rut. My wonder has always been how you got into it or remained in it. I am sure that if you stick on in a daily office, you will in five years rise. Only you must not grudge and grumble these five years, but remain mute if not contented, active though not prosperous, striving although pinched".

It was under the load of these messages which were a mixture of good-wishes and warnings that I proceeded to Madras, since when I have been consistently and continuously striving in this profession, "although pinched" sometimes.

NON-GAZETTED RANKS AND PREMIER PRAKASAM

By "Justice."

Mr. S. R. Venkataraman's letter in your issue of the 29th June has made a timely call to Government to state their mind as to what relief they are going to give to the non-Gazetted services. The Bengal Government have announced a temporary relief of Rs. 10 pending thorough investigation and revision of salaries. Gandhiji too has urged increase of salaries of peons and clerks. Have the Madras Government similar plans in view? The present is a hard time for the services. A cursory examination of the accounts of public servants' Co-operative Societies and of provident funds with reference to their stoppages and withdrawals will reveal how much exhausted and helpless this class of society is at this moment. A temporary relief like the Bengal Government's, with immediate effect is urgently called for. The Government should also, without further delay, Institute a Pay Revision Committee on the lines of the Varadachari Committee. If the Government are planning any move in this direction, it is time they announced it publicly. The morale and efficiency of the subordi-

nate services will definitely improve if this is done now. Will the Premier make a statement on this? Will the legislators who sympathetically spoke on the last session raise this subject in the July session and enable the services to know the Government's mind?

Mr. Venkataraman in his letter emphasises the necessity for non-official leadership. If the non-Gazetted ranks have not realised this even now, they will stand condemned for ever. All the memorials through the proper channels that have gone are pending with the too busy heads of departments and lying in the pigeon holes of the Secretariat! Not a word about them has appeared in the Press. This is the result of official leadership. Even the recent non-Gazetted Officers' Conference went off as a tame annual ceremony. A Joshi or a Giri will do more for the subordinate services than their fatly paid heads of departments who cannot realise what the pinch of poverty is.

Will the ranks agitate and get the non-official leadership?

WHEN God gave men tongues, He never dreamed that a people such as the Americans would be born. If He had, there is no doubt that He would have denied man this amenity—or at least set a limit on its use.

Everyone knows that no one talks so big or so much as the Americans. Yet it was an American—the leader of the unofficial Food Mission that has been touring India—who told us the other day that there is nothing the Americans hate more than over-statement and that the efforts of the Indian food delegation to the U. S. A. might have been more successful if the delegation had not overstated its case!

The delegation had declared, according to Dr. Schultz, that five million Indians would die of starvation if four million tons of food-grains did not reach India up to July 1, 1946. This statement, it appears, was too much for the Americans to swallow.

But the fact is that such a statement was never made by India's representatives, the figure of four million tons related to the requirements for the entire calendar year and not for the period up to July 1. The requirements for this period were given as 2.4 million tons.

And Dr. Schultz is "one of the world's greatest authorities on food." The description is not mine; it occurs in a handout distributed by the American Food Mission themselves. Could it be, one wonders a bit of over-statement—by the Americans this time.

Someone asked Miss Smith, another of the Mission, what its visit to India would mean to the hungry people of the country in terms of foodgrains. "Well," was the answer, "trans-Atlantic sympathy is a great thing!"

INDIA AND MALAYA

The plight of Indians in Malaya, described by Mr. N. Raghavan, formerly President of the Malaya Indian Central Association, recalls the immemorial close connections between India and Malaya.



Spotlight On The World

This "land of the Molaya Parvata" has an indelible impression of Indian culture and tradition, of Indian literature and religion. The early Indian colonists and emigrants were inspired by the spirit of *Dharma Vijaya*, and the thirteenth rock edict of Asoka, promulgated 250 years before the Christian era, says that they were welcomed everywhere as "the beloved of the Devas." The edict continues: "They abide by the Dharma injunctions of the beloved of the Devas. And, everywhere, the Vijaya which is won by this much alone (and not by violence), that Vijaya again becomes one of which the very flavour (essence) is Love."

SCULPTURE

Readers of *Swatantra* must be familiar with the name of Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury, the master sculptor and artist.

For exuberance of imagination, industrious elaboration and vivid expression of movement, Indian sculpture is perhaps without its equal elsewhere in the world.

Sculpture in ancient India was almost exclusively the handmaid of religion and the art was employed as a decorative adjunct of architecture, particularly in temples. A great number of schools of sculpture have flourished during different periods of Indian history and left their monuments in stone and marble in every part of the country.

The most impressive specimens are the earliest found in the Buddhist and Brahmanical temples of Ellora, Ajanta and Elephanta. The great Trimurthi in the last named of these temples ranks for mastery and expressive grandeur with the greatest masterpieces of art. Every temple built in ancient or medieval times which still stands to-day is a museum of Indian sculpture with carved figures, in stone and marble, of gods and goddesses and the pictorial narration of the great Hindu epics *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*.

Ancient Indian sculpture is essentially symbolic. Ideas and emotions often exuberantly expressed, rather than conventional adherence to

naturalistic forms, usually dominated the mind of the artist.

Sculpture is taught to-day in the Schools of Art in India and is popular.

CHINA

The "Big Four's" decision (on the initiative of Russia) to exclude China from the list of sponsors of the coming Peace Conference provides a reminder of the still unsettled state of affairs in that country following the dispute between the Central Government and the Communists.

The background to this state of affairs was provided by events directly following Japan's acceptance of the Potsdam terms of surrender. General Chu Teh, Commander of the Communist 18th Group Army, issued on August 10, 1945, an order to the Communist forces to disarm the enemy. On August 11 General Chiang Kai-shek sternly reproved Chu Teh and his lieutenants, warning him "never again to take independent action" but "to hold them-

selves ready to execute such terms of surrender as the Allies will decide upon." On the following day General Chu Teh sent a wire "refusing to accept the order to the 18th Group Army." Yen-an radio reported at the same time that ultimatums had been served on Japanese garrisons in Shantung, Shansi, Chahar and Hopei provinces and other "liberated areas", demanding their surrender.

On August 16 General Chiang Kai-shek invited Mao Tae-tung to come to Chungking to confer with him. After some more parleying and hesitations, five weeks of uneasy negotiation followed, the outcome of which has been disappointing.

Before the Japanese surrender, Chungking - Communist relations were based on the parallel statements issued by both Yen-an and Chungking in 1937 announcing resistance to the Japanese aggressor. An agreement between them had not been reached, nor had their differences been dissolved in bearing the common task of defeating Japan. These differences were merely shelved. The Sian incident in 1936 laid the foundation for this common resistance, when Chiang Kai-shek was kidnapped by his own troops under Chang Hsueh-liang. The price for his release was unconditional resistance to Japan. The Government had made a number of proposals among which the most important were:

- (1) Granting legal status to the Communist Party;
- (2) Acceptance of Communist high ranking officers as members of the National Military Council;
- (3) Granting permission to the Communists and to other parties to join the Executive Yuan, forming a wartime cabinet; and
- (4) Establishment of a joint commission of three to consider the problem relating to the reorganisation and provisions for the Communist Army. The commission, in which representatives of the two parties would have equal footing, would be presided over by a high ranking United States officer.



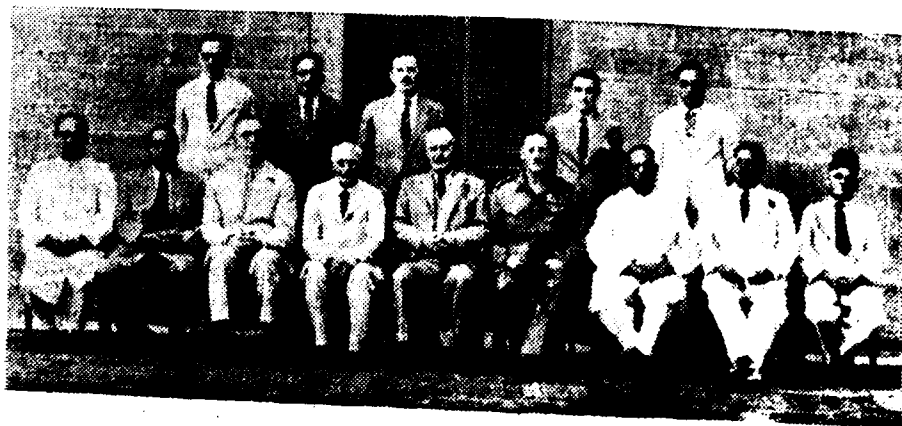
Members of the Unofficial Food Mission sponsored by the Indian Famine Emergency Committee of the United States of America. Left to Right:—Dr. Theodore W. Schultz (Leader), Miss Lillian Smith, Joseph Willen, Sidney Hertzberg (Secretary) and Dr. Henry Smith Leiper.



U.S.A. Newspapermen travelling with the Famine Mission. (Left to Right): John K. Jessup ("Life"), Mary Jean Kempner ("Vogue"), Dorothy D. Bromley ("New York Herald Tribune") and Mr. B. Smith, Photographer.

The Communists proposed (1) the establishment of a democratic coalition government, (2) the creation of a united high command and (3) abolition of one-party government.

An agreement was later reached on paper between the Kuomintang and the Communists but has not been translated into reality. The U. S. A., Britain and Russia, it was said at the Moscow Conference of the "Big Three", appreciate that the Communist Party and other parties in China do represent elements which can legitimately claim greater participation in the government of the country.



Viceroy's Outgoing Executive Council

UNO

The report that Japan may apply for membership of the United Nations Organisation prompts the query "In what way is the UNO different from the late League of Nations?"

The UNO, like the League, is a voluntary association of sovereign nations. Like the League, it is built on a Council, an Assembly, an International Court and a number of Commissions. There is the same reliance on mediation, economic boycotts and armed force as the means of maintaining world peace.

But despite these similarities in the mechanics of organisation, there are some fundamental and vital differences.

In the first place, the League Covenant formed part of the Versailles Treaty and was accordingly tied up with all the disputes about boundaries, reparations, punitive measures and every other detail of the peace treaties. The United Nations Charter, on the other hand, is an independent instrument entirely dissociated from the peace settlements.

In the second place, the UNO is based on a larger realism of world conditions. The framers of the new Charter started on the assumption that war is always a possibility and accordingly provisions have been made to prevent armed conflict at all cost.

WHICH IS THE PROPER CAPITAL FOR ANDHRA PROVINCE?

By P. Kameswara Rao

Now that the Interim Central Government has been set up and speedy arrangements are being made for the convocation of the Constituent Assembly, the question of the component parts of the new Indian Union becomes one of practical importance. The creation of at least two provinces out of the present Madras Presidency has been one of sheer necessity for practical politicians ever since popular administration even in the form of a dyarchy has been established in 1920. This has been emphasised by the recent pronouncement of the Senior adviser to the Madras Governor Sir David Norman Strathie of the Indian Civil Service that this province can no longer be governed as a single unit and an Andhra Province is an administrative necessity.

During the discussions between the Cabinet Mission and the Indian leaders, it was taken as an axiomatic preliminary that the provinces should be reconstituted on the basis of linguistic unity and cultural affinities, of the people. It may therefore be safely predicted that the Andhra Province will come into being along with the Union of Free India in the course of a year.

It behoves us from now on to consider the details of the picture. There are a few border areas which it is always difficult to classify and which must be left to an impartial boundary commission to decide. But every effort should be made to avoid the mistake committed at the time of the creation of the Orissa Province of robbing Peter to pay Paul of incorporating an area admittedly non-Oriya in the Orissa province on extraneous considerations. This Andhra area must be got back from Orissa. The Telugu-speaking area in the present Madras Presidency must be incorporated in Andhradesa even if this means the splitting up of a district.

The capital of the new province is another important question. The days of development of high capital cities in which are concentrated all the best activities of the people, trade and commerce, manufactures and industries, universities and schools, are gone. Architects in America and Europe are now planning for smaller cities with a maximum of 200,000 in each and not for one huge metropolis like New

York or London. Bezwada and Guntur, though centrally situated, are unthinkable as the capital of the province. They may develop into great centres of trade and commerce. The future industries of the province should be so planned as not to allow any one of these to develop further into a copy of the ugly cities of the West. The very fact that they are big towns already should be an argument against their being chosen as the capital, if another place can be found fairly central but which has not already developed into a centre of slums.

Amaravathi on the banks of the Krishna seems to be a place which has in a unique measure all the features requisite for the future capital of Andhra Desa. There is a charm in the name itself, which means the abode of the gods. In the very beginning of the Buddhist Jataka stories, Amaravathi is referred to as a great city in which the future Buddha saw a sage Deepankara and resolved then and there to become the Buddha. It was the centre of Andhra life and culture for several centuries before and after the Christian era. Even after Buddhism ceased to be an important religion in Andhra Desa, Amaravathi became a centre of the new Hindu religion, and one of the traditionally oldest temples in the Andhra area is situated there. For the last 2000 years and more Hindu pilgrims have been attracted to Amaravathi to worship at the temple of Sri Amareswaraswami, where the Sivalingam is over twenty feet long and is the nearest Hindu approach to a Buddhist religious shrine.

But its greatest cultural value is certainly due to its association with Buddhism. The art and architectural remains at Amaravathi have attracted scholars for over a century since Sri Rajah Vasireddi Venkatadri Naidu began to dig for the foundations of his new capital and accidentally touched upon these unique treasures of Buddhist culture and civilisation. This Rajah Venkatadri, it is interesting to note, was a chieftain who rose to great prominence under the Nizam, about the time of the Carnatic Wars when the English East India Company began to interfere actively in the dynastic wars and internecine quarrels of the neighbouring Indian

States. He was a military chieftain with a rare capacity for political organisation and statecraft. His estate when the Northern Circars were ceded to the British by the Nizam, comprised a great portion of the present Krishna and Guntur districts and he was more the ruler than a zamindar in this territory. The Company, finding him too dangerously big for a subject, stationed a military force at his capital Chintapalli on the Krishna. In order to avoid the consequent political pressure, Rajah Venkadri built himself a new capital and palace lower down on the Krishna at Amaravathi. The new town of Amaravathi was planned on a big scale, with wide streets and neat squares, such as would do credit to any modern architect and engineer. In digging for the foundations of the palace and houses about 1800 A.D. he came across priceless gems of Buddhist art and architecture many of the best of which were soon transferred to the London Museum and other foreign institutions before Indians were able to appreciate their value and worth. Near Amaravathi, slightly to the west, we have the remains of Dharnikota, a more ancient Andhra capital.

The claim of Amaravathi does not stand however on its cultural and historical associations alone. It is only 20 miles from Guntur, and less than that distance from Bezwada in the centre of Andhra Desa. It overlooks the Andhra portion of the Nizam's Dominions, on the other bank of the Krishna, with which we are bound to develop very close associations, once the new province is established. There is only a Railway bridge across the Krishna at present near Bezwada and one of the first post-war projects recommended by the Provincial Post-War Reconstruction Committee set up by the late Advisers' administration is the construction of a motor bridge across the Krishna. The location of the new bridge near Amaravathi would be most desirable. It will be a connecting link between the Andhras

of the Nizam's Dominions—the Andhras of the Free India of the future. A bridge at this site is bound to be less costly than one near Bezwada. Amaravathi is already linked on the main trunk system of India to Guntur by a fairly good road. There is only a small hill stream on the way, which requires to be bridged. This road can be developed into a first class one, and proceeding on the other side of the river after the new bridge is constructed, can be joined to the Masulipatam—Hyderabad Road and linked to the trunk system at that end again. The Railway Board seem to have already a proposal for extending the broad-gauge line from Guntur to Bezwada. This broad-gauge line can go via Amaravathi and link up this important central area of the Andhra Desa with the main M. & S. M. line from Tenali.

Again a new capital built near a comparatively small town like Amaravathi can develop into a great garden city similar to those planned for the America of the future. Building site at Amaravathi is very cheap. A very large area can be acquired by the Government and development may be planned and controlled in a way that is not possible at Bezwada or Guntur. Government offices as well as residential quarters for one and all connected with the administration from the lowest paid clerk to the Governor may be built according to a definite plan, profiting by the mistakes made even in New Delhi, the best planned city in British times. The administration can be carried on at Madras which is fortunately just on the fringe of the Andhra province till the new capital is built. Ultimately Amaravathi may be linked up with both Bezwada and Guntur by the intervening area being filled with factories and business centres, suburban villas and garden houses, reviving glory and renown worthy of the traditions of the great empires of Salivahana and Krishna Devaraya.

Approximately 73 per cent. of the human body is water. Thus a person weighing 200 lbs., no matter how substantial a citizen he or she might be, is only about fifty lbs. of real substance, and most of that is just plain bone. Every time a 200-lb. adult climbs upstairs he is actually lugging up the staircase a few miserable lbs. of dry meat, some soup bones, and five big buckets of sea water.—Ivor Griffith.

NEHRU'S "DISCOVERY OF INDIA"

By Dr. C. V. Chandrasekharan

In the prison attached to the Ahmadnagar Fort famous in Indian history for its defence by a beautiful woman, Chand Bibi, who led her forces, sword in hand, against the imperial armies of Akbar, "The Discovery of India" (Signet Press, Calcutta, Rs. 11) nearly 700 pages long, was written in five months (April-September-1944) during Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru's ninth and longest term of imprisonment. He wrote, because the past oppressed him and he thought he could get some relief from its weight and burden by writing its history, or again, as he says in the epilogue, the present was too painful and he drew himself away from its piercing edge and moved along the wider expanses of the past and the future. In either case, it was written for urgent personal reasons and it was natural therefore that the personal aspect should play a prominent part. The book is full of his personal reactions to men and things and even his survey of the past is deeply and richly coloured by his personal contacts and experiences. It may be that the book is too long, rambling and disjointed, loose and diffuse and marred by repetitions and long extracts and quotations. But one would be churlish to lay stress on these defects, having regard to the circumstances in which the book was written and especially because the author himself is aware of them and admits them in his own charming way which disarms the fault-finder. What is more important and striking is that Jawaharlal Nehru who left India when he was a boy and spent the most formative years of his life at school and college in England and took the Natural Science tripos at Cambridge could display such wide and deep knowledge of Indian history and literature and such true and sympathetic understanding of Indian culture and civilisation.

Another striking feature of this book is its intimate autobiographical references, as, for instance, his relations with his wife, her illness and death. "Within a few minutes, that fair body and that lovely face, which used to smile so often and so well, were reduced to ashes. A small urn contained the mortal remains of one who had been so vital, so bright and so full of life." Or again his intense hatred of Fascism and Nazism even while England and France followed the policy of appeasement. In March, 1936, he refused a pressing invitation from Mussolini to see him and in 1938 he declined with thanks the invitation of the Nazi Government to visit Germany. The "Discovery of India" is also the author's adventure to discover himself and we get vivid glimpses of his emotional and spiritual life. He tells us that he is essentially a man of action, that he is not interested in a personal God or the soul or a future life and that he accepts the fundamentals of the Socialist theory. "A living philosophy", he says, "must answer the problems of to-day." He pins his faith on Science, the scientific method and the scientific approach to all questions including those generally regarded as philosophical or religious. Those who read this book enjoy the privilege of coming into intimate contact with one of the noblest personalities of this age, whose many-sidedness, deep culture, courage, fairness to opponents, passionate love of India and burning zeal for India's freedom and her future greatness are revealed in its pages. The charm, the grace, the virility and the imaginative power which we have learnt to associate with Nehru's writings are all there in rich measure in this great work.

In the first half of the book, we get a rapid survey of India's past from Mohenjo-Daro and the Indus Valley civilisation with its public

and private baths and excellent drainage system till the advent of the British. Not a meticulous and dull chronicle of fact and the rise and fall of empires and dynasties, but an emotional but none the less critical study of the growth and decay of India's civilisation and a just appreciation of her achievements not only in the realm of thought but of action. He is very successful in exposing and refuting some widely prevalent fallacies regarding India's past. One of them is that India's culture was based on *other-worldliness, on the negation of and abstention from life*. "But this is not the basic background," says Nehru. "In India we find during every period when her civilisation bloomed an intense joy in life and nature, a pleasure in the act of living, the development of art and music and literature and song and dancing and painting and the theatre and even a highly sophisticated inquiry into the sex relation." Indian thought taught detachment in life and action, not abstention from them. "Indulge in right action with all your strength and energy, it said, but keep above it and do not worry much about the results of such action." Another fallacy is expressed in the well-known lines of the poet:

*The East bowed low before the
blast,
In patient deep disdain,
She let the legions thunder past,
And plunged in thought again.*

This is simply not true, says Nehru. Always India has resisted the foreign legions, often successfully, sometimes unsuccessfully and even when she failed for the time being she has remembered and prepared herself for the next attempt. "Her method has been two-fold; to fight them and drive them out and to absorb those who could not be driven away." Another mistaken view is India's so-called isolation in the past. In this book we get a fairly full account of India's contacts with continental Asia by sea and by land and of her colonising activities. "From the first century of the Christian era onwards, wave after wave of Indian colonists spread east

and south-east reaching Ceylon, Burma, Malaya, Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Siam, Cambodia and Indo-China. Some of them managed to reach Formosa, the Philippine Islands and Celebes. Even as far as Madagascar, the current language is Indonesian with a mixture of Sanskrit words." The isolation of India from the rest of Asia is a recent and an entirely novel feature, as Prof. Rapson points out, and one of the most remarkable and unfortunate consequences of British rule.

But Nehru is not a blind worshipper of India's past. On the contrary, he is keenly conscious of her defects and weaknesses and repeatedly warns us against the foolish and dangerous pastime of indulging in dreams of a vanished age and visions of past greatness. This is a kind of sickly Narcissism. He warns us also against the folly of imagining that we are still spiritually great though we have come down in the world in other respects. These are warnings which we, in South India which is the stronghold of Indian orthodoxy, particularly need and I hope we shall pay heed to them. The fact of the matter is that decay sets in about 1000 A.D., the springs of creative energy begin to dry up, life ceases to grow and the capacity for adaptation and the flexibility of mind begin to disappear. "In the context of society to-day the caste system, and much that goes with it are wholly incompatible, reactionary and restrictive and barriers to progress. There can be no equality in status and opportunity within its framework, nor can there be political democracy and much less economic democracy. Between these two conceptions, conflict is inherent and only one of them can survive". Nehru denounces, with nearly equal vigour, religion as it is practised in the orthodox Hindu is more concerned with what to eat and what not to eat, whom to eat with and from whom to keep away than with spiritual values. The rules and regulations of the kitchen dominate his social life". We are reminded of

Swami Vivekananda's condemnation of ceremonials and the touch-me-notism of the upper castes. "Our religion is in the kitchen, our God is the cooking-pot and our religion is: 'Don't touch me, I am holy'. The Muslim is fortunately free from these inhibitions but he has his own narrow codes and ceremonials, a routine which he rigorously follows, forgetting the lesson of brotherhood which his religion taught him". India, says Nehru, must lessen her religiosity and turn to science.

In the second half of the book, the consolidation of the British rule in India and the rise and growth of the nationalist movement culminating in the Quit India Resolution of August 1942 and the imprisonment of the Congress leaders are dealt with. The deliberate destruction of India's industries and manufactures as an essential part of British policy, and the decay of Indian agriculture are stated to be the fundamental causes of India's appalling poverty to-day. "Those parts of India which have been longest under British rule," says Nehru, "are the poorest to-day". India becomes for the first time a "political and economic appendage of another country. Nearly all our major problems to-day have grown up during British rule and as a direct result of British policy; the princes, the minority problem, various vested interests, foreign and Indian, the lack of industry and the neglect of agriculture, the extreme backwardness in social services, and above all, the tragic poverty of the people."

The Indian Civil Service, "the world's most tenacious trade-union" is attacked and ridiculed for its pompousness, its red-tape and lack of imagination and its helplessness and incompetence in dealing with problems outside the narrow sphere of work to which it had been accustomed. But Nehru is fair enough to recognise and appreciate the superiority of the British in many fields. The services rendered by individual Englishmen to India and the benefi-

cial effects of English education. The greater part of this section of the book deals with current and controversial politics. It is interesting to note Nehru's statement that Mr. Jinnah left the Congress not because of any difference of opinion on the Hindu-Muslim question but because he could not adapt himself to the new and more advanced ideology under Gandhiji's leadership, and even more so because he disliked the crowds of ill-dressed people, talking in Hindustani, who filled the Congress.

What of the future of India? Nehru has great faith in the dynamic capacity of the Indian people and he is convinced that planned development under a free National Government based on the principles of democratic collectivism would completely change the face of India within a few years. But he warns us that much of the superstructure of present-day India should be ruthlessly destroyed, that religion should take a back seat and that the scientific spirit should be enthroned in our thoughts and our lives.

It is not a paradox to say that Nehru who is a great nationalist is also an equally great internationalist. In India Nehru is one of the few men who have a remarkable mastery of international politics and world trends. Indeed if the Congress can be said to have developed a foreign policy in recent years, it is, I think, entirely due to his initiative and influence. He shows convincingly that the national State is giving place to the multi-national State or to large federations. He is eager that India should resume her contacts with the rest of Asia and should play a worthy part in promoting world unity and shaping the world State. "For the small national State is doomed. It may survive as a culturally autonomous area but not as an independent political unit."

(Courtesy All India Radio)

COMMUNISM IN INDIA

By M. S. V. Chari

The other day, a young collegian in his teens, who was too well informed on current Indian politics for his age, asked me whether *Swatantra* was inclined towards Communism. I took the liberty of telling him that, in my humble opinion, the answer was both yes and no. The fact is, many people regard Communism with horror. They have heard that Russian Communism has been established as a State policy in Russia only after shedding a lot of blood. They naturally think that Communism must be attended with bloody revolution. They have also seen that Communist activities in India are attended with social disorder, the breaking of rails, window-panes, the looting of shops, etc. All these have contributed to the public prejudice against Communism. It is popular only with the workers. Even the lower middle-class would have no association with Communists.

But Communism in the abstract is by no means a detestable thing. Many people don't know what Communism means or stands for. The Communist State is only a big joint Hindu family where the manager looks after every need of the various members of the family with equal solicitude. All the people are given equal opportunities to develop their talents, the State giving them every facility. The people own everything in common. Individual ownership is unknown in a Communist State. All property belongs to the State. The main objection to Communism is that it destroys individual enterprise. Secondly, it is immoral to deprive the rich of their property and give it to the poor.

To answer these objections, we must refer to our *Dharma Shastras*. They teach us nothing but Communism. They say the rich man is only a trustee and has to use his money for the happiness of the poor. This is, in a Communist State, transformed into legal Dharma and the State becomes the trustee for all

its people. As to Communism killing individual enterprise, the scientific advance in Russia is a fitting reply. Let this be remembered. Discontentment arises in the heart of man because he sees disparity in social status. If all men were of the same social status, then there would be no cause for being discontented. Let me illustrate. If I have to trudge ten miles walking because I am dreadfully poor, but my neighbour can travel this distance in a pleasure car in a few minutes, I feel envious of my neighbour, human nature being what it is. But if all have to walk the distance, where is the cause for discontent? The cause for all discontent is the disparity in social status that we see around us.

This does not mean that all modern conveniences should be given up and we should take to the life of the Stoics. On the other hand, it means that the poorest of the poor will be allowed to enjoy life with all its modern amenities. If the State takes care of your food problem, health, clothing, your social and economic problems, why should you fight shy of the State? If the State should provide for you kitchens where you will get your food, hospitals where you will get the best medical treatment, finance for your marriage expenses, and open cinemas and theatres where you can spend an entertaining hour or two, is not that State an ideal one? All you have to do is to work for the State according to your mental or physical equipment. No doubt, the rich cannot appreciate this order of things where preferential treatment in their own favour cannot be had. But an ideal State has to cater for the maximum happiness of the maximum number of its people. It cannot sacrifice the happiness of the poor because the rich—a very small minority—have to forego their luxurious way of living.

The nationalisation of key industries including the production of food is nothing but Communism put

into practice. On what principle except that of Communism can the enactment of the Madras Agriculturists' Relief Act be defended?

Communism in the modern world seems to be a veritable Leviathan. It cannot be stopped. Anyone who obstructs its progress will be crushed in the process. Except possibly America, every country in the world is bitten with Communism. America is making desperate attempts to fight Communism but with all its weapons of war and total destruction, it cannot prevail.

Communism is thus a power to be reckoned with. None can afford to quarrel with it. On the other hand, anyone who can control the Communist Party can virtually dictate his own terms. In India, too, the Congress could do the same. If it can control the Communist Party, it can dictate its terms to the British. It can paralyse the Government in no time. Swaraj will thus not take one

year to attain. It can be had for the asking.

C. R. knew the potential power of the Communist Party and hence gave the warning against anyone alienating its sympathies. It is a powerful ally, at any time. But the Communist Party must be weaned away from its present leaders or its present leaders should be weaned away from their Russian loyalty. Communism in India must develop according to the genius of India.

Let it not be inquired if I am a Communist. I love Communism but not the Communist of the Russian type. I feel that Communism has a great future in India, only it will not be of the Russian type. Let it be taken for granted that Communism has come to stay in India. The Revolution is coming and sooner or later it must burst upon us. It is the duty of our leaders to see that the Revolution is bloodless.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS

By K. V. S. Ranganatha Chari, M.A., B.L.

The Hindu Widows' Re-marriage Act and the Hindu Women's Right to Property Act have effected some amelioration in the position of women. But legal impediments still remain in the way of women availing themselves of the provisions of these Acts. It is high time the Acts were brought up-to-date so that women may be accorded full rights pertaining to property and inheritance. The Hindu law of marriage, says an eminent jurist, is scandalously one-sided. It is no longer in accordance with modern enlightened opinion that we should have one law for men and another for women. Equal rights with men, whether those rights be conjugal, civil or political or rights pertaining to property and inheritance, should be the guiding principle to regulate the status of women in the social structure. In the matter of divorce too, our laws need to be equalised as between men and women.

One other problem that calls for urgent attention is the poor health and low vitality of the people and the unrestricted increase of the population out of all proportion to means of sub-

sistence. As pointed out by Mr. Masani, whether it is in figures of mortality, infant mortality or expectation of life, India leads the world in wrong directions. The expectancy of life in India is barely 25, while the expectancy of life in England is 58. To remedy this state of affairs, we need legislation and enlightened public opinion. It is essential that dietary standards should be raised and the diet of people be better-balanced. There should be a wider dissemination of health rules and greater extension of hospital facilities.

Whether India has reached an optimum level of population is a debated question among economists. The spectre of over population can be averted (1) by transfer of population to less crowded areas, (2) by extensive cultivation, (3) by subsidiary occupation, and (4) by well-regulated emigration. If the Indian population is to be kept within reasonable limits, it is desirable to lay stress on self-control as well as to spread knowledge of cheap and safe methods of birth-control. "Baby-weeks should be replaced by birth-control weeks."

MENACE OF UNSCIENTIFIC MEDICINE

By An Allopath

The controversy over the question of encouragement of Indian medicine, to my recollection, dates almost from the time when the School of Indian Medicine was opened during Panagal's Ministry. All non-medical politicians whose occasional headaches or indigestions were cured by a *kashayam* or a *lehyam* had passively acquiesced in the opening of the institution probably out of a mistaken sense of loyalty to the system to which the aforesaid medicaments were supposed to belong or probably with a sincere belief that there may after all be a scientific basis for the Indian system or scan which they had neither the time nor the inclination. The prominent medical men of the time made out a feeble protest, and did not relentlessly pursue their opposition to the scheme, firstly because of their innate aversion to enter into any public controversy and, secondly because of the fear that their opposition may be misconstrued as an insensate attack on a system which is thought to be their rival.

At a meeting in the late twenties the late Dr. Rangachari entered a very strong protest against the action of the Government in wasting public finances on the institution and also on the danger of letting loose on the unsuspecting public a body of men with half-baked ideas on health and medicine and what is worse with the hallmark of recognition by the Government. The late R. N. Arokiasamy Mualiar, the then Minister of Health, who was present at the meeting, with a raiseworthy candour explained his helplessness in the matter and said that as legislators, they had to pander to the whims and caprices of their electorate, as otherwise they would not be returned to the Council at the next election. He turned the table on Dr. Rangachari and other practitioners of Western medicine and said thus: "You, the Allopathic practitioners, will not make a sufficiently loud and strong protest so as to strengthen my hands and enable me to put down this tom-foolery".

Coming to the present times, the Editor of *Swatantra* must be warmly congratulated on the firm stand he

has taken against the present-day trend. Dr. T. S. S. Rajan, though many of us did not see eye to eye with him on many matters connected with hospital administration and public health, must be congratulated on the decisive, unmistakable and courageous attitude he had taken with respect to Indian medicine.

The lay public are not aware of the public danger of the School of Indian Medicine. Let me give a few examples to illustrate my point. One man went there for his dyspepsia. He was given a few *baspams* (powders) which relieved him. He took a friend of his who also had pain and indigestion but who was really suffering from chronic pyloric stenosis. The latter, after taking the medicines given to him patiently for some months and finding no relief, went into the General Hospital where the merest tyro spotted the condition by the waves of visible peristalsis. Admission into the hospital and operation cured him. There are pains and pains in stomachs and varieties of indigestion. But the men who were trained at the School of Indian Medicine were not able to distinguish the different types. It may be that the varieties are mentioned in Ayurveda but neither the senior students nor their teachers spotted the correct variety in the above-mentioned case. A case with another variety of obstruction, malignant in nature, was also not spotted by them in its earlier stages and when he came under the care of the Allopath later on, the disease was in too advanced a stage. On the patient's insistent entreaties for relief of his trouble, he was advised a palliative operation after being thoroughly warned that not only would it not be a permanent cure but there was an attendant risk. The patient died after some time. These latter are the types of cases that are made capital of by Ayurvedists. "Our medicines were giving him relief. An unwise operation by the Allopath killed him".

In cases which have been operated with complete relief and cure in non-malignant obstructions, the stock argument of the Ayurvedists is that the patient had not given a sufficiently

long trial to their line of treatment and that they also could have cured those cases and without operation. Without laboratory methods of examination, as we Allopaths have, of fractional test meals and X-rays, it passes one's comprehension how differentiations between gastritis, gastric and duodenal ulcers and carcinoma can be made by Ayurvedists. We do not deny that there are occasionally a few fallacies in these delicate tests, and being aware of them, we without pinning our faith on any one particular test, take a general estimate of the case with the facts before us and finally indicate the line of treatment to be adopted.

One woman had slightly profuse periods due to an endometritis. An Ayurvedic medicine gave her relief which she would probably have obtained even without any medicine. She boosted the medicine to a friend of hers who had an haemorrhage due to an altogether different cause. The latter person naturally did not and would not get any relief from the same medicine given to the former, and when she was finally examined by an Allopath, she was found to have inoperable cancer of cervix. An operation in its earlier stages or radium implantation may have done her good.

A person has an ordinary abscess in some part of the body for which an Allopath advises an operation. The patient gets frightened at the idea of an operation and goes to an Ayurvedist who applies a paste or an unguent and when the abscess bursts in course of time, he usually takes credit for treating the patient without operation, which is sheer nonsense as all abscesses have a tendency to burst sooner or later. When an abscess is advised to be opened, it is only with an idea of shortening the period of suffering and convalescence.

We can multiply instances where wrong diagnosis and wrong treatment was adopted due to mistaken notions of diseases.

It is not intended to convey at all that Allopaths are angels without wings and feathers. They too very often commit mistakes, partly due to carelessness, partly due to ignorance and not keeping pace with progress of knowledge and partly due in many instances to the difficulty of diagnosis. Consider, for instance, a woman with a lump in the breast. An honest Allopath is worried with the problem, "Is this a commencing malignant condition or is it interstitial mastitis?

Have I to advise an operation or can I with impunity assure her that her condition is not serious?"

A wrong diagnosis and a wrong line of treatment is attended with disastrous results.

People are bound to die sooner or later due to one cause or another, no matter what system of medicine is resorted to for alleviation of their troubles. It is one thing to know the seriousness of a case from the very beginning but it is altogether different to be stupidly optimistic in the early stages and attribute the final bad result to the misfortune of the patient.

How a man of high character, culture and high attainments like Captain Srinivasamurthi can claim the Ayurvedic system to be a scientific system while it is all the time an empirical one, it is very difficult to comprehend. Let us honestly look into the facts without any bias. There are a good few grains of truth hidden in a lot of chaff in Ayurvedic medicine. When the late Sir Pardey Lukis wrote a few years ago about the high diuretic properties of extract PURNARVA liquidum, Ayurvedic medicine got a fillip. I dare say that there are a few other drugs like PURNARVA in Ayurvedic medicine which have not been properly and scientifically exploited. The way to bring out the hidden gems in Ayurveda is not by opening a number of schools and colleges admitting therein young men without a decent basic education, giving them some sort of hotch-potch training and letting them loose with the hall-mark of Government recognition on an ignorant public, but by a different method.

A just meed of praise cannot at all be withheld from Dr. T. S. S. Rajan, in that, very soon after coming into office as Minister of Health, he with one stroke of the pen abolished the Allopathic medical schools where students used to be admitted without sufficient preliminary scientific education. It is all the more creditable to him that he himself, a product of one such school, had risen above petty prejudices and saw with clear vision what is good for the country in the future.

The educational standard for admission into the Ayurvedic schools is much less than it should be and what can you expect of such entrants when a lot of unconnected facts are crammed into their already not over-efficient brains?

To my mind the correct approach to the whole problem of Indian medicine appears to be as follows:

1. Allocate a certain portion of the State finances for encouragement of Indian medicine.

2. From such finances award decent scholarships to post-graduates of Allopathic medicine who possess a good working knowledge of Sanskrit.

3. Permit them to apprentice under reputed Ayurvedic physicians for a year or two.

4. After that period transfer them to reputed Allopathic physicians. The latter will take them in their ward-visits and pass over to them for treatment such cases as the Ayurvedic scholarship-holder thinks will be benefited by Ayurvedic treatment—all, mind you, under the supervision of the Allopathic physician.

5. Any particular efficacious medicine is then analysed and the active principles extracted and put in the market with due acknowledgement to the Ayurvedic medicine.

It is not claimed that the skeleton sketched above is the ideal plan but some such arrangement with certain modifications will serve to vindicate the merits of Ayurveda, enrich medical science in general and lessen human miseries.

Hippocrates is supposed to be the father of western medicine, but no reasonable man would wish for the abolition of the present system of imparting instruction in western medical colleges and insist on following the crude methods of treatment outlined in the original Hippocratic text. Opening of more Ayurvedic schools and hospitals will be on a par with such a sort of madness.

A correspondent in *Swatantra* in the issue of the 29th June catalogues the names of some big States and some big men as having sympathy for Indian medicine. That a few people do a particular thing cannot be a recommendation for the acceptance of that thing by all. Even if a majority of people clamour for a thing it need not necessarily be the right thing. I would refer readers to a timely article in the same issue under the caption "The majority is not always right." I fear it is a form of mass hysteria and mistaken sense of national pride that clamours for old-time worn systems. When the Editor of *Swatantra* characterised that attitude as "bullock-cart mentality", I think he put it very mildly. If I may coin a new expression, I would call it "bare-leg-walking-mentality."

The contentions of Captain Srinivasamurthi in his speech at the conference of practitioners of Indian medicine in the last week of last month are positively indefensible. In effect he says that India is so vast that practitioners of western medicine alone cannot cater to all, they can cater only to those living in urban areas and as such those living in rural areas may have to be served by Ayurvedists. One is reminded of a story told of a medical graduate of a British university who went to a village to settle down to practise. In his interviews with some of the old inhabitants of the village, he was told that the two senior practitioners already there were well-known to all of them and that this new entrant into the competition in the village had no chance. But the young man was irrepressible and said: "Let the two seniors treat all the old and aged to whom they are well-known. I will start treating the children."

It should be our ambition if not our immediate objective in any long-term planning that even those in the distant villages and the poorest and humblest in the land should have access to the best treatment, no difference being shown as between the townfolk and the villagers, the former getting scientific treatment and the latter having to be content with much less.

Captain Srinivasamurthi is much pained that as per the Bhole Committee Report, the handling of venereal cases is taken out of the hands of practitioners of Indian medicine. He with his knowledge of syphilis as gathered from Allopathic books should have known that the disease affects even the third generation in a silent manner if untreated. Very many medicines allay the symptoms thereby lulling the patient into a sense of false security while the uneradicated disease goes on gnawing at vital tissues of the body. The only and only guide to the Allopath, with respect to the effect of treatment and eradication of syphilis is the serological test, which I am sure even the most fanatic Ayurvedist will agree is never contemplated in Ayurveda. Vague and irresponsible statements that venereal disease had to undergo a comparatively shorter term of treatment under Indian medicine stimulate impossible expectations in the minds of the lay public. It is not at all fair to attribute any motives to the framers of the Bhole Committee Report. The

Committee consisted of men of unquestionable integrity and honest intentions actuated by a very laudable national spirit. They must not be accused, though they were Allopaths, of any malice towards Indian medicine.

That the Ayurvedic system was in use in the past is no reason for its continuance in the future. Let us assess the accomplishments of the Indian School of Medicine after its existence for more than two decades. At the pathetic sight of its products going about with the stethoscope to impress the public, with hypodermic syringes to inject one or other of the many drugs put in the market, and

with a prescription pad to scrawl the composition of a quinine or a sodium salysilate mixture, one wonders if after all they are any better than the tribe of retired compounders and hospital orderlies. While the Allopaths are striving to get rid of the caste system prevalent in the ranks of practitioners of western medicine and democratise the profession, the protagonists of Indian medicine under the aegis of a supposedly democratic National Government, attempt to cleave the profession with irreconcilable castes.

"God grant me the serenity to accept things I cannot change, courage to change things I can and wisdom to know the difference."

INDIAN PRESS CRITICISM OF MR. BHASHYAM

Unfair, Says Malaya Indian Advocate

(The following interview broadcast by the Singapore Bureau of the Associated Press of America, is sent to us for publication. Ed. S.)

Mr. K. P. Menon, a lawyer and influential member of Malaya's Indian community, said in an interview that Indian Press criticism of Mr. K. Bhashyam, Madras Minister of Law and Prisons, because of his departure from Malaya, is "unfair," and is due to "misunderstanding of the actual situation in Singapore."

Mr. Bhashyam was one of a group of Indian lawyers who came to Malaya early last February to defend Malayan Indians who were included in a considerable group of persons detained on charges of collaboration with the Japanese.

Others on the Defence Mission included Messrs. K. F. Nariman, former Mayor of Bombay, P. N. Saprú, son of Sir Tej Bahadur Saprú, R. Venkataraman of Madras and K. S. Dongre of Delhi.

Mr. Menon said that many of those held on collaboration charges subsequently were released and the number awaiting trial when the

panel of Indian lawyers arrived in Malaya was small.

When Mr. Bhashyam left, there were no collaboration cases pending in Singapore, Mr. Menon said. He added that there were a few cases of Indians awaiting trial on atrocity charges but that they were non-political cases coming under the Penal Code and be tried in the ordinary way.

"I do not think the lawyers who came from India were expected to defend cases in such instances," Mr. Menon declared. "It would have been mere waste of public money to keep the panel of Mr. Bhashyam and other lawyers in Malaya when they had no real work to do. In the circumstances, it was quite proper on their part to ask to be sent back to India."

"We are all very grateful to them for coming over here and it must be admitted that their professional services were invaluable to the Indians of Malaya."

Mr. Menon said his remarks were in reply to editorial criticism or Mr. Bhashyam, which, he said, was published in the Madras weekly, *Swatantra*.

GREAT WRITER AND REFORMER

CHILAKAMARTHY LAKSHMI NARASIMHA
KAVI

By D. Narasimha Rao

It may well be claimed that there was no modern prose in Telugu worth the name before Veerasalingam's "Rajasekhara Charitra" was written. This was due to the fact that the Sanskrit literature which had been the ideal of Andhra writers did not give any prominence to prose and only poetry and drama were exalted. But in the middle of the nineteenth century Bana which is known as 'gadya' ed near Trivandrum and they were translated into Telugu. But the narrative can scarcely be called prose. The prose construction of Bana which is known as 'gadya' was much more tough than any poetry and the Andhra writers translated it almost in the same style. Thus the needs of a great mass of people were not satisfied. The so-called prose (for it was only poetry of a different type) was a failure from the people's standpoint. It was with the intention of popularising prose and giving it form and distinction separate from the vulgar types of colloquial prose which were in vogue at the same time that Chinnayasuri, the father of modern Telugu grammar, wrote "Bala Vyakaranam" which was mainly intended as a guidance for the younger writers. But the text scarcely justified the title. The 'Neethichandrika' which he wrote according to these set principles was popular with the enlightened and did not remain just a guidance for budding writers. It was considered a specimen of simple, lucid and beautiful prose.

Veerasalingam wanted to popularise prose and wrote the famous "Rajasekhara Charitra" after the "Vicar of Wakefield." It proved no

doubt to be a great work but it did not become a force as it was intended to. It fell to Chilakamarthi Lakshminarasimham who was a contemporary and ardent admirer of Veerasalingam to make the novel a regular feature of Telugu literature. He began "Ramachandra vizayamu" and "Karpuramanjari" which may be said to have set the standard for the Telugu novel ever since and attracted the young and the old, the beginner and the scholar alike. The choice of his subject was romance and he dealt with it with all the grandeur and gorgeous descriptions that are associated with Scott. He followed these two with "Soundarya Tilaka" which in a way may be regarded as his best. The construction of the plot as well as the characterisation attained perfection in it.

The great eminence of Chilakamarthi as a writer lay in his style. It is often the style that makes an author popular. Style is like the rhythm of music that impresses, pleases, haunts and soothes, through the medium of language. The greatness of Chilakamarthi cannot be analysed. His sentences are not short nor is his style archaic and lugubrious. The whole complexity of his personality is there in his style and it is that which makes it peculiarly his own. Nobody has achieved greater perfection of style though Sripada Subrahmanya Sastri comes very near him. There is another feature in Chilakamarthi's novels that requires special mention: his sympathy for the under-dog. He has portrayed this sentiment vividly in the opening chapters of "Soundarya Tilaka" where Nagavalli was drawn to the

old beggar who was run over by the chariot of the ruling prince and who lay on the middle of the road surrounded by crowds but with nobody taking care of him in his bleeding condition. There is also biting sarcasm and indignation in his attitude to the vain and the arrogant rich, but it is cast in language that does not show him off as a class-hater but as one who detests the disparity between the rich and the poor. The real man in him, the reformer, is to be seen in his "Prahasanams".

The great qualities of Chilakamarthi, his great love for the down-trodden and intolerance at out-dated practices of the Hindus were perhaps born out of his life which had been a bitter struggle throughout and a treasure-house of varied experiences. Chilakamarthi emerged as a writer in that period when the country was in the grip of a mighty national movement of which the effects were reflected in all spheres of art and life. Human suffering and national upsurge were what moved Chilakamarthi and he excelled himself when he dealt in subjects that concerned these.

Born in a family given to learning and poverty, Chilakamarthi had to walk several miles from his home to learn the elements of Sanskrit. Having thus completed his elementary learning he proceeded to Narsapur to join the Tylor High School. Chilakamarthi had two handicaps in prosecuting his studies and passing examinations. The first was his poverty. He mentions in his autobiography that he was not even able to meet his hostel expenses which were not then more than four rupees a month. He writes that he took his food only once a day. The other handicap that he suffered from was of a serious nature—night blindness. Chilakamarthi had to do all his study during day-time. Once while he was appearing for the matriculation examination the papers arrived late and the superintendent held the examination in the evening between five and eight. Poor Chilakamarthi had to fail that year be-

cause he could scarcely see the question paper, let alone answer it. Mathematics was his weakness and it proved a great hurdle in his way. But he completed his matriculation and returned to Rajahmundry.

It was as a writer of plays that he introduced himself to the Andhra public. Those were days of the revival of the Andhra stage and "Vachana Natakams". The famous Gunneswar Rao Company approached Chilakamarthi to write a drama and he wrote many plays for them which were very successful. A lakh of copies of "Gayopakhyanam" were sold and it was also considered a literary masterpiece both for plot and characterisation. Chilakamarthi later became the manager of a dramatic company and Mr. Prakasam was one of the artistes that worked in it and became a great favourite with the public. In those days there were no women on the Telugu stage and Mr. Prakasam acted feminine roles.

Chilakamarthi was always taking a keen interest in public activities both of a literary and political nature. He was the right-hand man of Veerasalingam and he carried the traditions established by that great reformer with the same zeal though he lost his eye-sight very early in life. He was the force behind the youth movements in Rajahmundry. Once while presiding at the public meeting in Rajahmundry when Bepin Chandra Pal made his famous tour, he composed there and then the little verse that has ever since become very popular for its simplicity, brevity, grandeur, satire and subtlety. This verse begins with the words "Bharatha Khandamu Chakkani Padiyavu".

Chilakamarthi had a way of speaking which was all his own and the nearest approach to it may be that of Mr. A. S. P. Aiyar. A slow speaker, he chose his words and delivered them in a soft, low, rich and garrulous voice that made a very pleasant hearing. Full of anecdotes and blithe humour he mingled his speech with satire and sarcasm. He was a very good critic and did not

hesitate to point out the weaknesses of any author. He welcomed all progressive thinking, being himself a progressive in both writing and life. He started a small school for Harijans in Aryapuram and did his utmost for their benefit. Chandavar-kar was surprised at his humility and said that while they talked and discussed there was one man among them who had already worked much and kept silent but who would be most useful in advising them to chalk out a practical programme. It was in this same year that Lord Pentland, the Governor, gave him a special interview and presented him with a book written by a blind author of America.

His "Prahasanams" are perhaps his best contribution to both literature and social reform and also show his consummate genius. The sickening orthodoxy of the Brahmins and the hypocrisy of the religion practised by them were all exposed therein. He makes us laugh at these characters. He does not shout to arrest our attention but depicts them so accurately that it cannot escape our observation.

With the death of Chilakamarthi a golden era in Telugu literature has come to an end. Gurajada Appa Rao, Kandukuri Veerasalingam, Panugunti Lakshminarasimha Kavi and Chilakamarthi Lakshminarasimham have all appeared on the Telugu literary firmament when Telugu literature was aimless and objectless. But these four illustrious writers who were all highly patriotic and were influenced by the new awakening that was taking hold of India, gave the Andhra literature a purpose and an aim to strive for. They have turned the course of the idle stream into a powerful current and made fertile the barren lands which are just now blossoming.

There are other novelists and satirists after Chilakamarthi but it is difficult to say that they have contributed in the same measure as Chilakamarthi has done in relation to the needs of the times. Chilakamarthi has left a place which has yet to be filled.

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THE NAWAB OF PATAUDI

By Dr. P. Subbaroyan

The first time I met the Nawab of Pataudi was on board the ship when he was going to England to join Oxford and I was going for a holiday. He had done well both at cricket and hockey at Aitchison College, Lahore, and was keen on getting the coveted blue at Oxford. He had as his companion Mian Iftikaruddin who was till recently President of the Punjab Provincial Congress Committee, and then joined the League. Deck cricket was a pleasure in the evenings on board and Pataudi at these games showed then that he had the making of a great batsman in him. I was told on board the ship that he was going to get his game brushed up by the Adonias of the cricket world, Frank Woolley of Kent.

Next I heard of Pataudi was the 100 he made in the 'Varsity match on his first appearance. In Inter-'Varsity cricket he still holds the record, having made 238 not out which won Oxford a great victory. He shares with William Yardley and Entoven, the distinction of having made two centuries in the 'Varsity matches. Riley who was the last-minute choice for Cambridge made 201 which was the record score then, but Pataudi beat it in 24 hours' time. He has the distinction of having made a century in the 'Varsity. Gentlemen *versus* Players at Lord's and for England *versus* Australia. He qualified for Worcestershire and played for them a whole season and got his England Cap in 1934: but ill-health overtook him and he went out of first class cricket for many years but the short time he played in England stamped him a great player and everyone regretted his decision to give up first class cricket for the time being.

Though I urged many a time that he should come back to first class

cricket and help India he did not have the inclination to do so. The Board of Control at its meeting in Madras in search for a captain decided by a narrow majority that Pataudi should lead the team during this tour in England. I had my own doubts and wrote to him as a friend that he was so out of form that he should consider whether he should accept this honour, but soon came his reply in the shape of a century at Indore, and though in the zonal tournament Pataudi failed and there was all that controversy over his declaration, still he persisted that he should go to England as Captain of India. I honour him for that decision and now that he has done so well I have told him how wrong I was in venturing to advise him. He has already two centuries to his credit and by playing as Captain both in the first and second innings in the match against Lancashire which has just concluded, he has proved his worth to the Indian side. I am glad he has made himself popular and has built up a team for India. I am still hoping he will make a 100 for India and also help India to win the rubber.

In Merchant he has a great collaborator who has loyally carried on his work as vice-captain and has proved that he lives for cricket and for Indian cricket. Merchant has come out of all this controversy as the real sportsman he is. Pataudi has done enough to disarm criticism already. Indian critics have been hardly fair to this great son of India. I am sure that if his health is what it ought to be, Pataudi has many years of cricket before him and will help India to take her rightful place in the cricket world. Let us wish him and the Indian team all success in their present tour in England and may he come back fully restored to normal health.

PROSPECTS FOR SECOND TEST

A sense of despair must possess every thinking man as he contemplates the Second Test, which is due to be played at Old Trafford next week. Recent results have tended to demonstrate that the mastery which the Indians had established over their opponents until the First Test is a thing of the past. It is true to say that, while English players have proceeded since that memorable encounter to fortify themselves, the visitors have suffered some setbacks, which may not be without their influence in the next vital match.

Before the war, there was no county so lowly placed as Northants. While it is true that it has since received some accession of strength, it was dismaying to find this team actually leading India on the first innings. It is difficult to believe that Timms who scored a century is a more efficient performer than the scores of batsmen whom the Indian bowling had previously reduced to futility. The suspicion remains that Mankad has been over-worked. It is undeniable that it has been impossible to avoid this. For, the other bowlers have clearly demonstrated that they cannot always be depended upon to gather wickets. Even the most accurate of players must expect to lose his efficiency if he is over-bowled. The disconcerting fact emerges that the most valuable player in the team is being satiated and therefore, prevented from giving of his best when it will be most required.

This impression is by no means dissipated by the success against Lancashire at Liverpool, excellent though it undoubtedly was. It should be observed that after Place departed early, the county had only two reputed batsmen, Washbrook and Ikin. G. A. Edrich and B. P. King, the one from Norfolk and the other from Worcestershire, though no doubt capable batsmen, are most certainly not in the class of their predecessors in those places. Oldfield, who has betaken himself to the more remunerative League cricket, and Iddon, who lost his life in

an accident just before the present season commenced. After these two recruits, there is no batsman who has experienced the joyful sensation of scoring a century in first-class cricket. This felicity befell even Ikin only in the second encounter at Manchester. Washbrook has been literally carrying his team on his shoulders.

Therefore, much should not be set by the victory at Liverpool. If there had been a few more batsmen in the lower half of the order, India would certainly have been set a far bigger score than 200 to gain for a victory. It was a triumph not so much of Indian bowlers as of Indian batsmen.

The terrible defeat sustained at the hands of an attenuated Yorkshire sets the seal upon a phase, temporary devoutly to be hoped, of incompetence. The team which Sellers led into the field at Bradford wore a strange appearance. There was no Leyland, no Mitchell, no Gibb. Bowes was a shadow of himself. But the friends of the player whose presence must have been most acutely missed, Verity, who now lies near Catania, must have experienced at least vicarious satisfaction since his patient substitute, Booth, did so well what he himself would have done better. Nevertheless, that a reputedly powerful batting combination should allow itself to be skittled out twice is a matter for dismay. While it is true that it is no dishonour to fall to Yorkshire, who are an apparition of fright even to Australians, a defeat by an innings has come as a shock.

It remains a fact that these Northern opponents are, both temperamentally and technically, more efficient than their Southern rivals. The history of the County Championship has amply demonstrated this conclusion. But when it is considered that the English team for the Second Test is likely to substitute more capable players for the two comparative failures, Smailes and Bowes, the prospects cannot by any means be considered to be inviting.

N. S. R.

OLD AND SELFISH

By Binod

The number of old people endeavouring to remain young—at the expense of the young—is assuming disturbing proportions. Crabbed age wants too much to live like youth—tries too much to retain the school-girl complexion.

I do not see why people cannot grow old gracefully. Old age is no more a crime than poverty. It is no more a shame than childhood. I do not share the common admiration for people who, at sixty, look “not a day older than thirty”. I do not see why, if a person is sixty, he should not look it. If a person, at sixty, is looking thirty, it only means that someone else, at thirty, is looking sixty.

I know of a member of the last Central Assembly—an old and respected member reputed for his spirit of public service!—who at home is the concentrated essence of selfishness. This man having lived for three score years and ten still hangs on to life like a leech making his young unmarried daughter slave for him all the time. When he goes to Delhi for the Assembly session he is a terror to his hosts. Whatever the conditions at his host's home, he *must* have his tea at five-thirty in the morning, *must* have a stipulated quantity of fruit juice at a particular hour, *must* have certain foods at fixed intervals, *must* be provided with certain amenities. The needs even of the children and the invalids of the household must be subordinated to his. I know the head of the family, who had to get to work at nine in the morning, was obliged to trudge several miles every morning in quest of a parti-

cular kind of vegetable which my very much public-spirited M.L.A. couldn't do without.

Nearer home I know of another family where an elderly woman lets her office-going son look after the children while she reads novels and newspapers and discusses films. For every hair on her head that goes grey naturally, a dozen go grey by her worrying over the first.

This “too much love for living” and too much effort to recapture the lost atmosphere of youth is a phenomenon I cannot for the life of me understand.

*From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no man lives forever,
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.*

There can be nothing but contempt for a person who, having drunk fully of life's cup, attempts to snatch the cup of another who has just lifted it to his lips. Life is like a game of cricket in which you can't be batting all the time. When it is your turn to chase the ball it is mean to excuse yourself. The old gentlemen (and ladies) I have been talking about want to bat for ever on a perfect wicket, leaving the youngsters to sweat in the field all the time. It isn't fair. In fact, it isn't cricket. Why not—

*Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first
was made:
Our times are in his hand
Who saith, 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God:
see all, nor be afraid!'*



BOOKS

The Foreign Trade of India 1900-1940.
A Statistical Analysis. By H. Venkatasubbiah. (Indian Council of World Affairs, New Delhi. Price, Rs. 3-8.)

The most valuable part of this book consists in the twenty-two tables prepared by the author with a view to give to his readers an idea of the trend of India's foreign trade from 1900 to 1940. The tables have been prepared with infinite patience and commendable care. The first two cover the entire period and the remaining twenty are distributed among five periods at four each. These periods are not of equal length. Each is marked, however, by some outstanding event like the Great War (1915-19), the great depression and recovery (1930-35) etc. The statistics have been arranged partly for illustrating the distribution of trade between Empire and non-Empire countries and partly for illustrating the relative importance of the principal commodities like cotton, jute, oil seeds, hides and skins among exports and textiles, metal manufacturers, mineral oils, sugar, etc., among imports. The tables are comprehensive and supply all the relevant data needed to discover the main changes in the nature of our foreign trade since 1900.

The author does not stop here. He makes an attempt to explain why trade underwent the particular sort of changes revealed by the statistical tables. Among the factors that influenced the direction of our foreign trade during these forty years are the net-work of tariffs and other trade discriminations practised by different countries after the first World War and in the post-depression period, the bilateral agreements and the process of economic development and industrialisation through which our own country passed. One point that the author tries to emphasise is that while in many other countries of the world increase in aggregate national income and in the volume of imports went hand in hand, in India imports have risen faster than aggregate income. This is a subject which requires further investigation. Another point brought out by him is that industrialisation within

the country has not diminished export capacity in the important industrial raw materials like cotton. Moreover he lays it down as a general truth—supported also by what has happened in other countries and by theoretical arguments—that Indian industrialization cannot be an actual or a potential threat to the trade of other countries with India.

In these days it is almost impossible for a professional economist to resist the temptation to write about planning. Though the immediate object of the author is merely to investigate the trends in India's foreign trade the first part of the book is devoted by him to a discussion of the post-war foreign trade in general and of our foreign trade in particular. The objectives to be kept in mind in such planning are of a manifold character. The giving of equal access to all countries, multilateralism as distinguished from bilateralism, full employment, commodity stabilization are some of these objectives. He is against national self-sufficiency being included among these objectives. In this as well as in his view that British imperialism has not very much helped Britain's trade with India he treads on highly controversial ground. His conclusion that the under-industrialization of India is not due so much to *laissez faire* conditions imposed by the British on the country as to considerations of comparative advantage and disadvantage will not also find acceptance among many. While in one place he states that actually more trade has followed the tariff than the flag he discounts the value of the protective tariff in the growth of Indian industries. Thus whatever one may say regarding his opinions there is no doubt whatever that the facts and figures he collected are of inestimable value.

Congress and the Masses: By Dr. H. C. Mookerjee. (Published by the Book House, 5, College Square, Calcutta. Price Rs. 4.)

More than for political freedom, the underfed and underclothed millions of India's fields and factories crave for economic emancipation; they seek food

and clothing and shelter, the elementary needs of normal human existence. They ask for bread, and cannot in reason be expected to accept sweet and deceptive words as sufficient substitute. And the Congress, being the only political organisation with a clear-cut, long-range economic programme, has inevitably commanded the allegiance of the masses, while most other parties in the country have sought to build up strength upon the crumbling edifice of religious and communal animosities, attempting to provide no answer to the poignant query in the sunken eyes and hollow cheeks of the man-in-the street in this unhappy country.

Dr. Mookherjee in his book seeks to analyse, as dispassionately and objectively as an ardent nationalist can, the programme and achievement of the Congress in the social and economic sphere, its claim to represent the "dumb" millions. A large part of the book is devoted to the agrarian programme of the Congress, which aims at solving the main problems confronting rural India—hunger and poverty, indebtedness, unemployment, illiteracy—and an examination of what the Congress Ministries of 1937-39 did to implement these plans in the several provinces. He has taken the specific instance of the Bihar Ministry and explained at length the various measures of reform inaugurated—tenancy reform, development of the sugar industry, promotion of agricultural prosperity, Prohibition, emancipation of Harijans and backward classes, etc.

The author pays handsome tribute to the achievement of the first Congress Ministry of Madras, particularly for the successful Prohibition experiment, the enactment of the Agriculturists Debt Relief Act, and the Temple-Entry legislation.

Dr. Mookherjee has the instinctive dislike of the orthodox Rightist for everything that smells of Communism. He is intolerant of Communist influence on Labour, although he is obviously conscious of the futility of protesting against it. It is difficult to agree with him when he maintains that the Congress Ministries have done all they possibly could for industrial workers, for it is evident that much remains to be done to secure for them a decent living standard and protection against old age, sickness and unemployment.

Books are less often made use of as 'spectacles' to look at nature with, than as blinds to keep out its strong light and shifting scenery from weak eyes and indolent dispositions.—Hazlitt.

The volume is an interesting survey of the work of the Congress on the economic front and can be read with profit by all.

Forward Deshabandhu Number, Calcutta. Price Annas 6.

Tributes to the memory of C. R. Das on the occasion of his twenty-first death anniversary are paid in the articles collected in this number. It is a symposium of views on various aspects of a great life, which continues to exert an influence on modern Indian nationalism.

"The kingliest of dreamers, whose whole life was a Vaishnavite rhapsody of incomparable passion for the freedom of his country", as Mrs. Sarojini Naidu has lyrically described him, the great Bengali set an example of sacrifice, which, to do them honour, others have not been slow to follow. As Dr. A. Chakravarty has shown, he was "an apostle of Bengal's homogeneity". That such a man and such a view should be held in honour in these denigrating days is a matter for satisfaction. This number has distinctly performed a service to Indian nationalism by keeping green the memory of a great Indian.

Indian Finance. Annual, '46, Calcutta.

As near a comprehensive survey of the financial and economic conditions of a disturbed year as it is possible to provide has been included in the Annual of this well-known financial weekly. Since this period witnessed the efforts of various Governments to liquidate their war efforts, the problems that have emerged are numerous and have not always been dealt with efficiently. The aftermath of the war has been a particularly trying period in this country. This number has attempted, most competently in our opinion, to survey the efforts at planning which have been attempted in various provinces.

Authoritative accounts of the country's overseas trade have been provided. The development policies of various Administrations have been surveyed.

This Annual should be in the hands of every businessman.

LETTERS

This section is offered to readers for free discussion on subjects of interest to them. Letters should be brief and typewritten.

"Ayurvedic Science"—A Fad!

The recent issues of *Swatantra* offer food for thought to many and are therefore very commendable. The topics relating to Indian medicines especially are of immense interest and are indeed thought-provoking. But there are many points where one fails to see eye to eye with the writer. "Playing with people's lives"—published in the issue of 25th May, for instance, seems to be an unfair hit at the Health Minister. Mrs. Rukmini Lakshmipathi's remarks referring to Dr. Rajan are but a statement of facts. Thanks to him, the indigenous systems of medicine had a set back during his regime. It is in the fitness of things therefore that the present Health Minister should assure the people that she is far from following the policy of her predecessor. As for the "supposed" glories of indigenous systems of medicine, whether those glories are real or supposed is a matter to be thoroughly thrashed out.

MRS. SUMATHI TARANATH,
Regd. Medical Practitioner,
Bangalore.

Men And Medicine

The recent public pronouncements of the Minister for Health, Madras, about Indian medicine have evoked much controversy in medical and quasi-medical circles. We know that Indian medicine cannot boast of a wonder drug like Penicillin, or swift palliatives like the Sulpha series of drugs. Scientific medical appliances like the X-ray, and many other modern innovations are beyond Indian medical knowledge. On the other hand, we have a sort of initial remedy for fell diseases like tuberculosis and leprosy, for which western medicine has yet to discover suitable remedies, despite all the scientific advantages at its disposal. In surgery and the system of injections, western medicine is definitely on top. But it is a hard fact

that deaths due to disease are on the increase rather than otherwise, even after leaving a wide margin for the rapid and inordinate increase in the world's population. Apparently, our ills are increasing in proportion to the weight of scientific and medical knowledge acquired day after day.

Our medical men will do well to stop petty wrangling by picking holes in our medical system, and concentrate on how best to combine both the native and foreign medical cultures for the maximum benefit of the semi-starved and disease-ridden sons of our Motherland, most of whom are badly in need of instant medical attention.

As already proposed, regional colleges may be opened for young men desirous of studying Indian Medicine. The stigma of inferiority which has been haunting the students of Indian Medicine should be removed. Licentiate of Indian Medicine should be deemed as much qualified as the other medical graduates. Surgery and Allopathy should be taught in these colleges, sufficient to make the pupils up-to-date doctors. The L.I.Ms. now available and the students who pass out of these colleges may be engaged in research work in newly formed laboratories, to prepare patent drugs under expert scrutiny. For this purpose our native medicine is eminently suited and full of potentialities.

Our system which was built up by peerless medical savants like Charaka of yore, should not be allowed to die.

P. N. SAMPATH.

Is This The Way Of Abolishing Landlordism?

The Congress Ministry of Madras ordered an Adjudication to enquire into the dispute between the Kisans and the Mirasdars in the Mannargudi Division and appointed the Sessions

Judge of Tanjore as the Adjudicator. This step was taken by the Ministry after a deputation of prominent Mirasdars of this division headed by Sri Thyagaraja Mudaliar of Vadamangalam had sought the aid of the Government to crush the Kisan movement. Representatives of the Kisans never made any approach to the Ministry nor did the Ministry consult this organisation before taking this step. The Adjudication was ordered in the first week of June and the Adjudicator began the enquiry on 11th June and completed it on 13th June. The Kisans were represented by the Kisan Sabha while all the leading Mirasdars of the division including Sri Samiappa Mudaliar, Sri Moolangudi Gopalakrishna Aiyar and Sri Thyagaraja Mudaliar and a host of others were present at the enquiry.

The learned Judge gave his award which was accepted by both the parties and signed by three leading Mirasdars, Sri Kunniyoor Sambasiva Aiyar, Sri Srinivasa Iyengar of Serangulam and Sri Kuppiah Mudaliar of Kalappal, on behalf of the Mirasdars who are also prominent office-bearers of the Mirasdars' Association of the division.

It is learnt that the Adjudicator sent his award by the 15th June but the Congress Ministry has not so far published the award and implemented it.

Now it is learnt that a section of the Mirasdars have once again approached the Ministers and impressed upon them that the Government had no right to interfere with their sacred right to carry on exploitation of tenants and agricultural labourers.

On 3rd July, when I as Secretary of the Tamilnad Kisan Sabha saw the Labour Minister and raised this question, the Minister began to plead that the Government was receiving petitions from the Mirasdars daily objecting to the award and the Government was considering the question.

Has the Congress Ministry accepted the above mentioned argument of the Mirasdars that the Government had not any right to interfere in this affair?

Did the Congress Ministry think that the Adjudicator would help the Mirasdars but now finding that the learned Judge has acted justly and decided in favour of the Kisans, does it try to hush up the award? If not, why do they not respect their own decision?

Can the Ministry which speaks of growing more food deny better wages

to agricultural labourers and better conditions to lessee cultivators?

Can the Ministry which is pledged to uplift the Harijan go against the award which gives a little concession to poor Harijan agricultural labourers?

Is this the way of abolishing landlordism which the Ministry is pledged to as per their own election manifesto?

Will the Ministry explain this pro-landlord policy?

B. SRINIVASA RAO,
General Secretary, Tamilnad
Kisan Sabha.

Official Red Tape

For favour of publication I am sending a relevant extract from a letter I received from an agriculturist in Salem district with reference to the subsidy scheme sponsored by the Government of Madras regarding the sinking and repairing of wells in pursuance of the Grow More Food campaign. It has relevancy as a pointer for seeking proper clarification from the Government.

"The well affair has after all fizzled out. The conditions are numerous and practically impossible that I hesitated for about three days and meanwhile the Board of Revenue has passed orders not to proceed for obvious reasons. Does not matter if we missed. The amount to be sanctioned will not even cover a yard of digging in our district. The restrictions are too many and the Tahsildar and Revenue Divisional Officer are the sanctioning authorities. So I had definitely given it up. It would in my opinion have been a nuisance".

In the first place, why should there be so many restrictions? Should not the Government adopt an easy method? Is the recent statement over the operation of this scheme mere eyewash? What reasons impelled the Board of Revenue to issue orders to suspend fresh payments? Do they expect the ordinary agriculturist to be thorough with departmental red tape and Secretariat routine? The Government of Madras owe an explanation to the agriculturist for all these.

V. K. NARASIMHACHARI.

Freedom Of Conscience

Sensible men that we are, we always resent others trying to lord it over us, we hate the man who tries to boss over another. Our nature rises in revolt when we see a humble brother being reduced to slavery by another. Hence it is that we find it difficult to tolerate certain vile forms of religious

propaganda. The fanatic claims freedom of conscience for himself, while in the same breath he denies that very freedom to others. Religious zeal becomes fanaticism and hence intolerable, when it tries to win followers by brute physical force or mammon. Use of physical force in the cause of proselytisation is absolutely objectionable, but no less so is the use of money. To buy off people with money for any party, whether political or religious, without first convincing them of the rightfulness of the cause for which they are being recruited, is not in keeping with the rational nature of man; it looks as though one were treating another as he would an irrational brute, just as he would attract, say, a dog by a piece of meat.

"L. F."

Et tu Brute

The decision of the Anglo-Indians at the general meeting held at Delhi on 23rd June comes as an agreeable shock. As a protest against the Cabinet Mission's proposals, both short-term and long-term, they resolved to resign "from all voluntary services, refraining from rendering any assistance and not contributing to any charitable or other funds organised by the present administration for promoting non-Indian interests". This sudden rupture between Britain and Anglo-India is certainly a gain for nationalist India. Particularly interesting were the grand mutterings of rebel Anthony. He resembled on the occasion the disillusioned Brutus who, puffing himself into the role of Rome's saviour, pursued all the while a phantom-glory and at last burst out in a mood of extreme bitterness, "Virtue! I have followed thee all through my life and found thee at last but a shade". Said Mr. Anthony, "Long enough have we done the dirty work of this ungrateful administration".

Pitiful as the present plight is, we are glad to find that better sense has at last dawned upon the Anglo-Indian community. Steeped in the traditions of charity and forgiveness, India does not nurse old grievances and if only the Anglo-Indians act true to their resolution, they can easily enroll themselves in the band of the progressive forces of the country and enlist their sympathies in their fight for recognition. Let them realise that the days of oiling the wheels of British Raj are over,

that Churchill's much-vaunted "imperialist shield" can no longer be an adequate protection.

K. R. NARAYANASWAMI.

Congress-League Unity

It is a thousand pities that the two major political parties, the Congress and the Moslem League, have failed to come to a common understanding to secure real transfer of power from British to Indian hands. Instead of that, we have witnessed the sorry spectacle of the Cabinet Mission arbitrating between the two and imposing their decision. I, for one, doubt very much whether real power will come into the Indian hands unless and until there is genuine Congress-League unity.

The Congress bungled in the beginning in not carrying the minorities with it. This was partly due to Gandhian politics, with religion and politics intermixed, and partly due to want of a clear-cut political and economic programme.

It is desirable that the Sikhs, the Scheduled Castes and other minorities should establish strong, representative bodies of their own, instead of a motley crowd under the Congress. I think this will ultimately lead to the unity and freedom of India.

M. C. CHARI.

Vocalists And Veena

In the article "Music and Musical Criticism" published in *Swatantra*, dated June 22, Kumara Guru asks: "How many of our vocalists of to-day actually know to play on veena, even to a moderate extent, as was the case a generation or two ago? None, I should say" (page 33). His remarks may be true with reference to junior vidwans but most of the senior vidwans know to play on instruments. They believe that knowledge of instrumental music is necessary to understand the intricacies of a raga thoroughly.

I have heard Sri Ariyakudi Ramanuja Iyengar play on veena. His exposition of Kalyani and Bhairavi was marvellous. He excels most of the so-called professional veena players. Sembai Vaidyanatha Bhagavathar knows to play on violin. Once his violin recital was broadcasted by the A.I.R., Trichy.

G. E. PATTABIRAM.

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nal and reactionary organisations like the Muslim League and the Akali Dal, would never have been able to get any hold over the masses of their respective communities or claim that they are their sole representatives. In fact, it was the compromising attitude of the Congress, which was totally detrimental to its national character, that had been responsible for raising Mr. Jinnah to his present pedestal. It is not too late yet. Let the Congress realise the realities of the issues involved, and stop all dealings with communal and reactionary organisations. Let not the cankar of communalism gain ground and exterminate all progressive political forces in the country.

N. HARIHARAN.

Case For An Asiatic Federation

Never was a common organization of all Asiatics more necessary than today. With the defeat of Germany and Japan the imperialist powers have feverishly started to forge new weapons of world domination. The British Empire has been granted a loan of 4,400 million dollars by America. Under an innocent heading—"What British Labour Government means to America"—an American journalist explained the motive behind the loan thus: "India in 1939 imported goods worth less than 80 cents per Indian, China imported goods worth less than 60 cents per Chinese. American import was 10 dollars per head. Suppose we (America and Britain) bring Indian and Chinese imports up to 3 dollars per head, the resulting yearly gain to international trade from these two countries alone would be approximately 2,000 million dollars". How frank America is. In return for this loan the British Labour Government has hitched its foreign policy to the chariot wheel of America's atomic diplomacy. Alongside this tie-up between America and Britain is taking place another sinister development—alliance between the capitalist groups in America and Britain on the one hand and their blood brethren in the colonies on the other. The Tata-I.C.I. and Birla-Nuffield agreements are not as harmless as they are made out to the Indian public. The same process is taking place in China also. The obvious results of these inter-imperialist combinations are the war of intervention in Greece, Indonesia, etc., where intervention is not required, non-intervention in Spain where inter-

vention is very necessary and the forcible restoration of the status quo in other countries through various other means. If this is bad enough for the emergence of a democratic world, worse is the outcome of the alliance between colonial capitalist groups and those of the metropolitan countries. It splits and thereby weakens the anti-imperialist movements in the colonial countries. In this present set-up, therefore, a united Asia acting through a collective organization alone can carry forward the freedom struggle of the colonial peoples of Asia.

A. RAGHAVAN.

Andhra And The Anti-C.R. Clique

In Swatantra dated 25th May, you clearly clarified your attitude to the Madras Ministry in response to a letter by Mr. N. V. Ramanujam. I believe your editorial on this subject answered the points raised by the writer "within the limits of present necessity and strict relevancy."

In the issue of 8th June two more letters under the same heading appeared asking for clearer clarification of your view with regard to the part played by the Andhras in the anti-C. R. clique. Our appreciation for C. R. should be limited to pleading his cause for leadership which we cannot afford to lose, rather than allowing it to feed unnecessary controversies based on provincial spirit.

Mr. N. V. Ramanujam wants to know your view whether "Mr. Prakasam was right in rejecting the advice of the Mahatma and the High Command in accepting the leadership." I believe your editorial comment under the heading "Autocracy at large" (in Swatantra dated 25th May) gives an indirect answer to this question. You have rightly condemned the attitude of Pandit Jawaharlal (however great he may be) with regard to the election of Shibbanlal Saxena for the Presidentship of the U. P. Congress Committee.

I do not find much difference between this instance and the Madras instance where the High Command under the guise of party discipline sought to interfere with individual liberties and fundamental rights in their over-anxiety to eliminate Mr. Prakasam (whom they did not like) much against the popular will.

G. RADHAKRISHNAMURTY.

Even now, it is not too late for Panditji to "consider carefully" and give "sufficient proof" in defence of his judgment against the Indian Communist Party, or in the alternative to "correct" or express "regret" or "feel sorry" (as he did in the case of Kashmir incidents) over his hasty conclusion against the Party.

GURRAM VENKATA REDDY,
Kurnool.

Dr. Ambedkar And The Scheduled Castes

In your editorial dated 22nd June on the latest award of the Cabinet Mission, you have rightly pointed out the gross injustice and political folly perpetrated in the omission of Dr. B. R. Ambedkar, in favour of Mr. Jagjivan Ram, an obscure Parliamentary Secretary from Bihar, sought to be glorified as the President of the All-India Depressed Classes League.

Mr. Jagjivan Ram states that "Dr. Ambedkar and his satellites have been thrown away like broken shells by the electorate" and thus tries to repudiate the latter's claim to represent the Scheduled Castes. But he seems to conveniently forget the anomalous and unholty procedure of dual election adopted with regard to the seats reserved for the Scheduled Castes. According to the Poona Pact, it was so arranged that Harijan candidates who have the confidence of the majority of the Caste Hindus who form the bulk of the general electorate could be safely returned to the Assemblies, irrespective of their influence and position among members of their own community. To take only two instances from our own province, the Hon'ble Mr. V. Kurmayya, now Information Minister, and Mr. B. S. Murty, Parliamentary Secretary, both came last in the panel election (where the electors are exclusively Harijans), but easily topped the list in the second election (where the voters are predominantly Caste Hindus). How can any reasonable man say that success in an election where the Caste Hindus can veto the verdict of the Scheduled Castes, is a true sign of confidence among the latter?

It is no less unreasonable to state that Dr. Ambedkar does not represent the Scheduled Castes. In Bombay, Madras and other provinces, Federation candidates secured heavily over the Congress and pro-Congress candidates in the 'panel election' which is a more reliable test of influence among members of their community. It is idle

to condemn Dr. Ambedkar for being a Government servant, or Mr. Sivaram for being a title-holder. The peculiar economic and social position of the Scheduled Castes makes it impossible for them to present a straight fight against the Government, and so no advantage, however small it be, can be too little for them, considering their interests at large. You have said just the truth, and nothing but the truth, in stating that Dr. Ambedkar's position with the Scheduled Castes is comparable to that of Mr. Jinnah with the Muslims.

The one seat patronisingly offered to the Scheduled Castes in the Central Government is wholly inadequate for the third largest community in India, and the choice of the candidate invited to occupy that seat is equally ill-advised, considering the relative personal merits and representative character of Dr. Ambedkar and Mr. Jagjivan Ram. The new Government without Dr. Ambedkar will be as incomplete as the one without Mr. Jinnah and the Muslim League in it. The sooner the blunder is rectified, the better for all.

D. ANJANEYULU,
Tenali.

Congress And Nationalist Muslims

An analysis of the election results will show that except in U. P. the Nationalist Muslims have been thoroughly routed. In the U. P. the success was mostly due to the propaganda done by Pandit Jawaharlal who always put before the Muslims the political and economic programme of the Congress, its stand for the common good of all, and its non-communal character. The Frontier elections too reveal the same truth. In spite of the Pathans being extremely religiously minded, Mr. Jinnah could not capture the Muslims of the N. W. F. P. It was because the Frontier Gandhi and Dr. Khan Sahib and other Congress Muslims placed before the people the non-communal character of the Congress and its radical economic political programme that the Congress was able to have a thumping victory in the Frontier.

It is high time the Congress High Command realises the mistakes of the past and profits by them in future. If the Congress had ignored all communal and religious bodies right from the beginning, and had refused to have anything to do with them, the common-



This section is offered to readers for free discussion on subjects of interest to them. Letters should be brief and typewritten.

Service Uniforms

After the food famine comes the cloth famine in India, India, one of the biggest cotton-growing and textile manufacturing countries of the world, now experiences a terrible cloth shortage. The appalling news that women committed suicide in certain places, because they hadn't a yard of cloth to cover their nakedness, is occasionally published in the papers.

Strenuous efforts are being made to procure cloth for Madras from Bombay. It is necessary to caution the Government to act justly with regard to the supply of uniforms to Service personnel. In the Fire Service, for example, six shirts and six shorts per year are given to officers who work barely five hours a day, while labour class people in the Service who work nearly 12 hours a day are supplied with three shirts, three shorts and one overall each per year.

"SAND-STORM".

Imperialism In A Fix

The doings of the Cabinet Mission bring to mind a familiar Puranic story. Bhasmasura the demon king wished to crush his enemies. By austerities he pleased God Shiva and got a boon that the person on whom he might place his hand would burn and die. To test the efficacy of the boon the Asura proceeded to place his hand on the head of Shiva himself. Shiva had to flee to a place of refuge.

India demanding independence is the enemy of imperialism. Wishing to crush this enemy, imperialism exorcised two devils—division of India (Pakistan) and the creation of a Fifth Caste Scheduledistan. The two devils loyally helped their master by consistently obstructing India's demand, when later it suited imperialism to grant India's demand, the two devils proceeded to place their hands on the head of imperialism.

Imperialism is now in a fix. It is always good to keep demons and de-

vils at arms' length. They may be utilised for a purpose, but once the purpose is served, they should be put down with a strong hand.

Shiva who could grant a boon could easily revoke it. But the case with imperialism is different. It is afraid that the devils in their anger might tell the world how they were placated, or in other words they might wash of dirty political linen in public.

H. V. AYYAR.

Nehru And The Communists

A few days back, Pandit Nehru issued a statement "condemning the atrocities of the Kashmir Government. In a subsequent statement, after "considering carefully" he "expressed regret" for having given "publicity to two incidents without sufficient proof."

To Panditji, when "a searching enquiry was necessary in order to reach the truth" of his allegations against an Indian State, "the most curious relic of bygone days" (vide "India And The World," page 28) "representing the extremest type of autocracy existing in the world" ("Autobiography," page 230) then, was not a similar enquiry necessary to reach the truth of allegations against the Communists, about whom he once wrote (in his "Autobiography") "there is a tragic nobility in their (Communists') suffering... they suffer as human beings."?

Panditji must be aware that the Party is growing from strength to strength and going forward, not backward. Before the 'August Revolution' its membership was only 8,000. After that the strength of the "August traitors" reached 25,000! Before the elections, the Communists numbered 30,000. And now, they exceed 50,000! Does this show that the Party is "completely divorced from and ignorant of national traditions" and that "it speaks in a language which finds no echo in the hearts of the people?" A political party which conforms to the description of Pandit Nehru will never grow.

paradox. Born of a Catholic family, and thrown amongst a squirearchy of an intellectual standard not much above that of Squire Osbandinstone in Northumberland, he was a confirmed Whig and a supreme scholar. But Lord Acton is not thus to be explained away. For, though his first twenty-years were his "formative" age, he lived long to lead a career of honourable scholarship and at least academic recognition. It is an interesting epoch in scholarship which cannot be fully appreciated until Bishop Mathew's promised sequel completes the tale.

The Fourth Avatar. By Manjeri S. Isvaran. (Shakti Karyalayam, Madras. Price Re. 1.)

This collection of poems by this prolific author contains a point of view seldom to be met with in poetry. The poem *Survival* is an invitation, apparently by one cow to another, to have "a feed of sumptuous grass in coombs cooler for the shadows that softly pass". The speaker, indeed, aspires to a greater ideal, no less than that of "raising a magnificent livestock, free in a world all ours, frolicking flock on flock". It is an entrancing ideal.

Mr. Isvaran seeks to achieve his effects by the surprise of novelty. A poet's prescription for the achievement of patronage at the Court of an Indian prince is certainly novel. There is pungent sarcasm in his complaint that if Lord Krishna played his flute to the kine of Brindavan, there is no reason why a gramophone artist also should do so.

As can be easily imagined, Mr. Isvaran belongs to the new order of poets. But he has avoided most of the faults that are to be found in this school. While he has preserved their sense of the unexpected, he is not ugly or contorted. If it be true that the lyrical note is not conspicuous in him, the reply is that his school of thought abhors that ancient ornament and avoids it at all costs. This collection is a favourable example of modern Indo-Anglian poetry.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability is in the judgment and disposition of business.

—Francis Bacon.

TAMIL

Vyasir Virundhu. By C. Rajagopalachari. (Tamil Pannai, Thyagarayanagar. Price Rs. 10.)

At one stage, it was thought that the epics of the past were intended for intellectual aristocrats only. But as the movies came into being, the epics were filmed according to the fancies of directors who changed the story as they pleased. And usually, the recognised commentaries to the epic themselves needed commentaries. C. R. has done a very great service to Tamil literature in this book by interpreting the original of the Mahabharata and doing it in homely language capable of being understood by all.

C. R.'s industry and hard-thinking are remarkable. He is a versatile genius with a prepondering interest in politics. But whenever he needs rest after a spell of strenuous political activity, he turns to literature unconnected with politics. This book was written when controversy of which he was the centre raged furiously throughout the province.

C. R. is a keen man of the world as well as a literary critic and appraiser of literary merit. Great artists, poets and masters of prose do not wait for others to sustain them; they labour for the sheer delight of creative effort. Nor do they, even when their mightiest tasks are completed, rest content, but press on in quest of greater things; and so one can expect even still greater "monumental works" from C. R. in the days to come, great as this work of his is.

C. R.'s love for the epics is like "love of love". His exquisite imagery, his dainty touches, his accurate renderings, his grand reservations, touch deep chords in the readers' hearts. The sketches are done with ability and insight of the rarest order. There is not an emotion, and scarcely a mood, to which he does not appeal and to which he has not given fine expression. Of almost every side of life, of every phase of human activity, he has given us studies, brilliant and impressive.

The book is attractively got up and the printing is neatly done. It should be widely circulated.

fact that any authoritative interpretations of those words are contained only in long judgments of the several High Courts in the country. For the matter of that, whether the word "may" should mean merely "may" or something more, the judge shall have to say and whatever he says is the law. The author of this book has simplified the whole matter and set out the law in a lucid and easily comprehensible language.

The copious and exhaustive illustrations and examples given in the book are a specially useful and commendable feature. This is bound to be of immense help to the reader in understanding the subject and applying it to his own case.

The list of 'exempted incomes' and 'depreciation allowances' given in the appendices is very valuable as ready reference to laymen.

On the whole the book is really an asset not only to income-tax paying individuals, firms and companies but also to the students and members of the legal profession.

Acton: The formative years. By David Mathew. (Eyre and Spottiswoode, London. Price 10sh. 6d.)

It is surprising that while Queen Victoria has been the subject of numerous lively, but denigrating, studies in the manner made popular by Lytton Strachey, the historians who adorned her reign have escaped this equivocal attention. But it is undeniable that they were a queer race. Their acrimony, heavy erudition and extreme cocksureness present several facets which cannot endure the probing malice such as of the biographer of the Queen. Stubbs could not abide Froude; Freeman quarrelled with everybody; Carlyle thundered against all created things; Gardiner and even Green were by no means church saints. But John Lord Acton, the subject of this biography, attracts attention in an entirely different manner. It is not that he was above picking quarrels with fellow-scholars. But he was so exotic a personality and combined so many national strains in his upbringing that he deserves more attention than has been paid to him. This first section of Bishop Mathew's biography lends promise to the hope that it may prove to be the standard biography of a neglected but still great, historian.

Like Thomas Gray, Lord Acton "never spoke out." His published works are but scanty in proportion to

his vast erudition (for he was not merely the vacuous proprietor of 60,000 books in his library at Aldenham). Indeed, they can be easily counted. Apart from certain reviews, he delivered himself of only a few books and articles. But his influence was enormous. He projected the *Cambridge History of Modern History* and a *History of Liberty* for which he was preparing during half the time of a long life. His ideas were seminal, and have borne fruition in the works of other scholars.

In a superficial sense at least, the historian was more interesting than any of his published works. His immediate ancestors included a Grand Admiral of Tuscany and a Prime Minister of the Two Sicilies. His mother was a Bavarian aristocrat, who, on the death of his father, married the affable Lord Granville. The foreign admixture was emphasised by his being sent to Dr. von Dollinger, the eminent Catholic historian and theologian, at Munich, which was then the cultural capital of Southern Germany. Here, the studious boy, whose resemblance to Gibbon in at least some of these externals must be recognised, learnt the virtues of truth and moderation in historical studies. Throughout his long life, the historian was enabled, by reason of his foreign connections, to penetrate and relate events which could not be understood by his more national contemporaries.

Unappreciative opinion could say that Lord Acton lives solely because of his unswerving fidelity to his chosen subject. His dictum on this subject is well known. "History", he said, "is the upholder of that moral standard which the powers of earth and religion itself tend constantly to depress." This view will appear fantastically exaggerated only to those who are unacquainted with the ancient debate on this subject, which has been elevated to immortality by the exquisite prose of Sidney's *Apologie for Poetrie*. However this may be, the historian will also survive in human estimation for his unswerving hostility to the State over-riding individual freedom. This spirit animated his entire writings, and is the clue to a complex personality. With remarkable prescience, he was able to forecast much of the development of this pernicious theory, which, though in one form it has been routed on the recent battle-fields, survives in another shape.

This entrancing work is a most competent account of an interesting character, which was not without its

BOOKS

Whither India? The Crisis in Indian Nationalism. By Prof. N. A. Mav-lankar. (Popular Book Depot, La-mington Road, Bombay. Price Re. 1-4-0.)

This small brochure is of intense topical interest. Our country to-day is passing through a difficult transi-tion, when any amount of confusion is caused in the mind of the average man by a series of conflicting slogans. Clear and analytical thinking and a scientific approach to the problems of the day are much in need and this pamphlet goes a long way in clarifying many points and uttering a timely warning to all the parties concerned about their duty to the vast masses of the people.

The constitutional advance of our country since 1857 when British rule was firmly established is clearly set forth. The relationship between the executive and the legislature in both the Provincial and Central spheres is described in detail and the true cha-racter of British rule is laid bare. At every stage of the so-called advance from 1890 upto the Government of India Act of 1935 it has been a ques-tion of negotiating a series of hurdles and accepting things on the rulers' own terms.

The peculiar characteristic of the British as a conquering race always regarding themselves as an army of occupation and never making an at-tempt to settle down on the soil and become one with its children (which the author terms the Great Refusal), their assiduous and subtle methods of adopting the Roman principle of 'di-vide and rule' in all their attempts of granting any measure of political advance to the governed; the conse-quent estrangement between the two main sections of the population, the Hindus and the Muslims, which they have very carefully fostered; and as a result of this war, the present ten-dency among the middle and upper middle classes to become submerged into a kind of unholy alliance with British and American capitalism—all these trends are dealt with by the author with consummate skill and im-partiality.

The author is firmly convinced that only an approach based on spiritual foundation will solve the present im-passe. The pamphlet is really thought-provoking and eminently deserves to be read by every student of public affairs.

Income-Tax Law and Practice in Bri-tish India. By Ananda Gopal Baner-jee, M.A., B.Com. (Published by Prabartak Publishers, Calcutta. Price Rs. 12.)

Once Dickens wrote that the "law is an ass". Whether this is true or not there can be no doubt that any branch of law is a maze through which the lay man cannot easily emerge. Still the maxim holds true that "igno-rance of law is no excuse". A man is very often punished for not knowing the layman cannot easily emerge. ample, any one who gives a wrong return of his income to the officer will be penalised, whether or not he has read and understood the Income-tax Act.

The law of income-tax in India is one of the most ill-drafted and com-plicated branches of law. The man who earns the money is eager to keep it all to himself. The State wants him to disgorge a share of it for the common good of the society in which he lives. This conflict leads to a complicated machinery. Even the socially-minded individual who desires to be just and pay his due share to the State should know the law on the subject.

Mr. Banerjee has done well in placing at the disposal of the public all the knowledge and experience gained by him in the course of his work as an income-tax adviser to one of the leading bankers in India.

Unlike other books on the subject this has eschewed all disquisitions on the cases governing the law and he has also not contented himself with merely repeating the language of the Act. The 'legal' language used in our statutes is so technical that the com-mon man will have to strive hard to understand the import of it. Greater complication arises on account of the

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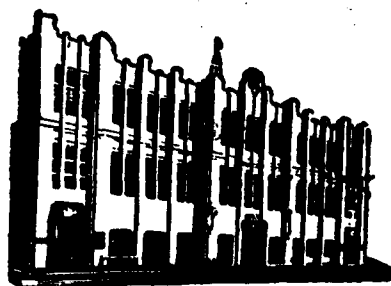
is not capable of discussion now and here. The result was, whatever the reason, that the opposing formidable batting combination was confronted with a paltry total. Jubilation at the fact that four of the world's most accomplished and graceful batsmen were dismissed for only 70 runs is, though credible, not over-wise. For all the eleven players must be taken into consideration. Our old enemies, Hardstaff and Gibb, were able to repair the damage most effectively. It was the triumph not less of Yorkshire dourness than of graceful aggression of the other player. It is an honour to fall by such hands.

The first cause for Indian gratification was provided by the splendid bowling of Amarnath and Mankad in this innings. Undaunted by a heart-breaking succession of failures both with the bat and the ball, Amarnath demonstrated the value of persevering and accurate bowling, which, during the destructive Saturday afternoon, might be compared with that of the great Barnes himself. Not less remarkable was the effort of Mankad who has ascended to the heights of Rhodes, Blythe, Parker and Verity. But the two bowlers, especially the left-hander, were cheated of their guerdon by the wretched catching.

In a second error of tactics, the Indians commenced their last effort in a frenzy of scoring. Hurricane hitting is very agreeable, but not wise when you are set to wipe out a big deficit. Mankad's six off Wright was a gesture of defiance but nothing more. It was left to Amarnath, who fell only to an exceptionally good ball, to demonstrate the wisdom of moderation and keenness. But the position was beyond retrieval even by him.

When Hutton turned Mankad to square-leg for the winning run, England had had demonstrated amply that the ravages of the war had not destroyed the old cunning. English batsmen can still bat, English bowlers can still bowl. It remains to be seen whether at Old Trafford or at the Oval, Indian batsmen will not be able to bat better and Indian bowlers to bowl better.—

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exploits had left Trumper far behind but it must not be forgotten that Trumper's great innings were played on a natural wicket; and when England had bowlers like Richardson, Lockwood, Barnes and Wilfrid Rhodes, it was Trumper's ability to conquer all kinds of wicket which made him the great batsman he was. He did not visit England in 1912 because of the controversy between the Australian Board of Control and some prominent players which deprived the Australians of its best talent at that time, as Hill, Trumper, Armstrong and Cot-

ter did not make that trip. The Australian Board stood for a principle and they won in the end which is all for the good of the control of the game. But Trumper has always remained as one of the great batsmen of the world and Australia has been fortunate in getting successors for him. It was Trumper's faith in the formula that attack is the best form of defence which won him a place among the great. With Dr. Grace and Ranji, Trumper makes up the trio that have made modern batting.

THE DEFEAT AT LORDS

Something of the wistful regret which overtook Francis Thompson, as he contemplated the sight of the mace of Gloucestershire beating down his own Red Rose, overtakes an Indian as he recalls the heavy defeat sustained by his country at the hands of England last week at Lord's. The promise had been so fair, and the auspices so favourable that the margin of defeat has come as a staggering blow. But it is a consolation that if the team has not contrived to lay low the might of England, it has at least conciliated responsible public opinion.

The heel of Achilles has proved to be the catching. The batting, we have been assured, was gallant and meritorious; the bowling intrepid and persevering; the ground fielding, most unexpectedly, accurate and clever. But these accomplishments were brought to nought by the mistakes in fielding, of which, as far as is known, there were no less than five. The affair assumes a very serious complexion when it is realised that of the batsmen who thus profited, two were no others than Hardstaff and Gibb who virtually retrieved the game for England. One can only pleasurably speculate that if these two had been dismissed earlier, the English total could have not assumed such a formidable dimension as 428. Conceivably, if this desirable result had been achieved, England could have

been held to a draw. But these must remain empty speculations.

It is not impossible that the match was really lost on the first day itself when a reputedly powerful team allowed itself to be dismissed for no more than 200 runs. This disaster can be accounted for, as far as anything in cricket has a logical reason, by the state of the pitch, which appears to have been affected by the rain, despite the fact that it was covered. The Indian captain indeed has been inclined to attribute his side's failure to this sole fact. But it must be confessed that the Indian batsmen, especially Merchant and Modi, assisted the bowlers by foolishly insisting on turning a straight ball to the square-leg. The glance of Ranji is not to be attempted by every batsman with impunity. One loses count of the occasions when Merchant has succumbed to this weakness, either leg before the wicket or caught behind the wicket. His disciple, Modi, shares this frailty. His attitude in attempting this most perilous stroke in a period of uncertainty in the second innings has been severely commented upon, and it is certainly inexplicable in a batsman of accomplishments.

It has been attempted to demonstrate that some at least of the Indian batsmen failed because of nervousness. If it be really true, it is excusable. At any rate, this view

VICTOR TRUMPER

By Dr. P. Subbaroyan

My interest in cricket began with the visit of the Oxford University Authentics to India, when as a small boy I was taken by Mr. Cameron Morrison to watch the match against the Authentics and Madras. Madras had as its captain the late C. T. Stud who had played for England in the famous 1882 match at the Oval which the Australians won by only 7 runs. Every day I was at Chepauk and even after such a long passage of time I can remember the magnificent bowling of F. F. Tweedie who got the Authentics out for 80 odd and F. H. Holin's fighting innings in the 2nd innings for the Authentics, when he made 175 not out and thus made the Authentics' victory possible.

Simpson Hayward with his lobs proved the most dangerous bowler on the Authentics side. After this every cricket item was swallowed with avidity and any books published on cricket were, of course, purchased. It is this which has made me think of Victor Trumper. Warner's M.C.C. team was in Australia in 1903-4 and I spent all my time reading every account of the first Test Match at Sydney. England won this because of R. E. Foster's record score of 287 and Wilfrid Rhodes's magnificent bowling on a perfect wicket. There were not radios to listen in at the time and I had to be content with reading accounts of these in the papers. When things were going badly for Australia in the first innings M. A. Noble who was then the Captain of Australia and perhaps the best tactician the game has ever known though Jardine runs him close, saved the Australian debacle by an innings of 133. Then came Foster's great innings which resulted in the then record score of 587 in the Test match, and the Australians' great fight back in the 2nd innings, when Trumper made 185 not out.

There was an incident in the 2nd innings which has remained in my memory all these years and that

was the decision of Umpire Crockett when he gave the great Australian left hander Clement Hill, a run out. When Crockett's finger went up, Clement Hill hesitated and this set the crowd roaring and Warner who was Captain of England had to walk up to the pavilion to get the game resumed. Again Crockett was mobbed that evening and had to go home under police escort. The crowd on the hill at Sydney is a difficult one and Jardine has complained against them as well. However, the game proceeded and Trumper fought back every inch for Australia and set England a fair proportion of runs to make in the 2nd innings. It was Tom Hayward's 91 which was responsible for this victory and that score on a wearing 4th innings wicket, will remain as one of the great innings played by any batsman in a Test match.

Trumper really came into fame in the 1902 Australian tour in England. The weather was typically English that season, cold with mist and rain, and Trumper though coming from the warmth of Australia overcame these conditions and proved himself the master batsman he was. At Sheffield, he set up a new record by scoring a 100 before lunch and two Australians have emulated this deed, both at Leeds, Macartney in 1926 and Bradman in 1930. If Australia won the Rubber in 1902 it was due to Trumper's magnificent batting and the bowling of Trumble, Saunders and Noble. Right through that season Trumper proved himself the master of all English bowlers on all kinds of wickets. Trumper ranks among those who have made over 2,000 runs in Test cricket. Many Australians think that he was the greatest batsman the world has seen and even English people felt at the time that it was difficult to choose the first one among Dr. Grace, Ranji, and Trumper though naturally they gave pride of place to Dr. W. G. Grace. Bradman's

Court which was created by it. The Supreme Court pronounced itself against several of the late President's important measures and nullified the code-making powers of the National Recovery Act, although it was intended to be worked through Code Authorities almost entirely composed of industrialists themselves. The U. S. Government played but a minor part in the Code Authorities while the representatives of the consumer and of Labour only nominally came into the picture. A Constitution written when the problems of capitalist eco-

nomy were not clearly felt, has made it impossible for any kind of planning, including capitalist planning.*

The American Constitution, moreover, has been made extremely difficult to amend because the framers feared that any amendment might jeopardise their particular interests. It would be desirable that the Indian Constitution does not lay down provisions which would render any amendment of the Constitution too difficult.

*G. D. H. Cole: *Practical Economics*.

MANNARGUDI AGRARIAN TROUBLE

The labour trouble in the rice producing delta of Tanjore does not promise to subside. It is a matter of grave urgency. It has, I understand, been disposed of by a kind of reference to arbitration. I am told the District Judge has given his adjudication under which farm-labour disputes between employer and employed will be taken as and when they arise to the civil judicial officer at Mannargudi. Any one with experience of farm-work can realise the difficulties involved in this adjudication. It is hardly necessary to point out the lack of equipment in the proposed court. Except in rare cases the lawyers appointed to civil judicial posts have little knowledge of farm-work or the day-to-day problems therein, unless they happen to be mirasdars themselves. Surely the province will seriously suffer in food supply

if this dispute continues unabated. Diseases have a knack of spreading if not effectively checked. As an immediate step without prejudice to whatever may be done later, a Government receiver may be appointed for the ricefields of Mannargudi division who will act both as landlord and as Conciliation Board. This will ensure justice to the labourers and food for the people. A conciliation board in the person of a civil judicial officer who has no responsibility for production of rice is a dangerous arrangement. Let justice and responsibility be combined in the shape of a Government receiver. This will also be a useful experiment in nationalisation, provided the right type of receiver is appointed and his powers and staff are suitably decided upon.

—C. RAJAGOPALACHARI.

China is to have a new language. The Government have prepared a "basic" Chinese which comprises 1,000 characters and takes only three months to learn. It will replace the present language, which is made up of nearly 7,000 symbols, and at which students must be prepared to spend at least four years.

This scheme has been developed so that millions of illiterate Chinese will, in future, be able to receive an academic education. Much of the ancient philosophy and teachings will be dispensed with. Chinese linguists are to visit England during the next two years to introduce the new system to our language schools.—*Edinburgh Evening News*.

ECONOMICS AND CONSTITUTION-MAKING

By V. V. Prasad

(In this article the writer shows that Constitution-making should be entrusted to those who cannot be influenced by economic vested interests and that the Constitution should be amenable to amendment without too much difficulty. In both these respects we should profit by our knowledge of the mistakes in the American Constitution.)

One of the terrible things about the proposed Constituent Assembly is the extremely limited franchise on which it is to be created. This difficulty can be partly circumvented by the Provincial Legislatures choosing such people only as would be elected if there was universal adult suffrage. Framers of Constitutions have always been influenced by the economic factors which motivated them. It is true that the composition of the Congress is such that its leadership could easily arrange that only such men are returned to the Constituent Assembly as would be free from economic vested interests of their own and as are likely to be uninfluenced by those who have vested interests. The same may probably be said to a much smaller extent of the Muslim League. But it is essential to note that unless full account is taken of this when choosing candidates for the Constituent Assembly, the Indian Constitution may come to be framed by the same kind of people as those who framed the American Constitution. Charles A. Beard in his *Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States* shows how the Supreme Court was vested with powers which went against the very grain of democracy.

Beard says:

"The Constitution was essentially an economic document based upon the concept that the fundamental private rights of property are anterior to government and morally beyond the reach of popular majorities."

The movement for the Constitution itself, according to Beard, was originated and carried through by four groups of personality which had been adversely affected under the Articles of Confederation: money, public securities, manufactures, and trade and shipping.

The best example of how an over-developed sense of private property vitiates the very basis of Constitution-making is best illustrated by the position of slaves under the American Constitution which was stated as follows by Charles Dickens in his *American Notes*:

Public opinion has made this law. It has declared that in Washington, in that city which takes its name from the father of American liberty, any justice of the peace may bind with fetters any negro passing down the street and thrust him into jail: no offence on the black man's part is necessary. This justice says, "I choose to think this man a runaway" and locks him up. Public opinion empowers the man of law when this is done, to advertise the negro in the newspapers, warning his owner to come and claim him or he will be sold to pay the jail fees. But supposing he is a free black, and has no owner, it may naturally be presumed that he is set at liberty. NO: HE IS SOLD TO RECOMPENSE HIS JAILER. This has been done again and again and again. He has no means of proving his freedom; has no adviser, messenger, or assistance of any sort or kind; no investigation into his case is made, or inquiry instituted. He, a free man, who may have served for years, and bought his liberty, is thrown into jail on no process, for no crime, and on no pretence of crime; and is sold to pay his jail fees.

The best recent instance of the defects of the American Constitution relates to the New Deal. When President Roosevelt tried to introduce the New Deal, he encountered considerable difficulties with the American Constitution and the Supreme

of the deceased. In spite of his blindness, Lakshmi Narasimham started a corpse-bearers' association as he called it, and himself assisted personally in the carrying to the burial ground of corpses of poor families who could not pay the exorbitant fees demanded by the professional bearers.

One incident in his life raises him to the level of a saint. One day as he was returning from a friend's house, a stray dog followed him to his house. It was a 'Pariah' dog of no good breed. He asked his people to feed the dog for the day. They thought it would go to another street or house in a day or two. But no, it stuck to him not merely for months but for several years. It never served any useful purpose; it used to sit in the open verandah where he used to spend most of his

time and stand and wag its tail whenever he came there from the inner rooms of the house. It produced a litter quite frequently. But though his wife and others in the house grumbled very much, Lakshmi Narasimham never permitted it to be driven out and it died in his house.

His loyalty to his friends was one of the noblest features of his noble life. In spite of his physical infirmities and in spite of his financial worries, he never hesitated to take up the cause of persons in whom he had faith. When the late Veerasalingam Pantulu was attacked in the Press and on the platform, Lakshmi Narasimham stood up to defend him and defended him to the last. This controversy alienated from him some of his best friends.

RICH AND POOR

"Rich man in his castle, poor man at his gate." Existing social conditions remind one of this adage. Heartless rich man in his palatial building with the finest of ceramic tiles inlaid in his second floor hall! A few yards away from the rich man's mansion, as a glaring contrast, the poor man's hut—cheap and built with his own unpaid labour. Poor man in order to earn his livelihood, goes to the rich man who recruits him to be at his beck and call. The rich man extracts what all labour he can from the poor man who meekly obeys him lest he should be dismissed. Dismissal means good-bye to food, paltry as it is.

Rich man goes in his sedan Vauxhall. Poor man is so poorly paid that he is not in a position to afford the cheaply-run public utility services. Rich man sits in his hall in his costly easy chair smoking, with so many journals (only an exhibition) spread

on his well-varnished round table. Outside the hall sits his servant with a torn, dirty dhoty and with a towel thrown away by his master as useless.

"To err is human." The universality of this proverb is not realised by the rich man. If the servant brings Wills instead of *Three Castles*, at once he begins to scold him and at times gives a box on his ear.

Wealth and ethics rarely go hand in hand.

Rich man should, in these days that are unlike the age of slavery, learn how best he can treat his servant without injuring his feelings—even a poor man has the finer feelings. Slavery exists in a milder way in the houses of proud rich men. Should they not realise that their servants are also men like them who have a right to be treated kindly with the remuneration they get?

P. V. NARASIMHAN.

An employer objected to the item "Porter—1s. 6d." in the expense account of his commercial traveller. "You are not entitled," he declared, "to charge the firm with the cost of your own liquid refreshments." The commercial traveller explained that the item "Porter" covered the cost of moving part of his baggage. "In that case," said his chief, "the correct entry would have been 'Porterage—1s. 6d.'"

The corrected offender went one better. On his next expense account appeared the item "Cabbage—3s. 6d."—*Manchester Guardian*.

CHILAKAMARTHI LAKSHMI NARASIMHAM

By P. Kameswara Rao

Chilakamarthi Lakshmi Narasimham, who passed away on June 17, occupied a large place in the life of Andhradesa.

He became known throughout Andhradesa for the first time by his wonderful oratory at the Godavari Political Conference at Amalapuram in 1900. From 1903 onwards I used to stay with him a few weeks every year during the school vacations till 1910. His great love for one and all used to attract all of us to him and though he had no children of his own he used to sit with all of us one or two hours every day. He was a Telugu Pandit at the high school at Amalapuram at the time. He was an excellent teacher, but he was pronounced unfit to be a teacher by the Educational Department owing to the growing weakness of his eyesight. So he started a school of his own hoping to maintain himself with the margin which the grants from Government left after paying the staff. It happened, however, that his generosity to poor pupils never left him any margin for his own benefit. The departmental rules were not then so stiff as now and there were more free scholars than paying pupils in the classes of the school. The management of the school started by him gave him an opportunity of coming into touch with the educational needs of the people. The present Veerasalingam High School at Rajahmundry developed from one of his schools and he was a pioneer in the establishment of schools for the Depressed Classes. His Ram Mohan Secondary School for the Depressed Classes had to be closed for want of funds after about a decade of useful work.

One great thing that impressed me during my close association with him in those early years was his great courage and abiding faith in himself. He was a very poor man, and as he remarked to me more than once, all his father's descendants became dependants upon his

earnings from the time he was very young almost to the day of his death. Yet he undertook the establishment of institutions which would cost thousands every year and he never faltered. He said money would come and money always came. Sometimes there was a time-lag and he suffered greatly. But he never complained and his institutions served the public for a number of years. His monthly magazine *Manorama* was the best literary magazine of the day and some of his best books such as his drama "Prasanna Yadaram" and his novel "Karpura Manjari" were published therein. His weekly journal, *Desamatha*, was started to quicken the pace of the political awakening in Andhra consequent on the Bengal partition and at a time when there was no Telugu daily paper at all, the public looked forward to its editorials with an eagerness which it is hard to imagine at the present day.

One of the noblest traits in his character was his love of all animate beings. He could never bear to hear any tale of difficulty or woe without literally crying for the unfortunate victim and doing his best for the relief of the distress. This amounted to almost a weakness in him and accounted for all the financial worries in money matters that oppressed him in later life despite the generous help of many friends including our present Prime Minister, Mr. Prakasam.

He was the right hand man of the late Rai Bahadur Veerasalingam Pantulu in all his social reform activities. He stood up against the persecution of young widows and strove to popularise the movement for their re-marriage. At one time the persons who carried dead bodies to the burning ghat used to demand heavy fees taking advantage of the fact that by custom they must belong to the particular community

But Lenin continues to guide and inspire the people:

Lenin
is now
the most live of all living,
Our weapon,
our knowledge,
our power.

The magnificent resistance offered by Soviet citizens to the Nazi invaders was inspired by their determination to defend their new life and new culture. And Mayakovsky was among the foremost leaders of the post-revolutionary cultural renaissance. Had he not warned them, even in 1926?

Wherever
the earth
by sun is lit—
The slogan for all
should be the same—
Speak
to the fascists
with bayonet wit;
with words of bullets
and tongues of flame.

It is only necessary to look at English poetry written during the same period—dominated by sentiments of helplessness, disgust, despair, cynicism and escapist doctrines—to realize the startling contrast offered by Mayakovsky's poetry. The reason for the difference can be recognized in his own statement:

I abhor
every kind of deathliness
I adore
every kind of life.

G. N. S.

"OLD MAID"

There is no phrase in the English language that conveys so much scorn in such brief compass as "old maid".

The real old maid, the woman in whom there is no restless desire to annex some man as mate, can be a very sweet and lovable creature, whom a man of wisdom should be proud to make his wife.

How much better for a woman to choose to go her way in life alone than to join hands with someone who is likely to prove uncongenial, or is mentally or otherwise inferior? To be called an "old maid" is much better than to be an unhappy wife, and many who scoff at this much derided exemplar of individual character would perhaps in their secret hearts, if the truth could be breathed out, be glad to exchange places with her, and capture a little the secret of her bright womanly independence.

The epic poem on the death of Lenin is the most considerable of Mayakovsky's works. In its fifteen cantos, he expressed the gratitude and love of an entire people for their leader, and their grief at his death.

Time
gave birth
to Brother Karl
Lenin's
eldest brother
Marx.
It seemed to us
in our shallows of theory
that waves of accident
threw us at will
but Marx
revealed
the laws of history—
and placed the proletariat
at the wheel.

And Marx made a prophecy:
He'll come
the mighty man of practice,
and lead on the field of battle
and not of books!

The suffering millions shouted defiance at their oppressors:

Pave with us
the way
to golden ventures,
but we'll give birth
we'll send,
some day shall rise.

a man—
scourger, fighter, avenger!
He'll come
and settle up. He'll confront
you and yours,
with war
against war.

Lenin came, accomplished his mission, so that:

Here every peasant has Lenin's name
more loving than saints,
in his heart written deep.

And then:

to very Ilyich himself.
There were people
hard as flint—and then
they bit their lips
till the blood ran.

Children
grew as serious as the old men,
and venerable greybeards
cried like children.

death came—

As dust oppression flies away;
The fairy tale is true to-day.
The world is ours from end to end
we who were naught, to-day are all.

Mayakovsky was reviled by critics of the old school for the "unmitigated vulgarity of speech and coarseness of contents" in his writings. But he turned his head quite definitely away from that type of poetry which is "some sort of concoction from loves and nightingales" and declared:

I hurl myself into Communism
from the heights of poetry above
because without it,
for me,
there is no love.

I don't want to be
a wayside flower
plucked after work
in an idle hour.

I want the pen
to equal the gun

to be listed
with iron
in industry.

Again:
'Capitalism' is a word so inelegant,
how much more refined is
'Nightingale',

But I'll come back to it
again and again.

On slogan-tipped pen
all lies impale!

About this and that
I'll write in its hour,

But now's no time
for a lover and his lass.

All my ringing
poetic power

I give to you,
attacking class.

Mayakovsky did not consider it beneath the dignity of a poet to write rhymed couplets for advertisements, agitational poems and satires on the enemies of the Revolution.... "This appeals to my pen and my rhymes and I consider it's more important than the most inspired themes of the long-haired lyricists." The introduction of new themes and technique did not, however, mean that he was blind to the greatness of the ancient or pre-revolutionary literature. His admiration for the great classic Russian poet Pushkin has been recorded by him in a poem written on the occasion of a Jubilee:

May be
I am the only one
that's really sorry, Alexander,
that you're not here alive with us to-day.
I love you,
not as a mummy.
but living.
Beware of Pushkinists, of brains bereft
holding their quills,
moth-eaten and rusty.
They've glossed you over
with anthologian lacquer.

MAYAKOVSKY—POET AND PROPHET OF COMMUNISM

* We live, firm-clenched in an iron
oath
For that—we're crucified and bullets
flee:
that the world shall be one human
commonwealth,
without any Russia without any
Latvia.

Vladimir Mayakovsky wrote these lines in 1926. The same vision of the future was described by Shelley in the familiar lines:

*The man remains
Equal, unclassed, tribeless and
nationless.*

During the interval of a century between the two poets the world had moved slowly and very painfully towards the realization of this ideal. It was given to Mayakovsky to be the hard of the first successful Revolution for effecting the mighty transformation of human society. He greeted it with exultation and threw himself with terrific energy into the task of building the new civilization:

*There is not a single grey hair in my soul!
Thundering the world with the might of my voice,
I go by—handsome
twenty-two-year-old.*

He called out to his people to "hustle old history's horse":

*Beat on the street the march of rebellion
sweeping over the heads of the proud;
we, the flood of a second deluge,
shall wash the world like a hursting cloud.*

A mere intellectual might have stopped with giving his blessing for the Revolution but Mayakovsky who had been drawn into the movement as early as during his fifteenth year, suffered imprisonment and the privations of a revolutionary's life with the rest of his comrades. During the dark days of imperialist intervention his faith was unshaken:

*Let armies of hirelings ambush us,
streaming cold steel through every rift.
L'Entente can't conquer the Russians.*

In 1918, when the country was laid waste by war and famine, and the good things of life were yet to be achieved, he wrote the "Mystery-Bouffe", a fancifully drawn picture of the 'Promised Land, the Communist paradise of material plenty on earth'. Every line of the play moves with the lightness of buoyant optimism, with the chorus singing:

*With workers' millions now we've crushed
the ancient prison's ghastly power.*

* All extracts are from 'Mayakovsky and his poetry'—the only compilation of English translations of the poet's works. It is edited by Herbert Marshall (The Pilot Press, London.)



Mayakovsky



nearby, and the Committee referred to above will investigate these deposits.

Meanwhile the first detailed report by experts on the effect of atom bombs dropped on the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki nearly a year ago has been published. Among the experts is Dr. S. Parthasarathy, Assistant Director, Physics Section of the Laboratories of the Scientific and Industrial Research Directorate, Government of India. His work on ultra-sonics has been widely recognised. Formerly on the teaching staff of the University College, Rangoon, he has worked at the Nobel Institute, Stockholm, and the Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore.

MIDDLE EAST

With the British raids on the Jewish headquarters in Palestine, the birth pangs of the proposed new Anglo-Egyptian treaty and trouble popping up now and then in Persia, the Middle East is in a ferment. The greatest foreign interests in the Middle East are by general consent those of Great Britain. What are those interests?

In Egypt the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of 1936 opens for British use the Suez Canal zone, the naval base at Alexandria, the communications system of the entire country and strategic air bases. The Sudan is an Anglo-Egyptian condominium with England the domi-

nant partner. Ethiopia, freed from the Italians, has been recognized as independent but, as in the case of Egypt, efforts have been made to protect British rights by special treaty. British Somaliland and Aden are British protectorates guarding the southern outlet of the Red Sea. Eritrea and Italian Somaliland are under British occupation pending a decision on the disposition of the Italian colonial empire. The oil-rich Arabian and Persian Gulf sheikhdoms of Bahrein and Kuwait are British dependencies. Ibn Saud, King of Saudi Arabia, receives a subsidy from the British Government.

Palestine and Transjordan are League of Nations mandates under the supervision of Britain. Iraq, once a British mandated area also, is now an independent state but, like Egypt, is bound to Britain by a special treaty which, among other things, permits the Royal Air Force to maintain bases in the country. The Iraq Petroleum Company which holds the concession for the rich Mosul oil fields represents an international group in which considerably more than one-fourth of the capital is British. The pipe-line from Mosul to the Mediterranean at Haifa and the refinery at Haifa are under British control. In Southern Iran British influence has long been dominant. The Anglo-Iranian Oil Company and the great Abadan refinery are British owned.

A shout of "Hullo Willie, come and sit by me!" astonished Mr. William Gallacher in the House of Commons the other evening for the reason that the shouter was Mr. Ernest Bevin. Mr. Gallacher responded gingerly. Mr. Bevin was almost embarrassingly effusive. "You sit down here" he cried, patting the front bench beside him. Mr. Gallacher said to do so might give rise to misconceptions, speculations and what not. "Never mind all that!" pursued Mr. Bevin heartily. "This is your place, right beside me on the front bench, you sit down here, this is your place". No explanation of the strange incident has been offered, but it would probably be a mistake for any diplomat who may have happened to be in the gallery at the time to report an imminent and drastic change of policy at the Foreign Office.

—The Week.

5,000 unless some revision of wages was promised and Indian estate labourers were accorded village community franchise rights which were denied to them under a Bill then before the State Council.

In 1936 the Ceylon Government appointed an Immigration Commission to consider and report upon the problem of non-Ceylonese workers in Ceylon. The findings of the Commissioner (Sir Edward Jackson) were that far from causing any economic injury, Indian immigration had so far been beneficial to Ceylon and the movement of workers from India was sensitively attuned to the needs of the Island. No restriction of immigration from India, the Report stated, was necessary or desirable. Nevertheless, the Ceylon Ministry introduced two Bills in the State Council, which were intended to exclude Indians from being employed in work other than estate or manual labour.

Pressure of the need for additional labour and the greater dependence of Ceylon on India for food-stuffs led to the Ceylon Government proposing a discussion with the Government of India of all questions connected with the status of Indians in Ceylon. Informal conversations were arranged in November 1940 in New Delhi. The fundamental question of the status of Indians resident in Ceylon was first taken up.

The proposals of the Ceylon Delegation were conditioned by one main purpose, namely, substantial reduction in the number of Indians resident in the Island and restriction of full citizenship rights to Indians in Ceylon in the second or third generations, while extending limited rights to those Indians with only a Ceylon domicile of choice. The latter was to include among other conditions a prescribed residence in Ceylon for a minimum period of five years. They further proposed that all other Indians in Ceylon and future immigrants should be debarred for ever from acquiring franchise or other rights of citizenship.

The Government of India, on the other hand, pressed for full citizen-

ship rights for Indians who had put in five years' residence in the Island and produced evidence of permanent interest in the Colony.

The talks ended in a breakdown, but were resumed in August of the following year at the request of the Government of Ceylon. On the second occasion, agreed conclusions were reached and a joint Report was signed by the two Delegations.

The proposals in the joint Report, however, were criticised by prominent Indians and Indian Associations in Ceylon and also by the Central Legislative Assembly. They could not, therefore, be implemented; but in view of the developments in the Far Eastern political situation the Government of India and the Ceylon Government agreed to postpone further consideration of the Report until after the war and to maintain the *status quo* before the introduction of the Immigration Ordinance.

The need for friendly relations between India and Ceylon is obvious—and it is also obvious that such a relationship will be of greater advantage to Ceylon in the long run.

ATOM BOMB

The atom bomb tests at Bikini Lagoon recall the formation of a committee in India under the auspices of the Board of Scientific and Industrial Research for a survey of raw materials which can generate such energy. The Committee, whose Chairman is Dr. H. J. Bhabha, F.R.S., is also entrusted with the task of suggesting ways and means of harnessing atomic energy for industrial purposes. The other members of the Committee are Sir Shanti Swarup Bhatnagar, F.R.S., Dr. K. S. Krishnan, F.R.S., Dr. Meghnad Saha, F.R.S., Mr. D. N. Wadia, Dr. Nazir Ahmed and Dr. Jivraj Mehta.

Travancore State has considerable deposits of ilmenite, monazite, zircon, graphite, mica and kaolin. The deposits contain two to three per cent of thorium. The exact quantities are not known but it is clear that the monazite sands must have been formed from the rocks

On The World



Spotlight

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draws attention to women's tennis in India.

One afternoon, 26 years ago, an Indian woman walked into a tennis court dressed in a lovely sari. It created quite a sensation in India's sporting circles.

The place was Bombay, the player, Mrs. Kshama Row.

Few Indian women played tennis then. And it was the first occasion when an Indian woman player appeared in a sari.

"Mixed Doubles" was a term unknown to Indian tennis even 35 years ago, although tennis had been introduced in the country as early as 1887. The sari-draped woman and the long-sleeved, ankle-skirted Miss India of the 19th century was content to play the role of a spectator.

Women in India took to tennis in 1911. Since then women's tennis has made rapid strides. To-day the sun-tanned modern Miss sprucely turns out on the court in a smart tennis outfit. Women's entry into the game has had a twofold result. The sartorial fashion of ladies underwent a striking change. A costume allowing more freedom of movement was designed. Also, as mixed doubles became popular, a new style of the game was evolved. The old baseline, slow-driving style with underhand service gave place to precise drives, volleys and half-volley smashes.

Women's singles in regular tournaments started in 1924 and women's doubles in 1926. But women partnered men in mixed doubles in 1914. Among the well-known players of the early period were Mrs. Kshama Row and the late Lady

Tata. But it is Leela Row who has put India on the tennis map of the world. Essentially a singles player, Leela Row's forehand drives are exceptionally brilliant. She topped ranking list in 1936-37 and 1939-40. She won championships in France and Switzerland. In 1935 she defeated Mme. Honroti (France's No. 2), four British Wightman Cup players and several American and French ranked players. She had also the distinction of beating Nancy Lyle—one of the world's best players—when the latter visited India some years ago.

Another talented player is Miss K. Haji, who has won several all-India Championships.

INDIANS IN CEYLON

The mass strike by Indian labourers in Ceylon once again focuses attention on Indo-Ceylonese relations. There are in Ceylon 650,000 Indians who are to all intents and purposes permanently settled in the Island. This community is largely composed of the descendants of emigrant labour in the past decades. From September 1935 there has been little or no recruitment of Indian labour owing to the depression in the tea and rubber industries. In September 1937, with an increase of prosperity in these two industries, demand from the planters for extra labour became more insistent. Their requirements were estimated at 20,000, but the Ceylon Ministry decided to permit recruitment of only 5,000, as they were anxious to absorb suitable Ceylonese labour. The Government of India would not permit recruitment of even these

IS the torrent in spate? He must ford it or swim. Has the rain wrecked the road? He must climb by the clic. The service admits not a but, nor an if, while the breath's in his mouth, he must bear without fail.

THE Indian postal service is going to admit not a few "buts" and "ifs" next week if the all-India postal employees' decision to go on strike is carried out. The channels of communication that serve to keep one-fifth of the human race in touch with one another will cease to operate. Which are these channels?

Of the 157,000 miles over which mails are carried within the country, railways cover 38,000 miles and motor vehicles 27,000. Steamers help with 3,000 miles; bullock carts, horses, mules and camels account for 4,000 miles. There is air transport too, but country boats and mail-runners would still seem to form the backbone of the Indian postal system, for between them they carry our mails over 84,000 miles.

A link between the historic past and the air age, the mail-runner—or hirkara as he is often called—is the oldest means of postal transport in the country. His honesty is proverbial—his sense of responsibility keen. Hail or rain, he does his duty. In remote villages and hilly tracts the mail-runner's approach is heralded by the jingle of the bell he carries on his spear, rhyming with the steady pace at which he moves.

But the hirkara is not merely a "postman on the run". In some cases he represents a miniature post office on the move, for his duties include selling of postage stamps and accepting letters and money orders on the return trip. He may even help a villager to write a letter and he also serves as a "newsman" bringing uptown stories to the village folk.

Incidentally, the postal strike, if it does come off, is likely to have repercussion beyond the confines of the Posts and Telegraphs Department. Railway transport may be disorganised, since the prospective strikers include telegraph and telephone linesmen whose absence from duty will dislocate rail traffic.

EDUCATION

From all over the country come complaints of lack of room in schools and colleges to accommodate those wanting to enter them. While this sounds disappointing, the large number of students seeking higher education provide an earnest of the fact that the buried veins of ability are at last being mined, treated, refined and brought to profit. Education especially girls' education, is now making rapid strides.

In 1970 India will have more educated women than any other country in the world. To-day 11,000 girls join educational institutions every year. More than 3½ million girls are under instruction. A remarkable feature of this progress is the rapid advance of co-education. Out of these 3½ million girl pupils, well over 1½ million are

studying in institutions. Sitting in common themselves opportunities. They are learning the tion is to go play an im national life

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WOMEN?

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in white, and four Tibetan Generals riding in front of them, were drawn up. Each General was attended by sixteen lancers bearing white flags. At the rear of the military formation, waited a long procession of Tibetans carrying twenty huge umbrellas of white satin and innumerable buntings of white. A musical band kept playing all the time on reeds, bag-pipes, guitars and sundry other musical instruments. At the sight of Dipankara, the entire concourse moved up, chanting in unison the sacred 'Om Mani Padme Hum.'

A ceremonial offering, consisting of five ounces of gold, a tray filled with treacle and a cup of tea decorated with figures of Chinese dragons, was made to Dipankara. The tea was a strange drink to him and he asked its name. The Tibetan interpreter explained: "Venerable Sir, it is called *Cha* (tea). The monks of Tibet drink it. We do not know that the *Cha* plant is eaten, but the leaves are churned, being mixed with soda, salt and butter, in warm water and the soup is drunk." Dipankara found this Tibetan preparation of tea an excellent beverage.

The whole party then proceeded towards the capital, stopping for a month on the way at the home of Nag-tcho and passing by the shore of the famous Tibetan mountain-lake, Manassarowar, celebrated in the Indian legend-lore. Dipankara halted at the lake for a week, performing ablutions in its sacred waters.

Girl Disciple's Martyrdom

The royal monastery of Tholin, the destination of the journey, was reached in a huge triumphal procession which kept singing the ancient welcome song of Tibet—"Lo-a lo ma lo la lo la." A novel musical instrument, a long brass trumpet curiously shaped, was invented and sounded to mark the occasion of Dipankara's arrival at the Tibetan capital. This particular trumpet sounded on the occasion came to be known by the name of *Lopan Chen Denpai Lun*, meaning the trumpet for inviting the Pandit. So great was the reverence shown to Atisha that, it is said, a girl gave all her ornaments as an offering to him. And when her

parents took her to task she committed suicide by leaping into water. "Atisha performed her funeral ceremonies, and announced that she had taken rebirth in one of the Heavens."

Dipankara was established at the Tibetan capital, Tholin, in the office of the High Priest of Tibet and was invested with the honorific title of *Jowo Je* (the Supreme Lord). Besides holding religious services, addressing assemblies and administering the church, he engaged himself in writing books on the esoteric doctrines of Buddhism. As many as 25 works in Sanskrit, which are extant in Tibetan script in the well-known Tibetan encyclopaedia of religion, called *Tang-yur*, are ascribed to Dipankara. He condemned the Tantric system for Buddhists. "It is not good for a Buddhist priest to have learnt a Tantric charm from a heretic", he once said.

Thirteen Years In Tibet

He stayed at Tol in a monastery known as the 'Rock of Purity' near Lhasa and built a dam, according to a Tibetan history, for the good of the people there. While on a journey from Lhasa to a certain monastery in the interior, he died at a wayside place called Nethan in 1053 A.D. He had lived for thirteen years in Tibet and had just completed his seventy-second year. His dead body was duly cremated at Nethan. But in accordance with the Buddhist practice of relic-worship, a handful of ashes and charred bones, gathered from the funeral pyre, was preserved in a tomb. This tomb, in the locality of Sgroma, is a circular building painted yellow outside and decorated with a few crude paintings. A complete biography of Atisha was written, and it is still extant, by his intimate Tibetan disciple, Nag-tcho, who had the privilege of escorting him from the great Vikramasila monastery-university in Bihar to the far-off Tibetan capital. We also get a very noble account of his life and work in the *Blue Treasury*, a very faithful work of Tibetan history*.

* His historical importance in Indo-Tibetan affairs was first made known, towards the end of the last century, by Sarat Chandra Das in his *Indian Pandits in the Land of Snow*.

felt no satiety. His graceful appearance and smiling face struck everyone. From his waist hung a bundle of keys. The Indians, the Nepalese and the Tibetans, all looked at him and took him for a countryman of their own. Even the gods would own him. There was brightness mixed with simplicity of expression in his face which acted as a magic spell upon those who beheld him."

One morning, while Dipankara was supervising the daily feeding of the poor at the monastery, Nag-tcho made bold to approach him. The incident is thus described by him: "Tears of joy flowed from my eyes. I followed him as he walked towards his place and was about to fall from a bridge, my attention being wholly engrossed upon him. He recognised me as a Tibetan and said: 'Ah Tibetan Ayusmat (Sir), you are earnest men. Do not shed tears. I have much regard for the Tibetan people,—your king and ministers. So you have again come for me without losing heart. Offer your prayers to the * Three Holies.' As these words dropped from his lips, I became hopeful and cheerful."

After a few days' stay, Nag-tcho was conducted by Gya-tson to Dipankara's presence. The bar of gold, brought so carefully all the way from Tibet, was placed on the *Mandala* or cycle of offerings and handed over to Dipankara. Gya-tson then gave a moving narration of the chequered history of the Buddhist religion in Tibet and the heroic efforts of Lha Lama, the martyred king, and his nephew, Chan Chub, to reform and revive it. It visibly moved Dipankara, but he could not leave his post at Vikramasila for a few years to come. "However, in the mean time I shall consult my tutelary deities. For the present do take back the gold." So saying, he returned the presents.

The settlement of the affairs of the monastery and the transference of charge took four years more and the Tibetans stayed on at the monastery, improving their learning and going out on short tours.

The Caravan Starts

By A.D. 1040, Dipankara relieved himself bit by bit of his charge, handing over to Ratnakara Santi, who appealed to Nag-tcho not to deprive India of so illustrious a teacher: "O Ayusmat (Sir), without Dipankara

* The Three Holies are the Triratna (the three jewels) of Buddhism. These three jewels, Buddha, Dharma (Law) and Sangha (Assembly), are invaluable treasures for those who long for Nirvana—salvation.

India will be in darkness. He holds the keys of many institutions. The looming signs prognosticate evil for India. Numerous Turaskas (Moslems) are invading India and I am deeply concerned at heart." However it was given out that Srijnana was going on a visit to the Temple of Swayambhu in Nepal. Nag-tcho packed sixty loads on thirty horses and the caravan crossed the Ganges at midnight. Secret word was at the same time sent to Dipankara's disciple Gya-tson, who was then laid up with fever at Nalanda, but who came post-haste back to Vikramasila in a *dooly* (man-borne one-seated chaise).

Leaving Vikramasila, the party proceeded to a monastery, Mitra Vihara, near the boundary between India and Nepal,—Gya-tson with two attendants, Nag-tcho with six and Dipankara with twenty. Till they arrived at the capital of Nepal, they were frequently waylaid by detached bands of prowling robbers sent by Shaivites to kill him. But Dipankara was an adept in charms and spells and he threw the assailants into a glamour. On one occasion an attempt on his life was made, but the assassins were struck completely dumb and motionless by his spells and were released only after the party had passed on. On another occasion as a band of robbers approached Dipankara uttered some incantations and sprinkled some sand towards them and the robbers became as frozen statues. But he felt moved: "I pity the robbers"—and restored them to life by uttering some mantras.

Grand Ovation

A grand ovation was given by the Raja of Nepal and an imposing religious assembly held. Dipankara's sojourn in the Nepalese capital was however darkened by a mournful incident. Gya-tson, his favourite Tibetan disciple, who had come from Nalanda in ill-health to join Dipankara at Vikramasila and accompanied him all the way through the hazards of the journey, died of a mysterious fever supposed to have been contracted through the evil charm of a *Tirhika* (heretic). It took life out of Dipankara as it were. The deceased was a most accomplished *Lochava* (interpreter) and Dipankara had hoped to address the Tibetan people through him. "Now that my tongue has dropped off," he lamented, "I shall be of no service to the Tibetans."

A royal and spectacular reception awaited the party at Purang, the boundary between Nepal and Tibet. A hundred horsemen, clad completely

We surely cannot deny to any nation that right whereon our Government is founded—that everyone may govern itself according to its own will, and that it may transact its business through whatever organ it thinks proper, whether King, Convention, President or anything else it may choose.—Thomas Jefferson.

TIBET'S QUEST AFTER AN INDIAN SCHOLAR

By Ram Narain Rau, M.A.

Buddhism, which had become the sole State religion in Tibet by 650 A.D., came to lose its dynamic force: it became corrupt and sophisticated by the passage of time. To reform it Indian Pandits were invited from time to time. In 1025 A.D. a royal monastery was founded at the then capital Tholin, and the monks of this monastery were authorised to invite learned monks from India to Tibet. Many attempts were made to induce Dipankara of Vikramasila to come to Tibet and two or three missions were organised, but with no success.

To defray the expenses of these repeated missions, King Lha Lama had to go out prospecting for gold. While on a visit to a lately discovered gold mine on the border of his kingdom, he fell into the hands of the Hindu Raja of Gharwal, who was inimical to Buddhism. He was cast into prison by the Raja and was offered the alternative of either renouncing Buddhism or paying a block of solid gold of the size and weight of his person as the price of liberty. His nephew made repeated attempts to collect the necessary amount of gold for the king's ransom, but the amount fell short. At last the long suffering king, summoning his nephew to the prison, thus expressed himself: "Do not give a grain of gold to this cruel Raja." He said: "Take back the entire quantity of it that you may conduct religious service in the great monasteries and spend it in bringing an Indian Pandit to Tibet" And he died a martyr's death in captivity.

A King's Last Wishes

Lha Lama was succeeded by his nephew Chan Chub who made it his life's purpose to carry out the last wishes of his uncle.* He sent immediately for the learned Tshul Khrim Gyalwa of the Nag-tcho family who had already visited and studied Sanskrit at Vikramasila. To him, the king said: "Now, Vinayadhara (learned monk), that you are accustomed to hot climate and are acquainted with

* He told his ministers: "Religious service on a grand scale should be performed at Lhasa and Sam-ye, and a great Pandit, holy and learned, should be brought here from India."

the way to India and can talk and interpret the Indian language, you should go as our envoy to bring Dipankara to Tibet. Should Dipankara decline to come, you must try to escort one who is second to him in learning and holiness." But on Nag-tcho's unwillingness to undertake the task of this mission—delicate and hazardous—the king bade him, "Vinayadhara, it behoves you not to disregard your sovereign's commands. If you go this time and please him, the opportunity to please you will not be allowed to be lost. Whether you study here or in India or even if you do not study at all, you shall have to serve the State. This time, under any circumstances, you should go to India."

Nag-tcho in duty bound had to obey. The king allowed him one hundred attendants and provided him with a large quantity of gold for the expenses of the journey and also a bar of gold, weighing sixteen ounces, to be offered to the Indian Pandit at Vikramasila.

The party reached the Indian frontier in safety, but on crossing it they became the object of unwelcome attention from lurking robbers. One morning they met a Nepalese prince who was proceeding with a large retinue to Vikramasila. The Nepalese party escorted the Tibetans up to the bank of the Ganges and crossed over in a ferry boat. Reaching the other side of the river, they walked by night up to the portals of the Vikramasila Monastery on the hill-top and took lodgings for the night in a public guest-house. Next morning the party presented themselves to the eminent scholar Gya-tson, the resident disciple of Dipankara. Nag-tcho who had been a pupil of Gya-tson was advised by his Guru to keep his mission a secret for fear of exciting the hostility of the Indian monks. Gya-tson asked him to wait for a favourable opportunity to meet Dipankara and disclose his mind to him.

First Sight Of Dipankara

At the morning congregation Nag-tcho had his first sight of Dipankara: "When all the rows of seats were filled up, there came Jove (Lord) Atisha, the venerable of all venerables, in all his glory, at whose sight the eyes

THIS LOVE BUSINESS OF MANKIND

By S. B. Saro

It is undoubtedly the intention of Providence that each unit of creation among plants, animals and birds should go by pairs and mingle in one another's being. From earthworm to man the pleasures of 'pairing' are patent. Man too is a 'pairing animal'. Since the dawn of creation every Adam has pursued his Eve and every Jack his Jill in an everlasting hunt.

At some time or other during the voyage through life every manly man and womanly woman must have had 'an affair of the heart'. The abandonment and the desire for possession, the surrender and the possessiveness of love, every normal adult must have known and experienced in life. "Better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all", so runs the proverb.

Though the love business of mankind has become only a minor preoccupation in the exigencies of modern times and though the Age of Innocence is dead and the world has bidden farewell to all romance, to love and be loved is essential and indispensable for living a complete life on earth. "Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is Love", says the Gospel. "Nothing is sweeter than love, nothing stronger, nothing higher, nothing broader, nothing pleasanter, nothing fuller nor better in heaven or in earth", wrote Thomas A' Kempis.

The wildest of animals and even dictators of iron are susceptible to love. The love of love is greater than the love of life. Love is stronger even than death.

"All men are liars, traitors, babblers, hypocrites, strutters; all women are vain, artificial, and perfidious; but there is in the world one thing holy and sublime, and that is the union of these two imperfect beings", said De Musset. Man is redeemed when he loves a woman, said Wagner. "The heart is

emancipated only when caught in the snare of love", sang Iqbal.

Though romantic love and platonic affection have no place in the scheme of things in our atomic age, it is well to remember that the 'love-illusion', so as to say, has gripped the mind, heart and soul of humanity at large from time immemorial, and has been immortalised by the poets and romancers of all times. The indissoluble relationship of bi-polar tension symbolised by the 'love-play' of the adult human animal has been the never-failing theme of epic and drama, fiction and lyric, sonnet and song. The heterosexual love-life of mankind has produced a wealth of literature that has no precedent in history. "The nefarious drivel scattered on the country's bookstand by the ton would have been ordered to be burned by Louis XIV and would have made Casanova blush for shame", wrote K. L. Gauba in his famous book *Uncle Sham*.

The Taj was built for a woman; Troy was destroyed for a woman; * a Mark Antony destroyed himself for a woman and monarchical Rome turned Republic through a woman. Cupid capitulated to Psyche, Eros to Agape; Zeus to Europa, Bacchus to Venus, Hercules to Omphale, Orpheus to Eurydice, Pericles to Aspasia, Petrarch to Laura, Dido to Aeneas, Tristram to Iseult, Socrates to Xanthippe, Plato to Bruno, Dante to Beatrice, Shakespeare to Hathaway, Goethe to Anna Katharina (& Co.), Schlegel to Michaelis, Schleiermacher to Eleonore, Keats to Fanny Browne, Comte to Clotilde, Johnson to "Tetty", Gibbon to Susan Curchod, Napoleon to Josephine, the Duke of Windsor to Mrs. Simpson, and so on. Even Jesus Christ "to the end of his short life loved to have women about him", and was crucified on account of a human female, wrote the heretic Hall Caine.

* Helen of Troy with her blessed face:

"That launched a thousand ships
And burned the topless towers of
Ilium."

through till Krishnaswami's next payday—was produced. The palmist packed it into the third betel leaf, put it on that awful-looking bone, repeated those improvised incantations bidding the evil spirits flee, and put them into his bag.

He then bade Babuji write out a certificate for him on the same lines as those given by the Raja of -X- and the Zamindar of -Y- and the retired District Superintendent of Police. Krishnaswami mechanically obeyed. The palmist then rose to depart and said that those evil spirits which had so long been weighing down on Krishnaswami like an incubus, had gone for ever. As for the fee for his professional services, he would come for it after a month from the next *Dwadasi*, after Babuji found himself pitchforked into that big job, as he had predicted. . . .

A few moments after the palmist disappeared from the house, Krishnaswami recovered from his stupefaction and realized his stupidity. His first

impulse was to run after the fellow and make him disgorge his ill-gotten gains. But he refrained. He somehow felt that by taking back the five rupee note, he would be reinventing the evil spirits which had been bribed away. Besides, would it be politic to kick up a row and let the entire neighbourhood know what a nincompoop he was?

Krishnaswami felt very sheepish for the rest of the day. His pride suffered a shock. He could not bear the thought that a rational man with a scientific education like himself could fall such an easy victim to the tomfoolery of an unschooled scoundrel. Janaki was inclined to blame her husband for being such a moron but dared not do so because she had connived at his folly.

Krishnaswami resolved never again to let any professional palmist come anywhere near arguing distance of his house. His confidence in his ability to hold his own against such a consummate student of human psychology forsook him for ever.

TRUE SERVICE, THE REAL TOUCHSTONE

By N. Vasudevan

Everybody would be only too glad to see sincere Congressmen at the helm of affairs of the workers' unions. But the way to capture the mind of the workers does not lie in forming unions in opposition to the Communist-dominated ones. That will only help to divide the workers at a critical juncture.

After all, the Communist-dominated unions are not formed by self-appointed leaders of the working class. Elections are held periodically and people who have the confidence of the workers alone can occupy important positions in the unions. It was only by constant service to the cause of the working class that Communists have gained the confidence of the workers.

If Congressmen want the influence of the Communists to wane and wish to lead the workers themselves, this can only be done by rendering better service than the Communists. The workers' problems are more economical than political. They fight for the political freedom of the country, for they realise that their economic standard will automatically rise higher with a Government having the confidence of the people, and having the interests of all sections at heart. Poli-

tically, we may differ from the Communists, we may not like their policies. As far as economic betterment of the workers is concerned, there is, and there can be, no difference of opinion between Communists and Congressmen. This can be finely illustrated by citing the example of the Railwaymen's Federation of which the Committee of Action consists of Congressmen, Communists and Royist and yet, in spite of the wide divergence of opinion on political matters, they act as one man in fighting for the economic betterment of the railwaymen.

Congressmen in some places are setting up a bad precedent by forming separate unions in opposition to the already existing ones. This should be prevented at any cost. When there is every chance of their becoming leaders of the workers in the existing (Communist-dominated) unions, if only they have as their motto real service to the workers, why should they hesitate to adopt this straight path and attempt short cuts to popularity by appointing themselves as Secretaries and Presidents of unions founded by themselves and strive to disrupt the loyalty of the workers to their age-old unions.

Krishnaswami reflected for a moment. . . .

Now the gravamen of his objection to the whole tribe of fortune-tellers was that they claimed their remuneration long before their veracity was proved. But here was a palmist who offered to read his future for nothing at all. Besides, a number of respectable gentlemen including a Raja, a Zamindar and a Retired District Superintendent of Police, had vouched for his prophetic abilities. Surely they ought to know. If nothing else, it would be a little fun that afternoon allowing the impostor to predict things for him. He had, of course, sense enough not to take him seriously. . . .

Krishnaswami surrendered his palm and the palmist began his prognostications.

Babuji had a very good life line—began the palmist unfolding Krishnaswami's future—which had the support of a second life line which would enable Babuji to come through the most serious illness with body and soul together. Babuji would live up to the ripe old age of 82.

Not bad—thought Krishnaswami—and not unlikely either. Did not his grandfather live upto 91 and was not his father who was 78 still going strong?

If only Babuji had been born five minutes earlier than he did—the palmist went on—he would have been one of the luckiest of mortals rolling in wealth. Even as things stood, Krishnaswami would not be so badly off at all. He would be the master of a lakh of rupees. . . .

Janaki came upon the scene to see what was up. Sharing, as she did, her husband's scepticism about fortune-tellers, she was half inclined to actively interfere with the proceedings. Krishnaswami though looking somewhat guilty, winked at her as much as to reassure her that he had his wits about him and was only trying to fool the palmist and was not running the risk of being fooled himself.

The palmist's fluency and volubility and his masterly generalizations which Krishnaswami had no difficulty in applying to his own particular case, changed the couple's initial hostility into indifference, their indifference into interest, their interest into positive credulity and enthusiasm.

Babuji had a very good head line—continued the palmist encouraged by the success with which he held his victim's attention—and his heart line

was excellent. Babuji was the very personification of generosity. The line of fortune which had been feeble so far had now become bold. A lucky event was in the offing, and—as he had predicted already—he would find himself elevated to an exalted station in life, through the good offices of an eminent gentleman.

Krishnaswami had no difficulty either in identifying this eminent gentleman. He was no doubt Sir—to whose friend he had got his uncle to write requesting that Sir—may be persuaded to put in a word on Krishnaswami's behalf with the chairman of the Committee of selection for that big job which Krishnaswami had applied for.

But—alas!—all was not lovely in the garden. The ointment had a fly in it. When all was said and done—the palmist put in—there was no disguising the fact that certain evil forces dogged Krishnaswami's footsteps. The evil eye was on him. Which was why Krishnaswami's attempts had never so far resulted in unqualified success. It was necessary that those evil forces should be exorcised and the evil spirits propitiated. It could be done, and he, the palmist, would do it there and then!

The palmist then solemnly called for a cup of water, 3 betel leaves and a match box. With a serious look, Krishnaswami motioned Janaki to fetch them. The palmist tore two of the betel leaves into shreds and put them in the water. He then called for a dhoti which Babuji usually wore. The dhoti was brought. The palmist took out a bone of what appeared to be a human arm from his mysterious looking bag and covered it with a corner of the dhoti, struck a match and burnt a little of it. This process was accompanied by loud incantations which were obviously extemporaneous. Krishnaswami, invited to join in the recitation, promptly obeyed. The palmist then took away the bone, and, much to the surprise of the couple, the dhoti showed no sign of having gone through fire a moment ago!

Krishnaswami and Janaki were tremendously impressed! . . .

Things now rapidly moved to a climax. The palmist rose to the occasion and boldly called for four rupee coins. Krishnaswami's discretion struggled hard to assert itself at the mention of money, but in vain. Four rupee coins not being readily available, a five rupee note—which was all that was left to see the household

The Palmist

By H. R. V. Iengar, M.Sc.

Krishnaswami consumed four fair sized idlis in the morning, went to his miserable office to have a look at the day's *tappal* and trudged back home at 1 p.m. The rest of the family had all taken their food with the exception of Janaki, his wife, who was dutifully awaiting her lord's return. Sunday was the one day in the week when Krishnaswami could safely let himself go, and indulge the gourmand in him without having to race up to his office before noon with a heavy paunch. After filling himself more or less to capacity, Krishnaswami adjourned to the verandah and threw himself into an easy chair, leaving his wife to get through with what he had left her of the day's menu. He lazily looked over the day's newspaper, though assimilating but little of its contents. The fate of his application for that fat job in the North carrying a four figure salary had kept his mind distracted during the past week. How delightful it would be—he thought in the comatose condition to which his heavy meal had induced him—to jump into that job, to be talked of by the entire neighbourhood and, possibly, to have photographs of himself published in the local papers. So many persons whom he knew, of whose qualifications and abilities he did not think as highly as of his own, had come by such incredibly big appointments these days. Why shouldn't he prove for once as lucky as those blazing mediocrities! Just a spot of luck—that is what he had lacked so far in his life. . . .

The sound of a voice at the door interrupted these agreeable reflections, and Krishnaswami looked up dreamily to find a man with a multi-coloured turban and his forehead made up with a combination of caste marks, with a mysterious looking bag in his hand and a booklet containing a number of loose sheets of paper under his arm. Krishnaswami had no difficulty in recognizing the intruder to be that most insidiously ingratiating of human beings, a palmist. Krishnaswami had always prided himself on being a rational creature who knew astrology, palmistry and such like to be the

sheerest bunkum. But he had been warned by aggrieved parties that these pinch-beck prophets who pretended to give you sinaitic revelations of your future were so dangerously smooth-tongued that once you enter into an argument with them, you would gradually succumb to their blandishments and be eventually worsted only to find yourself relieved of whatever hard earned cash you happened to have about you at the moment. With as much firmness as he was capable of in his present state of post-prandial heaviness, Krishnaswami therefore bade his uninvited visitor begone, adding that he had no use for palmists and palmistry. With a perseverance characteristic of his tribe, the palmist held out and assured Krishnaswami that a most important and auspicious event involving his translation into a higher sphere of existence was in the womb of the immediate future and that this would happen inside of a month from the next *Dwadasi*. Krishnaswami, though somewhat tickled and pleased, laughed derisively and sceptically. What is destined to happen—he argued—would happen irrespective of astrologers and palmists.

The palmist gently pushed the door and finding that Krishnaswami did not protest, stepped in and handed him the booklet with the sheaf of papers under his arm. Scornfully but not unwillingly, Krishnaswami looked through these documents which testified to the palmist's prowess. Besides sundry others, the Raja of -X-, the Zamindar of -Y-, and a retired District Superintendent of Police had spoken to the uncanny accuracy of the palmist's predictions. Krishnaswami's face relaxed. The palmist, watchful of his prospective victim's physiognomy, lost no time in pressing home the initial advantage he had thus gained in the first round. He protested he was no mercenary. He would be content if Babuji would just stretch out his palm for a few minutes. He would read therefrom his past, present and future, indeed the whole eternity, for no consideration what-

statement of May 16 will be possible as long as the Assembly has to rigidly adhere to that procedure. Any proposal, for instance, by the Muslim League members on the Assembly that instead of a Union of India as recommended by the Cabinet Mission there should be a division of the country into two sovereign States of Pakistan and Hindusthan, will not receive the support of a majority from among the Hindu members and this recommendation in the statement can never be altered. Similarly, any resolution emanating from the non-Moslem section of the Assembly to include tariffs, currency, banking, etc., among the subjects dealt with by the Union Centre or to alter the location of residuary authority or to give to the provinces the right to opt out even at the initial stage from the groups to which they have been assigned or to do away with the groups themselves is sure to be opposed by the Muslim League members and, therefore, the corresponding recommendations as they are contained in the Cabinet Delegation's scheme will have to remain unaltered. This means that for all practical purposes the Constituent Assembly has no other alternative than to accept the proposals in the statement of May 16 as binding and reconcile itself to the position that it has no power to determine the basic foundations of the Indian Constitution for the framing of which it has been convened and that it should be merely content with raising the superstructure on the foundations laid by an external authority. After all in Constitution-making the foundations are of far greater importance than the superstructure and an Assembly which is helpless in shaping the foundations ceases to be a sovereign body. All previous Constitutions framed for India since 1772 have been framed by the British. And to-day also they have so manoeuvred the political situation that it has enabled them to shape the future Constitution of the country.

There is also another reason why the status of the Indian Constituent Assembly in respect of sovereignty is very much inferior to that of similar Assemblies that functioned in many other countries of the modern world. The Constitution which it is going to frame has no prospect of automatically coming into operation. The statement of May 16 lays down that for power to be transferred to an Indian Government that will be set up under the new Constitution a preliminary condition is the negotiation of a Treaty between the Constituent Assembly and the United Kingdom to provide for certain matters arising out of the transfer of power. In a further statement issued on May 25 the Delegation state that before sovereignty is ceded to the Indian people adequate provision for the protection of minorities should be made in the Indian Constitution. If the Constitution framed by the Constituent Assembly is to be put into execution only after certain conditions are fulfilled in a way satisfactory to Britain it becomes clear that the Assembly itself has not the power to say the last word on the Constitution it is called on to frame. Besides this there is the threat of the Muslim League that though its members participate in the framing of the Constitution it does not mean that they will abide by it and as resolved by the League Council on June 6 its ultimate attitude towards the Constitution framed will depend on many circumstances. The attitude of the Indian States is more or less similar. They will participate in the framing of the Constitution, but they do not guarantee that they will become automatically members of the Indian Union under the Constitution framed. When all these circumstances are taken into consideration there is the apprehension that although the Assembly may frame a sound and ideal Constitution its labours may meet with the same fate as those of the Frankfurt Assembly which framed a Constitution for Germany in 1848-1849.

STATUS OF THE CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY

By M. Venkatarangaiya, M.A.

The Indian Constituent Assembly for which elections are shortly to be held is perhaps the only example of such an assembly being formed in a country which is still dependent and which has still to secure effective power to shape its fortunes in its own way. In every other case where a separate Constituent Assembly was set up to frame a Constitution the process was exactly the opposite. The conquest of power from the hands of imperialist and despotic authorities and the formation of a Provisional Government by those who won power preceded the setting up of a Constituent Assembly in almost every other country. And it is these two preliminary steps that gave to the assembly its sovereign character and made it possible for it to frame a Constitution in accordance with its sovereign wishes. In our case the Assembly is being set up by the very Government from which it has to wrest power. It has to function on the basis of the sanctions provided by that Government, and it has no independent sanction of its own behind it. It is this that makes one doubt whether it has the same status as the Constituent Assemblies formed in the free and democratic countries of the modern world. It may be noted in this connection that what was contemplated by the resolution of the All-India Congress Committee of August 8, 1942 was a Constituent Assembly not of the type that we are now having but of the traditional type to be convened by a free Indian Provisional Government termed after the winning of independence.

Doubts in regard to the sovereign status of the proposed Indian Constituent Assembly arise because of the varying interpretations put upon the nature of the statement issued by the Cabinet Mission and the Viceroy on May 16 outlining the basis of a scheme for the future Constitution of India. There are

some who regard the scheme as an award absolutely binding on the Constituent Assembly while there are others who regard it merely as a sort of recommendation which the Assembly is free to accept or reject. If it is construed as an award the Assembly loses its sovereign character. It is only if it is considered to be recommendatory in character that the Assembly will have something of a sovereign status though even then it cannot be completely sovereign for other reasons which will be presently noted.

The statement itself says that in the Constituent Assembly resolutions varying the provisions of para 15 which outline the scheme for the future Constitution or raising any major communal issue shall require a majority of the representatives present and voting of each of the two major communities. This may be said to mean that the proposals in the statement are not unalterable but only that they can be altered through the specific procedure laid down for the purpose by the Cabinet Delegation. This however does not take us very far, as the Assembly ceases to be sovereign when it has to function in accordance with a procedure not determined by itself but by an external authority which in the present context is the Cabinet Delegation. To enjoy that kind of sovereign status which every other Constituent Assembly known to modern history has enjoyed an Assembly should also have the freedom to determine by its own inherent authority the procedure which it wants to follow in carrying out its work as well as the particular kind of Constitution which it wants to set up.

Moreover the procedure that has been laid down for it is so difficult to be followed that for all practical purposes it may be said that no change in the basic constitutional plan outlined for the country in the

less cursed than those of untouchability.

In contrast with how poor men are treated, let me cite an example of the opulence in which the pampered pets of the fashionable rich live. Recently the State of Gwalior bought two pups at Rs. 4,000 each in England. They were flown in an aeroplane to India. From the State headquarters they were transported, the weather being too hot for them, the little dears, in a special saloon, attended by the State doctor and an ample nursing

staff to the cool and salubrious heights of Ootacamund. There they are now being looked after like princes of the royal household. There is of course nothing to be said against dogs as dogs many of whom compare very favourably with some men. It is when the keep of animals exceeds the limits of decency and becomes a vulgar show mocking the misery of the ill-fed poor, that a fire of anger is kindled in men's breasts threatening to burn the whole world including the too costly pets and their heartless keepers.—SAKA.

WIDOW'S WEEDS

By Binod

In the melancholy life of a Hindu woman I can think of no more tragic moment than when she is named a widow. The rites that signalize the death of a *sumangali* and the birth of an *amangali* form to my mind one of the saddest spectacles even in this sad world.

Why, oh why, don't the kindly waters of tank or river which bear witness to this ghastly scene engulf the wretched woman in fatal embrace and save her from a doom worse than death? Why don't the widow's robes handed by son and brother assume life, take her by the throat, and smother the life out of her for ever and aye?

Far better were it for her thus than to endure a living death in a monstrous, mocking, empty world. Widow's weeds! Widow's weeds! Widow's weeds for ever! Shorn head, bare brow, nude neck, a *sari*—once an occasion for joy, now grim symbol of a sorry state. No more for her the life of the living, no more even a drop of love in a sea of reproach. The love of a mother, brother, sister or father can no more replace the love of a husband than gold or silver can replace rice as an item of food. For

that which no father can give, that which no mother can give, that which no brother can give—that a husband, and a husband alone, can give. Embittered by loss, deterred by fear, abandoned by hope, the widow decays, fades away and breaks down under a barbarous custom that blots her out of life's page.

Such are the doleful thoughts that trouble the mind of one present at a *dasagam* ceremony. The woman has just passed the last nine days of her life on this planet. What is before her is not life; it is a dreary, weary, painful existence with death and life in ceaseless strife. The rites do their best to drive this point home. The word is given: the widow's *saris* are presented—a gift to break the lacerated heart of the distraught woman. The following day it's all over: the *tali* round her neck is gone; the vermilion mark on her brow is gone; the hair on her head is gone. She is no more a *sumangali*; she is an *amangali*—a widow—an unclean, unwelcome, inauspicious being condemned to live with suffering as her companion and death as her nearest neighbour.

SIDELIGHTS ::

I never could believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world, ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden.

—Richard Rumbold.

Dr. Ambedkar relates in one of his books an incident that took place in Chakwara, a village in Jaipur State, on or about 1st April, 1936. An "untouchable" villager had returned from a pilgrimage and arranged to give a dinner to fellow-untouchables of the village as an act of religious piety. The host being well off, he included ghee among the items served for dinner. Neighbouring Hindus got wind of the feast and chose to regard the consumption of ghee as a mark of social status. Of social status pertaining to themselves, high caste Hindus. They fancied that it was a wrong done to them by the untouchables that the latter should treat themselves to so sacred an item of food as ghee. They worked themselves into collective anger over it. After that, no violence was too much, since it went only to feed a cause garbed as righteous. The Hindus—so the story goes—gathered in their hundreds, armed themselves with lathies, rushed to the scene of the obnoxious dinner, despoiled the food and belaboured the guests who left the dishes (ghee and all) and ran for their lives.

Another similar incident is recounted by Ambedkar, also of a decade ago. It would seem to have occurred in the village of Zanu in Ahmedabad district, Gujarat. We are told that "when some untouchable women of well-to-do families in the village started fetching water in metal pots, the Hindus looked upon the use of metal pots by untouchables as an affront to their

dignity and assaulted the untouchable women for their impudence."

I was reminded of these two incidents by something that I just heard of. It happened not a decade ago, but very recently, not in Jaipur or Gujarat, but here right under our noses, in Egmore. My informant was a good Samaritan who had given up the acquisitive ways of the world and made it his sole business to go out in search of people in distress and render them every kind of help in his power. His name is blessed by thousands of beneficiaries that had been befriended by him in their need though it has not appeared even once in print in the papers. He saw this spectacle: A driver of a heavily-laden Corporation bullock cart had stopped it on the road to take rest which from his body bathed in sweat, it appeared he sorely needed. Nearby there was a car. From it descended a high police dignitary, a white man. Without a word he kicked the cartman hard with his booted leg. Then he re-entered the car, and drove away.

The face of the beaten man was all swollen and his lips were broken with a raw wound. That, it turned out, was the effect of prior disfigurement inflicted in much the same way earlier in the day. He was not by caste an untouchable, but his fault was the same in kind as that of the metal-pot-using untouchable women of Zanu and the ghee-consuming untouchable villagers of Chakwara. He had dared to do what someone else in power resented as an encroachment on a prerogative of his own. Herein we have an example of the atmosphere of untouchability passing beyond its ancient caste boundaries. Executive power is abused, and poor working men insulted and ill-treated tyrannically by the wielders of such power in ways scarcely

SRIMATI RUKMINI DEVI

Srimati Rukmini Arundale has rescued the old art of dancing from disrepute and imparted respectability to it. For grace and perfection of performance, Bharata Natya in our time has scarcely known any to beat that peerless adept, Balasaraswati. But Balasaraswati is just a performer. Rukmini Arundale is a crusader—a crusader bent on winning public appreciation of the place of art in living and of Bharata Natya in art.

Her artistic mission has become an educational drive. She is not content, as so many artists are, with exclusive personal striving for increasing perfection in a chosen line of art. Having the soul of a teacher, she must impart to others whatever she feels to be worth cultivating. Natures like this tend to become founders of schools. In a school, provided the commercial motive is not there to stifle endeavour, there is no limit to the things that have to be examined and re-examined and experimented with. Starting with the teaching of art, the born teacher is impelled to pass on from one thing to another until in the end artistic training is transformed into a veritable culture of living. The proper food to eat, what kind of clothes to wear, which books to read, how to spend time, one's duty to self, family, neighbours and the world, all these and a host of similar questions have, because of Rukmini Devi's individual character, got incorporated into her system of teaching art. Intense interest in the dance moved her to gather pupils. The momentum of it has landed her in the creation of a great institution partaking, in several respects, of the functions of a University.

All this is a marvel of a feat when the influences that were exerted on her in the formative years just following childhood are taken into account. Of these the most powerful was that of Doctor Annie

Besant. She had quite a legion of wards on whom she expended care and thought out of the abundance of an unparalleled capacity for love. But though she gave lavishly, the gift was not always easy to digest for those to whom she gave the most. Dr. Besant was ambitious for those on whom she bestowed her interests in proportion to the interest she bestowed. For her prime favourites she built kingdoms of positively cosmic scope in which they were to be enthroned at the ripe auspicious moments. She therefore reared Rukmini Devi for a prodigious stature advertised as World Mother as she had striven to build for Krishnamurthi the destiny of a World Teacher. Both saved their souls by escaping gracefully and firmly from the resplendent halter of Dr. Besant's masterful love. None but the very brave could have accomplished so difficult a task in such over-powering atmosphere.

With such spiritual grit and self-reliant will, it is not surprising that Rukmini Devi should live her life in faithful accordance with standards of her own coolly disregarding all external pressures such as those of custom and tradition, and the worldly-wise counsel of orthodox elders. She created a storm in the placid social life of the city by marrying the man of her choice. Her example, though at first subjected to furious comment, later on proved to be a social blessing beneficently conducive to enterprises of vast significance. Adyar is now a renowned centre of art and educational research with which such celebrities as Montessori are proud to associate themselves. In Kala Kshetra run under Rukmini Devi's direction at Adyar, the attempt is being made to redeem dancing from professional habits of mind and hitch the dance to the general culture itself of modern life. —K. S. R.

gave willing service. All was grist that came to Sivan's mill.

Sivan was of the company of the great have-nots, like Vidhura and Kuchela, with whom the Lord loved to range himself: "Nishkinchana Vayam," as He told Rukmini once, driving her to the verge of tears. The poverty that liberates the spirit is truly blest. "God's beggars" in India—and they have been plentiful—delighted in feeding the hungry, not from economic or humanitarian motives nor even from any narrow desire to secure personal salvation. The great truth proclaimed by the prayer that is at the core of the shraddha ceremony is with such men a felt reality. "May the Bhagavan, who is the soul of the living universe and all things that are, be pleased with this little oblation offered to his beloved creatures."

When people are threatened with dire penalties for feeding large numbers on important occasions the authorities forget that such injunctions go very much against the grain. What is worse, they do not realise that the measures they take are calculated to repress those instincts which have proved a far more effective social safeguard than the most elaborately devised system of rationing can ever be. In

lands where it is normal for the lord in his carriage and his lady in furs to sweep in at their park gate heedless of the shivering wretch dying by the wayside, a stern summons to austere living reinforced by strict control of distribution may serve to keep selfishness in check. But such measures only produce bewilderment in a country with far different traditions where, incidentally, it is absurd to talk of wastage of food. Even in times of plenty it is regarded as sacrilege to throw away a morsel.

The diminutive mound of cooked rice that every Hindu is taught to leave in a corner of his leaf when he rises after his midday meal, so that the village dog may not starve, is however not regarded as a waste any more than is the little bit that is thrown to the crows before the family takes its food. And those who still practise the discipline of Vaiswadeva provide thoughtfully for the elementals that are invisible to the physical eye and yet are reckoned God's progeny in much the same way as man at one end of the scale and the ant at the other. It is this wide fellowship that is our most priceless heritage from the past. Organised charity which frowns at casual giving sets the seal on man's exile from the Garden of Eden.

—VIGNESWARA.

TIT-BITS:

[These tit-bits are collected from books and magazines. No claim is made to originality. Readers are also invited to contribute.]

A melting sermon was being preached in a country church. The entire congregation, with the exception of one man, fell weeping. On being asked why he did not weep with the rest, the man said: "I belong to another parish!"

When a small boy was asked who said, "Give me liberty or give me death," he replied without hesitation that it was Solomon—"Because the Bible says Solomon had 700 wives."

When the producers of the new revival of *Pygmalion* decided to do

the show on Broadway, a message was sent to George Bernard Shaw to get his consent and terms.

"I am sure you will be pleased to learn that Gertrude Lawrence, with whom you are so friendly, will be co-starred," was the message. "This will be the first production of our new repertory group, and we know you'll take a friendly view because we plan other successful Shaw revivals. Sir Cedric Hardwicke will direct *Pygmalion*, and we know how friendly you are with him, etc."

"Am friendly," was Shaw's reply. "Cable whom I can talk BUSINESS with."

atom bomb to plumb further possibilities of destroying life with the aid of science, the scientists of the U.S.S.R. have discovered the "miracle wheat" which will not die, which renews itself like weed, which grows on any soil, which resists drought and frost, and which yields a more plentiful crop than any known before. The miracle wheat is already being grown in experimental farms in several countries including India.

whole duality of the position of science in the pursuit of knowledge and the ordering of standards in modern times. On the one side we have science caught in the meshes of anti-social forces, being turned into a sort of devil's agent on earth for killing, maiming, destroying and spreading misery, ruin and havoc. On the other, it is employed as a beneficent instrument for the promotion of human good.

Sotto Voce

The Great Givers



In the days when I was young the poorest peasant spoke with the simple conviction of one voicing an axiomatic truth when he said "No man has ever yet died for lack of food." A pathetic boast, if one recalls that recurrent famines due to drought have always been accepted as part of our destiny; but not without a grain of truth, since in days of scarcity every village, which was a living organism, regarded itself as one big family. So long as a handful of rice remained in the house of the local rich man he considered it a sacred obligation to give a spoonful of gruel to every one who needed it, including the stranger within the gates. The Divine Avatars themselves have proclaimed the glory of Sibi and Rantideva.

When we come down from legend to history the record is not less impressive. The Tamil country is particularly proud of its good Samaritans. Annadanam Ramana Iyer, Kayathur Srinivasa Iyer, Thepperumanalloor Sivan—their very names are fragrant with the memory of unlimited bounty. The last, in particular, I recall vividly—a wizened old man with any number of odd little pro-

tuberances covering his bent old back, who rarely troubled to carry more by way of clothing than the immemorial loin-cloth but had a partiality for snuff. He had, by the way, not even the single pice that in those days fetched a handful of that commodity. And for his own meagre meal he generally went to some poor woman in the neighbourhood where he found himself in his ceaseless pursuit of hungry mouths to feed, though Croesus would have considered himself honoured by his company at dinner.

Virgilium Vidi Tantum! I feel inclined to echo the happy Roman's exclamation when I think of Sivan and the royal way he had with the upper ten. Whether it was the 'Kumbhabishekam' of a famous shrine or a 'laksharchana' at the Sankara Matam, or a great festival like the Mahamakham, any occasion that was likely to attract a big concourse drew Sivan like a magnet. He took care of their bellies while they took care of their souls. Every shop-keeper or man of substance in the locality was laid under contribution; those who could not give in kind or in cash

and truths of nature before he is made to experience these truths. All this was useful as a short-cut for certain classes of children in the old days, but it is folly to impose this in the name of education on the children of an equalised society. Incalculable damage is caused to the child's brain and therefore to social progress by the adoption of an irrational course.

Elementary science first, through personal and real experience: literacy at a much later stage. This is what should replace the present faulty system of education. The mind of the child should be fed and made to grow on real objects and real dynamics before truths are enunciated for him through words. Symbolic thought should not be enforced on the child and made into an injurious habit.

"C-A-T-Cat" is all right because the child has probably dealt with the cat (the actual animal) before the teacher imposes the symbol on the child; but this is not the case with most other matters taught in schools. It is not an exaggeration to state that the child's true education unfortunately ends when the parents hand him over to the teacher. As soon as school-going age is reached, a ruinous imposition of symbols and unrealities takes the place of true education.

It is not suggested that literacy should be given up. It is only the order of things that should be reversed. A very fair knowledge of elementary science, including what are now wrongly deemed to be too advanced branches, can and should be acquired with joy before beginning the three R's. Reading, writing and arithmetic should be postponed to a later stage and not made as now the basis of child's education. What indeed should be a super-structure is now the base, and knowledge is thereby made unstable and education totters like a cone standing on its apex.

It may appear that the reversing of process proposed herein involves loss of valuable time. If you begin with the very wrong notion that symbol-work is the aim of all education, then it must follow that the

earlier the child learns to deal with symbols isolated from reality, the better for all of us. But this is not the truth. Symbol-manipulation has no real value unless the objects and truths symbolised are thoroughly grasped. Dabbling in symbols divorced from things is dangerous in the early stages of education. There is no loss of time involved in giving the child a full course of elementary science through things and direct experience and talk in the mother tongue, without imposing the written word. This would keep the mind processes in legitimate and healthy order. The reverse method that is now in vogue, namely, literacy first and foremost, reality lagging behind, ruins the hygiene of the child's mind. The saving of time is illusory. That a boy can work $(a+b)^2 = a^2 + 2ab + b^2$ before he has grasped the reality behind this formula is no gain of time, but indicates a great and irreparable loss in actual education. The imposing of symbols and their manipulations in the earlier stages of education does not gain time but hurts the child and, therefore, the progress of the nation. Literacy can come easily and with double-speed once real knowledge is acquired.

It is difficult to make a beginning in reform. It takes honest and hard thinking and time and trouble. Anything new has to make headway against prejudice and faulty experiment, and as a result of such faulty experimenting, still greater prejudice. Have we not seen this in our attempts to substitute the mother tongue for the foreign medium in our present educational system? There is no doubt that school education should begin not with the three R's, but with science and it should be taught by the ablest and most charming teachers who can play with children and talk to them and work with them. This thesis could be expanded in full detail and presented in the form of a full-sized book if I could devote myself to it. I leave it to competent educationists, such if any, to whom this plea appeals.

TOPSY-TURVY

By C. Rajagopalachari

To deal with things and laws of nature is very different from dealing with names of things and symbols expressing such laws. One of the most difficult things for educated men to grasp is that things are different from their names, and still more different from the written symbols of the sounds that go to make up those names. Familiarity with things makes education. Literacy is merely the capacity to manipulate names and symbols. What I plead for in this article is that the earlier stages of the child's schooling should be devoted to education and not to literacy. It is paradoxical but quite true that as things are now managed, a child's education practically ceases as soon as he reaches school-going age! This explains why children in the lowest forms in working-class children's schools are brighter than those in the higher forms. True education is prejudiced by the emphasis on literacy.

In olden days throughout the civilized world, social co-operation was organized on the basis of isolated groups working in compartments and men were divided into classes, the children being brought up to the work of their parents. Even where castes as such did not prevail, this was the practice all over the world. Education must necessarily follow the same track as social organization. Children of the labouring castes in India participated in the work of their parents in field and workshop. They received their education through objective experience. Children of the directing castes who were intended to take their place in the same work were trained to a rapid assimilation of symbols and their manipulation. The goal of their education was the reading of books in which were recorded previously acquired knowledge and the making of new books and records on the same lines. Literacy was thus all important in the scheme of education prescribed for children belonging to this strata of society. To the

working classes, objects and their behaviour were all-important. To the directing classes, on the other hand, symbol-knowledge was all-important. The first group had sometimes to pass from things to symbols, and men in the second group were often required to pass from symbols to things, and the passage in both cases was difficult. But as organization of social co-operation was in those days in compartments, the friction involved did not cause great inconvenience or loss of knowledge. Conditions have changed in modern times. We do not work in isolated strata. Throughout the world a basic change is called for in the methods employed in children's education. Things, and not models or maps or charts or symbols should be the material of child's education.

Defects in methods employed in the earliest stages persist throughout life in their effect. If average Indian boys are found to be inferior in practical work to British or American boys, it is because of the literary basis, which is more strictly and loyally maintained in India than in Britain or America. Strict adherence to the prescribed methods of education prevails in India, whereas in England and America people are not so loyal to orthodox prescriptions. Educated boys in India are less fit for life than boys in England and America where boys get into touch with reality in spite of defects in the prescribed educational system inherited from the class-stratified past. A basic change is called for in India more than anywhere else. All children and not only the children of the labouring classes should learn from things themselves, and not at too early a stage be drilled in names and the letters that represent the sounds that make up the names, before getting fully acquainted with the things referred to.

The Indian child is made in the name of education to write and utter symbols expressing the objects

Atomic energy. By the side of the monster the man looks diminutive. He holds in his left hand the end of a chain dangling from the neck of the monster. With his right hand he is scratching his chin in an evident effort to stimulate thought. In front of him are four cages, all absurdly too small for the intended prisoner. The formidableness of scientific invention, the difficulty of rendering it harmless by confinement within limited space, the potential danger of it to the world and to the discoverer himself, are all brought out graphically in the cartoon. Recent American experiments with the atom bomb make one feel as though history itself has come down into the present to endorse and illustrate the purport of the picture in *John Bull*. Having discovered Atomic energy in a fierce form and not knowing what to do with it, the scientists have thrown it in mid-ocean to wreak there whatever devastation it will. But will the monster limit its destruction in the manner pre-arranged by the scientists? Or will it burst the bounds set for it by the experimentors and come back more menacing and less apt to be encaged than ever before?

The present chronic need of scientific invention for destruction and still more destruction defying the attempt of man to keep it within safe confines is the result of a wrong turn given to human intelligence by the wielders of State power a long time ago. Galileo and Leonardo da Vinci were as great scientists in their times as the world has ever seen since. But they won reward and appreciation from contemporaneous State authorities only because of the military value of their outstanding inventions. Leonardo in search of employment set forth as a qualification in his very application that he was the discoverer of an apparatus of unprecedented power of destruction till then unknown to warfare. The telescope of Galileo won for the inventor rich reward and a coveted professorship of military science only on account of the use to which it could be put in naval warfare. The same Galileo was persecuted and

silenced for discovering that the earth was a round and rotating planet. Always in war enormous resources are placed at the disposal of scientists for excelling themselves in research, extracting further secrets from Nature and extending the bounds of human knowledge. War and preparation for war provide for scientists encouragement and opportunities (stimulated by global competition among powerful Governments) of a sort that the pursuit of peaceful objectives is rarely able to secure.

The elevation of scientific research for the constructive purposes of peaceful life to a scale of importance equal to martial preparations has been more pronounced in Russia than anywhere else. This is not an accident. It is the result of a conscious direction and plan given to science as to so many other varieties of the motive power of industry, as part of the very conception of Socialism by the builders of the Soviet State under Lenin's inspiration. Even while in exile, Lenin spent most of his time in analysis and criticism of the scope for good and evil of scientific development, and he was constantly at work perfecting plans for promoting the one and eliminating the other in the economy of the contemplated Socialist State. The cornerstone of the government eventually set up under Lenin was the utilisation of all human knowledge primarily for social welfare, leaving national defensive military power to evolve out of it as a by-product. The Soviet approach to military efficiency through well-planned care of the civil population has been abundantly justified by the Russian contribution to victory in the last war, which has not been excelled even by the mightiest military powers in the world. Russian achievements in medicine, agricultural production and in very many other branches of activity connected with social welfare have been marvels of amazing superiority over the records of the non-Socialist countries perpetually involved in spending energy preponderatingly over military preparations and objectives. While Ame-

good and betray only the confused mind at work behind them, the Minister for Education would do well, to begin with, to place himself imaginatively in the position of one of the thousands of parents who find themselves condemned nowadays to a maddening rush from college to college in the effort to secure an entry into them for their sons or daughters. Formerly the passing of the School Final examination was an occasion for joy in the family. It meant automatic admission into the coveted portals of the University for the heir of the house on whom the parental hopes fondly rested. Nowadays it is the signal for a nerve-racking experience of suspense. The Fifth Form is supposed to mark the beginning of specialisation in the secondary course. At that stage intense confabulations between young and old are the order of the day. Would-be engineers take mathematics as their optional subject and intending doctors natural science or physiology. After the seats that are supposed to lead to these two great professions are duly appropriated by the respective aspirants, what is left over is with resignation accepted by the less ambitious. How little is actually the worth of all this specialisation when the time comes for putting it to the test as a means of access to the long-planned professional training! The proud privilege of being theoretically declared "eligible" for college course is in practice sabotaged by a cruel dispensation which makes a thousand competitors fight for a hundred seats, taking very good care in advance that the ablest and most meritorious do not get their due but are passed over in favour of obvious inferiors on a pre-ordained system of communal preference. The result of the arrangement is to drive all outside the range of preference into a panic of desperation. They do not content themselves with applying for the courses for which their specialisation in the secondary stage befitted them. Instead of that, they send applications indiscriminately to every college in the vicinity and even far away, irrespective of their own competence or con-

geniality for the courses applied for. With each application a fee ranging from Rs. 3 to Rs. 5 has to be remitted. It is not uncommon for the same student to apply simultaneously to half-a-dozen colleges paying at times as much as Rs. 30 in application fees, whereas one only of the several applications can actually be taken advantage of. That means that the Government extort from thousands of students every year levies by way of fees which represent not so much any reasonable prospect of benefit to the students as sheer exploitation bereft of any service in return. In their agonised condition, students have been known even to pay term fees in one institution while waiting uncertainly for admission in another for which they have a preference. Shortage of accommodation in colleges for would-be seekers is a blot on the Government that does them no credit and requires to be wiped out if the administration is to acquire decent status. But to convert such a blot into an opportunity for fleecing its victims inflicting further injury on them is usurious devilry of a rank sort. There can be no excuse for persisting in this financial atrocity. It should cease to be profitable to Government to maintain shortage of seats in educational institutions and to have thousands making applications where only a few can be satisfied. The admission fees of all applicants that are denied admission should be returned to them if the Congress Ministry are to retrieve themselves from the greedy commercial opportunism of the Adviser regime. Even one step further would be seemly. Why should there be admission fees at all for providing facilities for culture and training to the young which it is a necessary function of all good government to provide?

"Looking For A Cage"

A recent issue of *John Bull* contains a remarkable cartoon entitled "Looking for a Cage". It is Science represented as a man that is seen looking for a cage in the picture. The cage is for a huge monster,

hat on elevation to the Premiership the new incumbent should eschew old loyalties of a sectional type and place himself, exactly like the Speaker, on a new relationship of impartiality towards not only all his fellow-legislators irrespective of party, but also to the vast multitude of the governed in the province to whatever shade of opinion they may belong. Actually what is being witnessed now is a pull from the party bosses to obtain control over the Premier. In the Congress provinces the Congress High Command and in the League provinces the League High Command seek to place him under periodical instructions from above. Concurrently, there is a move from below by provincial bodies of the Congress and the League to exert influence over him, and in a province where, as in Madras, we have more than one Provincial Congress Committee, all the Committees seek to take a hand in controlling the Premier. One way in which the control is attempted is through the exercise of authority by each Provincial Congress Committee on the Ministers belonging to its area. At the present moment, for example, it is reported that Mr. Karaj Nadar is devoting his energies to get a convention established for bringing the Tamil Ministers of the Government under the disciplinary jurisdiction of the executive of the Tamil Nadu Provincial Congress Committee with himself at its head.

The Nadarite grab for power illustrates a phenomenon very common in the world—that of turning the confidence acquired in an initial stage of devoted service into a means for establishing a stranglehold of undue influence on the beneficiary. When assets like Gandhian discipleship, loyalty to Congress, the constructive programme and so forth, are sought to be converted, through the very parliamentary activity that is openly sniffed for tactical reasons, into so much grist for feeding personal ambition for political power, the atmosphere generated is the same as when anyasi piles up personal estate through spiritual pretensions, and

its effect on social welfare is no less deleterious.

The position of a provincial Prime Minister subjected to pressure from above from the leaders of an all-India political party and continual intervention collaterally and from below from the principal officials of the Congress organisations in the province, and obliged by the very terms of the Constitution governing his position as Premier to be responsible to the legislature, let alone the ever-present shadow of the Governor's vetoing authority in the background, is scarcely an enviable one, nor is it conducive to that freedom of initiative and independence of action that are necessary if the character of the administration is to be radically changed so as to confer quick benefit on people in sore distress through the accumulated evils of foreign rule. The requirements of anti-imperialistic effort are different from those of good government under autonomy. From the former, a considerable section of people devitalised and rendered ineffective for any kind of vigorous action for political freedom, has necessarily to be excluded. If any section is excluded from the latter, that itself becomes a violation of the most primary essential of self-government. These considerations deserve to be intelligently studied now, if only because of the importance of an occasion like the present, heralding, as it does, a Constituent Assembly bound to determine the shape of things to come for many years.

Greed In Excelsis

The craze for the collection of fees not in exchange for services rendered but by way of sheer exaction used to be indulged in as a matter of course under the Adviser regime. It is to be hoped that the Congress Ministry will vindicate their difference in character from their predecessors in office, by introducing less greedy standards. That they have not already done so is a pity. Instead of making those frequent statements which do nobody any

campaign by defying the very authority to whose national prestige they had owed their success—the Congress High Command. That was not however the end of their turn-coatism. Having solemnly elected Mr. Prakasam as leader, they are now lending themselves to incessant underground activity for challenging the stability of his position. It would appear that they have to be in some fray or other to unsettle things and achieve importance for themselves through such unsettlement, since loyalty to ideas which is the cementing force for all coherent political work of a sustained sort would seem to be conspicuous by its absence in them. Perhaps until the present Assembly is dissolved, this devitalising deficiency would persist.

The Congress Working Committee should be on their guard against a repetition of the mischief that has already caused so much of deterioration in the calibre of the legislature, when they proceed to choose representatives for the Constituent Assembly. They should cease to be barren sticklers for theoretical rules and draw freely and boldly on the best of talent wherever it could be found and turned to account for the advancement of the Congress goal. In a Constituent Assembly, wild talk does not count. It is from knowledge that power has to be built up for the National Government of the future in the Constitution to be framed. As it will be all-engrossing work of fairly long duration, all that have already full work on their hands taxing their time and energies to the full, such as Ministers, Prime Ministers and Parliamentary Secretaries will do well to step aside. The best of talent suitable for the task ahead that the province can muster should be sent to the Constituent Assembly in a spirit of inter-party collaboration for national advancement.

Party Versus Country

While the Congress Working Committee have left all matters connected with the Constituent Assembly to provincial Prime Minis-

ters, Professor Ranga has issued a public statement calling for applications with a fee of Rs. 100 attached. The Working Committee have also prepared a list of their own nominees to be included in the candidates set up for the Constituent Assembly. Brisk canvassing by others wishing to get elected to the Constituent Assembly has also begun. Five first votes of any five members of the provincial Assembly are enough to get any candidate returned to the Constituent Assembly. But are there in the whole provincial Assembly five individuals free to dispose of their votes as they like? In the election to the Constituent Assembly the votes are pledged in advance to half a dozen party bosses. They can get whomsoever they like "elected". The common people come into the picture nowhere. All this is very undemocratic.

The challenge to democracy involved in the electoral procedure governing the choice of members for the Constituent Assembly calls for an examination of the entire development of political life on party lines that has taken place in our midst in recent times. Party caucuses have now taken complete possession of all the citizenship rights of the common man. It is customary for the Speaker of a Legislative Assembly, on election to the chair, to renounce party membership in appropriate conformity with the duties of the new status, calling for equality of consideration and fair dealing to all, irrespective of party. But what of the Prime Minister? He stands to the people of the whole province in a relation analogous to that of the Speaker to the members of the legislature. All sorts of questions demanding equity as between man and man come up in the course of administration for responsible decision by the Premier every day. He owes duty not only to the party that has elected him, but also to the members of other parties in the legislature, indeed to millions of the general public whose lives are ordered without reference to any sort of party.

The requirements of just administration would seem to demand

SWATANTRA

VOL. I
No. 21

SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1946.

ISSUED
WEEKLY

CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY

READERS of *Swatantra* would have noticed in the central page of the issue dated 8th June a picture of the Madras Legislative Assembly Chamber. The artist made the drawing while the House was in session over the food debate. It was true to life in depicting the sparse attendance and the many empty benches. No wonder the attendance was sparse and the benches were empty, since some of the Ministers even failed to grace the occasion with their presence and took themselves elsewhere. Food is a matter of life and death to people. The people's "representatives" in the Madras Assembly, a good many of them, discharged their duties to their electors by abstaining from attendance while the food debate went on.

In this we have an indication of the stuff of which a good section of the present body of legislators in the Assembly are made. For very many years the provincial legislature has not had so poor a collection of wits. The reason for this is traceable to the action of the dominant figures on the Congress parliamentary boards that had the decisive voice in selecting the candidates for the bulk of the seats. They made a great ado about the 1942 revolution and about encouraging the revolutionary spirits that are supposed to have borne the brunt of the struggle of that year. Actually there was precious little of revolutionary zeal in very many of the favoured ones chosen as Congress candidates. Revolution was

dragged into service to beat down political opponents with, and there was no more use for it after that.

Actually what happened was very discreditable. The dispensers of Congress tickets bothered themselves very little about the relative merits of the applicants over whom they sat in judgment. The process of selecting candidates itself took the form of a drive for securing ministerships. The aspirants for ministerial office holding key positions on the parliamentary boards, bestowed their support and patronage on only such persons whom they felt to be safe and helpful for the advancement of their political ambitions. In the sequel, some of them were baulked of the fruits of their endeavour by a turn of events unforeseen by themselves. But that does not minimise any the less their responsibility for the actual choice of candidates.

Because so many of the Congress legislators owe so much to the favour of their selectors, and not very much comparatively to their independent worth as individuals, they have been as clay in the hands of their patrons who have been moulding them at will into any shape they wished. At first they got themselves elected on the crest of what may be called "lamp-post" electoral ideology—that is, on the theory that even a stick if put up in the name of the Congress was better than any competitor, however well endowed, not put up that way. Then after having been elected, they destroyed the whole basis of their election!

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SWATANTRA

VOL. I, No. 21

(SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1946)

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Cover Page—Srimathi Rukmini Devi	
Unwanted Baby (Cartoon)—By V. G. Oommen	2
Editorial Comments	3
Sotto Voce—By Vigneswara	8
Topsy-Turvy—By C. Rajagopalachari	10
Srimathi Rukmini Devi	12
Sidelights—By Saka	13
Widow's Weeds—By Binod	14
Status Of The Constituent Assembly—By M. Venkatarangaswamy, M.A.	15
The Palmist (Short Story)—By E. R. V. Iengar, M.Sc.	17
True Service, The Real Touchstone—By N. Vasudevan	19
This Love Business Of Mankind—By S. B. Saro	20
Tibet's Quest After An Indian Scholar—By Ram Narain Rao, M.A.	21
Spotlight On The World Malabar Coast (Picture)—By Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury	24
Mayakovsky—Poet And Prophet Of Communism—By G. N. S.	29
Chilakamarti Lakshmi Narasimham—By P. Kameswara Rao	33
Rich And Poor—By P. V. Narasimhan	34
Economics And Constitution-Making—By V. V. Prasad	35
Mannargudi Agrarian Trouble—By C. Rajagopalachari	36
Victor Trumpet—By Dr. P. Subbarayan	37
The Defeat At Lords—By N. S. R.	38
Books	41
Letters	44

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SWATANTRA

VOL. I No. 23

(SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1946)

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Cover Page—Hriday Nath Kunzru	
The Dust Bin (Picture)—By Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury	2
Editorial Comments	3
Sotto Voce—By Vigneswara	6
Cartoon—By V. G. Oommen	8
Pandit Hriday Nath Kunzru—By P. Rajeswara Rao	9
Tit-Bits	10
Cochin Follows Kashmir—By Our Calicut Correspondent	11
The Eleventh Hour—By 'Itatin'	12
Sidelights—By Saka	13
One Crore For Harijan Uplift—By S. R. Venkataraman	15
Cinderella-like Malabar—By I. K. Ezhuthachan	16
Not Too Late (short story)—By S. Krishnan	17
The Legal Profession And "Subsidiary Occupation For Lawyers"—By M. Padmanabhan	20
A Republic Is Born—By "Pardha"	21
Beggars And Famine In Vizag—By G. K.	23
Spotlight On The World Australian Aborigines As Link With India—By L. Spence	26
To The Scribes—By Gopal	27
Autonomy For The Village—By M. S. V. Chari	29
Children Of Misfortune—By Binod	30
Tea And Tobacco—By G. Rajanna	31
Government's Educational Policy—By S. Srinivasan	32
Public Health Ministry In Madras—By Lt.-Col. V. Mahadevan, I.M.S.	33
Slums—By Mrs. A. Ramachandran	34
The Other Side: In Defence Of Ayurveda—By Dr. T. H. Shama Rao	35
Farce Of Sugar Rationing—By "Befranke"	36
Vijay Merchant—By Dr. P. Subbarayan	37
In The Grim North—By N. S. R.	38
A Plea For Reform In Hours Of Work—By "Softie"	40
Books	42
Letters	45



THE DUST BIN

—By Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury

(Note: The storage that once solved their problem of food does not contain the excess now.)

SWATANTRA

VOL. I
No. 23

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1946.

ISSUED
WEEKLY

CONSTITUTION-MAKERS

PREMIER Prakasam laboured hard to produce an agreed list of nominations for the general seats to the Constituent Assembly to be elected by the Madras Legislature. The virtue of the agreement has been rather spoiled by the flouting given to it by half a dozen or so of recalcitrants who have chosen to stand for the election on their own responsibility. If the hold on their followers of the leaders of the various parties who have endorsed the agreed list is a reality, the recalcitrants will have little chance of success, and might indeed be impelled to withdraw before the day fixed for election. Yet a certain measure of sympathy cannot be withheld from them. In one sense, indeed, the list of candidates announced must be regarded as a moral triumph for the Prime Minister. In the Madras Assembly cliques and groups of all kinds have become the order of the day as a result of the methods adopted by the various parliamentary boards in setting up candidates for it in the recent elections. Apart from the non-Congress elements, within the body of the Congress section itself of the legislature, we have three linguistic groups, the Andhra, the Tamil and the Malayalam, and within the groups themselves, or cutting across them, there have been other agglomerations built round persons, such as Pattabhites, Nadarites, followers of the Premier and of Rajaji, not to speak of the adherents of that indefatigable fomentor of clan feeling, Gopala Reddi. Of all these, the Premier's group is the least represented in the nominations

while those of Kamaraj Nadar and Gopala Reddi have been the most exacting. Mr. Prakasam revealed magnanimity in the cheerful renunciation he made of his followers' claims to appease elements who have already shown themselves unreliable as friends, and only too ready to give trouble when he failed to be serviceable to them any more in their cherished anti-C. R. designs.

The defect of the list is traceable to this very quality of indifference on the Premier's part to the strength of his own position as measured in the number of loyal followers, in the provincial contingent of delegates to the Constituent Assembly. It reveals far too much of concession to self-seeking elements that deserved no consideration. The list contains a very generous proportion of persons not worthy by virtue of personal attainments for the role to which they have been elevated. Its omissions were even more deplorable. The Communist Party which polled not less than three lakhs of votes in the recent elections was entitled to some recognition at the hands of the Premier, and the cool manner in which he ignored them in toto while giving exaggerated importance to wealthy landlords and reactionaries cannot but cause disquiet to lovers of inter-party fairplay. The Congress Working Committee who were so anxious to ensure the return of individuals of their choice, should have gone further and evolved an all-India policy for just treatment of parties

a test for the Congress Ministry. The Prime Minister who was himself once the second accused in a murder case should have no difficulty in profiting by his own experiences at the hands of the police and the magistracy over a long stretch of years in his pre-office days, and see that justice is done to public workers who because of the very abundance of their zeal for the exploited of the community expose themselves to oppression by powerful interests having a stake in the continuance without change and without any purge of corruption, of the existing order of things.

Madras Telephones

The Southern India Chamber of Commerce only voiced a very widely prevalent sentiment when they expressed grave dissatisfaction with the working of the telephones in Madras since the Government took over the management. It has now become customary for wrong numbers to turn up without any provocation. The fault naturally is not that of the caller, but he is charged for the call all the same. This is so indefensible a practice that it

should never have been permitted. But a docile public acts as a flippity to injustice on a negligent administration, and hardship and disabilities are endured by city subscribers to the telephone service with a mixture of helplessness and stoicism rarely to be seen anywhere else in the country. Madras is poorer than Bombay or Calcutta, but our telephone charges are higher. There would seem to be a disposition on the part of the executives running the department to regard the rendering of customary services not as duties they are bound to do courteously and efficiently, but as favours which the recipients ought to be duly thankful for. Though the Adviser regime has been replaced by a popular Ministry, the change has not been registered, as much as one could have wished, in improved courtesy on the part of officials in dealing with the public and in improvement of the amenities associated with civilised life in modern times. There should be cheaper telephones more efficiently run and easily accessible to all, and the influence of the Ministry should be exercised forthwith with the proper authorities for bringing about the change.

Sotto Voce

The Interpreters

It is a moot question whether time or space is the greater divider. Can it be said that the modern Tamil has more in common with his ancestor of Kambar's days than with a contemporary Andhra? Or that he can more easily understand him and enter into the spirit of his reactions to the world about him? Most candid readers will not readily answer this question in the affirmative. And yet who can deny that the average Indian finds himself psychologically much nearer to Valmiki and Kalidasa than to

Goethe and Ibsen or even to Bernard Shaw?

An acute English writer has said, "It is very difficult to know people and I don't think one can ever really know any but one's own countrymen". It is to the poets that we owe this bond of intimacy, this privacy of understanding. But Shakespeare himself grows archaic; and we need the help of commentators and exegetists to get to the heart of a joke which tickled the unlettered groundlings who saw

him play a role in one of his own dramas. There is no more exciting intellectual pastime than to retrace man's foot-steps on the sands of Time or to discern on the mummified visage of his dead ancestor the ghost of a recurrent line that establishes the race.

That is the function of creative scholarship, of which Mahavidwan R. Raghava Iyengar, who has just passed away from our midst, was a brilliant exemplar. He did more than perhaps any other man of his time to make our own past familiar to us. He was that unique combination, a poet who was also a critic endowed with the historic sense in an exceptional measure. If to affect an interest in Tamil studies has become almost a fashion with the well-bred, Raghava Iyengar's persuasive eloquence must take some credit for this equivocal achievement, though he himself never made the mistake of overvaluing these easy conquests.

His two most ambitious works were *Pari Kaathai*, an epic in the old style and his verse translations of the *Sakuntala*. I am not competent to assess the value of the former as a work of art. But I believe the cognoscenti still esteem Raghava Iyengar more as a poet in solution than as an undeniable successor of Kambar or Ilango. I am not one of those who hold that the world is too old to produce a genuine epic. A new vision and a living plangent speech can be achieved, even as Valmiki achieved them, when a puissant civilization has attained its meridian. But the pulse of the twentieth-century Tamil can hardly be quickened by recounting the generosity and magnanimity of

the Maecenas of the Sangam Age in the inlaid idiom of classical poetry.

Raghava Iyengar's *Sakuntala* is a remarkable *tour de force*. The almost uncanny gift, amounting to divination, that he brought to the task of interpreting the manners and modes of utterance of another age stood him in good stead in his effort to induct Kalidasa into the Tamil Pantheon. He is almost never at fault in getting at the poet's meaning. And he has clothed it in a fabric as carefully wrought in its own way as that which makes the original the delight and despair of successive generations of poets and *rasikas*.

But a perfect translation is a miracle, only less great than a perfect poem. And it is no disparagement of Raghava Iyengar's work to say that he has not brought off the miracle. His style has the stiffness of brocade while Kalidasa's has the ingratiating smoothness of a fair woman's skin. And there is something more than the difference between authentic genius and a considerable talent to account for the failure to sustain the inspiration. There is a radical difference of temperament between the two languages.

There are not lacking superb examples of translation from Sanskrit into Tamil. But they are generally short snatches of lyrical prose or verse. In more elaborate pieces the Sanskrit poet's ampler utterance derives from a splendid simplicity and a noble austerity—facets of that naturalness of Truth which the ancients termed *aarjava*—while the Tamil's luscious imagination delights in giving free rein to the decorative impulse. Sanskrit and Tamil are as the right and left hands of the Goddess of Speech.

—VIGNESWARA.

When any fit of anxiety, or gloominess, or perversion of mind, lays hold upon you, make it a rule not to publish it by complaints, but exert your whole care to hide it; by endeavouring to hide it you will drive it away. Be always busy.....grief is a species of idleness.

—Samuel Johnson.

differing from them. In the wake of liberation from foreign rule, the content of freedom must change so as to include more and more standards of restraint and constructive statesmanship ensuring tolerance of dissentients. Acts of omission and commission on the part of a dominant party tending to suppress important elements in the public life of the country commanding the allegiance of large sections of people on grounds of ideological disapproval, amount to a negation of the vital spirit of freedom, and if Congress leadership cannot rise superior to it, the national organisation will not long retain the power and prestige won through all these years of past struggle for redemption from subjection.

Strikes

The strike fever is spreading from one branch of service and production to another. Of all the strikes, the Postal strike bids fair to cause the maximum of inconvenience to the public. From inconvenience to discontent is as natural a transition as from discontent to resentment. People are therefore apt to import disapproval into their judgment on workers responsible for any serious dislocation in business of vital importance to themselves. Exploitation of this disapproval comes handy to authorities whose sole pre-occupation is the breaking of a strike in full swing, and so we find attempts going on to enlist the police and the military and other volunteers in operations to neutralise the effects of the Postal strike if not to break it altogether. Side by side the question of justification for the strike is being brought under wide discussion. These side-trackings of the main issue strike us as purposeless waste of much precious time and energy. In countries enjoying economic peace, there is not the vast disparity found in India between the wages of the lowest paid and the incomes of the most affluent. Also, high taxation of the rich has helped to bring in there a lot of Socialisation and provide valuable insurance

against various forms of hardship and want to the poor, the sick and the unemployed; grievances are kept at bay by the enforcement of obligations on the rich to part with substantial portions of their wealth for the benefit of their economic inferiors. The provocation of the luxury of a highly pampered class of extremely wealthy people on large multitudes of ill-paid, half-starving workers is the root cause of the ferment and economic unrest that is assuming such dangerous proportions throughout the country to-day. It can only be solved through better government affording a juster deal to the under-dog in offices, factories, essential utilities, transport services and the like. It is a pity that this fact is so little realised by the responsible leaders of great national organisations like the Congress, whose concern for social welfare ought to be certainly greater than that of the "Caretaker Government" or the representatives on the spot of the imperial Government in Britain.

Chain Newspapers

The demand by over 100 Labour M.Ps. for a commission of inquiry into the British newspaper industry is a sign of profound discontent with the system of chain newspapers that made rapid headway in England since Lord Northcliffe's time. It should serve as a spur to similar agitation in India. When one man controls several newspapers, each of them tends to become a replica of the other. The effect on the quality of the Press is disastrous. It tends to develop a certain sameness and monotony, gramophone effects replacing originality and variety in the ordering of journalism in the country. It is not equitable either, under conditions of control and "permits", that some should be allowed to start several newspapers while many are not allowed to start even one. Monopolists get round this obvious iniquity by engaging stooges as "blinds". It should not be difficult for the authorities to spot out such manipulations and defeat their purpose with suitable remedial measures.

Freedom of the Press which is a phrase much in use these days is generally interpreted to mean freedom for those actually owning newspapers to own more of them and print more copies and exclude others from being admitted to their ranks. Actually, the true test of freedom of the Press lies in the freedom of the public to choose from a large variety of journals, instead of having their liberty forced by vigorous restriction of choice. Spender was never tired of advocating an upper limit of circulation which he placed at 100,000 for all British newspapers, so that many more of them reflecting separate individualities may come into being, affording to the public option of choice among a wide variety of newspapers as the only effective condition of real freedom of the Press. It is not too late for authorities in control of the Press in India to be forewarned by the experience of others elsewhere and avert advancement along wrong lines.

A Test For The Ministry

News is to hand that in the Guntur case in which nine Communists were charged with murder, two (Kattiah and another) have been given heavy sentences of 10 years' rigorous imprisonment. Certain features connected with the case call for investigation. The alleged murder was the outcome of a melee in a disturbed condition of public sentiment arising out of a strike. The prosecution was in the nature of an after-thought. The leading police officer in charge of the prosecution was one who made himself notorious in the civil disobedience days for the excessive severity with which he handled Congress workers and leaders. It was he that was concerned with the exploit of beating ex-Speaker Sambamurthi into unconsciousness with lathis. All these circumstances must speak with eloquent relevancy to a Ministry like the present who felt impelled on accession to office as among their first acts to undo some of the mischief of the Adviser regime, especially in the matter of restoring to

freedom certain marked victims of police malignity that had been awarded heavy sentences in murder cases. The lot of workers engaged in labour union activities or in anti-profiteering operations as most of the Communists happen to be is by no means a bed of roses now-a-days. The bosses of the factories against whom labour unions strive for protection and the merchants generally given to hoarding and black marketing have unlimited money-power at their elbow. The ramifications of their influence are wide and extensive. Often they contrive to escape unscathed through the hold they have on high-placed men in key-positions of administration; and for all the pains taken to track and unearth their heartless anti-social exploitations of public needs and distress for making excessive profits for themselves, often over the heads of apathetic and positively unhelpful police officials, it is only kicks and persecution that enterprising and public-spirited enemies of corruption get, especially when they are of the Communist Party. In the fight for political freedom Congress workers have been receiving hitherto on their persons the full effects of the wrath of the powerful imperialists challenged by them and of their hangers-on established in positions of vantage all over the country. Now as that fight is drawing to a close the scene shifts and a new species of repression is taking the place of the old. The struggle now is against anti-social Thernardiers bent on rifling the pockets of the dead and dying in an orgy of corruption lost to all considerations except those that will serve to add to the pile of their profits. The greatest menace overhanging Congressmen coming into office after so many hard years of struggle is that of being inveigled, in a natural desire for rest and peace, into insidious compromises with some of the deceptively attired anti-social forces that have been playing ducks and drakes with our internal economy, out of the zest of their latter-day spirit of anti-Communism, which too is seeking vent in orgies of its own. The Guntur case is in a way



PANDIT HRIDAY NATH KUNZRU

By P. Rajeswara Rao

Usually most public men look upon organisations and institutions as ladders with which to climb up to the heights of their ambition. Some are capable of creating them and others are content to worship at the shrines already in existence. They place their party above others and work with a fervour and a passion that it looks as though they place themselves above all and even kick the ladder that helped them to go up. But there are a few who consistently and continuously dedicate their lives and everything to an institution or an organisation that appeals to them. Pandit Hriday Nath Kunzru is the foremost of this rarest specimen of such a selfless band of devotees.

The Servants of India Society is a unique institution. It may not be spectacular. But it is efficient. It endeavours to serve India in every sphere. When there is drought, famine, flood or epidemic its members go to the rescue of the sufferers not in a patronising spirit but with missionary zeal. Their leisure is devoted to a keen and close study of subjects that concern the public. Their study is marked by industry and thoroughness. They actively participate in constructive activities like the co-operative movement, industrial regeneration, labour welfare, Harijan uplift, and the interests of our nationals abroad. The ideals of this institution are fully reflected in the work of each of its members. Above all they lead a life of plain living and high thinking.

Since its inception the Society has been blessed with a noble line of Presidents. Though Gokhale was the founder, Ranade was the inspirer of the Society. Ranade could not come into the limelight as he was a Government servant. From Ranade to Gokhale, from Gokhale to Sastri and from Sastri to Kunzru it is a sort of apostolic succession. Pandit Kunzru may not possess in full measure the originality of Ranade, the idealism and master-

fulness of Gokhale, the eloquence and poise of Sastri. But he bears their joint legacy with ease and dignity by virtue of his sincerity and steadfastness. He is a great servant of India in the fullest and truest sense of the term.

There is no phase of public life with which he is not associated. His contributions as a legislator are unique. He goes to the very core of a problem, analyses it and explains every aspect of it in detail. His suggestions are valued by all. He is not swayed by emotion but is guided by reason. For the first time I saw him at Benares in 1931, speaking about defence policy and military expenditure—a very tough and complicated subject. His popular treatment of it enabled the audience to understand and appreciate the technicalities with all their intricacies. Since then, I observed him on many a platform tackling a variety of subjects. He gives his utmost to committees of which he is a member. At all important gatherings in India or abroad his speeches are heard with respect. At the Empire Parliamentary Convention and Pacific Relations Conference he did solid work. He is not an arm chair politician. He rushes from place to place as occasion demands. Recently when Indians were stranded, persecuted and imprisoned in Malaya, he rushed to their rescue and drew the pointed attention of the Government of India to their plight. He does not depend on second-hand or hearsay information to formulate his views.

Liberal in politics, he is endowed with qualities that are separately rare and wonderful in combination. He combines in himself Watcha's industry, Chintamani's depth and zeal, Sastri's urbanity, Setalvad's keenness and clarity, Sivaswami Iyer's erudition, Sethna's business-like approach, Ramachandra Rao's accuracy and love for blue books, Ramaswami Iyer's receptivity and range, Paranjpye's precision and above all Sapru's integrity. He is

ever true to the fundamental principle of liberation, co-operation when possible and opposition when necessary. He is neither a careerist nor an opportunist. He is incorruptible. His public work is distinguished by clear-cut ideas and constructive statesmanship.

His views are balanced and progressive. His criticism is purposeful and to the point. He is loved and respected by people belonging to various schools of thought and

shades of opinion. He is a jewel among the public men of India. It is gratifying to note that the Congressites propose to send this distinguished servant of India to the Constituent Assembly from the United Provinces. This is indeed a clear recognition of his position as an elder statesman in the counsels of the country. He will certainly justify the choice and endeavour his utmost to hammer out a constitution suitable to independent India.

TIT-BITS:

[These tit-bits are collected from books and magazines. No claim is made to originality. Readers are also invited to contribute.]

One of Joe Hardstaff's best stories—told against himself—concerns Hammond. Arriving at Lord's one day, Joe was asked for his autograph by a boy. Inside the ground he had a similar request from the same lad and repetitions at both the lunch and tea intervals. After the match came yet another visit from the enterprising youth, and Joe's remonstrance of "Why do you keep pestering me so often?" met with the reply, "I just want one more sign from you to make six, and then I can swamp these for one of Wally Hammond."

As a noun singular, woman is a success. She far surpasses man in wit, cunning, gentleness, strength of character, loyalty, courage, variety, courtesy, endurance, energy and all the qualities civilised people admire in each other. As a collective noun, she is a noisy nuisance and a nerveless failure. If she were not so absurdly ineffective, she would be beyond bearing.

—James Bridle.

It was once a custom in Scotland to hand the first bird killed at a shooting party to the man who shot it, so that he could pluck a feather from it and fix it in his hat. From this custom comes the modern phrase—"a feather in his cap."

Here are two examples, both authentic, of English as English is

printed—one from Italy, and the other from Japan:

From an Italian railway carriage: "The out-putting of heads and the in-bringing of dogs is strictly defended."

From a Yokohama hairdresser's shop: "Brush and wash up. Heads cut. Beards raised. Corns cropped. Hands manured."

"People who drink too much coffee", said the teacher, "get what is known as coffee heart, and men who smoke too much tobacco get tobacco heart". The oldest pupil waved his hand frantically. "Well, what is it, Prakash?" the teacher asked. "Please, miss, if a boy eats too much of sweets, will he get a sweetheart?"

The horse which the man took to market, was well stricken in years and deplorably thin. He was asked how much he wanted for it. "Fifteen pounds", he replied. "I asked the price, not the weight!" was the response.

Waiters, of course, are not in a position to snap back at ill-bred customers. But one English headwaiter once made the perfect retort to an uncouth customer. "My position, sir," he said, "does not allow me to argue with you; but if it ever came to a choice of weapons, I would choose grammar."

COCHIN FOLLOWS KASHMIR

(From Our Correspondent)

Calicut: While British India is busy with the elections to the Constituent Assembly the Indian States are undergoing repression in the hands of their autocratic rulers. The Kashmir and Faridkot events are pointers in this direction. If any more proof is needed, one has only to glance at what is happening in Cochin State.

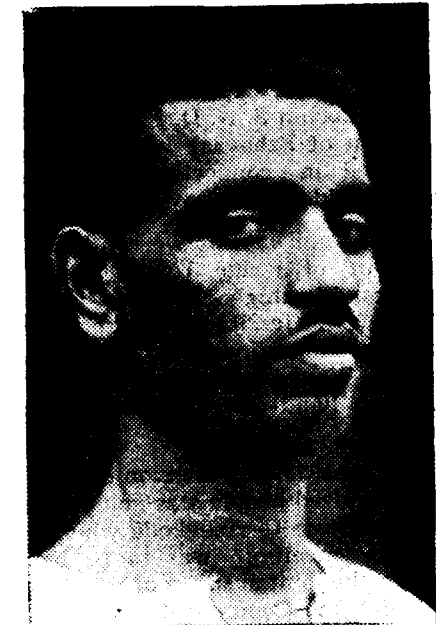
"We are shedding our blood not for temple-entry or responsible government but only for freedom to walk through roads, roads constructed with the public revenue". This is how Mr. C. Achyutha Menon, Cochin Communist leader, summed up the situation in the State.

At Ernakulam, 23 students were sent away from Thevara College for taking part in a local political demonstration. For the same reason a professor has been dismissed from the same college.

At Puthukad, apart from 31 students who were refused entry into the local school unless their guardians apologised on their behalf, small children of ten and twelve were caned for taking part in the hartal that was observed on Pandit Nehru's arrest. Four students at Irinjalakkuda and five at Cranganore were dismissed. At Ernakulam, Mr. Viswanathan, a student, was arrested.

The arrested persons were treated very badly in the lock-up. Mr. George Chatyammuri, labour leader of Cochin State, who was arrested on June 27, in a statement before the court, describes thus the night he spent in Mattancherri lock-up:

"It was after putting out the light that they (the police) began to hurt me. I was able to recognise only three of them in the light of the electric torch which they switched on at intervals. They forcefully laid me down on the ground, with my



K. P. R. Gopalan, the Communist leader of Kerala, who was sentenced to death in connection with the Morazha incident of 1942. A country-wide agitation including protests from Gandhiji and Pandit Nehru saved him from the gallows and his sentence was reduced to life imprisonment. The Madras Congress Ministry has released him recently and he is once again amidst his people.

face downwards, and hit me on my back, first with their hands and then with something heavy. Next day when I was produced before the First Class Magistrate, I complained to him about this. But he asked me to place the complaint before the District Magistrate. I also requested him to allow me to consult a doctor. To that he replied that I should apply for that to the Jail Superintendent. I accordingly wrote an application to the Jail Superintendent and gave it to the warder. I very much doubt whether it reached its destination.

"Again, I pressed my request before the Magistrate. And a doctor

came. He did not touch me. He said that he could not touch me without the permission of the District Magistrate. He viewed me from a distance and prescribed a medicine for me. It gave me no relief."

Here is another statement by Mr. Gangadharan, Organising Secretary of the Cochin S. N. D. P. (the organisation of Ezhavas) who also was arrested in connection with the same incidents. He says:

"Unni and myself were hit with the butt of a rifle. Unni got injuries on his thigh. The life in the lock-up was terrible, to say the least. We were not allowed to put on our shirts. We were led through the streets hand-cuffed and half-naked".

On June 23, a procession of about two hundred people was going from Cranganore to Azhekodde where a public meeting was to be held under the joint auspices of the Praja Mandal, the Communist Party and the S. N. D. P., to protest against the Kashmir incidents. When it ap-

proached the house of Khan Saheb Karikkulam, a Jenmi (landlord) of Azhekodde, a batch of goondas attacked the procession and beat up the processionists. More than a hundred people were injured, many of them seriously. A small boy got a shock and lay the whole night unconscious. He could remember only a big figure threatening him "I will kill you now, I will kill you now", with a knife in his hand.

That night, not a single eye was closed in Azhekodde and Cranganore. All lay sleepless, vigilant and watching. In Azhekodde nobody dared to help the injured, nobody dared shelter anyone because of fear of goondas. Not a rickshaw was available to carry the wounded.

No policeman intervened, even though there was a police out-post very near the Khan Saheb's house.

Protest demonstrations are being held everywhere and the Malabar S. N. D. P. has decided to send a Jatha to support their brethren in Cochin in their fight against untouchability.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR

In the England of 1938, the soil yielded only 48 per cent of food, and for the rest she had to await foreign ships. With the advent of war, the seasons becoming utterly unsafe, England initiated a great and vigorous food production drive in order to become 60 per cent self-sufficient. In 1943, England could meet 75 per cent of her total demands in food. A remarkable achievement indeed!

The acreage under the plough has been increased by 50 per cent and record crops have been harvested. On the day when England stepped into the war, she possessed only 15,000 tractors and by March 1942 the number had been doubled. Every available inch of soil was made use of. Golf courses, common lands and private paths and other sundry vacant areas were brought under the plough. Footpaths and rights of way have been put in cold storage. Thus some 3,00,000

acres of fresh land have been brought under cultivation.

Prices were guaranteed for all the main food products and the Ministry of Food became the sole purchaser. As a result of the price control, farm prices rose by only 83 per cent in 1938-42. In 1914-18 they shot up to 130 per cent.

These figures show what a capable and patriotic administration can achieve. Nazism was the danger that threatened England then and the people rose to the occasion with wholehearted support from the State. Famine is the menace that faces India to-day, and to minimise the dangerous effects of famine, great foresight and skilled planning is needed. Will the statesmen in India, both at the Centre and in the Provinces, to whichever party they may belong, wake up? The eleventh hour has struck.

ILTATIN.

SIDELIGHTS ::

There is no self-delusion more fatal than that which makes the conscience dreamy with the anodyne of lofty sentiments, while the life is grovelling and sensual.

—J. R. LOWELL.

In the last page of the latest issue of *Forum* Mr. Prativadi Bhayankarachari has taken umbrage at *Swatantra*, and the obliging editor of the hospitable Bombay journal has allowed him to have a go at it. At the bottom of the tirade an italicised editorial footnote informs the world that "after three and half years of underground life Bhayankarachari looks at Madras Politics." Underground life comes in for a jibe at the Mahatma's hands in *Harijan* this week. Complains Gandhiji: "Jail-going is being used as a passport to every office accessible to the Congress. Hence there is every prospect of Satyagrahi imprisonment becoming a degrading occupation like that of professional thieves and robbers. No wonder my friends of the underground variety avoid imprisonment as being comparatively a bed of roses."

In the Gandhian extract cited above, the phrase "no wonder" bowls one completely. Does it amount to a certificate of merit to the underground people as to a class placed outside the purview of the degradation lamented? Or is it that, finding jail-going not adequate as a "passport" to coveted things, they have gone one better than the Satyagrahis? So much of uncertainty, of scope for contradictory interpretation packed into a bare couple of words is scarcely to be come across in all the prodigious output of Gandhiji's writing. Out of it all the one thing certain that emerges as indisputable is that it is no "bed of roses" to go and remain "underground."

There is, in jail life, a certain restfulness for persons of poor

means. From the time of incarceration to the moment of release, the prisoner is absolved from the unending economic struggle to get at ways and means for the sheer feeding of life with food and other necessities, which is the unavoidable lot of the unpropertied free. Respite from the economic battle for existence is one of the compensations of jail life, which is none the less real, even though for many it is spoiled by anxious thought for the fate of dependents left unprotected at home. Such a compensation is denied to the underground people. Economics operate on them with intensified force.

The actual achievements of underground activity are still a mystery and the public knows little of them. Those drawn into it are entitled to whatever elation they can extract from the mere fact of eluding successfully the vigilance of a mighty police organisation bent on apprehending them spread over the whole country. Occasional glimpses of Bhayankarachari were vouch-



Bhayankarachari

safed to me in his underground days. He had an enviable capacity for illusion. One would think, to listen to him, that all the necessary arrangements for the military defeat of the ruling imperial power had been completed and awaited only the final signal. That only a few hours more were left for the regime. Generally it turned out that the only thing needed for the signal to be given in time was a sum of money. He had the peculiarity of firmly believing that those who could not or would not help to raise the money in demand were thoroughly unpatriotic men.

Here is what this Bhayankarachari now says of *Swatantra* in *Forum*:

"Too much is being talked about the Madras Politics. In fact there is no issue of *Swatantra* which does not contain an article or two about them. Ardent admirers of Rajaji find in it a convenient source of outlet to their out pourings. To them Rajaji is infallible; Nadar is second rate; and Prakasam's Ministry is mediocratic. In whatever form it is couched every article contains the same contents.

C. R. is a genius on the Constitutional line but an enemy of the Revolution. His stand in 1942 and ever since, can never be either excusable or exhorable. If in the future a Civil War is going to rage in India he will be remembered as the sower of its seeds."

"Half the time in a newspaper office is spent in correcting our own or other people's English," says Mr. Chalapathi Rau, Editor of *National Herald*, in a brilliant article on "Taking Over." (He wrote it when he "took over" from his predecessor in the editorship, Mr. K. Rama Rao). If this function is neglected on the present occasion, thereby hangs a tale. In 1938 Bhayankarachari wrote a book on the Andamans where he had been prisoner and it was to C. R. that he went for a "Foreword." C. R. was then Prime Minister. He gave the foreword. It began thus: "Bhayankarachari would not only not accept my plea to be let alone, and insist that I must go through his book, however tired I might be and over-

worked, but he wants a foreword from me!" Of the book itself C. R. wrote, "I read this quaint production of Bhayankarachari at one stretch and fell in love with the grammar and style of it and decided not to discourage the young man in his desire to print it. I hope it will be published just as it is written, with no improvement of words or spelling or style." After C. R., the editor of *Forum*, and after him *Swatantra*, are all found to-day falling in love with the grammar and style of the writing of Bhayankarachari, deciding not to discourage him in his desire to print it and wishing to publish it just as it is written, with no improvement of words or spelling or style.

In the aforesaid "Foreword" C. R. wrote of Bhayankarachari that "it is most remarkable that he had not murder enough in him to kill the bug which he had between his fingers on the first night in the Andaman cell. He preferred to throw it away alive to crushing it. Wonderful people, these terrorists, worth a whole psychology book." Bhayankarachari is in fact as lovable as he is wonderful. One of the best Sanskrit scholars, he carries his learning lightly, and while he is lion-hearted in incurring risks, he has the simplicity of a baby in adjusting means to ends. A sort of modern Alice in the wonderland in male form.

He may not therefore know that all that glitters is not gold in journalism. I happen to know that not infrequently some of those pretentious despatches printed by go-ahead journals supposed to be very enterprising as from correspondents in Washington, New York and the European capitals are actually fabrications to order executed by obedient domestic scribes. Madras is as large as any goodsized European country—it is greater in extent than Britain and Ireland combined—and *Swatantra* will not apologise for devoting preponderating attention to Madras politics. As means improve, it will extend its scope, but it will not pretend to

what it does not have. It honours and reveres C. R. as a great man bound to play a large part in shaping the national destiny and educating public opinion on sound lines. Of Prakasam's Ministry it holds the view that it does contain a good few mediocres, but the Prime Minister himself is, whatever his failings, a man made in a grand mould. But blind unintelligent support in all matters is not the true journalistic

way of showing respect. To speak the truth as one sees it is what redeems regard when it borders on affection from enslavement, and leaders with the element of greatness in them will know how to value it more than the hypocritical support prompted by self-seeking which so often is the cause of the petrification of wrong ideas and policies in our public life and political organisations.—SAKA.

ONE CRORE FOR HARIJAN UPLIFT

By S. R. Venkataraman

The reported decision of the Congress Ministry to spend one crore of rupees for Harijan uplift calls for some comment. The Government have so far not taken the public into their confidence as to the manner and method by which this sum of rupees one crore is to be spent. It is presumed that this sum is in addition to what the Labour Department is spending now on Harijan uplift.

Before drawing up a scheme for spending this one crore of rupees it would be well for the Government to make a thorough inquiry into the present needs of Harijans in every district, the number of welfare institutions already working and their civic and social disabilities. In this connection it is well to remember that Harijans in the province number 80.68 lakhs of whom 52.45 are in Tamilnad, 17.53 lakhs in Andhra, 6.12 lakhs in the Ceded Districts, 3.59 lakhs in Malabar and .98 lakhs in South Kanara. It is not suggested that the amount of one crore should be spent in proportion to population. The investigation suggested will help the Government to find out where the need for help is greatest. Harijans whose social and economic position is very backward comparatively speaking, to whatever region of the province they belong, should have the first preference.

Private agencies running boarding houses and schools for Harijans which had to close down their institutions for financial and other reasons may be helped with a liberal grant to continue their ameliorative work.

In order to uplift a community we must catch its members while they are young. It is estimated that people between the ages of 5 and 15 (boys

and girls) form 25 per cent of the community. On this basis there will be 20 lakhs of boys and girls between the ages of 5 and 15 in the Harijan community of the province. If they are brought up along right lines, in 15 years' time the progress of the community will be assured. It is suggested that in order to encourage the best boys and girls among the Harijans to become worthy members of their community and the country residential schools in each district for 300 pupils be started, in which 40 per cent of the seats should be reserved for paying Caste Hindus and other students. The schools and the boarding houses should be model ones and must approach the public schools in England in standard and efficiency.

The formation of industrial and agricultural colonies with all amenities with 60 per cent Harijans and 40 per cent non-Harijans is yet another way by which Harijan uplift may be promoted. Poor non-Harijans will have to be helped on the same basis as Harijans if they are to be attracted to the colonies.

Before finally deciding about any scheme the Government would do well to look into the scheme of the Army and the Central Government to rehabilitate the demobilised soldiers who are mostly drawn from the Harijan community. This will be necessary in order to avoid unnecessary duplication and overlapping and consequent waste of funds.

The problem is not an easy one and has to be approached from all angles. A committee consisting of all those interested in Harijan uplift may be asked to go into the question and advise the Government.

CINDERELLA-LIKE MALABAR

By I. K. Ezhuthachan

A full-fledged university with well equipped arts and professional colleges, a broadcasting station and an industrial and agricultural survey—these are amongst the imperative demands posed for immediate attention by Malabar. They are required to meet her growing needs and aspirations and for the economic reconstruction and rehabilitation of the area. To assess their due importance and urgency, they have to be viewed against the background of the mounting cry for a separate Kerala province which was even voiced as recently as June 15 last from a metropolitan platform at Madras by Mr. K. Kelappan, President of the Kerala P. C. C. who also listed for the Madras Ministry's attention *inter alia* a first class arts college, an Engineering college and a medical college for Malabar.

Malabar has a population of 4,287,758 with language and culture, habits and manners different from the rest of the presidency. *Malayalees are being increasingly discriminated against in all spheres of life*, Malabar complains, *including even in educational institutions*. There are only two first grade arts colleges in Malabar and not even one professional college while fresh medical and engineering colleges are being started in other parts. Malayalees don't wait to be goaded, tipped or coaxed to take to modern education. Year after year many boys and girls from Malabar go the whole round of colleges in other areas knocking at every door only to be turned out and return home disappointed and shattered. It is therefore, only natural that Malabar should wish to be provided with her own university fully equipped in all respects. Compared with other languages, Malayalam hardly gets a

fair or just deal either in the All-India Radio at New Delhi or even at Madras. The need for a separate broadcasting station in Malabar is under the circumstances obvious.

Beautiful, indeed, is Malabar. Malayalees are seen sprawled over in all parts of India and even in many parts of the world. How is this phenomenon to be explained except in the light of the poverty of this beautiful land which drives her sons and daughters out to eke out their livelihood. Malabar has lands and resources yet untapped. Scientific agriculture is almost unknown. There is plenty of rain. Storage or irrigation facilities, there are none. The work of economic reconstruction should begin with an agricultural and industrial survey and formulation of possibilities and plans. Increased production, both agricultural and industrial, is absolutely necessary to raise the standard of life of the people and to prevent forced exodus elsewhere to places where they are neither wanted nor welcome.

Malabar has nearly twenty representatives in the Madras Legislature from general, communal and special constituencies, all told. It is regrettable that, representing an area so advanced in culture, education and enlightenment as Malabar, their aggregate contribution to reported proceedings of legislative sessions has hardly ever exceeded as many lines as they collectively total up. Party discipline is good and necessary; but, in towing the party line, they need not always remain dummies. The grievances and demands of their constituencies do not clash with party ideals and and it is their duty to voice them on the floor of the legislature on appropriate occasions.

To a woman without property or marketable talent a husband is more necessary than a master to a dog. There is nothing more wounding to our sense of human dignity than the husband hunting that begins in every family when the daughters become marriageable. —George Bernard Shaw.

Short Story

Not Too Late

By S. Krishnan

Seated on a chair at the bedside of the ailing child, Santa was looking out through the window into the darkness which was fast encompassing the landscape. The ticking of the clock added to the gloom of the atmosphere in the hospital and Santa was naturally feeling dejected and depressed.

The patient, a girl of six years, wriggled on the bed for some time and then opened her eyes wide wildly staring at Santa. "Has mother come?" she asked in a feeble voice.

Santa stroked the unruly locks of the child and said softly "I am here, darling".

"No, you are not my mother, I want to see her" the child replied and again closed her eyes.

Santa again began to gaze into the darkness.

She had joined duty as the warden of the hostel attached to Kala Mandir, the residential school, only three days back. The child Kamala was one of the hundred odd residents of the institution. Santa, on the very first day, came to know that Kamala lost her mother only a few weeks back and as there was nobody except her father in her house to look after her, she was admitted into this hostel. Kamala was delicate and pretty with a bewitching smile and winning manners. Santa could not help having a particularly soft corner for Kamala.

Two days after Santa's coming there, Kamala got fever. She was admitted into the hospital attached to the "Kala Mandir". Three days went by; but the fever did not subside. The lady doctor diagnosed it to be a case of pneumonia with congestion in both the lungs. The Headmistress was asked to telegraphically inform Kamala's father about it.

Santa was thoroughly upset. Was it not the height of misfortune that so early in her career as matron, one of her wards should fall so dangerously ill? What was she to do if anything untoward were to happen? Would she not be blamed? She dreaded the very thought of it. What would the father of Kamala say? She did not know who the father of the girl was. She felt pity for him. She was feeling miserable. Compelled by some inner urge

more powerful than mere duty, she came to the hospital in the night and took her seat beside the child thus relieving the nurse. She administered medicine and barley water and recorded temperature on the graph according to the doctor's direction. She was praying for the recovery of the child from the very depth of her soul.

Two anxious nights she spent like this by the bedside of Kamala.

God in His mercy saved the child. On the third morning the doctor examined the child and declared that the child was out of danger now. Santa felt greatly relieved to hear that.

She went to the hostel, finished her routine and at about 11 a.m. returned to the hospital. From the verandah, she could see a gentleman seated by Kamala's side. He was engaged in conversation with the doctor. Santa could not see the face of the gentleman clearly. She guessed him to be the father of Kamala. Santa hesitated to go in. The doctor called her inside. The gentleman with dishevelled hair and haggard looks looked at Santa.

"This is Santa, the matron I referred to. She did not have a wink of sleep during the last two nights. Kala Mandir ought to be proud of such a dutiful matron" the doctor introduced Santa to the gentleman and looking at Santa added "This is Kamala's father".

For a few minutes there was silence. The gentleman broke it. "I do not find words to express my deep debt of gratitude. I can only thank you. I could not leave the place as soon as I got the telegram. In our department we cannot take leave when we most urgently require it. I even feared....". He did not complete the sentence. His voice trembled.

"Well, I am now going home. Now there is absolutely no anxiety", the doctor said and went out.

Santa and the gentleman now looked at the child who slept on the bed like a withered flower. Each read the expression of embarrassment on the other's face. The silence there seemed to be very heavy. The gentleman at last got up and said "I will go to the hotel, finish my meal and return."

Santa sank into the chair he had just vacated and was soon lost in reflection. Memories of days gone by began to flood her mind.

II

Early in her teens, Santa lost her father. He had left a good lot of money for his widow and child. Santa was the only child of her parents. In a big palatial mansion, she lived with her mother.

That year Santa had passed her School Final. She was seventeen then. Happiness and vivacity reigned in her. Beautiful as a fairy and conscious of it too was she. She spent hours and hours before the mirror admiring her own form and figure with immense pride.

Her mother was in search of a bridegroom for Santa. Santa also dreamed of marriage though she could not yet decide the type of angel who should be her husband. Santa's mother advertised in the matrimonial columns of a few dailies.

More than a score of suitors presented themselves to the scrutiny of Santa. Each was eager to possess her. But Santa could not find her proper man among them. After a time Santa's mother stopped advertising in the papers out of sheer desperation.

At last one July morning, a young man was sent to Santa's house by her uncle. Santa consented to marry him. The marriage was to be celebrated in September. But in August, the youth lost his life in an accident during a hockey match.

The news was a terrible blow to Santa's mother. She said: "After so much scanning you chose one lad and as ill-luck would have it, he is gone. Now nobody who comes to know this will come forward to marry you. They will hold you responsible for the death of that youth."

"Why should you worry about what others may or may not think, mother? Only fools will think like that!" Santa told her mother.

Santa's mother again began to correspond with her relatives and friends. As a result, one fine morning an aged lady came with her bachelor son from Madura to Santa's house.

Santa presented herself before the young man to be inspected. They looked at each other. His tall, handsome figure fascinated Santa. She expressed her willingness to be his wife. The youth also liked Santa.

"So, sister," said Santa's mother. "We can have the marriage celebrated within a fortnight. I am only too will-

ing to entrust my daughter to your care."

"I am only too glad," replied the old lady.

That evening they both left for Madura promising to write after deciding a convenient date for the marriage.

Three days later Santa's mother received a letter from the lady. It ran:

"I have come to know that a month back you arranged for your daughter's marriage with some young man. But I think I need not explain further. Gopal is my only son. So excuse me if my conscience does not allow me to accept your daughter as my daughter-in-law."

Santa took the letter as a personal insult. She tore it to pieces. "Mother, I do not want to marry. You need not any more worry yourself on my account. In future, I will not allow myself to be paraded before any young man. I am prepared to be a virgin all my life. I am going to continue my education at college," she said with firmness.

Santa got admitted into the Women's College.

A few months later, one evening, on coming home from college, Santa was surprised to see Gopal in conversation with her mother.

"Santa", her mother addressed her with a happy smile on her face, "Gopal has come here to fix a date for the marriage. He has converted his mother to his point of view."

Santa went to the table and placed her books on it. Then she came near her mother and looked at Gopal with scorn.

"Mother, you please tell him that I thank him for having taken so much pains to convince his mother. I take it as a compliment and thank him for it. But I am not eager to marry. I regret my inability to comply with his wish." Saying this, Santa went to the yard to wash her face.

From there she could hear Gopal tell her mother, "I have unwittingly wounded your daughter's sense of self-respect. Excuse me for it. May I take leave?"

When Santa came to the hall her mother was standing rooted to the earth as it were. After a few minutes she sighed, "You have been too rude, my girl. To-day you do not feel the necessity of a husband or home. But when I am gone, when loneliness surrounds you on all sides, will not your mind change? And if it be too late?" she said pathetically.

"Why should we think of probabilities and worry ourselves to death,

mother? Be composed," Santa consoled mother.

After a few months, Santa one day casually saw in the papers a photograph of Gopal and other young girl, with an announcement below that they had been married.

That was seven long years ago. Santa had proceeded with her studies. Last year she took her M.A. degree. A few months after that her mother died without having the satisfaction of holding a grandson in her lap even for a day.

Santa lived alone in the big house for some months. During sombre nights when sepulchral shadows danced like spectres on the walls, when thunder roared, lightning flashed and rain fell in torrents outside, when frogs croaked in the little ponds, Santa would remember her mother's words: "Will not your mind change? And if it be too late!" These words echoed and re-echoed in her ears awaking a train of thoughts which she would fain have dispelled from her mind if only she could. But at dead of night with the sense of loneliness eating into her very heart, she would remember Gopal.

Money she had in plenty. She could lead a life of luxury without doing any work. But to escape the monotony of her solitary existence she got herself appointed as the matron of the hostel.

Here, after seven long years, she saw Gopal again as the father of Kamala.

III

Through the window Santa was looking into the garden. The pale moon was bathing the garden with her splendid silvery light. The child Kamala was reclining on a pillow and looking at the sky.

Santa was lost in thought. For the past three days, since Gopal's arrival, Santa had been doing some feverish thinking.

Kamala suddenly sat up and pointing to the garden said, "When my mother was alive she used to take me to the garden in our house and tell me stories. But one day she was taken away. My father cried and I also cried. But they did not leave mother with us". The child became silent abruptly. Santa could guess how much the girl

missed her mother. Compassion welled up in her heart. It was not only compassion but much more than that. The motherly instinct of which she had read and the very existence of which she had doubted played its part. Some one in her heart seemed to tell her, "You could have been the mother of the girl. You missed the bus. Even now there is a chance. You can fill in the gap left by Kamala's mother".

Santa bent low to kiss the child. "I will also take you to the garden after you have picked up your health, my darling" she said.

When she raised her head, she saw Gopal standing at the door-way with a handbag. She could see the tears in his eyes trembling in the light.

"The motherless child has found a mother in you. Now whoever is affectionate to her is her mother" he said.

Santa stood up and moved a few feet away from Kamala.

Gopal came to the cot and sat beside his daughter. Fondling her he said "I am now going away, Kamala. I will come next month during Christmas and take you to your uncle's house". Then turning to Santa he added "How I wish I could take Kamala with me! But there is nobody in my house to attend to her. I myself stay in a hotel. So let her be here. I am giving you trouble. But what else can I do under the circumstances?"

He paused a few minutes; with the shadow of a sad smile, he added, "I now understand that I was wrong in attempting to utilise you for my selfish ends when your ambition was nobler, when you were made for a higher purpose. To be loved and respected by hundred happy children! How fortunate you are!"

Santa now broke her silence. "It is not necessary that you and I should look at the same things from the same angles. But I do not want to enter into an abstract discussion. I have a request to make. Once I rejected you. I was then too haughty and high-strung. Now I am ashamed of it. If you can forget that and accept me....." she did not finish the sentence.

Gopal's eyes opened wide in wonder.

"Yes, Kamala, you can come home with your new mother in a few days. Till then good-bye".

If you ever had a grown-up daughter you'd know that by comparison a backing steer is easy to manage. And as to knowing what goes on inside her—well, it's much better to pretend you are the simple, innocent old fool she almost certainly takes you for.—*Somerset Maugham*.

THE LEGAL PROFESSION AND "SUBSIDIARY OCCUPATION FOR LAWYERS"

By M. Padmanabhan

Mr. Chari's article "Subsidiary Occupation for Lawyers" shows how acute the problem is. But it does not afford the correct solution. The real problem is one of overcrowding in the profession, and it is "part of the larger problem of unemployment of the educated classes in India."

The quantity of legal work has fallen considerably, not so additions to the Bar. On the contrary the number of lawyers has been increasing. The amount of work cannot be artificially increased to meet the demands of an ever-swelling profession. The only remedy seems to "lie in the restriction of the numbers at the Bar" and that restriction must come both from within and without the profession.

The latter is to be secured by limiting the number of admissions to the Law College. It will be interesting, in this connection, to inquire how people find their way into that institution. It is often the Intermediate Examinations that determine the number of future lawyers. All those who fail to secure first class marks or are unable to get admission into other technical institutions are compelled to take to B. A. and B. Sc. courses, from which they inevitably drift into the "Red Buildings" of the Law College.

As to the restriction from within, it is to be of a voluntary nature and the result of a thorough examination of one's own inclinations, capacity and work. There is an interesting editorial note on the subject in All-India Reporter 1946 page 29 where reference is made to a speech by Dr. Kailas Nath Katju. It says: "According to Dr. Katju the profession requires certain special qualities and aptitudes which are not possessed by all and

a young man after giving a fair trial to the matter must honestly judge for himself if he is suited for the profession". "A man", it goes on to say, "who is unable to get on in the profession and has to seek his living in some other walk of life must do so before he is too old". "There is no use young men waiting indefinitely at the Bar" hoping that one day fortune would smile on them. Further, "legal training must also be looked upon as a part of a man's general equipment rather than as something which inevitably leads to practise at the Bar." It is said that in England only two out of ten barristers who are called, practise.

Any other way of solving the problem is sure to do great harm to the profession. We cannot deny the profession its prestige and dignity simply because to-day it is not or has ceased to be a paying one. It is a noble profession and it is a pity that its highly technical nature is not realised. Easy accessibility has for the moment belittled its greatness. It requires a life time to become a great lawyer. There can be no room for half-hearted work in it. The High Court Judges are not wrong at all in discouraging the idea of 'subsidiary occupation for lawyers'.

But it must be said in conclusion that neither this solution nor any other by itself can help the profession out of its present miserable state. Because the problem is "bound up with the development of industry and commerce" and general prosperity of the country, "till avenues of employment outside the profession multiply the question of entering or remaining in the profession will in many cases be not a matter of choice but of necessity."



A REPUBLIC IS BORN

By "Partha"

On July 4, 1946, a new republic was born, the Republic of the Philippines. The freedom which the Filipinos have dreamt of and aspired for during the fifty years of subjection to the United States has become a fact to 18,000,000 people.

The largest island group of the Malay Archipelago in the Pacific, the Philippines consist of over 7,083 islands and islets of which only 466 have areas of one square mile or over. The Philippines were colonised by the Spanish in 1565 while it was a Dutch navigator who discovered them about 40 years earlier. The colony was conquered by the United States in the war with Spain in 1895. Vestiges of the Spanish connection still remain on the islands where Spanish is still spoken and towns and cities bear Spanish names.

Four years after the Americans took possession of the islands, the Filipinos rose in revolt, but the rebellion petered out after three years of sporadic resistance. That was probably the first and last attempt made by the Filipinos to overthrow American rule.

If ever a colonial people achieved independence with so little effort and comparatively in such a short period it was the Filipinos. The United States, while in no way behind any other colonial power in the economic exploitation of its colony, set up an enlightened administration which trained the people in the art of self-government.



Challenger Roxas

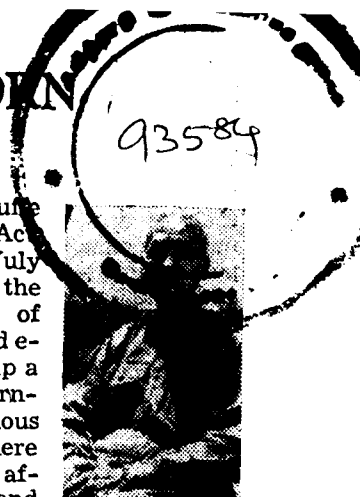
The pledge of freedom was given to the Philippines by the United States in the famous Jones Act of 1916, barely 18 years after the occupation of the islands. The date for independence was fixed as 1934 (eighteen years later) in the

Tydings - McDuffie Act. This Act while fixing July 4, 1946, for the declaration of complete independence, set up a Filipino Government, autonomous in every sphere except foreign affairs, defence and currency. The

greatest champion of Philippine freedom was President Franklin D. Roosevelt, who in fact had Congress pass a Bill advancing the date of Philippine freedom. This frightened vested American interests and moderate Filipinos themselves who doubted the ability of the Philippines to shoulder the burdens of freedom.

Japan's entry into the war and subsequent occupation of the Philippines by the Japanese dashed hopes of early independence and for four long years the shadow of the invader fell across the fair and prosperous land. The Japanese occupation created a split among the nationalists, one section co-operating with the rulers and running the administration and the other offering resistance to the Japanese through guerilla warfare. The effect of this division persists to-day after liberation and charges and counter-charges of collaboration have been flung against each other by Filipino leaders.

Notable among these is the first President of the Republic, Brig.-General Roxas. A fiery orator, Roxas, now aged 54, had been in the Philippine political life for over three decades, and made history when he appeared before the United States Senate Finance Committee and made an eloquent plea for his country's freedom. The story is told of him that at the age of 17 when he began studying for law he earned money from fellow students by preparing their notes.



When the Japanese invaded the Philippines and finally conquered the islands, Roxas, contrary to Gen. MacArthur's advice and the example of President Quezon, decided to stay with his people. Towards the end of their occupation, the Japanese connected Roxas' name with the puppet administration set up by them and when the Americans returned, he became a controversial figure in Philippine politics with certain groups accusing him of collaboration with the Japanese and others declaring that he had worked in co-operation with the Resistance Movement. The charge against Roxas lost much force after Gen. MacArthur's vindication of his character, and the fact that Roxas gained a decisive victory in the Presidential election over Osmena, former Vice-President and American Government's favourite, Government who took refuge in the United States during the Japanese occupation, was clear proof that the people had absolved him of any crime against the nation.

The new republic is still far from achieving economic independence. The United States' hold in this sphere still remains and perhaps will remain for many years to come till the young republic finds its feet and gains strength to liquidate vested interests, both foreign and domestic, which have taken strong roots. The United States has much to gain commercially by her connection with the Philippines, rich in raw materials like hemp, sugar and tobacco. Philippine trade has hitherto been entirely controlled by the United States which has a monopoly of her sugar and coconut-oil production. The Filipino leaders have agreed to continue trade concessions to their former rulers and the United States has given financial assistance to restore Philippine economy, badly shattered by the Japanese occupation. The United States has also promised to afford military protection. Both in its own imperialist interests and in the interests of the Filipinos themselves, the United States will retain the bases it built on the islands during the war against the Japanese.

Viewed in this context the independence proclaimed by the Americans is severely qualified and has in fact produced caustic comments in sections of the British Press which, however, forgets that the British record in colonial administration is not exactly a shining one. In a world where the great powers think in terms of another, it is perhaps for the Filipinos to assure themselves of the protection of a strong power, although it may mean some curtailment of freedom, until sanity returns to the world and the fear of war is removed once and for all.

At home, the republic faces trouble of another kind which if not tackled boldly may lead to serious consequences. The demand for agrarian reform and opposition to the pre-war feudal agricultural system are burning issues to-day in the islands. The mainspring of this movement is the United Front made up of Socialists, Communists and Liberals, having as its militant wing the HUKBALAHAP (Peoples' Anti-Japanese Army). The Hukbalahap was in the vanguard of the Resistance Movement during the Japanese occupation and when the Americans reconquered the Philippines, they found that the Hukbalahap had seized power on many islands and established provisional governments. The Hukbalahap readily offered to vacate its positions in favour of the Americans but its attitude created suspicion in the minds of the United States' authorities and to-day the Hukbalahap is a discontented army and a potent source of trouble. There are approximately 60,000 Hukbalahap soldiers in Luzon alone, according to an American writer, and 12,000 of these are armed. They have organised demonstrations in the main cities demanding land reform. They could just as easily march with guns against those who try to oppress them.

The present conflict is between the United Front (political arm of the Hukbalahap) and the Nationalist Party. It is also a conflict

between the wealthy landlords and the poor tenants. Before the War, the Nationalist Party, supported by Americans in the Philippines and propertied Filipinos, virtually controlled the Philippines. President Quezon by open suppression and by appeasement of individual opposition leaders was able to keep the minority groups from growing strong. In this he was aided by Sergio Osmena, his successor. Neither was disposed to favour reforms that would have endangered their position with the Americans as well as their wealthy constituents. But the tide of the movement for reform gathered greater force after the liberation and this was recognised by the present President Roxas who in an effort to gain the support of the United Front and the Hukbalahap leaders promised a new deal during the Presidential election. The main demands of the reform movement are:

- (1) Division of the large estates and re-sale of land to tenants through Government assistance.
- (2) Removal of surplus population from Central Luzon to less populated areas through Government

assistance. (3) Passage of laws establishing a fair share of profits for the tenants. (4) Legislation against the usurious practices of landlords and merchants and (5) Establishment of a minimum wage scale.

It is clear that if all or at least some of these demands are not conceded the Hukbalahap will cause trouble and may be even responsible for endangering the safety of the republic.

The problem of industrialisation also remains to be tackled. Great damage was caused to Filipino industry during the occupation and many towns and cities are still in ruins. The task of economic reconstruction facing the country is heavy and it may well nigh be impossible to carry out if peace and order is not secured in the country. The Philippines is essentially an agricultural country.

Serious difficulties thus face this new-born republic of the Pacific and it would require all the courage and wisdom of its leaders and statesmen to overcome them and guide the country to a haven of safety and security.

BEGGARS AND FAMINE IN VIZAG

Nowadays, beggars have increased by leaps and bounds in Vizagapatam. Probably most of them have come from outside. For, the people of Vizagapatam know almost every man and woman here has a job to do. North Vizag district contributes a lot of beggars. Some of the beggars are becoming well-to-do! On the side of the road I find a man for all purposes healthy, whose legs and hands are not more than six inches long. He is pot-bellied and attracts a throng. The coins before him make a small heap. There are other sorts who lie down on roads covering themselves up and showing a faked bleeding limb. Lepers and the lame are common. There is again a new kind of begging. Groups of families, minus the elderly male element, consisting of five or six in all, go about the streets and beg. Their woeful story told, they want our help. A polite word for these beggars would be "destitutes".

There is famine in every place and on every face. No sugar, coffee or idli is served in the hotels. The food given does not constitute a meal. There is again the famine for money. Everything is dear. The cost of a single hotel's meal is as high as eight annas even though the quantity has gone down considerably and the price of rice has remained the same as before. People, though well clothed and groomed, appear ill-fed. Children are sapless and unmischievous. In every home the children lose the third meal.

Cloth-rationing has not stopped the black-market. Five yards per head per year cannot give us even a loin cloth all through the year.

What are the authorities going to do for us? What about the retrenched workers, clerks and coolies who stand to lose their buying capacity? They must be shown some work. Famine stares us in the face and what measures the Government are going to take, we have a right to know.

G. K.

INDIAN BOAT RACE

ONE of the finest boat races in the East is due to be held next month on the Pampa river at Aranmula, Travancore. It is an annual event marking the conclusion of the Onam celebrations.

These 150-foot-long streamlined *chundan valloms* (boats) are specially designed for racing. The rowers sit on either side, about eighty of them. They row to the boatmen's songs with the chorus—

*Thai thai thai thai thai tho,
Theeyo thitho tharo thikutho
thim....*

In a picturesque setting of coconut and mango groves on either bank, these "snake-boats" glide along with grace and majesty. Most have decorations—a flag at the stern and a *muthukuda* (large coloured umbrella with pendant beads) in the centre. The rowers wear a long piece of cloth round the waist and have turbans tied up in style.

About twenty of these boats take part in the contest. There are several races, not one; and as many as ten boats may compete in one race. Each village has its boat and each race is an inter-village match. The winning boat brings great honour to the village.

The race is against the stream, the course is about a mile. The boats are level and the start is given. The oars go up—and come down—in a split second. The boats go forward, all abreast, slowly first, then faster. The blades glisten in the brilliance of the midday sun and touch water all together. The perfect timing of the strokes makes a fine sight.

Steering calls for great experience and skill. There is no steering apparatus and there are no rowlocks for the oars. There are four steersmen and two have their oars on either side. They must keep clear of the other boats, while the slightest loss of balance would find the steersmen in water, which entails grave loss of "face."

The "real thing" starts when the boats are about half way. There is much cheering and encouragement from the spectators on the banks. To every rower it is a great mo-



Spotlight On The World

ment: the honour of his village is at stake. One boat takes the lead, followed closely by others. Wild cheering breaks out.

The big boats by no means monopolise the show. There are races for every type of boat, from tiny one-man canoes to vessels carrying ten or twelve oars.

There is great rejoicing among the winning crews, but the losers are good losers, and live to win another day.

"ABODE OF LOVE"

At a time when intolerance is so rampant in the world, interest attaches to the experiment in community life and mutual service being carried out at Preet Nagar, a colony near Lahore.

The guiding principle in this colony is the greatest good of the greatest number. Men and women are not kept in separate watertight compartments and, as employees in a new social order, they draw salaries according to their needs. So Preet Nagar does not belie its name. It is in truth a colony of love, as its founder, Sardar Gurbux Singh, intended it to be.

Preet Nagar is an experiment in equal endeavour. An agricultural labourer—about a hundred acres of the colony are under cultivation—enjoys as much social status as does a "Preet Sevik" or a member of the managing committee of the Nagar.

The colony has a common kitchen where everybody has to cook and serve in turn. Religion as an institution is not recognised. There are no gurudwaras, no temples, mosques or churches.

A feature of the colony is the "Activity School" which, as its name implies, aims at imparting education through the technique of exertion. It is a residential institution for boys and girls. The stu-

dents, however, seldom miss the home atmosphere, because parents, teachers and children eat together every day.

The colony derives its income from its dairy farm, flour mill and agricultural produce.

INDIA AND RUSSIA

It is not generally known that cultural relations between India and Russia are both ancient and deep-rooted. India was known to Tsarist Russia as a country with a highly developed civilisation. A number of Indians were residing on the Caucasian littoral of the Caspian Sea during the Middle Ages and quite a number of Russian merchant adventurers were also to be found in India during that period. One of them was Afanasy Nikitin who visited this country about the middle of the fifteenth century and described his travels in *Journey Across Three Seas*, which throws light on the history of the Deccan in that century.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries attempts were made to establish diplomatic relations between the India of the Moghuls and the Russia of the Tsars. For example, Tsar Alexei Mihailovich, father of Peter the Great, sent Yusup Kasimov as his ambassador to the court of Aurangzeb, but the mission did not succeed in its object. About the same time a Russian merchant, Semyon Malenky, had an audience with the Great Moghul.

Between 1732 and 1735 there was published in Russia a Latin version of Academician Bayer's book *Elementa Literature Brahmanicae*. It "contains the first examples of the Devanagari script printed in Russia."

The Russian musician Gerasim Lebedeff passed fourteen years (1785-99) of his life in India. He studied Sanskrit, Bengali and other "mixed dialects" and translated into

Bengali two English plays *Disguise* and *Love Is The Best Doctor*. The eighteenth century also saw the publication of the *Bhagavad Gita* and *Sakuntala* in Russian. The latter was the work of N. Karamzin.

The development of Indology in Europe in the nineteenth century served as a great incentive to Russian writers to study India more and more. They were aided by the establishment of chairs of comparative philology and Sanskrit in Russian universities.

All works of Rabindranath Tagore have been translated into Russian. Leo Tolstoy and Maxim Gorky showed great interest in and appreciation of Indian literature and maintained correspondence with a number of leading Indians. As is well known, Mahatma Gandhi has acknowledged that Tolstoy's writings have had a profound influence on his life.

THE GRAND MUFTI

Haj Amin-el-Husseini, the Mufti of Jerusalem, who has sought—and found—refuge with the Egyptian royal family, is an adept at escape. Once when the police went to arrest him after he had been sentenced to 15 years' imprisonment on a charge of sedition, he informed them blandly that "Husseini was over the way in his sister's house" and escaped.

Under threat of imprisonment he stayed away from Palestine until Sir Herbert (now Lord) Samuel arrived in Jerusalem as High Commissioner. As a result of the widespread amnesty granted by the new High Commissioner, Husseini found himself a free man. Returning to Palestine, he became Mufti but was deposed in 1937 as the result of his anti-British activities. Faced with arrest, he took refuge—and claimed sanctuary—in the mosque of Omar. He escaped as a veiled Arab woman.

Then disguised as a Bedouin he fled to Beirut, promising the French he would take no part in politics.

In 1940 Husseini denounced Italy's entry into the war but the following year he was the mainspring behind Rashid Ali's abortive pro-Axis rising in Iraq. When that failed he fled—again as a Bedouin—first to Baghdad and then to Persia. He took refuge in the Japanese Embassy when the British and Russians marched into Persia; then fled in an Axis plane to Rome. From Rome it was only a step to Berlin.

JAPAN AND DEMOCRACY

In his latest report on Japan General MacArthur comments on the "further advance in the democratisation of Japanese politics."

Politically the main objective of the Allied occupation of Japan has been described as the efficient and orderly development of a genuine democratic ideology. Agrarian reform and labour union laws already introduced mark the beginning of the trends of social legislation. For some time it may be expected that such legislation will be ahead of the actual political development of the people. For the time being Japan may be described as a country groping for a satisfactory political ideology to replace the one she had. In this period of transition, however, the more common desire for democracy has not banished sharply distinguishable class interests.

It is not surprising that a nation without experience of defeat should suffer psychological collapse when a war has been lost. Until a new ideology is established, the Japanese people are lost creatures, their old faiths, religions and moral security broken. Disillusioned soldiers turn quickly to black market operations instead of steady constructive toil.

The statesmen of pre-1931 days lack the flexibility of mind to meet the new, pressing, and unprecedented problems. Most statesmen who have held office in recent years are either war criminal suspects or have been involved to some degree in war responsibility.

AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES AS LINK WITH INDIA

By L. Spence

(One of Australia's oldest links with India is believed by many anthropologists to exist in its aborigines. Evidence suggests that they are of Dravidian stock, and were forced by pressure of circumstances to migrate to Ceylon, Malaya, and eventually through the East Indies to Australia. Here is a picture of the life and customs of the Aborigines in Australia to-day.)

CANBERRA (By Air Mail). Canberra: Expeditions to Central Australia has discovered veritable art galleries in the occasional rocky buttresses which rise sharply against the skyline. Here the aborigines practise their age-old art and symbolism. Covering the walls is a maze of designs of men and animals, done in paints or crayons obtained from pipe-clay, pigments, red and white ochre.

Gifted with a particularly sensitive ear, the aborigine has a strong musical instinct. In contrast to the South Sea islander and the negro, he makes no attempt at harmony. His music is all melody and rhythm, accompanied usually by action. The interpretation of the theme is made often by a wavering of tone, more like a throb than a vibrato.

Primitive instruments accompany his singing, the most common being a gum-leaf held to the lips. Another in-



Many Australian aborigines still cling to the primitive nomadic life of their forefathers, armed with spear, shield and other simple weapons.

strument, the "didjeridoo" gives out a loud weird sound, the tone and intensity varying with the size of the bamboo or hollow branch used. An important part in the rhythm of the song is supplied by the beating of hard and light sticks.

Tribal dances, accompanied by such a band, are performed with the technique used by their forefathers. The chanting of the united voices, the music of the didjeridoo, and the swaying and stamping of the strangely marked bodies in ceremonial costumes, make a hypnotic sight.

One of the most famous dances is the kangaroo dance, in which the men, decked with tails trailing behind them on the ground, prance around the fire-lit circle in faithful imitation of the kangaroo's hopping gait.

The aborigine who clings to the primitive life of his forefathers is equipped with spears, a stone axe, stone knife, null-nulla (heavy wooden club) and the curved stick called the boomerang. The ornamental type of boomerang is unique as a missile, as it will return to the thrower after a soaring spiral flight. It can be thrown on



First Australian aboriginal to show definite promise as a singer is Harold Blair, 20 year-old dramatic tenor.

Picture shows Harold Blair with Dick Fair (left), director of Australia's Amateur Hour.

a fast, flat trajectory, suddenly raising vertically and returning to the feet of the marksman. Used in this manner, it is effective against a flight of birds swiftly moving at a low level.

No rodeo (gymkhana) is complete without a display of boomerang throwing by an aborigine, and with an in-born skill at buck-jumping, he is always a big contributor to the success of one of Australia's popular sports.

From a Queensland settlement, an eighteen-year-old lad came under notice for his fine natural tenor voice and a bright future was prophesied for him. He sang during an amateur radio broadcast, and immediately subscriptions began to pour in for a fund to provide the best training possible. Now studying at the Melbourne Conservatorium of Music, he will continue later at the Royal College of Music in London.

A fourteen-year-old girl sang a lullaby with such sweetness and sympathy that she was acclaimed the winner in a talent quest. Suggestions were made for her to go abroad to study, but the authorities decided that it was advisable for her to return to the Croker Island Mission station for two years until her voice matures.

After only two years' tuition, an aborigine painter, Albert Namatjira, is conceded by critics to be a fine craftsman, a true artist, and one of Australia's best water colourists. His landscapes depict the country in which he has lived all his life; his brush captures the jewel-like colours of the rocks, trees, skies and mountains of

Central Australia, the brilliance of which can be appreciated only by those who have lived there, watching the play of sun and shadow.

Namatjira has held four successful exhibitions. At one, paintings worth Rs. 10,708-5-4 were sold; at the last, 36 of the paintings were sold before the display opened.

Many aborigines have taken an active part in Australian sports. Eddie Gilbert was one of the fast bowlers of the day when he represented Queensland in inter-State Sheffield Shield matches. Two aborigines participated in the last world-famous Stawell Gift foot-race; many have made names for themselves in the boxing ring.

When the Kelly gang terrorised the early European settlers in Australia aborigine trackers played an important part in running down these "bush-rangers" (outlaws). Other trackers continue to do good work with the police forces to-day.

Piraptameli, better known to his commanding officer as Louie, was successful in capturing a Japanese Mitsubishi bomber crew who had baled out over Melville Island.

Slowly, the aborigine is beginning to take an interest in the civilisation which has grown around him; correspondingly, the Australian people are realising the responsibility they owe to the aborigine.

Australian Governments, with strong public feeling behind them, plan to provide closer health supervision and better educational facilities in the aborigine settlements established throughout the country.

TO THE SCRIBES

Sitting up to scribble and not knowing what to begin is a sorry plight for a writer. But when you might say that one who sits up to write and does not know what to do is not a writer at all. That is an easy thing to say but not always right. You must have heard of 'X' who on many a night sat before his table with a pen in his hand and a paper in front, but could not put the pen on the paper for the simple reason that many a thought came into his head all jumbled up. So many contradictions glared in his face. "Am I to write such a silly sentence" he would think. And then he would desist.

But when times were better he would write wonderful stories, beautiful poems and sagacious universal truths. 'God came to him last, but sure'. That is how a parson put the whole matter.

'What God hath not given unto you, cultivate'. That should be the motto of every writer. If Shakespeares and Miltons are not born they must be made. Therefore let us sing:

Write on, write on, you restless scribes,
Neither wait nor write for the Editors' bribes.
Sharpen your pens now and off
To write—sometimes hard, sometimes soft.

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AUTONOMY FOR THE VILLAGE

By M. S. V. Chari

The Madras Ministry is reported to be considering some big step in the direction of making the village autonomous in certain departments. Instead of piecemeal legislation like the above, it might well consider the advisability of making the village completely autonomous, that is, in so far as it is possible for the Ministry to confer such a power on the village under its jurisdiction.

My suggestion is this. Let us begin from the beginning and that with finance. I suggest thorough decentralisation of the present administration. At present we go from the city to the village. Let us now go from the village to the city. As more than 80 per cent of the revenues of the State comes from the villages, it is but fair and proper that in this matter of good administration, we think of the village first. "Back to the village" will then become not an empty cry but pregnant with much significance.

Lip sympathy for the villagers will certainly not do. We must show our sympathy by recognising the fact that it is the village finance that sustains the whole administration. Let us do the barest justice to the village by setting apart a certain definite percentage of the land revenue collected from each village. This fund may be divided into: (1) a permanent or reserve fund, and (2) recurring fund. The money from the reserve fund is to be utilised for unforeseen calamities like famine, floods, etc. The recurring fund money is to be spent annually by the village panchayat for sanitation, education, agriculture, etc. This is the minimum that must be done to the village. It is atrocious that contributing as they do to the main bulk of public finance, villages should be at the mercy of the administration when extraordinary calamities overtake them. And the relief that is afforded to villages at such times is more in the nature of compassionate action than one dictated by justice and fairplay. Let

me illustrate. Suppose a big fire breaks out in a village. The Sub-Collector magnanimously orders a gift—a palmyrah tree from the poromboke to each householder who has suffered from the fire havoc and thinks he has done his best for the villager.

Now let us frankly see what the village gets in return for the land revenue it pays. Let us take a village paying Rs. 7,000 as kist. It gets water for its lands, police aid when necessary, and aid from health authorities and education. Suppose the village made its own arrangements for getting all these. I am afraid that it will cost the village much less than what it pays now as land revenue. Let me illustrate:

	Rs. per mensem
Salary of village munsif ..	13
Salary of karnam ..	10
Salary of thoti ..	6
Salary of thalayari ..	8
Salary of sanitary officer ..	20
Salary of village magistrate ..	10
Salary of village munsif ..	10
	75
Education ..	50
Medical Service ..	50
	175

Thus the cost of administration comes to Rs. 2,100 for the whole year whereas the village has to pay Rs. 7,000 as kist and has to send petition after petition seeking Government aid when unforeseen calamity overtakes it.

I suggest that at least 50 per cent of the land revenue must be definitely earmarked for the villages. The rest alone should be utilised for the running of the Government. All services rendered by the Government may be paid from the revenues earmarked for the villages. Certain departments like the income-tax have nothing to do with the villages and such departments should not be a drag on the village

revenues. The post office and the Railways are commercial concerns and the general revenues are not spent over their upkeep. What remains is the military expenditure. At present we have no control over this expenditure but Provincial Governments must refuse to pay more than what is justly due from them and create a deadlock over this issue.

For effecting economies in the administration, there is no need for a sub-divisional officer and a collector. The tahsildar will quite do. The collector may inspect the work of the tahsildar from time to time. Again, the hierarchy of officers in every department like district officer, assistant district officer, etc., is quite unnecessary. By effecting

such economies, the villager will be taxed less.

The machinery for working the village administration is of course to be an elected panchayat. But democracy in villages—even as in towns—is more often than not abused. The Government would do well to nominate some good people of the village and also supervise the accounts of the panchayat with great care. While the Government ought not to interfere with the administration of the panchayat, they must see that faction does not play havoc in the village, which is often the case.

I suggest the creation of village units, district units, and provincial units. These should function respectively like provincial, central and federal units.

CHILDREN OF MISFORTUNE

By Binod

I am a child of misfortune.

When, twenty-eight years ago, my father's manly powers conspired with my mother's demure beauty to bring me into this great wide-world, neither parent could have imagined the sorrow, the suffering and the disappointment that have come the way of the product of their joint planning. If they had, I believe they would have stopped at the blueprint stage.

I think there is a fatality in it—I seldom reach the place I set out for.

Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,

I've seen my fondest hopes decay;

I never lov'd a tree or flow'r,

But 'twas the first to fade away.

I never nurs'd a dear gazelle,

To glad me with its soft black eye,

But when it came to know me well,

And love me, it was sure to die!

I loved a Love once, fairest among women. Our wedding day was fixed—the greatest day in our

lives was fixed! It arrived—and found me wooing a dead maiden to be my bride. Ten years since, today, I still hear her distant footsteps echoing through the corridors of Time.

I married, however. There came along a baby, a little baby thing in whose eyes, in whose voice, in whose ways the one I had lost lived again. All my thoughts, all passions, all delights came to be centred on her. But yesterday, she was smiling and gay. And to-day?—to-day in the ranks of death you'll find her.

Finally I sought the medicine of life in a friend. (Friendship is Love without his wings). It appeared that I was able to light a candle of understanding in my friend's heart. Our relationship grew like a tree. The tree is now hewn down. My friend has deceived me—has broken faith with me.

These and other deadly blows have darkened my life's path until I can hardly find my way. But as I thus stumble along life's fearful highway I collide against people in an even more desperate state.

I have no shoes, and I murmur—until I meet a man who has no feet.

TEA AND TOBACCO

By G. Rajanna

"Smoking strictly prohibited." That is a rule which is observed more in the breach than practice. Such rules are many. They proclaim at once that, however well intentioned you may be, you cannot regulate human life on a mechanical pattern. This is a fact that emerges from practical human experience.

Tea and tobacco have such complete sway over most of us that we feel as though the world would crash over our heads if we miss their charms at periodical intervals. I am reminded of a little true story of war-time narrated by that celebrated playwright, John Galsworthy, to an American audience after the close of World War I. The story is as follows:

"In the fifth year of the war two men sat alone in a railway carriage. One, pale, young and rather worn, had an unlighted cigarette in his mouth. The other, elderly, prosperous, and of a ruddy countenance, was smoking a large cigar.

"The young man, who looked as if his days were strenuous, took his unlighted cigarette from his mouth, gazed at it, searched his pockets, and looked at the elderly man. His nose twitched, vibrated by the scent of the cigar, and he said suddenly: 'Could you give me a light, Sir?' The elderly man regarded him for a moment, dropped his eyelids, and murmured: 'I have no matches'. The young man sighed, mumbling the cigarette in his watering lips, then said very suddenly, 'Perhaps you'll kindly give me a light from your cigar, Sir'. The elderly man moved his body as if something very sacred had been touched within him. 'I'd rather not', he said; 'if you don't mind'.

"A quarter of an hour passed, while the young man's cigarette grew moisture, and the elder man's cigar shorter. Then the latter stirred, took it from under his grey moustache, looked critically at it, held it out a little way towards the other with the side which was least

burned-down foremost, and said: 'unless you'd like to take it from the edge'. Smokers only know what it is 'to take it from the edge'."

Tobacco assumes several forms but tea can be used only in one way. You may, if you are disposed to be embedded in clouds, take to a cigar, a cigarette or beedi, the last of which keeps up the greatest possible mass contact. Even the thundering mass contact programme of the Congress could not achieve better results than this mute, simple and cheap messenger. The only trouble with it is that it needs the help of too many matches to keep it going. And, if its proud user is careless, it will spit fire on his clothes without fear or favour. In powdered form tobacco has its votaries amongst the learned. In South India they say that learning and snuffing go together. In combination with pan tobacco becomes enchanting to those who cannot do without their regular patti.

Such were my thoughts as I read a Bhagalpur report which purported to say that a war against "smokes" was undertaken. In December 1940 the Arya Kumar Sabha organised a propaganda campaign and observed an "Anti-Tobacco Week". Naturally the Sabha did all it could to tell the people of the "vicious habit of taking to tobacco."

Like everything on earth, tobacco is stigmatised as a vice. But you have to admit that it has its virtues too. All vice consists in being enslaved to a thing. I have seen people who, to assist thought, take a pinch of snuff and work wonders. I knew of C. Y. Chintamani who used to dash off brilliant editorials with incredible ease after lighting a cigarette. To very many people the cigar is a silent companion to ward off dejection. These considerations are certainly in favour of the use of tobacco. But to think that, unless you smoke a cigarette or cigar or use tobacco in one form or another, you cannot put your faculties to the test, is wrong.

Five years back smokers and non-smokers in Assam came to grips—constitutionally. No doubt, the former carried the day. How it came about may briefly be recounted.

Mr. Goldsmith moved in the Assam Legislative Assembly an amendment to the Assam Motor Rules, 1940, which sought to enforce prohibition of smoking in public vehicles. Mr. Baidyanath Mookerji opposed the amendment. More.... he declared that smokers formed the bulk of the population and "the number of female smokers was steadily increasing". He made a revelation indeed. Smoking has captivated the fair sex too! Evidently, women seem to demand equal rights with men. The puritanic amendment of Mr. Goldsmith was lost by 13 votes to 9.

There are great men among tobacco users—smokers, snuffers, etc. The converse may not be true. Every smoker or snuffer need not be a great man. Tobacco just quickens the pace of "mortal instruments".

GOVERNMENT'S EDUCATIONAL POLICY

The great increase in the demand for admission into schools and colleges has created a new situation in the educational sphere. The perfunctory way in which the situation was handled last year by the Advisory Government was repeated this year also by the popular Ministry. It will be a fatal mistake if the Government think that their emergency measures have passed muster by somehow thrusting the students into the schools and colleges. The enormous increase in the strength of the educational institutions is exerting a severe strain on their staff and accommodation.

The Government should therefore lose no time in thinking out a long range policy which, while relieving the tension in the present situation, will ensure future educational expansion without any sacrifice of the healthy principles of education which have been gravely imperilled by the measures adopted to meet the emergency.

The budget session of the Assembly gives an opportunity to the Govern-

The reservoir of intelligence will be the same, the pumping out quicker.

The great Gandhi who leads India is a non-smoker, though for a brief period as a boy he was a smoker. The courageous Churchill who led England in war is a smoker. Comparisons between these two leaders may be invidious. Each in his own sphere has risen to eminent heights. But just put to yourself the following question: Could Gandhi be as great as a smoker and Churchill as a non-smoker? Perhaps the only answer to the question is that Gandhi cannot be a smoker and Churchill a non-smoker.

Is there any relation between greatness and smoking? Human curiosity has always tabulated the habits and manners of eminent personalities and tried to inter-relate them to their qualities of head and heart. It is true that the greatest of the great have been either non-smokers (non-users of tobacco) all their life or have discarded the habit at an early stage of life. Take this for what it is worth.

ment to tell the public what the Ministry are going to do to make the teacher-supply keep pace with the steadily increasing demand for them both in the elementary and secondary schools, to house the large number of schools to be started every year, to reform secondary education so as to check the aimless overcrowding in colleges because of there being no other alternative, and to improve the present position of teachers which is a disgrace to any society.

We have not so far had any evidence of the Education Minister's anxiety to come to grips with these pressing problems. He has not, till now, consulted the organised opinion of the teaching profession. A provincial board of education representative of the Government, the teaching profession and the public for which the South India Teachers' Union has been agitating, should be formed early in order that educational administration may be correctly informed as to the practical needs and technical intricacies of educational reform.

S. SRINIVASAN.

PUBLIC HEALTH MINISTRY IN MADRAS

By Lt.-Col. V. Mahadevan, I. M. S.

A good Government is never a substitute for a popular Government but a popular Government can do good to the people. The existence of a Government is for the happiness of the people and one of the most essential things for a happy people is the maintenance of health. The chief essentials for a healthy life are:

(i) Adequate and proper food (what percentage of our people are getting this?).

(ii) Good housing and surroundings.

(iii) Proper work, remuneration and recreation.

(iv) Proper education—an intelligent co-operation of the people with the measures adopted is necessary and without education this is well nigh impossible.

No amount of doctors or hospitals, whether under Ayurvedic or modern scientific systems will improve people's health if the four essentials noted above are not attended to. And we all know they are not attended to.

Without understanding the difference between the so-called Indian scientific system of medicine and the modern scientific system, the Minister of Public Health has made a good few speeches announcing that she was going to encourage the Ayurvedic system so that medical aid could reach the poor people of the country. Another of her reasons is that the drugs of Ayurveda are cheap. As a matter of fact Ayurveda and its drugs are not at all cheap; in fact it is just the opposite. They are of all varieties—some are secret remedies—and not standardised.

Certain vested interests want to make money at the expense of the poor illiterate villager. His condition is so bad that he is not able to express to the outside world what he wants. It will be unfair to him that a popular Government should thrust an ancient antiquated method

of medicine on these poor unfortunates.

If on the contrary the Minister considers that Ayurveda is the first word in medical science, she should have the courage to abolish all the colleges that are now existing in Madras and start scientific Ayurvedic colleges. This at least will provide Madras, without distinction of classes, a unitary medical service. This is the first essential in a democracy. Ayurveda does not come up anywhere near the modern system of medicine in efficiency and economy, and as such, people should be warned and protest in time so that they may not be burdened with something which is not based on modern science, for the sake of a few protagonists of Ayurveda who advocate their system.

Ayurveda is only an initial stage in the development of medical science. The modern system of medicine has come up to its present stage only during the later part of the last century and this century. Some of the improvements were only possible because of the development of other sister sciences. This condition was non-existent in the time of Ayurveda.

One of us read a paper in the year 1935 to the Rotarians at Madras. Extracts from that paper will actually show the position of Ayurveda in the development of medical science.

"The most ancient records about medical literature are Indian and Egyptian. Many other sciences originated in these countries. The reason perhaps was that these countries were the original abode of man. The most ancient compilers in India on this subject are Charaka in medicine and Sushruta in surgery. Their works, besides being literary classics, are regarded even to-day as masterpieces in the subject of which they treat. The works of Charaka and Sushruta were supposed to

have been of divine origin. This is not unknown to other countries or to other religions. In the history of India by Allen, the following sentences occur: "The early Brahmins felt no shame in touching blood. When they sacrificed animals to the gods, they learnt the anatomy of the creatures they sacrificed. As they developed the art of healing they also taught students and thus a system of medicine sprang up which centuries later, the Europeans, that is, the Greeks and also the Arabs, used. This shows us that the Greeks made free use of knowledge from ancient India. That there was considerable commercial intercourse between the Eastern Europe and India, we have ample historical records to show. Commercial intercourse without the export and import of the more valuable commodity of human knowledge is unthinkable, and in Europe the modern system of scientific medicine as accepted is founded on Grecian medicine. The inference is therefore irresistible that the ancient Indian

system of medicine has, through Greeks, contributed basically to the modern scientific system."

If we believe, as I presume we all must, in the continuity of human knowledge and a steady unbroken growth of science though interrupted in time throughout the ages, the modern system of medicine must be taken to be the lineal descendant of that which once reached its eminence in ancient India according to the standards of those days, was modified, developed, and made to progress at the hands of the Greeks and subsequently, after 2,000 years of evolution, reached its present scientific development. If all people would grasp this fact clearly the cry for fostering and developing Ayurveda will very soon be realised to be extreme conservatism.

Why should the poor people of India be treated by doctors whose interpretations of human ailments are at least 2,000 years old?

"Nature cures: not doctors, not drugs, they only help Nature".

SLUMS

It is commonly assumed that slums are the inevitable result of industrialisation. Although our country is not sufficiently industrialised, yet slums do exist. But the surprising thing is that the number of people who live in the slums of India greatly exceed the number one would expect from the degree of industrialisation that has taken place. The reasons for this are:

(1) Quasi-Government bodies like the Corporation of Madras are responsible for many people living under conditions of misery.

(2) Since human labour is cheap in India, a greater number of workers are employed in factories and mills on grossly inadequate wages.

(3) As India has been severely exploited by the foreigner for the past several hundred years, there are always a large number of people who are either denied the opportunity to work in spite of their ability to do so, or else people who are only "fortunate" enough to secure periodic employment. Under this category could be classed the destitute, the rickshaw-puller and his colleague, the hand-cartman.

The reasons for the existence of slums are always the same throughout the world. So long as there is an under-valuation of labour, labourers will be paid inadequately. This is all the more surprising, when one remembers that it is the labourer who produces the goods. In a capitalist society, the production of goods is not meant for equitable distribution but solely intended to create profit for the industrialist. The abolition of the profit motive is the condition precedent for the extinction of slums.

Recently, in the city of Madras, roads are being reconstructed and new pavements being laid. This in official language is called "making Madras beautiful". Now, this is surely ridiculous. What about those ugly and vast patches of slums found in many parts of the city? Surely something ought to be done about these areas. At least as far as the Corporation of Madras is concerned, it ought to devote its entire energies for the abolition of its slum areas. There is positively no excuse for the Corporation to delay this matter any longer.

(Mrs.) A. RAMACHANDRAN.

THE OTHER SIDE: IN DEFENCE OF AYURVEDA

By Dr. T. H. Shama Rau

Under the caption "System of Indigenous Medicine: their role in Medical Relief" Swatantra published on June 1, a few paragraphs from Dr. M. R. Guruswami Mudaliar's presidential speech at the First Annual Conference of the Association of Physicians. Though a few facts mentioned in them appear to be correct, yet some others deserve to be contradicted.

That modern medicine is based on certain ancillary sciences—biochemistry, pathology and bacteriology—and that no progress in medicine can be made without the help of these sciences, is indeed a statement whose validity remains unquestioned. But is it not a mistake to presume that the indigenous system of medicine cannot be correlated with modern medicine and that it has not been based on the above sciences just because it has remained stagnant? Students of indigenous medicine do study surgery by Rose and Carless and Physiology by Starling.

The science of Ayurveda considers a person as a physician only when he is perfect in his own system and has also an elementary knowledge of other systems. It is only these types of physicians that can say whether the indigenous and modern systems can be correlated or not and not persons like our doctor-president. That the indigenous systems of medicine have taken cognisance of the importance of pathology and bacteriology I will try to show in the coming paragraphs. I have no idea of the Madras L.I.M. students, but I know fully well that students in general need to study all Ayurvedic text books as scientific treatises and not as classics. The very fact that 75 per cent of the Indian population is still depending on indigenous systems of medicine when such a world patronised system (as Allopathy) is being backed by the alien Government, is proof positive that indigenous physicians know the scientific principles forming the basis of diagnosis in Ayurveda—the theory of Tridosha.

As pathology is only abnormal physiology, I will show here how the fundamental physiological principles of Ayurveda, viz., *vata*, *pitta*, and *kapha* are in line with the physiological principles of maintaining health

according to Starling of modern science.

Vatha according to Vagbhata, a revered authority on Ayurveda, is none other than the nervous system. A *Pitta* indicates that it is the potent force which is liquid in consistency, easily flowing and primarily concerned in the metabolic activity of the body, viz., digestion, absorption and assimilation. This can only be the secretions including the emotional. In like way, an analysis of *Kapha* indicates that it stands for the connective tissue system. According to Vagbhata, a disequilibrium of these three, *vatha*, *pitta*, and *kapha* is the cause of disease and a balanced condition denotes health. A study of modern physiology clearly illustrates that the healthy condition of the connective tissue system depends on the healthy condition of nervous and secretory systems and these in their turn depend for their health on the protection afforded by connective tissues from foreign micro-organisms and other toxins. Thus it is clearly seen that the principles on which indigenous systems are based are in perfect consonance with modern physiological principles but only an unbiassed and dispassionate look from the doctors is needed for the fact to be appreciated.

Coming to bacteriology, I must say indigenous systems fully recognised the micro-organisms and their infective diseases. But these infective agents, according to Ayurveda, are powerless to cause any disease. The fundamental cause of disease is something else; infection being only a superimposed factor. Unbalance of the primary physiological principles is a pre-requisite which renders the body susceptible to infection. Then only the micro-organisms can cause the disease. Not all bitten by anopheles suffer from malaria. Various micro-organisms may be present in the throats of many who enjoy health. One can be a cholera-carrier without being a victim. These are now recognised in modern medicine but are still attributed to certain indeterminate factors known as "immunity," "vitality" and "general resistance." Thousands of years back, this stagnant indigenous medicine placed forth these logical and sensible arguments.

To persons of the modern world, no wonder they appear embarrassing instead of enlightening.

Coming to students of indigenous systems of medicine studying Rose and Carless, I have to point out that Susruta, the greatest (Ayurvedic) authority on surgery, indicates the treatment of an abscess in only four lines which mean that there are seven stages in the treatment of an abscess. (1) cleaning; (2) allowing water to drop from a small height; (3) fomentation (to increase the blood supply to the affected part) when it is ripe; (4) opening of the wound; (5) removing of all waste matter accumulated in the wound; (6) applying medicines of curative property; and (7) making use of such medicines as are capable of removing the scar left by the wound. A study of modern surgery by Rose and Carless after an exhaustive 70 pages recounting all the researches and discoveries to its credit, leaves still wanting anything having a bearing on the seventh stage of Susruta—"Removal of scar."

Our doctor-president jumps to the conclusion that the indigenous systems should be developed before they are officially recognised. I must say, no science can progress without the help

of the Government. Poor *vaidyas* have struggled hard to make the systems live against all odds. Their financial resources are very meagre to enable them to take up research work. If the Government were to come forward and give some facilities (if not all) in this field and create a favourable environment, then only *vaidyas* and *hakims* can do something. Studies of indigenous systems of medicine must really be made by qualified men—qualified men of merit. But who is it that is responsible for the present state of affairs? I must say that it is the irresponsible Government that is led away by a certain section of people who always hanker after jobs on the basis of population, caste, and what not. The sooner recruitment stops on these lines at least in the technical fields the better will be the state of affairs so far as research is concerned. If only our National Government would take cognisance of the number of years of training undergone by students in Ayurvedic colleges and their present position compared with that of students of modern medicine, and set the matter right, I feel my attempt in replying to the article on "Indigenous systems of medicine and their role in medical relief" has not been in vain.

FARCE OF SUGAR RATIONING

The graded rationing of sugar, according to incomes would have appeared wise if there were graded rationing of rice in inverse proportion to incomes. But the graded rationing of sugar introduced in Madras chides the capitalist-backed Ministry—even though they are from the Congress—while rice is being rationed to all alike.

The family of a man falling under groups I and II cannot have sugar for children below 2 years of age. It is a notorious fact from medical statistics that these families have a greater number of children below two. The mother generally has no milk owing to the fact that she was not well fed during the period of her pregnancy. She was consuming herself to feed the baby growing in the womb. These children have to be fed with patent foods. Sugar is essential to make these foods palatable. Sick babies below this age require also a lot of sugar. And what is a quarter viss per month when the coffee expansion and the tea cess boards are trying their best to introduce these drinks amongst the poorest classes on the plea of raising the standard of living? In the case of rich men,

all heads count and that is because the Ministers get the limit of pay for the maximum sugar entitlement. They should be fed with sugar in order that their progeny may have a sugar-coated tongue.

The order itself is difficult to carry out and throws unnecessary temptation in the way of the officials responsible for operating the system. Perhaps the new anti-corruption machinery is being tested against this.

It is of course agreed that the rich man's higher sugar ration is calculated to provide for the luxury he had been used to. But he should then surrender his rice ration to the poor man to whom bulk matters a lot. An immediate legislation reducing rice ration to 8 ounces for all getting more than Rs. 500 per month is called for. A flat scale of 1 lb. of sugar per head would have been wiser.

The Adviser regime bungled in firewood rationing. We said it was a bad regime. The Congress regime has also bungled. Let us be glad that the latter is as good as the former.

"BEFRANKE".

VIJAY MERCHANT

By Dr. P. Subbaroyan

To-day Merchant is a house-hold name not only in India but wherever cricket is played. He has established himself as one of the world's best batsmen and his form in the present Tour has enhanced his reputation. Before he left for this Tour there were doubts about his batting on sticky wickets. But through a wet season in England he has proved to be a top class batsman who could conquer all conditions. His 242 not out against Lancashire is the highest score in first class cricket this year and the highest of any Indian batsman on tour. Besides, whenever he has had the opportunity of being captain he has done well. He has many years of cricket before him and Indian cricket would be a tale round him. Whenever he fails, his colleagues seem to think there must be something wrong and a collapse is often the result. This is natural as he is so much above the rest.

I came to know Vijay Merchant when he came to Madras to play against Jardine's M.C.C. Team. He played well enough to stamp himself in my mind as a good batsman and a good field. What is more, I found that he lived for cricket and cricket counted more than anything else to him. The next time I met him was when he captained India against Lord Tennyson's XI. He failed as a batsman but that was the season when he had a run of bad luck and he cares of captaincy seemed to sit heavily on him. But a run of bad luck is nothing strange in this game, even to persons of Merchant's calibre. But since then he has made big scores in Indian cricket and holds the record in Ranji Trophy matches, having made 359. Besides this he also made 270 against Indore in the final in 1944-45. He has captained India against Tennyson's team and against the Australian XI and also

led India in Ceylon. Madras has been his happy ground, for India under him beat Tennyson's Team as well as the Australian Services XI. He also captained India in Ceylon but the weather in Ceylon was all against him. For the number of runs he has made in first class cricket in India he can be compared with Bradman. In fact if he makes a score under 200 the cricketing public of India seem to think Merchant has failed. This is the worst of being in the lime-light. In England in 1936 he carried India on his shoulders and proved himself that season as one of the best batsmen in cricket. It shows what a great cricketer Merchant is that when there was all that controversy he did so well. He proves the proposition I made at the beginning that Merchant lives for cricket. He made 114 against England at Manchester and 155 against Australian Services at Calcutta. On the present tour he has been a most loyal vice-captain and has helped in building our team for the future. After these many years I have come to respect Merchant not merely as a cricketer but as a gentleman. He has given his confidence to me and I have reciprocated it. I remember very well what he said to me in Bombay when I asked him why he does not come to the C.C.I. very often. He said he has no interest but cricket and during wet weather there is nothing for him to do in the C.C.I. and that is the time when he could attend to his business. In spite of all the great things he has done, he is one of the most modest and unassuming of men I have known and never likes to talk of himself or his cricket. This of course is the attitude of many great cricketers.

I wish Merchant a long life and many long innings for India. He has done enough to place himself at the top of Indian cricket.

IN THE GRIM NORTH

By "N. S. R."

English sailors have a pleasant custom of subjecting one of their company to a ceremony of immersion when their ship crosses the Equator. An equally distinguishing incident ought to have taken place when the Indian cricket team, after their game of vicissitudes, left Northampton to encounter Lancashire at Liverpool. All accounts are agreed that there is a remarkable difference in atmosphere between the southern and the northern portions of the island, much more indeed than can normally be expected.

The divergence is expressed in a heightened style when it is said that while the Cathedral towers over the pleasant ground on the Severn where Worcestershire offers moderate opposition to its opponents, the arena at Bradford where Yorkshire dares its rivals to do their worst, is overseen by nothing more beautiful than belching chimneys of mills, the object of one of Blake's most forthright expletives.

The difference, however, should not be understood merely in terms of a green and pleasant land set in opposition to a fuliginous and industrialised tract. As far as cricket is concerned, the antipathy is nothing less than that of two opposing philosophies. In a sentence, while cricket still survives as a game in the South, it has assumed the dimensions of a battle in the North. It is probably an apocryphal anecdote, but it is stated that in the ferocious battle of the Roses, annually renewed either in the pluvius Old Trafford or in grimy Sheffield, the only words that pass between the players after the introductory, "How do", are "How's that?"

If the characteristic sight in the South be, or rather used to be, Woolley spreading his enchantment in benevolent affluence, in the North it is A. Mitchell crouching in a most hostile and militant manner in the

gully to the deceptive bowling of Verity. For, Yorkshire always attacks. It scorns such namby-pamby attitude as that generally taken by wearisome orators, when at the end of platitudinous orations, they prate of the "better side winning." It was an axiom of faith with Lord Harris, one of the prominent early captains of that county, that his team was invariably the more efficient combination, and so deserved to succeed. No one who looks into the records of the County Championship can fail to recognise that his Lordship was correct. For, times without number, the Championship resided in the North. There are no signs that it will be removed elsewhere this year.

It is probably true that the best captain in the country at present is A. B. Sellers. He is not conspicuous for his ability with either the bat or the ball. However, he has secured a reputation for ruthless and even remorseless captaincy, that, in modern times at least, can be paralleled only by the achievements of Jardine, who, in his puritanical grimness and austerity, was out of place in the Cockney cheerfulness of the Oval. Sellers continues to render service to his county in other directions also. As one of the most influential administrators in the country, he has generally contrived that a not inconsiderable portion of the Test teams is occupied by his own players. The affair has, indeed, something the complexion of jobbery. There were four Yorkshiremen in the First Test team this year. Hutton's position is a pre-ordained law of nature. No suspicion need be attached to the choice of Gibb as the wicket-keeper, though even here it is doubtful if he would have been preferred to Griffith or Evans, if Sellers was not a selector. The selection of Bowes and Smailes excited, however, consternation throughout the country, except of course in Yorkshire. Their

displacement in the Second Test is the realisation of an error.

It is noteworthy that only two supreme stylists have adorned the North in the long history of the game. There have been innumerable great players here, and characters and personalities more than can be counted. But there has generally been a scarcity of genuine batsmen of style, who have left their mark. A. C. Maclaren was an aristocrat of the game. His lofty and determined on-drive alone, we are assured, proclaimed the man of mastery and command. The delicacy of the game, however, came to fruition in R. H. Spooner, whose marmoreal off-drives are celebrated. But even Maclaren and Spooner offer a contrast of poverty to the array of Palaret Fry, Ranji, Hearne, Hayward, which the South can muster.

It is in peculiar personalities that the North is pre-eminent. Johnny Briggs, bubbling with ebullience and vivacity, prepared to perform the most audacious tricks, as when he deliberately tossed up a loose ball when in a Test Australia with her last batsmen in, required a few runs for a victory, is perhaps the most characteristic figure. But Rhodes and Hirst (that pioneer in swerve) must not be passed by without mention as the embodiment of Yorkshire "canniness". It was one of these figures who when a more than particularly incompetent fielder had missed two consecutive catches, announced to the world in a tone of indescribable anguish that the d—d fellow ought to have been killed.

There is fortunately no evidence that the race is in danger of extinction. Paul Gibb continues to bring to the wicket the ancient dourness of Scotton, who was once in for over two hours to score ten runs. Hutton, of course, is the natural successor to the caution and style of Sutcliffe. It is to be hoped that the suave brilliance of Yardley will not be stultified in small scores. It is imperative that this race of distinct personalities should not be allowed to die away.

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A PLEA FOR REFORM IN HOURS OF WORK

By "Softie"

Have you, dear reader, passed by the harbour entrance in the First Line Beach or the Kotwal Bazaar or the Salt Cotaurs entrance in the middle of a hot day? The pathetic sight could never have escaped your observation of barefooted young and old adults struggling to drag heavily loaded handcarts on heated macadamized or concrete roads on such days. Streams of perspiration pouring from an already emaciated and dehydrated body panting for breath. Oh, what a tragic sight to see the struggle of these poor individuals with heat above, heat below and heat round about but with cool and calm resignation in their hearts!

Labourers in other walks of life working under better conditions and much better off, strike on the slightest provocation. If anyone has a justification for a protest, it is this class of workmen. A protest for increased wages? No. We are not considering that. But a protest against the hours of work will be irresistible.

A benevolent despot, if there were one in the country, would with one stroke of the pen have prohibited all work entailing exposure to the sun in the hottest part of the day. If in these democratic days we are allowing these things to continue, it is because of a *laissez faire* mentality. These workers ought to be able to put in the necessary hours of work expected of them during the cooler parts of the day such as 8 to 11 a.m. and 3 to 7 p.m. It may be objected that the clerks of the warehouses cannot keep these places open till 7 p.m. That is tripe. The warehousemen and others concerned will have to accommodate themselves to the convenience of these strenuous workers.

Have you not noticed, kind reader, road-metal workers carrying buckets of melted tar in the smelt-

ing heat of the day? What right have we to sap the vitality of these persons, subjecting them to these adverse conditions? Are they not as much citizens and nationals as many other placed in slightly more advantageous environments? Should it not be the endeavour of every right thinking citizen to help our lowly brethren to preserve their body and health in such beautiful and fit condition as not only to enable them to perform efficient service to the community but also to be a fitting tribute to God who gave them that? Even if we don't put it on such a high moral plane, our own self-interest dictates a policy of conservation of beautiful health in them.

Imagine for a moment that we are a free and an independent nation. In uncertain times as the present, when the amount of goodwill between neighbouring nations is the minimum conceivable since creation, a national emergency may arise at any time. The services of all these citizens will be needed to save our hearths and homes. Can we allow their vitality to be drained away this wise? Let us look a little further ahead. What will be the state of the offspring of these people and how will they in their turn be able to march onwards when we, due to old age and infirmity, hand over the flag of our country into their hands?

During the war, the army authorities, realising the enervating effects of heat, installed air-conditioning plants in wards for quicker recovery of the wounded soldier to health. Air-conditioning operation theatres had enabled surgeons to work better and for longer hours. Can we not in a small way then legislate that these outdoor workers shall only work either in two instalments between 8 and 11 a.m.

and 6 p.m. and 11 p.m. or at one stretch from 4 p.m. to midnight with an hour's interval for rest and refreshment? This will necessitate arrangements by organisations like the Corporation and the P. W. D. for lighting the field of work at night at a comparatively negligible cost.

Unfortunately, human psychology is such that were we to collect these workers and put these proposals before them, the majority will express disapproval of change of hours of work to which they and the members of their family had been accustomed for generations. The best of us instinctively dread changes and innovations. An incident during the war period is worth recording. An Indian surgeon working in a big general hospital when asked if he would like his operation theatre to be air-conditioned said that was a superfluity as he was accustomed to work without it. In spite of him, the plant was installed and ever afterwards he clamoured for it wherever he went. In like manner enterprising thinkers in society must strive for bold legislation to set these wrongs right without reference to the workers who may not know what is good for them in their own lives and for their progeny in the long run. The object of this article is to stimulate the humane instincts in the readers of *Swatantra* so as to bring about a revulsion at the silent suffering of many of our fellow men and a clamour for reform in the manner suggested above.

Literary men either talk in terms of books, or keep their good things for their writings. Painters have no ideas. Actors are dumb every way. Singers talk entirely about themselves. Pianists abuse each other. Conductors hold themselves to be above speech. Comedians talk shop. Poets brawl. Critics swap stories. Conjurors laugh up their sleeves. After-dinner speakers are busy eating. None of these knows how to talk, and still less how to listen.

—James Agate.

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The Medium Of Instruction

The recent action of the Education Minister introducing the vernacular as the medium of instruction is a bit of a **hasty step** taken without due consideration of the practical difficulties in the working of the scheme. A well thought out programme covering a period of a few years is necessary for effectively carrying out any kind of change of the proposed kind. While welcoming constructive and beneficial measures, I would suggest that they may be effected gradually and slowly but surely.

T. K. S. RAGHAVAN.

Democracy In The Co-operative Field

The Madras Handloom Weavers' Provincial Co-operative Society has, as at present constituted, 23 members as board of directors, of whom 14 are to be representatives of the 360 primary weavers' co-operative societies, spread all over the presidency, divided into fourteen regions. But they are elected by all members of the Provincial Society, weavers societies' delegates plus a thousand others, ranging from individual shareholders to mill-owners. This has been resulting in the election of partisans who command no confidence among the weavers' societies. With a view to ending this anomaly, the present board brought an amendment to the bye-laws whereby each region is asked to elect its own director. This was carried in the General Body meeting held on 10th December 1945 with a majority of 26. Meanwhile a certain group who care more for power politics than for democracy or fairplay, made false representations to the Government and had the amendment rejected by the Registrar of Co-operative Societies, under the plea of a narrow majority. This was during the Advisers' regime, and the board of directors appealed against this to the popular Ministry, who also upheld the decision of the permanent officials.

One is unable to see how the Malayalees, the Kannadas, the Andhras and the Tamilians that assemble in the General Body, were to know the worth of a person seeking election from, say, East Godavari. If, on the other hand, the weavers' societies of East Godavari are given the unfettered choice of choosing their representative, they will be the better judges, as **at that time** he will have to be res-

ponsible. Without offence to anybody I may here mention that in the old order of things many a black-marketer in this district has passed off as a great co-operator and benefactor of weavers in the eyes of the people of other districts.

I therefore appeal to the Prakasam Ministry who know what outside intervention means to retrieve their steps and order the elections of the Weavers' Provincial Co-operative Society, which are long overdue, on the basis of the amendment passed by the General Body.

V. V. RAMAN,
President, Pullampet Weavers'
Co-operative Society.

Wholesalers In Rice Trade

We felt happy when the Prime Minister declared publicly in Bezwada in May that the root cause of corruption and black-marketing in rice was due to the presence of wholesale dealers and he had decided to remove them from the trade itself.

Nearly two months have elapsed and there is no trace of removal of these wholesalers in the rice trade. The consumer is forced to pay 0-0-2 per every seer of rice he purchases to maintain this unnecessary agency.

We urge upon the Prime Minister to put his declaration in action, eliminate the wholesaler, reduce the price of rice and help the poor consumer.

All people's organisations should carry on agitation for removal of this middlemen's agency.

T. VENKATESWARA RAO,
Secretary, City People's Food
Committee, Bezwada.

Veena And Vocalists

With reference to Mr. G. E. Pattabhiraman's letter appearing in Swatantra of 13th July commenting on my article "Music and Musical Criticism" in the issue of June 22nd, I need only observe that he has misconstrued the sentence quoted by him by taking it out of its context and that Messrs. Ramanuja Iyengar and Sembai Vaidyanatha Bhagavathar are **veterans** and do not belong to the present generation of vocalists. This will be clear from the last para of my article **"KUMARA GURU."**

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BOOKS

J. A. Spender: By Wilson Harris.
(Cassell and Co., London.)

The tradition of Fielding, with a wet towel round his head and delivering himself of the necessary sheets for his journal at midnight, while the printer's devil is asleep at the door, is one which no one would willingly allow to die. That Thackeray loved it is demonstrated by the fact that his Captain Shandon, the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, transacted his business in the hospitable regions of Fleet Prison. Such Bohemian attributes of editorship, however, could not survive the nineteenth century, and in the next epoch of English journalism the editors are respectable individuals in the approved pattern. But, what they lacked in meretricious novelty, they gained in solidity of thought and influence. Captain Shandon merely talked with his tongue in his cheek when he wrote flamboyantly of the gentlemen of England having now come forward to protect their interests, so successfully assailed by infidels and radicals, but James Alfred Spender had a prominent share in guiding the destinies of England for over a score of years from the anonymity of the editorship of *Westminster*. This life of Spender, written by another distinguished journalist though of a later generation, is necessarily, therefore, as much a record of English politics as the story of a life. Spender was born in 1862, edited the *Westminster Gazette* for twenty-seven years, and then devoted his remaining twenty years to the writing of books, mainly biographies of his old friends.

Before the vulgarism of Northcliffe ruined the dignity of the English Press, editors were men to be reckoned with. Spender's importance should be gauged from the fact that he was far from a lone star which dwelt apart. His reputation had to contend, as his biographer writes, with the "copiousness of a Garvin, the colour of a Gardiner, and the tempestuous onset of a Stead," and was not defeated in the contest.

The reasons for this success are plain. If he could not command the imaginative style of his friend, Gardiner, or the pontifical utterances of Garvin, or the crusading enthusiasm of Stead, to confine oneself to the more prominent of his contemporaries, his

standards of journalism were remarkably high. He was, indeed, a purist. The modern age will read with astonishment of how he refused to publish a most infallible "scoop," an account of a blustering interview by the Kaiser, because its appearance in his paper was not in the public interest. "Over and over again," he writes, "I had to put my veto on the publication of news which I knew to be true, and which I was under an honourable obligation not to publish." This excess of conscientiousness, quixotic no doubt as it would appear to many estimable persons, will not be ridiculed by the sensitive and the honest. It was the source of his enormous influence.

This influence was also mainly anonymous. As he himself acknowledged, "I am in my bones the old Victorian anonymous journalist". His views on the modern aspects of the trade, for so journalism has come to be degraded now, were apt to be honourably antiquated. He once told the Institute of Journalists that in his Utopia "there would be a law preventing newspapers from having a circulation of more than a hundred thousand. This would ensure the existence of about eighty London newspapers, where there were now only about ten, and eighty whole-time newspaper staffs. This would give the reader a great variety of choice and ensure the journalist the opportunities and the security that were denied to him."

Day by day, for over twenty-seven years, Spender wrote a leader of about 1,200 words, of wisdom and moderation. For, his principle was "to make my language more moderate when my views were most extreme". In addition, he contributed innumerable "special articles" and reviews of books. In 1927, he calculated that he had written about 11,000 leading articles, and that for many years of his life his weekly output was from 12,000 to 15,000 words. This fecundity was all the more remarkable because he was acutely aware of the writer's dilemma. "Either", he said, "he gets filled up with the idea of his own perfection and infallibility or he is haunted with doubts which often make his life a burden to him. X and Y are fair examples of the first kind, you and I more or less of the same kind".

He did not go without his reward. The extent of his influence was never better summarised than by the *Manchester Guardian* which said in 1916, "*The Westminster* is the one journal in London which sells on its leader. It is unlike all other London leaders in that it is addressed to and read by the thoughtful section of the opposite Party. Its tone is always grave, lucid, and very persuasive. There is no finer tradition in British journalism than that which he (Mr. Spender) has so brilliantly maintained".

Punch summarised it pictorially when it depicted a Liberal newspaper-reader in an agony of agitation as he scans the *Times*, the *Morning Post* and the *Daily Telegraph*. He is restored to serenity by a reading of *Westminster*.

A story is narrated of Lord Salisbury, who while travelling from Hatfield to London, was handed three papers in the train. He first opened the *Globe*, but immediately threw it upon the floor. The *Evening Standard* was similarly insulted. But when he took up the *Westminster*, he was engrossed in it till King's Cross was reached.

The high noon of Liberalism and the *Westminster* alike faded into night in 1922 when Mr. Spender was displaced as editor under the painful circumstances with which Indian editors are by no means unfamiliar. However, not even the passage of years will be able to blot out the memory of a great and conscientious journalist, who served his country from behind the scenes.

Economic Stability in the Post-war World. Part II of the Report of the Delegation on Economic Depressions. (League of Nations: Publications Department, Geneva. Price: Paper cover, 10sh.; cloth-bound, 12sh. 6d.)

It is now admitted on all hands that the League of Nations has unfortunately proved a dismal failure on the political front. It has not been able to outlaw or banish war as a way of attempting the settlement of disputes among nations.

In the social and economic spheres, however, the League of Nations and its auxiliary bodies like the I.L.O. have been shining successes. It is indeed doubtful if, in the long history of mankind, there has ever been a single body that has collected and presented such a mass of useful and necessary knowledge. It is on such knowledge, painstakingly gathered and interestingly presented, that public policies

on vital social questions have been based in many countries of the world.

The work under review bears all the usual marks of thoroughness, objectivity and authenticity that have characterised similar publications of the League of Nations and the investigating bodies that it appoints.

In this second part of the Report of the Delegation on Economic Depressions, a most lucid exposition of the following very important and complex subjects is given:

- (1) The nature of economic depressions.
- (2) The different types of depression and their effects on different types of countries.
- (3) Measures that should be adopted to counter them.

This last again is sub-divided into:

- (a) Measures recommended in highly-industrialised countries.
- (b) International measures.

The learned authors of this exceedingly valuable report naturally stress the futility of national-isolationist policies in an age of increasing interdependence. Depressions, like most other things in this era, are either "international phenomena or national phenomena spreading from one country to another."

The report is so packed with information and so closely reasoned, and so much of it is so incontrovertibly sound, that adequate justice to it in a review of reasonable length is impossible to achieve. Suffice it to say that this report is bound to establish itself as a *vade-mecum* of all who desire to know anything about economic depressions; and where is the student of public affairs who is not keenly interested in this subject?

Indian Speeches (1936-43): By The Marquess of Linlithgow. (Bureau of Public Information, Government of India, New Delhi. Rs. 12-8.)

This collection of the speeches, statements and important correspondence of the Marquess of Linlithgow, published by the Bureau of Public Information of the Government of India, enables the students of Indian public affairs to recall the reactions, some sympathetic and some perverse, of the able, strong and determined man who presided over the destinies of this great country over a long period of seven years. And what years were they? Seldom in the history of this land were so many events of epochal significance crowded into so small a span of years.

Divisions Among Hindus

In your issue of 29th June, Mr. Chari in his letter "The Matrimonial Problem" says: "There ought to be only a minimum number of castes in the Hindu fold, viz., Brahmmins, non-Brahmmins, Adi-Dravidas". When he divides the Hindus into three groups instead of four as in the past, naturally the people of the first two groups who form the so-called "Caste-Hindus" will practise the much-hated age-long untouchability, to their advantage. This will give rise to leaders of the type of Dr. Ambedkar who really fight for their uplift.

Does Mr. Chari want the popular Ministry to divide the Hindus into two groups? Or does he want the Ministers to act as advocates of his matrimonial problem and become match-makers? At this critical juncture when the country is facing a famine and is on the threshold of freedom, it is really disastrous for Ministers to waste their time in running matrimonial bureaus instead of administering. Such problems can be solved only by inter-caste marriages and inter-dining. In this atomic age, when the marriages of the type of Indira-Feroz Gandhi and Srivatsava-Masani are taking place, let us fuse the caste-ridden Hindu communities into a whole nation like Muslims or Christians.

C. LOGANATHAN.

Honour The National Flag

It is good that our tricolour is hoisted nowadays on numerous house-tops and public buildings, but how often is the flag a mere rag of faded inglorious colours! Even the A. I. S. A. Khadi Bandhars do not care to see that a bright-looking banner flutters as our national symbol. In the Army, if the hoisting and unfurling are done with much impressive ceremony, no less imposing is the solemnity and reverence with which the silk is taken down and put away. Our orators never fail to appeal to our countrymen: "Remember your duty— from insult and ignominy guard the honour of our flag. Hesitate not to shed your blood to save it from the touch of profane hands." When this exhortation rings in our ears, we forget the subtle assault on rough home-spun, day in and day out, by Nature's sometimes mild, sometimes wild elements—the sun, wind and rain. Well, the naked truth is there—sun, wind and rain do make havoc

with the simple threads and the humble hues. A stanza in a Tamil poem on the National flag sings in rhapsody:

No storm nor rain nor wind shall harm thee, nor tear thee to shreds,
Ever vigilant, like the spider, waits on thee the
ready Charka to mend the rent,
The very clouds we will weave into thee!

We bow to thee.

Alas! when even this ready Charka disappears from the tattered flag, wherewith shall it mend the rent like the vigilant spider? If our national pride and patriotic hunger insist on our seeing our flag of many fights, fly merrily over us in streets and lanes, in highways and byways, let us at least have the good sense to renew these banners as soon as traces appear of the blurring of the tints.

K. N. SUNDARESAN.

Pay Of Non-Gazetted Ranks

Mr. S. R. Venkataraman in his article in *Swatantra* dated 29th June under the heading "Plight of Non-Gazetted Ranks" pleads the case of a clerk getting a monthly salary of Rs. 100. What of those who draw much less? They would be leaving a legacy of debt to be cleared in some generations perhaps! It is high time the present popular Government take up the case of all non-gazetted ranks immediately and see that at least the barest minimum for economic living is ensured.

The previous Congress Ministry, while in office, contemplated revision of pay of all non-gazetted and menial ranks. Will the present Ministry take up the case of these employees next after the food and cloth problems?

RAGHAVAN.

Local Board Employees

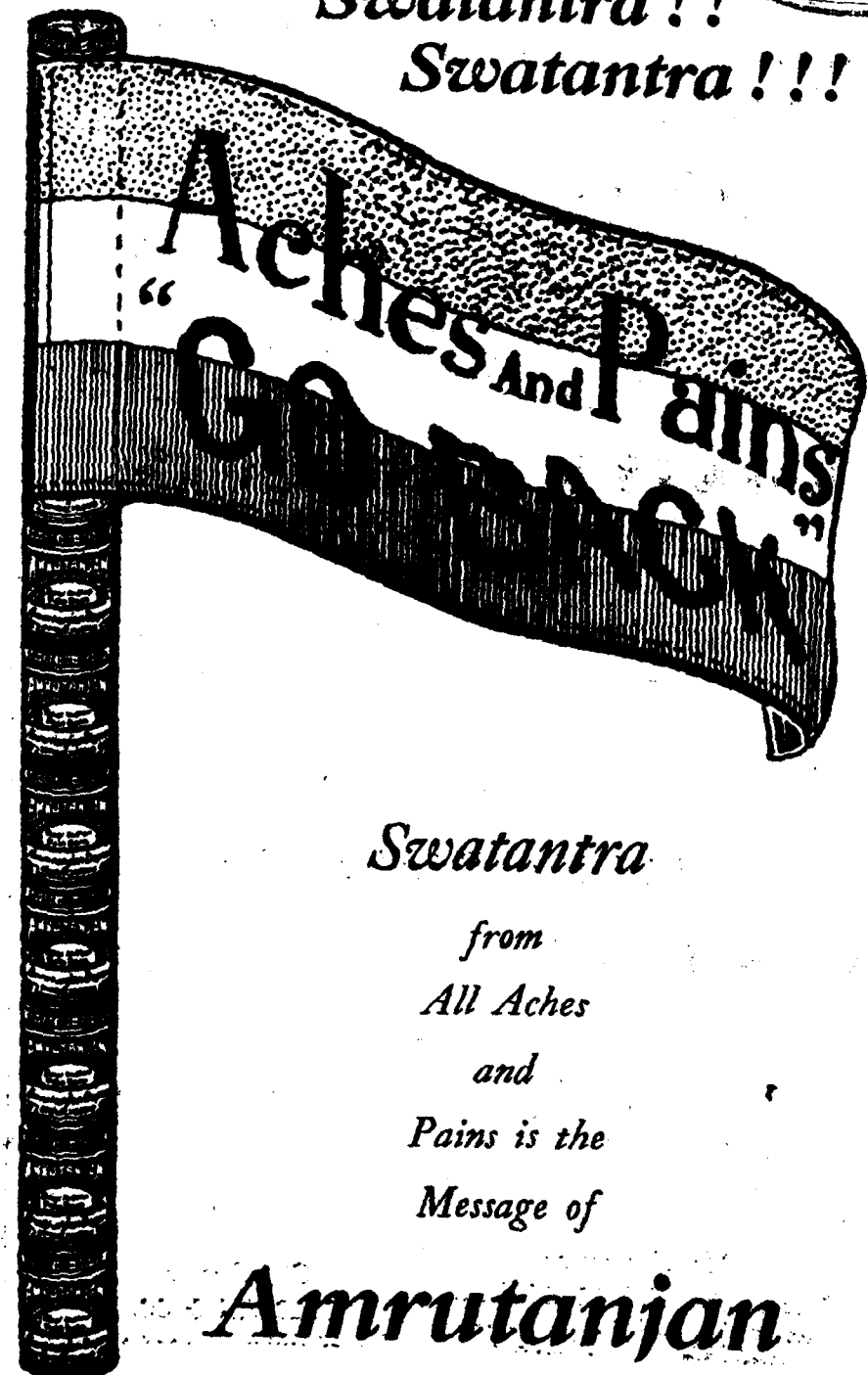
The subordinates working under local boards are not paid the arrears of dearness allowance which was sanctioned by the Adviser Government and paid to all persons in Government service irrespective of the pay they are now drawing. Even though the popular Ministry came to office three months back they have not taken up this question. There is great unrest among those concerned.

Y. SIVARAMAIA.

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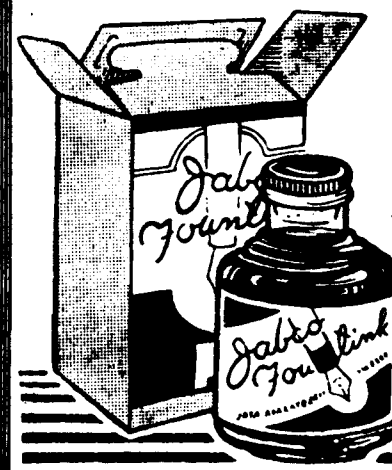
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SWATANTRA

VOL. I, No. 24.

(SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1946)

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Cover Page— <i>Toddy Drawers</i>	
Psycho-analysis of Pedestrians (Picture)—By <i>Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury</i>	4
Editorial Comments	5
Sotto Voce—By <i>Vigneswara</i>	8
Cartoon—By <i>V. G. Oommen</i>	10
The Palms Are Waiting—By <i>C. Rajagopalachari</i>	11
Sidelights—By <i>Saka</i>	13
Three Dances (Poem)—By <i>James H. Cousins</i>	15
The Monsoon Ball (Short Story) —By <i>Charles Newton</i>	17
Selection Of Harijans For The Constituent Assembly—By <i>D. Ramaswami</i>	19
A Pest Of The Countryside— By <i>Rama Rao Gidugu</i>	20
The Azad Hind Movement—By <i>An English Officer</i>	21
Spotlight On the World	24
Tit-Bits	27
Congress And Labour—By <i>M. S. V. Chari</i>	28
The Anatomy Of Love—By <i>S. B. Saro</i>	28
Madura Mani Iyer—By " <i>Kau-sika</i> "	31
Soviet Cinema Theatres—By <i>Oleg Leonidov</i>	32
Thinking Aloud—By " <i>Teeveor</i> "	33
Return Of Ex-Servicemen to Civil Life—By " <i>Befranke</i> "	34
The Last Prayer—By <i>Miss Pushpa Mahadevan, B.A.</i>	35
Life in Germany To-day—By <i>A Correspondent In Germany</i>	37
Lala Amarnath—By <i>Dr. Subba-royan</i>	39
C. P. Johnstone—By <i>N. S. R.</i>	40
Death To the Intolerant—By <i>Binod</i>	42
Books	43
Letters	45
The Military In New Uniform (Cartoon)	46

SWATANTRA

VOL. I
No. 24

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1946.

ISSUED
WEEKLY

DRIVE AGAINST CORRUPTION

THAT the drive against corruption announced by the Provincial Government is actuated by good intentions is undeniable. But that is the most that can be said of it. British jurisprudence evolved after considerable experience the principle that accused persons should be deemed innocent till the contrary is proved by reliable evidence. The principle has in effect not only proved to be a protection for innocent persons; it has acted as a check against the worst of all crimes, that of persecuting honest men and fabrication of false evidence. But the agencies to be set up now to stamp out corruption bid fair to become themselves instruments of even worse corruption than that already in vogue. It is easy enough to set up machinery for the punishment of corrupt officials on poor evidence or strong suspicion. But officials are not the only class that can be charged with corruption. The evil has spread everywhere. What guarantee is there that those set up as a Gestapo for dealing with corrupt officials or others claiming truly or falsely to be associated with them will not use their position as a means of blackmail for securing their own ends? The efficacy of the proposed measures to fight corruption is doubtful. But it is certain that they take away from the innocent an age-long protection which is part of civil liberty and modern civic culture. With the reversal of the rule that innocence should be taken for granted till guilt is properly and satisfactorily proved, the ground is

prepared for the mixing up of the non-guilty with the guilty, out of which clever tricksters will reap the advantage while a good many honest persons incurring the wrath of powerful interests may be dragged into serious trouble without deserving it. It would be wise on the part of the Madras Government not to pit any momentary impulse of their own, however well intentioned, against the consolidated teaching of British jurisprudence which on the whole has stood the test of time fairly well in the matter of individual rights and civil liberties and in that respect has done better than any other system of law.

The pressure of aspiring fortune-hunters on officials in key positions is continuous and unrelenting. Hitherto it assumed at times the form of bribes tendered or other consideration entailing lavish use of money-power. Under the new dispensation, the officials will be at the mercy of powerful petitioners for favour who will know very well how to make their displeasure felt if their wishes are balked. Independent officials with character enough to mete out justice in all matters without fear or favour between all men that seek it at their hands in their capacity as administrators will not have a dog's chance of survival in the face of the forces that are sure to be let loose under the proposed anti-corruption drive. The rich and the powerful will be able to dominate the official machinery in every department, and the



PSYCHO-ANALYSIS OF PEDESTRIANS

—By Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury

Problem: How to avoid frequent accidents?
Obviously impossible.

terror of capitalist intimidation exerted through a timid public service will be added to the other horrors that have been making life unendurable to millions of the common poor with no access to political bosses. Until existing standards of public life are renovated in a better atmosphere than the one now prevalent, it would be ruinous to resort to any measures likely to place officials at the mercy of factious local influences.

The independence and fearlessness of public servants is as necessary and valuable for good administration as the devising of a reliable means for discovering and punishing corruption. If both the requirements are to be well met, tribunals must follow the essential principles of British jurisprudence and the services of experienced administrators of established renown for ability, probity, fairplay and integrity should be called into requisition. They should not be of the job-hunting variety. Their past and their present stature in public life should be such that their very names should carry trust and confidence to all hearts. Madras fortunately does not lack veteran administrators of this calibre. These should be constituted as a tribunal in complete charge of all responsibilities connected with standards of administration and the morale of the services. A good starting point for the work of the tribunal would be the preparation of a complete inventory of the property assets of all persons subject to their jurisdiction. If amply endowed with power, the character and qualities of its members will prove efficacious for toning up the spirit of the administration in all its departments, while at the same time protecting them amply against the influences tending to sow into them seeds of corruption.

Limitations Of Khadi

It is not in the matter of the anti-corruption drive alone that the plans of the Madras Ministry seem to us unintelligently laid. Their intentions

concerning village regeneration also call for careful examination by experienced and competent experts before they fructify into decisions costing heavy sums without commensurate public benefit. The slogan, "making the villages self-sufficient," is nowadays constantly on the Premier's lips. As a slogan it has the advantage of the Mahatma's blessing. While Gandhian economics drew their sinews from voluntary contributions, they could be spent as the Mahatma chose without any risk of impropriety on the score of wastage or of divergence between aims and results. But the spending of tax-payers' money is a different matter. Here no wild schemes deriving sanction from the personal reverence in which an individual great man supposed to be associated with them is held, are to be assumed axiomatically as in order. Let it also be noted that the content of the Mahatma's greatness is a peculiar one. He is great in the chastened grandeur of his power of renunciation of all the attractive things that flesh is drawn to. But in political science and economic thought, some of his dearest conceptions do not look like taking permanent root in this or any soil. The contribution of Khadi to the invigoration of public life in various valuable directions can certainly not be disputed. But the limitations of Khadi, both as the provider of a bread-winning occupation for the millions and as a competitor with modern industrial machinery of production, are laid too inexorably in the facts of experience of the past two decades to be ignored with impunity by anyone whose conception of truth is not confined merely to shouting about it. It has to be confessed that an immense volume of humbug has gathered round Khadi. Ninety-nine per cent of Congress politicians do not spin. They only pretend to. Devotees of the Mahatma who have made a point of dedicating a portion of their time daily to plying the *charka* in the spirit of a sacramental offering are not many in the whole country, and they are certainly not to be found in the ranks of

those who have risen to administrative positions on the crest of the Gandhian influence. It has been mainly through exploitation of the poverty of the abjectly poor that such expansion as can be attributed to Khadi has actually taken place. As an economic expedient for livelihood its fascination must wear off as incomes and the standard of living rise, and unless Gandhism actually strives for and succeeds in preventing such rise, it cannot ensure for spinning any future worth speaking of through administrative exertion. Can any Government dare to accept as any part of their objective in these days of strikes and of mass clamour for more and more wages, the perpetuation of low incomes and a stagnant standard of material comfort in order that through poverty and helplessness the millions may be beckoned to Khadi as their only hope?

Khadi will undoubtedly survive as so many handicrafts denuded of economic content manage to survive everywhere and at all times for their artistic quality or sentimental value. But as a mass occupation it is doomed by the very pressure of the forces for all-round economic betterment which it is hoped will be speedily set in motion by the popular Ministries that have come into being in the provinces. In this age in which industrialisation is the key to prosperity, the primitive mechanism of the *charka* as a means of production has no chance of making headway, and all administrative effort to force a different result will only entail a deplorable waste, on an impossible task, of much precious time, money and energy that could under wiser direction be put to more fruitful uses. Village self-sufficiency is an obsolete creed in modern times signalled by the advent of the radio and the aeroplane, and the very best plans laid for it can be wrecked completely in a moment in the backwash of decisions over commodities, prices, tariffs and the like arrived at internationally by the big powers in some far-away place. All that it can achieve in the context of the present is to enable the hangers-on that always surround the seats of

power to exploit its momentary appeal through contracts and managerial arrangements to their own profit. If this sort of thing has to go on for a time—we are certain it cannot go on for ever—it is much better that it should await the direction of a body like the All-India Spinners' Association which at least has a sense of economy and an expert eye for detail, rather than that it should be carried on in haphazard fashion with the help of interested profiteers or civilian bureaucrats unversed in Khadi economics.

Teachers' Salaries

Ten days ago some 31 teachers of the Municipal High School, Cudapah, sent to the Minister for Education a rather pathetic letter pleading for regular payment of salaries. The letter contained a statement showing the dates of disbursement of the teachers' salaries for the previous six months. The staff's salary for the month of November 1945 was paid on 29th January the next year. The salary for December 1945 was paid on 19th February 1946; that for January this year was paid on March 2; for February on March 22; for March on April 27; and for April on June 26. The salaries for May and June had not been paid on the date of the letter. "We beg leave of you, honoured Sir," stated the petitioners in their letter to the Minister, "that this kind of irregular payment has been telling upon us, poorly paid subordinates, as a very great hardship in these days of all-round rationing and the cash and carry system prevailing everywhere. Our sources of credit are very limited and the staff co-operative society which is the only lending agency, has also come to a deadlock in its progress on account of almost all the members becoming defaulters, no source of borrowing having been left untapped." The harrowing tale of misery, want and privation disclosed in these words clutches at one's heart. Yet it was all wholly avoidable. For the school was no uneconomic proposition and its fee income was ample enough to meet the

full amount of the staff's salary all the year round and leave a substantial margin besides. With a little careful adjustment of means to costs, the management of the school could have been carried on efficiently, without any harassment to the staff and with salaries paid regularly on the due dates. Irregular payment of teachers' salaries is bad enough in stray instances. But when it ceases to be exceptional and progresses towards the customary, the outlook is not very promising for the future of education or the dignity of the teaching profession. Disgruntled teachers consumed by economic worries and embittered by a sense of bad treatment cannot create a cheerful atmosphere in

schools. Their distress spreads unpleasantness, scarcely a healthy condition for youngsters in their charge passing through the formative years of their lives. The cost to the community through neglect of teachers is, though not immediately perceived, certain and fatal. The first step towards bettering education is to have contented teachers with a pride in their calling. If municipalities cannot do better than putting off their staffs on pay days, treating dues as if they are charity, they do not deserve to be allowed in charge of education. The Cuddapah teachers' letter is not only entitled to prompt remedial action, it is worth a communique from the Minister for Education.

Sotto Voce

"If the Salt loseth its Savour"



Here is a true story. On a cold windy night two new arrivals in the capital of a 'model' State were maintaining a precarious perch in the front half of that steeply inclined plane, a Madras jutka, which they had hired promising double the normal fare. They had hardly gone half a furlong when the policeman on traffic duty hailed the driver with that mixture of familiarity and contempt which never fails to work and got in at the back upsetting the equilibrium of the *gharri* but not the equanimity of the driver. There was no question of consulting the wishes of the fares. After loudly threatening to get even with them for an imaginary insult the driver ignored the passengers and opened an amiable conversation with the 'Hazrat'.

"So long as you are on duty in this beat, brother, I have no worries." (After a half-hearted attempt to light the solitary feeble lamp he had given it up and this was his delicate way of alluding to it). "But

when those upstarts X and Y come on the scene, you know, life is not worth living." "Yes, yes, they are fools. They don't know how to get on with the public", said bobby with a loud complacent laugh. And he went on to enlarge on his own tact, skill and good humour, the driver obsequiously putting in a word now and then to sustain the self-esteem of the Sircar.

When they were nearing the point where the policeman had to get off, the driver began lighting the lamp in dead earnest, in the teeth of an adverse wind. "Why bother? Leave it alone, what does it matter?" said the guardian of law and order, to which the other replied, "No, no, I should not like you to get into trouble for my sake." The beat of X or Y apparently commenced at that point, and with that patronising insouciance, which he less politely translated into 'Soor' under his breath, he set off at a brisk pace curtly ordering the paying passengers to move down; he had suddenly remembered

that his horse, poor brute, had to be considered.

You may ask why the fares did not protest. Sheer cowardice: when a rowdy or a limb of authority turns up the educated man in India knows by long experience that it is best not to open his mouth if he would avoid unpleasantness. If a truculent bus conductor picks up a quarrel with a passenger the odds are that the other passengers will take sides with the former however much in the wrong he may be. The aggrieved passenger may shout and rage or he may be reduced to the verge of tears. They will merely counsel patience. "Let it be. After all abuse does not bite, does it?"

As for the *gharri*-driver, he could hardly be expected to stand up for his rights against the minion of the law. If the policeman fleeces him he also allows him to fleece his fare with impunity; and on the whole he could not hope for a better arrangement. Corruption is a great stimulant of low cunning; as the Tamil proverb has it, "It is under the very nose of the cat that the mouse rears a family." Russia has its OGPU and America its G-men to deal with this universal phenomenon and it is claimed they have achieved a fair measure of success. But it is doubtful whether we can muster in sufficient numbers men who can combine integrity and ruthlessness in

the service of that abstraction, the public interest.

Great things were expected of the Congress. Many indeed profess to notice that a change for the better has already occurred in the public behaviour of minor officialdom. As a proof of this, one man told me that he had seen a mere Revenue Inspector refusing to yield the coveted front seat in a long distance bus to his own official superior the Tahsildar. But neither Inspector nor Tahsildar would have shown the slightest compunction in brusquely ordering this non-official admirer to vacate if he had been in possession. Perhaps the Inspector had the ear of the local Congress boss and the Tahsildar was discreetly aware of it.

The hungry sheep look up and are not fed. Corruption is the sceptic infection that spreads in a trice throughout the body politic, start where it may. A Government run by venal politicians will have no terrors for the underling who has floured under autocratic absolution; he will merely change his tactics. The nation has grown soft in captivity. It must be steeled with self-respect. That is a matter of right education and will take time. Not corruption from without but control from within is the sovereign antidote to the poison that corrodes our entrails.

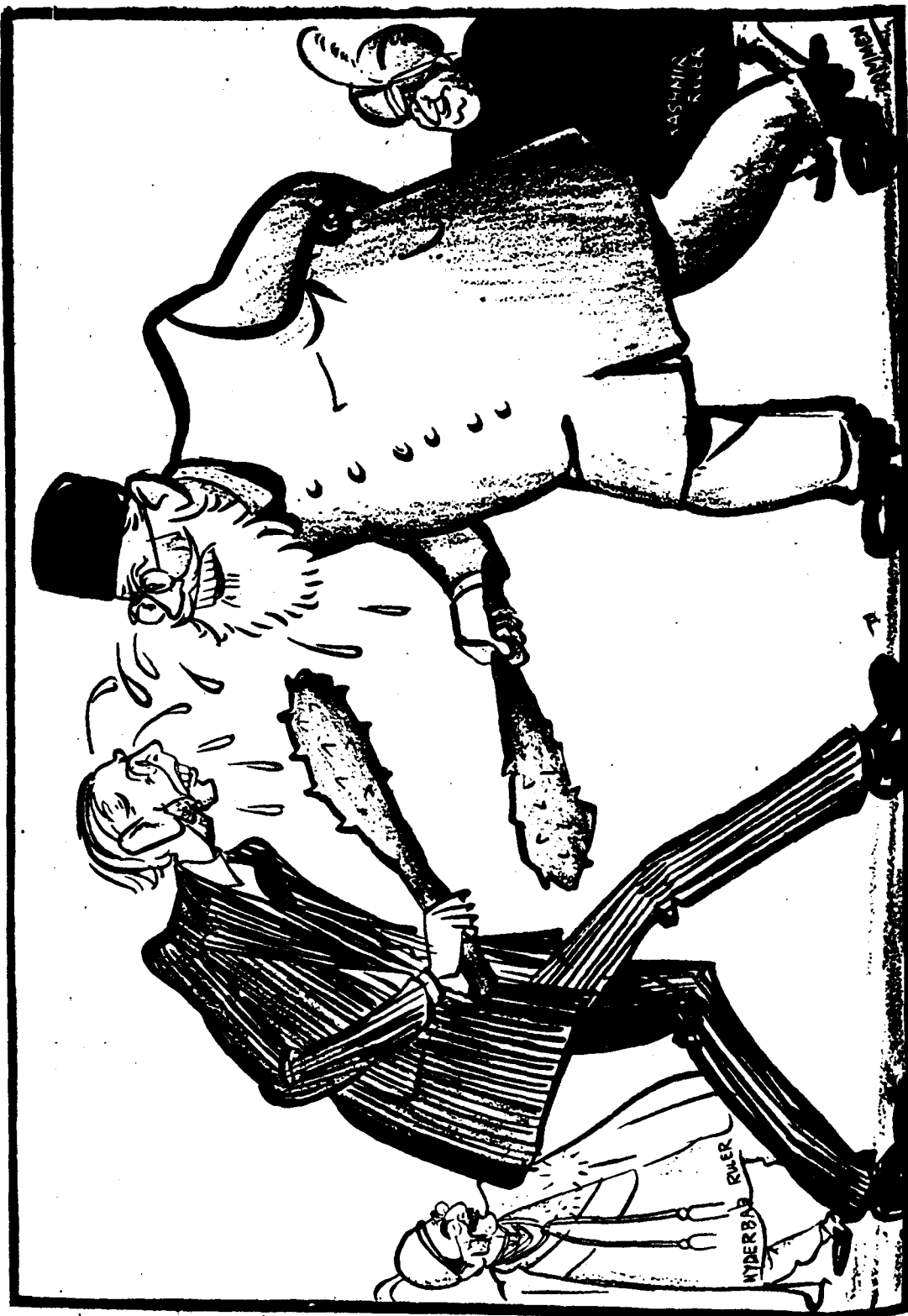
VIGNESWARA.

MALPRACTICES IN SHARE PROSPECTUSES

I wish to warn the uninitiated about some malpractices I have recently noticed in certain share prospectuses. According to the Act, prospectuses must reveal the interest of directors in the concern promoted by them as also their remuneration. I have received two prospectuses over the last fortnight, which stated at the top that the same had been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies at Calicut and another place. In one of them the essential particulars men-

tioned above were not published, and in the other the page containing information about them was missing, apparently by accident! In still another prospectus, the office allowance is mentioned as quarter per cent of the capital as if this was a negligible amount, though the usual figure for this line of business as mentioned in other equally sound managements would work out to only about a tenth or eighth per cent.

"INVESTOR".



THE PALMS ARE WAITING

By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

It was refreshing to read the report that appeared in a daily paper that the new Governor of Madras, Sir Archibald Nye, said at Ellore that people should trust the Ministry to carry out the policy of total Prohibition for the whole province in course of time. This is better than his predecessor's attitude. There is of course nothing new in the plea for more time. Time by itself will make matters worse, not better, unless of course some programme is set on foot in which time is a factor and which is calculated to ease the situation. The argument of revenue is, if good, an argument for denying the reform, not a reason for postponement.

At a meeting of schoolmasters who invited me to speak, the chairman raised doubts as to the advisability of reducing revenue resources when teachers were still underpaid. We should not allow our own grievances or the grievances of our class to deaden our moral sense. We should ask ourselves the question: May we encourage one set of parents to deceive and ruin their children in order that another set of children may be better educated?

Paul's children may be put under better-paid teachers if we systematically rob Peter's children of all their chances. But would it be right to do this? If we think it out without class-bias, it would be seen that paying better salaries which is good in itself becomes base and cruel if achieved by giving drink to the poorer children's parents and ruining their chances for all life.

There is great waste of public funds going on and new forms of waste contemplated which should be prevented. Relative un-urgent new expenditure is being planned which will considerably reduce the resources on

which the poor people's daily lives should have a first charge. Taxes were specifically imposed for facilitating the passage of the province to total Prohibition. The proceeds of the taxes intended to save the poor man from a great evil ought not to be used up and commitments entered into contrary to solemn promises and legitimate public expectations.

Apart from all this, Prohibition is intimately related to the urgent food problem. In a land where the palmyra and date trees grow, the sugar content of these trees is a valuable national asset. It is not less important than barley and wheat in the United Kingdom. Is it not a crime when there is food shortage to allow any part of available foodstuff to be systematically wasted under Government auspices? All the palmyra and date trees of the province should without a moment's delay be brought under careful national management for the making of gud (Vellam—Tamil). The organisation of palm-jaggery manufacture and of co-operative or Government stores for collection and distribution of the product will give occupation to a large number of poor people throughout the land. The closure of the drink shops will create a moral upheaval once again, the repercussions of which will be felt in all levels of national life.

I understand that all breweries in the British zone of Germany except those serving the occupation-forces have been closed by order of the British Government as a result of the grain shortage. The British Minister of Food said recently that he could not let the whisky distillers have any more corn. Premier Mackenzie King of Canada announced a 50 per cent cut in the supply of cereals to distillers in Canada. Let

it be clearly realised that no toddy, no arrack, no intoxicating liquor of any sort can be produced without using up an equivalent quantity of valuable food. In England and Scotland and Canada they use corn to make beer and whisky. In France they use fruit to make wine. In India the valuable sugar that our palm trees make for us by the law of God we misuse and make toddy and arrack out of it. We take the sugar straight from the sap to make toddy. We take it in the shape of palm-jaggery to make arrack or country spirit. Jaggery or *gud* is as much food as rice or millet. On fields that cannot be made to yield rice or wheat or millet, palm trees grow. They are in a position to yield valuable food to man. But we tap them to manufacture poison and we utilise it just as a vehicle to obtain a baneful tax from the poorest in the land. These trees, instead of being tapped for taxation, can be honestly used to produce healthy edible carbo-hydrates and help us to fight the food shortage. Grow more food by all means, but first save the food which you already have! The taxes derived from the people who drink are derived from their earnings, not from the trees. If drink be prevented we would save for them much more than the taxes and increase their buying power, which would benefit the State.

We may pay extra wages and add allowances to the salaries of ill-paid employees, but see how much of it goes to swell the till in the liquor and toddy shops! Martin Luther said: "The man who first brewed beer was Germany's worst enemy. Food must be dear in a land where the horses eat up all the oats and the peasants drink up all the barley in the form of beer. I have prayed to God that He might destroy the

whole brewing business. There is enough barley destroyed in the breweries to feed all Germany."

The British Minister of Food said in answer to a question in Parliament that the use of cereals by brewers and distillers was being examined in view of the world shortage of grain. In tropical countries the palm trees are important from the point of view of food resources even as barley and wheat are in the United Kingdom.

The resort of unthinking people to alcoholic beverages whether it be toddy or arrack as a means of obtaining unreal sensations of release and well-being is a matter of great importance from many points of view. The continued or heavy use of alcohol as a beverage helps to create conditions in home and communal life out of which arise a great variety of serious ills, mental and physical. In addition to all these, great economic injury is caused to people least able to bear it. Drink is indulged in by a small fraction of the people in our country but that fraction indulges in it heavily. To the physical and moral effect of drink we have added a heavy cost for the sake of revenue and indirectly levy a big tax on people least able to pay it. We offer a hypocritical justification that thereby we reduce the evil, but all the time we have a greedy eye on the revenue derived therefrom. If a thing is bad, it should be prevented. If it cannot be altogether prevented we should prevent it as far as we can. Our inability to achieve total success should not be made a justification for widespread public encouragement and entanglement in a revenue which we are unwilling to forego because we must meet the demands of other sections of the people. All this is plainly wrong and what is wrong cannot be right!



SIDELIGHTS ::

The man who seeks and tells the truth is a rebel against the inner nature of all of us.

—H. L. Mencken.

*"O sight of pity, shame and dole!
O fearful thought—a convict soul!"*

Thus Walt Whitman, as true a lover of freedom as any that ever breathed. It was not that he did not condemn crime. His hatred of crime stopped the moment the criminal was lodged in jail. Punishment transformed condemnation of crime into pity for the criminal, and out of that pity came a sense of human kindred. It quickened his conscience into self-deprecatory identification with condemned criminals. For example:

*"You felons on trial in courts,
you convicts in prison cells, you
sentenced assassins chained and
handcuffed with iron,
Who am I, too, that I am not on
trial or in prison?
Me ruthless and devilish as any,
that my wrists are not chained
with iron, or my ankles with
iron?"*

The policeman, Conscience, is not so forthright as this always. Between criminality and respectability, the dividing line is, more often than is admitted, just detection. Even the detected continue in the fold of the respectable when they contrive to secure the protection of administrators for their delinquencies, a result indicative mostly of the influence of money-power, though by sticklers for rectitude it may be unpleasantly dubbed "corruption." Truth actually is so harsh and devastating that the majority of people find it hard to bear its sting. The restless ones who have a passion to indulge in honest efforts to discover and announce the truth are therefore intensely disliked, assaulted and gathered to the growing list of the world's martyrs; whereas the agreeable fellows who can put people at ease with themselves rarely fail to reach coveted positions and take

their rank among the successful great. The fate of a modern Socrates devolves on a C.R., while pampered black marketeers disguised as patriots rule the roost and adorn the august assemblies of the nation. An American writer has it that the men the American people admire most extravagantly are the most daring liars; the men they detest most violently are those who try to tell them the truth: "A Galileo could no more be elected President of the United States than he could be elected Pope of Rome. Both high posts are reserved for men favoured by God with an extraordinary genius for swathing the bitter facts of life in bandages of soft illusion."

Perjury of course is prohibited everywhere, but the amelioration brought by lying to the lives of the erring goes on nevertheless with the grand sweep of a cosmic process. There are times when even the moralists can think of a lie kindly—as when the holy sister in Victor Hugo overcame the creed of a whole lifetime and with one bold stroke of perjury saved the life of the hunted Jean Valjean from the pursuing gendarmes. Had she shrunk from the sacrifice of truth to appease her puritanic soul, she would have remained highly moral but become something of a cad, despised by those who now honour her.

We all play parts when we emerge out of the privacy of self to confront our fellowmen on life's stage. But science has not overtaken morals yet. When the determinism of science is forced into morals, justice will know how to distinguish between a misfortune and a tort. Most of the world's actual criminals are the undiscovered ones that manage to be at large, filling honoured positions from which they make humanity starve and sweat, while the condemned convicts chained and handcuffed with iron in prison cells are in reality no more than

pitiable children of misfortune. The latter pay with their suffering the price of the respectability of the former. Is that why, as a subject meriting serious study, jail reform is so little palatable to our administrators? Even Congress Ministers most of whom are "ex-convicts" seem to have dropped for the nonce any thought of fulfilling the duty which they undoubtedly may be deemed to owe as members of an enlightened Government to the prison population. Still their minds seem to work along such lines as the provision of buttermilk as an item of the jail diet and improvement of the hygienic and sanitary conditions of prison life. It is not realised that so far as human happiness goes, the margin between the best and the worst prisons in the world does not amount to much. Conditions do not matter half as much as loss of liberty, which is the really appalling thing.

Children are no longer flogged when they do wrong. They are taught to do better. The same plan deserves to be applied to the penalised of society who are no better than children in moral sense. When jurisprudence becomes intelligent

and civilised, concepts of mental aberration will replace concepts of crime and every crime will be looked upon simply as a compulsion neurose and treated as such in hospitals and special colonies by psychic experts. They do so already in Soviet Russia, where many murderers have been won back to respectability and useful citizenship by rational and sympathetic treatment. Bolts and bars reducing men and women endowed with all the consciousness and faculties of mankind to the plight of caged birds or wild beasts held in duress in a zoo, typify a miserable tragedy of mal-administration, and authority in this age should be shaken out of its routine of looking complacently on, unmindful of the torture of soul of convicts from whose lives years are knocked out and at times the whole of existence. Who capable of pity can remain unmoved at Whitman's lines on the anguish of the convict soul?

*"Ceaseless she paces to and fro,
O heart-sick days! O nights of
woe!
Nor hand of friend, nor loving
face,
Nor favor comes, nor word of
grace."*

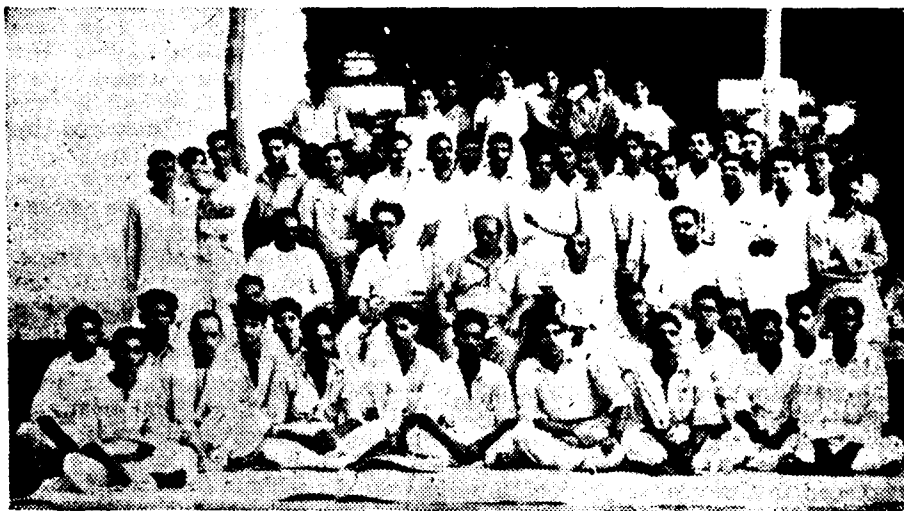


Photo taken on the inauguration of a school for progressive writers at Pedapudi, Guntur District. Seated in the centre is Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury who opened the school.

THREE DANCES

PROLOGUE FOR A BHARATA NATYA

By James H. Cousins

I

When Miriam danced beside the sea,
To her timbrel's rhapsody
Israel sang its joy profound
For the hosts of Pharaoh drowned;
Praised the overwhelming waves
Covering unhallowed graves;
Thanked the Lord for shattered spoke,
Horses smothered in the yoke;
Mourned not with widowed misery
So long as Israel was free;
Nor through their dance and chanting heard
Prophecy's ironic word:
Freedom out of evil born
May from Freedom's soul be shorn,
And time may quash the victory
That Miriam danced beside the sea.

II

When David danced before the Lord,
Israel chanted in accord.
For God had done a wondrous thing
Choosing a harper as a king.
And wondrously with heart and head
David the Chosen People led,
Till, at the city heavy-walled,
Gladness from throats and trumpets called,
As from captivity's disgrace
Into a safe and certain place
Strong oxen strained their necks to draw
The ark-hid Tables of the Law,
Wherein the Voice from out the Throne
Shrank to the accent of their own.
Through the glad tumult came the cries
Of slaughtered beasts, and to the skies
Rose like a darkly ominous wing
The smoke of their burnt-offering
That sought to make the Light-of-lights
Accomplice in their cruel rites.
Too red of eye, too dull of ear,
In their blood-sacrifice to hear
The sacred Name profanely named,
Glory ingloriously proclaimed,
The royal shepherd led the throng
With dance and harp and braggart song
And dreams of mighty things-to-be.
But the hid hand of Destiny
Devised a different award
When David danced before the Lord.

III

When Shiva danced to minstrelsy
That bade the universe to be,
Out of ancestral Vedic hymns
Came art's god-worthy paradigms:
Dance that around the stellar grooves
To universal Music moves,
And Sign-and-Gesture that set free
The solemn Joy of deity.
And from these came, time out of mind,
The natya Bharata designed,
In which, with soul and body blent
In art's most holy sacrament,
The dedicated dancer draws
On earth a print of heaven's laws.
Not her's the hard-heart victory
That Miriam danced beside the sea,
Nor boastful chants and rites abhorred
When David danced before the Lord;
But vision that the heart entrances,
For God before the dancer dances;
And the pure spirit is set free
To compass perfect liberty;
While the enlightened watcher owns
Celestial tints and overtones
As rhythmic hand and foot relate
Old stories never out of date
Because in symbol-talk they teach
Things past the utterance of speech—
Truth unbound by cult or creed,
Good of its shadow Evil freed,
Beauty of Truth and Good the sum:
Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram.

The last line is the Sanskrit equivalent of Truth, Goodness and Beauty.

We are all familiar with a distinction represented by the words "civilisation" and "culture". Civilisation is popularly recognised in the main as a materialistic achievement; culture as religious, academic and artistic. Most people tend to assume that there is a casual relation between the two—that "culture" is something added to a civilisation, like bloom to a ripe fruit. Only establish and develop your civilisation on a firm foundation, they would say, and culture shall be added to it, like pinnacles to a sound utilitarian structure. No view of historical realities could be more false. Indeed almost the contrary is true, for a culture can exist without a highly integrated material civilisation to support it (the culture of the Jews or even of Islam) and the growth of a civilisation can destroy an already existing culture.

—Herbert Read.

Short Story

The Monsoon Ball

By Charles Newton

It was 8-30 in the evening. Joy Tomkinson was busy in front of her mirror with a box of Max Factor. For the first time her mother had allowed her to use make-up, as she was going to the Monsoon Ball with Ronnie.

Joy was, not unnaturally, quite perplexed with all that mass of tubes and what not. To her uninitiated mind it was a Chinese puzzle. She would have done better to summon the aid of a beauty technician. But no, she was determined to make the most of her gift, which she felt she had so deservedly earned. She had just passed the Cambridge School Certificate examination, and the fact that Ronald Taylor was being allowed to take her out alone for the first time, gave her double cause for excitement.

Joy was amused with her reflection in the mirror. This box, she thought, seemed to be a magic box, for there she sat almost transformed. Her olive-complexioned, heart-shaped face looked different. She had all along thought she was just a plain girl, but now she looked almost radiantly lovely. "Thank you, Max," she almost whispered into the mirror.

Ronald Taylor paced the floor of his room. He was desperately perturbed. He was expecting his monthly allowance that day, but it had been delayed. He cursed under his breath. He had promised to take Joy to the dance that night, and here he was at 8-45 p.m. with not a copper in his pocket. He was determined that, no matter what happened, he must not disappoint Joy. To-day was his day of triumph. He had at last succeeded in persuading Mrs. Tomkinson to let Joy come out with him alone.

He had adored Joy right from the time he had first seen her. He had kept her as a distant goal, set on a mountain-top, which he hoped to reach some day. He liked Joy because she was so different from other girls. To him she gave all the warmth of her friendship, which kindled his boyish heart. From her he got, not passionate emotionalism, but genuine companionship. This was his first year in college, and his ambitious dreams

went a long way, culminating in buxom, little Joy Tomkinson.

Suddenly he stopped. What was he thinking about? He looked at his watch. It was 9. He gave a sudden start. He rushed to the room next door, that of a medical student.

"Jack, old chap," he pleaded, "can you lend me fifteen rupees, and I shall repay you to-morrow."

Jack's older face laughed. "So it's Joy, is it?"

"Yes," Ronald forced a laugh.

"I am sorry, Ron, but I am absolutely broke myself, and I was just about to walk across to your room, and tap you for a loan."

Ronnie's misery was manifest. He knew it was almost hopeless asking anyone else, because Jack was always the best stocked with money, and besides, it was the end of the month.

He ran to the next room desperately, but found it padlocked. He went on to the next, and almost sighed with relief when he saw Leslie Stanford, an engineering student, at his desk.

"Les, I wonder if you can come to my rescue."

"What's it Ronnie?"

"I was expecting my monthly allowance to-day, but I have not received it. Could you let me have some money, which I shall definitely return to-morrow?"

But he knew it was hopeless from Stanford's look, and before Stanford could utter an apology, he shot out. He saw that his watch showed 9-15. He was supposed to be at Joy's place at 9-30, and she was fully three miles from the University Hostel.

He thought. He knew he could not suddenly rush into Mrs. Jones's place at that part of the night and ask for a loan. He would have to sit down for a while and talk, and by that time it would be too late.

Suddenly Ronald Taylor beamed. He would try Ali. Ali ran a small store closeby, and Ronald had always bought his requirements there. Ali was friendly, and had often asked Ronald to let him know if he could do anything for him. "I am sure Ali will help," he chuckled, and rode off on his bicycle.

such vital affairs?" The Premier, I am afraid, could not give a straight "No." The selection, as far as it relates to the Harijans, was solely guided by the consideration of convenience to the Congress.

It is not altogether out of place here to refer to the non-violent Satyagraha started this week in Poona by the Scheduled Castes Federation. It reflects credit on the political sagacity of Dr. Ambedkar and his followers that they have realised that the Harijans, just as any other minority community, shall

have to settle their accounts with the Congress which, as the largest organised political body, will largely determine Indian politics. The Federation's indictment that the Congress is quartering the Harijans for its own ends and not so much for the uplift of the Harijans does not seem to be altogether without justification. The Satyagraha is a clarion call to the Congress to do the right thing by the Harijans by conceding to them an electoral system which will enable their true representatives to be returned and agreeing to adequate safeguards.

A PEST OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

By Rama Rao Gidugu

Any educated man with sympathy for working-class people cannot but be aware of the fact that the money-lender is a village leech sucking the blood of hard-working toilers. These money-lenders are so 'sympathetic' towards the ryots that they lend money without any communal or racial prejudice.

The money-lender does not question the necessity of the loan required by the ryot nor will he tease him for information relating to the ryot's holdings and domestic affairs. There will be no documents or anything of that sort; but in some cases the money-lender may want a promissory note and in some cases, if the ryot is an old customer, the money-lender with a 'friendly' laugh will pat him on his back saying "Let us adjust our accounts later." With his poor knowledge, unaware of the consequences, quite ignorant about the attitude of the lender, soothed by the 'sweet welcome' and without any thought of consequences, the ryot falls into the trap of the money-lender.

But the experienced lender is not a fool. He lends the money on condition that the ryot should sell his produce to him or through him, as sometimes the lender himself becomes a trader or a broker. Thus the poor ryot is prevented from getting a fair price for his produce in the market. Sometimes, the money-lender may deduct the interest to accrue in the future then and there from the principal amount. For example, if the amount required by the ryot is Rs. 100 and

if the rate of interest for a year comes to Rs. 20, the actual amount handed over to the ryot is Rs. 80 only, after deducting the interest in advance from the principal amount.

We now see many Kabuliwallas flooding our province as money-lenders. Their gigantic figures, as they move in batches, with nicely-netted long leather whips easily frighten the docile local people. These Kabuli lenders mostly offer their 'services' to the industrial workers.

Exactly on the evening of the first of the next month after acceptance of such 'services' in the form of a loan, the Kabuliwalla appears at the gates of the mill or company, in which his debtor is working, with a cudgel in his hand and with two of his comrades trimming their black lengthy fearful moustaches, bringing up the rear. On seeing his debtor coming out of the mill, the Kabuliwalla accosts him roughly and loudly in a language unknown to the poor worker and knocks away the few chips earned after thirty days of labour. The pitiable worker has to go to his house with empty hands. If at all part of his wages is still left in his hands, he goes to a toddy shop to drink and forget his worries for the moment and to withstand hunger.

Such is the situation of the workers in the country. The popular Ministries must establish co-operative societies to work for the service of the people, and save the poor working-class from falling into the clutches of the money-lenders.

THE AZAD HIND MOVEMENT ITS LESSONS TO COLONIAL PEOPLES IN THEIR FIGHT FOR LIBERATION

(By An English Officer Recently Returned
From Malaya)

*Practice without theory is blind.
Theory without practice is sterile.*
—Joseph Stalin.

During my six months' stay in Malaya, I have had an opportunity of studying at first hand the Azad Hind movement. With a broad sympathy for their nationalist aspirations, but a profound opposition to their line-up with the anti-democratic forces of the world, I have attempted to evaluate the weaknesses and strength, the successes and failures of the Indian National Army, and the Provisional Government of Azad Hind.

Its origin dates back to early 1942 when the rapid Japanese successes in East Asia exposed the rottenness of an imperialism which was isolated and alienated from the masses. The Japanese exploited for their own imperialist ends the headlong British flight, and a colour bar which allowed thousands of British to escape, and left Indians and others to their fate, and which was responsible for the notorious 'black' and 'white' roads back to India. This colour prejudice strengthened the hands of the Japanese in their Pan-Asiatic appeal, and stimulated a sense of nationalism into millions of non-Chinese Asiatics.

Six months later came the fateful conference at Bangkok when representatives of the Indian community from places as far distant as the Philippines and Borneo met to form the Indian Independence League under the leadership of Rash Behari Bose, and General Mohan Singh. The former was a Bengal terrorist who had escaped to Japan and had been living there for many years. He was a sick man who had lost his old inspiration, and never succeeded in appealing to the masses. Mohan Singh was a soldier, pure and simple, and opinions still differ as to

his reasons for disbanding the military organisation which he had built up. He has yet to make an official announcement on the matter.

The real mass movement only developed after Subhas Bose had made his famous speech from Tokyo in June 1943, and his three months' tour of East Asia. His eloquence roused lakhs to join in the struggle, and in October of the same year the Provisional Government of Azad Hind was formed. The Japanese drive into India scheduled for December 1943, although delayed until March 1944, succeeded in reaching the gates of Imphal. At this stage the morale and enthusiasm of the Indians was at its height, and their headquarters was moved to Rangoon in preparation for the drive beyond Imphal. From then onwards the tide turned, and defeat followed defeat as the Allies forged ahead, and finally brought the war to an atomic end. Thus in the short space of two years the Azad Hind movement rose to the height of its power, and as quickly sank back again.

But its influence still pervades all sections of the Indian community in Malaya, and no one can lightly dismiss a movement that fired tens of thousands to fight for their freedom. What was it that inspired this fight? What were the theories and beliefs behind this bold bid for power? I have spoken to many Indians on this subject from those in close contact with Subhas Bose himself, to the humblest rank and file member. These are the answers that I received:

I was a baboo happy at my desk all day,

I was a housewife busy with the little problems of the house.

Sure enough, there sat Ali cross-legged in his dimly lit shop, with a big box in front of him, counting the day's earnings. Ronald had a peculiar feeling in his stomach, wondering what Ali would say.

Ronald explained his difficulty, and then asked Ali for a loan. Ali's venerable brows knitted in a horrid frown. He fingered his grey beard, and looking over his ancient spectacles, asked: "What security can you offer, Sahib? I never lend any money, but to you, as a special favour, I shall give the money you require, provided you give me your bicycle."

Ronald was annoyed. He thought it humiliating that he should have to pawn his bicycle. Besides, Ali had always professed to be such a great friend, and surely he could lend a small amount without being so professional.

"No, I am afraid I cannot let you have my cycle, Ali," Ronald replied. He looked at his watch. It was 9-25. Within him there surged all his hate for this detestable, loathsome creature. He thought of Joy, getting so impatient. He must not let her down, he repeated to himself. Before him lay the box crowded with silver rupees, and wads of crisp new notes.

Ali took out a small box from the pocket of his soiled shirt, and opening it, drew a lump of black, pasty substance which he quickly deposited in a corner of his mouth. Ronald knew that presently Ali would be in an ecstatic dreamland, which only opium can create.

Soon Ali's head drooped, and Ronald made a swoop for the box, but, before he could draw up a fat wad of notes, someone caught his hand in an iron grip and threw him back. It was Ali's son, Mohammed, a tall, well-built man from the Frontier.

Ronald turned deathly pale. He knew there was no hope of his ever reaching Joy's place and taking her to the Monsoon Ball. No hope whatever. Instead, he was taken to the police station.

Joy rose the next morning, tired and frustrated from an almost sleepless night. What had happened to Ron? Surely he might have sent at least a note explaining his reason for not coming. Was this a trick? A host of ideas crossed and re-crossed her mind, as they had during the night.

Suddenly her mother rushed into her room, trembling, with the morning paper clutched in her hands. "Look, my darling," she pointed to an item with an unduly prominent headline.

Joy read, and burst out sobbing hysterically.

"Mums, it's not his fault at all. The poor boy," she kept repeating in between her sobs.

"Not his fault," screamed fat Mrs. Tomkinson, her face livid with anger, "the damned brat. Never again are you to mention his name in this house." She flung the paper on the ground, and swept out.

Ronald sat in his cell completely bewildered. He wondered what Joy's reaction was and whether she would still be his friend, when he would leave six months later. He wondered too what every one in college would think, and lastly, whether his Aunt realized what a lapse of her memory had cost him. He had only one desire, and that was to explain everything to Joy, and he was sure her innocent heart would forgive him, and still be his. He determined to devote all his time to study, and he knew that it could not be spent better.

"Do you know what," gasped short and stout Mr. Bruce, the Tomkinson's next-door neighbour, as he rushed in exuberantly one morning, "Ronnie has done amazingly well in his college examination?" Mrs. Tomkinson sat in frigid silence, while Joy listened intently. "He doesn't intend continuing his studies though, as he has had much trouble with his people for his allowance. He has been offered an apprenticeship with a mercantile firm in Calcutta, and I think he means to take it. He's a fine youngster, Mrs. T. and needs a lot of encouragement. What he's been through would have broken many a lad of his age. Joy could give him just that encouragement."

Hardly had Mr. Bruce uttered the last words, when Mrs. Tomkinson jumped up and exploded: "You mind your own damn business, and get out of here. My daughter will have nothing to do with a criminal. A criminal, do you hear? And if that little brat comes this side, I'll break every bone in his body."

Joy chimed in; "There will be no need to do that, Mums, because I shant ever see him."

Mr. Bruce winced. Time is remorseless, and even the warmest of hearts can be chilled.

"Ronald is a horrid boy for having gone on a thieving expedition, instead of remembering his appointment with me. Besides, Mr. Bruce," she winked, "Stanley is a lot nicer looking than Ronnie."

SELECTION OF HARIJANS FOR THE CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY

By D. Ramaswami

Over eighty lakhs is the population of Harijans in Madras Province according to the 1941 census and at the rate prescribed by the Cabinet Mission, of one member for ten lakhs of the population, the Harijans ought to have got eight seats. But the Congress adopted the convenient course of fixing the number of seats in the Constituent Assembly on the basis of the strength of each community in the Assembly, which gives Harijans 7.5 seats instead of eight. The Harijans can ask for 8 seats with perfect justification, because it is the community in need of weightage *par excellence*. Also, a state of mind has been created among them that they will get more than their due share when the Congress is the dispenser. Otherwise there is no explanation for all the bitterness that the Harijans feel about the list of selections as far as it relates to them.

Numbers do not always matter and the rather inadequate quota allowed to the Harijans by itself should cause no undue worry to them. But it is the question of the personnel put in the quota that agitates and annoys them. The Congress is sending its best as also the best among non-Congressmen to the Constituent Assembly and the Harijans are anxious that their best men should be represented in it. It must be said that the Harijan members selected are quite unimpressive. Except for an ex-Minister, there is hardly any among them that can ever make any impression on any well-informed assembly. It should not be forgotten that the ability of the members to draw the effective attention of the Assembly to the disabilities of the Harijans and secure suitable safeguards is what matters most to the community.

Another defect is that the list is not representative. It would have

been fair if one out of the seven seats had been given to any organised body of Harijans outside the Congress, say the Scheduled Castes Federation. The S. C. F. did quite well in the panel elections. Inclusion of a man like Dewan Bahadur N. Sivaraj would have been an act of grace and a feather in the Congress crown. Instead of that, a show was made, in the selection of V. C. Kesava Rao, of a non-Congress Harijan being included. The curious might be interested to know the antecedents of V. C. Kesava Rao. Recently demobilised, he has since been employed as a despatching clerk in the Secretariat and never in his life had anything to do with any Harijan organisation. One would search in vain for any reasonable qualification in him except that he is the brother of the Hon'ble Mr. V. Kurmayya. It is rather sad that the Congress and the Hon'ble Minister should have allowed petty considerations to get the better of their judgment. His selection constitutes a most flagrant abuse of the electoral system so apologetically adopted by the Mission as an expediency. One could say much the same about a good many of the other members. Unrepresentative and far from being efficient, they cannot command the respect and confidence of the Harijans, much less of the Assembly.

One wonders at the negation by the Congress of widely accepted democratic usages. The cat came out in a curious way. In the Congress Legislature Party meeting on 13th July the veteran Christian leader Dr. Ramachandra Rao interrupted the Premier who was explaining the basis of the selections. The Premier was saying that convenience was one of the factors that governed the selections. "Is convenience," asked Dr. Rao, "a big consideration in

I was a plantation worker, scraping and saving to make both ends meet.

I was a prosperous lawyer content with my work in the courts..

But overnight, with the call for Azad Hind, pens were laid aside, water pots remained empty, plantations were neglected, and money and ability offered unstintingly for the cause. Then followed eulogies of Netaji, and individual reactions to his magnetic personality.

Therein lie the glory and the tragedy of the Azad Hind movement. People who knew little of the rise of Nazism, of the Jewish pogroms, of Belsen, and of the status reserved for the coloured races in *Mein Kampf*, people who had purposely been kept ignorant of the role of the Soviets in the fight against colonialism; people who knew little of Japanese domination of China, because anti-Japanese propaganda had been illegal in Malaya—these people whose interests had been limited by the four walls of their homes, rushed on to the stage of international affairs. In the fight for Azad Hind, they lined up with the worst representatives of world reaction who were opposed to all the fine traditions for which India is famous. Fighting for Azad Hind against a free China, against the Soviet Union, and against all the other democratic forces of the world, the Indian community of East Asia steadfastly refused to study the history of their stable companions, and to plan their military and political strategy accordingly. They substituted a blind faith in one man for a reasoned policy arrived at democratically round the conference table. Subhas Bose dominated the movement, and all others were pigmies in comparison. Without appreciating his unique position, it is impossible to understand the Azad Hind movement, because Bose was the Azad Hind movement.

It is typical of the man that he made his famous speech from Tokyo without prior consultation with any of the leaders of the Independence League. In that speech, and on sub-

sequent occasions, he based his appeal on the following arguments:

(a) His past struggle against British Imperialism. He pointed out that the British had never been able to fool him, and that he was sure that no one else (Japan?) would succeed. 'Put your trust in me' was his slogan.

(b) That Britain's weakness was India's strength, and that Britain's enemies (Hitler and Tojo?) were India's friends.

(c) The British Empire was finished. Therefore it was necessary to prevent India from being dominated by Japan by making a military alliance with her, and using the I. N. A. as a bargaining weapon in any future settlement.

(d) That India was incapable of winning her freedom without the aid of a third Power.

A final 'argument' of great psychological importance was the formation of the Rani of Jhansi Regiment. What Indian could stay behind when he saw his own sister or daughter going to the front?

Bose's political judgment was clouded by a blind hatred of Britain. He lacked confidence in the ability of the common people of the world to fight back against Fascism. He had no belief in the power of Socialism in Russia to recover from her initial setbacks, and take the lead in the overthrow of Hitlerism.

Finally he showed no appreciation of the struggles of the Chinese people, although the Congress had built up the closest friendship and understanding between the two countries, which is an essential pre-requisite for the future peace of Asia. No one can deny his patriotism, yet at the same time his Fuhrer status in the organisation, and his lack of belief in democracy go to show that already he was under the influence of Fascist ideology.

During the last twelve months of the war, an important political development took place within the Azad Hind movement. Early in 1944 a few anti-Fascist Indians took to the jungle to escape from the Kempetai

(Japanese Gestapo). There they set up a printing press, and published a newspaper called *Sudundaram*. A high powered radio enabled them to keep in touch with world affairs, and to publish the truth concerning the war situation. In the Tamil edition alone, 5,000 copies circulated each week among all ranks of the army, and the civilian population. It was at a period when the anti-Japanese feeling among the Indian community was rising, and *Sudundaram* rapidly gained a following. So strong did this democratic movement become, that in June 1945, the Kempetai arrested 60 of its leading members. Subhas Bose is said to have personally intervened to obtain the release of 38 prisoners, while the remainder were freed at the time of the surrender. Thus the sudden ending of the war halted the development of a movement which would have joined hands with the anti-Japanese army to form a United Front, to make a formidable opposition to the Japanese.

But the victory of the democratic forces, in spite of the Azad Hind movement, has given the people of Asia new opportunities to gain their freedom. The events in Egypt, India, Indo-China and in Indonesia are a direct outcome of the strengthening of Socialist, Communist and other democratic influences in Europe. It is not by accident that I mention Indonesia, because the anti-imperialist feeling all over the world has prevented Britain taking large-scale military action in the country, and has forced the Dutch to negotiate with the Indonesian Republic.

Where nothing existed before, the Azad Hind movement succeeded in instilling into the masses of its supporters a real confidence in their own abilities. Where nothing existed before, it built up a new patriotism, and a willingness to die for the freedom of their Motherland. This itself is no mean achievement, which the critics are apt to overlook. If the correct deductions are drawn from the mistakes of the Azad Hind movement, the colonial peoples will learn an important lesson in their fight for liberation.

No Ugly Reactions.

No Deleterious After-Effects.

SRI RAMA YOGI'S TRISULAM THE KING OF TONICS.

Analysis :

Calcium, Gold, Iron, Sulphur, etc.

DISEASES IN WHICH TRISULAM IS INDICATED :

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IN a small clearing in a coppice a few huts stand huddled together. At a distance, lazy, well-fed buffaloes crunch indifferently at the rich grass. A group of children play happily at an improvised game.

Suddenly, a man emerges from the hut, stooping low at the doorway. He has long matted hair, with a beard to match, resembling the ancient Jewish patriarchs of the Old Testament. He pulls his only garment, a large rough blanket, closer round his body.

He is a Toda.

Lonely figures from a long-forgotten age, anthropological flotsam and jetsam, the Todas of the Nilgiris are a tribe which is gradually dying out.

The Todas are essentially a pastoral people. The buffaloes, which they tend with affection, provide all their simple, everyday needs. A man's wealth is measured in terms of the number of buffaloes he owns. Whether it be a wife that he wants or a new blanket, their value is weighed against the buffalo.

It would be difficult for any modern to spend more than five minutes in the hut of a Toda. There is only one opening, the doorway, and when that is closed, the hut becomes, so to say, hermetically sealed. No wonder the Todas discard their clothes once they are inside.

They are untouched by the progress of civilization, by the impact of ways and customs other than their own. They live apart, exclusive, outnumbered, clinging with desperate determination to their primeval way of life. Ethnically they have no known relation with other elements of India's population.

Few wedding customs are as peculiar as those of the Todas. The bride actually takes the husband on a twenty-four hour "probation"! Parents of girls have no dowry problem. The boys so greatly outnumber the girls that there is great demand for the latter.

The youth who wants to marry seeks an interview with the girl's father. If he approves of the pros-



Spotlight On The World

pective groom, the father raises the dowry question. There is talk of how many buffaloes should be presented. When an agreement is reached, the youth asks for a formal consent by the salute "Adabuddiken" (I seize the foot). He bows down before his father-in-law-to-be, who places his foot on the youth's head saying "Tashkan" (I give). The bride may also do this.

Among some of the Todas polyandry is the custom, and a bride may find herself playing wife to all the brothers at once. Others practise adelphogamy with three women to five men.

Similarly unusual are some of the death and funeral rites. These ceremonies include the construction of a couple of sacred huts and sometimes a dance is held before them. The family of the dead person distributes grain or flour to those present and the huts are set on fire and burnt to ashes.

One of their quaintest beliefs centres on a high hill called Mukurti Peak, which is 8,380 feet high. They hold it sacred as the residence of a personage whom they believe to be the Keeper of the Gates of Heaven.

FUTURE OF STEEL

Control over sales of steel, which was withdrawn in April this year, is now to be reimposed owing to inadequate supplies of the metal.

With the cessation of war demands for steel, new demands have arisen mainly from two sources: (1) the normal demands which have been in abeyance during the last six years because of the war, and (2) new demands for the implementation of various development plans and industrial projects.

Considering her resources and population, India's consumption of steel is at present absurdly low and there is little doubt that with a

rising tide of economic development, India could consume several times more steel than she does now. The Government of India are apparently basing their plans of industrial development on the possibility of doubling India's steel production from one and a half million tons at present to three million tons within the next five to seven years.

The re-rolling industry in India has developed enormously during the war. There are well over one hundred re-rolling mills in the country manufacturing steel projects from semi-finished material and from scrap. In the interests of a well-ordered plan of development, it is necessary to examine carefully the proper place of the re-rolling mills in the steel industry of the country.

CHEAPER MATCHES

From the first of next month your box of matches will cost you but a half anna—three pies less than now.

The match industry in India dates back to the war of 1914-18. To-day it has reached a high standard and its processes are comparable with the most up-to-date methods in use elsewhere.

Before the last war India's consumption of matches—about 15,000,000 gross boxes—was met mostly by imports. Small-scale enterprise working on cottage basis with indigenous wood made sporadic attempts to manufacture matches in India but failed.

The year 1921-22 saw the birth of the Indian match industry on a commercial scale. Heavy tariff, increased further in 1921, affected the import of foreign matches; by 1930, the whole of India's requirements was met by indigenous production.

Early match works in India were more in the nature of assembly

plants than complete factories. There was as yet no import duty on the semi-products of the industry—ready-made sticks, or splints, and box components, or veneers. These were imported and assembled into finished goods. All these assembly operations were mostly executed by hand. Gradually, however, automatic box-making and box-filling machines came into use and a number of factories were equipped with these.

In 1924 the Government imposed an import duty on semi-products also. Match makers thereupon were forced to manufacture their own splints and box parts, and the industry became self-contained, if not self-sufficient. The oldest Indian factories were set up between 1923 and 1926.

The Swedish Match Company now entered the field with six factories set up between 1924 and 1925. The Swedish Company's business was later modified and came to be represented by a firm managed mainly by prominent Indian businessmen.

In 1928 the Government decided to institute an enquiry into the condition of the match industry in India. Consequently it was revealed that in 1928 there were approximately 27 factories in the country with a daily capacity of 500 gross or more. It was evident that the industry had progressed impressively within six to seven years.

With the advent of modern methods of manufacture the quality of Indian-made matches improved. To-day there are Indian-owned and managed concerns whose production is organized on up-to-date lines.

CIVIL AVIATION

One sees in the papers every day invitations to the public by air transport companies to travel by

air. "Compare the fares", they say, "and you will go by air."

It was Lord Lloyd who laid the foundation of internal air services in India during his Governorship of Bombay (1918-23), by organising the first air service linking Karachi and Bombay. Run by the RAF purely as a fair weather venture, it was later on given up as an uneconomic concern.

The inauguration of international air lines across India, the opening up of a regular service between Karachi and England and the rapid growth of civil aviation in every other country in the world led both the Government and the Indian public to take greater interest in civil aviation. Moreover, India had become a party to the International Air Convention (1919) signed in Paris, by which she had to provide ground facilities to aircraft from other countries. The problem was taken up afresh by the Government of India, when Sir Bhupendranath Mitra was Member in charge of the Department of Labour and Industries, and a Director of Civil Aviation was appointed. Since then development has been on the whole steady and satisfactory, though for a variety of reasons not as great as one would have liked it to be.

The Government of India's plans for the development of civil aviation provide for one daily return service between the principal cities of India and those of the adjoining countries of Ceylon, Burma and Afghanistan. This constitutes a route mileage of 11,200 and a flying mileage of eight million. The capital investment of operating organisations is estimated at three crores of rupees, with a recurring expenditure of over two and half crores annually. The plan for the development of external services from India to the U. K., to the Near East, China and East Africa involves a capital investment of nearly three crores and an almost equal annual operating cost. Government assistance is anticipated to be necessary in the initial period of operations to cover any losses.

The provision of all aerodromes and landing grounds together with allied works such as hotels, aerodrome and air route lighting is estimated to cost 15½ crores. The equipment and installation of radio stations is estimated to cost 60 lakhs. The existing staff of 34 officers and 110 subordinates will have to be increased respectively to 140 and 1,000. Thirty-five planes of suitable sizes, 60 to 70 air crews and 400 to 500 engineers and skilled mechanics will be needed for the internal services, while external services are estimated to require 16 to 20 large transport aircraft, 30 air crews and a total personnel of approximately 1,600. According to Sir Frederick Tymms, Director General of Civil Aviation, the passenger fare is expected to be three annas per passenger per mile—50 per cent above the cost of air-conditioned rail travel—and future technical progress may bring it down to two and half or two annas.

A Civil Air Service Training School at an initial cost of Rs. 40 lakhs, and 32 lakhs recurring, is also contemplated.

SIAM

Siam (to whom India has just granted a loan) has been much in the news recently. Its young King, Ananda Mahidol, died in strange circumstances; its Government has complained to the United Nations against alleged penetration by French troops from Indo-China; and, what concerns us most, there has been plenty of talk about the possibility of exporting Siamese rice to India.

Traditionally Siamese policy has been to steer a neutral course. Bounded towards the east and west by French and British territory, Siam adhered in the past to the principle of all-round co-operation. It was only after the rise to power of Prime Minister Luang Pibul (1938), which was in itself a reflection of the international swing towards dictatorial authoritarianism, that Siamese nationalism abandoned its neutrality and allied itself with Japanese fascism. Before

this, strong economic ties had been maintained with Britain: the currency was linked to sterling (eleven Siamese baht to the pound) and over three quarters of the country's trade passed through the British Empire.

Siam covers an area of 200,000 square miles and has a population of fifteen million. Less than two per cent of the working population are engaged in industry while eighty per cent look to agriculture and fishing for livelihood. Rice is the main crop. The average farm is only about three acres but this is usually sufficient to produce more than enough for a family. Shortly before the war 8,800,000 acres were under rice cultivation and the annual production of paddy was 4,500,000 tons. About 1,500,000 tons were exported annually, mainly to Far Eastern countries.

OLDEST MUSLIM 'VARSITY

Everyone in India knows about the Muslim University at Aligarh, but probably not so many have heard of Al Azhar, at Cairo, the oldest Muslim University in the world.

Al Azhar was founded by Gawhar, Commander-in-Chief of the Fatimid Khalif's army, in April 969, and the mosque was completed in June, 972. Later, under the direction of the Khalif, a small university was opened with provision for regular stipends for certain doctors of law. From this small beginning a great Muslim university where 11,000 students are taught every year gradually grew up. Teaching has been almost completely religious, and Al Azhar turns out thousands of 'alims, who for centuries were in most Muslim countries the only teachers, and naturally wielded great influence. In recent years there has been an attempt to modernize the syllabus of the University, and a few lay subjects such as geography, history and mathematics are now taught, but the University remains a mainly religious institution.

Students come to Cairo from all over the Muslim world, and include youths from Turkey, Morocco, Afghanistan, Iraq, Palestine, Syria, Iran, India, Borneo, Java, the Hejaz,

the Sudan, Abyssinia, Somaliland and China. Al Azhar is now a very wealthy institution, with an annual budget of nearly £500,000 derived from endowments, annual subsidies and grants from the Egyptian Government. There are no fees; on the contrary students are accommodated free and are given a small allowance by the University.

There are at present a small number of Indian students at Al Azhar

University. These students live together in a hostel under the supervision of an Indian who is a lecturer in the University. There is no limit laid down as to the number of Indian students who may be admitted. Those who have already taken recognised courses in Arabic subjects in India usually stay at Al Azhar for three years; others have to take a five to seven year course.

[These tit-bits are collected from books and magazines. No claim is made to originality. Readers are also invited to contribute.]

TIT-BITS:

Once Shaw addressed a Socialist meeting in London, and spoke bitterly about the unequal distribution of wealth.

"As I came into the hall I noticed a Rolls-Royce which cost over £2,000. Is it right", he asked, "that one man should be allowed so much money? Go and look at it yourself and ponder over the slums of England and how much better this wealth could be spent making the lives of the poor possible and profitable."

At this some of the audience rose and made to go out, the light of destruction in their eyes.

"Ah, I sympathise with you" said Shaw. "But before you smash that car I must tell you that it belongs to me."

To dig a little, to pray a little, to fight a little, to love a little, to go on the sea in ships, to draw hard breaths over spade or plough, to watch the seasons come and the blossoms set—these things bring happiness beyond all reason, and beyond all explaining.—C. E. M. Joad.

Clothes are so scarce in Poland that many a woman who sets out fully dressed returns home in only her scanties. It is a common occurrence for bandits to board trains, go from carriage to carriage, stripping off coats, stockings, shoes, dresses and jewellery. One Polish girl, going to Warsaw to be mar-

ried, arrived without her trousseau, and clad only in a cotton undershirt.

It is reported that over 10,000,000 Americans can neither read nor write.

Any rocket which can raise itself from the ground can, by maintaining the same output of power, continue to rise and, if the power be maintained long enough, can shrink from sight not only of this planet, but of the entire solar system. A simple rocket of absolutely imperishable material (if there were such stuff), using inexhaustible fuel, could rise from view and travel for eternity, making a trip across the whole of Creation.—E. F. Russell.

John Barrymore was asked why he cannot memorize the lines of the script when he makes a picture and why it is necessary for the words to be written on a large blackboard, so that he can read them for each scene. "I memorized, in my lifetime, the glorious works of Shakespeare, Sir James Barrie and Ibsen," Barrymore explained. "And so I refuse to clutter my mind by committing to memory the worthless drivel written by high-priced peasants who call themselves the writers of Hollywood."

He who has reached the age of 40 and is still disliked will continue thus to the end.—Confucius.

CONGRESS AND LABOUR

By M. S. V. Chari

Mr. Bhashyam's call to the Congress to find ways and means to increase its waning influence with Labour has not come a moment too soon. In fact, this has been causing grave concern to every one interested in the political progress of the country. There is, luckily, time yet to rally Labour under the banner of the Congress which is now in Power in the Provinces.

Congress leaders for the most part are drawn from non-Labour classes. This is a serious defect inasmuch as the Congress is not constantly put in touch with problems affecting Labour. No doubt when the Labour problem is forced upon the public, the Congress does take interest and tries to do its best for the labourers. And then it lapses into indifference. But the Communists are in constant touch with Labour and mix with it and share its joys and sorrows and leave no stone unturned to make themselves popular with Labour.

Labour for the most part is drawn from the illiterate class. And when the prospect of a better living wage is dangled before them and they are made to realise their own strength, they are tempted to lay down their terms for their services. While this is good in itself, it can easily be abused. Unless we have some responsible men to lead Labour, we will soon be faced with ugly situations.

At present, Labour is not opposed to Congress. It loves Congress leaders. But when it comes to a question of choosing between the advice of Labour leaders and Congress leaders, Labour is at present inclined to brush aside the advice of Congress leaders. Sometime ago we received a rude shock when the Bombay leader of railwaymen asked the Maulana "to mind his own business" and not to pretend to advise Railwaymen in the matter of the all-India railwaymen's strike. This is a danger signal which the Congress leaders have to take due notice of.

The best man to lead Labour is a labourer. Labour can have no confidence in one who is not drawn from its own class. How can the Congress gain the confidence of Labour to such an extent that the advice of the Congress would be implicitly followed by Labour? My concrete suggestions are: (1) The leader of the Communist Party in India must automatically be nominated as a member of the Congress Working Committee; (2) the presidents of the various Labour organisations in India must be asked to choose a member to represent them on the Congress Working Committee. My first suggestion will be an anathema to orthodox Congressmen. But it is good statesmanship to take the bull by the horns instead of trying to run away from it. It is also a sure way of including the Communist Party in India to look up to the Congress for a lead instead of to Russia.

Pandit Nehru and Mahatma Gandhi seem to have now realised the imperative necessity of controlling Labour and hence they have lent their moral support to the all-India postal strike. But they must follow it up with further efforts to establish lasting contact with Labour and Communist leaders.

Whatever may be the defects of the Communists, they are best fitted to achieve Hindu-Muslim unity because they control Hindu and Muslim labourers who perhaps play the greatest part in communal riots. In the provinces it is imperative that a Communist and a Labour leader should be appointed as Ministers to look after the interests of Labour.

Now that C. R. is on the Congress Working Committee, and the rift between him and Mr. Prakasam is a thing of the past, it is my earnest hope that they will put their heads together and try to solve the problem of bringing Labour under the undivided influence of the Congress.

THE ANATOMY OF LOVE

By S. B. Saro

What is love? What is it that a young man in the prime of life experiences in the arms of a young girl of sweet seventeen and what is the nature of that mysterious emotional complex that instils in a grown-up female of the species a restless urge to annex a congenial male as a companion and mate? What is the nature of that explosive sentiment that prompts a true lover to forsake money, house, country and the world itself for the sake of the loved one?

In an attempt to describe the nature of this sentiment, Bailey wrote:

*Well, love is the child of bliss
and woe;*

*So, from his parents dear,
One eye is blinded with a smile,
One drowned in a tear,
And on one lip there drops a kiss,
Like honey from the wild woodbine*

*And that is the lip he had from
bliss—*

*And that is the lip I will have
mine.*

But on the other hangs a lie

*And that—but that's 'tween you
and I.*

"Love is a synthesis of lust and friendship", said Havelock Ellis. According to Randolph Scott, "Love is champagne—complete with the hangover", and according to Carole Lombard, "Love is a kick when you are expecting a caress". Here is Lupe Valez: "Johnny and me—that is loff". But the funniest definition of all is that of Mr. W. C. Fields: "Love is an expression used in tennis".

To the diversity of definitions and views on love, I shall add my own: "Love is the instinctive longing of the male for female companionship, the passion of a man for a maid, and vice versa. It is the hunger of soul for soul and of

body for body. Love is the chain which binds two souls in a passionate and emotional relationship of life-long dedication and devotion."

Some of my readers will perhaps be inclined to question the *rational* and appropriateness of my definition based as it is on my own intimate personal experiences. But my answer to those who cavil and howl at me is that the Heart has reasons which the Reason cannot understand and that the lover has reasons which the free-man cannot understand. "Though love use reason for its precision, he admits him not for his councillor", said Shakespeare.

Love is blind, though beneath the blindness of love there is often much calculation. Love is unreasonable, but only rational beings are capable of entertaining and comprehending love in its fulness and perfection. As Leonardo Da Vinci put it, "The love of anything is the daughter of its recognition. Love is all the more fervent, as knowledge is more certain."

Love connotes true and complete understanding, though in point of fact, no one can truly and completely understand the nature of the emotion of love. Love blinds even a man of understanding, though there can be no doubt that love alone can lead to true understanding. Love is both magic and magician.

Love is madness, but the madness is divine. Love etherealizes the ego and makes one a lunatic and a saint, a slave and a free man.

*Love is the madness which all
lovers love,*

*And yet 'tis sweet and pleasing
so to rave;*

*'Tis an enchantment where the
reasons bound,*

*But PARADISE is in the enchanted
ground.*



MADURA MANI IYER

MADURA MANI IYER

By "Kausika"

Creative imagination or *Manodharma*, and adherence to tradition—*Sampradaya*—are the two essential characteristics of Carnatic music which distinguish it from other systems of music. A South Indian musician who is lacking in either of these qualities cannot hope to become a front-rank artist.

Madura Mani is one of the few creative artists in the field of Carnatic music to-day who combine in themselves loyalty to tradition with extraordinary wealth of imagination. Mani was born in Madura 'with music in his blood' in a family which produced the great Pushpavanam Iyer. He is indeed a musical prodigy and although he is the youngest of our musicians (he is only thirty-three) he has been one of our "big guns" for many years.

Mani underwent *Gurukulavasa* under several musicians of repute, the last of them being the late Sri Muthia Bhagavatar. but it is difficult to say if any of them was particularly responsible for the new style he has developed. He is undoubtedly an original artist and his style is a product of his own genius and fertile imagination.

'*Sruti*' has been called "the Mother of Music." The meticulous care Mani takes in the matter of attuning his voice to the *Sruti* has been both the delight and despair of audiences. He does not proceed with his music until his voice has perfectly coalesced with the *Sruti*.

Mani's music is essentially of the soft, dulcet type. One should not look to him for feats of voice culture, for wild raptures, awe-inspiring manipulations of pace or *tala* acrobatics. But the listener who expects a flow of melody, a rhythmic blending of sounds and the infinitely musical 'something' which thrills the ears and touches the heart will not go unrewarded. For, Mani's *gamakas*, which are an integral part of our melodic expression, are graceful and gliding. He brings out

with minimum of effort the individuality and the subtle shades and nuances of each *raga* he sings.

Mohana, Kambhoji, Shanmukha-priya and Simhendra-madhyamam are some of the well-known ragas which have received his characteristic imprint; his Mohana particularly is unique.

Mani's forte, as is well-known, is his extraordinary capacity for singing *kalpanaswaras*. He has developed this branch of music to an exquisite degree of perfection. The wealth of imagination he displays, the perfect ease with which he spins his swara-combinations which will baffle a lesser musician, and the scholarship and powers of technique with which he renders them have been in a very large measure responsible for his great popularity to-day. He does not pass from one *swara* to another as most of the musicians do but glides with the ease of a swan, each *swara* acting as a '*anuswara*' to the next. Every *swara* is there in its niche only to lose its individuality in the harmonising correlation he presents. But he most often succumbs to the temptation of singing *kalpanaswaras* for each and every piece he handles, and this, it must be said, he overdoes. This overdoing of but a secondary aspect cannot but be at the cost of elaboration of pure *raga bhava* which is the soul of Carnatic music. *Sahitya bhava* suffers as well.

Mani has given shape and form to many an *apoorva raga* in which the prolific composer Thyagaraja has given us *kritis*. Of these, Ranjani must be given the first place. *Ham-sarandi*, *Purnachandrika* and *Chittaranjani* are some of the minor ragas in which he is equally at home.

There is a main charge against him that he does not present ragas as a complete whole but renders them as scissored bits. This is attributed to his lack of stamina and endurance

of breath; it is indeed an unfortunate handicap.

South Indian music is in the hands of a few musicians—of whom Ma-

dura Mani is one of the most representative. Let us preserve them and our noble heritage, the Carnatic Sangitha.

SOVIET CINEMA THEATRES

By Oleg Leonidov

Moving pictures have become a favourite form of diversion among all peoples of the Soviet Union and the producers are anxious to get their films to every part of the country. Pictures were sent by plane, for example, from Archangel to Narianmar and from there by reindeer sledge to the remote Nenets villages in Tundra. There the inhabitants were shown Mark Don-skoi's "Unbowed", Friedrich Em-ler's "Great Turning Point", being the story of the great Stalinist plan for the battle that turned the tide of the war; Alexander Zarkhi's and Joseph Heifitz's "Member of the Government", which tells the story of an ordinary Russian peasant woman who merited the love and respect of her people and was elected Deputy to the Supreme Soviet; and Ivan Pyryev's musical comedy "Reunion in Moscow".

The village club houses in the Alma Ata region of Kazakhstan are running a cinema festival for Kazakh farmers, including both education and documentary films, in addition to the usual run. Among them we find Grigori Roshal and Efim Erons' "Songs of Abai", being on Abai Kunanbayev, a great Kazakh poet and thinker of the past century; the documentary "Liberation of Czechoslovakia"; films on Ivan Paslov and the naturalist Ivan Michurin; among the popular scientific films shown at the festival were cultivation of fruit orchards, wheel tractors and others which will help farmers to introduce modern methods of farming.

The district has four portable cinematographs to bring films out to the farmers in the field.

Similar festivals were held in the countryside districts all over the country, at the machine and tractor

stations and in district centres. Wherever there were popular scientific films shown they were accompanied by lectures by teachers of the agricultural schools.

Great attention is given to the special children's theatres which have won wide popularity among the little ones. The "Rodina" movie in Leningrad, for instance, offers films on geography, nature study and history. The audience expressed unqualified approval of such films as "Suvorov" by Vsevolod Pudovkin, "Kutuzov" by Vladimir Petrov and "Chapayev" by Georgi and Sergei Vasiliev.

Actors, writers, fliers and heroes of the Soviet Union are invited to come and speak to children in the foyer and the reading room of the theatre. The theatre has a permanent exhibition of educational films and performances are given by children's amateur art circles. On Sundays the average attendance is as high as 3,500.

The little theatre in the factory city of Orekhovo-Zuevo had a total attendance of eleven million in the past ten years. It has run twelve cinema festivals and won the Red Banner for the "best cinema" seventeen times.

There are 28,000 cinemas in the USSR to-day. By 1950 there are to be 46,700. These theatres will be located not only in the district and regional centres but in small villages as well. By 1950 there will be 215 new theatres in the districts that suffered under the German occupation and there will be 92 new movie houses in the regional and republic centres. This year the number of theatres in Belo-Russia alone is to increase to 560, a majority of them in the villages and rural districts of the republic.

THINKING ALOUD

(By Teevecor)

It is a great pity that there should be so much of man's inhumanity to man in a land where the Upanishads have exhorted the people about the immense superiority of "giving" to "taking." Strange as it may seem, there is not so much of it in notoriously materialistic countries like Britain. They have a cradle-to-the-grave insurance cover against all possible risks. We in India seem to actually revel in "economic insecurity"!

How else are we to account for the scandalously irrational and inhuman way in which we treat the men engaged "in the noblest of professions"? Here is a true copy of an advertisement that appeared in the columns of a leading English daily of Madras a few days ago:

Sree Venkateswara Oriental College. Applications are invited for the following posts: 1. Asst. Professor in Comparative Philology—Pay Rs. 50—5/B.—75; should be M.A. in Sanskrit. 2. Junior Professor in Tamil—Pay Rs. 30—3/B.—50.

There is no reference to any dear-ness or house-rent or any other allowance. It may be presumed that the all-in pay sanctioned for the man with the high-sounding designation of "Asst. Professor" is Rs. 50 per mensem! It is also laid down that he should be an M.A. in Sanskrit!

Have the authorities of the institution any idea of the earnings of a skilled manual worker these days? Is it that they consider that M.A.s, or more particularly Sanskrit M.A.s, are worth only so much? What is the kind of house in which this member of the "learned profession" is expected to live? What is likely to be its rent? It cannot be that the Devasthanam authorities expect that all Asst. Professors of Comparative Philology should remain celibates? What would it cost for a "normal" family (of parents and two children) to live reasonably well in Tirupati?

These questions have only to be broached to make it obvious that

there is not the slightest shred of justification for maintaining such poor standards of remuneration.

I saw in Bombay the triumph of organisation among the municipal sweepers and primary school teachers. Their lot had been unenviable. They struck work and secured practically all that they demanded.

But should popular Ministries wait for strikes? A levelling-down is as urgently necessary as a levelling-up. There cannot be any peace in the country as long as the yawning gaps that separate, say, the salaries of the postman and the Post-Master-General, the policeman and the Inspector-General, the primary school teacher and the Vice-Chancellor, continue to disgrace the economy of the country.

We are all Socialists now, said a great publicist. That Socialism is as sure to succeed capitalism as feudalism replaced capitalism is a perfect certainty. The only question is, "By what means and to what form of Socialism?"

In its last legs, capitalism has begun to show its ugliest features in the newspaper industry. That the noble art of publishing a newspaper is fast degenerating into a profit-seeking and profit-making industry (and trade) is increasingly becoming clear. He who produces a newspaper or a journal should not be rated by himself and others as being on a par with he who produces cement or aluminium.

Unfortunately, however, the undiluted (and shall we say 'unrelied') capitalist is fast becoming the controller of the press in the country. It is becoming quite common for a man, with no more qualification than that he has plenty of money, to buy up newspapers all over the country. His aim is to make a success of it by getting the best staff (by "best," of course, is meant those who can satisfy a large crowd) on the lowest terms.

That this tendency is not peculiar to India but is common to all countries which are still only on the transitional road to Socialism is proved by the motion tabled in the House of Commons with the support of over 200 Labour M.P.s. The motion reads thus: "Steps may be taken to investigate ownership and control of the press, the extent of monopolistic tendencies in the ownership of chains or groups of newspapers, and the influence of financial or advertising interests in

the presentation and suppression of news."

Such an enquiry is over-due in India too, and will, one is sure, yield results of far-reaching significance and great interest. How many cement and cotton magnates, how many adventurers in business, how many whose knowledge of public affairs is negligible, have come to acquire dominant positions in this profession that moulds and reflects public opinion—these will then come to light.

RETURN OF EX-SERVICEMEN TO CIVIL LIFE

India's peace army was roughly 200,000 strong. India's war army swelled to 2,500,000. Roughly 2,300,000 men joined the army as volunteers. Taking it for granted that the post-war army will be double the pre-war army, 2,100,000 men will have to be provided with jobs. Most of these men were tempted with the promise of a better life in the post-war world, and this promise was one of the main incentives for their joining up.

Up-to-date it has been claimed, nay it is being shouted from the house-tops, that 21,000 men have registered their names for jobs in the various employment exchanges and that 4,000 have already got jobs. Ten thousand are being trained for gun-making and soap-making.

Servicemen are thankful that at least this much has been done, but they cannot be oblivious of the fact that unless new industries are started, the employment exchanges would be of no use except to provide employment for a few men. England has nationalised the iron industry; her soldiers will be provided well. America is always well ahead in settling her ex-servicemen.

It has been repeated by the lethargic men that had the luck to hold the reins of government that nothing could be done more than what had already been done, this being predominantly an agricultural country. But the question is whether the tremen-

dous amount of idle wealth lying deep in the country could not be mined to make this miserable place happier. Capital equipment cannot be lacking if the 'Big Four' decide that the small fifth which was responsible for their victory in the war, should not be allowed to perish in poverty, while they have the resources to bring her plenty. They can, if they choose, find the capital equipment and shipping space. Foreign goods are gradually being dumped in the Indian market, and shipping space could be utilised to supply capital equipment instead of cosmetics and biscuits to offset Indian's credit. The Government of India should insist upon such a course.

There is a widespread belief that the ex-serviceman is good for nothing; that as he had only to carry out orders, he would not have the initiative and drive essential in competitive civil life. This erroneous notion should first be dispelled. The ex-serviceman is one that was an ex-civilian when he joined and has become a civilian once again. He has definitely acquired a disciplined life. He has a better standard of social judgment and an acute presence of mind. The Government should make a drive to bring this home to the minds of the civilians sufficiently early. Let him compete by all means, with the civilians, but discarded he should not be, because once he had worn khaki.

"BEFRANKE"

THE LAST PRAYER

By Miss Pushpa Mahadevan, B.A.

A little tin lamp burned feebly. The woman moved her hands restlessly, little drops of perspiration like pearls covered her forehead. Pain incomparable was splitting her into two. The woman who had come to assist, massaged her back and her eyes spoke silent sympathy. On and on the pain came in waves, ever increasing. Suddenly she yelled and deliverance came. He was born. Simultaneously in a moment's time she was a mother. The little dark thing squealed. The mother smiled. Probably it was like music to her ears. Weak and exhausted she fell asleep.

The first three months of his life passed in the darkness of the hut. Then as time went by he saw more and more of the light of the world. He crawled and reached the front door of the hut and a little later, on his fours he peeped into the road from the door and at last, he learnt to walk. Erect he stood with the curve of his stomach showing, his bright eyes observing everything and his little feet took him all over the street to the neighbouring huts and everywhere.

The dust of the road was on him. As part of his dress he had a strip of cloth between his legs, brown in colour and a small string of black beads round his neck to guard him from small-pox and cholera. By now he talked well. He could also walk. What more equipment did he need to face life's battle? His friends were of his sort. To play with marbles, to pick up stray papers from the roadside and make boats and flags were their chief games.

So the little toddler grew to manhood through a stream of vicissitudes and tribulations. He too became a father, the one thing that is not denied to most in this world. Along with poverty, his birth-friend, a hundred family worries closed on him. Happiness, that great boon all mortals long for, did he have it? Disappointment, frustration were the landmarks of his life.

Semi-starved and stricken by poverty, he led a life worse than a street dog's.

The flower's first fragrance, the cool dreamy light of the moon, the tenderness of the green blades of grass, beauty of form and colour, did he ever see these? Hunger that grew with years blinded his eyes and deafened his ears.

It seemed an age since he was born but he had no time to recount the years gone by. Work to keep himself half alive consumed all his mornings and evenings, and at night sleep came as "Life's only sweetness." Holiday and rest he never knew.

Inexorably the months and years went by unconcerned. And he could not escape age. Senility worked its slow and steady destruction of mind and body and made him useless to everybody. His children grew up and married in their turn. His wife, who once used to wait impatiently for his return in the evenings, did not care for him now. Even to his employer he was useless. Youth had replaced aging men and employer cared for work and not for men. It mattered not whether he lived or died.

By slow and imperceptible degrees, loneliness came to vex him, to distress and to frighten him. His body, it had had its days of youth and health but now only the alimentary canal functioned rather feebly. Supreme indifference reigned in his mind. He had no desire to live.

The old man lay on a dirty torn mat and uncomfortably turned from side to side and groaned. His legs kicked and became restless. His knotted fingers, bent with age, twitched. Circle after circle of darkness was enveloping him. He felt he was floating on airy nothing. A loud din arose. He saw someone beckoned to him. No, he would not go. Now and again he pulled through the drowsy stupor and murmured his last prayer. After death one may not get a

chance for such things. "Lord, You made me to be born in a poor family and during the best years of my life poverty followed like a shadow and in the same grinding poverty I am dying. I desired a little money which you never gave me. Just three years—yes—I became a member of the animal kingdom, even as the horse and the donkey. I became a rickshaw-puller. Lovely women and rich men climbed into my rick and virtually sat on my neck. People were attracted by the beautiful dress of my passengers. But did anyone take notice of the sweat that broke out all over my body? My heart weakened. And in the evenings when I relaxed after the day's hard toil, I used to feel very near death's door. At least then did you have pity on me? No. I started drinking and delighted in the pleasure it gave me. Do you consider it a sin?"

"At least in my private life were my wishes and longings fulfilled? Kanchanai, do you remember her? She died of cholera. Ever since that day, my heart is vacant."

"After that my mother arranged for my marriage. My wife, Kamala, neither loved me nor liked me. Like a thorn she came into my life and paraded her beauty before other men and nagged me in the house."

"I had three children. The eldest daughter one day just left the house with Muthiah, the cart-driver, and ever since has forgotten us. That is just like a girl, isn't it?"

"My second son, Rangan, left his wife and children behind and died in the war. You alone must know for what he died. My third son, Kannan, was a worker in the mills. One day in a great riot that took place in his mill he died by one of

the bullets the police fired. He is also gone. Only remember they are not your children, they are mine."

Again the old man's legs kicked and his fingers twitched and the trend of his thought was cut through vast spaces of darkness. Through vast spaces of darkness he seemed to glide and at last a streak of consciousness returned. His eyes opened and the greying eye-lashes flickered.

"Lord, why are you called the Lord of the Universe? This world of high brown mountains, of green forests, of blue rivers, of fragrant flowers, beautiful birds and seductive animals, do you rule over it?"

"You have been confined in buildings of brick and mortar. Without reserve you have been given a thousand names, and what more, You have been worshipped and your stone feet are covered with fresh flowers. Powerful men whose hearts are full of greed and hatred preside over this world. On injustice and differentiation their rule rests, and yet they dub you, the Lord of the Universe!"

"At the dead end of my life, there is nothing you can give me. To-day love and affection, joy and laughter, money and comfort, near and dear, these I do not need. I am detached."

"A small request. I am poverty. Perish it. Can You hear me? Call Your elements to your aid. Let the wind blow, blow in mad fury and drive it out of the world. Let the rain pour down in torrents and sink it into unfathomable depths. Let the sun shine in all its mighty intensity and the heat scorch it and reduce it to nothing."

His head dropped, his eye-lids closed. Quietly death stole into the heart. Even the little dim lamp that burned during his birth did not keep vigil during his last hours.

Since my last visit to India, a film industry has sprung up. I believe it is the second largest in the world. Its headquarters are in Bombay. Its results are evident, and in the cities advertisements brighten the walls or hang from the lamp-posts. The advertisements often take the form of a youth and a maiden; the maiden gazes before her at the traffic and the youth gazes down the nape of the maiden's neck; and thousands of passers-by see them.

—E. M. Forster, in a recent B.B.C. broadcast.

LIFE IN GERMANY TO-DAY

From A Correspondent In Germany

(Here is an English translation of a letter in German from a German lady to a friend in India. It tells a tale of terrible poverty; of the gallant efforts of brave hearts to build a new Germany through children's schools and a humanised system of education; and in particular of Minna Specht, the moving spirit of the new movement.)

This is a heavenly Easter Sunday afternoon—with nature as beautiful as one could ever wish or imagine here—the landscape is a medley of joy, colour and sunshine. It makes one forget that one is living in a Germany crippled and devastated. On such days during the years gone by, one could search one's heart and regain one's belief in the Beautiful and the Eternal.

Years ago when I was at the OSO (Odenwald School Organisation) people used to call me "un-social" and I suppose I have remained so. I knew the word 'help'—rather I knew how it was spelt—and nothing more. Some years after I left OSO I found myself in the awkward position of having to rescue a girl from drowning. Before I realised what I was doing, I found myself in the water—with all my clothes on, and so I could save the girl. During the past twelve years, there had been several occasions when I could render spontaneous help to people in trouble and with the continuance of the regime, the opportunities increased in number and I never put myself the question whether the risk was worth it. It was no longer a question of spoiled clothes, but it was a question of putting one's neck into the noose, more often for the sake of persons utterly at one with oneself. That was one kind of help—where one felt one was serving an "ideal". The other kind of help—to help even those who were serving the cruel cause—even to assuage the suffering of those that were wearing the Brown Shirt—that was so very much more difficult. But should we allow ourselves to be cruel, less human—just because the others are cruel? "For they know not what they do".

I was once in East Prussia where an incident happened which I can

vouch for. It was a Sunday, and a fisherman, Jappin, had come in his best clothes to the beach to have a look at his boat. Suddenly he heard a cry for help coming from someone out on the sea. As he looked on to the grey surface he saw a small boat that had turned turtle. In a trice he pushed his boat into the water and rowed to the spot where the capsized boat was being lashed by the angry waters. It was his ill luck that he could save the drowning man and bring him safely to the shore. For the man saved was Selig the Jew. Fisherman Jappin lost a good job as mason which he had always been having during the winter months, just because he rescued a Jew from death. I was so revolted at this, that never again thereafter did I go to East Prussia.

And to-day we are asked whether we are "de-Nazified"! Are we on good terms with all the Allies? I believe the Allies are on much better terms with us than the German emigres. Do you know that I begged for darning wool for mending socks? For mopping cloth and boot-laces? Is not Minna Specht's idealism enough to convince you that the boot-laces would be given only to the KZ children? What a bitter irony that we should be asked all these questions! Minna Specht did the most wonderful thing. She came to us and shared our plain bread and she is sharing with us all the worst troubles and privations that surround us. We expected you would do something to lighten our burden and so make our work among the children easier. You cannot realise even a fraction of all the difficulties under which we suffer, and it is well nigh impossible for us, try as we might, to explain them to you. I do not think any one of us can give you any well-worked out programme of

what has to be done. There is so much to be done—often little things—myriads of trivialities which to us grown ups appear meaningless—but which count for a great deal in the hard realities of children's lives. If only we feel sure that our friends outside are as ready to work with us, that would of itself be such a great help indeed. A "sample post" of only a single ball of darning yarn just as a token of goodwill would make us so happy. I can assert that we here are all persons of goodwill. Just now our goodwill is the only guarantee we can offer that we can make decent men and women out of the children entrusted to us. People have promised to help Minna Specht in her work. Fifty boxes of books are to be sent to us from Switzerland. Every school gave us their little contribution.

We are really in need of everything—from beds and mattresses to brooms and bootlaces. There is terrible poverty and our work is being constantly handicapped for want of these elementary necessities. I do know that it is just now hardly possible for you to render us real help and also we have scarcely anything

to offer in return—except to say 'God bless you'. But one thing I can assure you—every one of us here is a fanatic with the idea once again to bring into being a humanised system of education in this Germany of ours.

But how very difficult it is to accomplish this—seeing that our co-workers have to sit through the nights to pick out threads from rags so that the children's stockings can be mended with these, as no mending thread can be got here for love or money. What use to give work to girls, when there is no cloth with which to mop the floors? What tragedy that the children cannot play games for want of shoe laces to tie even the most primitive of plimsolls on to their feet? A great number of the children are unable to take part in games, as they have nothing but wooden shoes in which even walking is most difficult. The carpenter is unable to do his work properly, for he has nothing but old nails to work with, which he has to pick out and straighten before he can use them. I can write to you pages on pages in this strain—it is the same everywhere and with everything.

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LALA AMARNATH

By Dr. P. Subbaroyan

Lala Amarnath came as a meteoric star into Indian cricket by a century he made in his first Test match against Jardine's M. C. C. Team at Bombay. He was very young then; in his teens' and the amazing innings he played against Nichols Clark and Verity stamped class on him. Since then he has been one of the first choices for India and has been reckoned only next to Merchant as a batsman though his repertoire of strokes has been more than that of any batsman playing in Indian cricket to-day. He can also defend his wicket when the occasion arises. For a long time he held the record score in the Pentangular, having made 242 for the Hindus which was subsequently beaten by Merchant and in the same match by Hazare whose 309 stands as the record to-day. Amarnath had been a consistent scorer in Indian cricket. But for the unfortunate incident in the 1936 Tour which resulted in Amarnath being sent home he might have done almost as well as Merchant, though the latter's form was very difficult to live up to. He had made 613 runs in first class cricket with 3 centuries, 2 of them in the same match against Essex and had taken 32 wickets. So he had proved himself as the best all-rounder on the side. It was said that his success had made him rather haughty but I think Amarnath has lived all this down. He went into the Lancashire League for sometime and did very well for his League Club.

Against the Australian Services Side Amarnath made one of the best 100s I have seen on the M.C.C. ground at Madras. From the first ball he received he was master of all bowling and till he got out in trying to force the pace it looked as if there was only one player

who attracted the attention of the crowd on the ground. I saw him also make two fifties against Australian Services at Brabourne Stadium. Here again he proved what a master he was. He is a powerful driver in front of the wicket and seems to pierce the field with apparently no effort. He made a 100 before lunch against Madras for the Indian XI which toured Ceylon and really saved India when Ghulam Ahmed of Hyderabad looked as if he would run through the All-India side. The way in which he mastered Ghulam Ahmed and eventually hit him to all parts of the field showed Amarnath at his best and that innings was certainly worth going miles to see.

Amarnath's batting has not asserted itself in the present tour though he has made a century against Glamorgan and 80 odd against Derbyshire besides the 50 in trying conditions in the Test match. But it is as a bowler Amarnath has proved his worth on the present tour. In the Test match at Lords he got rid of the first 4 batsmen on the first day after a small score. To have got rid of Hutton, Washbrook, Compton and Hammond was itself bowling of the highest class and he might have even done better if the catches had been held. He has had a lot of bowling to do on this tour which might have affected his batting. I hope that before the end of this tour his batting will assert itself and Amarnath may get the coveted double of 1000 runs and 100 wickets in first class cricket. He has proved himself to be a class batsman and has done enough to be reckoned as one of the Australian Service's Side and as one of the best batsman playing in cricket to-day.

Not least of the effects of industrialism is that we become mechanised in mind and consequently attempt to provide solutions in terms of engineering, for problems which are essentially problems of life.

—T. S. Elliot.

C. P. JOHNSTONE

By "N. S. R."

It is always comforting to have the weight of the approval of the *Times* behind one in all matters. Therefore, one felt enormously uplifted when one's instinctive high opinion of the pride of Chepauk was confirmed by an entry in the centenary book of the M.C.C., which informed the world in small letters that among the great players who had taken part more than once in the match, the Lord's School *versus* the Rest, was C. P. Johnstone from Rugby in 1913. When one looked at the glittering galaxy of great names that followed this note, including as it did those of Bartlett, Enthoven, Jardine, Maxwell, and later, Yardley, one was more than ever certain that Madras is thrice blessed in harbouring this great player.

For as long as I have become conscious of the existence of the lovely ground at Chepauk, Johnstone has been its ornament in the manner that in a larger sphere used to be asserted of Woolley himself in relation to the fields of Kent. For more than twelve years, no match transacted on that ground could be anything but a mutilation and a glaring irrelevancy if the graceful player did not emerge from the red pavilion to defy all bowlers or to crouch cunningly at first slip. He has become an institution of this City, and it will be a grievous day, which alas cannot be very far off, when the ground shall know him no more.

It is a consolation that he has braved the ravages of time more competently than any other member of the M.C.C. I have not had the fortune of witnessing Penfold; and of Stephenson, now risen to unexpected glories for Essex, I have but vague memories. But no one who has witnessed the austere batting of P. N. Miller, the audacious, even highwayman-like methods of H. P. Ward either at the crease or behind the wicket, the kindly archaism of Sir Robert Denniston, or the careless brilliance of C. N. Reed, and realises that he can no

more look upon them, can but feel glad that the mastery and elegance of Johnstone at least is not irrevocably beyond recall. As was said on a vastly different occasion, Time he taketh them all away, but these he cannot take.

It is still one of the amenities of Chepauk to witness Johnstone emerging down the steps of the pavilion, violently exercising his arms. Not long ago, his form used to follow that of Ward, that truly born captain. But the high glories of the latter have now stultified themselves. Now in his own right, Johnstone leads the team into the field with a regal demeanour. There are not wanting some Zoiluses who assert that this poise abandons him when the opposition looks like creating trouble. When, however, it is considered that this frailty is to be found in a greater measure in the present Vice-Captain of the Indian team, the fault may be found to be venial.

Perhaps his greatest claim to remembrance is his astonishing capacity in the slips. The endeavour with which he got rid of Miller last year will remain in the memory of every habitue as a pride of possession. The stories one has read of the exploits of Hammond, S. E. Gregory, Chipperfield, or earlier, Tunnicliffe himself, came to life in that glorious moment. Equally marmoreal was the catch which he effected to dismiss Barnett, when that gay chevalier had blindly edged a swinger from Gopalan. Perhaps because one was younger, this event remains in one's memory with astonishing intensity. One still recalls, after the long lapse of years, the sound as of a smacking when the ball lodged in the ubiquitous hands low, very low, at first slip, the amazed silence which for a brief second gripped the crowd, and the great shout which went forth when the Gloucestershire batsman slowly made his way back, perhaps not a little astonished at the Hammondesque performance. The savour of it was exceed-

ingly pleasant in the mouth; the next wicket did not fall until after 150 runs had been compiled.

The faithful habitues have always refused, whatever the player himself might say, to take his bowling seriously. They have always permitted themselves sundry hilarious shouts when, as a premonition of his intention, he swings his arms violently. I have, however, always suspected that there was more in his bowling than appeared at first sight. He has been credited, I do not know how far correctly, with the tactic of bowling the first five balls outside the off-stump, while the last one would be straight on the wicket. Certainly, his is a Fabian method of attack, but not a whit the less efficient for that.

It is a sad sight now to witness him groping after a ball which in his earlier days he would have despatched to the boundary. He, however, continues to defy Time with the most pertinacious optimism. The remembrance of earlier glories sustains the spectator as he contemplates the magnificent wreck. In one sense at least, his zenith of grandeur was reached when he played two innings of about 50 each against Jardine's M.C.C. team. Clark, bowling from the Wallajah Road end, appeared to be combining in himself the intimidation of Gregory with the ruthlessness of Macdonald. If rumours then current be true, the Northamptonshire bowler was personally envenomed against the batsman because the latter had drawn away from the wicket when he found the bowler prepared to deliver a ball before he was ready. At the other end, Marriott was insinuating his academic wiles. Neither was a match for the sturdy elegance of the batsman, who surely then played the innings of his life. Chepauk has witnessed the poem of a century by Walters in the only official Test played here so far, the *sauve* 213 by Hardstaff, and the lyrical 73 by Compton. But not even any of these was, to speak without false emphasis, the equal of the unafraid and polished challenge to

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the all-conquering Clark and Marriott.

The batsman who, as every Mad-rassi still recollects with pride, scored centuries for the South of England and for Kent during a brief period of leave in England, has failed to score one such big score in the Ranji Trophy Tournament. It only proves that the modern fetish

of tall totals is almost always the ruin of a graceful style.

In every sense of the term, he has been a benefactor of Madras. It will be the hope of every discriminating man that in an epoch when old landmarks are being bewilderingly torn up, the old familiar figure shall continue for a little longer to flit to and fro across the greensward of Chepauk.

DEATH TO THE INTOLERANT

By Binod

There is one thing in the world that I cannot tolerate—and that is intolerance.

I should like to see, and this will be the last and the most ardent of my desires, I should like to see the last intolerant person in the world strangled with the guts of the last but one.

Intolerance has done more to mark the world with ruin than any other form of wickedness. For the dragon of intolerance harbours in his breath the twin devils of egoism and arrogance, and, together, they turn the world into a bleeding piece of earth.

That's because we let them. It is in our power to slay this dragon. Even in this age of the atom bomb there is room for the knight in shining armour to go forth and do good deeds. You may not see his cuirass or his helm. His shield is his character. His lance is the purpose in his soul. With these he should go out to kill the dragons of selfishness, arrogance and intolerance.

Character is not something you have, like blue eyes or curly hair. It

is something you create for yourself—or let others create for you—by the habits you adopt and the ideas you absorb. That is why I believe that intolerance and selfishness are a malady that can be treated and cured.

Life is short. The sooner we get to know one another the better. It is the not knowing—the not understanding one another—that makes all the trouble in the world. The arrogant man thinks there is no one in the world like him. The selfish man thinks there is no one except him. So they get into your way and mine—in the way of the common man, the humble man, the honest man who looks upon good nature not merely as the best policy but as the only way of life.

Never was tolerance needed more than to-day. Mankind has wrought near destruction on itself; it is now rationed to the last hole in its belt and is still groping in the dark in search of peace. Yet the tolerant man finds himself as lonesome as a daylight moon.

The atom bomb is here to stay. But are we?

The reason for the remarkable growth of opinion in recent months in favour of world government is not that anyone likes government—world, national or local—for its own sake. It is that many people have become convinced that unless we set up promptly an enforceable world law to control the new weapons of mass production, we shall find ourselves in an atomic armaments race which will eventuate in world war.

—Thomas K. Finletter.



Food Control and Nutrition Surveys : Malabar and South Canara. By K. G. Sivaswami, the late V. R. Nayanar, Dr. R. G. Kakade and L. N. Rao. (Published by the Servindia Kerala Relief Centre, Royapettah, Madras. Price Rs. 4.)

This book is a detailed account of the Madras Adviser regime's "two and a half years' experiment with the life and food of the people" of Malabar and South Canara. Four impartial observers of the Servants of India Society have contributed articles dealing with various aspects of food and price control in these two districts. Their accounts are reinforced by an illustrative chronicle of food events from "The Hindu", "The Indian Express" and the "Matrubhoomi." The book contains, in addition, diet and disease surveys undertaken by eleven doctors. The publication of this book is very timely in view of the critical food situation; it points out the weak spots in our food administration and suggests many practicable measures of reform.

Malabar is a deficit district and when the supply of rice from Burma was cut off in 1942, Malabar passed through a chaotic period of "partial, panicky and haphazard" requisitioning and price control. The disastrous effects of this half-hearted policy are discussed by Mr. Nayanar in two articles. The famished and under-nourished people of Malabar offered a favourable ground for the spread of epidemics. A virulent type of cholera broke out in June 1943 and the loss of life (30,000) was unprecedented in the history of Kerala. Mr. Nayanar describes the relief measures organised by the Servants of India Society which included medical relief, opening of orphanages, aid to destitutes and the feeding of school children. One is tempted to ask what the Government was doing all the time. Mr. Nayanar tells us that a special health officer was appointed and plentiful supplies of medicines were made available after the epidemic had completely run its course.

Mr. L. N. Rao contributes a brief but interesting article on the food of the Malabar aborigines. Theirs is a

sorry lot and they have been reduced to living solely on roots and seasonal fruits.

Mr. K. G. Sivaswami gives a detailed account of the working of food and price controls in the Malabar and South Kanara districts. He points out the various defects in the procurement and distribution of foodgrains. Producers, wholesalers and retailers are indulging in all sorts of anti-social practices with the "connivance of officials". Mr. Sivaswami pleads for the immediate overhauling of the entire system of procurement and rationing and suggests several measures for coping with the immediate problem of shortage of food supply. He feels that all important food commodities in short supply should be controlled. He suggests the allotment of a quota of pulses to Malabar; fixing a fair price for copra and coconut oil which are an essential part of the Malabar dietary; encouragement of goat-rearing; increased cultivation of tubers, roots and bananas and the development of fisheries. For a permanent solution of the food problem in Malabar and South Canara, Mr. Sivaswami advocates the construction of irrigation works to utilise the heavy rainfall which now runs to waste.

This book is a challenge to the popular Ministry. It is easy and it has become habitual to blame the Adviser regime for all our difficulties. What has the popular Ministry done since its assumption of office except issuing innumerable statements and setting up village committees? Immediate and energetic action is needed on some such lines as those suggested by Mr. Sivaswami if the sad tragedy of Malabar and South Canara is not to be re-enacted on a province-wide scale.

My Life's Partner. By Motilal Roy. Translated from Bengali by D. S. Mahalanobis. (Prabartak Publishers, Calcutta. Price Rs. 5.)

This is a painful book in that it is the outpouring of a tormented man suffering from remorse at the thought that he had ill-treated his wife. When she came into his house at the age of nine, the household was disintegrating.

There was dire poverty. The surroundings were very clearly erotic and injurious to pure minds.

But her cup of woe overflowed when her husband displayed a reckless passion for spiritual and mystical experiences. No wonder, she had reason to curse the day she was born. However, his friendship with the magical personality of Sri Aurobindo enabled him to recover. He had hopes of a happier existence when she became a martyr.

The value of the book lies less in its domestic revelations than in the accounts it gives of uncommon religious ceremonies and rites and of Sri Aurobindo's remarkable career. It was the high noon of the "Swadeshi" movement, when all Bengal was aflame. When, in mysterious circumstances, the erstwhile terrorist became a mystic, he carried with him the author, and was able to effect a reformation in his character.

Students of psychology and of Sri Aurobindo's philosophy cannot fail to receive instructive knowledge from this book.

The Single Transferable Vote. By K. V. Krishnaswamy Aiyer. (Published by Messrs. Higginbothams, Trivandrum. Price: Re. 1-8).

Democracy—rule of the people—is of recent origin in the history of the world. But within the short period of its existence several experiments have been made in the various States where Democracy prevails to secure the best possible representation of all the various sections of people having differing ideologies and interests. Competition between candidates seeking election, particularly when they are actuated by selfish motives, results

in greedy piling of votes by the use of all sorts of unscrupulous methods, completely eliminating free choice by the voters.

To avoid this, various systems have been tried such as the block vote system, the limited vote system, the lists system, etc. The application of mathematical research to politics resulted in the experiment of election by the single transferable vote. The ideal of every voter being allowed to exercise only one vote and every group or party having a fair chance of being represented without being elbowed out by the majority is well served in this system of voting. Though the best form of voting for a country like India is a joint electorate with proportional representation, still this system of single transferable vote secures for the people the much-needed proportional representation to a fair extent.

Politically-minded people are naturally eager to understand the intricacies of this system which, on the face of it, looks complicated involving a lot of arithmetical calculations. Mr. K. V. Krishnaswamy Aiyer who has made a special study of the election mechanism, particularly of this system, has satisfied a great want in producing this booklet. Within a brief space of about 100 pages he has explained this system of election in an easily understandable manner, clearing many prevalent wrong notions and misconceptions about it. He has illustrated his exposition with relevant examples to help the understanding of the reader.

Coming in the wake of the elections to the Constituent Assembly this brochure is bound to interest the public and everyone interested in public affairs will do well to read it.

The average Englishman drinks 235 pints of beer a year, thereby establishing himself as the world's greatest beer drinker. His nearest competitor is the American, who drinks 163 pints a year—but who makes up for the deficiency by consuming nearly six times as much as an Englishman in the way of spirits. Beer has been the Englishman's drink for centuries. But the drink is actually thousands of years old. It quenched many a thirst among the slaves who laboured to construct the Great Pyramid, while the ancient Chinese found inspiration as they quaffed their flagons of ale.



This section is offered to readers for free discussion on subjects of interest to them. Letters should be brief and typewritten.

Security For Journalists

I urge Premier Prakasam to order a thorough and confidential investigation into the following incident and deal with the culprits suitably to infuse confidence in the mofussil correspondents of provincial newspapers and to enable them to move about in security to discharge their duties and to prevent recurrence of similar incidents.

Two journalists representing prominent Madras English dailies at the Kurnool District Headquarters were waylaid and assaulted by two unknown assailants on a highway near the District Court on the evening of November 15, 1945. A complaint was immediately filed with the Sub-Inspector of Police, Kurnool Town. After getting the injuries dressed in the Headquarters Hospital, the journalists also saw the District Magistrate. Coming to know that the police were lukewarm in the matter and were contemplating to scrap the complaint, taking advantage of the technical defect that the offence complained of was a 'non-cognizable' one, the journalists also filed a private complaint on a rupee stamp paper before the Sub-Divisional Magistrate, Kurnool, who forwarded it to the police for investigation and necessary action. But nothing could avail with the police, who apparently had decided upon their own course of action. With an intimation dated 12th December, 1945, to the journalists that their complaint had been referred as "undetectable", the police got rid of the matter.

Comment is needless on the strange attitude of the police in this case. It is an open secret that a Government official holding no unimportant post, enraged over the publication in the two papers of a judgment of a local criminal court containing severe strictures against him, employed two of the local bad characters for assaulting the journalists concerned. It is amazing, indeed, that the official

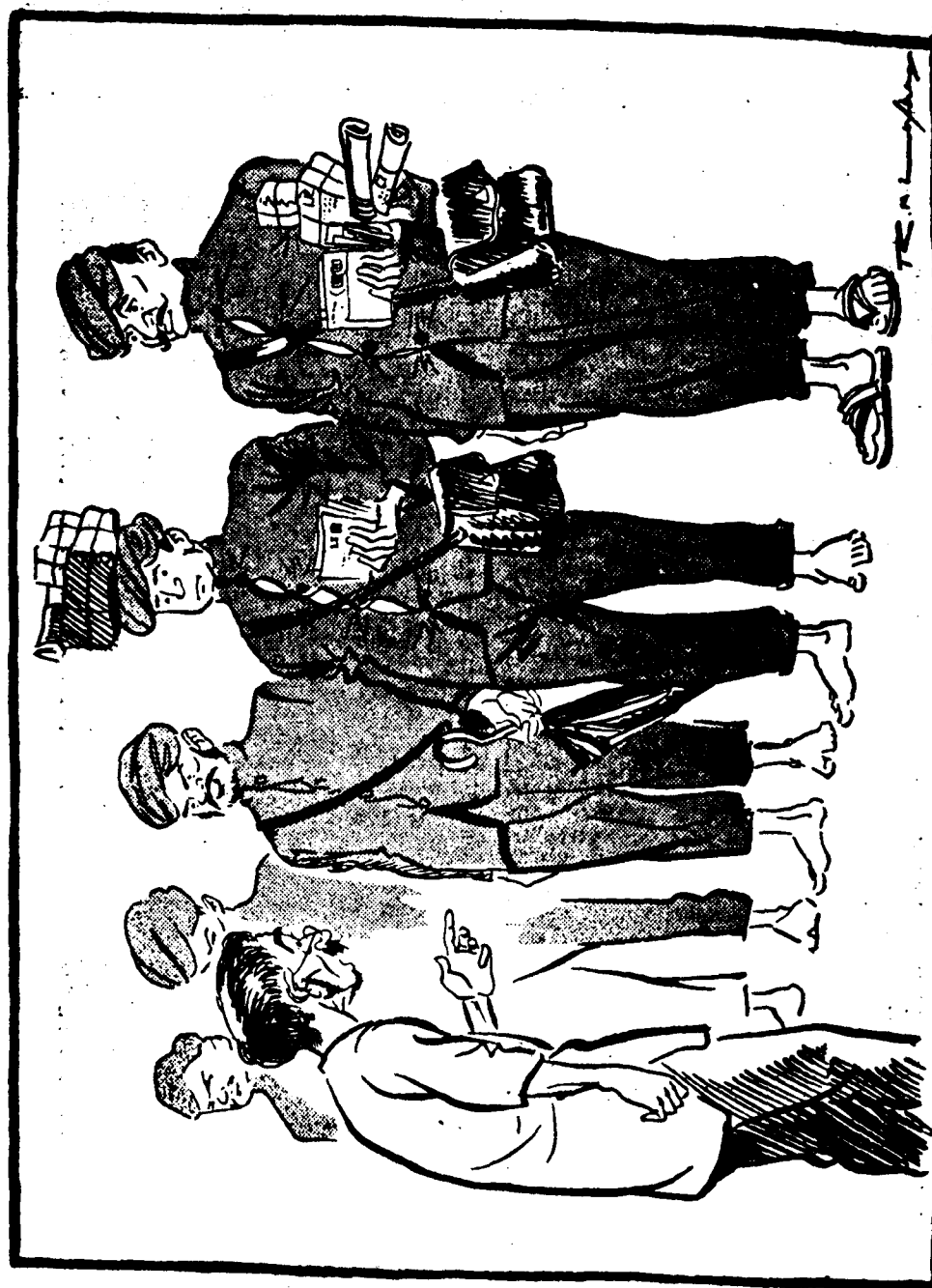
should openly gloat over his achievement. This is a scandal of the first magnitude. The so-called guardians of 'Law and Order' have deliberately shirked affording protection to the helpless journalists. The Andhra Provincial Journalists' Conference at its Madras session (in December last) "strongly condemned" the assault on the journalists and observed that "the action of the local police in referring the complaints of the journalists as 'undetectable' would not help to infuse confidence in the Pressmen to move about in security to discharge their duties, nor would it prevent recurrence of such assaults on them." They urged the Government "to view the matter seriously." But then it was the Advisers' regime which cared a hoot for the interests of the journalists. Now that a popular Ministry has come into office, it is to be hoped that the appeal of the journalists would not go in vain.

H. VENKANNA,
Joint Secretary,
Andhra Provincial Journalists'
Association.

Harijan Nominees To Constituent Assembly

Of the seven members chosen by the Congress Legislature Party to represent the Scheduled Castes of Madras Province in the Constituent Assembly there is hardly one who can make a real contribution to the deliberations of the Assembly, not to speak of advancing the legitimate interests of the Scheduled Castes. There are several Harijans who are far better than any of these seven, but they were ignored for no valid reason whatsoever. When the Scheduled Castes are seething with discontent over their betrayal by the Cabinet Mission, the prospect of their being represented even under the present discredited political set-up, by a set of persons who can only serve as camp followers to their Congress

THE MILITARY IN NEW UNIFORM



Pastor: Have a stoop in the back, a chicken-breezy and an empty stomach; then you will fit well into my uniform.

bosses, comes as an insult added to injury. The Harijans would prefer no representation at all in the Constituent Assembly to this purely nominal representation. Every thinking member of the Harijan community, especially in Andhra, is greatly agitated over this state of affairs which, he apprehends, may be the forerunner for many more similar shocks in future. It is reliably understood that Mr. Kurmayya was wholly responsible for the selection of all the three representatives from Andhra. It passes one's comprehension how Mr. Prakasam, who is said to be a friend of the poor, could have shut his eyes to the glaring injury perpetrated on the Scheduled Castes. It is also surprising that a shrewd politician like Mr. Rajagopalachari who was presumably consulted by the Premier in the matter, should have lent his support to the list of names. In these circumstances, the Scheduled Castes cannot but feel fully justified in demanding separate electorates and other safeguards as the only guarantee for their very existence. If for achieving that objective, they have to resort to direct action as the one now afoot in Bombay province, it will be soon launched elsewhere in the country.

M. DHARMIAN.

City Fathers Behind Purdah

When the Madras Corporation Council met on 15th July, the first two subjects on the agenda were discussed as usual in the presence of the public and the Press. When the third subject, namely, grievances and demands of Corporation workers, was reached, the Councillors by a show of hands decided to discuss it *in camera* behind closed doors. Thus the public and the Press were sent out of the Council hall.

Under the City Municipal Act, in *camera* meetings as such are invalid. Where was the need for the Councillors to go behind the purdah? One of the demands discussed was increase of wages for workers, raising the where-withal by taxing the 100 or 150 rich men in the city heavily and removing the cycle tax, rickshaw tax, handcart tax, profession tax, and house tax, on middle class owners of residential houses, under which the 12 lakhs of citizens composed of clerks, teachers, small traders, etc. are groaning. Why are the Councillors anxious that their views on these demands should not be known to the citizens, voters and workers? Parliaments discuss war strategy in secret sessions only under ex-

ceptional circumstances. Does this *in camera* meeting mean that the Councillors discussed war strategy against the middle classes and the workers?

Mystery surrounds the whole matter because the Press was excluded from the hall and the public has no means of verifying the correctness of reports as to what happened. It is significant that a copy of the proceedings has not been sent to us, who gave the strike notice.

We appeal to the public to protest against vital matters affecting the 12 lakhs of citizens of the city being discussed and decided upon by Councillors behind closed doors.

We are anxious that the workers should not be driven to strike work. We have urged during the past one year that subject to certain interim concessions the whole matter of municipal workers' wages should go to arbitration by a High Court Judge. Why are the Council and the Commissioner against this very reasonable proposals?

V. VENKATRAMAN.

President,

Madras Corporation Labour Union.

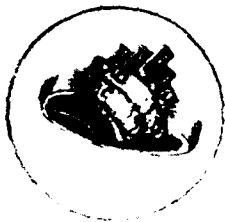
Why This Secrecy?

It was reported in the papers that the meeting of the Madras Corporation on Monday the 15th July, was held *in camera* at the stage when the question of the strike notice issued by the Corporation Labour Union was discussed. The report does not show that any of the members gave any reason for holding the meeting *in camera* and all that is reported is that on a vote taken, the Council decided to hold the meeting *in camera* when the question of the strike notice was discussed.

This procedure appears to me to be beyond all understanding. I should have thought that all the meetings held by the Corporation should be open to the public and even if it may be said that there is some inherent power to hold meetings *in camera*, the reasons should be given for doing so and it should not be an arbitrary decision. Is it that the members of the Council did not like the citizens in their constituencies to know their views and attitude on the Corporation Labour Union and the workers' grievances and demands? Surely a strike by about 11,000 workers is a matter of utmost public importance and the public have a right to know what the views of the Councillors are on such a vital matter.

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313, ESPLANADE, MADRAS.

This subject of the strike of the workers was discussed in public on 9th July and the Commissioner reported on the strike notice in public. It cannot be understood, therefore, why at this particular stage of the debate of this problem, there should be a reason for secrecy. Will the Councillors please explain to the public the reason for the secrecy and why discussions are going on on such a vital matter behind the screen.

V. G. ROW,
Barrister-at-Law.

The "Tiger"

"Tiger's" portrait on your cover page has brought a train of very pleasant recollections to my mind. Who affectionately nick-named this musical prodigy, there is no doubt that he was a highly intelligent wag with a very keen power of observation. For when Varadachariar sings and wrestles with his voice, he is indeed terrible to look at; and the guttural sounds he produces sometimes resemble the growl of the tiger, only in his case the growl is musical.

"Vigneswara" has mentioned in his pen-picture of the "Tiger" that his voice is no doubt a handicap to him. But I am especially attracted by the music of an artist who wrestles with his voice. The greater the wrestling, the greater the grandeur!

Having regard to the talents of "Tiger", the fact that no public performances by him are held, is a sad commentary on our capacity to appreciate good music. Sometime ago, "Tiger" threw out a challenge that he would give a public performance and that anybody was at perfect liberty to compete with him. The challenge, coming from such a modest man, sounded strange. But it transpired that it was his answer to a persistent propaganda carried on against him that he had become too old to give public performances. Nobody dared to accept his challenge.

He had absolutely no professional jealousy and the junior-most artist had nothing but encouragement from him. He would never let down a fellow-artist in a performance, but if anybody dared to score a victory over him, in a sneaky way, he would not allow it. He would neither pick up a professional quarrel nor give up a quarrel forced upon him.

In private life, you can't come across a more loveable person. His simplicity will disarm you and make you quite at home. You will be inclined to regard him as your near relative, so kind and benevolent is he.

Among the living musicians of Madras, he is the best exponent of pure Carnatic Music and it is a pity that even gramophone records of his music have not been taken. This is a distinct loss to the future generations.

May I appeal to some enterprising recording companies who have the interest of Carnatic music at heart to take a few records of his music?

M. S. V.

Corporation Workers' Wages

In view of the notice of strike served by the Corporation workers, the following extract copied from the judgment of Rao Bahadur M. Venkataramayya, retired District Judge, Arbitrator in the dispute between the management and the workers of the Madras Electric Tramway Company, is very illuminating and will help the public to understand the issues clearly:

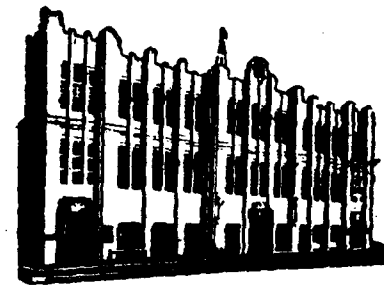
"One other point that is brought out is, comparison of wages paid by the Madras Electric Tramways with the wages paid in Madras City by the Corporation of Madras, by the Port Trust and P. W. D. to their employees. I do not give any consideration to such a comparison. Where it is distinctly proved that the wages are low, it is no use pointing out other persons who are paying less. One should try to raise the lower paid to a higher level. If the Corporation of Madras pays Rs. 16 for a man cooly, it does not mean that the Corporation's example should be followed by others. If what is mentioned is a fact I can only say that the workmen in the Corporation of Madras are in such a helpless position that they cannot help themselves to get better terms."

In fact the workers of Madras Corporation are paid salaries like this:
6,000 workers get from Rs. 6 to 16 only.

3,000 workers get from Rs. 16 to 21 only.

There was no increase in salaries during the last twenty years.

D. CHENNAI



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