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SWATANTRA

EDITOR: KHAGA SUBBA RAU

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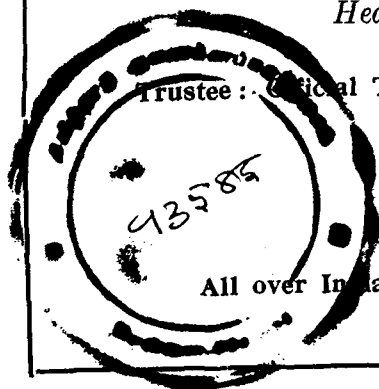
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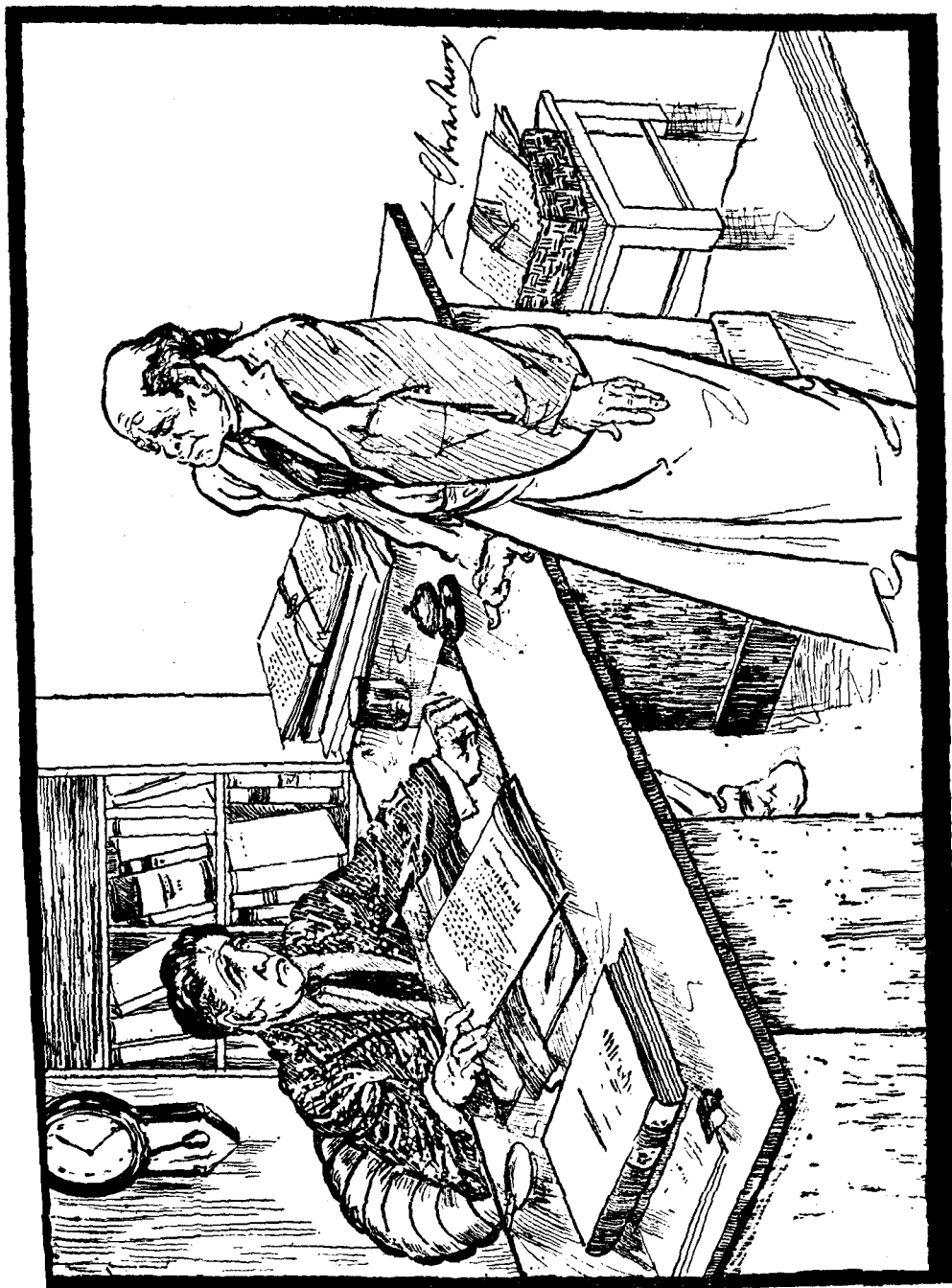
SWATANTRA

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—By Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury

THAT SUPERIORITY COMPLEX

HIGHLY-PLACED, INEXPERIENCED OFFICIAL (trying to be familiar with the files of his new office): I have discovered that you are rather inclined to be stupid in your ~~note~~ ^{point} than intelligent in understanding the points. **EXPERIENCED SUBORDINATE**: If I have understood you correctly, Sir, permit me to say that it is not a discovery but an intention.

SWATANTRA

VOL. I
No. 25

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ISSUED
WEEKLY

WINDOW-DRESSING

In the old days the Executive in India served as a vigilant and industrious agent of the British Government. The services in all departments, imperial and provincial, including the judges, looked upon the Executive at the corresponding level as their guide, philosopher and natural superior. There was no wall between the High Court and the Provincial Executive except occasionally when personalities clashed; even then, it was a limited and conditioned phenomenon. The autonomy of the provincial democratic executive authority installed in 1937 made a great difference. The Central Government, being still the agent of the British Government, the High Court does not feel any strong bond of attachment to the local Executive holding good any longer. The High Court considers itself a rival if not an adversary of the provincial executive authority. The situation will be altered only by the installation of a popular Government at the Centre even if only for interim purposes. When a popular Government at Delhi begins to exercise authority, the High Courts may once again feel that they are part of the local State machinery. Perfect judicial impartiality is not inconsistent with closest integration with the administrative authorities. Until that time, there will be a gap which did not exist before 1937 between the High Court and the Executive in the provinces. We should not ignore this fact in assessing the value of or the difficulties impeding the separation of judicial from executive functions.

Efficiency of judicial work consists in impartiality and fearlessness as well as ability to discover truth and give true and effective shape to justice. This should be secured not only for its own sake but even for the sake of the stability and prestige of the executive authority. Unless the executive authority guarantees the independence of the Judiciary the Executive will not be respected by the people. The executive authority should, therefore, of its own will gladly give up its influence over the judicial machinery and its personnel. True independence and fearlessness require the protection of the State as well as the withdrawal of the State's interference. Judges can be intimidated and made subservient to other elements and influences in democracy even if the Executive as such withdraws its own power over them. To avoid this greater evil, the Executive must protect the judges in an efficient manner and not let them be swayed or intimidated by partisan forces even though they may be on its own side. The ultimate authority in a free State cannot but rest in the Executive chosen by the people but this does not mean that it cannot nourish and maintain the prestige, strength and independence of the judges and make them feel that they are above the Government. Indeed it is ultimately to its own interest that this must be done. As is the case in England, so can it be done even in free India. It is not necessary to put the judges in India under any external authority in order to secure the in-

dependence and fearlessness which mark the British Judiciary.

It is an illusion to imagine that in the present changed conditions separation is completed by paying the deputy collectors and magistrates separately. Separate payment does not mean release from dependence. It is also a mistake to exaggerate the importance of the revenue official. The *virus* has moved now from the revenue official to political bosses.

The creation of half a dozen new judges in each district may give relief to unemployment in certain levels. But it cannot amount to real separation as was conceived by the liberal politicians who enunciated this ancient slogan. Separation is not an end in itself but only a means to real independence. The latter is the criterion and any reform should be judged by that test. What is now contemplated is no real reform; we shall have only added expenditure and no advantage.

Real and more effective independence and a very substantial degree of reform in judicial work can be attained without much additional expenditure. What is wanted is radical alteration in the procedure. Tinkering with the problem and creating new jobs for lawyers who do not aspire to earn more than Rs. 500 a month will not improve the position. The procedure in trials and appeals will have to be improved so as to create efficiency including independence.

Magistrates should only be magistrates and function as such. They should be the second tier over police investigation. Their function should be that of assessing and sifting the results of police investigation and to commit the cases for trial and disposal to a judicial bench. At the most they should be authorised to give decisions only where the party prosecuted consents to it in writing and then the judgment should be subject to appeal in every respect. Where the accused persons desire it, all the cases now classified for first and second class magistrates' disposal should be tried by a bench of two district

munsiffs who can allot ten to fifteen days in every month for this work. It is not generally realised but it is a fact that munsiffs can spare much time now. The file in the district munsiff's court is nothing like what it used to be in the olden days.

Two judges sitting together make more for justice and independence than any other device that can be invented. The bench of two district munsiffs herein proposed sitting for ten to fifteen days in every month should be able to dispose of all cases committed to them for trial. It will be the duty of the magistrates of the area to do all the preliminary work. They will remand and bring up all prisoners to trial before the bench. Adjournments which are the bane of present-day magisterial disposals should not be indulged in. The bench should follow the quick and tidy procedure now followed in sessions trials. The magistrate committing the case should arrange for keeping all the evidence ready exactly as they do now in sessions trials.

All appeals from these benches, and original trials in more serious cases like murder and the like should be heard by a bench of two sessions judges. The cadre of sessions judges should be an independent one and not mixed up with the district executive cadre. Two judges sitting as a bench may be expected to be careful, independent and fearless. Under such an arrangement we could abolish the right of appeal in cases where concurrent judgments are given. Appeals may be allowed only in cases where there is difference of opinion either on the facts or on the law or even in the case of concurrent judgments when leave to appeal is given for special reasons urged in particular cases. The bench of two sessions judges and of two district munsiffs may sit alternately at one of their two headquarters or at any other convenient centre fixed for the purpose. Under these proposals the magistracy will continue to exercise the emergent powers and preventive functions now exercised by them. They will of course supervise

the investigation and prosecution of crime as hitherto. Orders of a preventive character will naturally come up for examination before the bench of two munsiffs or two judges who will hear the case of the Executive as well as of the parties concerned and give just relief wherever necessary.

These proposals will greatly enhance the prestige and independence of the Judiciary, improve the tone of their work and will involve much less expenditure, it will be found ultimately, than any scheme of duplicating officials with both the duplicated parts kept carefully under the thumb of the Executive. With the introduction of the principle of two judges working under the supervision of the High Court an altogether new atmosphere will be created. There will be real separation whereas the ministerial scheme is nothing more than costly window-dressing.

A Fair Deal For Teachers

The other day some 1500 teachers marched to the Madras Secretariat and placed before the Prime Minister an account of the difficulties they were labouring under. While receiving them kindly, Mr. Prakasam, it would appear, expressed regret that they should have lapsed from dignity in having conducted themselves like workers of the Buckingham and Carnatic Mills. The ministerial rebuke to the teachers fell as bitter gall on the ears of some of his addressees, but it was only an expression of the old notion that demonstrations and respectability did not go together. Under stress of modern conditions however the old conceptions of respectability are quickly going to pieces, and many classes of wage-earners who for long held themselves in dignified aloofness expecting economic justice to fall on them like manna from heaven in reward for good behaviour, are realising at last that such aloofness does not pay. Hunger and want have forced them into common alignment with the working classes and taught them the wisdom of group combination, public agitation, and if need be, eventual

resort to strike, to get their condition bettered and secure redress for their grievances.

Every strike affects a service and causes inconvenience to those accustomed to it. Certain services being more important than others, their suspension causes corresponding discomfort to a larger number of people, and that more intensely. A strike such as the railway strike not only causes inconvenience to direct users of the railway but entails collapse of the whole of the nation's economy, dependent as it is on the movement of goods in trains. The pressure exerted by the railway strike is therefore so tremendous that the authorities dare not contemplate its consequences with equanimity. The result is that railway workers are able to get priority of consideration even from a reluctant administration. What chance have teachers of making their influence felt in a similar way? Apparently not much, since holidays forced on the young by a strike of teachers may for a time even prove enjoyable and will cause no immediate breakdown anywhere though in the long run their effects are apt to be extremely disastrous. It takes a long period for a teachers' strike to get translated to popular comprehension in the form of social disaster. A scavengers' strike, on the other hand, is able to force attention to it immediately on the whole neighbourhood. Under a system of administration brought up to give greater importance to avoidance of trouble than to organisation of public benefit at long range, it is not surprising if sweepers and scavengers get better paid than teachers.

Society cannot get on under any arrangement whereby capacity for mischief succeeds in subduing the will of ruling authorities and is treated as a ground for conciliatory response. Should this be permitted, the strike fever will spread everywhere, industrial production will become greatly imperilled, suspension of essential works become the order of the day and government itself will be brought to a standstill. The Ministers may as a consequence be driven before long to abandon their posts. There will be no way out of

the chaos that will come except through forms of dictatorship getting a start at the outset on pretensions of benevolence which subsequently are sure to land the governed in the toils of a Fascist system. It would be wise for the Congress Ministry, before it is overtaken by irremediable mishap, to evolve intelligent policies capable of dealing with all classes of workers on whose service social welfare depends, in a sensible equitable way, instead of purchasing piecemeal temporary survivals from the day's trouble with unwise surrenders.

The supreme function of the present popular Government may be envisaged as that of reorganising the economy inherited from the Adviser regime in accordance with carefully thought-out principles of social justice. They can do no better than take the regeneration of the teacher as the starting point of their effort to bring about such a reorganisation. The condition of teachers is pitiable compared to that of, say, postmen whose scales of remuneration happen at the moment to be a theme for wide publicity through advertisement in newspapers. Publicity is a double-edged weapon. Every act of advertisement of one's own liberality entails for the sake of honesty the need of immunity from large lapses into unavowed illiberality, whereas between the scales of the advertised liberality of treatment accorded to certain of the employees of Government and the condition of teachers there is a steep disparity that cries to be taken into account and challenges the whole worth and character of the official propaganda. In all the primary schools in Madras Presidency, (Government, local board and aided) there are some 1,05,432 teachers. Of these, teachers in aided schools number 54,231, all trained for their vacation. There are 66 graduate teachers in this class and 4,796 S.S.L.C. or Matric-trained teachers. The rest are of higher elementary grade. Of the salaries ranging from Rs. 16 to 18 granted to them by Government, 15 per cent is allowed to be taken away by the management. They are con-

ceded a dearness allowance of Rs. 16. In the aided middle and high schools—there are 434 of them in all the presidency—there is no uniform rate of dearness allowance. Dearness allowance at the Government rate is paid in only 40 of the schools. Another scandal pressing hard on the teacher is the power that the management now enjoys of dispensing with his services on three months' notice. In Government and board schools the teacher's tenure is comparatively more secure. The South Indian Teachers' Guild, the outstanding representative organisation of teachers, has asked for a minimum scale of salaries for elementary teachers at the rate of Rs. 30 for the higher elementary trained and Rs. 40 for the secondary grade trained, and pleaded for a uniform dearness allowance at the Government rate in all aided middle and secondary schools. The excessive modesty of the petition of the Guild was undoubtedly an outcome of the nervousness induced by past neglect, but that does not absolve a popular Ministry from the duty of according a fair deal to teachers and reorganising this most vital of all services on sound lines. No ministry that consents to or tolerates the relegation of teachers to an economic level inferior to that of peons, sweepers and scavengers, deserves the goodwill and confidence of the public. Most of our social and political ills are the result of anti-social influences generated in the class-room, and there should now be no hesitation on the part of the popular Ministry to pay the price necessary for changing the teaching profession from its present state of destitution into one of dignity and comfort.

League Thunder

The withdrawal by the Council of the Muslim League of its acceptance of the Cabinet Mission's proposals will mean that the Muslim League will not be represented on the Constituent Assembly. Mr. Jinnah throws the blame for the decision now arrived at on the Congress and the Cabinet Mission. Certain statements of Congress leaders and

of members of the Cabinet Mission have proved unpalatable to Mr. Jinnah who has hit upon boycott and non-co-operation as the most effective way of making his displeasure felt. The net result is that the League organisation, tied to the uncertain whims of a wavering leader chronically lost in egoism and self-importance, has proved itself unreliable for national responsibility at a critical moment. When several parties have to combine for common tasks, any assumption that nothing is to be said by any of them beyond the limits of approval of any other is doomed to go wrong, taking human nature as it is. Allowances will have to be made for the expression by others of sentiments and views not very pleasing to oneself. This elementary lesson of politics from which there is no escaping anywhere in the world, least of all in a country like ours riddled with divisions, Mr. Jinnah seems never able to learn. He exacts obedience to his wishes from other parties as a price for co-operation with them in national work. This may work up to a point. On patriotic minds anxious for a speedy ending of foreign rule, the desire for internal unity is apt to take precedence over all other considerations, and there is often a readiness on their part to yield to exactions even if unfair from groups given to communal wrangling not very susceptible to the requirements of inter-party fairplay or national welfare as a whole. The League has thriven hitherto on the superior patriotism of its political competitors who have compromised with its exactions without conviction, matching its arrogance with forbearance from their own side as a policy best befitting their own dignity as also the political necessities of a country involved in a struggle for independence. But when the point is reached at which the spirit of communal exaction becomes itself a menace to the independence struggle, it will be realised that no useful purpose can be served by any further sacrifices to it at the altar of national unity. Such a point seems now to have been reached in our national history. Through sheer excess of browbeating tactics the League has overshot

the mark. Evidently it is impossible to placate Mr. Jinnah as each concession makes him only less satisfied and more overbearing. If the League insists on non-co-operation, other parties cannot surrender their political duties so lightly and will have to go on.

Madras Budget

The budget presented to the Madras Legislature by Premier Prakasam carries on its face evident traces of the good intentions of those that prepared it. It is in the devising of means to suit ends that it is defective. There is an element of the reckless in its spectacular squandering of huge sums for purposes intended to be popular. For Khadi production it allots three crores and for Harijan uplift one crore, but nothing is said of how these allotments are going to be spent and of the machinery to be entrusted with the spending. In a letter to the Press criticising the budget, Mr. N. S. Varadachari invites public attention to the erroneousness of the procedure of providing lump sums without detailed estimates based on schemes that have been examined and passed. "Intentions", he says, cannot make a budget which is a financial plan of commitments and limitations and ought to be given concretised shape in schemes properly discussed beforehand in order that public opinion may judge them. Budgets should not be confused with election manifestoes." These are very wise words which it is not too late even now for the Government to take into proper account for bringing about relevant revisions of defective portions of the budget along practical lines. Opportunities for nepotism should by their own act be placed out of the reach of their hands by the Ministers themselves if a reputation of integrity, credit and public confidence are to be built for the Congress regime distinguishing it from its predecessors. Unfortunately, it has to be confessed that the actualities of initial exercises of administrative power by Ministers in charge of the most important portfolios have not been

very promising as exhibitions of rectitude. One hears of powerful black-marketeers caught in the act against whom no action is taken. In the name of encouraging Ayurveda an official with no knowledge of any system of medicine is placed in charge of technical tasks connected with the reorganisation of studies, while the background of the whole process of reviving the so-called "Indian medicine" is filled with preparations for converting it into a domestic affair of the person in authority. Likewise it is to be feared that capitalist gains over contracts for manufacture of *charkas* will be all that will eventually remain in a tangible shape, of the Government's Khadi scheme. Their plan of self-sufficient *firkas* is unscientific and ill-conceived and flies in the face of the whole drift of actual experience everywhere in the world. Its patent primitiveness will force it into grief before long, since it is framed in defiance of modern economic forces which do not at all operate in favour of self-sufficiency, but promote on the other hand specialisation of production in accordance with natural facilities, some areas being selected for one type of productive activity and others of other types. The division of every sort of terrain into a *surplus* region for some needs and a *deficit* one for others is a providential dispensation which not all the fanatic ardour of the Prime Minister for the obsolete creed of village self-sufficiency can, however migh-

tily worked, succeed in undoing in this age of indispensable quick movements of commodities as a necessary condition not only of equitable distribution of life's necessities to all people, but of survival itself, of protection from ghastly famine, to many millions. The reduction of the importance of the Highways Department announced by the Government follows as a direct corollary from their schemes of *firka*-war self-sufficiency, and both together will, it is to be feared, land Government and people before long in an economic crisis of first-rate magnitude. In one direction there was really scope for a revolutionary change in the year's budget. With the proceeds of taxation from the commercial taxes expressly devised to meet the cost of Prohibition piled up into a reserve of 35 crores, the Government could have immediately introduced total Prohibition and earned the blessings of the poor saved thereby from the age-long curse of drink. The Premier's promise of Prohibition in three years is a welcome improvement on the original dilatoriness of the Government's position. One cannot however help feeling that with a fraction of the daring evinced by him in the pursuit of scheme of doubtful practical worth, he could have saved two years of misery to millions of liquor-victims and given his regime a glorious start as the initiator of total Prohibition and the forerunner of its universalisation throughout the country.

Sotto Voce

Mars Sets Up His Pilot Plant

If there is a pleasure that never palls it is looking out for the postman. It is one of the few authentically democratic privileges. It falsifies the proverb, "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." There is no aftermath to the delirium of ex-

pectancy that the distant vision of the khaki-clad figure inspires in the breasts of those who perhaps get nothing more through the post from month-end to month-end than a bill for the supply of electricity or a handbill from a new pinman. The



kind of 'lucky dip' which since the beginning of the postal strike you have been invited to take part in is in comparison a tame affair. If successful you look foolishly self-conscious; if you draw a blank you are unreasonably envious.

The penny post was hailed as even a greater wonder than the Industrial Revolution. But I suppose no other contrivance has been responsible for so great a volume of perfectly useless activity. It was not a mere coincidence that the era of great letter-writers ended when Rowlandson bestowed his 'Greek gift' on his admiring countrymen. Most letters require no answer if you leave them alone for a few days; that was one of the secrets of Napoleon's success. News that is really news, not cooked up 'stories', still travels faster in India at any rate by 'Paradesi Tapal' (the indigenous variety of the bush telegraph) than by the Royal Mail.

It is the curse of modern civilisation that it stimulates endless artificial wants and millions of men become mere cogs in the machine that excessive centralisation builds up to satisfy them. The postman is engaged in what is called a 'security service.' But he does not feel an inch the taller for it. If fewer men wasted money in despatching their foolish scribblings to those who are bored stiff by them without a doubt, there would be fewer postmen and each one of them might individually count for more with the Department and the public. But I am perfectly sure that their umpteen unions will not thank me for making a suggestion which will take the bread out of their mouths.

The mediaeval guild aimed at fostering craftsmanship. It inculcated a passion for rectitude which could not be cheated by the alluring prospect of easy money. Artist and artisan alike had their modest material wants attended to by the community to whose service they were dedicat-

ed. It was a common saying that a king can eat no more than a beggar. Distinctions there were, but they had meaning. An expert cobler was held in more esteem than an indifferent fiddler, not because he made more money but because he was a better craftsman. But he did not on that account claim that the fiddler should accept his invitation to dinner.

The modern workers' union thrives not on quality but on class-feeling. The 'closed shop' is its inevitable corollary and the blackleg its antitype. It is not very easy to cast an impersonal Government, as employer, for the role of villain of the piece; so it must needs be represented as the docile instrument of the omnipresent capitalist hidden in the light of his financial ledger-dream. The Government may plead that it cannot go on satisfying the insatiable demands of workers in one particular department without inciting others to a like course. The strikers' leaders will reply, "That is no concern of ours."

In Russia they spoke differently. "If you cannot manage these things properly, that shows you are unfit for the work." And they forthwith liquidated the bourgeois Government and the employers—only to substitute new masters in their stead which the other party to the 'class-war' found no more satisfactory. (In Russophile circles it isn't gentlemanly to refer to the existence of this other party.) And so it goes on, pull Devil pull baker, and we are assured that all this conflict is exceedingly healthy. There is nothing that the worker resents more than paternalism or the employer fears more than the loss of his bargaining power.

Strikes and lock-outs are as foolish and illogical as the wars for which they prepare the public mind; and hardly less destructive. They embitter human relations but neither discover the right nor make it

prevail. And they indulge the fantastic hope that the fig of co-operation will grow on the thistle of constraint. No homogenous society will tolerate them for a moment; but there the impulse to resort to them will be absent too. Such a society

is the very antithesis of the Hive. It eliminates the lust for power by decentralising control, establishing a decent human wage and raising the machine-minder to the status of man. He has other worlds to conquer.

THE BIGGEST UPLIFT PROGRAMME

By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

The greatest boon that a Government can confer on the Harijans, greater than scholarships to a few or hostels, or grants or stipends or other showy condescensions, or even well-paid employment to a few hundreds of them, is the closing down of the avenues of waste and spiritual degradation which have been organised and set up to attract the unhappy poor in their thousands. Let the toddy and the arrack shops running their business by arrangement with Government be closed down. The buying capacity of those who are now attracted there will be increased by many times the total excise revenue lost, for much more is paid for the drink than goes to Government as tax. The poorest among the people, the Harijans, will then automatically come up—and come up by their own efforts and their own providence which is the best way-up. All that we have to do is to abstain from tempting them to ruin their souls and waste their earnings.

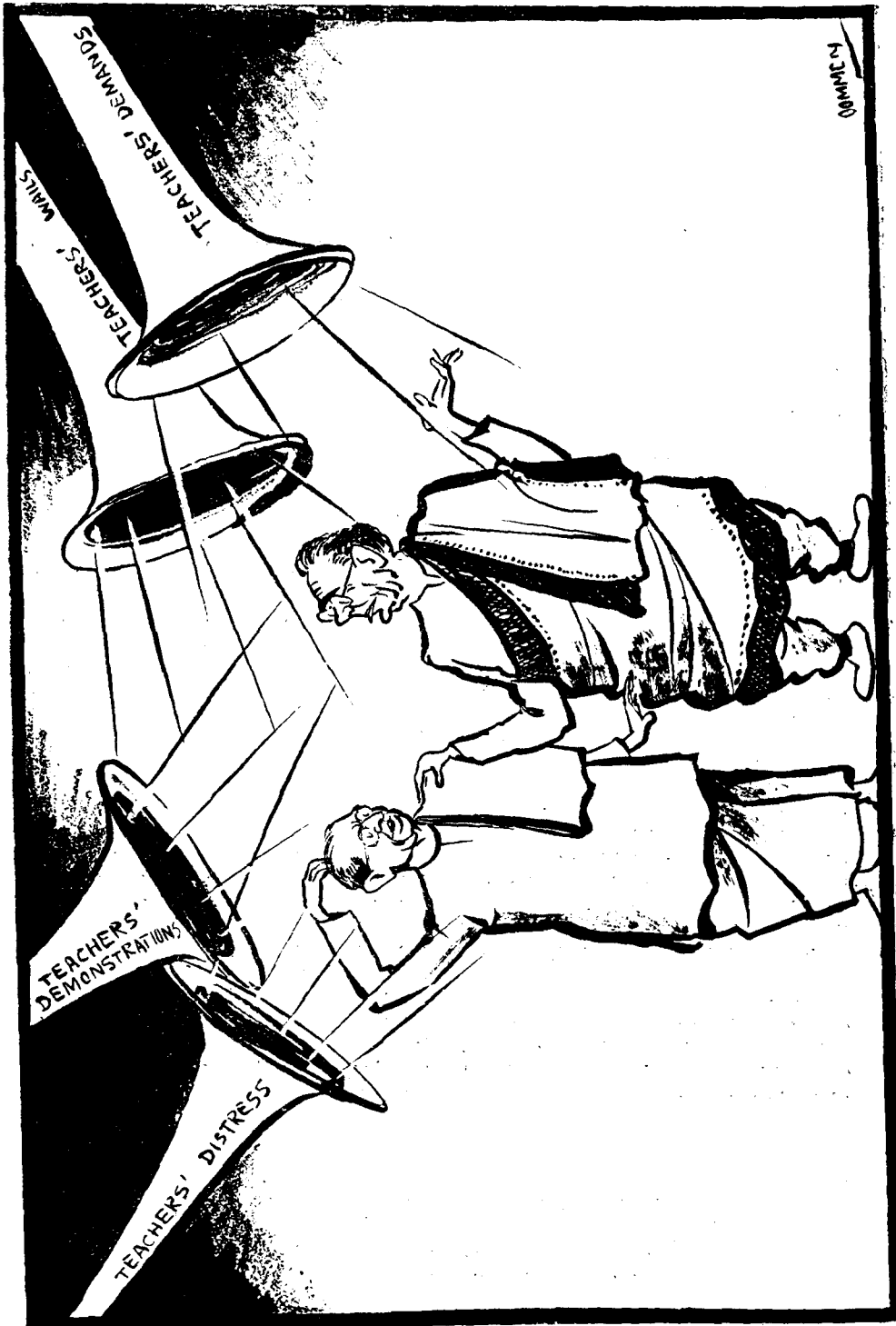
Prohibition will affect the depressed people on such an extensive scale that it will benefit them more than any other scheme that at the most touches only a few hundred

families. Whether the Government close the liquor trade down or not, may we ask the leaders of the Harijan communities, without distinction of politics or school of thought, to start a big social reform and saving campaign? Make non-drinking a point of honour, a matter of social status and of good breeding. Organise savings-banks and counter-attractions. The poor get payments now for work on a scale which was unknown in olden days. Although life has become more expensive, the men and women who work hard can save something yet, and put it in the local poor-man's bank. In all levels more money rolls about now than ever before. Let the Harijans be taught to save instead of returning it to Government through toddy shops. They will automatically rise and, being more industrious, will pass the indolent groups and win in the race. Reliable savings banks should be started and the Harijans should be taught to trust and utilise them.

For those who are more fortunately placed, Prohibition may be postponed as non-urgent. But for the Harijans, it is an issue of life and death.

To great evils we submit; we resent little provocations. That which is lasting we share with the future, we defer the consideration of till to-morrow: that which belongs to the moment we drink by in all its bitterness, before the spirit evaporates.

—Hazlitt.



SIDELIGHTS ::

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion—it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the world, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

—EMERSON.

Friendship is a plant of prolonged cultivation. With "Kasi" however one's experience was generally different. The people he liked he took to himself forthrightly—and acquaintance blossomed into intimacy overnight. Others whom he did not take to kindly, he turned his back upon pretty unceremoniously.

He wasted little time on those banalities that pass for courtesy between people taking preliminary soundings of each other before the formation of a judgment to go by. In dealings with individuals, impulse at a first meeting served him as the whole basis of subsequent relationship. He prided himself on being a paragon of objectivity. Actually strong emotions whose power he least suspected guided and controlled him. By profession he was a rationalist; by upbringing a conservative; by aptitude he was a scholar, critic and thinker; in his ambition, he was a lover of diplomacy fancying himself a tough man of the world; by temperament he was a publicist given to continual concern over public affairs; by the urge of his soul, he was a good Samaritan who loved to take on himself others' problems and spent his time and thought lavishly in helping to solve them.

Between him and the late S. Srinivasa Iyengar, there was close friendship and deep understanding. They resembled each other in one characteristic. Both were liable to sudden gusts of tempestuous passion in the midst of talk, and their most brilliant moments were when they were landed by them right into the centre of hot controversies. On such

occasions you saw the glint of battle in their eyes and the joy of conquest, as one imagined adversary after another was laid low with devastating logic or unsparing sallies of wit, scorn, sarcasm and railery.

It was delightful to hear Kasi talk. He could talk on most subjects with knowledge and authority. The fascination of it drew many eminent people to him and his room was a miniature university in which advance research on the outstanding topics of the day was conducted vigorously without intermission. Of those who gathered there to draw counsel from his learning, none returned without being prodigiously enriched culturally.

The last year of his life was spent in pain and sickness. He had of course his moments of despondency. But he had the faculty of casting off all pains of the flesh in self-forgetful expatiation on momentous national and cosmic problems. For hours he would go on discoursing on the rise and fall of empires and the ways and customs of nations, pouring out suggestions and criticisms, planning social welfare and cudgelling bungling leaders over this or that blunder. The only tonic that did him any good in those days was the doctoring of his own exhilarating intellect. It worked miracles as a social instrument for putting depression to flight and spreading good cheer. He shared its benefit in the process of passing it on to others.

On every subject he had an opinion of his own. Of nothing was he afraid so much as of mental enslavement, and he never wavered in vigilant defence against every suspected encroachment on his independence of judgment. The zeal of the vigil threw him not infrequently into a vortex of unpopular opinion. Excessive popularity in a leader filled him with misgiving about the soundness of his lead. But towards public men not very

popular with crowds, his judgment reacted with friendly resilience. Being a conscientious rationalist, he never accepted an opinion if he could not invest it with a reason, and so all his likes and dislikes were redressed in uniforms of strict intellectual scrupulosity. He loved to inflict mental discomfort on those that disagreed with him and enjoyed his triumphs in this direction immensely.

Few that came into touch with him could help being profoundly

influenced by him. He had all the qualities of greatness except physical energy. This disability made him shrink from the rough and tumble of public life and political activity, for which in all other respects he was admirably fitted. But even under the frustration of forced retirement, his genius forced itself on the attention of most men of account, and had he lived he would have taken his place in the front rank of the country's great.—SAKA.

N. D. VARADACHARI

By "Aristides"

*"By the measure of my grief
I leave thy greatness to be
guessed."*

—Tennyson.

It is a tribute to the hectic times we live in to have to say that we scarcely realise that it is a year since "KASI" as Varadachari was known amongst his friends and acquaintances, left us for the unknown. But present-day preoccupations do not serve to mellow the poignancy of the feelings that arise in his friends' hearts whenever they think of 'Kasi' and the tragedy of his death. The contemplation of what he might have been if he had been given life and health and had been born in a free country is a privilege that is confined to a few of his intimate friends. The fact remains that the country could find no use for the talents of this brilliant young man who was burning with the desire to do his bit for the country's regeneration.

Orphaned at an early age Kasi's life was largely moulded by his uncle the late Salem Vijayaraghavachariar. Kasi had, therefore, been brought up in an environment surcharged with political fervour. This factor operating during the impressionable period of his life was an asset as well as a handicap. It largely contributed to make him a keen student of politics and constitutional

law besides making him a fervent patriot. It also burdened him with a legacy of loyalties and deep personal hatreds which were the cause of acute psychological conflicts in his later life.

Without taking advantage of the latitude that convention permits whilst speaking of the dead, I could say that Kasi's range of familiarity with political literature was unique amongst the men of his generation in South India and his understanding of it was equally unique. While, therefore, he was temperamentally a revolutionary in politics, constitutionalism had a powerful grip over his mind, a feature which he had in common with the late S. Srinivasa Iyengar. Few perhaps are aware that early in life he attracted the attention of Pandit Motilal Nehru who arranged for Kasi to be Adviser and Secretary to one of the members of the Sankaran Nair's Committee parallel with the Simon Commission. The tangible result of Kasi's learning, left behind by him, is a brochure on Indian States in the Federation, a reprint of lectures delivered by him under the auspices of the Madras University, besides his now fairly well known association with the drafting of the Cochin Constitution.

Kasi was a great connoisseur of music, dancing and the fine arts. His conversational powers were of a

high order. He was generally pleasant company and could keep his friends engaged for hours on end if controversial politics could be kept out of it altogether. His was an extremely active and yet a social mind. He was not of the breed that revelled in solitude. This was the reason why he had a very large circle of friends and he went on constantly adding to that list besides retaining such friendships by a large and voluminous correspondence.

Apart from the active discouraging of talent which has been the dominant characteristic of our public life, Kasi suffered for over a decade from indifferent health which finally terminated his life at the age of 42. He, however, retained his buoyancy and cheerfulness till he got confined to his bed. Kasi's was a valuable life, wasted by the indifference of his fellowmen. To those who knew him his friendship was a privilege to be cherished and remembered.

"KASI"

By A "Chela"

It is very difficult to write dispassionately about a person who has been so close to one as Kasi has been to the present writer, especially after his recent death under such tragic circumstances. He died of prolonged illness and after a period of intense suffering on the 2nd of August 1945. The facts of a life so full of promise and so crammed with study and scholarship are easily told. Born in Coimbatore in an aristocratic family of Brahmans and bred up under the shadow of that giant, the late C. Vijayaraghavachariar, the Grand Old Man of the Congress who next only to Dadabhai Nowroji, deserved the appellation most, Kasi grew up in a tradition of scholarship and devotion to public affairs which retained its grip upon him right up to the last conscious moment of his life. A brilliant academic career at the Presidency College where he came under the influence of the greatest among Professors of History in India, the late M. A. Candeth, followed by two years at the Madras Law College, took him to the profession of law and through that to the greater profession of public affairs to which he had an extraordinary fascination and for which he had all the equipment necessary of brain and character. He married the talented daughter of the late N. S. Ramaswami Iyengar, the famous lawyer of Coimbatore, famous also as a pio-

neer in the labour movement in South India.

Soon after commencing his professional career in the most promising manner, he came under the magic influence of the late S. Srinivasa Iyengar. He was in Calcutta for the All-Parties Conference and did a good amount of solid work in connection with the task of constitution-making undertaken by that body and by the Nehru Committee. When the Simon Commission came and the auxiliary committee under Sir Sankaran Nair was constituted to collaborate with the Commission, Kasi's services were requisitioned by a leading Muslim member of the Committee as his Secretary and Constitutional Adviser. In that capacity he toured the country. The interest he took in the work and the amazing range of his knowledge elicited the greatest praise from all connected with the work of the Commission. After this work, Kasi was invited to accompany Sir Harisingh Gour on his trip to the Far East. He had a most successful trip and came back greatly benefited by the tour and with his vision much further enlarged and aglow with enthusiasm for a pan-Asiatic movement. He was a most meticulous and punctual correspondent and there are a large number of personal friends who treasure his letters, for they contain much matter of interest for all time. Be it an abstract point

of commercial law, be it the complicated rules of succession under the Mitakshara School of Hindu Law or be it a knotty problem connected with paramountcy and sovereignty in relation to Indian States, or be it the construction of the terms of the arbitration award in a labour dispute, he brought to their solution a rapierlike keenness of brain, a scholarship and learning uncommonly wide and an outlook at once fresh and invigorating which does not lean too much towards the past or scorn it either.

He was among the most original and daring free thinkers of his generation. The two great patriots, C. Vijayaraghavachari and S. Srinivasa Iyengar remained the most dominant influences of his life and he owed not a little to them in developing that robust patriotism which was not merely a metaphysical abstraction but a real live force going straight to the heart. To them also he owed the habit of careful and logical thought and the analytical approach to all problems. Precision in the written word was another habit which he acquired, with the result that he was among the best draftsmen of South India, whether in the journalistic field, the legal field or in the constitutional field in all of which he was equally at home. The late S. Srinivasa Iyengar used to say that Kasi had a vigorous mind and a discussion with him was always interesting and stimulating.

"Kasi, you must have faith in our religious practices. They form part and parcel of our existence. Our civilisation is built on them," his mother would say. But Kasi would not listen. He had the zeal of a reformer, and the spirit of a revolutionary. There was a flaming enthusiasm in him to correct the angularities of our way of living and make it conform to modern standards so that we may lead a fuller life. He would argue for more freedom from religious shackles. He wanted a State religion which would enable the nation to exercise its personality. He was for a State in which every man and woman was at liberty to develop his or her talents to make the life of the nation rich

and colourful. Oftentimes he felt miserable while looking at the dejected faces of the youth of the country. He could see no salvation until the fear of want was lifted from their faces. That a country like ours with its tremendous natural resources, with its amazing manpower and other advantages, should suffer from poverty, ignorance and political stagnation, was felt by him to be a grand tragedy. He would argue that the future greatness of the country depended on the training imparted to our youths and the manner in which they are organised. He was no believer in the cult of non-violence. It was his ardent desire that military science should be prescribed as one of the subjects in the curriculum. In the Senate of the Madras University to which he was elected by the Registered Graduates, he sponsored a motion to institute military training to students on a much more rigorous and thorough scale than the anaemic and mock military organisation known as the U. T. C.

He had no faith in any *sanyasi* philosophy. He and the late S. Srinivasa Iyengar were at one in considering politics as a very subtle science requiring from those who adopt it as their career, deep and well-grounded study of the principles involved in the mechanism of party politics, breadth of imagination, a spirit of compromise, toleration, and above all a comparative knowledge of the history and growth of the different constitutions of the world. Politicians should have certain theories and objectives to fight for and achieve. Over all these and other vital questions Kasi had settled views. He wanted leaders of men to be astute diplomats; they should also be good students of psychology.

It was a pleasure to move with him. He had always something new to say; his rich imagination supplemented by his systematic and thorough study of history, law and political theory, would draw colourful pictures of things to come. He possessed an intellect of great acuteness and refinement and his learning and accomplishments were far

beyond the common. Greek and Roman history had a peculiar attraction for him; he would talk for hours about the achievements of Pericles and Themistocles, of Caesar and Augustus. He used to compare the relationship between Athens and her daughter colonies during the palmy days of Athenian imperialism, with Britain and her Empire and would wonder about the future of the British Empire. For the great masters of British jurisprudence he had profound respect. He was also familiar with the treasures of the Sanskrit language. He had done an intensive study of the life and teachings of Mohamed the Prophet.

Kasi was a great student of law and political theory. His specialised knowledge of constitutional law singled him out as one of the ablest men in that field and his advice was sought by Indian States in their endeavour to frame their constitutions. He had much to do with the framing of the Cochin Constitution. His book on "Indian States and Federation" is unique at once for its

clarity and originality. He foresaw the stormy days through which the Indian States would have to pass and believed that unless the Rulers introduced timely reforms for the establishment of democratic government, neither their 'Sovereignty' nor Paramountcy could save them from utter dissolution.

His style was polished, terse and vigorous. He was brilliant in conversation. As he made friends, so he lost them. His impulsive temperament was constantly hurrying him into extremes; he could command and condemn with great dash and vigour. Acuteness and vitality were his prominent intellectual qualities. He was a relentless foe to all empirical generalisations and could not suffer mediocre men. His passionate love of freedom, his strong and swift imagination, his generosity and ready sympathy for the sufferings of others, the amplitude and fertility of his intellect—these have always elicited the admiration of every one who knew him to any extent. Such was Kasi, the late N. D. Varadachariar.

THE "KASI" THAT I KNEW

By T. V. R.

It was a hot forenoon on a summer day. In reply to an invitation to dine with me, I got the following note from Ambiappa, Kasi's brilliant brother-in-law. "You haven't met Kasi before, have you? He is here now. A. V. T. too is here. They have all come for a company meeting. Do come and join us."

I had heard of Kasi. And what I had heard made me eager to get to know him. I went to Ambiappa's beautiful bungalow on the bank of the famous Alwaye river; and there I met the handsome, upstanding, brilliant Kasi, one of the proudest intellectuals of the country.

A kindly fate enabled me to see him several times within the next few months. He was then in a state of extreme physical suffering, but even then he loved to talk. And a good listener like me. I imagined, had a soothing effect on him. That is why I went to his place as often

as I could during those last few weeks of his in June 1945.

Seldom have I seen self-assurance so well-merited. On every imaginable topic under the sun, Kasi could speak with a measure of ability which would make the specialist in the subject grow green with envy. History, Politics, Economics, Law, Sanskrit, Tamil, Music, —everywhere he was perfectly at ease. Conversant with all that is best in these subjects, he had the rare gift of referring to them in a language that was at once incisive and elegant. Put him in any group, however highbrow, Kasi would easily dominate the conversation by the coruscating eloquence with which he would go to the core of any subject.

What an irony of fate that a gem of a man like Kasi should have languished in relative want while dabblers rule the roost!

Short Story

The Broken Bowl

By N. Santha

"It is raining," said Rani, daintily lifting a chintz window-curtain and looking out through the blurred window-panes, "the proverbial cats and dogs. Just listen to the wind! I certainly wouldn't like to be out on a night like this."

"Think of the poor, the thousands of homeless, who have to brave the elements because they haven't a roof to shelter their heads," said Sampath lightly.

Rani shrugged a slim shoulder.

"Why don't they build a Home or something for them, then?" she asked.

"Who?"

"Oh, I don't know. The rich, I suppose. And the charitable-minded."

"Why don't you?" he said. "You are rich enough."

There were times, he thought, when he just couldn't stand the way she talked about certain things.

Rani looked a trifle annoyed at the censure but recovered immediately and flashed a merry glance at him.

"Oh, I am so busy," she said, laughing, "I haven't the time."

Sampath heard her silvery, tinkling laughter and smiled ruefully. The minx, he thought, I wonder who taught her to laugh like that. One other person in the room heard that laughter and on her it had a different effect. Sampath's mother clasped her frail, old hands more tightly together and stared at her son. The more he is in love with her the less happy he is, she thought, and that is not as it should be. And Jagdish, Rani's cousin, glanced up suddenly in the midst of an exchange of trivial banalities with his aunt, heard the laughter and saw the look which accompanied it and hastily turned away with a scowl. He is not half good enough for her, he decided within himself. Can't think what she sees in him. A lovely girl like her! And he turned again to look at the object of his admiration. Rani stood at the table lightly fingering the flowers in a vase, her head slightly bent to one side bringing more clearly into view the graceful line of neck and shoulder. Her eyes were almost closed but he could see the long dark lashes provocatively upcurled and throwing a dark shadow under the eyes. And the smile which lurked in

the corners of her lips was directed towards nothing and nobody in particular, but seemed to be the outcome of her own thoughts, so ghost-like and elusive it was. A single dark curl of hair fluttered over her forehead giving to the perfect oval of her face just that touch of childishness which roused a feeling of tenderness in the men who admired her, even while their pulse quickened to her fresh and youthful loveliness. She stood in an attitude of utter repose, her blue silk saree seeming almost to cling to the firm rounded perfection of her figure. She seemed utterly oblivious to the glances directed towards her as she stood lightly resting on the table, her whole being radiating the charm of sophisticated youth. But her attitude of careless ease did not deceive Sampath, "Coquettish and coy at once, her air, though studied, seems neglected." It fitted her perfectly, he thought smiling but

That was what he had been trying to do these two days he had spent in this house . . . complete his thoughts. But . . . What? He wished he knew. It was most inexplicable. He thought her beautiful and was in love with her. Her manners were exquisite and polished, her dress always dainty, her voice gay and young. And yet . . . yet, he found himself often sitting in judgment over her, finding the pedestal on which he had elevated her tottering. He just was not able to explain why. He was brilliant, sophisticated, modern to his very finger-tips. He hated sentiment, and conventional 'modesty' in a woman was something he could not stand. When he was at college he was always ridiculing his class-mates who were shy or reserved in manners calling them prudish and moral snobs. And the Union debates in which he took part were sensational and slashing tirades against what is commonly known as "old-fashionedness." Rani came up to all the standards he had set up for the 'modern' woman. And it was an understood thing in the circles in which they moved that he would one day ask for her hand. And it was equally well understood that Rani's parents would give it without a second thought. In fact, this pleasant week-end he was

spending in Rani's father's house had been arranged to let him make up his mind and 'clinch' the matter once for all.

He knew it too and tried hard to sort out his thoughts and emotions and shape the question he was expected to ask out of the mess of contradictions his mind had become. His mother was not in the least helpful in this matter, which was surprising because she adored him and did everything he asked her. It was obvious she wanted him to settle this for himself. It was the correct thing to do, of course. It was the course, he had vehemently declared, all mothers should take in the matter of the weddings of their sons and daughters. But all the same he had been just a bit uncomfortable when he passed on to her the courteously-worded invitation from Rani's father on Friday morning. "We will go," she said casually. "Write a note thanking them, will you?"

Just like that. Without batting an eyelid.

Sampath cleared his throat.

"Mother—", he began. Better get this over as quickly as possible.

"Yes?"

"I—" he blushed, confused. What on earth was a fellow to say in such circumstances?

"You see, mother" he began again, brightly. "I—" It was no good.

But this time his mother looked up and smiled.

"I know", she said quietly.

He grew red.

"Well, you are a caution and no mistake," he laughed ruefully. "How-ever did you guess?"

She smiled again without answering. And they left that night.

So far so good, thought Sampath, but the awful part of the whole business was he had not yet made up his mind about Rani, though what exactly was deterring him he himself could not tell. What he wanted, he decided, was something to happen which would help him to make up his mind—somebody to lose his temper, some sort of disturbance which would rouse everybody out of this serene, contented lethargy, something which would make people blurt out the first thing which came into their minds without weighing and hesitation. There had not been a wrong word said, not one single angry gesture made, nothing had ruffled the untroubled calmness of their life since he and his mother drove over forty-eight hours ago. It was a lovely house, the servants did their duty quietly and efficiently, things were dusted and

swept regularly, and everything bespoke a well-ordered and happy home. And yet.....

"A penny for your thoughts," said Rani.

He looked a trifle confused.

"I was thinking it was rather quiet here," he said.

And at once they were all at him with suggestions. What about getting some friends over and having a pot-luck party? Or a game of billiards? Or perhaps he might like to take Rani out for a long motor-drive as soon as the weather cleared a little? Sampath waited until the welter of suggestions stopped and then firmly announced his intention.

"I think, after all, I will go to bed," he said.

And cutting through the pause which followed this announcement there came a knock at the front-door.

"Who on earth can it be in this rain?" said Rani's mother.

The servant Mathu hurried out of the inner precincts of the house and opened the door. And there stepped into the lighted room a young girl. Her clothes and hair were dripping wet. And she was shivering. They stared at her, amazed. Who on earth was this girl?

Mathu suddenly pushed himself forward and accosted her with a gentleness which one would never have associated with his grim and stern countenance.

"Why are you out on a night like this, Seela?" he asked.

"It is for the medicine," she said through chattering teeth. "It wasn't raining when I started. But half-way it started to pour. I have been standing under Master's porch for a long time." She looked at him appealingly. "But it was so cold I couldn't stand it there...."

Rani broke the silence which followed her words.

"She has made the foot-rug quite wet," she said. Sampath felt again the familiar feeling of revulsion sweep over him. He wanted to burst out into profane swearing. With a shrug of disgust he moved away towards the window. His loveliest idol had tumbled off the shelf and burst into fragments... That hurt, but he was not going to pick up the pieces.

"My poor girl," his mother was saying, "you are drenched. Why didn't you knock sooner instead of standing under the porch so long?"

Sampath turned just in time to see the girl throw a look full of gratitude at his mother before she hurried into the house. And at once a volley of

questions burst upon Mathu's head. Who was she? And what was she? Where had she been and what was the medicine she was talking about?

"She is Venkat's daughter," he said. "What? Venkat, our head-farmer?" said Rani's father. "By Jove! He has a pretty lass for a daughter. Is she married?"

"Yes. And she goes everyday to a village about six miles away to fetch some herbal medicine from a fakir there for his rheumatic pains."

An exclamation of indignation burst from Rani.

"Do you mean to say he sends this young girl trudging six miles every day to get his medicine?"

"He would do as much," said Mathu a little, stiffly, "if she were ill."

"But she is so young," cried Rani. "Has he no chivalry or consideration?"

Mathu permitted himself a cynical smile.

"They are common people," he said. "They do not know the ways of civilised men."

Rani frowned at the politely-worded rebuff and moved away from the group towards the solitary looker-on at the window.

"Servants are forgetting their place these days," she said in a subdued tone of annoyance.

"You asked for it, you know," said Sampath coolly.

An angry blush spread her cheeks and it seemed as if she would burst into furious speech. Sampath looked at her hoping she would say something and break out of the shell of sophisticated restraint which seemed to wrap her very soul. But even as he stared at her there came over the beautiful face a marvellous change. The angry blush died out of her cheeks, her eyes grew humid and appealing and she turned to him with a charming smile.

"You are not in one of your best moods this evening, are you?" she said, banteringly. "I think I will go to bed. Good-night."

There was a general exodus towards the bed-rooms, an exchange of cheerful and effusive good-nights, and a last particular enquiry by Rani's father if Sampath wanted a book to amuse himself, and if he did he could help himself to anything he liked from the library.

"I think I will," said Sampath. "Thank you, sir. Good-night."

After having urged his mother to go to bed, Sampath walked into the library intending to spend a quiet hour, reading. He turned over the pages of

one or two magazines which lay on the table and then listlessly threw himself into a chair and lighted a cigarette. Opposite him on the wall hung a photograph of Rani mounted in superb silver. It had obviously been taken recently and as he looked at the lovely, long-lashed eyes and the softly-smiling lips tenderness stirred in him again and all his doubts receded into the background. He loved her, he was mad about her and what the hell did it matter if she didn't fulfil the expectations of a microscopic part of him of which he ought to be ashamed anyway? He had railed at convention and tradition, jeered at prudishness and modesty, made fun of sentiment and emotion, and now here he was sitting in judgment on the girl he loved because she had not been kind enough to a rain-drenched farm-girl! Fool that he was! What on earth was the matter with him? His head and heart were getting mixed up and making a mess of everything. And in a way his mother was to blame. She had been the sole influence in his life all these years and he had unconsciously endowed his ideal woman with the qualities of his own mother. And now here was the ideal coming into conflict with the reality and making him look a fool. Sampath sat staring at the photograph, his head in a whirl of thought, his heart ashamed and miserable. All this was getting him nowhere. Other fellows talked angrily of their parents interfering with their decisions and forbidding them to do what they wanted and he had always scoffed at them and called them weak fools to brook such interference. And here was his mother being absolutely detached and uninterfering about this affair and yet profoundly influencing his decision. Why on earth was he checking up Rani against his mother's standards? It clearly meant that he was sentimental and old-fashioned and everything that he detested and railed at. There had always been a tiny part of him, he suddenly realised, which was silly and old-fashioned.

Sampath frowned. All this was certainly getting him nowhere. The best thing he could do was to stop this excruciating self-analysis and approach the thing entirely from a different point of view. After all, he had known Rani for three years and had always found her a delightful companion and there was no reason on earth why he shouldn't be perfectly happy, married to her. They belonged to the same generation

and she was by far the prettiest girl he had ever known.

The decision seemed to give him confidence in himself. With almost a jaunty air he came out of the library and switched on the corridor light and came face to face with the farm-girl, Seela. She had been standing near the door in a corner and was still in her wet clothes. She stared at him, startled. And Sampath felt himself growing red with shame. The poor girl! Nobody had paid the least attention to her, then. It was not like his mother to have forgotten about this poor-girl. And of course, he thought angrily, it would never have occurred to Rani to say even a kind word to her. . . .

"I will get you something," he said abruptly and made his way into the dining room. There had been sweets on the table, he remembered, any amount of them, all heaped up in a beautiful glass bowl. He would get them for her. The poor girl was probably famished.

But there was no smile of thankfulness on Seela's face when he stood before her with the bowl full of delicacies. She stared at him with an unfathomable look in her eyes.

"I have brought these for you", he said, mustering a feeble smile.

Seela came towards him slowly and before he was aware of her intention, Sampath felt a sharp stinging slap on his cheek. The bowl slipped from his fingers and broke into fragments. Sampath stared at her, sheer astonishment on his face.

"My good woman. . . ." he began.

And suddenly there was somebody behind him. He whirled round and found to his relief it was his mother. Flung across her arm was an old saree and immediately behind her stood Mathu, a plate of steaming food in his hands.

"Mother," he said, "I thought she was starving and took her some food and she. . . ." he tenderly felt his cheek with a rueful smile. But neither Mathu nor his mother was listening to what he said. Nor did they seem to care.

"I have brought you some food," said Sampath's mother, "and you must take off your wet clothes and wear this."

The scowl disappeared from the girl's face and her eyes lit up with warm gratitude. Sampath turned away with a frown and suddenly burst out into a loud roar of laughter. By Jove, he had got it! This little farm-girl had imagined he was making love to her with a dish of sweets! That accounted for the slap,

the young devil! A rush of admiration filled him for this proud stranger. "They are common people," Mathu had said. "They do not know the ways of civilised men." Sampath shrugged his shoulders. Well, the ways of civilised men were not worth knowing, anyway. There was no loyalty in their creed of life. Civilisation was just a pose to cover rotten living. He was finished with all that. He looked back before turning towards the stairs. His mother was bending over the girl and saying something and Seela was laughing—clear, untroubled, joyous laughter. Her face seemed lighted up from inside. Even Mathu's grim features relaxed into a smile. Something seemed to twist Sampath's very heart-strings. There was something clean and healthy in being able to laugh like that.

Well, she had taught him a lesson. And the broken pieces of the glass-bowl were mute symbols of the destruction of all his former gods. But he didn't care. He would put up new ones—elemental, powerful and indestructible.

As he was climbing the stairs, he heard his name called softly from above and saw Rani leaning over the bannisters. She had changed into a white saree and let her hair down so that it hung down her back—long, black and glistening. He mounted the stairs and drew level with her.

"I thought I heard something break," she said.

He looked at her lovely young face quietly. In his heart was not the slightest ruffle. This thing he had gone through—it was finished, over and done with.

"You must have heard my heart breaking," he said lightly.

Into her eyes came a puzzled look. But he did not enlighten her.

"Good-night, Rani," he said as he turned away. He would write to her to-night, explain to her how an ignorant young farm-girl and a broken bowl had changed his entire outlook on life. He hoped she would understand.

Back in his room he sat at his desk and drew the note-paper towards him.

"My dear Rani. . . ."

His mother as she came upstairs a half-hour later found him at his desk writing. She saw his face, saw the calmness of his brow and the steadiness of the hand as it passed rapidly over the paper and smiled to herself. He had decided and was happy. She asked no more of life.

V. S. HAZARE

By Dr. P. Subbaroyan

Next to Merchant, Hazare is the one batsman in India who has scored heavily during the war years' cricket in India. Hazare originally was with Indore and had the benefit of the advice of Col. C. K. Nayudu which I think helped to polish his game up but later he went back to Maharashtra and his great performances in the Ranji Trophy matches were all for Maharashtra. It was his batting and bowling which won the Trophy for Maharashtra twice in succession. While playing for Maharashtra he came under the influence of Professor Deodhar, the doyen of Indian cricket and it was under him he learnt patience and the art of building up big scores in first class cricket. When Maharashtra won the Trophy for the second time in the final, it was Hazare's batting which tilted the scale in favour of Maharashtra. Madras had been got out for a poor score and Maharashtra did none too well to begin with against the Madras spin bowlers. It was Venkatesan's best year and he looked as if he could get rid of the best in the Maharashtra side and it was Hazare's patient and stolid batting which prevented this. Perhaps if Hazare were asked he would put this century at Chepauk as the best he has played and the eventual Maharashtrian victory was due to this innings of his though Sarwate's bowling also contributed.

Hazare has never looked back since coming into Indian cricket. He holds the record for the Pentangular, having made 309 in the final against the Hindus. He also held the record for sometime for the Ranji Trophy with his 315 but this was eventually beaten by Merchant who has to his credit the highest score in first class cricket in India, 358 not out. His 309 in the Pentangular will always rank as one of the best innings ever played in that tournament as the circumstances in which the score was made were all against Hazare. The rest followed on after Merchant himself has be-

ten the previous record of Amarnath by making 252 and Hazare made his runs when his brother kept the other end up as there were not many batsmen of repute to follow. Hazare had to concentrate not merely on defence but also on attack to push his score along. He rose to the occasion and though his team had to acknowledge defeat in the end it was after Hazare had given a grand display of batting. Hazare's record in the Ranji Trophy both as batsman and bowler stamps him as a great all-rounder and only the great Amar Singh and Ram Singh of Madras have done anything approaching this. Against the Australian Services side last year Hazare did not make the Marathon scores associated with his name but he did enough to make his place secure as an all-India cricketer. In Bombay he batted well and took 5 wickets in the Australian first innings which was a good performance on the Brabourne Stadium considering the Australians made over 500 runs. In Calcutta also he did well but in Madras he failed as a batsman though when required his bowling was useful in keeping down the runs.

On the present tour in England he has done enough to stamp him as a great batsman. He holds the record for this season as his 244 against Yorkshire has not been exceeded in first class cricket so far this year. Yorkshire bowling is always good. Though Bowes did not play they had enough class bowlers to trouble a first class side and the way the Yorkshire Captain declared his innings for 300 on the first day under the new rule showed that he at least felt that his bowlers could get India out for a reasonable total. It was Hazare's grand batting helped by Mankad which spoilt his plans. In the end, as things stood, rain alone prevented an Indian victory. Again in the Test at Manchester, Hazare's patience in the 2nd innings on a turning wicket saved India from

defeat. His 44 on this occasion will always remain as one of the best innings played in a Test match under adverse circumstances. He had to go in when 3 of the reputed batsmen on the side, Merchant, Pataudi, and Mushtaq Ali, had been dismissed for 5 runs, but Hazare and young Mody stemmed the tide and deserve every credit for the way in which they kept their wickets with an eye on the clock. The English bowling was certainly at this stage on top and Hammond and his men were out for victory and the rubber. Only Hazare and Mody and

later Hafeez stood in their way. But no one should forget the last 13 minutes when Hindlekar kept company with Sohoni and managed to save India. Hazare has done enough in first class cricket to find a place among the cricketers of the world. He is still young and has many years of cricket before him. What is more he is one of the most modest men I have ever met and success has never gone to his head. I feel this has been his asset in all the great things he has achieved in cricket.

NINE WICKETS DOWN

By "N. S. R."

*"The bowling looks exceptionally sound;
The wicket seems unusually worn;
The balls fly up, or run along the ground;
I rather wish I had not been born."*

Such might have been the rhyming lament of Hindlekar, if his reading has, of which there is no evidence, lain in the verses of Sir A. P. Herbert, and if in the stress of emotion attendant on a possible defeat, he had had the presence of mind to recollect these excellent lines as he, with pain, made his way to the wicket at Old Trafford last week with thirteen minutes remaining for the close of play and Pollard bowling as if he were possessed. It is more than possible that the wicket-keeper could not bring himself to draw upon poetical literature for unhappy parallels. But it is a matter for satisfaction that, unlike the nincompoop of whom Sir Alan has hymned, who at the end of the second ball he received found himself

*"...walking in a world of shame,
My captain has addressed me as
a chump....
I can't imagine why I play this game,"*

he survived more than that quantity of deadly missiles.

It is not, of course, the first instance of an incapacitated player saving a Test match. The exploits of Paynter who insisted on returning to the crease after a day of fever and was instrumental in winning for Jardine the fourth Test match at Brisbane, will be within the recollection of many. But, in the brief history of Indian cricket, this achievement of Hindlekar's appears to be the first of its kind.

It is necessary, however, to inquire how it came about that this unpleasant situation befell the tourists after a phase of brilliant batting that set in with Merchant's double century against Lancashire and which reached its climax when Hazare and Mankad mocked Yorkshire's dread attack at Sheffield. Counsel is, however, much darkened. If it were merely a simple instance of time coming to the aid of a team which was the inferior of the opposing side in every branch, there can be nothing more to be said. Indians, however, would fain believe, and there appears to be some warrant for this daring, that this contest of skill was distracted by at least two inter-dependent factors, the state of the wicket and the choice of innings.

Much fuliginous wisdom has been expended on the first aspect. The

screeds can, with fairness, be summarised thus: that the pitch was on each of the three days normally wet, not undamaged by the constant rain, and very worn-out. The decision of the Nawab of Pataudi to put England in after winning the toss has been defended on two grounds, that he was aware his team could not give a creditable account of itself on a wet and turning wicket, and that he hoped a rain-less Sunday would bind the pitch on Monday. The captain really appears to have ignored his considerable experience of English wickets. To expect the Old Trafford wicket not to be wet were as much wise as to hope that Washbrook will one day take all the ten wickets. The tourists should have reconciled themselves to playing the second Test on a wicket which, in different degrees, was in nature bound to be unfavourable to their method of play. As the second expectation enters the region of weather prophecy, there is nothing for ordinary mortals to say.

The result was that despite the super-human bowling of Amarnath and Mankad and after having dissipated the splendid beginning made by Merchant and Mushtaq Ali, the visitors found themselves in a parlous state towards seven on Tuesday. It is a matter for rejoicing that the need produced the men, but one would have much hoped that the hour had not risen.

There can be few parallels in the history of the game for the heroic bowling of Amarnath and Mankad, who accounted for every one of the fifteen English wickets that fell. This endurance should be as much praised as the lack of success on the part of every one of their colleagues should be deplored. Their success appears, from the accounts I have read, to be based on an uncanny

length which they maintained in all vicissitudes. I hastily disclaim all intention to preach a homily on the virtues of this first principle, but undoubtedly this fact should be appreciated.

In another direction also, this most interesting Test presents features so beloved of the moralist. There is evidence, in the modern prepossession for speed, that slow batting is not being correctly regarded. It surely is something more than a matter for unregenerate laughter by the not over-wise, that a batsman should continue to defend his wicket in an adverse position, though runs may not be flowing from his bat. Mr. Punch, lamenting an innings of that true Lancastrian, Scotton (who, as I should correct my statement in these columns two weeks ago, made 90 runs in five and three-quarters hours in the Oval Test of 1884) said;

*"And the clock's slow hands go on;
And you still keep up your sticks;
But, oh, for the lift of the smiting hand
And the sound of a swipe for six.
Block, block, block,
At the foot of thy wicket, ah, do
But one hour of Grace or Walter Read
Were worth a week of you."*

This lament is Philistine and is unworthy of Mr. Punch. The "hour of Grace or Walter Read," for which the parodist sighs, would have been out of place in many instances; the thirteen minutes that remained for end of play in the second Test when Hindlekar joined Sohoni, nine wickets down, constituted one such moment. Perhaps, the spirit of the ancient strategist descended on the last two batsmen. India can now claim that she is yet to be defeated at Old Trafford.



THE tintinnabular laughter of tall, handsome women rising like a melody into the air to the accompaniment of the *chink-chink* of heavy brass anklets, the swish of wide, heavy skirts and the jingle of bangle against bangle—the Lambadis have arrived in Madras. This gypsy tribe of South India carry with them in their perpetual wanderings that aura of romance which marks their cousins everywhere else in the world.

The distinctive three-piece dress of the Lambadi woman has no



parallel. Consisting of a skirt, a bodice and a long head-cloth, one of which is gathered over the shoulders with the other trailing gracefully behind, it is made of bright red material with elaborate printings of black and white.

Scintillating in the sun are tiny pieces of mirror sewn on to the bodice, which has scalloped sleeves, usually of blue and black cloth, an



Spotlight On The World

intricately embroidered front—and no back.

But if the Lambadi woman's clothes are bright and garish, the profusion of her ornaments is truly bewildering. Ear-rings and nose-rings there in plenty, but pride of place is given to the coiffure. Parted in the middle and at the back, the hair is drawn over each ear, where a pigtail makes its start, and is festooned with metal discs, set with stones, shields and trinkets.

The value of most of the ornaments is judged by their weight, and it is the feet that bear the greatest burden. The ankles are encased in massive anklets, and sometimes, below them, is worn a curious ornament that resembles medieval spurs. The arms are let off more lightly. Large flat bangles of white celluloid are worn above the wrists and elbows. And as if that were not enough, necklaces of beads are added to complete the picture.

The Lambadi men may wear little clothes, but in their love of ornaments they come second only to their women. Cowrie shells, beads and tinsel jewellery hang in happy profusion all over their big, hairy bodies. They have their arms and noses bored at several places so that the number of brass ear-rings and cowrie ear-drops may be multiplied.

As soon as the Lambadis enter a village, while the women make straight for the houses of the villagers, the men drive their pack-ponies and asses to the village common. By methods which may be the envy of any fast-talking American super-salesman the women sell shining needles to the village housewife—they cannot be put off, their sales-talk is less persuasive than militant.

In the meantime the men have set up the tiny tents, every one of which is surrounded with rope cots, clothes and a confusing variety of knick-knacks. Hammocks for the children swing from the branches of nearby trees. When the women return, the men set out to fetch firewood, and, soon after a "range" has been improvised with the help of three stones, the simple meal is quickly got ready. The Lambadis are great lovers of pets, and dogs, cats, monkeys, mongooses and parrots are to be found everywhere about the encampment.

In spite of their many folk songs—in a language which has many words borrowed from Marathi and Hindi—the Lambadis are not a musical people. But they can dance. Dressed in their best they sometimes perform a kind of communal dance accompanied by drums and the tune of old songs. They have a wonderful sense of time and rhythm, their dances revealing a precise co-ordination of limb and movement.

BOOKS ARE POPULAR

War has created in the Indian public a great book consciousness which is likely to be at least partially maintained in the years to come. This is one of the points emerging from interviews with a cross-section of publishers and booksellers in Madras. They estimate that even after the departure of the large number of English-speaking population for whom India has been a war time home, 150 persons will be asking for books where 100 asked before the war. Some of the booksellers aver that the library-building habit has yet to develop in this part of the world even among those who can afford it and that the disparity between the number of book readers and buyers is disproportionately large. Foreign

publishing firms are enthusiastic over the standard of books written by Indian authors, whom they place on a par with any in the world. Some of their books have proved very successful in Britain and the United States.

Contrary to the popular notion that fiction is the most popular type of literature, it is found that it is the educative book that appeals to the Indian. The classics, although expensive, have a certain buying public. Fiction is welcome if it is cheap, it is stated, but the rather expensive type of novel now available finds few indigenous buyers. Some fiction is bought by members of the Forces and European civilians now in India, but this demand is temporary.

Treatises on political and social sciences, economics and world affairs as also technical publications on scientific, engineering, legal or cultural subjects are all grist to the Indian reader's mill. Children's books, particularly picture books, are also bought.

Unhappily, the immediate prospect before the book lover is not too bright. It is feared that for the next year or two there will be a greater dearth than ever of books from abroad. Publishers in England have all but exhausted their stocks of paper, and there is no likelihood of immediate replacement. With thousands of technicians still in the armed forces, printing labour is in short supply, and the revival of the publishing trade will to some extent depend on the pace of demobilisation. Until then the reader must needs seek more and more "books in the running brooks."

G. B. S.

George Bernard Shaw, who has just celebrated his ninetieth birth-

day, has not only lived to see himself a legend in his lifetime but is still active in literary output and in the expression of his opinions on men and affairs.

Born in Dublin, the son of a retired and poor civil servant and of a resourceful mother, he was educated at Wesley College, Dublin, where—or so he declares—he was generally at the bottom of his class. At 15 years of age he began to work—at £18 a year—as clerk to a land agent in Dublin.

But by this time the seeds of his future interests had been sown. His mother was a musician and singer and from her the boy had acquired an unusual knowledge of good music. From his hobby of studying pictures in the National Gallery of Ireland, he had gathered an intimacy with the works of various painters. This music and art were destined to be the springboard of his career.

Clerical work proved highly distasteful and so at the age of 20 he left Ireland to join in his family who had moved to London. His mother by teaching singing, had become the main bread-winner. For nine years Shaw did odd bits of writing, musical criticism, tried his hand at novel-writing, but found all his efforts highly unremunerative. "I did not", he says, "throw myself into the struggle for life; I threw my mother into it."

Baffled in so many ways by the comparative poverty of his youth, he had acquired an almost fanatical dislike of pretentious respectability, of hypocrisy of any sort (either in the individual or in social organisations), of the injustice of social barriers. He soon became a lively Socialist propagandist and eventually a member of the Fabian Society and a friend and co-worker of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb. The tall thin young man with the bright blue eyes and sensationally red beard became a well-known figure as a street-corner orator and platform debator.

In 1885, he began seriously to earn a living as a reviewer on the *Pall Mall Gazette*. In the next 13

years he was successively art and music critic for the *Star* and *The World* and dramatic critic to the *Saturday Review*.

In 1898, his health broke down. Later in the year he married a friend of the Sidney Webbs, Miss Charlotte Payne-Townshend, who had helped to nurse him. Fortified with a happy background, added to a strict vegetarian regime, he found health.

The bulk of his dramatic work was written after he was 40, his greatest plays after 60. As an old man, the snowy beard erect, vital in mind and physique, he remains an arresting personality.

WESTERN CHINA

Under the impact of war Western China has been jogged out of ancient ways of life. Progress among the people is due principally to three influences: (1) Immigration of fifty million people from the east to the west of China and the fact that these were of the better educated class; (2) isolation of West China from the rest of the world, so enabling concentration on the development of this hinterland; and (3) conscription of farmers into the armed forces, leading to their training and education and, later, the taking of these forces to Burma and India.

The visible effects can be seen in improved communications such as

better motor roads and bridges and widening of streets in cities. Something drove city people to the country, enabling them to appreciate the needs of agriculture and the dependence of the population on the land. United effort encouraged "co-ops." which tended to break down the old barriers between clans and this also altered the previous attitude towards manual work.

Education is also having a tremendous effect. There is now great demand for higher standards of learning. Rural schools are being established throughout the territory in large numbers.

Emigration has still another bearing. This is with regard to dialects. Chinese from different parts of the country found that they were unable to speak to one another. Now there is a move to create a Chinese tone-speech which all can understand. Education, journalism and broadcasting are the three great influences which are forcing the adoption of a common Chinese language.

In politics also an altered outlook is noticeable. There is a swifter and more definite trend towards democracy and the People's Councils which have been formed throughout the land are having a greater say in Government.

DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT BUDDHIST STUPA

I recently discovered an ancient Buddhist stupa in the village of Aduru, situated on the bank of the Vainateya branch of the Godavari in the East Godavari district. It is a brick structure constructed in the form of a wheel on plan, with hub, spokes and tyre, all complete. It has a diameter of about 200 feet and must have stood 40 feet high. There are four low projections in the cardinal directions resembling the *ayaka* pillar platforms. This *mahachaitya* was buried in a mound which was recently opened by the local people. The original monument is destroyed, as a result, to about half of its height and its interior is laid open. There are three concentric circles, the intervening space being

covered by four, sixteen and twenty-four spokes respectively. Very near this *mahachaitya* is a smaller stupa about 25 feet in diameter, the superstructure being razed to the ground. This is also of the wheel-and-spokes pattern and contains eight spokes. At about a foot's depth around the main stupa there is a brick pavement with foundations of monastic cells. From several indications it looks as though this monument belongs to the first century B.C. This is, besides, the first Buddhist monument to be discovered in the East Godavari district.

M. RAMA RAO, M.A., Ph.D.
Hon. Secretary, Andhra Itihasa
Samsodhaka Mandal, Guntur.

INTERNATIONAL ASSEMBLIES

By C. R. Pattabhi Raman

The average man does not often bother about foreigners. He may eat the produce or wear the cloth of other countries, but rarely does he think of the people outside his country who produce the commodities. If, however, there is a breakdown in the supply of the articles needed by him he gets annoyed. It has been aptly put by Prof. Delisle Burns that the commodities of the world are more truly international than the minds of men. As a result, the code of morals and the laws that men follow in their own countries are not applied to international politics. The absence of an international point of view has been until now the cause for much unhappiness and misery in this world. In fact an international point of view was until recently regarded as unpatriotic or out of place in certain countries.

It is usual to refer to three distinct periods in international relationship in modern times. During the first period of which ended with the work of the great international lawyers of the 17th century, each State appointed its representatives to reside in the capitals of other States and either convened or attended conferences periodically for specific purposes. Frankly however in those days the relationship between Governments was one essentially of war or preparation for war and the representative of a State at the capital of another was more or less a spy. The ambassador was defined in those days as one sent to utter falsehood abroad for his country. It is therefore not surprising that the body of rules called international law that came to be recognised during this period concerned itself mostly with war.

In the second period which ended with the French Revolution, the Great Powers of Europe had sprung up and a scramble for the commodities of the world had started. The spread of commerce made it imperative that the various States had to maintain a balance of power so that their trade could increase. The Governments took part in the struggle for trade and their armed forces gradually increased in strength.

The third period was characterised by national consolidation and economic expansion. Italy and Germany achieved national unity, the Balkan States were freed from Turkish domi-

nation and the Spanish and Portuguese Colonies in America became independent republics. The problems of international politics at this stage were those of undeveloped countries, protectorates, spheres of influence, the open door for sources of raw materials and markets for manufactured goods. A beginning was however made in this period in international politics.

During the 19th century many unofficial international organisations came into being. These however were concerned either with the intellectual classes alone or with subjects which were universal. The International Congress of Medicine, for example, met periodically and helped eminent doctors of different nations to compare notes with regard to the advances made in medicine and surgery. International Chambers of Commerce performed their own functions. There were also the various Postal and Telegraphic Conventions, the Congress of Electricians, the International Petrol Commission and the International Associations for testing materials, metals, stones, etc. By 1900 the International Labour Conventions came into being as also the International Maritime Committees, the Red Cross Societies and the Anti-Slavery Societies. The International Federation of Trade Unions founded in 1901 was represented by twenty countries and by 1912 it could count upon 7 million members. Instances of such international bodies could be multiplied. There was also the World Congress of Religions at which India rightly played a prominent part.

After World War I of 1914-18 with its military casualties of 37 million men including loss in killed alone of 13 millions, it became increasingly obvious that the destructive weapons of war were threatening civilisation itself. The need for providing effective measures for the peaceful settlement of disputes between nations became urgent.

Impelled by lofty ideals the late President Wilson ushered into existence the League of Nations. The League came into being under excellent auspices. It did good work with regard to the administration of mandated territories, the collation of information connected with international aspects of labour and health and the suppression or regulation of evils like the

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN LOAN

By B. Pattabhiram

and the traffic in opium and other drugs. The League became a great clearing house for international ideas. It was in fact the first permanently established international body in Europe.

The weaknesses of the League were many and fundamental. To start with, the absence of Russia and America from the League was fatal to it. Its inability to enforce its sanctions on account of there being no international police force became apparent when Italy wantonly attacked Abyssinia and Japan committed atrocities in Manchuria. Sadly enough the statesmen of the other so-called big countries watched these depredations without even protesting.

When the United Nations Conference on International Organisation met in San Francisco on 25th April, '45, World War II had lasted for 5 years in Europe and for about 3 years in the Pacific area. With a view to preventing the recurrence for a third time of the great disasters of the last two wars the United Nations were invited to meet at San Francisco. Their purpose was to draft a charter for an international organisation through which the nations of the world might work together in their common hope for peace. The preparatory work for the San Francisco Conference had been done at Moscow in 1943 where the United States of America, the United Kingdom, the Soviet Union and China pledged themselves to continue their united action in the organisation and maintenance of peace and security. At Dumbarton Oaks in October 1944 these four Allies agreed upon the proposals for a world security organisation and at Yalta in February 1945 the nations extended the area of their common understanding. What is important, the various proposals were published so that the people of all the United Nations could criticise them and offer their comments on them. The Conferences at San Francisco was a war-time conference and many of the nations meeting there were fighting a

bitter and ghastly war and had realised that if steps were not taken to prevent war in future the peoples of the earth would have to face destruction of an unprecedented kind. They had come to realise that in future wars, deadlier weapons capable of reaching all the parts of the earth would be used. It was therefore with a grim determination to secure permanent peace that fifty nations signed the United Nations Charter on 26th June 1945.

There was to be no distinction as to race, sex, religion or language with regard to fundamental freedoms guaranteed to human beings under the Charter. The nations signing the Charter were recognised to be equally sovereign with one another.

India has been playing an important part in recent times in the various international conferences. Her position in the world is such to-day that she is bound to take an increasingly important part as days go by. As a power she is comparable only to the United States of America and the U.S.S.R. Her resources are vastly superior to those of China. It is no longer possible for any country, including India, to be exclusive in a world which is becoming increasingly interdependent. Scientific advancement, particularly in means of communication and transport, has produced a world market. The manner in which articles of food and valuable drugs are rushed from one part of the globe to another in order to feed the starving and heal the sick prove that the world has shrunk beyond recognition.

India is bound in future to make her own contribution in the international sphere. Her spiritual outlook on life is the only cure for the ills of the world. The recent war was won by the Allies, but will they win the peace also? Ahimsa must be the foundation on which peace must be built. In the raising of the structure for the establishment of lasting peace India can and will play a great part. (Condensed from an English version of a radio talk in Tamil from A.I.R.).

British M.P.s, by voting themselves a salary increase of £400 a year (from £600 to £1,000), have taken a step that puts them well in advance, so far as pay is concerned, of the M.P.s of most other countries. Only America and Turkey pay higher salaries.

British M.P.s get £1,000 a year, on which they pay tax deducting legitimate expenses, and free first-class travel between London and their constituencies. Members of the House of Lords are not paid, nor are they elected.

During the second week of this month, America finally ratified the loan to Britain to the amount of 3¾ billion dollars. It was in December, 1945, that the financial agreement came up in its complete form for discussion and ratification. After seven months of very hard bargaining the announcement of the agreement sounded like a great relief to the world. To quote but one instance, the *New York Times* declared: "We do feel sure that the danger of war is averted." President Truman's reaction is more specific: "It (the agreement) goes by far to remove the danger of rival and antagonistic economic blocs." Doubts will certainly arise as regards the magnanimity of the conditions incorporated in the loan agreement. One is curious to know why the danger of "two rival and antagonistic economic blocs" has hitherto existed. What is it that makes the loan so potent as to be able to "avert the danger of war"?

The sterling bloc organised from London sealed the fate of colonial countries like India, Iraq, Egypt to the extent of £3,355 millions. Of this 40 per cent is due to India alone. England has been dead set against liquidating the blocked sterling, firstly because her balance of payments has not been favourable to her, and secondly, because it would enable the sterling area countries like India to place their orders for goods services and capital in America, opening the market for American goods. This would have industrialised those countries causing headache to British imperialists.

The "dollar pool" was another equally mischievous war-time arrangement by which the sterling area countries which earned dollars in the course of their trade with America, were made to pass them on to the control of British imperialists. This meant that the dollars so 'pooled' could not be made use of directly for corresponding trade transactions. In 1945, India had a favourable balance of trade with

America to the amount of 80 million dollars which straightaway went into the dollar pool and could not be utilised for purchasing American goods of which we were (and still are) in dire need.

In effect, the dollar pool was a deliberate British check on the American market-drive. Tariffs and imperial preference policies had also the same objective.

This is how "rival and antagonistic economic blocs" were brought into being before and during the war.

The United Kingdom came out of the war torn and tired. The United States emerged out of it with a great strategic position both industrially and financially. England is left now with a foreign indebtedness of about £3,355 millions, with export trade reduced to 30 per cent of the pre-war volume and with a loss of one-fourth of the national wealth; whereas America, as per 1945 statistics, advanced credits to other countries like Latin America, France and Belgium to the extent of 1,500 million dollars. Again England's industrial economy has been badly crippled with the result that the diversion of war industry to peace time needs is made very difficult. Already, Britain is faced with a crisis in coal, food and raw material. Unemployment is already mounting up as the demobilised pour in. As against this, in America, the industrial cycle is on the ascendant. The technique of American production has increased so enormously that it runs far ahead of domestic needs. The country is now faced with only two alternatives: either to launch a drive for markets full steam to cope up with the productive capacity, or to be confronted with unemployment, long periods of depression and another slump more terrible than that of the late thirties.

Such are the conditions in brief which gave rise to the loan. Under the loan agreement Britain will draw by instalments from America

MY STAY IN "SWARAJYA"

By K. ISWARA DUTT

(Editor, "Twentieth Century")

In the middle of May 1928, I reached Madras with the consciousness of having wasted half a decade. To be back amidst one's friends, in one's own favourite surroundings, after a period of futile endeavours and false steps was a delicious experience. Most of my old friends were there at *Swarajya*, less because of tolerable service, than out of personal loyalty, bordering on devotion, to the founder of the paper whose services to the country through its medium had won for him the just esteem of the public in South India.

Swarajya and Mr. Prakasam were inseparable. It would be an exaggeration to suggest that Mr. Prakasam had left the impress of his puissant personality on the paper. This he failed to do for the obvious reason that he had not the gifts of a great editor nor even an adequate understanding of the requirements of a modern daily. His claims to recognition were entirely different. The paper owed its advent and existence to his single-handed labours and unparalleled personal sacrifices. For seven years the Andhras had been passing at successive sessions of the Andhra Provincial Conference a pious resolution urging the establishment of a daily in English, primarily to espouse and advance the Andhra cause, but the Andhra leaders were only toying with the idea. It was left to Mr. Prakasam alone, though he was a late starter in public life, to bring out an English daily in Andhra interests. He had just given up a lucrative practice at the Bar and rallied round the banner of *Swaraj* unfurled by Mahatma Gandhi. With striking gifts of leadership he galvanised the Congress movement in South India and commanded tremendous influence, particularly in the Andhra area. He toured the whole province, collected vast sums of money, gave a part of his own fortune and launched *Swarajya*. It was faced with a terrible handicap as it had to contend with the rivalry of no less redoubtable an organ of public opinion than *The Hindu*. The young man who collaborated with him on the editorial side lacked neither ability nor devotion, but its resources were not proportionate to its requirements and its news ser-

vice was defective. Its main drawback lay in the business part. Mr. Prakasam was not lucky in getting the services of an expert in the management of the newspaper. The paper had consequently to face much heavy weather. Mr. Prakasam spared no pains; he visited Burma, Ceylon, Federated Malay States and a number of other places for collections, and ungrudgingly spent away what remained of his own fortune, if only with the idea of keeping the paper going and the flag of the Congress flying. His struggles and sufferings in the cause of *Swarajya* constitute one of the most memorable examples in the history of journalism in South India.

When I returned to *Swarajya* in 1928—and it was the real beginning of my journalistic career—Mr. Krupanidhi was in charge with Mr. Subba Rau as his chief and indispensable co-adjutor. They both shared the stress—and distress—of the whole job. For a number of years it was their lot to run the paper with such resources as were available and such colleagues as would care to work in the conditions that prevailed. They knew that few would like to expose themselves to the risks of service in an office where a full meal in the day was something of a luxury and fewer would remain long, enduring continuous hardship and unredeemed poverty. They treated their own case differently. Knowingly and deliberately they joined Mr. Prakasam in the venture, which proved to be more than an adventure, and refused to think not only of the possibilities of the morrow but of the very needs of the day. They were accustomed to find people running away whenever the vessel seemed to be in flames, but they always stood there on the burning deck, Casabianca-like. Staff or no staff, salary or no salary, they strove hard, day in and day out, for years, and conducted effective propaganda for the Congress with unflinching devotion.

Mr. Krupanidhi and Mr. Subba Rau were diametrically opposite to one another in temperament and outlook. Sharp personal differences strained their relations sometimes, but they never allowed them to affect the interests of the paper to any extent whatever. Though a good writer himself,

the sum of 3¼ billion dollars upto the end of 1951, when repayment begins, the interest being 2 per cent. The whole of the debt is to be repaid within 50 years. The loan will give Britain breathing time to enable her to finance imports of food, raw materials and machinery until the home industries are placed on a firm footing to pay for them in full from their own income. In the words of Dalton it will be used as a spring board rather than a sofa.

The dollar pool of the sterling area which has been blocking the expansion of the American markets is to end within a year.

As regards the sterling bloc, its funds have been divided into three categories. Those of the first category will be at once converted into dollars which will enable the creditors (India, Egypt, etc.) to purchase American goods direct. The funds of the second category will be liquidated after 1951 and those of the third category are "to be used for the mutual extinguishment of post-war debts."

Tariffs, imperial preferences and other discriminations which the British have built up to ward off American rivalry, are to be removed. This will, as is stated in the agreement itself, facilitate the growth of multilateral trade which means free trade in the world market—free for all countries in open competition.

In short, from the British side, the crisis of under-production and collapse in national economy is counteracted by means of the loan and from the American side, the crisis of overproduction is met by it through the opening up of world markets under free competition.

But does this mean that the world has at last obtained peace? Far from it. As Varga put it in *New Times*, "Great Britain has accepted the financial agreement but the difficulties in the economic relations bet-

ween the United States and Great Britain, although temporarily palliated by the loan, have not by any means been overcome. The struggle for markets will become more fierce than ever once the post-war shortage of goods is met and the first post-war over-production crisis in the United States sets in."

How will India be affected by this loan agreement? Evidently, if things take their right course, the sterling debts will get released and the dollar pool will be abolished. As a result of this, India will be in a position to secure American goods to build her national economy but fears are rightly entertained by the people concerned as to whether this is going to happen. The reaction of Mr. G. D. Birla, India's industrial magnate, is worth noting: "We should not lose sight of the most important factor in all these international financial transactions. India needs a higher standard of living . . . and for this she wants foreign money. How far will this ratification help towards it? That is the only criterion."

The Indian commercial weekly, *Commerce*, in its issue dated 20th July writes: "Of the disadvantages the most important one is that improvement in the financial position of Britain is sought to be achieved at the expense of India's hard-earned sterling balances. A clear cut condition is laid down in the agreement to this effect . . . In May last, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for instance, threw a broad hint to the Americans that they could not bank too much on his condition being fulfilled as the agreement was not binding on a country which was a third party."

Leaders in charge of Indian affairs should be warned in time and demand immediate liquidation of sterling debts as part of Indo-British settlement.

Civilisation does not need any precise definition; it is the sum total of the products and amenities of a given social organisation, its wealth, customs, and material achievements. It is, in brief, a country's 'Standard of Living'.
—Herbert Read.

Mr. Krupanidhi always showed a consistent reluctance to write editorials either because of a little partiality for indolence or because of his confidence in Mr. Subba Rau. He showed a great capacity to read proofs and dispose of "copy" and a special fondness for distributing work among the rest. He was, however, the moving spirit of the office, in the sense that he was actually moving to and fro, and up and down, and also in the sense that he alone could make things move there. He had a tendency to lose his temper too often and to shout at the top of his voice, but he was never slow in making up for these lapses by his keen and subtle sense of humour. His sarcasm was withering. On Mr. C. R. Reddi's appointment as Vice-Chancellor of the Andhra University, I remarked that his departure from Madras was a loss to politics and a gain to education when he turned round and said that it was a gain to politics and a loss to education! I remember he expressed the same view—he was alone in expressing it in an editorial which he took the trouble of writing. Of Mr. Krupanidhi's unflinching courage as an editor, no more need be said than that the very victim of his attack, Mr. Reddi, called him "the Bayard of Indian journalism."

It was my good luck that both Mr. Krupanidhi and Mr. Subba Rau took to me very kindly, though I did not relish the idea that the former should reveal his kindness to me by giving me more work than I could cope with, and it was mostly routine work, including a lot of proof-reading which was a kind of intellectual short-drill to the eyes. I had a temperamental dislike for reading proofs and had a horror of their revision by Mr. Krupanidhi whose loss of temper invariably eclipsed my loss of patience. Owing to paucity of matter we were obliged to fill space with a good number of extracts, and it fell to my lot to go through the papers and select articles for reproduction. I immensely liked this piece of work as I had an opportunity of glancing through the papers and showing a real taste for selection which is something of an art. And then there was sub-editing which required both speed and accuracy. Mr. Krupanidhi attached great importance to headlines and always insisted on their being short and smart. If any one of them did not suit his fastidious taste he was in the habit, not of changing it himself but of making the "sub" try it again and again until he was satisfied. Giving the headlines to a news-

item or press message is by no means an easy task. One must have the completest idea of its contents, an uncanny perception of its essentials, a faculty of choosing the right words which sum up the text, a fine sense of regard for the policy of the paper, and also a delicate sense of humour. There was much to learn from Mr. Krupanidhi in the art of giving headlines which, when they lack the hand of the artist, sink to the level of what may be called headless lines. While all this work no doubt interested me, I was particularly anxious to get an opportunity for writing editorial notes. There seemed to be no prospect of my doing any leaders or paragraphs, but I refused to be overcome by despair.

About this time two air men came to Madras and started giving the citizens exhibition flights. It struck me that it would be a capital thing if I surveyed Madras from the air and also utilized the occasion for writing a short descriptive account. I suggested to the editor (Mr. Subba Rau was then acting as Mr. Krupanidhi was holidaying) to allow me to interview the pilots. He consented with alacrity and I paid them a visit at Spencer's Hotel. Both of them came to the waiting room to see me when I told them the object of my visit and confronted them with six questions. To save time they shared their labour: each selected three questions and wrote down the answers. I fancied that I went there to set them an examination paper and sat there in solid contentment while they went on writing. To relieve the tedium of my solitariness, they ordered for me—and they showed great imagination in doing so—coffee and cigarettes!

It was an experience familiar to journalists. Just one month after I rejoined *Swarajya* or joined it for the first time in real earnest,—there I was, in Hotel Spencer, enjoying sips and smokes at the expense of two persons whom I approached to seek a favour! I got something more precious than an interview—an invitation for a flight. That evening I had a thrill as I soared into the sky as if to gain the silent kingdom of the blue while I had so much of difficulty in finding a few paltry annas to go from Broadway to San Thome by bus!

A day or two later I wrote over the pseudonym of "Tea-Cup" an article (On an Air Ride) which was gulped down. It was my first innings at *Swarajya*! This was followed a week later by another light essay entitled "On A Tuft of Hair", a subject on which I have

always held strong views. I launched a crusade against the tuft as I found in it one of the greatest obstacles to the progress of India.

With the strength of compliments on my side, I made a few more excursions into the realm of light literature. I wrote for *Triveni* an article on "The Congress Trio in Andhrades". It was an appreciation of Mr. Venkatappiah, Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya and Mr. Prakasam, whom I described respectively as the soul, the brain and the driving

force of the Congress movement in Andhra. My effort won considerable appreciation and my colleagues discovered in it traces of skilful portraiture of personalities. Both Mr. Krupanidhi and Mr. Subba Rao wanted me to write for *Swarajya* a series of character-sketches, confining myself to Andhradesa at the start.

That invitation came to me first as an embarrassment but later turned out to be an opportunity which shaped my whole journalistic career.

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

TIT-BITS:

622"

A man cannot possess anything that is better than a good woman, nor anything that is worse than a bad one.—SIMONIDES.

* * *

Napoleon's last words were of his countrymen—"The Army and France." Charles I addressed from the scaffold to the tense, gaping crowd: the simple but dramatic exclamation; "Remember!" Queen Elizabeth faced death with the proud remark: "I have lived!"

Palmerston faced the inevitable with an epigram: "Die, my dear doctor! That is the last thing I shall do!" Keats said, "I feel the flowers growing over me." Byron passed on with the gentle words: "I must sleep now," while Goethe called for "more light."

Most moving death phrase of all was that of the deaf composer Beethoven, who said: "I shall hear in heaven."

* * *

One day a neighbour of Abraham Lincoln was called to the door by the noise of children crying. Mr. Lincoln was striding along, the hands of his two small sons held in both his own. "Why, Mr. Lincoln, what is the matter with the boys?" asked the neighbour.

"Just what is the matter with the whole world," replied Lincoln. "I have got three walnuts, and each wants two."

* * *

A statesman thinks he belongs to the nation, but a politician thinks the nation belongs to him.

* * *

According to a traveller in the middle of the last century whistling was unknown in Burma and frightened the natives who believed that someone whistling must be a bird charmed into

the shape of a man. Arabs despise whistling and consider the mouth of a whistler unclean for 40 days, because they believe it must have been touched by Satan to produce such offensive noises. Natives in Polynesia are not allowed to whistle as it is regarded as being disrespectful to their gods.

* * *

Miss Marlene Dietrich, during the shooting of a recent film, complained to the cameraman after seeing some of the first "rushes": "I don't like the way I look. You were the cameraman for the *Garden of Allah*. Why can't we get the same result as we did in that? I looked gorgeous in that picture."

The Cameraman replied, tactfully, "Well, you see, Miss Dietrich, I am eight years older now."

* * *

Let every man be respected as an individual and no man idolized. It is an irony of fate that I myself have been the recipient of excessive admiration and respect from my fellows, through no fault, and no merit, of my own. The cause of this may well be the desire—unattainable for many—to understand the one or two ideas to which I have with my feeble powers attained through ceaseless struggle.—EINSTEIN.

* * *

Keen on his job, the office-boy faced the caller who wanted to see his boss. "Are you a salesman, a bill-collector or just a friend of his?" he asked, remembering his instructions.

"All three" was the amused reply.

"Well, then," said the boy. "He's at a conference; he's out of town; hop in and see him."

J. A. THIVY, THE INDIAN LEADER OF MALAYA

(From Our Malaya Correspondent)

Mr. J. A. Thivy, former Minister of State in the Provisional Government of Azad Hind, was released from jail only in March of this year. I was anxious to meet this man whom the Government dare not detain, and I discovered him working in a small simply furnished bedroom cum office in the Temple Annexe, Kuala Lumpur. There we talked well into the night of his work under Netaji, and of his plans for the future. His soft pleasant South Indian accent, combined with a decisive emphasis



J. A. Thivy

when he made his points, gave the impression of an assurance and conviction, and made me a ready listener. Young, self-confident, and with a strong personality, he stands out as one of the leaders of the Indian community in Malaya.

Before the war, Mr. Thivy was a prosperous solicitor in the State of Perak. President of the non-political Indian Association, he took no active part in politics whatsoever. But with the rapid conquest of East Asia, like thousands of his compatriots, he was swept into political activity. He took a leading part in the Independence movement, first as Vice-President of the Independence League, and later as a member of the Azad Hind Government and Personal Secretary to Subhas Chandra Bose.

Mr. Thivy spoke with uncritical enthusiasm of the movement and its leader. But in view of the criticisms

of the Congress and of democratic opinion in general, I asked what lessons he had learnt from the mistakes of the past. Mr. Thivy refused to acknowledge these criticisms, and defended cent per cent the policy of Subhas Bose. Although he claimed that the movement was ready to take advantage of the clash between two imperialisms, he referred to the Japanese as "Allies" to whom the Indians had to be 'loyal', and he castigated the Burmese National Army when they attacked the Japa-

nese. Yet the Burmese, by their participation in the movement for liberation of their country, were rightly hailed as patriots whom the British had to incorporate into the peace-time forces. But to Mr. Thivy, these men were traitors who 'sold out' to the Allies, and behaved like rats deserting a sinking ship. This was clearly a direct contradiction of his earlier statement, which no amount of argument could explain away.

During our conversation I asked Mr. Thivy what he thought of the PAJA, that glorious underground army that brought terror to the Japanese in Malaya, but to my surprise, he confessed complete ignorance of the existence of any such organisation. But in fairness to the Independence movement, I have positive proof that many Indians fully understood the role of the Anti-Japanese Army, and on one fa-

mous occasion, a unit of the I.N.A. refused to attack the PAJA when ordered to do so by the Japanese.

Then we went on to talk of the new problems facing Malaya, and I was greatly impressed by Mr. Thivy's positive approach to these problems. Mr. Thivy stressed the following immediate requirements of the community in Malaya:

(a) A united organisation to represent all the Indians of Malaya, and to foster trade unionism among the workers.

(b) On the basis of this, a firm alliance of all races in the country to oppose imperialism.

"The Independence movement," Mr. Thivy said, "awakened the Indians in Malaya. This is shown by the number of Indian organisations and labour unions which have recently sprung up all over the country. They refuse to join the old associations which they consider as mere revivals of the 1941 outlook. In the same way, they will refuse to have anything to do with any organisation if it is undemocratic, and consists of a few arbitrarily selected people to decide its form, constitution and objectives."

"A conference must be called," he insisted, "open to all Indian organisations, at which these matters will be hammered out, and a Pan-Malayan Indian Association set up on democratic lines."

Finally, I cannot do better than quote from Mr. Thivy's speeches in his recent tour of Malaya. He said: "To the vast majority of the people of Malaya has come the realisation that they must pool their newly found and severely tested

strength and determination to work for the common cause of all Asian countries. Malaya, according to the new constitution, is out and out a completely dominated country. As such Malaya is a real danger to its neighbours who are on their way to independence. The communities must organise single organisations on a pan-Malayan basis to co-ordinate the common efforts of all for the establishment of freedom for the country. Trade unionism must be fostered, and a clear militant lead given to the workers of all communities. We must show by our activities that we are ready, willing and capable of shouldering our responsibilities for the good government of this country, and are motivated by the wider purpose of establishing peace and security in Asia."

Here clearly is a realistic international outlook, with a firm democratic basis, bearing little resemblance to the narrow nationalistic policy of the Independence movement. I pointed this out to Mr. Thivy, and was surprised when he stoutly denied that his views had changed whatsoever. I can only leave the decision in the hands of my readers.

When we parted, I left firmly convinced that Mr. Thivy would play a leading part in the future of Malaya. His decision to sacrifice his career in the cause of humanity is proof of his sincerity and integrity, if indeed such proof were needed. By this action he joins a long line of Indian leaders who have set an example to their fellowmen in the struggle for freedom.

Opinion is like a pendulum and obeys the same law. If it goes past the centre of gravity on one side, it must go a like distance on the other; and it is only after a certain time that it finds the true point at which it can remain at rest.

—Schopenhauer.

FOOD UNDERCURRENTS IN MALABAR

(From Our Correspondent)

Calicut: The Kerala Provincial Congress Committee recently put forward a food plan for Malabar which was later approved by the District Food Re-organisation Officer, Mr. R. K. Kapur, I.C.S., who has been specially appointed by the Government to deal with food in the district. The plan envisages the removal of wholesalers in food and the introduction of distribution through co-operatives. The plan is being worked out. Side by side with the establishment of the co-operatives, village food committees are also being formed. In towns, the distribution is to be done through Government depots.

In some of the villages which I personally visited, I was able to see the plan being worked out for myself.

The real representatives of the people are being kept away from the food committees and the biggest black-marketeers and jenmis are let in—a thing which naturally happens when the Tahsildar is the judge over people's representation. "The Tahsildar's friends will always be the people's enemies," said a kisan worker to me when I asked him about the food committee in his village.

The same is the case with co-operatives also. The co-operatives, according to the plan, are co-operatives of producers and do not include the consumers. As a result, the majority of shares are bought by big jenmis, and the small cultivators and agricultural labourers find that they have no voice in the co-operatives. In one village that I visited, I saw the man in charge of selling shares, selling them in bulks of two hundred which is the highest number of shares that anyone can buy. Out of the Rs. 3,000 worth of shares which was the quota for this village, I found no share-holder holding less than twenty shares. Asked why he was not approaching the poor cultivators, he said to me that the time

allotted to him to fulfil his quota was not sufficient. The result is that the jenmis and 'Nattu Pramanis' are going to control the co-operatives. With these facts in mind, one can understand why the Malabar Jenmi Sabha, the organisation of jenmis, welcomed the scheme and recommended an increase in the price of paddy.

To make the plan the people's plan, the following things should be done:

- (1) Consumers as well as producers should be allowed into the co-operatives; and
- (2) The buying price of paddy should not be allowed to rise.

While the jenmis are trying to get a higher price for their paddy, the wholesalers are trying to foil the scheme for their own benefit. They have sent deputations after deputations to meet Mr. D. I. R. Muir, I.C.S., Collector of Malabar. The Collector in his hurry to save the wholesalers recently allotted 35,000 bags of rice, which arrived here as part of Malabar's import quota, to various wholesalers, over-ruling the District Food Re-organisation Officer's orders to the contrary and not heeding the Congress Government's food plan.

The visit to Malabar of Minister Raghava Menon is said to be in connection with this. He called a meeting of food workers of the district belonging to various parties and discussed with them the present food situation. No Pressmen were allowed to the meeting, but it is gathered from reliable quarters that the Muslim League opposed the present scheme of the Government. The Communist Party, while supporting the plan, demanded that

- (i) Government officers should be instructed that joint lists for the food committees submitted by the various parties should never be rejected; and that
- (ii) black-marketeers and big jenmis who act against the

interests of the people should in no case be admitted into the food committees.

The Hon. Minister, it is learnt, took the view that joint lists might be rejected if there were any spe-

cial reasons with the consent of the M.L.A.'s concerned.

The Minister, it would appear, has cancelled the Collector's allotment of 35,000 bags of rice to the wholesalers.

DRUNKARD'S MATE

By Binod

There isn't much of love in this story. But there is plenty of hatred, plenty of bitterness. Life is like that.

Life isn't all marriage and "living happily ever after." It's full of pain and trouble. There are many more in the world who sigh for woe than smile for joy.

Father. A word that brings consolation and comfort to many meant to me terror and tragedy. It meant the denial of all my desires, the negation of all my hopes, a contradiction of my very life.

It meant exactly the same to my mother.

My father had a giant's strength—and used it like a giant. He used it on all and sundry. Most of all he used it on us.

Liquor was life to him. He drank day and night—and in between. Liquor to him was life.

Often he stumbled home at dead of night and woke us up from our uneasy slumber to prepare meat dishes for him. Woe to us both, if we didn't do it in double quick time. During this period lashes on our backs—and other parts of the body—at regular intervals kept reminding us of his brutish needs.

He had no pity! My father had no pity! The more we writhed under his attacks, the more he yearned to crush out our entrails!

Even in his absence we felt the terror of his presence. No iron bars shut us out from the outside world, but not in our wildest dreams did we dare think of seeking a breath of fresh air without his knowledge. He might come home any moment—someone might tell him—we might run up against him on the road—and then—and then! We shuddered to think what might happen then.

But this could not go on for ever. Somewhere, some time, somehow, we had to break through this corridor of misery and seek happiness in freedom.

Our neighbour desired me as his wife. He had so desired me for months, but, having no fancy for him, I resisted him. My mother saw in him, however, the only means of our escape from the drunken tyranny of my father.

For weeks we laid out our plans. Everything was coming through. One last touch, and all would be well.

But that last touch involved my absence from home for an hour. One morning, as soon as my father had stepped out of the house on his drinking bouts, I left on my mission, certain I would be back within an hour.

I was back in that time. But it was a fatal hour. The heap that blocked my way as I made to go up the stairs told me so.

My mother had been killed—had been beaten up and hurled down into the street by father.

He had known of our plans—had known of them all along. He had derived a wicked pleasure from pretending and from letting us go on under a false sense of safety.

My father paid the supreme penalty. A year later I married my rescuer.

But my husband has turned out as awful a drunkard as my father. When he comes home at dead of night I minister not only to his needs but to those of the women he brings along. Home is the same old prison. And, this time, with my mother gone away, it's a solitary cell.

You'll say it's a great misfortune. It is. Life is like that.

THE HOUSING PROBLEM

By T. V. Ramanujam

As long as the war was on, there were many grave hardships which our people endured with remarkable patience. They found, however, to their dismay, that these continued even after the war was off. Most people were puzzled and grieved. Why is there still such acute shortage of even the bare necessities of life like food, clothing and housing, they wondered.

Somebody whispered: "Wait a little longer. The Advisers' regime would end soon, and popular Governments would come. That is sure to mark at least the beginning of the end of all your troubles." This whisper put heart into them, and they further tightened up their belts, and waited in patience.

Now it is some months since the popular Governments came to power, and yet there is no end to the war-time and Adviser-time stringencies!

The people are naturally bewildered. Something is rotten somewhere in the State of Denmark!

This century is said to be the age of the common man. But east of Suez, especially on the Cooum, it still seems to be the age of the upper one-tenth. The lower income-groups still suffer the stresses of the war period. Take, for instance, the acute shortage of houseroom which has led to the appalling overcrowding that is now seen in Madras. When anybody dared to grumble about this a couple of years ago, he was promptly and effectively silenced by these questions: (a) Have you forgotten that there is a war on? (b) Have not evacuees, refugees and prisoners from the various theatres of war crowded into the City? (c) Is there not a stupendous increase in the staff of the Government as well as of private firms attempting to cope with the war-work? (d) Have not all building materials, especially cement, steel and timber, to be used for the construction of aerodromes, military roads, military hospitals, etc.? (e) Is there not the same in-

evitable drafting of skilled and unskilled labour for the promotion of the war effort?

Necessary increase in residence and no new construction of houses—this was the usual and understandable explanation of our difficulties then. Then they were unavoidable and temporary.

But now that the war is over, people find it hard to put up with avoidable evils that threaten to be permanent.

The word "avoidable" is used advisedly. Why should there be shortage still? What prevents the construction of houses in large numbers and with great expedition?

No longer are cement and steel, timber and labour used for building aerodromes. Are the Tatas producing less steel than before? Or, are the Dalmias producing less cement than before? Have we no bricks and lime and mortar in the land? Are there not enough building sites in the city and the suburbs?

The fact of the matter is that there is no sense of urgency about the problem of ending the scarcity of houseroom. There is everything that is needed for a big housing drive except the WILL and the ABILITY to launch on it.

Why not try some or all of these measures—measures which have been tried with splendid success in other countries?

1. The Government may take over the houses that are now used for the purposes of taking pictures, including those where "rehearsals" are held or "shots" are taken. They may provide the affected people with adequate houseroom in the mofussil, if necessary even by building there.

2. They may buy, commandeer, collect, and provide building materials at "controlled" rates to all who genuinely need them for building houses.

3. They may pass a law that anyone who owns a building site and fails to put up a building thereon,

either because he is speculating for a rise in land values or because he is awaiting a fall in construction costs, should, within a scheduled time, sell it to the Government at a reasonable price.

There are any number of building sites in Madras owned by a few super-rich, who are in no hurry to erect buildings thereon. The people who want to build a house for their own use are unable to get a site except at fabulous prices demanded by the rich who had bought them years ago at a very low price!

4. The Government may, as has been done in other countries, appoint a Minister for Housing whose department shall be in charge of the construction of houses for letting out to the homeless. There is no reason why the State should in this age of Socialism, wait abjectly on private enterprise.

5. Why not the Government offer to guarantee the debentures of any large-scale "house construction company", about whose capacity to build houses in a short time, at reasonable cost, they may satisfy themselves?

6. In this land of religion, where the spirit of noblesse oblige has been emphasised by all the scriptures, is it not morally, ethically and economically unjustifiable to keep a number of out houses and other auxiliary buildings in big bungalows unoccupied or to put them to uses other than housing the homeless? Why should not the Government prevent this abuse of privilege?

7. Above all, the State may well consider the possibility of evolving a practicable scheme of "rationing of accommodation," to be put into effect during the period of the emergency.

Rationing of accommodation, as of food and clothing, is, of course, only a 'pis aller'. It is a temporary expedient to be resorted to in a grave emergency caused by an acute shortage of an essential commodity, the elasticity of whose supply is small. It has to be abandoned as soon as the situation eases. In this, as in many other things, the only real and permanent solution is Production, and yet more Production.

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HEAVEN AND HELL: A RETROSPECT

By S. Jaipal

Even a poor clerk drudging at the A. G.'s office to keep his soul within his body may have extraordinary feelings sometimes. Many times I have felt vague memories of my pre-natal existence fleet through my mind. All of them related to such a grand life and such exquisite pleasures that being the ordinary fellow that I was, I was ashamed of admitting them even to myself. I used to dismiss them as foolish reveries till I met the new superintendent of my department. I had noted him looking at me with very great interest and I too felt that his face was very familiar.

One day he sent for me and asked me whether I did not remember to have met him before. But that was a long, long time ago when he was Viswamitra and I Ravana. He assured me that I was Ravana and that he remembered everything well, being fully developed spiritually.

I felt what he said was true but still could not help doubting. If he was indeed Viswamitra the Brahmarishi, why was he born again at all?

He had no need to be born again, he said; yet he himself had with great difficulty managed to get leave to spend a lifetime on this earth. Was it not strange that he should have done so and that too at such a time as this? He said he would have lived anywhere in preference to being in Heaven. Life had become so unbearable there that but for the strength of his penance he could not have endured it so long.

I was interested and curious. I had thought of Heaven as the abode of eternal bliss.

So it would have been, he said, had not the gods made a fundamental mistake. For they let only the soul get away from this earth while the body was left behind to

perish. And what is a soul without a body? He explained himself very earnestly. Of what use could be the divine nectar to a soul that has no mouth to drink with and no tongue to taste with? Of what avail is the charm of Menaka and Urvashi when the eyeless soul can't see them? What consolation could the music of the Devas bring to the pathetic soul that lacked the auditory apparatus? To know of the excellent things around one with absolutely no hope of appreciating them was trying indeed. But that was not all. To such a life of frustration was added the dullness of an existence that knew no want. How terrible it was to be without heat or cold or hunger or pain or any sensation whatever? Even a common cold or cough would have been such a relief.

He spoke so convincingly that my heart began to sink and I felt very sad. For had I not wished to go to Heaven and consequently made myself quite miserable with dull rites and rituals, knocking my head against every temple-door?

Trisankhu was the only sensible fellow he had ever known, he said. Did he not insist on entering Heaven bodily? But the jealous gods would not let him.

Here I remarked that it was not without an advantage to the soul to be allowed beyond this only in a disembodied state when one thought of the pleasant time it had in Hell. By this time my memory having become very clear, I could recollect Hell fairly well.

It was now his turn to be surprised, for he had believed that all the time the soul was in Hell it was steeped in misery. And his notions about the tortures of Hell were most funny.

I had to summon all my resources to convince him that only the so-called tortures made Hell lively. I cited many instances of how, when

the soul was thrown into the cauldron of boiling oil, it got rarefied by the radiated heat before it reached the oil and started going up instead; how it amused itself endlessly at the press by slipping away every time the press closed upon it; and how fine it was to be pierced by red hot spears without feeling the pain of it. In short, how could the shapeless substanceless soul be tormented by such devices? It was with great gusto that I described our triumphant merriment as we defeated the incessant machinations of the Yama Kinkaras to worry us.

I noticed that he brightened up considerably at my narrative. He had been worried at having to re-

turn to Heaven when his life ended. Now, surely, he will seek the means of going to Hell instead.

He suggested that we should start at once to the fountain of pleasure where we might drink deep. He persuaded me to join him by pointing out the foolishness of leading a very restricted life on this earth only to be rewarded with boredom in Heaven. And I followed him and what a time we had!

But when I woke up next day I had such an ache in the head that I could not help repeating to myself "If you pursue good with labour the labour passes away but the good remains and if you pursue evil with pleasure the pleasure passes away and the evil remains."

JIMMY MAXTON

By N. R. Bhuvarahan

"Men might agree with him or differ from him; they might admire his brilliant talents or quarrel with some of his special idiosyncracies; but no one ever ventured to dispute the fact that from the moment of his entrance upon public life he was one of the most conspicuous figures upon the stage, always an interesting figure and at times the cynosure of every eye".—Sir Wemyss Reid.

A gallant crusader against poverty, injustice and corruption, a first-rate speaker with a keen sense of humour, an ardent Socialist and humanist. Mr. James Maxton, leader of the Independent Labour Party in the House of Commons, was an outstanding figure in British political life. He preached revolution, yet never lost the friendship of his would-be victims. He created a hand-them-from-the-nearest-lamp-post kind of atmosphere for capitalists and yet they were really fond of him. His was an interesting development from a conservative under-graduate and athlete of Glasgow University to a Socialist M. P. of extreme views and rebel against

the leaders of his own party. It was the evolution of an honest and patently sincere man who ceaselessly strove to create a Socialist Britain. He saw the Socialist Commonwealth in simple terms of the better distribution of the ordinary commodities and necessities of life.

"Socialism", he said, when presenting certificates to foundation members of the I. L. P., "means nothing to me, if it does not mean that as I have a house to live in, you also have a house to live in; that as I have food to eat, you also have food to eat; that as I have education, recreation, and leisure, you also have education, recreation and leisure."

Maxton was a great agitator who belonged to a typical British tradition in which men like "Orator" Hunt, Daniel O'Connell, Bright and Keir Hardie were characteristic names. He knew how to arouse the conscience of men. His intuitions and the general frame-work of his convictions, bore upon their face the complete stamp of sincerity. He was always simple, always direct, always able to convey vividly to an audience just what he had seen.

Like all great agitators, his business was to arouse emotion and harness its driving power to his principles; and in this supremely difficult task he displayed the quality of genius. Few persons in British public life could have accomplished this task with such consummate skill and complete artistry as Maxton.

Like all great agitators, Maxton saw most things in terms of black and white. He did not understand the responsibility of the politician who, when the moment for action came, has to build upon the fact that prudence is the essence of statesmanship. He did not grasp the need for team-work in politics. Every great agitator is inevitably compelled by the nature of his own eloquence into some of the *prima donna's* habits. Maxton did not find hard work easy; or rather, he believed that the energy spent on agitation was the same thing as hard intellectual work. He was by nature a minority-man who is unhappy if he has to defend instead of attacking. His genius was not for explanation but for condemnation. It was this trait which impelled him to violently denounce the Government for planning to spend one hundred million pounds on road development

—to make them safer for the next hunger-marchers. He had to arouse passions, not to persuade into a policy.

A party like the Labour Party to-day could hardly hope to keep Maxton within its confines. To him the Government of 1929 must have seemed like a denial of his apostolate. He wanted to go where the mood took him, and it would never take him either to Transport House or to Moscow so long as either of these had rules which limited his right to complete freedom to do as he liked.

There was an inescapable streak of anarchism in Maxton and he enjoyed the sense of being untrained too profoundly to put on any one's harness. His errors of judgment, his irresponsibilities, his violent denunciations, his eager desire, if at all possible, to plough a lonely furrow, were all born of an inner and half-conscious knowledge that they were the conditions of his attractive virtuosity. To him life was a thrilling adventure, a constant crusade, waged earnestly with heart, brain, and sinew, against all that was mean and dirty, a battle for a new and just social order.

MEDIUM OF INSTRUCTION IN UNIVERSITIES

The move to introduce the mother-tongue as the medium in university classes in the province, will, though well-meant, result in great confusion. Apart from the trouble and effort involved in preparing text-books in the four different languages of the province and also the training of professors in such mediums which will take not a little time, the whole idea can very well be said to be an ill-conceived and ill-thought out one from the national point of view. First of all, giving too much importance to regional languages in the present conditions will only develop a strong sense of group consciousness most detrimental to national interests. Secondly, it will hamper inter-provincial contact and co-operation.

It must be realised that though we are not fortunate enough to have a common language of our own, we are fortunate in a way in that the foreign

language which we were forced to learn owing to circumstances beyond our control also happens to be the lingua-franca of the world and the language of the intelligentsia of the universe. And therefore no hasty steps, prompted by any pseudo-nationalistic spirit, should be taken to replace that language until a common language of the country is evolved by the National Government of India and is adopted on an all-India basis. In our anxiety to be 'national' in every respect we should not indulge in wasteful experiments in such an important matter as education which will amount to a virtual gamble with the careers and future lives of thousands of our young men. Our grievances are only against the British Power and not against the English language which is as much the property of the human race as it is of the Anglo-Saxons.

T. C. SANKARALINGAM.



Assam: By Alban Ali and Eric Lambert.

Iran: By Muhammad Iqbal.

Oxford Pamphlets on Indian Affairs.
Oxford University Press, Price As. 6 each.)

It is probably true that, as the authors of the first pamphlet say, "Assam is a country of exceptional interest, and deserves to be better known than it is." They have set out to dissipate the impression that it is a "land of magic", and have resolutely explained it in terms of statistics. "It is a country (surely, it is only a province?) of an almost terrifyingly prodigal Nature. . . It possesses the biggest village in the world (Baniyachang, with a population of 42,000); the wettest spot on earth (Cherrapunji, with an average annual rainfall of over 400 inches); and the largest fresh-water island in the world (Majuli Island in the Brahmaputra, 56 miles long and 10 miles broad)." The authors are confident that though now it is India's "Cinderella" province, it may in time to come occupy a "proud position in the future Federation of India," if its resources are wisely utilised. No reader who wishes to follow the present controversy regarding its "grouping" with Bengal, can afford to miss this excellent and pithy account.

Equally full of facts and figures is the second pamphlet. The main issue in Iran is whether modern ideas, which have come to permeate it, should be increasingly accepted or rejected in favour of the old ideals. The painful Azerbaijan incident, which has not received due consideration in this pamphlet, has merely emphasised this contest. The author has, however, concerned himself less with political relations than with statistical information on various kinds. It would be difficult to secure a more succinct presentation of these than this considered and carefully-written account.

Famous and Historic Trials: By K. L. Gauba (Lion Press, Lahore. Price Rs. 6.)

Though the author of this interesting book has not explained how a

trial that is "famous" is not also "historic", his selections undoubtedly are "famous". He has not arranged his cases in a chronological order, but it is true that the first instance, the trial of the "Meerut Conspiracy Case" accused, is the most interesting in the book. Like it, and unlike only two cases in the book, the "Fall of Lala Harikishan Lal" and perhaps also the "Shahidganj Case", the remaining eight trials are landmarks in India's political history. The trial of Surendranath Banerjee was held in 1893; and that of the Indian National Army soldiers in 1945. But, the same motif runs through them all, opposition to the British Government. They also agreed on this that, as the author writes of Surendranath Banerjee, "the sentence raised them in the estimation of the people." In diverse ways but tending in one direction, the trials of the great Bengali, of Dr. Besant, Mahatma Gandhi, Bhagat Singh, Maulana Mohammad Ali, Maulana Azad, and even Bahadur Shah, the last Moghul Emperor, undermined the British rule. When, seemingly at least, the hour of triumph is near, these early martyrs should be remembered.

The public owes a debt of gratitude to the author for having brought within the covers of a book these brevities of patriotism.

Thiruppavai (Tamil): With an English rendering by D. Ramaswami Iyengar (Teachers' Publishing House, Madras. Price As. 8.),

Year after year, when the sacred month of *Margazhi* comes round, almost everywhere in Tamil Nad Thiruppavai is recited and listened to with boundless rapture. To the casual reader, Sri Andal's Thiruppavai is a simple story charmingly told—it is no more than the outpouring of the heart of a woman in love albeit with God Himself. But forget for a moment the words of the lyric and enter into the spirit of the poem, and you come directly in contact with the vibrant yearning of the human soul for union with Divinity. An amazing depth of philosophical significance is found to lie concealed in this deceptively plain

song; there have been many commentaries by the greatest of India's scholars, and yet everyone who reads it finds in every stanza some new thought that electrifies his being, a new ecstasy that finds no expression in words. It is not surprising therefore that Thiruppavai has gained an exalted place in Vaishnavite literature.

Mr. Ramaswami Iyengar's attempt to present this unique poem to the non-Tamil-knowing world is welcome. Much of the charm of the original is certainly lost in the English rendering, but the book serves one great purpose—it kindles in the reader a desire to study the original, which undoubtedly is rich enough reward.

Netaji Speaks: By S. Subuhey. (Padma Publications Ltd., Bombay. Price Rs. 2.)

A great volume of literature has grown, and indeed is still growing, around Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose and the Indian National Army. This fresh and welcome addition to the series of tributes contains a stirring account of the life and achievements of Subhas Babu, written in simple and direct style that goes straight to the heart, and an inspiring collection of his speeches and statements in connection with the Azad Hind Government and the Azad Hind Foj. The first chapter—which seeks to provide a historical background to the slogan that was the rallying cry of millions of Indians in South-East Asia, "Chalo Delhi"—is a fitting prologue to the attractive volume. The book ends on a heartening note of optimism—that Netaji may still be alive, waiting impatiently to make his next move.

In a birthday celebration book just published, "Aspects of Bernard Shaw's Life and Work," a letter from Sir Max Beerbohm is quoted. It says: "I remember a published confession of my own that I was always distracted between two emotions about him—firstly, a wish that he had never been born yet, secondly, a hope that he would never die. The first of those two wishes I retract. To the second one I warmly adhere. Certainly he will live for ever in the consciousness of future ages. If in one of those ages I happen to be reincarnated, I shall write a reasoned estimate of some aspects of him and of his work. But now I merely send him my love."

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

Hard Lot Of Teachers

The teaching profession has waited in vain for some encouraging and hopeful announcement by the Education Minister regarding their salaries and service conditions, and a body of hard-worked men and women, on whom will ultimately depend the success or failure of all the finely-worded and highly-conceived educational schemes of the Minister, continue to be scandalously under-paid. At a time when the cost of living has gone up three or four times the pre-war level and other classes of public servants have been granted substantial increments in their salaries and other concessions, it is indeed a tragedy "too deep for tears" that only the teaching profession should be left to their fate! It is a sad commentary on the prevailing scale of values in our society that the teachers' modest demand for a bare living wage should continue to be ignored, while the clamorous and coercive demands of other classes of public servants are immediately and readily conceded by the Government. The dilatory and hesitant attitude of the Provincial Government even in regard to the pittance of "dearness allowance" recommended by them (after a great deal of agitation by the teachers) reveals a state of affairs that is by no means creditable, and the result of this callous policy is that a large number of unfortunate teachers serving in private institutions are still denied the small relief which the grant of this allowance might have brought to them. It is a terrible thought indeed that no demand for justice seems to be of any avail in our topsy-turvy society, unless it is backed by threats and violence. Otherwise it is difficult to understand why, in spite of appeals to the Government and agitation in the Press and on the platform, the teachers in our province should be disgracefully and persistently under-paid, especially at a time when our province is faced with an unexampled shortage of properly trained and qualified teachers.

The teachers' problem offers an urgent challenge to the Education Minister and the Provincial Government, and both expediency and justice demand that it should be met with sympathy and understanding by the authorities before things reach a crisis. The teaching profession is no doubt intensely interested in the long-range educational schemes which are now being discussed by our leaders and others. But they wish to point out that no scheme can be satisfactorily worked if the teachers are unhappy and discontented. The sooner this is realised by the State as well as by the public, the better. Hence an immediate and generous revision of the scales of teachers' salaries and the taking of proper steps to see that these scales are accepted by private managements are necessary. I would also suggest the immediate appointment of a Pay Commission—similar to the one appointed by the Government of India—to enquire into the salary scales and working conditions of teachers in this province and to suggest ways and means to bring about some sort of co-ordination and uniformity in the sphere of educational administration. Regarding the necessity for consulting the teaching profession in the matter of new policies and schemes, the South India Teachers' Union has for years been pleading for the appointment of an Advisory Board of Education for the province, but so far nothing has been done.

H. SUNDER RAO,
Secretary, District Teachers' Guild,
Chittoor.

Manufacture Of Misfits

Speaking the other day at Cocanada, the Education Minister referred to the fact that the academic standards of our University had considerably deteriorated in recent times with the result that our young men do not now-a-days do so well at the various competitive examinations for All-India services as their predecessors

did. Does the Education Minister realise that this lowering of standards has been the inevitable result of admitting to higher courses of study a large number of those whose intellectual attainments are inferior, but who are given preferential treatment in these matters either because they belong to particular communities or because their parents are able to wield the requisite influence with the higher authorities of these institutions? I know of many brilliant young men who were denied admission to the engineering and medical colleges and to the post-graduate and Honours courses on communal and other grounds, and who, therefore, had to drift into some poorly-paid jobs or take a mere pass course, while others whose attainments were decidedly inferior got admission to these coveted courses. In these circumstances, the consequences can only be what the Education Minister described in his speech. I am not saying that due encouragement should not be given to students of backward communities. Preferential treatment to certain communities in regard to general educational courses, I admit, is necessary. It will not do much harm. But with regard to specialised courses like medicine, engineering and post-graduate and Honours courses, the duty of the educationist and the State is to encourage merit wherever it is found and to admit to these courses only such students as have an aptitude for these studies and possess the requisite intellectual qualities that will enable them to pursue these difficult studies with advantage both to themselves and to the country. I should like to point out in this connection the excellent system of psychological investigation and measurement of abilities and skills recently adopted by the authorities of the Missionary Medical College at Vellore in order to secure the best type of student to their college. A technique like that, based on science and not on sentiment or favouritism, would certainly help to reduce the large number of misfits who now crowd our professional colleges and institutions of higher learning.

AN EDUCATIONIST

Spare-Time Hobbies of Teachers

The sad plight of an elementary school teacher whose monthly pittance is quite insufficient for him to keep on even one meal a day, certainly needs the attention of the powers that be.

When a teacher wants to earn another meal for the day by attending to some kind of hobby on a remunerative basis in his spare hours, he is not permitted to do so on the plea that his energy would be wasted to such an extent as to make him unfit physically to keep up the high level of efficiency needed in the school.

The wonder is that, whether he feasts or fasts, the quality and output of his work are not in any way supposed to be affected.

What harm is there in allowing him to supplement his income, which would help him a great deal to meet unavoidable expenditure on clothing, education of children, and medical aid, not to speak of bare requirements such as food and accommodation?

Persons controlling the destinies of these poor teachers should pay adequate salaries and remove the ban on spare-time hobbies capable of adding to their incomes.

L. GURUSWAMY IYER.

Is This Democracy?

The refusal of the Hon'ble Mr. K. Bashyam to order the immediate removal of the ban on "*Mundadugu*," a drama written in Telugu by Sunkara Satyanarayana and Vasireddy Bhaskara Rao, comes as a piece of disturbing news to all lovers of democracy. A memorandum is said to have been presented to the Minister signed by thirty-six responsible and prominent residents of Madras and the Law Minister is reported to have said in reply that he could not lift the ban unless the play satisfied his own taste. As a means of mass propaganda there cannot be a more powerful medium than the drama and the one in question deals with the sufferings of ryots under the zamindari system. It is admitted on all hands that this system is responsible for the present social set-up—an edifice of luxury at the top sustained from the bottom by misery and sweated labour—and that it should be destroyed root and branch. The Congress in their election manifesto contemplated the abolition of the zamindari system and the popular Ministry in U. P. have taken up the matter in right earnest. But here in Madras we are denied the right to preach against what is palpably a great social injustice! The need for awakening among the ryots has never before been so urgent as at present. While workers in general have awakened to a sense of reality and are shedding the ingrained tradition of passivism, the peasants lag still far

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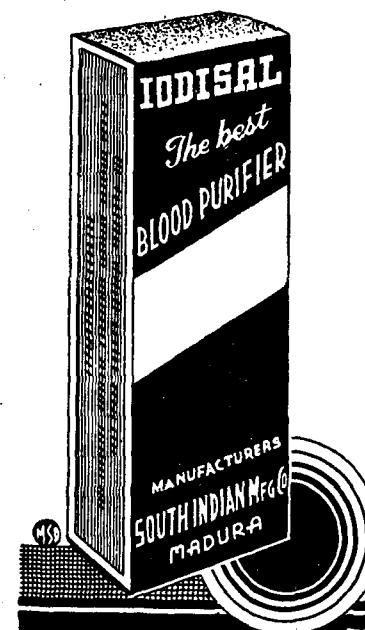
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behind and have not yet got out of the meshes of fatalism.

One fails to understand the reasons for the Minister's refusal to withdraw the ban. Does he realise that his refusal implies a tacit approval of what the irresponsible Advisers' regime did? Democracy concedes unqualified freedom of expression and in muzzling a play that evoked such enthusiastic response from the people the Minister has not justified his own position. After all, there is no absolute scale of values to measure the merit of any literary production. The business of a dramatist in writing a play is to please the public and not to gratify the peculiar tastes of any one individual whatever be his political or social standing. The responsive spirit in which "Munda-dugu" was accepted by the public of Andhra and the repeated requests that poured in later from many places for re-enacting it are in themselves eloquent proofs of the quality of the play. And yet our Minister insists that it should cater to his own taste as though the popular verdict was nothing and his own mattered. Our democrats would do well to give up this cool paternalism.

K. R. NARAYANASWAMI.

The Sikh Episode

While Pandit Nehru's handling of the Congress Sikh attitude to the Constituent Assembly was far from satisfactory, the way in which Maulana Daud Gaznavi reacted to the situation is illogical and inexcusable. The latter complains that by his action Pandit Nehru has undermined the national character of the Congress. True, but what is the Maulana's remedy? He fled from the Congress. This is hardly the thing expected of a leader of his standing. The proper course would have been to protest against Pandit Nehru's action and get his directive or advice modified. If, in spite of his protest, things stood where they were it would be time enough for the Maulana to think of his resignation. Instead of adopting this obvious course he dashed out of the Congress and joined the Muslim League. One cannot escape the conclusion that he was more anxious to join the Muslim League than strengthen the national character of the Congress. The Sikh episode was only a pretext. What is the cause of this strange impulse in a man who boasts of having made sacrifices during a period of 30 years?

This episode is of greater significance than is apparent when viewed separately. When it is viewed in the background of similar happenings in the recent past its portentous nature cannot escape attention. The resignation of Mian Iftikaruddin (mark the identity, both Maulana Gaznavi and Iftikaruddin, were one-time Presidents of the Punjab Congress) is an instance in point. The significance of such frequent resignations of Muslims from the Congress under one pretext or other should not be lost on the Congress. If they are meant to maintain its national character the Congress should lose no time in winning the sympathy and goodwill of the masses of Muslims. If this is considered to be an impossible task let us make a clean breast of the matter and declare that while the doors of the Congress are open to everybody it does not profess to represent the Muslims who to-day have a powerful organisation of their own. The Congress has tacitly admitted such a position in regard to the Sikhs and other minorities. Why not apply it to the Muslims?

V. NARASIMHAN.

Social Value Of Films

The cinema to-day is a live force. If it can be effectively used to educate the masses, expose the bad features of present-day social life, and to illustrate the painful effects of communal quarrels and scuffles which are, of late, on the increase, then it will prove admirably serviceable to mould the standards of morality of the people. When compared to the film, the power of books and of the stage is nowhere in the matter of bringing home the problems of life directly and vividly to the minds of men. What a pity that this great truth is not yet fully realised by the producers of Tamil films!

Only a few Directors in South India have the capacity and earnestness to make a harmonious blend of character, action, settings, scenery and music to produce a good picture. The evils that creep into films can be minimised by thoughtful care during the green-room and dark-room processes. The good, the useful and the beautiful should be cultivated and developed to ennoble the moral standards of the public on which the nation's progress depends.

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