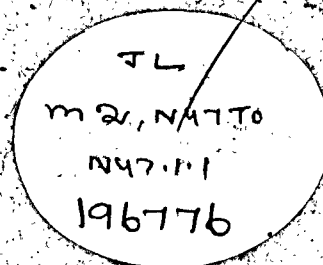


JUNE
1947

Tempo: monthly

VI. No. 1. June 1947.

Verba



JUNE
1947.

17 TEMP LTD.

Editor K.



MAXIMUM INCOME
WITH
MINIMUM EFFORT

By Representing

EMPIRE OF INDIA LIFE ASSURANCE CO., LTD.

Head Office: BOMBAY

Opportunity Awaits you

1945 Figures

Insurance in Force above

Rs. 20,00,00,000

Assets Exceed Rs. 7,00,00,000

R O S H A N L A L

General Manager

For Particulars Apply to:—

M. RAMA RAO, B.A., B.L.,

BRANCH MANAGER

187, MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS

OR

to any of the following branches:

Kempe Gowda Road
Bangalore City

Huzur Road
Calicut

Karim Manzil
Bank View, Cocanada

68, Tamil Sangham Road, Madura.

KUTTY AND RAO (ENGINEERS) LTD.

Managing Agents:

INDIAN NATIONAL INDUSTRIES LTD.

1/95, Broadway, Madras I.

Sulfaz 6 valve AC sets — Golden Voice
Johnson 5 valve AC sets — Pretty appearance
and clear reception

The Radio of to-morrow have it to-day!

Sensitive Tone

'FADA' Radios

at Rs. 180/- each net.

LARGE STOCKS JUST RECEIVED

Radio and Communication

Engineering Department

- ★ Well equipped Service Station
- ★ Best Service at Moderate Charges

Service Guaranteed Sales

Available from Stocks.

*A Weekly to Read
and think of*

SWATANTRA

(Editor: KHASA SUBBA RAU)

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY



Price: Single Copy As. 6/-

Yearly Rs. 20/-

Half yearly Rs. 10/-

Advertisement space is limited to
fifteen pages.

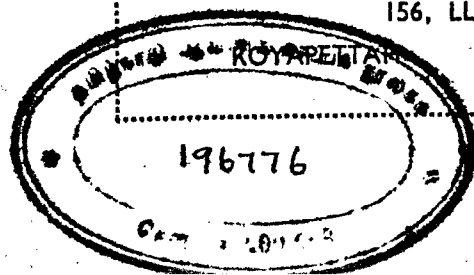
Quality Advertisements accepted
if space is available.

Editorial & Executive Offices:

SWATANTRA

156, LLOYDS ROAD

MADRAS



3L
m2, N4776
N47-1-1

Tempo

(INDIA'S TEMPESTUOUS ENGLISH MONTHLY)

Vol. I

June 1947

No. I

CONTENTS

Editor & Publisher
K. R. RAO

*

Art Director
S. N. Chamkur

*

Asst. Editor
Krishna A. Sampath

*

Printers
P. Arunachalam
Commercial Printing and
Publishing House, Madras

*

Subscription
Single Copy Re. 1
Yearly — Rs. 10.

Contents Copyright

Nothing published here-
in should be reproduced in
part or whole, without
the written permission
of the Editor.

ARTICLES:

The Premiers of Madras—Ex and present by Khasa Subba Rau	9
June 1948—and after by K. Rama Rao	14
India Towards Socialism by V. V. Giri	19
That Tantalizing Trap! by N. V. Eswar	21
Asian Relations Conference by Bh. Venkataratnam	26
Prepare the Country for Industry by K. V. Subba Rao	35
Tariff Policy and our Economic Future by Prof R. V. Rao	60
Tempo interviews scintillating Tara Chaudhri	64

FICTION:

The voyage through warm blood (serial novel) by K. R. Rao	44
No place on earth by "Cullitart" (short story)	76
Stray thoughts from my garret by "Daboo"	88

REGULAR FEATURES:

Tempo's Monthly Tempest	6
Of Men and Women	69
Eve speaks out!	81
Your Health	85
Tempo's Film Section	92

Editorial & Executive Offices:

TEMPO, 32, T. A. Mudali Street, Madras—4.

Short stories of high literary standard, spirited articles on all subjects, humorous skits, cartoons and poems are invited for publication. If return of rejected MSS is desired, stamped and self-addressed covers must be enclosed. All accepted articles will be paid for at our handsome rates.



WILD FLOWER
by S. N. Chamkur

TEMPO'S "Jai Hind"

Heralding the dawn of full-fledged freedom to four hundred millions of us Indians, exactly twelve months hence, TEMPO now greets the thousands of readers in India, Burma, Ceylon and Federated Malay States.

TEMPO is the need of the hour. Life loses its shimmer if its tempo is not kept up.

TEMPO in its pages carries to its myriad readers all that they have been hitherto craving for: Spirited articles by eminent men, stories that sparkle and speak, poems that arouse, pictures that keep you staring spellbound.

Some of the best writers of the country will be represented here; their esteemed writings will be presented in these pages and therefore thousands of discriminating, discerning and intellectual readers adorn our yearly subscription rolls.

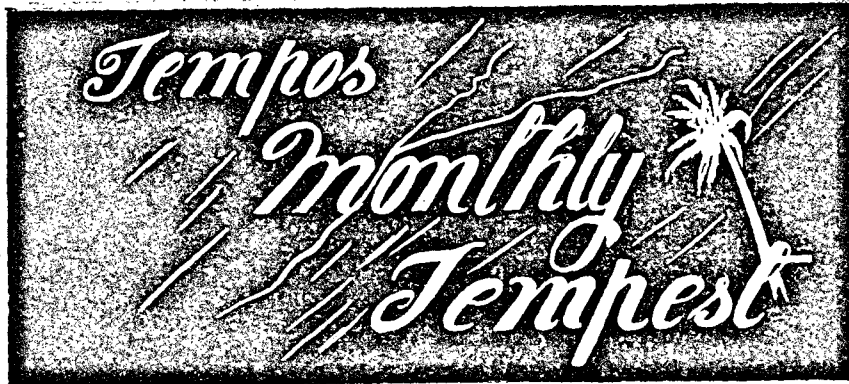
TEMPO does not wag its tongue for any political party or group. It is independent. It is daring, frank and tempestuous. It frets, fumes, and fires; it can also caress, coax, and lull.

TEMPO is the forum of the common man. If you have a grouse or a complaint or some wound bleeding in your heart, tell us and TEMPO will tell it to the world.

JAI HIND

PUBLISHERS: **TEMPO**

Madras, June 1947



Conducted by
"SHRAPNEL"

Echoes of Kashmir!

Nowhere political wisdom and progressive outlook seem to have fossilized so much as in the Indian States, the credit for lead in this respect falling on the divine-empowered princely doyens of Kashmir, Hyderabad and Travancore. In these days of democracy and the people's raj that these States should rule on as per their rulers' whims and fancies is something that earthly individuals cannot understand, nor heavenly angels endeavour to explain. The rulers, aided fanatically by their eloquent dewans, hang on to the back bumper of history, eyes blinded and noses soaked in the dead glory of a decadent princely order.

Kashmir has been reduced to a veritable inferno under the ruthless Jai Singh-Kak regime. Travancore turned out the inevitable Rama(swamy) raj. And Hyderabad out-Kaked Kak by externing Jai Prakash, the victorious hero of '42, the hero whose profile stands on the heart of every Indian drawn ineffaceably in the blood of those mutilated August martyrs.

Tremendous ovations greeted Jai Prakash wherever he went. The reception accorded to the socialist leader was without a parallel in the political history of the State. At the Husaini Sagar Maidan, Jai Prakash addressed a mammoth gathering of more than hundred thousand awakened beings. He drove

home to those that heard him in mute reverence that the British would not quit India for after their quitting India, they would stick on in the Indian States and continue their mischief.

News of his externment spread like the proverbial wild fire. The upstart of anger vented by the people is enough proof of the love and respect the people of Hyderabad bestow on their beloved Jai Prakash. The days of suppression are gone, for the suppressed have learnt in every land to throw out the suppresser and assert their right of free existence. In the words of Jai Prakash on the revolutionary sands of Chowpatty: "If the Nizam Saheb does not wish to join the Indian Union, it is the duty of the people to have Hyderabad divided into the three linguistic zones of which it is composed to-day and to have their ruler sent to London where he may pass the remaining days of his life."

Save the film industry from total collapse!

Bombay hitherto proudly known as the Hollywood of India has now ceased to glow with any mighty filmic activity. With the unsettled conditions in the country, long curfew hours, communal feelings run-

ning riot, and stabbings stretching on to streets and avenues, the film industry has indeed suffered a great deal.

Now news reaches us that the veteran film magnate and race-horse owner Chandulal Shaw has given notice to about seven hundred workers of his Ranjit Studios to quit, bag and baggage. This act of his speaks no worthily of him; it only reminds us of the rats that leave a house ere the house collapses. These seven hundred loyal workers that had for years been toiling and sweating for the blueblooded czar of filmdom, where should they go, to which limbo of idleness and waste? Chandulal has proved that for him nothing is of any value on earth or in heaven except his "tons of money". The film industry in its present deranged state looks up to men like Chandulal to push it up, for has he not made huge fortunes through it all these years? We appeal to this two-crore-rupees-worth money-god to revert his decision and keep in service those of the workers on whom the notice is served in heartless haste.

In these days when the film is commonly accepted to be the best medium of instructing the

masses, its progress is a very important thing. All those genuinely interested producers and artistes should now find an opportunity of serving the Indian film industry, forgetting the floating scum of Mammon-struck humanity who had reaped rich harvests while the sun shone and in the darkness jumped opportunely to new prize-yielding pastures.

Film production must go ahead, encouraged a great deal by the applause obtained by some Indian films recently exhibited in foreign lands.

Sir Sonti's elevation to acting Governorship

Sir Sonti Ramamurthy is one of the best brains in the country.

A brilliant man of many parts, with a rich philosophy ingrained in his blood, he is one of the outstanding sons of modern India. In a politically fettered country like India hitherto the tests of leadership are confined to the passport of lathi-stamps and jail-going. By which tests some of the best minds are shut off from the leading Congress organisation. That's perhaps the reason why Sir Sonti has not risen yet to his full stature to which his abilities should take him in the public life of the country. To any country Sir Sonti will be an invaluable asset.

* * *

She (sobbing) : Darling, I must confess to you that dad has lost all his money in speculation.

He : (calmly) : Don't you cry my love—I shall soon find another girl with money.

THE PREMIERS OF MADRAS —EX AND PRESENT

BY

BY KHASA SUBBA RAU

Khasa Subba Rau, editor of the well-known English weekly Swatantra, and one of the greatest living journalists of India, comes to the pages of TEMPO at special request in this brilliant article.

SRI Omandur Ramaswami Reddiar is credited with being a man of integrity. But since the Premiership devolved on him his integrity is being subjected to severe strain. Not that he has done anything while in office that he should not have. It was his very assumption of the role of Premier that was questionable. The headship of the administration of a major multilingual province like Madras, cannot be assumed offhand without adequate qualifications. It calls for a certain measure of education; of experience and knowledge of affairs; of ability; of proved and tested leadership indicated in the form of acceptance by people fructifying as a following of respectable dimensions. None of these could Omandur boast. His deficiencies of equipment for the exacting office of Premier were of a woe-full kind. They made themselves immediately felt through ludicrous anomalies unheard of before in the annals of any premiership here or elsewhere. In his first interview with the Press, he sank into voluntary inconsequence while Dr. Rajan spoke for him and dominated the show. Then at question time in the Assembly, while interpellations bearing on his portfolios rained on him, he sat like a Turkish mute with tongueless mouth, and when finally speech was extracted, he spoke in Tamil, shutting himself from comprehension by half the house. The dismemberment of the office of Premier has never been known to be so complete as it has become since Omandur assumed it. He has made a division of the power of his office between C. R. on the one hand to whom he made a public acknowledgement of subservi-

ence in all administrative matters, and the more masterful of his own colleagues in the Cabinet. Even for settlement of purely provincial questions lying within the purview of his own judgment as Premier, he has set up a precedent of rushing to Delhi, unlike his compeers in other provinces who have proved quite capable of deciding them for themselves.

Leadership is a matter of exercising judgment, Omandur has put administrative judgment into commission, contenting himself with being led. This was not a matter of choice with him.

It was the inevitable result of his extremely modest experience and endowments. The Gandhian constructive programme was conceived for providing work for all to do. It sought to evolve the greatest common multiple of individual contribution to social welfare and national power. Omandur won respect for himself within the circle of his acquaintance by adhering strictly to the practical injunctions of the Gandhian programme unlike so many others who actually evaded them while making a fetish of honouring them. While Congressmen who

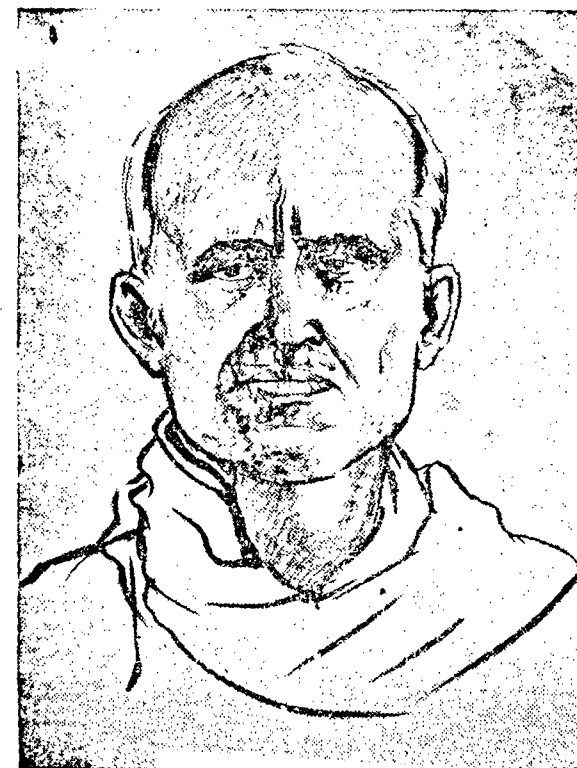
call upon others to spin are all too common, those that do the spinning themselves are rare. But Omandur belongs to this rare type. He combined zest for the formal items of the Congress constructive programme with qualities like abstemiousness and piety, and the absence of domestic ties drove him into a renunciatory mood that soon got established in the esteem of all aware of his existence as a test emplatry probity. He was set out to be a saint that had led into politics and sought living for himself. He proved an ideal choice for the

anti-Prakasam groups in the Legislature in their search for a leader, just because they thought they found in him an incomparable embodiment of absolutely dependable neutrality.

In the offensive against Prakasam, the objective was power and the problem was how to oust him and acquire the power. The leaders of the groups each wanted power for himself so avidly, that none would trust the others, and all turned to Omandur as to a providential figurehead so safely devoid of any vestige of personal ambition for power, that behind him for a



SRI T. PRAKASAM
—Ex Premier
of Madras.



O. P. RAMASWAMY
REDDIAR
Present Premier
of Madras.

facade they should carry on their struggle for mastery with undisturbed continuity and the same equilibrium as before after achievement of the overthrow of the ruling Premier. They made of Omandur's honesty and integrity a peg for their ambitions, while it was part of the game that he should be leader without being Premier, having the title and not the power. The very supposed negations of his personality, and not any positive appreciation of his ability and competence, contributed to his attractiveness as a leader in the calculations of those that set him up as a rival to Prakasam. But the saint in Omandur was not proof against the temptation of opportunity. He exchanged the habit of abstemiousness for supreme acquisitiveness, and refused to be shut off from the Premiership in the wake of being picked up for the leadership. It was like the bricklayer insisting on playing the role of the architect.

With mind and outlook rooted in rustic experience, the Premiership is a task much above Omandur's capacity, and he has resolved himself already into an invertebrate wonder in quest of a backbone from all and sundry. It is not a dignified position for

the head of any Government to find himself in, and the Premiership of Madras is becoming and more of a laughing stock in national politics as each day unfolds new revelations of exertion on the part of Omandur's rescuers to help him to survive. There is sabotage of fundamental integrity in this elevation of a patently unsuitable person of inadequate experience and education to power over the lives and fortunes of millions. Potentialities of disaster are inherent in it. It is nothing short of playing with fire in an age of democracy to set up as ruler over a province a person of whom the vast majority of its people have never heard before and whose name signifies nothing to them, and not all the manoeuvres of the mighty intellects engaged in bolstering up the present leadership can make it work or invest it with power and prestige.

Of Sri Prakasan, it is no exaggeration to say that he has the largest mass following of any leader in South India. Millions adore him. None of the individuals that have brought to a triumphant conclusion the coup in the Legislature Party for supplanting him have any influence comparable to his with the

masses. He holds today the whole of the public platform in Andhra. His administrative record as Premier failed to keep pace with his good intentions, and the gathering momentum of popular disappointment over the ineffectiveness of his administration in the matter of practical economic benefit would have lost him the affection of the people. Dethronement from office not only saved him from such a mishap, it shot him up to a pinnacle of martyrdom with vastly multiplied influence. While he is in the wilderness of exclusion from

office and the favour of the High Command, the forbearance of the people against whatever charges may be brought up against him, will know no bounds and he has reached the enviable stage of being regarded by vast multitudes with warmhearted sympathy and tender solicitude, irrespective of what he may say or do. If popular opinion counts he is a force to reckon with, and disequilibrium must be the lot of any administration in the province ill advised enough to ignore him.

Continued from Page 12

debilitating effect of foreign rule and ancient anarchy, and restored to a strength that is unassailable and to a position among the nations that will make it easy for her to win recognition which falls only to those that really deserve it.

It is a none too rosy picture I have drawn above. We have only to recall in this connection the history of the thirteen colonies that fought and won against Britain and became the modern

United States, the history of Canada, the history of France since the revolution, the History of even that little country Turkey, now the cynosure of so many eyes. I refrain from referring to the progress of Soviet Russia after the October Revolution of 1917. If we can be a United States without its full throated capitalism and a U. S. S. R. without the more extreme forms of communism, we shall not have done badly.

June—1948...

BY

K. RAMA RAO

This is one of the most brilliant articles from the seasoned pen of the reputed Indian journalist K. Rama Rao, former editor of "The National Herald," Lucknow. Here he dips into the India after the intriguing June '48, and rises to the stature of a prophet when he envisages a state without the full throated capitalism" of U. S. A. and without the more extreme forms of communism" of U. S. S. R.

What will be the picture of India after June 1948? What will be the tempo of work that will fall to us as a liberated nation?

I am assuming—and assuming in the company of the illustrious and the great—that about this time next year "Quit India" and "Quit Asia" will have been realised, and we shall be attacking the evil heritage of two hundred years of British misrule, consolidating the gains and benefits it has left behind, and qualifying ourselves for the sovereignty and independence of a nation fit enough to be classed among the great nations of the world.

We suffer at the moment from a dual complex. Will India be united or divided? We must be prepared for either alternative. If it is a divided India, it is not clear how the two parts of the country will deal with each

other. According to the Cripps plan of May 1946, it will be a weak centre with powers only over defence and communication. If it is to be a united India the picture will be more satisfying. But let us rule it out of consideration, things having gone too far for us to ignore the possibility of Pakistan materialising. Some of us do hope, however, that Bengal may not be divided, but few of us cherish the illusion that the pre-eminently Muslim areas of the West will not opt for a de facto separate and independent, whatever be the risks involved.

It would be too early even to imagine the shape of new order of things. Will Pakistan and Hindustan be at war with each other, will they follow different policies, internally and externally, in such a manner as to push them in directions irre-

And after

concilably contradictory? Let us, like wise men, be prepared for eventual developments of this character. So far as I can see, Pakistan, like other Muslim countries to the west of India, will slowly gravitate into the Soviet orbit or at any rate, form a unit of a Muslim Confederation from Constantinople to Lahore. This development will naturally throw Hindustan into the arms of those powers which are lining up against Soviet Russia. I know that I am risking a dangerous prediction and shall be causing much annoyance to those who have been magnetically drawn to Moscow and Soviet Russia, who feel that there is something irresistibly charming in communist idealism and who honestly think, that it would be the part of wisdom to invite the love embrace of a formidable land-power so near at our door and so invincible in war. If political prophecy is politically unwise, it is nevertheless the inevitable occupation of all thinking persons. Here at any rate is justification enough for the pursuit of a policy that will steady our nerve and widen our loyalties. If UNO does not help us, as obviously it cannot,

who will help us retain our new-won freedom? We must not be led away by ideological enthusiasms, but must allow ourselves to be dominated by considerations strictly germane to our interests and needs.

So far as the Hindustan section is concerned, we shall go in for a strong Central Government. We shall no longer hug the fantastic obsession of provincial autonomy as the *summum bonum* of provincial existence. The theory that was most wrongly popularised by some Congress leaders under the stress of the Pakistan demand will not hold good, namely that the provinces are the residuaries of ultimate power, and that the centre will remain as weak as the provinces can tolerate. The case for a strong centre, commanding the unquestioned loyalty, obedience and support of the provinces becomes powerful when we remember the new estate on which we are entering requires the greatest measure of consolidation, that it will have to fight against possible internal chaos coming from communists and communalists alike, and thus it will have to function effectively, if it is to

gain international respect and contribute to international security. Common religion, common culture, common needs and aspirations will hold us together as with hoops of steel. The picture, therefore, is a divided India but a strong Hindustan east of the Indus and the Ravi. To this one may venture to add the strength derived from those countries of the South East Asia and China which are bound to us in the permanent bonds of a common spiritual heritage and moral ministry.

As soon as the work of the Constituent Assembly is over, as soon as the new constitution has emerged, we shall get down to hard work with the like of which we have not been familiar throughout the centuries. The map of India will have to be redrawn on the lines of language. This is not going to be an easy task. There will be a flare up of provincial jealousies and an orgy of provincial bickerings when new boundaries have to be made and local ambitions are excited, but as it will be largely an *intra* Hindu affair, the questions will amicably be settled. We shall not lack the sense of fairness and amity to one another.

A source of trouble undoubtedly will be the Muslim minori-

ties in Hindustan. It will not take long for this community to settle down to a quiet life. Pakistan will be such a thing of shreds and patches that it will not be strong enough to help the Muslim minorities, even if they are ill treated, or enforce the theory of hostages, so dear to the heart of the Muslim Leaguer. The Muslims of Hindustan will live to rue the day when they backed Mr. Jinnah in their foolishness and unwisdom. Hindustan will treat Muslims like other citizens, provided they do not cause trouble. I am not one of those who are alarmed by prospects of civil war.

From the Indian States we should expect troubles not because the rulers will be violently inclined towards the new state of Hindustan, but because the people of the states will revolt against the rulers, be they Hindu or Muslim. There can be no stopping them. They will declare for addition to the neighbouring provinces. The writ of the rulers will not run. A certain amount of violence for the vindication of existing authority will no doubt flow from the circumstances, but one might safely predict that most of them will disappear in a decade and the rest will be obliterated by the slow

process of evolution. It will be a regrettable development, but Kashmir the crown and glory of India of today may be lost to the Hindus.

I do not expect that for a long time to come most of the social and ameliorative legislation that we want will really receive the attention of the government and the legislature. I would rather expect that those evils which infest society today will be dissolved by the emergency of a new social opinion that will at once relate itself and act in the inspiring light of the fundamental rights chapter of the new constitution. There will not be much for women to clamour or for Harijans to scream about. The new religion of citizenship will destroy the malformation and excrescences of outmoded society. The growth of political opinion in the context of freedom will most naturally lead to a new social awakening, a flowering of the intellect, and a literary renaissance which has punctually followed religious revolutions and political upheavals.

To revert to politics and administration, we at once recognise the need and the inevitability of a strong central government. What will it do? In the realm

of defence, it will have an independent army, for no liaison in this respect with Britain on one side and with Pakistan on the other will be of the slightest consequence to us. We shall be as fully equipped as a nation for the purpose of self-preservation as any other. This will mean that we shall have to increase the war potential and heighten the tempo of industrial production. While much may be said in favour of a policy of decentralization, it must be admitted that planning must be scientific and natural from the making of a pin or a parachute to the building of a hydroelectric dam or a steel works. We shall have the advantage of beginning on a slate not too much written upon. Powers which attach any value to our friendship will hasten to help us with development loans.

I am not quite sure whether for a long time to come nationalisation of industry will be either called for or will be successful. The new state will be busy with a hundred other things to invade what has been considered all these years to be pre-eminently a realm of private enterprise, but rationalisation there will be with shackles on the exploiter and a charter of liberties for the worker.

Incidentally, the philosophy of Gandhism will be on trial in the new order. I am one of those who believe that India's industry will flourish in the rural cottage more abundantly and more profitably than in the urban factory, and in a more multitudinous manner too.

Paradoxical as it may look, India is one of the countries least developed from the point of view of communications. Our railways have been laid down for facilitating foreign trade and not for industrial and commercial development. Our railway lines will have to be trebled and quadrupled where they at present exist and will have to reach out into the innermost recesses of the country. Air navigation should be as cheap as travel by taxi. We have few deep seaports and an extraordinarily little share in coastal trade. We shall be soon having our own mercantile marine. I would suggest that this should be under state control, as all national transports should be, the customs barriers shall go if only to typify the unity of the new country.

An immediate task of the new Hindustan Government, will be production of more food. Where will it come from? The British have cared more for railways as

arteries of trade than for irrigation and have systematically encouraged food imports rather than develop the rich and vast internal resources. Whatever else may happen, we shall be working on vast irrigation projects that will give not only cheap and abundant food, but also cheap and abundant electric power which is the basis of industry.

What will be the net effect of the schemes of national defence, provincial administration, industrial developments, agricultural improvements and extension of communications? It is so obvious that the resources of no single province, however fortunately situated will be sufficient for the purpose of the multi-sided expansion in view. The inspiration as well as the help, the guidance as well as the sinews, will have to come from the centre. It will not therefore be surprising if while provincial autonomy is acquiring a new significance it will be losing less and less of its quantum. It may gain in the process however because of a strong and vital centre co-ordinating provincial efforts and giving a solid material expression to the units of the national soul recovered and restored by independent India, recovered from the

(Please turn to Page 13)

India Towards Socialism

By V. V. GIRI

Ex-Minister of Labour & Industries, Government of Madras.

This exclusive article by the well-known labour leader V. V. Giri envisages in a nutshell the future constitutional developments in India.

Whatever be the outcome of the talks between the British Government, Congress and the Muslim League, one thing is certain: India in the near future will be a Socialist State. The union of the names will assert itself though temporarily India may be divided into Pakistan and Hindustan. It is the domination of the classes and the lesser bargaining power of the masses, politically and economically, that is responsible for the present impasse. The British are mainly responsible for the present state of things. Mahatma Gandhi therefore has rightly struck a note when he stated that if only the British decided to quit India now instead of 12 months later, things would be easily settled among the different parties and there will be a greater possibility of an All India Union.

Political independence may be secured but it has no significance for the workers and the



Sri V. V. Giri.

peasants unless that political freedom is followed up by the complete economic emancipation of the masses. In other words, a socialist state must be established where there shall be no exploitation of one class by another, and all vested interests must cease. And the fundamental rights should be guaranteed

to the people of the country without any distinction of class, colour, race or religion.

The history of the Indian National Congress has always proved that Congress when political independence is secured can also convert itself into a socialist organisation. The working class organisations were founded quarter of a century ago after the World War No. 1 by the leaders of the Congress. Later the Karachi Resolution on fundamental rights has proved to the hilt that the Congress stood for the masses. The recent Asian Conference brought about by the genius of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, one of the greatest socialists of the age, if progresses in the right direction will ultimately establish an Asian Socialist States Federation. And it is hoped that this Federation will lead to an international socialist federation where the guiding principles shall be national freedom, economic equality which should end all exploitation of nation by nation and class by class. It is high time therefore that all workers' and peasants' organisations which believe in securing a democratic

form of socialism should unite and organise on a peaceful basis to attain the ideals mentioned above. India has no place for Russian method of dictatorship. In a socialist state everybody must be provided with employment and everybody shall be in a position to express opinions freely and fearlessly, so long as they do not come into conflict with the laws made by people themselves.

The All India Planning Committee which was set up by the Congress eight years ago must continue to work till a planned economy is accomplished in our country. There must be complete nationalization of production, distribution and exchange leading ultimately to internationalising the same.

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, answering the question whither India stated, "surely, to the great human goal of social and economical equality, the ending of all exploitation of nation by nation, class by class, to the national freedom within the framework of an international co-operative socialist world federation."

That Tantalizing Trap !

BY

N. V. ESWAR

THE curse of the times is that every one who starts writing is too acutely conscious of the "market". The advice is often repeated that to be a "successful writer" one should carefully study the requirements of the market and write just that stuff that will find an easy market. In other words, writing is something of a commodity to be hawked about and marketted, much on the same level as tooth brushes, boot polish and hair pins !

This conception of writing is highly revolting. For writing is part of man. I should say that writing is the medium through which man expresses himself. Indeed, it is when man finds it difficult to make himself understood by others in the ordinary course that he takes recourse to writing, and thus reveals himself to others in his true embodiment. We can arrive at the personality of the man behind his writings. But could we achieve this feat through the articles that a particular person manufactures and markets? Never. So we have

Any writer worth his salt should have a soul above money. But with the spread of journalism and the springing up of journals like mushrooms, writers are multiplying into hacks. Should you write for the market? Or should you write what you feel and then market it? We would advise all aspiring writers who pound their type Machines day and night to go through this article with open eyes.

to dissociate writing from the market. The market view should never enter the field of writing.

Unable to stand up to the strain and over-awed by the dubious "success" of some writers, every one who begins on the art of writing easily gets snowed under this "marketing argument". Stories of how these "successful writers" arrived at their success within the shortest possible time through the shortest route are avidly pored over, and the methods adopted by the heroes are copied out most carefully and religiously. Now we have to get one thing straight,

Writing is highly individual. So the result of this blind copying can only mean that within a few more years we will get just stereotyped writing without the stamp of any individuality about it. Instead of machines producing standard stuff we will have writers performing the function of machines pouring out standard and uniform stuff. That this is becoming the case is well illustrated by the fact that a number of papers and journals are content to publish simultaneously the same nonsense or sense that one man doles out to them. This is the very denial of the spirit behind all writing.

Let us have a closer look at this "market" business. You study a few journals and papers. You analyse their contents. You find out what they ordinarily go in for. Armed with this knowledge you sit down and prepare your articles and features. Sure as a chemical precipitation, the acceptances and cheques surge up. You are flattered. You know the "trick" works. Mark the word "trick". For in your heart of hearts you know that the regular stuff that sells readily on the literary market has no soul inside it; it is not a projection of your

own individuality, which is what writing is. So once in a way you do some real work of your own. Naturally, they come back home to roost. You know that sort of work does not "pay". So you lose interest in writing what you by now have come to term "serious" stuff. And gradually, as you go on receiving cheques regularly for your readily marketable articles, you altogether give up writing anything of your own with your individuality stamped on it.

In other words, this specialisation in turning out stuff for a ready market deadens your creative urge which first brought you into the field of writing, and consequently the writer in you is dead to all practical purposes. Indeed, you are so obsessed with and awed by the "success" that attends your regular stuff that you do not really find time to turn out something original and individual enough to snatch the Nobel Prize for Literature! No wonder then that we have the highly successful writers of the day ending up as mere nobodies, while those unsuccessful writers who never worried about the market but went ahead writing what they felt a keen urge for, completely ignoring the small

Himalaya of rejection slips that kept accumulating in the corner, found themselves on the top of the world!

Consider the other implication. By voluntarily disciplining yourself into writing just that stuff that sells readily on the literary market, you are not only killing your individuality and the potential Nobel Prize Winner in you. You are also guilty of the crime of putting yourself into a strait jacket. Limiting your scope of expression to some narrow field, you soon become completely ignorant about the vast unlimited field for individual expression. Thus constricting your own power of expression to narrow limits, you become nothing but a machine which writes to order. Naturally, with your individuality completely removed from your writings you can be made to write anything, even a denunciation of yourself! That is you run the risk of becoming a tool in the hands of any totalitarian regime. We need not quote instances. But recent events have established beyond any doubt how the "successful" writers of the day can easily become tools in the hands of designing adventurers.

In any case, what does writing for a market amount to in

essence? It is mere hack writing? Any one can be a success at this job. He need not be a writer at all. All he need know is only correct grammar. Even this knowledge of grammar is not so absolutely essential!

The ordinary run of papers and journals want only informative and narrative articles and features. You go to the reference books or even other journals. You note down what is wanted. Arrange them in a different order from the original writer's. For all I know, the original writer himself must have done the same thing! So you are not committing any crime. Put in a few words here and there. And there you are, you get your article. Send it to any Paper or Journal. The next post will bring you an acceptance slip.

Working along the above lines, you can write on any subject on earth. You can write scholarly articles on Commerce, Medicine, Music, Philosophy, both Western and Indian, Science, Art, Politics, Black Magic, General and Child Psychology, all with Capital letters. In fact, you can dole out to the waiting world what has been known and studied since the world began without

putting a single atom of your own individuality into it. And the world is sure to look on you as a wonderful phenomenon. But is this hack writing what you look for when you aspire to become a Writer? You cannot cheat yourself. For you know very well that your individuality does not come anywhere in this hack writing.

Countless "writers" toil and bring together huge threatening volumes containing mines of information on all conceivable subjects under the sun. These imposing volumes sell readily on the market, as Standard Reference Works. Countless other writers give you information on all subjects through the columns of papers and journals. You are really staggered at this downpour. Judging by the measure of the readily marketable nature of their writings, these persons who have poured out this mighty ocean of knowledge should occupy a very high position in our minds. They should be placed above everything else. But would any one seriously suggest that these "authors" should be placed beyond the reach of Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, Tolstoy, Thoreau, Emerson, Hawthorne and others of the illustrious past? I should say that no one would think of

bringing even the Editor of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, the most valued Reference Book in the world, anywhere within a thousand miles of these real Writers of the past. Do you want to be placed alongside of those illustrious Writers of the past or with the compilers of almanacs and encyclopaedias whom the generation forgets to remember after a decade? The choice is yours!

So my advice to those who aspire to become writers in name and essence is: Never worry about the market. You just write what you feel like writing, no matter what it is. You write what fights for expression in you and comes out of you even without your own knowledge. Write what your creative urge prompts you to write. And then, if you seek a livelihood out of your own writings, go into the market. But remember you are not for the market. You sell what you have got on hand. You do not create what the market wants from you. The market is for you. It is for the market to take what you have to give it.

Speaking personally, I work on these lines. I never give a thought to the literary market. I write just what I feel the urge for. I write it out and then decide where I should send it.

This decision of course does not depend on any intense study of the particular needs of papers and journals. I send my MSS round in the order of as to who will get me a larger number of readers. Of course they keep coming back to me more often than any one would like. But I am not bothered. I just mail them to the next choice. Any one would think that I should be keeping all my articles on hand. Looking into my files I find there are a few articles written about three years back; they are still unsold. But I am not worried in the least. For every article I write gets sold of course somewhere, sometime. I am patient enough.

Aspiring writers would do well to remember always that the illustrious Writers of the past had often to wait till death and after it even to get their names in print. And Editors are as much liable to be carried away by different fancies at different times as your own urge for writing takes you too. The Editors

are human enough to be subject to the mental changes that every being undergoes. I have had enough experience of this. A number of articles submitted to the same editor half a dozen times kept coming back regularly but they were all finally accepted by the same Editor. What could you say to this? If we are to believe in the rigidity of the fixed standard requirements of journals and papers and in the "market" argument, all these articles should have remained unpublished with me. But the truth is otherwise. The important thing, however, is that by ignoring the market, you not only keep up your literary output, but do it in the most creative way possible and put something of yourself into each piece. The latter factor is what gets you immortality in the literary world. And there is no market for this. So you can take heart and dismiss that advice to write just what will easily sell on the market as a mere tantalizing trap.

Asian Relations Conference.

BY

BH. VENKATARATNAM.

The Asian Relations Conference was over. What has it achieved? This interesting article by Bh. Venkataratnam, who is a Research Associate in The Indian Council of World Affairs, Delhi, gives a record of the spade work done.

It has become quite customary to trace back the origin of anything that may be suggested or put into action now-a-days to the pronouncements or ideas of past leaders. The idea of a Conference of all Asian nations is traced back to the times of C. R. Das and not infrequently is it heard mentioned in the press that it took nearly quarter of a century for the idea of the pan-Asian Federation to take form and to materialise into the Asian Conference of to-day—nay, it has already become a thing of the past. But the Asian Conference is quite different both in its scope and purpose from the idea of a pan-Asian Federation which was more a political move. To some extent the political conception of Inter-Asian co-operation has made itself manifest in the idea of the 'co-prosperity sphere' envisaged by pre-war Japan. But the Indian conception of

pan-Asian Federation was never suggested with territorial ambitions in view or with an eye on economic domination and control of other Asian countries. It was suggested solely with the object of resisting European domination by all the subject countries coming together. Be that as it may, the present Conference can rightly be called Pandit Nehru's 'brain child'. Mark: we no longer want to be called 'Asiatics'; we are Asians; and Pandit Nehru has particularly emphasised the use of the correct word and that is ASIANS.

The genesis of the present Conference can be traced to a talk given by Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru to the Bombay branch of the Indian Council of World Affairs, a non-political unofficial body devoted to an objective study of Indian and international affairs. In his address he emphasised the need for reviving the cultural contacts

June 1947

among the Asian countries which have been isolated from one another for the last one and half centuries due to the domination by different European powers. There are many problems—social, economic, cultural and political—which have a common content for most of the Asian countries. A Conference convened for the purpose of giving an opportunity for the able men of these countries to come together and discuss these common problems should surely lead to a better understanding among the

Asian nations. This suggestion of Pandit Nehru was taken up by the Indian Council of World Affairs. The object was to organise the Conference on the lines of those organised by similar bodies in other countries like the Institute of Pacific Relations New York, or the Royal Institute of International Affairs, Chatham House, London.

The agenda of the Conference naturally provided for the discussion of economic problems (transition from colonial to



Maulana Abul Kalam Azad listening to Mrs. Sarojini Naidu's address at the open session of the Asian Relations Conference. On his right is Dr. B. C. Roy.



A section of the audience at the open session of the Asian Relations Conference. Mrs. Pandit and her daughter are in the foreground.

national economy, Agricultural Reconstruction and Industrial Development), cultural problems (education, art, architecture and scientific research), social problems (health, labour, insurance against unemployment etc.), and political problems (National movements for freedom). Emphasis was also laid on a study of the status of women and women's movements in Asian countries. Thus all vital problems were brought within the scope of the discussions. In order to make the discussions

effective, elaborations of the topics indicating the scope of the subjects to be discussed were prepared by the Conference Secretariat and distributed to delegates; eminent scholars were requested to contribute memoranda on the various aspects of the problems to be considered at the Conference so that the necessary background information may be provided to the delegates.

The Conference Secretariat soon got into the stride of

making arrangements for the first International Conference of its kind to be held in India. Asian and non-Asian countries and governments began to show much interest in the magnificent idea of Asian peoples coming together. Many a European country was worried, in spite of the repeated assurances by the organisers through statements that it is a non-political conference, because they were obsessed with the idea that the whole move was meant to form a solid anti-Imperialist block in Asia to resist any further exploitation of these countries by the Imperialist powers. The idea of an Asian Conference, coming as it does, immediately after the upsurge of strong national movements in many Asian countries only strengthened their suspicions. One thing is certain: the Conference could not have been held at an earlier time and it would have been too late if it were to be held at a later date. Psychologically and from a practical point of view, the idea was conceived at the right time.

The response to the invitations from Institutions, governments (where national parties are in power) and individuals alike was very encouraging. Of course,

at one point it looked gloomy when it was said that it might not be possible for the Indonesian delegation to take part in the Conference due to some internal developments. The difficulties in communicating regarding the Conference with the Arab countries so that they could come in time to attend the Conference were overcome by sending two special envoys to the Middle Eastern countries to contact eminent educationists, and other leaders and invite them to the Conference. Besides delegates and observers from Asian countries, some non-Asian Institutes with objects similar to those of the Indian Council of World Affairs were requested to send observers. In all 28 Asian countries, including Soviet Asian Republics participated in the Conference; the Arab League sent one observer; and 6 non-Asian Institutions sent observers. The delegations were composed of specialists in their various spheres; educationists, scientists and prominent political leaders attended the Conference.

The opening session of the Conference on 23 March was a grand show. The session opened in a historic setting at the Purana Qila (Old Fort), New

Delhi. The pandal is perhaps the first of its kind to be erected in India and it is in fitness of things that it should be so. The leaders of delegations occupied seats on the dais. A map of Asia at the background gave splendid appearance to the whole pandal. To see 10,000 people seated in an orderly fashion to hear the opening address of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, the Presidential address of Sarojini Naidu and addresses of the leaders of Delegations

is really a feast to the eyes—a scene to be seen and not to be described. The session continued the next day also.

The delegates and observers thereafter formed into five groups to discuss the topics set down for discussion. In the nature of things—the problems covering wide range, the time being very limited and this being the first Conference—the discussion groups could not do full justice to all the subjects.



were brought Kyaw Myint, Leader of the Burmese Delegation to the Asian Relations Conference, and Sir C. V. Raman surrounded by an eager group of college girls making the discussion.

Mostly the discussions were in the nature of preliminary consideration of the problems common to all Asian countries. Happily, from the outset, it was made a point that no problem or question concerning domestic issues or internal politics is to be discussed at the Conference. The results of the discussions were reported at the Plenary Sessions held for each of the Groups and adopted.

There was a wide range of agreement regarding the magnitude of the problems facing the Asian countries especially in the economic and social spheres and the necessity for comprehensive industrial development, and agricultural reconstruction in almost all these countries. The Russian delegates and the delegates from the Hebrew University contributed not a little to the discussion especially on the economic problems. The existence of common culture which is essentially Asian in character was also recognised and the need to revive the cultural contacts by closer co-operation in educational and in other cultural activities was stressed. Perhaps the discussion on 'National Movements' might have been on a better level. As the Report reads, it makes one

feel that the problems that are facing the national movements and political problems would have been more effective if the whole discussion was guided with the international position of these countries in view. Barring internal politics must have given better opportunity to delegates to consider such problems as the position of the Asian countries in the world organisations like the UNO; the part that independent Asian countries can play in such a world organisation, the ways by which these countries can contribute to strengthen the organisation so that it can really be a united world organisation to prevent future wars; the trusteeship system under the UNO and similar matters which affect these countries. From this point of view the discussion was rather disappointing. Since this is the first Conference perhaps one has to allow for some expression of sentiments which might otherwise have been termed 'platitudes'.

The closing session was again an open session and it was addressed besides the President and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru by Sutan Shajrir and Mahatma Gandhi. Nearly 30,000 people attended the session and proved the interest of India in Asian affairs.

The Conference is over. What has it achieved? One result of the Conference was the decision taken to establish a permanent 'Asian Relations Organisation'. In that direction, a Provisional General Council was formed pending the drafting of the Constitution of the permanent organisation. ARO, as it is called, is to function through national units in each of the Asian countries; the national unit in each country is to be organised on the lines of the Indian Council of World Affairs. The organisation will carry on the work started by the Conference and on the invitation of the Chinese delegation, it was decided to hold the next Conference in China in 1949. A permanent 'Institute of Asian Culture' is to be organised to carry on the cultural activities. Better basis for closer co-operation and understanding is sure to be founded if the ideas envisaged at the Conference are to be put into effect. To some extent, in view of the urgency of political problems which are in the forefront in many of the Asian countries, it was not quite possible to get the best intellectuals of each country since they are preoccupied in their respective national struggles against outside

forces. With political conditions more settled let us hope that the next Conference will be able to discuss the problems at a more expert level and in a more calm atmosphere as independent nations.

The Conference is only the beginning of the beginning. There is yet much more work to be done before the spirit of 'Asian unity' can be developed in these countries. Many a man has to put in tireless work before the threads of common bonds which were snapped asunder about 150 years ago could be gathered again. The consciousness of Asian unity should be canalised through proper channels if truly Inter-Asian co-operation on a lasting basis is to be achieved. The knowledge that our culture extends beyond our frontiers and is really not only Indian, Chinese, Russian or Japanese but ASIAN in character should give the necessary fillip for strengthening our cultural relations. Let us march together as Asians, no longer as nationals of nation States but as citizens of the world with common culture. Let us work for the peace of the world by understanding our common culture.



TEMPO'S MONTHLY POEM

There was hunger everywhere.
Unnatural, brutalizing hunger. . . .
Hunger for food, bread and butter,
For freedom from the Whitish fetter.

In dark bloodlit houses,
There were corpses ;
In the sunlit streets,
There were greets
Of one dying
To another yet living.

The playground in the corner,
Was free of every player ;
Now Death with its team
Played there its terrible game—
The game of man on fellow men
Homo homini lupus!

The very air
In despair
Seemed to sough and complain
Of hunger in a gasping refrain.

The good earth's yield,
Against hunger the shield,
Where was it gone?
To feed a dying nation,
Or the black marketeers ocean?

In their eternal sleep, in vibrant lulls,
The countless human skulls
Sang in monotone
The song of crackling bone.

Blithe flew the birds in the sky,
While bones rattled on land;
Even the aerial denizens wondered why
Human bones beat in a monstrous band.

But over and above all this hunger
Was the yet greater hunger
Of those devilish traitors
Of the human soul; the betrayers
That made a thousand chips
On everyone dead with parched lips.

There was hunger everywhere,
Unnatural, brutalizing hunger.

—Bimala.

Prepare the Country for Industry

(A FEW SUGGESTIONS)

BY

K. V. SUBBARAO, B. SC. (ENG.), A.M.I.E.E., A.M.I.E.

Now that political freedom has been won, the thoughts of all thinking Indians are centered round the surest and quickest way of achieving the total economic emancipation of the 400 millions of our countrymen and women. In this article exclusively written for TEMPO K. V. Subba Rao, one of the leading industrialists and engineers of India analyses the industrial problems of the country with scientific precision and throws out invaluable suggestions towards the preparation of the country for wholesale industrialisation.

This is an article which should be read, re-read and digested.....

It is a matter of common knowledge that Industry¹ by the people for the benefit of the people cannot thrive in any country unless the country enjoys political freedom. India is soon to attain her political freedom by June 1948. The problem that is engaging the attention of every thinking man to-day is that of attaining economic freedom in the shortest possible time. This is an age where Commerce and Industry play a very important part in building up the national economy. The question often raised is whether commerce and industry should be allowed to be developed on each individual's initiative or whether it should be planned. In a country where industry and commerce have been established on the basic principle of colonial exploitation for over a century, continuation of the same system cannot be expected to be in the interests of the people. It is, therefore, essential to have a planned economy and fit in the development of trade and industry into that plan.

A complete plan should first be prepared and the various stages of development should be clearly outlined. In this article, only the broad-outlines will be discussed as the space of this article will not be sufficient to discuss about details. The subject can be broadly classified

For
Everything Electrical and Mechanical
CONTACT

"PHOENIX SYNDICATE"

Electrical and Mechanical Engineers
and Dealers in

MOTORS
GENERATORS
CONVERTORS
ELECTRICAL GOODS
FANS
METERS
SWITCH-GEAR
PUMPS

ENGINES
PROJECTORS
SOUND EQUIPMENT
RADIOS
EXPPELLERS
FILTER PRESSES
BOILERS
TRACTORS Etc.

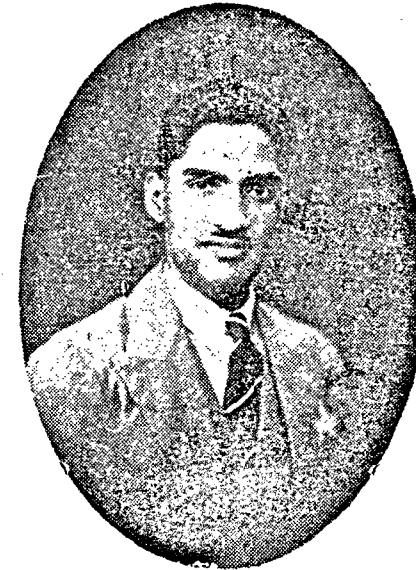
Offices:
Convernt St., BEZWADA
and
Armenian St., MADRAS

Telegrams & Cables:
"PHOENIX" Bezwada
and
"ROWLAUNDS" Madras

as *Agriculture, Industry, Distribution and Financing*. Each one of these items should be carefully gone into for preparing the plan. Towards this end, experts in each particular line are necessary.

Each Provincial Government may consider the feasibility of

A survey may be made in the area covered by the plan and details worked out as to the demands of the population, of the different varieties of goods, of the various raw materials and food crops available and the raw materials required for industry.



THE AUTHOR

forming an advisory committee consisting of leading experts on each one of these topics and such a committee may be advised to prepare a plan for consideration of the Provincial Cabinet. These Provincial plans may then be submitted to the Centre so that the economy could be planned on an All-India basis.

Agriculture: According to the demands of the country, the available land should provide the basic food crops and also the raw materials required for the various industries. A plan can be formulated as to how many acres in the Province should be under each of the varieties of crops. The execution of the plan in suitable

stages on a voluntary basis by providing the necessary initiative to the ryot on economic conditions has also to be worked out.

Each Province has already an Agricultural Department with a number of Research Farms in each territory. In spite of this, the ryot does not seem to be getting much help from these institutions partly because he is accustomed to do things in his own way and partly because of the Government Officers not showing sufficient readiness to help the ryots. The ryot should be educated to utilise modern knowledge to improve his agricultural methods and modern mechanical appliances should be kept at each centre by the State and given for rent to the Agriculturists, the rent being sufficiently cheap. If each Research Farm regularly publishes leaflets in the local vernacular language giving the requisite information and advice to the ryots for the particular season and these leaflets are widely distributed and the ryots explained by suitable lectures by agricultural Officers, then it is likely to help educating the ryots in modern methods of cultivation.

Industry : This can be classified as Large-scale, Medium

scale and Cottage Industries. On the survey to be made as per the demand for the various types of goods in the country, the type of industries that should be developed and the number of economic plants for each type of industry that should be installed could be decided in the plan. In certain industries where production on the cottage scale is possible, those should be developed by cottage industries and in certain cases, it will not be found economical or feasible to develop on cottage scale. For Medium or Large-scale industries, efficient and capable private industrialists may be invited to undertake and develop under a State Licence system, the state providing the necessary facilities for easy development. In the plan that may be formulated, all the details can be worked out as to what facilities are required for each industry. Any industry usually requires raw materials, labour, skilled personnel, assistance in the supply of steel, machinery and other industrial raw materials and scope for marketing. Supply of raw materials and scope for marketing can be provided by zonal system. For instance, if a sugar factory is located at a particular place, the requisite number of acres of sugar-cane

and should be zoned and allocated to that factory. Irrigation facilities, manures, etc, should be provided for agriculturists in the respective zones. So also for the finished products of sugar, certain zonal areas should be fixed for the sale of the commodity.

With regard to prices of raw materials, it will be a very complicated arrangement to fix prices, because it generally depends upon the price of finished goods and the demand and supply. Suitable percentage on the price of finished goods can be fixed for the value to be paid to raw materials to the agriculturists. These percentages may vary according to the price of the finished goods to that adequate margin for stabilising the industry and declaration of dividends to the Shareholders can be provided for the Industry.

Labour : This is a very ticklish problem at the present time. The cry of the labour is for increased wages, but short supply of goods and the inflation in the country makes goods not available to the poorer classes of people. The feeling amongst labourers seems to be that whatever wage they get, they are finding themselves unable to

feed themselves and feel comfortable. A system by which labour participates in the profits of the Company subject to a minimum wage and most of the consumer goods required by the labourers are obtained by the Factory and supplied to the labour at own cost is likely to ease to an appreciable extent the labour unrest existing at present.

Skilled-personnel : In many industries the problem that is found most difficult to be solved at the present time is that of skilled personnel. There is no use of trying to import Foreigners as we can import only a few officers. In a factory where the success depends on the co-ordination of 400 to 600 workers, each operating a particular machine, it is necessary that such skilled personnel must be trained and provided for the industry. As at present, each Factory has to take unskilled labour and gradually train them and it usually takes between three to five years to train such unskilled personnel.

Thus, a factory at present is found to be lagging in efficiency for three to five years in the initial stages. This condition has to be eliminated and abundant supply of skilled personnel should be made available. The

remedy seems to be to start a number of skilled workers' Institutes where boys who have known how to read and write in their own vernacular can be taken in to be trained as skilled workers. Each factory in the locality can be utilised to train these apprentices for a period of six to seven years and weekly lectures may be arranged by the institute for these students in their individual specialised branches. By this process, in five years' time, it is estimated, the country will have sufficient supply of skilled personnel, each one specialising in a particular branch to meet the needs of industry. Industrialists will be most willing to train such personnel and if necessary the state may legislate that each industry evidently must take in a certain number of apprentices every year.

Administrative personnel such as Accountants, General Administrators, Sales Administrators and Chief Technical-men should also be available in the country. Steps are already being taken by the Government in this direction and it is hoped that in course of time, there would no dearth of these personnel.

Distribution; In the present system, between the manufactu-

rer and the consumer there is a chain of middlemen with the result that if the own cost at the Factory is Re. 1/- the price to the consumer ranges from Rs. 2/- to Rs. 3/-. The result of this can be judged by the effect both on the industry as well as on the consumers. When the market cost is as much as 100 to 200% of the own cost, it will not be possible for the industrialist, however much he may try to reduce the cost of production, to compete in the open market with very big institutions operating in foreign Countries and trying to dump the goods in this country. It is not always possible to protect industries by raising high tariffs and preventing foreign goods coming in. Unless there is an efficient Distribution Organization established in each territory, it is not possible to develop industry in a competitive market. Large distribution organizations at least one for each Province with a statistical Department attached, seem to be a necessity for the development of industry. Number of stockists under such an organization can be fixed up. Direct stockists can be either co-operative societies in each village or merchants as the case may be. Such big organizations,

by virtue of the large varieties of goods they handle and the consequent high turnover, can operate on smaller commissions and so the ultimate consumer price will be low. The Statistical Department has to provide the necessary details, as to the different types of commodities required for each particular territory so that mass purchase could be done by the central organization at cheaper rates to pass on the goods to the stockists at a small percentage of commission. For this kind of trade, the central organization must have experts and skilled persons who are experienced in trade. Mere co-operative societies without its personnel having the necessary experience of trade will not be of any benefit. It is hoped that sooner or latter the traders will establish such organizations, each handling at least 50 to 100 varieties of goods so that on large turnover it will pay them even if they charge smaller commissions. With distribution organization of this nature, the goods produced by the cottage, medium and large-scale industries could be more efficiently marketed and the marketing cost being lower, the industry will be in a position to meet competition.

Finance: Industry and trade of the country require various types of finance which can be classified as follows:—(a) Finance for getting the necessary machinery and capital goods; (b) Cheap running finance to run the industry; (c) Marketing finance required for the distribution of the goods; and (d) Agricultural finance for providing money at low interest rate to the agriculturists.

(a) **Share Capital:** The raising of this depends on the success of the industry in general market conditions and the persons at the head of the institution. If taxation on Company's profits is levied at such a level as to reduce the possible dividend on the Share Capital, while other scopes of better investments are available to the investor, share capital will be shy. Undue controls also tend to obstruct the development of industry. For instance, if the raw materials required are de-controlled while the finished goods are controlled as at present in Vanaspati Industry, the industry naturally cannot make both ends meet and has to stop production. As such, if development of industry is required, conditions must be available that there is an inducement for the investor to prefer industrial

investment and taxations and controls should be suitably arranged. It is only then that capital will flow towards industry.

(b) **Running finance :** This should be available at cheap rate of interest, at 3 to 4% in the initial stages until the Factory can build up its own reserve funds for providing running finance, which usually takes five to ten years from commencement. Banks are interested only in providing short term finance and this kind of long term finance can be provided only by an industrial finance corporation. It is gratifying to note that such a scheme is already under the consideration of the Government and the sooner it is started the better. Such a Corporation would help to a very large extent the development of industry in providing suitable long term finance.

(c) **Marketing finance :** On the present system, if Rs. 100 worth of goods are produced by the Factory and are sent to the wholesaler the factory demands payment and the wholesaler has to pay. He in turn has to stock the goods and then send it to some other distributor and demands payment. The distributor in turn sends it to the various stockists and

demands payment. The stockists sell to the consumers forthwith easy movement of goods cash. Thus in the present system for the movement of Rs. 100 goods, practically Rs. 400 to Rs. 500 finance is required. This is not very convenient for the easier flow of trade. In forward countries like England, the bill system has been developed to such an extent that money itself is considered as a commodity and easy flow of trade becomes possible on credit. A Bill Bank is absolutely necessary to remedy the present difficulty for easy flow of trade. With the starting of a bill bank big enough for handling the trade of the Province, the Factory can dispatch the goods to the wholesaler and draw a bill on the wholesaler with 30 to 90 days credit. The said bill may be discounted by the bill bank by taking suitable commission. The wholesaler in turn can draw a bill against the Distributor with 30 to 90 days credit and he can arrange for discounting in the Bank and realise his money and so on. The advantage to the bill bank is that each draft is drawn by one party and endorsed by a second party and thus has the security of two parties and the Bank also earns a decent commission. There will be no locking up of moneys in

There should be number of institutions of this type as trade develops and with such institutions developing there can be an exchange house for negotiation of bills of this kind. This should also pave the way for future Foreign Trade.

(d) **Agricultural finance :** At present the rates at which the common agriculturist is forced to borrow from private money-

lenders range between 9 and 24%. Due to the high rates of interests he has to pay his profit earning in land gets reduced and consequently his economic conditions will not be good. Agricultural finance corporations are the need of the day. This matter seems to be already under the consideration of the Govt. and the sooner such corporations are started the better.

Broad outlines given above do require careful planning and it is advisable that an Advisory Committee consisting of leading experts is formulated by the State and a complete plan provided and policies formulated thereafter.

TEMPO

India's Tempestuous English Monthly
(Published on the 1st of each month)

Single Copy: Rs. 1/-

Yearly: Rs. 10/-

EDITOR: K. R. RAO

investment and taxations and controls should be suitably arranged. It is only then that capital will flow towards industry.

(b) **Running finance:** This should be available at cheap rate of interest, at 3 to 4% in the initial stages until the Factory can build up its own reserve funds for providing running finance, which usually takes five to ten years from commencement. Banks are interested only in providing short term finance and this kind of long term finance can be provided only by an industrial finance corporation. It is gratifying to note that such a scheme is already under the consideration of the Government and the sooner it is started the better. Such a Corporation would help to a very large extent the development of industry in providing suitable long term finance.

(c) **Marketing finance:** On the present system, if Rs. 100 worth of goods are produced by the Factory and are sent to the wholesaler the factory demands payment and the wholesaler has to pay. He in turn has to stock the goods and then send it to some other distributor and demands payment. The distributor in turn sends it to the various stockists and

demands payment. The stockists sell to the consumers forthwith easy movement of goods comes possible. It is high time for the movement of goods that with the possible development of trade, such institutions should come up and the State should give necessary encouragement and support for the easier flow of trade. In forward countries like England, the same.

bill system has been developed to such an extent that money itself is considered as a commodity and easy flow of trade becomes possible on credit. A Bill Bank is absolutely necessary to remedy the present difficulty for easy flow of trade. With the starting of a bill bank big enough for handling the trade of the Province, the Factory can dispatch the goods to the wholesaler and draw a bill on the wholesaler with 30 to 90 days credit. The said bill may be discounted by the bill bank by taking suitable commission. The wholesaler in turn can draw a bill against the Distributor with 30 to 90 days credit and he can arrange for discounting in the Bank and realise his money and so on. The advantage to the bill bank is that each draft is drawn by one party and endorsed by a second party and thus has the security of two parties and the Bank also earns a decent commission. There will be no locking up of moneys in

There should be number of institutions of this type as trade develops and with such institutions developing there can be an exchange house for negotiation of bills of this kind. This should also pave the way for future Foreign Trade.

(d) **Agricultural finance:** At present the rates at which the common agriculturist is forced to borrow from private money-

lenders range between 9 and 24%. Due to the high rates of interests he has to pay his profit earning in land gets reduced and consequently his economic conditions will not be good. Agricultural finance corporations are the need of the day. This matter seems to be already under the consideration of the Govt. and the sooner such corporations are started the better.

Broad outlines given above do require careful planning and it is advisable that an Advisory Committee consisting of leading experts is formulated by the State and a complete plan provided and policies formulated thereafter.

TEMPO

India's Tempestuous English Monthly
(Published on the 1st of each month)

Single Copy: Rs. 1/-

Yearly: Rs. 10/-

EDITOR: K. R. RAO

Tempo's Serial Novel
*The Voyage
 Through
 Warm Blood*

To thousands of readers in India K. R. Rao is known as a novelist and short story writer. His first novel "*None shall live*" earned for him the not too unworthy title "The Indian avatar of Oscar Wilde". His novelette "Goodbye to sorrows & tears" which appeared in the reputed *Swatantra* weekly of Madras was read by more than ten thousand readers of that journal and has just been rendered into Tamil. His novel "*If Angels could weep*" is now appearing in serial in *Crime & Romance*. Here we offer exclusively to the readers of *Tempo* his most ambitious and recent work.

CHAPTER 1.

SIX miles away from the shore of the Bay of Bengal stood the little village of Kantipur. A small one, with about two thousand humans. There generations went by one after the other in peace; the people lived in tranquillity while all the time rulers changed on the top at Delhi, the Therial capital of India. There to th

at Delhi, wars were fought in the Assemblies, victories were celebrated or defeats lamented, but the villagers knew nothing of all that. For them, the village had been the entire world; beyond its frontiers there was nothing but a gibbering vacuum.

With the dawn of this century, the forces that were changing the various nations in the world didn't fail to touch Kantipur, though in a lesser measure. The impact of Western civilization made its inroads even into this obscure sphere of inert humanity. A few residents had ventured beyond the limits of the village and come back with the sensational knowledge that what they had hitherto been thinking was the whole world was less than a dot on the crest of a huge globe. With the passage of time a railway line was installed. It connected the village with the rest of the country. Some daily newspapers printed in Madras, the provincial capital, had begun landing at the station. What an ocean of news the papers flashed! News about countries that were far, far away. About America England and of many other countries. All strange names. In the provincial capitals of India sat big "whites" known as Governors. They ruled the provinces with iron hands. And the Viceroy gloried at Delhi, the capital of India, in almost a

divine splendour, his hand taunting the chains that were holding a nation in bondage for over two centuries. The newspapers printed a lot about a small man that rambled about the sub-continent in loin clothes — Mahatma Gandhi who was out to wrest independence from the hands of the British, not by violence and bloodshed but through nonviolence and love.

Soon to the village came a post office. It was small, of course. The post master himself distributed the letters plodding his way in the summer sun from door to door. But very few people received letters; fewer still wrote them. Many of the dwellers were illiterate; They could neither read nor write. Perhaps Sundar was the only exception. And a glaring exception at that. He was an adventurous young man that had left the village early and got himself admitted in a school. Now he was up in Madras, having already taken his M. B. B. S. degree. Soon he would be a fullfledged doctor.

The screen and film rights of this novel are strictly reserved by the author. Producers who are interested in honourably securing the film rights of this novel may contact the editor of *Tempo*.

"I read your novel with interest.....your writing itself is excellent.....your theme is colourful..."—says *Martin Walter*, London, who has read this novel in typescript.

His mother, Sarasa, stayed on in the village. She was an old, orthodox woman in the neighbourhood of fifty. She had given birth to about a dozen children during her long conjugal life. But only Sundar lived and grew while the rest sank prematurely beneath the mud. He was the apple of her eye. Now his education was over, she keenly looked forward for his arrival. But he had written that he couldn't come back as he must undergo apprenticeship for some months under the eminent surgeon Raman. And she counted the months that fled by.....

Her mind always thought of him, her darling son. Oh, how aged he was becoming! Something like twenty three as far as she could remember. And yet unmarried. In her days did any man remain single till this age? No, never. Oh, he ought to have been married early, when he had been in his teens. That would have been the best thing. When they grow a bit and develop wings, these educated fellows refuse to listen to the wisdom of the elders. Presently her thoughts would hover round his

education. This ridiculous education! How it ate away money, lots of it! More than five thousand rupees in less than six years! Would his degree enable him to earn it back, at least? These degrees and diplomas, would they fetch him ample salaries; or should the certificates be just hung to the walls of the house as things of literary interest? Presently his absence would get on her nerves. And she wished he had come back to the village of his birth!

CHAPTER 2

The sun was high up in the sky. Its heat was scorching. It was almost midday. The village streets were deserted. Few sauntered out at this hour. But the post master rambled about the village at this particular hour on his daily beat. Bobji, the post master, was a teacher in the local school. His postal office was, in fact, a part time duty. His monthly salary was very low. The postal department in India surely has a prodigious sense of economy. Otherwise how could it make an annual profit of 4½ crores of rupees, whereas in other countries it's always run on a loss by the State?

There was nothing of the official atmosphere about Bobji. Every house viewed him almost as one of the family inmates. He was a peculiar by-product of the early twentieth century India that flourished under the aegis of British Imperialism. He just had picked up a few English words, which he used to spit out in a rotten accent. He was one of that generation that had felt it an affront to receive the national education, though yet denied the facility of colleges, run in simulation of Oxford and Cambridge. The result: He passed for a buffoon; a living caricature of the East & West. He greeted everybody with a "Guddu morning!". He uttered the greeting thrice, whenever he met a person. He took a childish pleasure in his self-improvised mispronouncements of the English words. It didn't matter for him if the person greeted didn't know even an iota of English. They ought to know, he argued, the language of the rulers. Otherwise how to get along?

His feet in those sandals, fabricated by the local cobbler out of buffalo skin, singing jhiv...chiv...jhiv...chiv... as he walked on, Bobji stopped at a house and tapped on the door.

"Aunt Sarasa! Open the door Open!"

To him, all women were aunts and men uncles. No other relationship, probably, appealed to his mind. The people, of course, granted to him these indulgences. They liked him much too much to be angered by the terms he addressed them. "Oh, if that funny jovial post master were dead, half the joy of the village would be gone with him!" So felt many. The doors opened. A woman past fifty, with brass rimmed spectacles lowered down the bridge of the nose appeared. Presently that wrinkled face expanded to a toothless smile at the crisp words of the post master: "O Aunt Sarasa, Guddu morning! A letter from the doctor!"

"He's coming," he added.

"Coming? How do you know?"

"I know. I know."

"Have you read the letter?"

"Oh, no. No, I didn't. I have been so long in the postal department that a mere study of the envelope is enough to give me an inkling of the inner contents!"

He burst into a boisterous laughter and handed her the envelope.

"Oh, why do you give it to me? Tear it and read out," she said.

"Is that also my duty? Oh, what a task master you are! Now hear. I'll read aloud."

He tore open the envelope and read out:

"My dear mother,

"My apprenticeship is over. I am now free to do as I like. I'll be arriving at our village day after tomorrow by mail. Send a man to the Railway station to carry home my luggage.

"I am sure you are well.

"With my love.... Sunder."

"Now Auntie, what did I say? Didn't I tell you that he's coming? What reward for me?"

"What reward could an old woman give you, Bobji? By the by will you take some cheese? Our reddish cow calved only yesterday. Come in and sit down on the mat. I'll go in and get it."

"Cheese! Preserve it for the doctor!" he cried. "He adores it. Don't you remember the funny couplet he had written on cheese, when he was a college student:

'Sweeter than the summer
breeze
Is my red buffalo's cheese!'

He burst into a guffaw.

"There's plenty. Don't worry. I'll prepare for him from to-day's milk," she rejoined.

"Don't trouble me to eat it here. You know my four little monsters at home? I'll carry it to them." Bobji always referred to his four sons as "four little monsters". He continued: "Those little monsters are always hungry. They importunately ask their mother: 'Mother, give us something to eat! Something to eat!' And she gives them some peas or groundnuts, afraid that they might eat one another if nothing is given!" Again he guffawed.

Sarasa went into the kitchen. In a few minutes she returned, a brass pot in her hand.

"Here it's. Take it home, then."

"So much! You are very bountiful, Auntie!"

"Oh, not much. Only the pot's big."

"Thanks. Now I'll make a move. Still a good many letters to be distributed."

Bobji took the pot in his hand and paced down into the street.

Sarasa stayed on, for a while, watching him.

"O uncle Subbu! Guddu morning! A letter from your son-in-law!"

The cry of the post master at the next house. Sarasa bolted the doors and receded to her semi-dark room.

CHAPTER 3.

The engine, steam puffing out, pulled up before the Kantipur railway station. In fact, no special building had been built for the station office room. An old bogey had been laid on a raised platform and the interior of the bogey served for the office room. These days, very few travelled by the train.

There was no question of crowds and stampede. Only once in the year, the trains would be dreadfully crowded, as though with a vengeance. More and more bogies would be attached; yet people would be crushing one another, for want of accommodation. That's during the festival of Sivaratri, an annual festival of great importance to all.

The guard whistled. The engine roared and rumbled on. On the platform stood a solitary man, with some luggage on the floor.

"Hello, Sundar! You!"

"Good morning, station master!" greeted Sundar. "How do you do?" The station master, an old man with auburn

moustache, ran forward and shook the hand of Sundar warmly.

"I am glad you've come! Very glad!"

"Thanks. Long since I saw you. How's your work?"

"So so. So so. Sivaratri is drawing near. Oh, those seven days are a hell for every railway official on this line! Oh, God, what crowds! The whole year I'll be unhappy, worrying over those seven days!"

The station master looked upon Sivaratri in almost a mortal dread. It was terrible. Last year, they had mobbed his bogey, when he had refused to issue further tickets under instructions from above. And he had been trampled on the platform, when he had been returning, after having a friendly chat with the guard. In a huge assembly, everyone would be so obsessed with his own welfare that they are prone to be callous to that of others. The station master, past fifty, wouldn't he be frightened by these violent and blind acts?

"Don't bother yourself, master. If you are wounded, I'll come and dress you up," assured Sundar with a smile.

"Idea! A capital idea!" shouted the station master, his

face broadened to a laugh and his mouth wide open, throwing bare his blackened teeth, on which no dentist had ever been allowed to parade his instruments. "During that festival week, you ought to be here at the station, with all first aid equipment and also some assistants."

Gopy! He was always, inexorably late, but abnormally punctual in being late exactly by ten minutes. If you had asked him to come at ten thirty, he would surely come at ten forty. Just late by ten minutes; never more or less. That was Gopy. It was said that he had come out of his mother's womb



"O, Aunt Sarasa, a letter from the doctor!"

"Of course, I'll. Surely. By the by, has any man come from my house to carry my luggage?" asked Sundar.

Presently they both heard a voice shout; "Master Sundar! Master Sundar!"

"Come along, Gopy," greeted Sundar. "Late: Late, as usual, by ten minutes?"

ten weeks too soon, for she had brought him forth prematurely in the seventh month due to a mental shock. Perhaps Gopy had something deep in his subconscious that ever made him lag behind by an unchanging time interval of ten minutes... and was it to compensate his rather early arrival on earth?

"Take the box and bed, Gopy and walk on. I'll come after talking for sometime more with the station master," instructed Sundar.

"But...but," Gopy hesitated.

"What?"

"Your mother is awaiting you with..."

"With what?"

"With a plate of cheese, just prepared!"

"Oh, a good bait!" Sundar smiled. "Go on. I'll follow you."

And he turned to the station master: "Here, master, give me your hand. I'll look you up again this evening"

"Good! good! Please to come this evening! and..."

He paused and whispered into Sundar's ears: "Don't forget to get me a little of that stuff...yes, cheese, don't forget. Yes, cheese, good! Please don't forget!" And the old station master mentally tasted cheese by swallowing the saliva that had collected in his mouth.

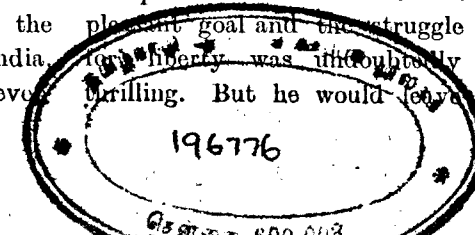
CHAPTER 4.

Sundar had come to the village, his mind full of progressive ideas. All round him, for countless miles and miles stretched the land of his; his motherland India. His village was one of those seven

lakhs of villages. Men and women lived on before his eyes, their souls steeped in utter ignorance and illiteracy. Poverty all the country over. Poor diet and hardly wholesome. The result: Diseases and deaths. In the well-lit bylanes of the Metropolis he had decided to dedicate his life to the service of his village. He ought to serve them to the best of his ability in his field. Oh, these villages! How horrid they are! In a country of such a vast population, doctors are lamently few. See that little island Great Britain. So well-fed and healthy and powerful! A doctor for every 776 persons. And his country, India? A mediocre doctor for every 9000 persons. A deplorable state indeed and more so in this twentieth century, this atomic age! The first thing that India needs isn't swaraj but good health.....good health. People should be hale and strong to face the ordeals of life. A nation of weaklings couldn't but be a subject nation. How many thousands of children die in the cradle! Highest infant mortality, unparalleled...

Freedom! Independence! Independence was indeed a pleasant goal and the struggle for liberty was undoubtedly thrilling. But he would leave

JL
M. A. NUTTO
1947.11



that fight to the politicians and party leaders. His duty was different. He was trained to watch the public welfare and that he would. An hospital must be opened in the village and all the inhabitants should be encouraged to receive the full benefits of it. Something very constructive must be done to better the lot of the people. Oh, how healthy would be these villages, if every village possessed a trained doctor and a couple of nurses! India has no need of armchair politicians and fiery orators. Of this sort, there are a good many. What it wants are workers, silent workers that serve on, ever shedding their blood, without stretching their hands for rewards or straining their ears for applause.

Sundar as he walked homeward from the station thought of the decisions that had almost been fixed in his mind. He would be the trustee of the public welfare of the village. He would do everything to his utmost. It was no use asking the Government to see that every village had a doctor. Indians, having decided to be free and proclaimed themselves as such, should learn to do things without, in any way, seeking the help of the Government. When all Indians begin

to behave independently in the full interests of the country, well, that's really swaraj.

His own house could be converted into an hospital, he reflected. The little of the ancestral property that yet remained could be well invested in furnishing the hospital with all the necessary modern paraphernalia. And should he demand money from the patients? Sure he ought to. If he were too charitable, the hospital would in no time be impoverished. It might have to be disbanded, having gone bankrupt. All his beautiful visions would go with the wind. Medicine to all, while the bills should vary to suit every pocket. Medicine to each according to his needs; demand from each according to his purse. That would be in the fitness of things. He would take little or nothing from the very poor. Even if there was to be no profit, the organization must be able to stand on its legs, without cringing before philanthropists for their haughty donations. Even social workers do need food and fresh air and play. So those that would be working for the hospital ought to receive enough to keep them living happily and without worries.

As Sundar scaled up the doorstep of his house, a peculiar thrill swayed his system. He had come back; henceforth in this house, he would live for ever. Those ten years of student life! And, within that time, how little the village had changed!

The only changes he found were purely physical. For instance, those that had been boys grew up into men; some girls that had been wearing skirts were now clad in sarees, having attained maturity. Beyond this, no change whatsoever. The streets were as dirty as they ever had been; garbage heaped hither and thither, stinking. If these wretched, ignorant villagers were left to evolve themselves into well-fed, healthy and ideal citizens, they would take, perhaps, millions of years, considering the very slow pace of their progress. Evolution was all right for rocks and stones and other forms of matter. But not for man. Revolution was for the humans. Only a drastic revolution could put an end to this utter state of ugliness and push the people ahead. Whole sheets of history were littered with corpses and stained with crimson blood. There was always absorption or excretion of

heat, as society passed on from one state to another. A revolution headed by a minority would charge to action the whole bulk of mankind lying dormant in the meshes of lethargy and make it march ahead. Something radical must sweep the country.

Everywhere there was disease. In the streets he had seen a good many persons walking heavily with elephantiasis in their legs. The poor ate off whatever they lay their hands on; while the rich didn't know what they should consume, how much and why. Most of the diseases were the inexorable results of poverty and rank ignorance. Medicine might cure them, but to prevent them, it needs more than a doctor. One must needs keep touch with the people, low and high, and should constantly be dinning into their ears the food value of the divers edibles, while for the very poor new means of earning adequate money to get them the required number of calories of food must be showed. It was a hell of a job, indeed. But Sundar was optimistic. He was elated, as he visualised what he would be going to do, in the village and for the village.

CHAPTER 5.

It was a fine evening. A soft breath of breeze continuously whizzed across the village. As Sundar ran to the street, the ring-rang of the far off temple bell reached his ears, the chimes dulled by the distance yet sweetened to the ear. Along the sundy street, he walked on. The street was practically devoid of humanity. Far up the street, he could see a dog making passionate advances to a bitch. He paused. He turned his eyes towards the canine couple. The bitch dodged the dog, ran here and there—never went too far, nor remained too near. Coquetry! Malicious coquetry even in the animal kingdom! He wanted to stand by and watch the affair to the finale. But...oh, if somebody were to see him looking at a vulgar act of the dogs, what would they think of him? But why should he feel ashamed? Wasn't he interested in that act as a scientist and not as a lecher or an apostle of beastiality? Sex! Oh, how the people viewed it! Rarely did people talk on the problems of sex...and that inevitably in whispers or undertones. It wasn't to be spoken aloud. In India, everything that's of the body has been belittled and cruelly neglected. All are asked

to go in quest of the soul and curb the material. The eyes of the people are so focussed into the heavens and stars that they have literally neglected the material aspect of life. Of late, it's gratifying to note that a few thinkers have come up, preaching that the body is no less important than the soul. Realise the body, they say; in other words, realise the highest that's in your body before you dream of trapping the soul.

Sundar ambled away. His eyes were observing every face and phenomenon. Indeed, it was a pleasure to go round the village, after a lapse of three years. He stood for a while in the main bazaar of the village. Some dozen shops stretched along the road, on either side. Oh, what a stranger had he become in his own land of birth! Very few seemed to have recognised him and the few that did, instead of coming forward to meet him, receded and receded like frightened children. Why? Why were they afraid to talk to him? Was it because the old intimacy perished with the flight of years? Or were they victims of an inferiority complex? Or were they in their stark ignorance retreating from him, because he was highly educated and was holding the blind-

ing lamp of knowledge, culture and civilization? After all, wasn't he one of them? Born there, though educated elsewhere, hadn't he come back to work for the betterment of his native land? Why should these people shrink back, when they sight him?

Sundar walked to a shop on the other side of the road. It was a little shop where they sold cigarettes, drinks and betel leaves. Inwardly he felt a joy surge up his heart, as he observed the men that moved around him, "his people" as he liked to call them. He felt like shouting out: "Ye, men, I am no stranger. I am one of your own kin. I've come back to serve you all, my brothers. Come and talk to me. Come..." Of course, his common-sense (though this is supposed to be as scarce in the composition of a doctor as radium on earth!) had warned him against any such exhibitions of crude affection. He greeted the shopman: "Hello!"

The shopman raised his face and looked at him.

"Any drinks?" asked Sundar.

"Yes, sir."

"Orange crush?"

"We've sir."

"Give me one."

The shopman ignored the other customers for a while and seriously paid undivided attention to Sundar. Of course, he ought to. For Sundar had the air of a big official about him; there was also a ring of authority in his voice.

Presently the shopman banged open a bottle of Orange crush and awaited the lad who had gone to clean a glass. The lad came back with the glass.

"O, you! don't put it in that glass. Pass the bottle on to me. I'll drink it from the bottle," hailed Sundar.

Oh, this wretched glass, Sundar reflected. How awful it looked! And yet so many must have been drinking from it. The glass, the chief radiating centre of a myriad diseases!

"Here it's, sir," said the shopman as he handed the bottle to him.

"Thanks, man."

He drank it off. It wasn't me good drink at all. It just tasted like a mixture of water and jaggery, euphemistically termed

"Orange crush."

"Here's the money."

He flung a coin into the shopman's hands and walked down the bazaar street in slow, joyful paces.

As he sauntered on and on for about ten minutes, an idea crossed his mind. Why not call on Bimal, his friend? But would he be at home now? He wouldn't. Surely he should have gone to the badminton court. Anyway why not go and see? He turned his legs towards Bimal's house and marched on in quick strides.

He tapped on the door to announce his arrival, the doors being wide open. A girlish voice cried from within:

"Who's it?"

"It's me."

"Your names?"

"Sundar."

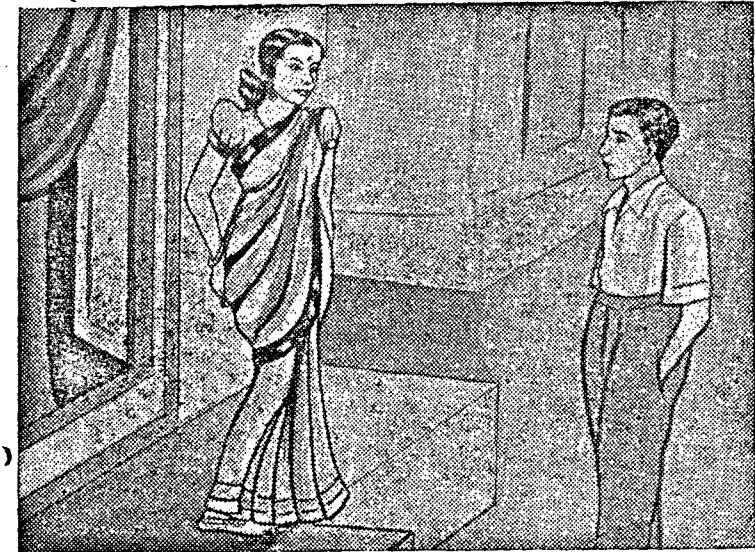
"He isn't at home. He has gone to play badminton," said Mrs. Bimal from within, without even asking whom he wanted. There was no need to ask. For everyone came to the house to meet him, her husband. She never had a visitor till now except some womenfolk. But women always came in through the back door and went out through it.

"Thanks."

Sundar walked down the door steps. He stood for a moment in the street, wondering where he should now go.

"To home! To home!" he told himself and steered his feet in the right direction.

In about fifteen minutes, he had reached the street in which was situated his house. He paced on very slowly, eyeing the houses on either side of the street. Abruptly he paused, as his eyes caught sight of a girl in teens, standing on the doorstep of the third house from his own which was farther above. He looked at her. O she! The village angel! Usha! Many memories crept into his mind. Once they used to talk to each other. Also hadn't they thought of giving her in marriage to him? But he had refused to marry her while he was a student. And she had been married off to some rustic guy of another nearby village. That was five years back, when she had been running eleven. He didn't hear aught of her since then. He had half a mind to stand before her and ask of her welfare. Had she brought forth any kids? Where was her hubby? No, it was indecent. What would people say if they saw him talking to a married woman? By accident he saw her. That was all. He must pass on, as if he hadn't seen her. In spite of himself, he stayed on, looking at her. She smiled and her fine lips quivered.



"Usha, how are You? you know me?"

"Usha, how are you? You know me? How are you?" he stammered. She didn't reply. The smile on her lips waned off. And a ghastly shadow descended on her face. The lustre in her eyes dimmed as if by the anguish in her heart. What was the matter? Why this sudden transformation? From a smile to sorrow! It was inexplicable.

"Usha! Usha!"

A tear rolled down her right eye and ere he could discern she had disappeared into the inner rooms of her house. He was amazed. He moved on briskly towards his house.

"Had a good walk, son?" asked his mother.

"Mother, that girl Usha..." he stopped.

"Yes, she's here."

"I saw her," he said.

"Poor girl! Poor girl!" murmured his mother.

"Why?"

"She's a widow."

"A widow, true?"

"Yes. Her husband died there years back."

"A widow at sixteen?"

"A wife at eleven and widow at sixteen."

"What a terrible lot! Why not she be married again?"

"Oh, keep quiet, son. How could a widow marry again, unless she were prepared to dishon-

Having read this issue of our tempestuous 'TEMPO' most of you may be interested in assuring a regular supply of this Journal.

We suggest then that you should please fill up the form below and send it on to us with your remittance. For this is the only way you can assure yourself of your copy of 'TEMPO'

Remember that we are printing just so many for our regular yearly subscribers and our news agents since the position of paper, in spite of the newsprint control relaxation, has not eased.

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

To
THE MANAGER,
"TEMPO"
32, T. A. Mudali Street
MYLAPORE, MADRAS 4.

Dear Sirs,

Please enroll my name as an yearly subscriber of the "TEMPO" Monthly. The amount of Rupees Ten (Rs. 10/-) is sent to you by M.O./Cheque

Name.....
(Block Letters)

Address.....

Date..... Signature.....

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

Read this serial novel carefully, month by month. It is expected to come to a finish in about eight months in eight issues. Follow it keenly and critically and let us know whether you like or dislike it, and why you like or dislike it.

The following prizes will be awarded for the best letters received.

First Prize ...	Rs. 100/-
Second Prize ...	Rs. 50/-
Third Prize ...	Rs. 25/-
Fourth Prize ...	Rs. 15/-
Fifth Prize ...	Rs. 10/-

Letters should be short and should not exceed 1000 words in length and should be addressed to the Editor, TEMPO.

our the memory of her husband? Anyway, let's not talk of that family."

"Yes, we shouldn't talk of her. We've nothing to do with her," he replied mechanically.

Inwardly he told himself: "How foolish to think that there could be anything on earth with which one isn't connected!" He thoughtfully repaired to his room and fell into a deck chair.

(to be continued)

Tariff Policy and our Economic Future

By

PROF. R. V. RAO, M.A., B.T.

All the Asiatic nations have arisen and India has become their virtual leader. When the West is marching in seven league boots industrially, India cannot, and will not, lag behind. Our economic future depends on a thorough and scientifically organised industrialization of the country. But without a protectionist tariff policy, our industries can't hope to succeed greatly. Prof. R. V. Rao, in this article, throws much light on the issues mentioned above.

It is a matter of common knowledge that one of the methods of industrializing the country is by giving the necessary protection to our nascent industries. We impose import duties on foreign goods so that we can ensure freedom from competition to our home industries. We have in fact to 'nurse the baby, protect the child, and free the adult.' There are however drawbacks and dangers of protection. It is argued that the consumers may have to pay higher prices and that in fact industries always remain in fact industries. There is also the danger of political corruption, monopolistic combination etc.

Really speaking by means of a suitable tariff policy we can protect our industries. The

problem of tariff policy has again come to the forefront and there is a certain amount of truth in the saying that our tariff policy should, at least for some years to come, be protectionist. It is rightly said that if we devise an appropriate tariff policy, it can safely be used as a "weapon in the armoury of planning." It is unfortunate that, even here the Government have been hesitating in the formulation of their policy. It is agreed on all sides that protection is the common means adopted for the development of industries. By protective tariff, we mean—"imposing import duties on foreign goods for a definite period ensuring the home industries freedom from foreign competition for that period and attracting indigenous

enterprise in that industrial fire." American and German industry developed under high tariff walls. Even England, the classic home of free trade, had to go protectionist during the early thirties of this century in order to recover from depression although words like 'safeguarding' might have been used. Protection is, indeed, an accepted method to bring about an industrial development.

For a long time, the principle of free trade was forced upon us which provoked the wrath of Indian Economists like Ranade. One of the sorry and bitter chapters in the Indo-British connection has been the conflict over tariff policy. When Britain herself gave up the policy of free trade, the policy of discriminating protection was thought to be good for India. According to this policy, protection to each and every industry should not be granted indiscriminately but each case should be considered on its own merits so that the dangers inherent in protection and the sacrifices involved may be balanced. Even though several industries stood to gain as a result of the Government adopting this policy, still one should say that it was not an adequate policy. The conditions imposed were (i) the industry

should have natural advantages such as the availability of raw materials, home markets, etc., (ii) the industry should show that for its development, protection is indispensable and finally (iii) the industry must be such that it needs protection only for its own a temporary period and that ultimately it will be able to stand on its own legs. The Fiscal Commission recommended the appointment of a Tariff Board to consider the claims of each industry for protection and to make suitable recommendations.

Working of the Principle.

Even though fifty industries were given protection and even though they made good progress several people rightly criticise the policy as "all discrimination and no protection. The conditions imposed were very stringent. Under the condition that the industry should have abundant raw materials before it could claim protection, glass industry was not given protection because soda ash had to be got from abroad, a commodity which was latter produced in India itself. There were instances of protection being withdrawn on the plea that the industry was not well organised. The non-discrimination clauses have also

helped the development of industries with foreign capital and the match industry is a good example. Really speaking it was the Indian Match Industry that was meant to be protected. That is why Prof. B. P. Adarkar observes "the discriminating protection in India has vouchsafed nothing better than a perfunctory assistance rendered to industries whose subsequent development has been left to take its own course." The policy of discriminating protection did not indeed yield fruitful results. The reason is that the conditions laid down were anomalous and severe. Very few industries even in foreign countries can satisfy all these conditions and then they would have hardly thrived if those countries had adopted such principles.

Further the working of 'ad hoc' Tariff Boards of the discriminating protection era clearly show that effective and timely help could not be rendered to the industries. The members are appointed by the executive and people who "bask in the official sunshine cannot be expected to take an independent attitude". For every industry, a new Tariff Board is created. In some cases, the industry may be dying but

no immediate relief can be given under the statutory limitations. In some cases, the recommendations of the Tariff Board were even turned down by Government. Several industries like automobiles, shipbuilding, electrical goods, etc. require protection but their case could not be considered.

If we first consider other countries like Australia or the U. S. A., we find that there is permanent Tariff Commission which has done much for the industrial development of those countries.

One may of course refer to the statements of the Government that the old policy of discriminating protection would be liberalised. The war-time and other industries have expanded because of the stimulus provided by the war. We must remember that American industries have expanded rapidly and unless we quicken our pace of industrialisation, we will be no where. It is only possible by controlling the import of consumers' goods.

So far as the period of transition is concerned, it is necessary to protect the industries which have been meeting our internal demands. Further, it is necessary to formulate a tariff policy which will be in ac-

cordance with our plans for the economic development of India. Such measures will alone raise the standard of living of our masses. In other words, more than ever before, we should have a long term tariff policy. Secondly, there should be a permanent Tariff Board as in the case of the advanced countries of the West. The key industries which will help to develop our industries potentialities, and industries which give high employment—all these are to be protected. As the Fiscal Commission observes "the economic problem of India must at least be now examined in a spirit of broad-minded statemanship. India, inhabited by a fifth of the human race, can be of tremendous value both to herself and to the Empire, if development pro-

ceeds on lines best suited to her own conditions."

Conclusion

A brief resume of the state policy towards industry clearly shows that our tariff policy should be protectionist at least in the beginning and it is high time we give up the policy of discriminating protection. The problem of foreign capital and protection of our industries are closely interrelated and it is time, the State formulates a clear policy in the best interest of the country. The subhuman standards of our life have almost become catch phrases even among economists, and even though we may say 'industrialise or perish', still it is no use industrialising the country without a clear formulation of policy by the Government.

BIGGER *EXCLUSIVE



TEMPO

Interviews scintillating

Tara Chaudhri

—INDIA'S PAVLOVA

The hands of the clock move on towards six thirty. The hall is packed to the full. And hundreds of enthusiastic spectators, most of them foreigners, stand or sit on tenterhooks, keenly waiting for the ring of the bell and the rise of the curtain. And right in front of them stands in a flood of colourful light Tara Chaudhri, popularly known as India's Pavlova.

A meeting with this Indian Pavlova is not merely exciting, it is enlivening. Petite, debonaire and magnetic, Tara has a way of telling things that sends a soft, unaggressive thrill down your skin. Watch her eyes while she speaks, those deep, expressive eyes of hers into which seems to recede the mystery of a million years. She is simple, exquisitely clad in her



Miss Chaudhri

Raises her hands the dancer's way to the readers of *Tempo*

georgous Punjabee costume, looking magnificent but never picturesque. Her modesty is arresting. She hardly seems to be aware of her greatness. Perhaps her soul is too deeply steeped in her art that she has scarcely hungered for applause and limelight. Not a highbrow danseuse this, Tara Chaudhri, but a simple, soul-stirring damsel out to lay bare before the world at large the heritage that was India's, that was yours, mine and hers.

"Every soul has a mission to fulfil," she whispered, looking past me, past the walls of the cosy little bungalow in which she is staying at Madras, looking deep into the variegated tints of the dissolving twilight. "My mission is to show to the world the splendid and magnificent dance treasures of India," she said.

"How long have you been dancing?"

"For more than ten years now," came her quick reply.

As an young girl in her teens this prodigy descended to the South from the plains of Punjab; she had given her heart to make a scientific study of the classical dancing. The greatest living authorities of India in classical dancing coached her. She had

drunk deep from many fountains, from that of Poet Vallathol of Kerala Kala Mandalam and Meenakshi Sundaram Pillai and many others. She had not been the student of any single male or female dancer of India, but she had studied under the many great Masters of the country. And her brother played a considerable role in endowing refinement and polish to her dancing.

Her technique is novel; the graceful movement and the striking expression she imparts to her dancing render her supreme in the field of dancing. She is the pioneer in Punjab to bring about a cultural renaissance, and has achieved for her province a unique place in the domain of fine arts. For over a long time she had not been giving any performances, for she was too keen to learn before she showed what she had learned. Her recent whirlwind tour of India as the principal partner of that reputed dancer Ram Gopal created a sensation in the country. The Press acclaimed her as a new light on the Indian horizon of classical dancing; it cheered her lustily, applauded her and almost divinised her. To thousands of people it was a revelation to watch her dance her



Tara Chaudhri in one of her famous *Kathok* Sequences.

of nations he has found her credit standing topnotch. Returning, he scans India's destiny hereafter, lifting his gaze from passing today. He has stood at the heart of Britain's mighty empire, a witness of her winding-up; with inside knowledge of Britain's intentions, he has no doubt of her date-set withdrawal from India.

Consider the backdrop to Krishna Menon. His lawyer-father set the space of the infant son, one of eight children; the adorning boy, after an uneventful schooling, graduated to Theosophy. Dr. Beasant was the ruling influence; (she fired young Nehru with his longings today); Krishna Menon carried the spark of her burning nationalism to imperial London. Like many Indians before him, he was appalled, on arrival, at the colossal British ignorance of their Indian empire; he made it his business to dispel distrust with unswearing drive, he founded India League, practising law in the intervals of patriotism. He fought India's battle on the advance sector, carrying it home to the British. Utterly, indefatigably sincere, Krishna Menon symbolised Indian aspirations for the British public.

Next to Nehru, Krishna Menon is front-page Indian news in the European press. His roving mission hit headlines, stirring diplomatic jealousies because he makes Nehru's foreign policy. On just a scouting mission, Krishna Menon's unintended omissions of European capitals have left a trail of commentary, in the eastern Slav Soviet States especially. A cynical press draws anti-Soviet conclusions, underlining his resounding work in the Western democracies. This is, of course, arrant nonsense, because Krishna Menon is *persona grata* with V. Molotov, even tipped recently for Moscow. Industrious speculation shuttlecocks Krishna Menon on various ambassadorial assignments; his unfettered spirit, however, happy to be on the wing, loathes a caged Indian window on the world. Indeed, Cabinet politics at Delhi are in no mood for a forthright foreign policy; untenanted Indian embassies await internal settlement here.

Krishna Menon's remarkable fifteen-year friendship with Nehru is a compliment to the elder statesman, born not exactly of kinship in outlook; it is Nehru's psychological going

out to affine with tomorrow's aspirations. Forty nine, Krishna Menon is Nehru's junior by near ten years, of the next generation really. By no means quick tempered, he shares Nehru's transparent impatience of shoddiness and inefficiency; like man whose life has been a mission he carries a forthright will to the utter amplitude of fulfilment. He is a vegetarian, in a carnivorous metropolis, abstemious. An inveterate stay-away, he has abounding domestic sentiment—an emotional egress of bottled affection. He is, you have almost said it, unmarried.

Krishna Menon has solid twenty-years-old roots in Britain; his multifarious contacts are a sterling asset for India. His India League is a dynamo of Indo-British good relations; so sincere, he battled amidst "darkness terrible". Of course, until not so very long ago, Krishna Menon, basically an agitator, was not exactly India Office's best friend. Time, coming full circle, launches him on the role of negotiator par excellence and Indian quarters in London expect him to return as Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Recently the London Majlis gave a rousing reception in his honour; Indian, British and Colonial students turned up

in hundreds in a gesture of lasting gratitude.

Krishna Menon returns from his European itinerary rich in contacts; a new continent has arisen from the debris of a catastrophic war, and with it a new unaccustomed leadership. Describing an ambassadorial arc of western Europe, Krishna Menon has visited Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Italy and Czechoslovakia, taking India organically into European politics. At the United Nations his was the invisible hand that mobilised world opinion against South Africa's Ghetto Act; he presented a phalanx of dependent peoples against Trusteeship agreements, "blockhouse on the road of empire". His greatest concern at the United Nations was for the people who were not there; to him the conference was a spectre of unrepresented peoples.

Light-stepping Krishna Menon has a downright ardour unblunted by a life taken far too seriously; his interests, outside politics and law, are literary. One-time editor of Twentieth Century Library and of Pelicans for the Lanes, he achieved considerable distinction; his intellectual alignments are pronoun-

cedly Left. He is on the right side of top-ranking British radicals; he makes invaluable liaison. With a flair for organisation, his matier is broadly exploratory rather than minutely cellular.

Tall, shapely Krishna Menon sports an arched cane; talking crisply he can be engaging to a

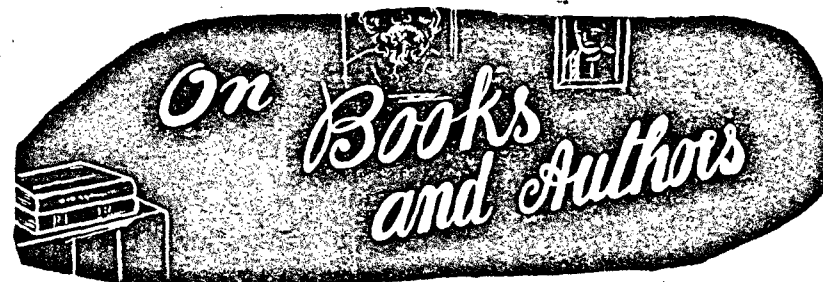
degree; his native good humour, broadening into a disarming smile, lights up a face seen best at three-quarters. A fluent speaker, he keeps the first person singular in powerful check; his silences have grave depth. Shuffled on the high tide of politics he is essentially retiring; he would rather be background to news than news itself.



—By Nath

Artistic Note:

With the universal blessings of God, man and Fire, the lovely couple start their married life!



The Conflict by Amir [Ali]. (Published by the National Information and Publications Ltd., Bombay.)

For a first novel, this is not very disappointing. This novel is a specific example of propaganda literature; it expresses throughout the popular attitude of the Socialist Party of India. The story culminates in the historic incidents of August '42 which undoubtedly make a very interesting and thrilling reading. The situations which the author creates to throw in a little flavour of romance into the political yarn are somewhat ridiculous. The Conflict, though not an achievement, is surely a promising first novel.

The Painted Path by Henman (Published by Kitabghar, Rajkot).

Here in this book Mr. Henman gives to the readers a delicious collection of short stories which had first seen the light through the pages of a variety of newspapers and magazines, ranging

from Hindu to Orient. The stories are noted for the simple style, and the subtle unfolding of the intricate plots. None of these stories can be ranked as productions of any literary worth. If you are out for a wholesome entertainment, here is the book for you.

Freedom or Pakistan By C. S. Pillai (Published by The Tamil Nad Publications, Madras.)

The time when every Indian should make up his mind whether one should achieve freedom or pakistan as a first thing has passed. India will be free, whether you will or not, by June next year. The cry of pakistan is too hard to be suppressed. Now Hindus themselves are crying pakistan more than the Muslims do. In this context this book seems largely out of date and irrelevant.

The book exposes the ridiculousness of the pakistan demand.

Pillai wields a very forceful pen, and when hitting is needed

Out & on Sale 

MADRAS DIRECTORY

&

WHO'S WHO 1947

*A complete Directory of Madras Presidency including
Mysore, Travancore and Cochin.*

★

☆ A mine of very useful information
to every businessman, trader and
civilian

Price Rs. 10.

Postage Rs. 1-12-0 extra.

★

Send your order today:

MADRAS DIRECTORY & WHO'S WHO

117, ARMENIAN STREET,

MADRAS 1.

TELEPHONE No. 3 4 0 2

June 1947

he hits the hardest. Though not a book of rare merit, without doubt, this is a readable piece of journalistic merit.

Stories for Children

The Truthful Parrot ; The Emperor's Poet ; Little known people ; The Witty barber ; Sundar's Diwali ; The angry pigeon ; The gold mine.

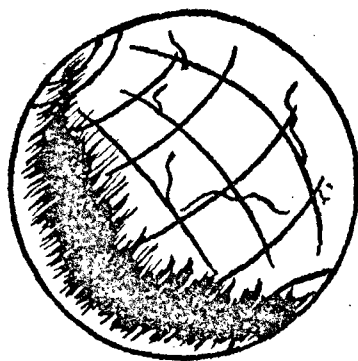
Kitabghar of Rajkot deserves the thanks of the readers for their presenting the very interesting and edifying series for children under the name and style of "Children's own library".

They have by now released a long list of books in this series, which are all ably written in simple English and should be read with interest by many school-going boys and girls. We understand that many more titles are to follow soon and we wish the publishers success in their worthy venture.

Some rare and recent Writings--Edited by Mrs. Marcella Hardy, Jag Mohan and Dr. Pathy.

75

We have received the first volume of **some rare and recent writings** which we understand is going to come out henceforth as a quarterly publication. We wish it would come out as a monthly publication, for the contents within are so good and varied that everyone who has read this volume should wish it were coming monthly. Besides articles of interest, it contains three selected stories and poems. Of the latter special reference should be made to the poetical attempts of Mr. Chalapathi Rau who here and there in his poems throws out gems of literary expression like "Whirlpools in a cup of wine". The get-up is excellent, printing is of a very good standard, yet we feel the price is a trifle high considering the economic status of the country in which it is intended to sell. This periodical should specially be commended to be sent to foreign countries where it should have good sale in view of the rare and representative collection of Indian writers it carries.



No Place on Earth

*by
Cullitart*

There he lay on the floor, flat on his back. His huge face was bloodstained. The head was almost completely shattered, the whitish skull malignantly glistening in the background of crimson blood. A giant of a man he was, and like a giant, he had struck his head against the locked bars to set himself free. But the steel in the bars was more stronger than the bones in his head. And there he lay on the floor, head shattered, skull glistening, and his face red stained with traces of coagulated blood.

About four men stood before him. The Superintendent of the lunatic asylum stood prominently among them, his eyes frightfully staring at the shattered skull on the floor.

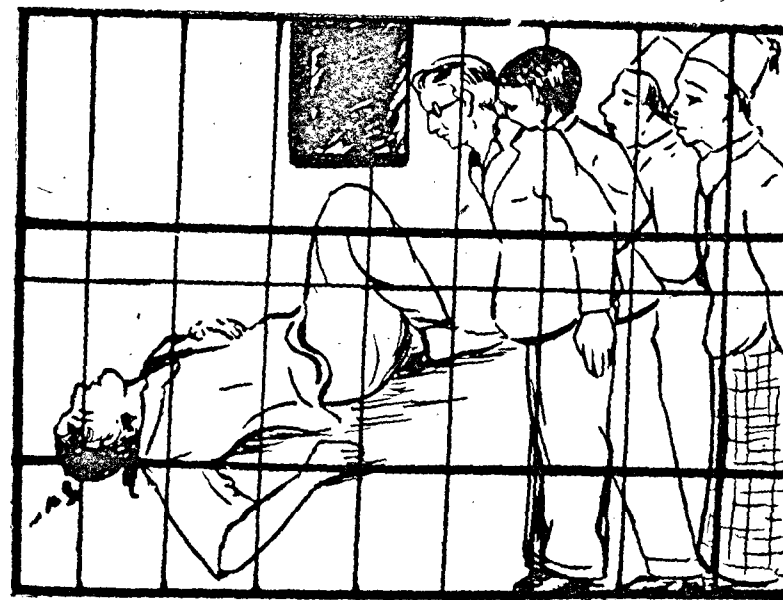
"He's dead! He has knocked himself to death!" exclaimed the Superintendent. The men around him echoed his verdict. And

they all lowered their eyes again on the dead body on the floor.

* * *

He was dead, stone dead. His name was Ram Lal. He was dead in the early hours of the morning. Perhaps when the dawn reddened in the east, and the birds twittered in the sky, Ram Lal wanted to fly out of the lunatic asylum, fly freely like the birds in the sky. But how could society give freedom to one that has gone mad? Was he mad? Or wasn't he? Perhaps he was mad in the eyes of the world that had judged him mad. Perhaps he was not mad in his view. But every mad man refuses to agree he is mad.

In the eyes of the world he wasn't simply mad but was outrageously so. Ram Lal had been the most conspicuous man in the city for over a couple of months. Physically he was a giant. His awfully dark complexion impar-



"He's dead, He has knocked himself to death!"
exclaimed the superintendent.

ted an aspect of terror to his body. His white teeth gleamed in the black background, falsely betraying the wild hunger of a cannibal. His black face, with that bluish mole beneath the right ear, a mole the size of a wasp, was surely frightening. It was not his appearance that had made the world proclaim him mad. Not in the least. He would have been tolerated by the world in spite of his appearance. But how could the world tolerate his utterances? His utterances that stabbed society in the face! His downright frank and fearless utterances!

Ram Lal would go to a music performance. He would hear a song or two. He would stand up

and shout to the musician on the rostrum: "Your music is abominable. It is no music at all."

He would get up a tram and sit down. Opposite him would be sitting an ugly woman. He, would shout at once: "O, what an ugly woman! Oh, how repulsive!"

If a beautiful woman were to sit opposite him, surely you would hear his cry: "O, what a beautiful woman! I wish she were mine!"

Or he would see a goonda-like man sitting by his side. He would at once turn and say: "You look like a pickpocket. I must take care of my pocket while you sit beside me."

Yes, outrageous were his utterances. He was terrible. He seemed to utter what he would feel within. There was no covering his feelings or thoughts, no cloaking them as all cultured humans are expected to do. How could the world allow his tongue to run riot? There was no place for him on earth unless he changed. But change in his case seemed to be out of question. The city rose up as one being, anger reddening its revengeful eyes. It pushed him into the lunatic asylum. And here in the asylum he lay on the floor, head shattered.....

* * *

They all stood in solemn silence before the dead body. The watchman swooped down and picked up a sheet of paper lying by the corpse. He curiously passed it on to the Superintendent. The Superintendent fixed his pince-nez on the bridge of the nose and read it through, with an ominous gurgle in his throat:

"Ye, men and women!

"You dubbed me mad. You sent me cruelly into this lunatic asylum. Perhaps I am mad in your eyes. But I am not mad in my eyes. I am sane, inhumanly sane. I too love freedom as much as you love it. I too

love the green earth, the fresh air and the starry vault as much as you do. How can I remain here, locked up, hard iron bars mocking right into my soul? Here let me tell you my story. You should know it fully. Then, you would realise that it is not I that is mad but you.

"Now I am past thirty. Once I was a normal human like any of you. I had a wife. I loved her dearly. I gave my soul to her. I would have died for her sake if the need arose. She too loved me. Rather she pretended to love me. For a long time I could not know her duplicity. He could I? For her sweet tongue and her sweeter look veiled her corrupt, disloyal heart. But one day I came to know it. I saw into her naked heart. I was shocked.....

"I sat for days on end without food. I thought: 'God has not done his job well. For he has not created men and women so that they must perforce express in their words, gestures and looks what they in truth feel within. He has left them dual personalities. Perhaps it is man's job to wipe out this duplicity, to end this duality, this universal hypocrisy. I must seek a way of blasting it out.' It was a great experiment. It was a thrilling one too. For if I suc-

ceeded in this experiment, hypocrisy would have to say goodbye to this fair earth, once and forever.

"I brought into play all my Ayurvedic knowledge in which I am a scholar. I left my house. I plodded on to the huge forests of Kampi. In those dreary forests I had lived for a decade, collecting rare herbs to forge the unique ointment that would put an end to man's duality and duplicity. It took ten years for me to prepare the herbal ointment. I had applied it on myself to test its efficiency. And you know the result. I have succeeded. Now the miraculous ointment has entered into my very vitals; it has mixed with my very blood. I can't again go back to my previous hypocritical state, for the ointment I had prepared has bound me in its spell and I am unable to find out an antidote for it.

"Now I try to stop my tongue, but the herbal ointment

forces me to pour out my true feelings and thoughts. I can't think of you a rascal and call you a gentleman, as you civilized folk do. The ointment is there thick in my blood. I must say what I feel and think of you. I can't cover my feelings and thoughts as you all do. There is no place for me on earth. There is no alternative for me save death. For humanity for gives any one but him that has thrown the naked truth right in its face. I must therefore go. And I am going....."

The Superintendent ended reading the letter with a catch in his voice. His hand trembled a bit.

"Mad man! Mad man!" murmured the Superintendent.

The others echoed his utterance, their eyes lowered at the dead man. And there he lay on the floor, head shattered, skull glistening.....

We are
dealers in, and direct importers of:-

Radios, Refrigerators, Electric
Motors, Pumps, Appliances
and all kinds of accessories.

RELIABLE ENGINEERS & CONTRACTORS



SOUTH INDIA ELECTRIC CO.,
117, ARMENIAN STREET,
MADRAS 1

DURGA PICTURES

presents

D E S I N G

(The popular tale of Chenjikot)

WITH

a galaxy of young and educated artistes.

Starring:

Kotayya, Dr. Wahab, Ramaseshu, Ramana Rao Etc.

Direction: T. V. REDDY

For particulars:—

DURGA PICTURES

35, Veeraperumal Koil Street, MADRAS 4



CONDUCTED BY MISS SUREKHA

EVE DECLARES WAR!—Against hunger and poverty!

Now a days in this blessed country of ours, there is not a single magazine that does not boast of a "Women's Page". But show me one journal that has got what I wish there should be a "Men's Page". I consider that the present custom of setting apart a few pages, strictly for females, is nothing short of a blatant insult to the women of this country from which sprang up such mighty female leaders of men and nations like Sarojini Naidu, Vijayalaxmi Pandit, to name only a few. The fact that every magazine has a "Women's page" seems to show that every journal has something to say to better the lot of Indian women, as if their lot would have been any the worsen without these ridiculous spoonfuls of pompous journalistic reforms. The next thing why I dislike a women's

This page is the monopoly of Miss Surekha. She writes on what she likes and dislikes in her own way. Her opinions need not necessarily be ours, but yet they carry weight, for the writer knows her job and knows it rather well.

page is that it contains little of interest to women, for it contains ill-arranged hints on cooking, knitting etc., as if a woman has nothing else in the orbit of her life than these two mechanical jobs. I wonder why all Indian women are taken as a nation of cooks. From my knowledge the best hotels of India happen to be those where the menfolk cook and cook better than any woman can dream of. A man is a cook as much as a woman is. Then why give tips on cooking under the title "Our Women's Page"? Why not call it "Our Kitchen Page"?

The youngish editor of *Tempo* is no exception to the rule. Like all his predecessors in the field he was also guilty of instructing his artist to prepare a fine sketch for the inevitable "Women's Page" when I had intervened and forced him to give the title "*Eve speaks out!*" In these pages Eve speaks out, Eve, the mother of all human life; Eve, that gave birth to the maker of the Atom Bomb and that would one day give birth to its destroyer. Here in these pages speaks Eve of her inner cravings, of the wordly inhibitions, of the dilapidated but yet prevalent customs, of the atrocities of men on women, of their rapes and massacres. Here in these pages Eve asserts her birth right of independence, asserts her equality with men, asserts her rightful position in the archives of society and in the pattern of human life. Life is not all cooking and knitting; the world by a Hand divine is knit into subtle patterns and we vain humans, tossed between life and death, endeavour to unravel the hidden knots and try to explain the complicated handiwork of the celestial tailor, if I may be permitted to call Him by this very hackneyed earthly name. When one aspires to ascend the spiritual

ladder of this mysterious life, woman is no less important in the ascent than man. Man and woman, they balance each other, without the one the other is void.

Talking of men, I can't but mourn a bit when I consider the state of our menfolk. Our men unfortunately are more feminine than are our women, and unless something is done to resuscitate them, the mental growth being already there, physical symptoms too may crop up! Courage, chivalry, dash and go and manly dignity, with which wind have they gone? In a population of forty crores what is the percentage of men that stand up boldly to life and challenge Destiny with *kirpans* and cross swords with it? Miserably poor, my dear sisters, so poor that it would be blasphemy on my part to record the percentage here in recognisable mathematical figures.

A brave man treats a woman in the way of the brave and great; the way in which our sisters are treated, the pitiful way redounds to the discredit of Man and shows to us the pitiable depths in which he is like a wheel in the bog. It is upto you and me to drag him up, up to his previous manly status and stature. Unemployed and if employed,

underpaid and over-worked, we can't expect men to treat us any the better than they do now unless the whole economic structure on which our present day State is built up is washed down the tide of Time from whose depths again should spring up a planned economy and a planned distribution of the fruits of human toil. In twelve months now India will be free. The last of the Viceroy has come to preside over the winding up of an empire which was "the brightest jewel in the British crown". Like a wise man, he has kept his bags unopened to save himself the trouble of repacking them. Now political freedom won, are we, the women of the country, fully prepared to shoulder that freedom, and how are we going to use that freedom? No country can be politically free that is not economically free. The example of China is too glaring to miss our eyes. We should all work for the economic emancipation of our motherland. Hitherto we were in bondage; our men giving us the lead in winning us the political freedom which we prize so much now. Now is the time for woman to rise and give the lead for the economic freedom of the people.

Look at our educated ladies in the key cities of India! Theirs is so much of unused and therefore wasted talent, for no talent can long flourish when it is not put to exercise. They bag degrees, they marry and they hang the certificates to the nails. They fight shy of taking up jobs. And being educated idlers, they inexorably develop into social snobs. Snobbery is often tolerated but seldom relished. These educated Eves, instead of dreaming over Turner's sunsets or Roy Choudhury's line drawings, why don't they aid their less favoured sisters and brothers spread knowledge, inject cleanliness into the untidy, show up new lines of cottage and rural industries which can be conducted by women and men by mutual help? Let us tell ourselves we are on a war, on a war against poverty and hunger, and like wartime Britain and other nations, let us mobilise all our available man and woman power and with so much of sun, land and sea, what is it that we cannot achieve which other nations should come to achieve for us?

When will man learn.....?

Not to get up in a bus or tram and offer his seat to a lady?

To look at a woman twice without winking his eye!

Not to intentionally rub his shoulders against a woman's when she is accidentally thrown together in a crowded tram?

Not to transmit his feelings by unhealthy gestures, but speak out them in gentlemanly way?

To be a man and not be a grandma?



Mr. D. Krishna Das B.A., (Hons). well known businessman of Madras, and his recently acquired charming bride, Srimati Tara Davi.

ROW & COMPANY

have pleasure in announcing the incorporation of

The Madras Laundries Limited

to solve the laundry problems of the people, in the near future, using modern machinery which gives longevity to all kinds of clothing.

ROW & COMPANY

Managing Agents:

THE MADRAS LAUNDRIES LIMITED

120, Armenian Street,

::

MADRAS I



Personal Hygiene

BY

DR. (MISS) T. ARAVINDA

The chief aim of all personal hygiene is the enjoyment of the blessings of health. Good health enables one to live a sound life of service to humanity. Health does not consist in merely keeping oneself out of the hospital. It is positive but not negative. Good health consists in keeping the body and mind at the best level. It requires that each person should reckon his powers, know his needs, exercise his abilities, develop his mind and body, respect his limitations, and thus be prepared for the daily needs of his life and be ready to meet the emergencies as they crop up from time to time.

We do not seek health for health's sake, but for the sake of usefulness to the world. Health is not an end but a means to an end, to service and satis-

faction. The strong and vigorous man, if selfish in other matters, is socially rich. A healthy man finds joy in play, satisfaction in work, and inspiration in service.

The physical and mental powers, if normal should be exercised and strengthened and, if handicapped, should be corrected. To drive at a speed of 60 M. P. H. a machine that is built to go at 30 miles an hour is inviting disaster. The problem of personal hygiene is a similar one for it is individual. It depends first upon a recognition of the trouble, its nature, course, and its effects. Then an intelligent adjustment to make life satisfactory within one's limitations. Those who are endowed with a robust frame, sturdy physique, sound functions, a fine constitution and the hereditary advantages must also learn the limits

NAVJIVAN AGENCIES

117, ARMENIAN STREET,
MADRAS 1

Importers, Exporters and Manufacturers'
Representatives.

Most reliable indenting house
covering almost all lines with the
widest connections with reliable
manufacturers all over the world.

Enquiries Solicited

LLOYDS & COMPANY

Dealers in Printing Machinery and
Printers' Requisites, Type Founders'
Representatives, Agents for Colour
and Litho Offset Printers



Enquiries solicited for Treadle Printing
Machines and Perforating Machines.

We supply everything for the printer.

Contact:—

LLOYDS & COMPANY

Palace Road, ALWAYE, (Travancore)

June 1947

to which the human machine may be driven without any permanent harm. One of the important lessons of personal hygiene is to develop good inhibitions which are fundamental for a temperate and normal life. This is a problem of character building and the most significant aim of personal hygiene which each person must learn for himself.

To follow our instincts blindly is nothing short of existing on an animal plane. Persons who do this fall into grave error, especially in matters of hunger, exercise and sex. Instinct fails to protect us from disease germs. It fails to appreciate the needs and rights of others and thus falls far short of the mark. Then our sensations are not always to be trusted. We may feel tired, yet need exercise. We may feel energetic and excited, yet need rest; We may not be thirsty yet we may need water. We may feel hungry, yet may not need food. Our sensations regarding sex may lead us astray and deplete our vitality. Instincts

and sensations must be watched, studied carefully, interpreted and often curbed, sometimes sublimated.

We are still ignorant of many of the fundamental factors which underlie the art of hygienic living. There are many unsolved problems concerning diet and nutrition, work and play, exercise and rest, bathing and cleanliness, air and ventilation as well as water clothing etc. We are still densely ignorant concerning many facts in heredity, mental processes, and the some total of effects which we call behaviour. We know more about disease than we do about health. We are not sure enough of our ground with most of the common and daily things that influence our health. The safest plan is a common sense middle ground that regulates our health, habits to accord with clean moderate and moral living.

One way to maintain and promote health is through periodic medical examinations, which should start from infancy and continue throughout life.

Stray Thoughts From my garret

By

"DABOO"

I have shifted from my brother's house to my new room. You ought to have been with me, while I was leaving my brother's house, where I had lived for more than a decade. I almost had the feeling of a Hindu bride, who, brought up in the parental abode for one and half decades, after marriage is sent away with a strange boy, but with this difference: I went out alone, accompanied by none.

Now I feel free. No longer do those parental shackles, imperceptible though, clang around my neck. There is no need for me to look back. I always think that I am a wee bit lucky in this that while having a living father and mother, they are not dependent on me. They live with my brother and he would, I am certain, treat them off with reasonable affection to their tombs.

Now to my room. I can't, at the present moment, tell you much about my room. For it's barely a week since I installed my bed here. First when I entered

the room, I felt a trifle shy. For weren't we, the room and I, absolute strangers? At the outset I had thought that I would never get over the shyness. But I am getting to like the room. And in a few months, I should not be surprised if I fall in love with it. For myself, I can never look at a room, as a few cubic inches of living space, surrounded by walls and lidded with a ceiling. My room is as alive as myself. When I lie down, I feel that I am sleeping on the rustling breasts of a vestal virgin, that gives me a shelter in her bosom; holds me thrilled in the tangle of her arms and intoxicates me with the aroma of her lips. You may, perhaps, opine that I am turning insane. It is so pleasant to be insane. What does the word insanity mean to the vast bulk of mankind? Any one that stands aside the current down which the majority of humans drift like reeds of wood, is dubbed insane. Anyone that tries to probe into the depths of his soul and tries to hush down its

endless tumults is termed insane. But Mr. Ranjan is quite sane and also a very sensible man. For he rarely thinks; goes to his office, lives on rice and sambhar and saves every pie. He's married and is loyal to his wife and affectionate towards his half a dozen children. He gets old, kicks his stool and goes off, never to return. His wife and children weep for his departure, himself being lifeless to shed tears. He's sensible in the eyes of the world!

My room is on the third floor, rather big for one tenant. I have every facility here. I can think when I like, sleep when I wish, and weep without a disturbance. When I feel hungry, I just run down the staircase and walk into Cafe D' Madras, where I get very appetising dishes. There as I sit and eat, I see a conglomeration of fellow brothers and sisters. Here I see a man laughing boisterously.....there a man with a wily smile curled on his lips..... or an ugly woman, a little farther, scrutinising her features in a pocket mirror, with a smile of approval.....and far beyond, a lad in teens, fear writ on his face and tears moving in his eyes. He seems to hunger not for the bread he is lifting to his mouth but for a solitary bed,

on which he could lie down and turn it to a bath. What mishap has befallen him I don't know. Somehow I dislike to go to him and ask him of the cause of his agony. Sympathy is a catalyst that makes the recipient all the more sorrowful. His sight has not touched my heart. Somehow tears never melt me. They may wash away a hard rock; but they fail to affect my heart, though it's surely softer than rock. After all, they might be tears of joy, why of sorrow alone?

But I must tell you one thing here. I felt hugely strange when I had come out of my brother's house. Even the same, old familiar faces have acquired a new veneer. Have they changed? Or is it only I have changed and my mind now views the things around me, animate and inanimate, from a new angle? But it's greedy on my part to mouth all the change for myself. I presume they too have changed, as they must. Even a speck of dust is in the process of change through the aeons of time. The only being that suffers no change, may be God. He being without limit, is naturally without a change. You know changes are measured by expansion or contraction of a limited material. So God must

is that stagnant, un-
g nebulae, embracing the
universe thinned by
diffusion like a gaseous matter
and therefore becoming opaque
to human eyes. Don't tell me
that to go in quest of that airy
nothing is the aim of life. How
I wish I could, with my soul
power, compress down that all-
pervading rarified nebulae; hold
it in my palm and treat it to a
cup of coffee in the air-condi-
tioned hotel! That's the state
when God will have achieved
His nirvana by merging in man!

My dear friend, as I write
these lines, my eyes gaze in
bewilderment at a painting of
Taj Mahal hung to the wall
opposite to me. It's not mine.
Perhaps the previous tenant had
hung it there and had forgotten
to take it with him, or might be
the tenant before him. Oh, I
wish you go over here if only to
see it! It's a superb painting,
probably done by an artist of
Shahjahan's times or might be
of more recent times, which had
passed through a myriad hands
and at last found its mausoleum
under the nail, on the wall of
my room. The Taj in a stream
of moonlight! The dream in
marble! "The dream in which
Shah Jahan crystallised his
tears"! The colour composition

reminds me of the exquisite
frescoes of Ajanta! Oh, how I
love it to distraction! But you
dislike me for these practices.
You ask: "For me nothing is
more beautiful than the horizon
at dawn or the sunset in the
west. It's silly to love these
man-made art productions.
Which artist has excelled
Nature? Which artist in the
past or present is there that
could hold the candle before that
supreme artist of primitive
simplicity, Nature?"

But I love fine architectural
buildings, brilliant statues in
Bronze and other things moulded
by man, because they live on
human love. Taj Mahal is still
there, as beautiful as when it had
been built, because generations
after generations had loved it
and guarded it from acts of van-
dalism. Even the greatest tyrants
in history had laid down their
swords and bowed down to Taj,
overwhelmed by its beauty. But
the sun, stars and moons, they
are there from times immemo-
rial. Whether or not you love,
them is of no account. They
continue; you perish. Our love
doesn't feed them, but is fed by
them and from a spark is trans-
muted to a blaze. So my dear
friend, don't you think that I
am justified in loving these puny
things made by fellow men?

Here also I have neighbours
whose verisimilitude to my pre-
vious neighbours has surprised
me a great deal. Of course not
a man, with two wives; but a
pretty female with two members
of the other sex. Now I see the
pleasures inherent in polyandry.
That in the twentieth century
there could be forty percent of
Draupadi in this woman baffles
my mind. I find no scuffles be-
tween the two men. There pre-
vails an amity and a profound
understanding of finer values of
polyandry. I often see the two
men, almost equal in height,
though differing in complexion...
One's face indicative of a fanati-
cal idealist and the other's of a
hard realist...go gaily hand in
hand down the staircase, while
she stands by the threshold,
whistling out a marching tune.
What a happy triangle! An equi-
lateral one. The other day I
saw her. Her face wore an ex-
pression of divided affections.
Light and shadow played on her
face, one trying to get the better

of the other...and those two
men that had gone down the
staircase, hand in hand, came
back to my mind. Which will
win? I asked myself. Idealism
or realism? She seems to be
flirting with both, yet relentlessly
discussing within, with [whom
she should. It's a tremendous
turmoil worthy of the gods and
worth witnessing, were it not
within her heart.

I am glad to hear that your
mother is going well, though
past eighty. I only wish that
she hits the Gandhian mark of
one hundred and twenty five.
If a few beings like Gandhi and
your mother make up their
minds, I am sure, they can, if
not enhance, keep up the Indian
average of longevity to its pre-
sent figure of twenty seven
summers. Otherwise I am afraid,
the average may sink yet lower.
I shudder to think of it. Now,
my dear friend, I am very
hungry. I am off to cafe
D' Madras.



Dekho Jee to Madras!

This unprecedented flop in the cineworld is shortly going to be released in the city of Madras. At the present moment the city walls are crowded with colourful pictures of Mrs. Wali (Mumtaz Shanti) in a thousand poses of sex-appeal. But in spite of the enormous publicity stunts, the discriminating public [should ponder for a while and weigh their coins before they buy the ticket and rush into the auditorium. The one thing that is striking about this film is that it is written, directed and produced by Wali who is neither a writer nor a director, nor a producer. In this connection we refer our readers to a brilliant review of this film that appeared in THE CARAVAN of April wherein "rotten" is the modest abuse bestowed on this film by the generous critic of Caravan.



The late Saigal is said to be declaring huge dividends to the film people ever since the moment of his death.

Coming to brass-tacks, the story is ridiculously stupid and nonsensical. The film is throughout terribly boring; the inevitable sexy gestures of Mumtaz

Shanti this time fail to warm up even the front benchers to whom the pompous producer might have directed his wastage of celluloid. We believe that unless cine-goers think and go to films after discrimination, this sort of muck in the Indian film world is certain to be perpetual. Mumtaz Shanti might shout: "DEKHO JEE", but the right-minded citizens of Madras should cry back: "*Hum nahse dekhange!*"

Y. V. Rao in Calcutta!

Y. V. Rao has been dabbling in the filmworld for many years now. When we look into the buried list of his previous productions we don't find a single film that would deserve even the proverbial lip-praise of the ordinary man in the street. No doubt, he made monies from the films he had directed. But none of the films were of any mentionable quality.

The failure of his "LAVANGE" in Tamil should have made him wiser not to choose it for rendering into Hindi under the title "Jagannath Pandit." Rukmini who is supposed to be the heroine is a misfit in the screenworld to which she strayed by the machinations of a false destiny. Her eyes have beauty, but they lack depth.

Y. V. undoubtedly is rather an ambitious guy. These films he is now shooting at Calcutta may perhaps disillusion him and for ever lull down his craze for an All India popularity and fame.

Abbas Completes "Aaj Aur Kal"

K. A. Abbas is happily one of the few progressive thinkers and writers of Modern India. His occasional flights into the filmworld are not for gathering the gold so easily gotten but for reforming the screen by giving to the people better pictures. No film in his hands will ever be turned into a mere machine of money manufacture. His "Dharti ke Lal" depicts a poignant tragedy that was Bengal which centuries cannot blot out from the hearts of the Indians. We congratulate Abbas on the successful completion of the film "Aj Aur Kal" and keenly look forward, as all cultured people would do, to its release in all the key centres of the country.

Jagirdar's "Jail Yatra"

Gajanan Jagirdar should be ranked as one of the greatest character-actors now living in India. Produced and directed by him for Jagirdar Productions "Jail Yatra" is reported to

have been well-nigh edited and is going to be shortly censored. Starring the delectable newfind Kamini Kaushal and Jagirdar himself, "Jail Yatra" should surely turn out a film hit to which one should look up with eagerness.

Is it true?

That Suryakumari's ugly performance in the ridiculous Tamil Nadu flop Katakam has forever bottled up her film career?

That Bhanumathi, having lost the pigeon that accompanied her while singing her devastating song in Swargaseema has undertaken, with cinematic goodsense, a fast unto capacity to express her grief at the lost pigeon? (we wish it were a fast unto death!)

That the dead Saigal is paying better dividends to the living producers than the latter ever did to the former while he had lived?

That Kanchanamala (just half risen from the grave of obscurity) is out to live the role in a specially written-for-her film story tentatively titled by the author "Ada janma" which in the language of our Tempo means "life of a female"?

That the Sullivan's Road where she lives at Madras is still thick with the feet of past admirers

who walk up and down the road trying to convince themselves that she is no longer mad?

That, in spite of any amount of coaching and coaxing, Kumari Rukmini of Lavangi brand, is yet speaking Hindi in the Hindi version of Lavangi like the proverbial brahmin girl from Palghat and that Rao murmurs: "The Bengali language and rasagollas are too sweet to let her learn Hindi. I should have attempted a Bengali version of Lavangi and Ramdass."?

That a grizzly-haired cine-czar of Madras has well nigh completed plans to market the "dead Saigal" by humbly presenting to the filmgoers his full length screen biography but the project has suddenly been dropped when a ghost-like voice shouted in the night: "Don't wake me from my sleep. You have made lots while I lived."?

That out from jail Thayagaraja Bhagavathar rushed right into a studio for a fantastic sum, and so the years spent in jail were not in vain?

That the erstwhile jail glamour of the congressmen seems to have fallen on the cinefry, some of whom are said to have been making frantic attempts to enter the Penitentiary to achieve the



Sri N. L. Prasad, son of Sri N. V. Sheshiah, editor of the leading Telugu Weekly NAVODAYA, snapped with his lovely wife Srimati Damayanti Devi, daughter of Sri T. Krishnamurthy of the Andhra Insurance Company

incredible glory of Bhagavathar and Krishnan?

That Sabu's turning a race-house owner from a filmstar made the Gaekwar of Baroda pink in the face and His Highness in a revengeful spirit of retaliation is rumoured to be rehearsing for a new version of the old film to be renamed "New Elephant Boy"?

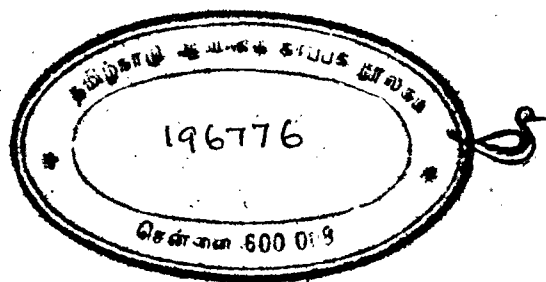
That dancer Ram Gopal's projected voyage overseas is nothing but a journalistic stunt, and that he is hibernating in the shady parks of Bangalore musing on his former partner Tara Chaudhri?

That tiny Snehaprabha's flight to London has nothing to do

with filmdom or matrimony, and that she is out there to explore the possibilities of freelance journalism in the garrets of Fleet Street?

That Abbas back from Lahore, having finished "Aaj Aur Kal" will start a regular sequence of idle musings on Cafe Volga, Shalimar Gardens, on Zabak's much advertised "Cleopatra" in the shabbily printed last page of the Sunday Chronicle?

That Filmindia fans are worrying Patel to paste the newly introduced entry token of oily faced, bony Sushila Rani on both sides of the editorial page so that the readers may be rid of going through the boredom of the editorial tirade?



196776
196776

Printed by P. Arunachalam at the Commerical Printing & Publishing House, 43-46, Armenian Street, Madras-1, Edited and Published by K. R. Rao at 32, T. A. Mudali Street, Mylapore, Madras-4



**MAKE YOUR
FOOD**

**APPETIZING
DELICIOUS
DIGESTIBLE**

VHR WITH
ASAFOETIDA

VARJIWANDAS HIRJEE & CO
194, GOVINDAPPA NAICK ST, MADRAS.

*Two Spoonfuls thrice a day,
To keep Healthy the Meclec way.*

A BALANCED Diet is a pre-requisite of good health. The average Indian Diet is deficient in Proteins and Vitamins so essential for health, more so in the case of Children. You owe it to the young ones to make good this deficiency with Meclec Pre-digested and Concentrated Foods to balance their diet and enable them to enjoy good health.



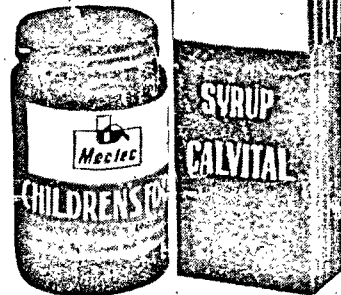
FOR CHILDREN

CHILDREN'S FOOD Palatable concentrated Protein Food of Vegetable Origin, pre-digested for easy assimilation-Ideally suited for children.

SYRUP CALVITAL A palatable Multi-Vitamin Syrup with Calcium and Phosphorus to make up the Vitamin and Mineral deficiency in Children.

MECLEC NUTRIMENTS have been acclaimed by the Medical Authorities as ideal dietary supplements.

Available from all Chemists or direct from



**THE MECLEC NUTRIMENTS &
PHARMACEUTICALS LTD.**
99A, ARMENIAN STREET, MADRAS 1

Printed at Commercial Printing & Publishing House, Madras 1 MS. 120A for Tempo.