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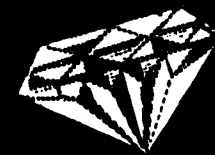
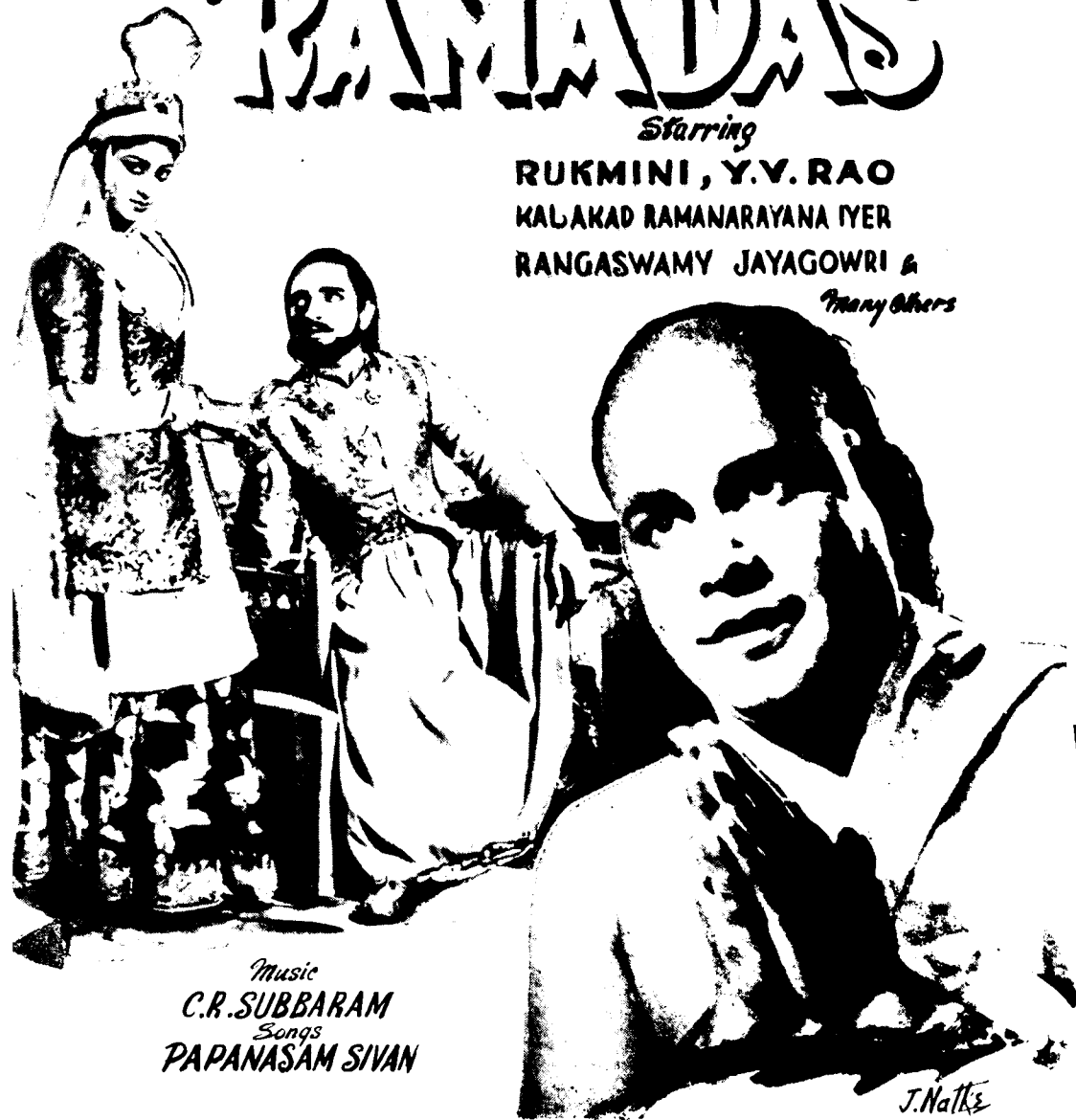
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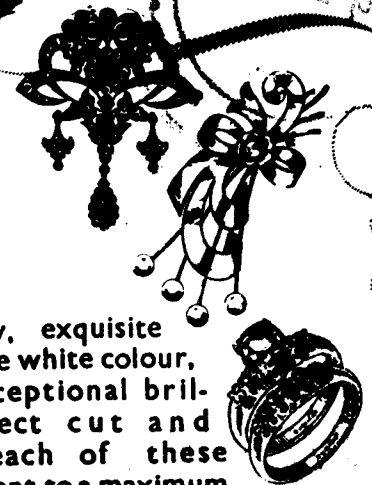
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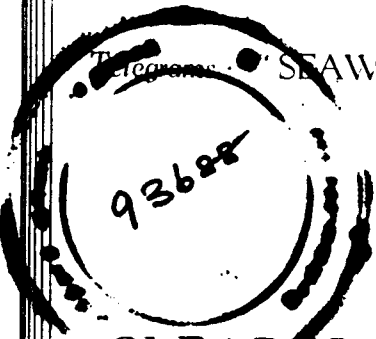
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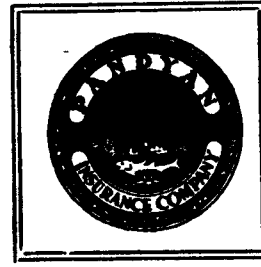

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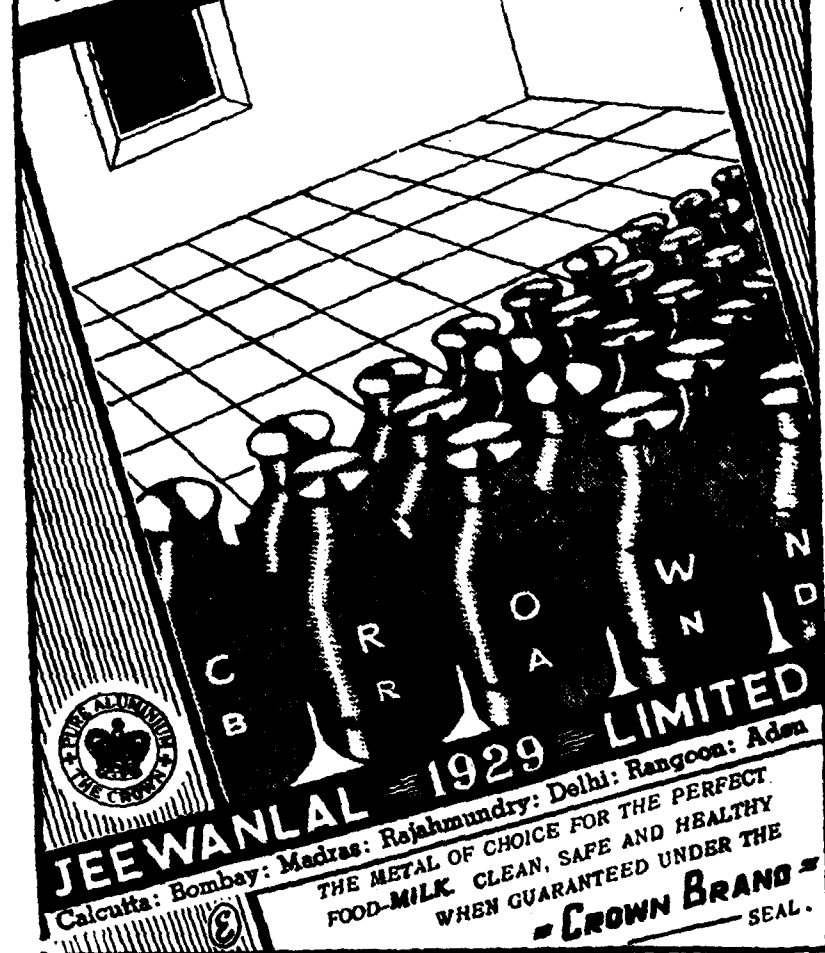
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Annual

CONTENTS

Page

Cover Page—"Our Children: Inheritors Of Tomorrow"	
—By H. V. Ram Gopal ...	...
Editorial: Around Freedom's Banner ...	19
C. R. Tells Editors What To Do— (Article By His Excellency Sri C. Rajagopalachari) ...	21
Meet The Revolution— By M. Chalapati Rau, Editor, National Herald ...	23
Mirror Of Parliament Street— By "Sigma" ...	27
Who Is Quintilian?— By Vighneswara ...	33
At His Nativity (short story)— By Manjeri S. Isvaran ...	39
Some South Indian Journalists— By 'Freelance' ...	43
My Swarajya Days— By T. Prakasam ...	49
My First Chief— By K. Ramakotiswara Rau, Editor, Triveni ...	53
Swatantra Artist's Portrait Gallery ...	57
Stalwarts All, 'Dead And Yet Alive'— By K. Iswara Dutt ...	61
A Memorable Experience— By Pothan Joseph ...	71
Introducing Six Makers Of Current History:	
Bevinism Provokes Revolt: Ernest Bevin ...	75
A Liberal Among Reds: Edward Benes ...	77
Russia's Steel Man: Joseph Stalin ...	79
Back To Confucius! : Chiang Kai-shek ...	81
New Democracy: Mao Tse-tung ...	83
Lone Un-American Voice: Henry Wallace ...	85
Rukmini Devi— By Binod ...	91
Bharata Natya And Balasaraswathi —By K. Chandrasekharan ...	95
Kannam My Servant (poem)— By C. Subrahmanya Bharati (rendered from Tamil by K. S.) ...	101
Art Plates In Colour:	
By Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury:	
Behind Stone Walls	
Winter Evening	
When Rain Comes	
By K. C. S. Panniker: A Malabar Canal Scene	
By S. Dhanapal: Mynahs	
By H. V. Ram Gopal: A Portrait	

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SWATANTRA

Annual 1941

AROUND FREEDOM'S BANNER

SWATANTRA was started on 16th February 1946. The name was a gift of Sri C. Rajagopalachari. Frequent contributions from his inimitable pen used to adorn the pages of the journal until his departure for Delhi to join the Central Cabinet.

The help and support he gave in the difficult initial stages can never be repaid. Yet we have felt it our duty at times to express dissent from some of his public acts. To individuals with personal ties, criticism is repugnant. But it forms one of the main functions of the Press. What to publish? What to exclude from publication? Which subjects to choose for comment? Which to avoid? These and similar questions crop up endlessly for decision in the course of journalistic work and the character of a journal is determined by the manner in which the questions are answered in practice. Judgment is made difficult by a conflict of interests that presents itself at every stage over practically every issue. Conflict of personal with public interest; of convention and tradition with the need of change; of what is merely popular with what is socially desirable; of duty with safety; of ease with the beckoning urge of stormy tasks; of personal, group and regional loyalties with the requirements of wider human welfare; of success, circulation and considerations of material advantage with the desire to do the right thing regardless of cost—these are some of the conflicts that belong to journalism. They impart to it both its distinction and its strain.

As people are pleased if they or their favourites or pet notions are praised, and angry if they are criticised, a vast variety of the blends of gratification and chagrin in the wake of printed matter beats continually on the Press harassing its devotees with pulls from contrary directions. The ideal journal should be tied to nobody's apron strings. It cannot do without readers' goodwill, but readers' goodwill is not a thing to be wooed directly. It has to come in recognition of standards maintained, without regard to agreement over viewpoints in the shifting course of passing

controversies. The prevailing world is such a chaotic medley of utterly confusing views that it is hopeless for any journal to seek to please all. There is no viewpoint which does not irritate some just because it satisfies others. All that can be aspired for is to win respect despite dissent to balance the enthusiasms evoked by agreement, as a serviceable aid to the function of persuasion that pertains to the Press.

In the old days differences were settled by recourse to arms. Humanity has now learnt to pin its faith to the method of debate, discussion and settlement by reason, in displacement of the earlier practice of warfare and violence. This is the true significance of democracy and from it springs the importance of the Press. The Press is an indispensable instrument of popular education and liberty, of government even, in the modern age. A free Press is an essential part of the very machinery of democracy. The increasing concentration of newspaper ownership in a few hands is tending to tie up our new democracy under the control of a compact powerful oligarchy whose traditions are those of trade and not of responsible public action. Everything, including newspaper support, has become a matter of trade these days. What is gained politically will be lost in other ways if the Press of the country fails to develop on free and independent lines.

We have striven to fulfil the function of free and independent criticism which belongs to the Press without shrinking from the consequences involved. Error there is always bound to be in all human valuations. It lurks round the corner to mock our imperfect state even when our conscience feels the thrill of having arrived at a most faultless feat of logic. For the critic, refuge from error lies only in integrity. The worthy critic may not in the name of journalism inflict on others any hurt from which he himself remains immune. Cocksurenness is a deadly journalistic vice. If we have sometimes criticised others we have allowed ourselves to be criticised no less, and never has anyone been denied publicity in this journal for the mere reason that he differed from us or trounced us unmercifully in any controversy. In this way we have sought to redeem possible error with scrupulous fairness, so that *Swatantra* may get properly established round the banner of freedom and every variety of opinion and interest may find reasonable scope for expression within its orbit.

C.R. tells EDITORS WHAT TO DO



AFTER several minutes spent in earnest endeavour at mutual persuasion, the editor of *Swatantra* affectionately surrendered and said, "Tell us then what we should do". So I write this to the editor of *Swatantra* and through him to other independent journalists if they care to listen.

Administration and its improvement must now claim all the attention that politics has hitherto enjoyed at the hands of the press. The press must give up its old time emphasis on politics and use its columns and wield its influence for the improvement of the morale of the administration. In *தேச சேவையில் ஈடுபடும்.* (thol bommayattam) the shadows are more important than the leather pieces. Somewhat after that fashion, in the present crisis the ability, character and conduct of members of the permanent services are far more important than the quality of the ministers or the legislators. The press was until now laying down standards of sacrifice and character for the politicians and did not bother much about civil servants. Now all that energy must be turned towards the paid officials. The need of the hour is honest and vigilant service on the part of the members of the permanent services in all departments and at all levels. One minister is now as good as another. What we want is a reliable, alert and vigilant body of public servants. Collectors of districts and their subordinates, judges and magistrates, police superintendents, deputy superintendents, inspectors and sub-inspectors of police, medical officers, municipal and district board officials and all the others I have not named for want of space,—it is now the turn of these men to be fired by patriotism and the crusad-

ing spirit. The work of the political revolutionaries is over. The people's happiness lies now in the hands of the officials.

The press must take the officials in hand and nurse them into shape by persuasion and encouragement. Civil servants must be made to discover their souls and realise their great place in the new revolution which is more fundamental and more important than the transfer of power that Britain has completed. Freedom, like the Ganges that was brought down by Bhagiratha must fall on the head and go through the tangled and matted hair of Paramasiva's head—the administration of the officials—so that its sacred waters may flow over the land and give life to those who have so long waited to be redeemed to happiness.

So, dear editor, do not curse the Premier or the ministers, but try to put fervour into the Director and more grease to the Inspector's elbow. Praise and encourage where praise is due, curse those who tempt the ill-paid officials. Damn the lazy and the faint-hearted. Give bouquets to the gallant constables who receive the stones and show patience with the crowd, or lay down their lives in the course of their duties. Light up all dark places and lead the citizen army of officials into the lanes of civil life. It is in educating the civil servants on their heavy new responsibilities that the press must now find its special field for service. The officers of Government



BEHIND STONE WALLS

Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury.

© 1997 by Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury

can get the requisite sanction and authority for their acts from the ministers. But what is now wanted is character and not mere sanction. Character must come from surrounding culture and the pressure of moral opinion generated in the atmosphere. What the people that the officers meet daily say to them or talk in their hearing, what the newspapers and journals write, and what they expect from officers, what the boys and girls sing and chatter about, what the common folk talk, it is these that can give character and tone to the spirit of the people's servants. To depend on a dozen ministers as the fountain source for character as well as for sanction, to expect all inspiration to flow from the cabinet is to be superstitious. If you feel convinced as I do that the greatest present need is sound administration and good character among officials, concentrate on this in what you write. People talk about what you write and enlarge what you expect and thereby generate a force that officials cannot long resist. Try and you will find it much more potent than ministries on which in imitation of the politics of other countries we have been hitherto concentrating.

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI.

WISE SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES

I have often been in the witness box, and I have always told the truth and nothing but the truth. But I have never kept my oath to tell the whole truth. If I had tried to, the judge would very soon have stopped me. In science, both natural and political, we never get the whole truth, and can never hope to. But we can always get a little nearer to it in each generation.—J. B. S. Haldane.

The power from within us is ambivalent. Its origin is in freedom, love and truth. It issues in the mastery of things; this deflects its primal nature and turns it to slavery and aggression. To return it to creative and healing ends is the work of men who have recovered their own inner freedom, the freedom not given or withheld by social arrangements. Of such men our age stands in great need, with the social octopus closing ever tighter round our souls.—V. A. Demant.

The common idea that success spoils people by making them vain, egoistic and self-complacent is erroneous; on the contrary it makes them, for the most part, humble, tolerant and kind. Failure makes people bitter and cruel. Success improves the character of the man; it does not always improve the character of the author. It may very well deprive him of that force which has brought him success.—W. Somerset Maugham.

Upon this earth there can be no much greater responsibility than that involved in the control of a great newspaper. All a man's days and all his powers, all the conscience that is in him, and all the application he can give are surely not too much fitly to discharge so great a task.—C. P. Scott.

True journalists feel that they fail if their paper is not, in all its parts, a faithful assistant to every man or woman who has keen interests and really wants to understand, whatever their special interests may be. Whether it pays or not, whether it furthers a party's interests or not, this, in their eyes, has got to be done, simply because it is the one thing supremely and unquestionably worth doing.—C. E. Montague.

Meet

The Revolution

by M. CHALAPATI RAU

Editor, National Herald.

THESE are times that try men's souls, as Tom Paine said, and trial is not particularly ennobled by error. The discrepancy between our aspirations and achievements is getting dangerously wide and it seems a revolution is slipping through our hands. In spite of partial copybook repetition of history, there is still intellectual tardiness which makes us think that revolution is still a far-off event, divine or diabolical. We are witnessing, with blinkers on, the break-up of a civilization, of course, a freak and fantastically half-caste, the mouldering of a culture brittle in its origin and now brittle in the ugly brie-a-bric it leaves behind. To realise it is to grasp the revolution and to mould it; to fail to grasp it is to be submerged as Bourbon and Romanoff were submerged, in itself perhaps not a misfortune of history. To ignore it is to lead ourselves to an arrested development, an interregnum of a dark age. In other words, an abortion.

Revolutions are the work of the anonymous masses, though some leader often appends his autograph. Lenin converted a fluke into a tremendous catastrophe, which was also a tremendous compromise, but behind that fluke lay a procession of events, a ceaseless flow of turbid theorizing and pamphleteering, a steady loosening of the social muscles. The Gandhian revolution has been slower in the process because of the slower tempo of non-violence, less forceful because of the devotional lethargy and the intellectual

bluntness of the average Congressman, tied to the exacting but enervating code of spinning. But it would be inappropriate now to write an epitaph on Gandhi. He might seem to be all along stemming the tide he was releasing. Whatever his shortcomings, neither he nor any other leader nor the Congress organization can or should arrest the course of revolution in its most creative and fruitful phase.

Gandhi has given us self-respect, it is repeatedly stated in reverence. He has made India free. He is the father of the nation. There is the substance of veneration and study in these hackneyed, and sometimes boring, tributes. But he cannot be dismissed so summarily even in this age of epigrams. He is not a dictionary of ethics but an unyielding practitioner. He has always attached more importance to the concreteness of action than to the abstractness of absolutist principles. Swadeshi was an old doctrine when he took it up; he made it a revolutionary act, a revolution by which Indians have returned to their Indianness. Against the greatest imposition of industrial slavery, under the inspiration of Manchester and Cobden, he gave us the creed of boycott of foreign cloth. But the best shackle-breaker was the return to our languages, language which is the stuff of all renaissance and the living, growing medium which moulds civilization and culture. In the long and painful process of our attainment of freedom, this has meant nothing less than the death of one

civilization and the renewal of another. It is this rediscovery of the medium that will be the most effective weapon of the masses, the magic word of liberation. As long as we felt the enchantment of English, we could talk of the masses like imitation Lincolns. The masses are no doubt illiterate still; the unknown letters are mute. They know neither Hindi nor Telugu nor Tamil. But once the educated people talk in their own language and not in a strange gibberish, the masses will know us for what we are and we too shall know them for what they are. In his first political utterance, on his return to India from South Africa, Gandhi asked us, as his first gospel, to get rid of the foreign medium which made us aliens in our own land. That was the essence of our tragedy and is now the measure of our liberation. Province after province is asserting this right of linguistic Swadeshi. In U.P., where the lead has been taken, there seems to be a new light among the people. As the State has begun the drive, the people feel their strength and we have to imagine the effect of this disenchantment when compulsory primary education is translated from the precept of an educational programme to living practice.

The importance of the English language has been either exaggerated or underrated. It is not my purpose here to exaggerate or underrate it, to strengthen any preconceived thesis. But it is not mere conceit that makes one say that in literary portraiture painting our exis-



M. Chalapathi Rau

tence without English would resemble that of dead souls, in an intenser form than that of Circe's swine burning in Dante's divine hell. The English speech has given us many advantages along with many distractions. Our delegates at U.N.O. are winning converts not through Hindi or Urdu but through their English. Mountbatten and Nehru settle big problems by supping on English language and culture. But, as Gandhi said years ago, if we are strong because of the advantages of this alien medium, we have to imagine how stronger we would have been in our own medium. It is surely a handicap and not a help for an Indian lad to run a race six or seven years behind an English lad. Burke taught us the sonorities of liberalism—that he was a conservative in most matters does not matter—but he taught us only the grandiloquence of bombination. Macaulay and Mill taught us how to ratiocinate for liberty but made us hug the less useful fictions of parliamentary democracy. The Fathers of the Congress thundered forth in gorgeous English but how more convincing to their own people at least would have been their thunder in their own language! There is no parallel to this fraud of a whole nation educated and enslaved in the language of another nation. The Norman conquest of England led to the battle of bilingualism, but for which we would not have heard the name of Roger Ascham, but bilingualism lost, with lasting good to the English people. Nobody

wants to erect even linguistic frontiers but the point is that the dwindling importance of English is a vital part of the unshackling process of the Indian revolution.

This brings us to the central core of this argument, without which an essay would be passion without purpose. The crux of our society is the Indian middle class which is the directing medium of the revolution and when I speak of a class I am not thinking in terms of Charlie Marx and class war. We know this class though we may not be able to define its borders. It is a British-created class. It is the creature of a ruling caste and is itself a caste. And if I say that it is the worst middle class in history, I may be pilloried for an audacious assumption which may seem to do injustice to the inherent creative purpose of such a stubborn social bulwark as a middle class. But our middle class is not a genuine middle class. It was created by a foreign Government for foreign purposes; educationally it produced clerks (you may call them high court judges), economically it produced a community of consumers, politically it produced a society of cultured serfs satisfied with borrowed accent and stolen idiom. This might seem contrary to the divine purpose of British domination which our early politicians used to discern and it may seem also to contradict the much enumerated Benefits of British Rule. This evaluation is nothing so sordid. But this middle class is not genuine in the sense that it had no deep roots in the soil; it has been a city growth and a town growth and a parasite on village economy. It has not the power to be creative and it has not the power to commit suicide. Decades of bilingualism and a Janus-like attitude to culture has found its acme in the convent school atmosphere, the petty snobbery of the drawing room, the war-time drunkenness, the 'Daddy', 'Mummy', 'Ta-ta' culture of the young barbarians. Society has gone on gathering new layers, each more dust-ridden than the other.

It is not possible to deny examples of courageous effort to stem the

process of linguistic unshackling. Indian culture has been preserved in small islands, music has been respected in isolated ivory towers, art has been worshipped if not practiced, philosophy has been preached at least in schools. But the class as a whole has been sterile. Gandhi and Tagore, writers like Prem Chand; poets like Iqbal and Bharati have been life-giving processes but the life has been severely choked. In almost every linguistic area there is now more cheap literature than before and why? Is it due to democratisation, the process of over-production and under-consumption as in the West, or the further vulgarisation of the middle class? Do the cheap prurient imitations of Hollywood and Elstree mean a gesture to the masses or a conversion of souls into money mints? Who are the successors of Veerasalingam in Andhra? Is Bharati today, really speaking, a force among the people or a totem to be celebrated in festivals? There is no doubt that every cheap magazine too will celebrate centenaries and anniversaries but only as a ceremonial gesture of no practical value. If to the enchantment of English we add the apple-pie charm of Americanisation in every phase of life—and its fulfilment is already seen in shoddy journalistic productions—we see the way the middle class is driving itself to its doom. The stiff collar and the neck-tie may have gone but the strangling continues.

The economic disintegration of the middle class reinforces the argument, though this view may be damned as Dialectical Materialism. We see a ramshackle empire in ruins. We have heard of the antinomy of inflation and the rising cost of living. The antinomy persists in every phase of economic activity, more pay committees and higher taxation, more production and more strikes, more profits and more wages, and you will find how merrily the middle class is ground between the upper and the lower millstones. Nothing can hold together this economic pattern and nothing can preserve this culture in the steel-frame of present values. They are all burs-

The vulgarised city clerk might get more pay but he is losing security of tenure and security of life. The present upheavals in their lasting results are much greater than riots, and it is not political or literary wisdom to say so. They are challenges to the coagulated blood of centuries and to the resistance spirit of the Indian. It may seem masochistic to say it but India is gaining in the bloodbath what she should have gained by intimate experience of two world wars. We have had all the evils of the war, the bush shirt, the cocktail manner, the retreat from work to recreation, the mechanical restaurant life, the bar-room attitude to sex, the starvation and the inflation (both of money and ego), without any of the heroism or the cathartic effects of war. The riots had to come, they seemed to be lurking always in the shadows and having come they are shaking up society. They have uprooted millions in the Punjab and are unsettling millions elsewhere. Social values are changing. Life is cheap and when one does not consider his life precious he will not respect another's life. Property is not safe. Banks are disappearing and banks can always crash. Everybody is emboldened to revolt. Our servants today answer a reprimand with an aggressive grin. In U.P. villagers are retaliating with violence against the violence of zamindars. There is no hope of an easy recourse to processes of law. Magistrates themselves have lost reverence for it. Nobody has respect for ministers who minister unto themselves and are sometimes corrupt. Everybody

is becoming allergic to the flag process which is the flagging process of economic erosion. No police officer on his badge and compel. In the newspaper press the 'vernacular' brother is feeling prior in the knowledge that has come. His day too is fast as the press worker is in the to recognise heirarchic values the sheltered South, society seem more stable but it is a dangerous illusion.

The day has come for the generations to make up their minds in this crash of an empire and chaos of culture and society. It would be tragic to under-estimate it or to cheat it by setting up local dynasties and rules of class by propagating deceitful slogans refusing to recognise social facts. Gandhi's masses (they may be Montagu's too) are at last rising and no government can keep them down by pretences. It is a revolutionary purpose that make it a creative revolution. It would not be a superfluous, though even a Lenin might have wilted in this wretched climate. But there is a smug complacency about the way we look at the pace of events knowing that a decade is now well a century. Either this class, the class to which most of us belong must brace up to the task or must be destroyed. It would be sinful to resist. It certainly will be better for those whose wills are paralysed at this moment and cannot act, to show the courtesies of a dying culture—make way.



A PORTRAIT

H. V. Ram



MIRROR OF PARLIAMENT STREET

by "SIGMA"

WE have not completed three months of Swaraj and therefore it may be objected that a review of achievements would be unreasonable especially since the period has proved to be a convulsive transition. To dwell on the cause and course of riots would not be profitable but in view of its reported aftermath in New Delhi, it would be well to have a glance at the personalities composing the Central Government, their policy in common and their individual outlook. The question of incipient discord between Pandit Nehru and Sardar Patel may be discussed after a short-sketch study of the satellites in the two systems now ascendant in contrary aspect in the Indian firmament.

To begin with they are all men of means, not one on the verge of financial distress. Those who were in front of the Socialist Opposition led by Jai Prakash Narain are also on velvet and several of them after the jail release of 1941, became recipients of public purses in different parts of the country and one lakh of rupees used to be the general target. They do not belong to the Order of Poverty represented by the Communists. The battle is therefore in terms of power and ideology and not motivated by personal advancement. Now for a rapid walk round the gallery of the Central Cabinet,

reserving the portraits of Patel and Nehru to the last.

BALDEV SINGH

Sardar Baldev Singh, Defence Member, is the Sikh contribution. Previously a director of Messrs. Indra Singh and Sons, Ltd., a firm which has flourished on the outskirts of the Tatas in Jamshedpur, he is one of the millionaires of the Punjab. He was an Akali leader and the Akalis are the "Immortals" the same as the "Shaheeds" who are martyrs. The carrying of the kirpan always gave the Sikh the complex of warriorship irrespective of its continuous shortening under British rule. The genesis of the Khalsa lay in opposition to Muslim domination and the Sikh has not been educated out of the idea of destiny reflected in the glory of Ranjit Singh. When Sardar Baldev Singh was made Defence Member, the ordinary Sikh got a thrill that after all the Lat Sahib or the Commander-in-Chief had come under the orders of an Akali leader. He was vastly satisfied. As an administrator, Baldev Singh has not shone and many are the comic tales in the Secretariat of the observations he makes on files put up before him. He is very much under the influence of Sardar Patel and has not a grain of idealism in common with the Nehru section in the Cabinet. He

has the contractor's mind with the swagger supposed to be indicative of military tradition.

MATHAI AND SHANMUKHAM

John Mathai has the learning and temperament of a don. When young he joined the Y.M.C.A., then left it and after higher education in England became a Professor of Economics. For years he was member of the Tariff Board and on official retirement was absorbed by the Tatas. For some years there has been a tendency for big firms to book high officials for richly lucrative service after pension. If Bewoor is a Tata director in charge of their airways, it must not be forgotten that the place was earmarked for him when he had been Communications Member. N. C. Mehta, Sundaram, Dalal and others high up in the service are picked up by commercial magnates, a system which those of a non-capitalistic disposition of mind regard as sinister. Mathai had the double advantage of being a Tata director and an Indian Christian but the Sardar detected in him a Nehru man. Originally Finance Member, he was shunted off before he could introduce a budget. The Mahatma preferred Rani Amrit Kaur but he could see her in only in the second reshuffle. The Sardar party suspect Mathai of entertaining unorthodox views on economics, taxation and the more equitable circulation of wealth. Though he was lecturer when Shanmukham Chetty was a student, Shanmukham now holds the finance portfolio. As for Sir Shanmukham's choice after the disappearance of Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, it was plainly a Birla House appointment. Liaquat's budget had been launched behind the back of vested interests and the Bombay Stock Exchange suspended business in protest against its pro-proletariat provisions which he unnecessarily called "Islamic" to harden capitalist prejudice. Chetty is a safe man with the Ottawa mind, a member of the clan of the wealthy. When appointed Finance Minister he said at Madras that his object would be not to make the rich less rich but to make the poor less poor. No one knows

how this antithetical pistonning in the economic mechanism is going to be done. But that is immaterial as long as he is a safe man. Congress members of the Ministry often complain that they were driven to accept the two-nation theory at the back of partition for the time being, because their Muslim League colleagues in the old Viceroy's Executive Council would not co-operate. On one important issue this is true, namely on the determined refusal of Liaquat Ali Khan to drop enquiry into the acquisition of war wealth and to give up the idea of prosecuting income-tax shirkers. If that course had been pursued without partition dozens of magnates who pose as patriots would by now have been behind the bars and Liaquat Ali Khan's obduracy had to be overcome by consent to partition which was what that gentleman, wanted as the price for closing the files.

BHABA

Mr. C. H. Bhaba, director of many Bombay concerns and a very wealthy man is Sardar Patel's selection reputedly upon the importunacy of his son Dayabhai Patel who has important connections with an insurance company under Bhaba influence. He is keen, he is alert. A bachelor, he prefers to hunt the goddess of fortune and if it is said that he has got all the strong points and weaknesses of a capitalist under the glamour of money, it comes as no discredit to a Bombay millionaire. Recently Chetty and Bhaba went to Bombay to fix textile prices since Shyam Prasad Mukherjee, the Minister concerned, happened to be ill. Both Ministers irrespective of their huge textile investments attempted to fix prices impartially and in a fit of absent-mindedness remarked upon the need of an increase whereupon the market rocketed high to the benefit of early buyers in the know. As Mukherjee wouldn't agree on their return to Delhi the market slumped, to the benefit again of those who sold in time. Bhaba is one of the Sardar's dependable men.

RAJENDRA PRASAD

Rajendra Prasad, Food Minister, retains a mind of his own with his conscience completely under Gandhian direction. He is a chela neither of Nehru nor Patel. A Bihar zamindar of means though he is, he could have amassed a fortune through legal practice. He is of feeble health and it is his spirit that keeps him up. The Sardar when he wants to influence Rajendra Prasad works through Mahatma Gandhi.

AMBEDKAR

Ambedkar after years of fulmination against the Congress turned out to be the nominee to the Constituent Assembly in place of Jayakar, which means by the grace of Patel. Nobody questions his learning, least of all Sivaraj and others who used to carry his palanquin and now find themselves high and dry with a moribund party incapable of resuscitation. He has not turned Christian, he's not turned Sikh; he has stepped back to the Central Cabinet as Law Member and as long as the legislature functions without opposition, he will have plenty of leisure for himself for writing books.

AMRIT KAUR

Rani Amrit Kaur adores Mahatma Gandhi who has a rare gift of sweetening sour lives especially those of women. Around him are a number of people who find normal home life irksome and it is a matter of speculation as to what would have happened if Mrs. Jinnah had lived long enough to seek the consolations of Mahatma Gandhi's ashram. Mahatma Gandhi has a receptive ear for family stories and he looks profound as he listens to intimate details which by the way he reserves to himself in confidence. Amrit Kaur, the only daughter of Raja Sir Harnam Singh of Kapurthala, was a wealthy heiress and she has not diminished her inheritance. Educated in England she was a society personality winning many tennis tournaments in Lahore and Simla, reports of which would be flashed out by the late K. C. Roy to the Associated Press. Tired of gale-

ties she like Mira Ben (Miss Gladstone) turned to Mahatma Gandhi who formed a high opinion of her during her many missions and ministrations. Minister of Health, the Rajkumari does not look a picture of health herself and she represents the revulsion against the West on the part of an Oriental when excessively dosed with the frivolities of Western culture. Her vote is in the Sardar's pocket though she pensively admires the Pandit. Nominally a Christian she has the tingle of Sikh blood in her and as the Sardar snakes the fist at hooligans who attack non-Muslims including Sikhs her impulse would naturally be to strengthen the hands of the Sardar and let the international situation wait.

OTHERS

Labour Minister Jagjivan Ram is Rajendra Prasad's choice and his shadow. Plump and assiduous, his knowledge of economics hardly brings him on level with the problems he has to handle. He is a faithful party man.

The Communications Member is Mr. Rafi Ahmed Kidwai who looks a Kashmiri Brahmin and who grew almost as an inmate of Anand Bhawan, quite a favourite of Pandit Motilal Nehru who used to be equally fond of Chowdhury Kaliquzzaman. He gave up attending law lectures when he heard of the first non-co-operation movement and played a prominent part in jail-going without much spinning. He became the professional politician capable of occasional vanishing tricks. Khali-quzzaman, being more sensitive, couldn't bear the strictures of Pandit Jawaharlal on the Muslim League and he along with several Muslim Congressmen of the U.P. deviated from the course to provincial ministerships in 1937. As Home Member of U.P., Kidwai had occasionally to go blowing his whistle among unruly Allgarh students who took to molesting the Moulana Sahib at the station before he finally pitched upon air travel as best. His vote is of course on Nehru's side. Moulana Abul Kalam Azad is also a Nehru fan.

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"NOW, who is Quintilian? Who cares to know who is Quintilian?" asks a correspondent in *SWATANTRA* in the course of a good-humoured tirade against "Vigneswara's" habit of lugging in quotations and obscure proper names at the least provocation. I am awed by the sublimity of this Olympian rebuff. But I must say it is rather hard on poor Quintilian. And the present scribe, while he is not concerned to deny the general charge against his own poor effusions, must vigorously repudiate that he had any part or lot in disturbing the ghost of the old rhetorician who has been in his grave these two thousand years. But it seems to be assumed that if Quintilian has not been actually mentioned in *Sotto Voce* that is pure accident. He is one of those classics whom every later scribbler thinks it *de rigueur* to quote—may be, to impress his readers with his erudition, or to hide his poverty of thought, or even to save himself the bother of articulating such commonplace ideas as he may command. And this quotability is an offence that our modern reader for whom life is real, life is earnest, finds it hard to forgive. He, this serious youth, has no time for booby-traps or hurdle races. When he takes up a book, he would not dream of wasting a moment browsing by the wayside or chasing butterflies. He must forthwith get at the meat of the author's thought—if he has any. And he wants to know why people can't write simply and naturally, saying what they have to say in their own 'penny

plain' instead of wrapping themselves up in the Roman toga of Marcus Aurelius or playing hide and seek behind the imposing back of Sir Thomas Browne.

Now that I come to think of it, it seems to me that Quintilian must have been deliberately cast for the role of whipping boy. For he held and widely propagated diametrically opposed views in regard to these matters. *The Encyclopaedia Britannica* tells me that this foremost teacher of oratory in the great age of Roman oratory was all for simplicity of style. He had no use for the rhetorical devices and the quaint conceits of the Silver Age of Latin prose. But he had an immense respect for learning. And he took an unabashed delight in quoting profusely from the great writers of the past. There is no form of knowledge, he held, from which something may not be extracted for the purposes of the finished orator—or, as we should now say, the practised writer and trained publicist.

So much for Quintilian. As for his modern contemner, I seem to detect a chink in his armour. He would exempt a few favourite writers from the ban on quoting. Shakespeare would be one of them; also Cervantes, Johnson, Shelley and Keats. A pretty mixed bag and not to every one's fancy, I daresay; who reads Johnson these days, except in Boswell—unless it be the unfortunate alumni of the Madras University? But let that pass. Is Shakespeare a model for the aspiring prosaist? Is he an unfailing fount of clarity? Does he not negligently sweep in all that he has

It was Nehru's intense loyalty to Moulana Azad that determined his incongruous choice as Education Minister. He is supposed to know English and is treated with marked respect especially in view of Jinnah's scorching denunciation of him as a Congress showboy. The Sardar however regards him as a passenger and not a sailor man. Furthermore the Muslim in him occasionally shows signs of eruption. When a vote was taken in the Assembly on aerial bombing over the Frontier under the orders of the Nehru Cabinet, Moulana Azad quietly slipped out much to the disgust of the Sardar who believes in defence across a united front. He is Nehru's protege and his vote is reserved for the Pandit. Dr. S. P. Mukherjee who ought to have been in charge of education but for the chronic need of accommodating the Moulana in proof of Congress cosmopolitanism, is in charge of the Civil Supplies Department. He is a full-blooded Hindu Mahasabhaite, a believer in India as the land of the Hindus. Very religiously he flies the Mahasabha and not the National flag on top of his house. He would rather strengthen Patel than Nehru. Mr. N. V. Gadgil is a colourless character who reflects the instincts of Maharashtra to follow rather than to lead in the national struggle. As for Mr. N. Gopalaswami Iyengar and Mr. K. C. Neogy, they represent stop-gap provisions and we cannot say for certain whether they are on the side of Nehru or the Sardar.

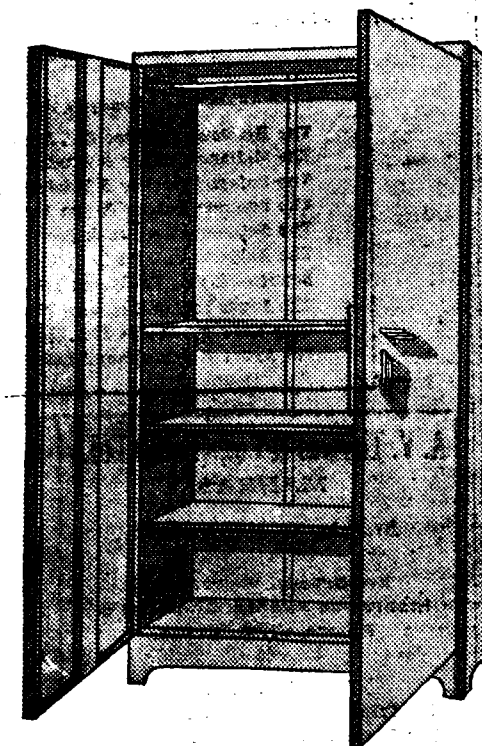
NEHRU AND PATEL

The two master-champions are Nehru and Patel, the iron man as his flatterers call him to his delight. They are a contrast. The Labour movement? Well, let it be under Government auspices, says Patel as he promotes an All-India Trade Union. No, says Nehru who loses ground and has to explain the nature of his difficulties to Jai Prakash Narain. The world credit of Nehru and his reputation for sincerity form the bedrock of the Central Government's prestige; not

Patel's bluntness and claim for ruthless efficiency. Prior to the Meerut Conference there were riots in India but look at the way Patel put the question from the Congress platform. He sneered at the Muslims and said that they should know that rioting would not pay since upon "the balance of accounts" the Muslims had suffered more. That tone of challenge and sardonic glee come natural to him while for Nehru the very idea of bloodshed is agony irrespective of the communal score. Nehru's weakness is his tendency towards nepotism and whimsical patronage, so much so that people say that while jobbery at home is reserved for Vallabhai Patel jobbery abroad is the preserve of Jawaharlal Nehru. There is some growth of improvidence in the multiplication of jobs and it must be confessed that our heroes in office have not tampered with emoluments to their prejudice. The fact is Pandit Nehru has the heart of a child. One of his biographers recalls how in Anand Bhawan as a boy he would call all his friends, open the pantry and distribute Pandit Motilal's favourite sweets innocent of any idea of trespass or theft, although the august father saw both offences in the act. Jawaharlal has not outlived that spirit. Those who were nearest to him were the other Nehru relations and friends and when it comes to prizes abroad he hands them round, that is all. It may be slightly unjust but it must not be forgotten that the elemental urge of Motilal Nehru in joining politics was his consciousness that the Nehrus should never be slaves. India of course followed and Jawaharlal though he speaks of India has not got the plebeian manner of the Sardar who has nothing exotic or sublime about him. Between the Prime Minister and the Deputy Prime Minister there is thus a profound difference of ideology and method,—the one impulsively rushing forward to stop what is wrong and the other standing round the corner with a big stick in order to bash the head of the wrongdoer.

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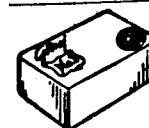
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Godrej Sindal

seen, heard and read—and that is a prodigious lot—into his narrow Act? And do we read him solemnly for the “idea” behind his army of words? What, pray, is the “idea” of the Moonlight Scene in *The Merchant of Venice* or the Balcony Scene in *Romeo*?

The argument seems to be that Shakespeare may be quoted because he is “must” reading for schoolboys, but Browne of *Urn-Burial* being caviare to the general, it would be an insult to the common reader's dignity to remind him of this gap in his reading. But should you not show the poor writer a fraction of the consideration you lavish on his patron? After all you might be in his shoes tomorrow. A man who has succumbed early to the witchery of the printed word can no more choose his reading than he can choose his parents; there is an unseen destiny at work shaping these things. And when you have read and re-read a book which has taken your fancy some of it inevitably sticks—like burrs. In course of time you find yourself unconsciously appropriating choice bits and making them part of your currency. By confining yourself to the viaticum of a shelf of well-thumbed books it might be possible to acquire a modest reputation for learning, as C. E. Montague pointed out in a delightful essay. (Why, even poor “Vighneswara” has been made to blush to the very roots of his hair by the magnificent and, alas, singularly underserved compliment that he is “a walking encyclopaedia”!). But, really, the intensive reader when he turns writer can no more help quoting than the opium addict can avoid betraying his falling by his lost look and trembling hands. It would be rank cruelty to put him in quarantine and examine him for quotations as if they were lice or bed-bugs.

Or, suppose there was a certain amount of conscious art in it. Would that be any more wrong than the desire to appear in public decently dressed which, except in certain advanced circles, has always been regarded as quite natural, nay, even indispensable for self-respect?

Prudence may occasionally counsel a calculated sansculottism; as in the case of a distinguished compatriot of ours, lately deceased, who whenever he had to visit his hometown packed one or two old-fashioned and rather threadbare coats in his bag, explaining that it would never do to shock his virtuous fellow-townsmen with too obvious signs of his rise in life. Of course, your Beau Brummel is born; and, unlike most poets, he undergoes a long and gruelling apprenticeship into the bargain. Dressing unobtrusively and yet with distinction, avoiding the extremes of shabbiness and foppery, is both a matter of taste and practice. So is the art of quotation. There is an unlaboured felicity about the perfect quotation, an unbought grace. It elevates the familiar, takes the swelling emotion at the flood-tide, clinches the argument, gives you a sense of completion (assuredly not surfeit!) no less satisfying than original and authentic creation. Some of Kalidasa's happiest hits are unacknowledged ‘quotes’ from Valmiki.

Let me not be regarded as holding a brief for that pest, the quoter for quoting's sake or his near of kin, the artificer of faked quotations. An old college crony of mine used to entertain us with a perfect imitation of a professor who prided himself on his extensive reading and excellent memory. Gripping the back of the professorial chair (in the absence of the incumbent, of course) and standing on the tip of the toe, he would begin in a ringing voice: “As Ruskin says”,—and then a long dramatic pause, followed by the crashing finale, “Milk is good for health!” The magpie who decks himself out in stolen finery is more to be pitied than condemned. He works on the lines favoured by a tame poet (I knew) who specialised in the sonnet—it was, he engagingly explained, so short and simple. All you had to do was to set down the rhymes from a rhyming dictionary, choosing by preference the less rather than the more familiar words; and these words themselves could then be trusted to provoke the necessary inspiration

for completing the lines. In the same way the newspaper hack, armed with a Thesaurus and a Dictionary of Quotations, can be gay and sparkling at second hand and not outrageously irrelevant; only, if the scaffolding of quotations is removed, the whole shoddy structure comes tumbling down. But if a man has something to say and he is not an untutored genius who despises books, he cannot avoid straying now and then into the garden where Pegasus is stabled; and it will go hard with him if he does not hang on desperately to its tail. A certain measure of adventure in formulating a thought or in striking an image is rewarded by a more or less apt quotation swimming into his ken; and if he is wise, he will clamber on board without further ado, and sail into port as if he owned that fairy ship.

The bibliolaters, the fierce monogamists of a single book derive a more austere pleasure. It is as a rule only the great scriptures of the world that have the power of claiming this exclusive devotion. The English Bible in the hands of Cromwell's Roundheads was a flaming sword; the Ramayana and the Bhagavata have been to thousands of ardent spirits what Sabala was to Vasishtha—the prop of life, the hope of salvation, my all, as inseparable from me as is the fame of famous men.” A few secular books inspire something like the same passion. Young Rajam Iyer was so intoxicated with the beauties of Kamban that he wrote “Kamalambal,” as he explains, partly for the pleasure it gave him of displaying that poet's verbal felicities. It is not so much the straight quotation as the quotation held in solution that proclaims the true lover. Much is forgiven him. He may, as in the case of Charles Lamb, puckishly misquote or give a perverse twist to words of a breathtaking beauty; but, far from horrifying, he delights.

Such royal rifling is not for us, mere plebs. The way of the eagle is not for the earthworm. But I don't feel called upon to practise that extreme form of literary

autarky which the ostentatious renunciation of the pleasures of quotation implies. Basic English, which drains words of all their vitality, of their rich content of suggestion and allusion, the historic accretions of idiom and the sharp tang of living speech, is a vivid reminder of where pedantic fervour for simplicity may lead the contemporary literary practitioner. An expurgated edition of the classics that left out all the quotations in them would be a piece of vandalism which would make Bowdler himself turn in his grave. But the Miltons and the Banas would rather that you read them, thus emasculated, and carried into your own work a faint remembrance of their muted splendour, than that you ignored them altogether, denying them that chance of continued rebirth in their descendants which is the only immortality that our kind may know. A good book, said Milton, is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit. But it is at the mercy of the capricious spirit of fashion; and it is powerless against armoured ignorance. The worst misfortune that can happen to humanity is that such a book should be forgotten. To do your little bit against oblivion that “scattereth her poppy” would be an act of filial piety.

“Ah, there you are, quoting that wretched Browne again,” says my mentor triumphantly. True; but then, if our great *Sutrakaras* from Vyasa to Vatsyayana did not consider it *infra dig* to quote their predecessors but spoke of the ‘Purva-charyas’ with warm respect even when they had to differ from them, who am I to bid the sun set because I have lighted a farthing candle? Francois Mauriac says of one of his characters, “Like many people who regard themselves as being above the common herd, he had a very limited vocabulary which he enriched with dumb-show, the use of clichés, intonation and gesture”. That is precisely the plight in which many of our modern writers who make a cult of self-sufficiency find themselves. If they had not stopped reading when they left school they would know that in the effort to pin

down a recondite thought or a recherche emotion they might derive invaluable help from an intelligent study of the great masters of the past. Literature is full of instances of those who have made themselves great stylists by playing the sedulous ape. Not the least of their attraction is their rich allusiveness.

Just as a master-artist of the Harikatha suggestively sings a snatch and leaves it to his expert seconds to manage the matter to a rounded perfection, so the man who knows how to quote and when to stop quoting can draw on the entire range of the world's literature to provide the background music.

VIGHNESWARA.



SOME DEFINITIONS OF "A GENTLEMAN"

Collected by K. V. GOPAL RATNAM

A gentleman is one who understands and shows every mark of deference to the claims of self-love in others, and exacts it in return from them.—WILLIAM HAZLITT.

A gentleman is one whose demeanour today justifies the privilege of leisure enjoyed by his ancestors.—COMPTON MACKENZIE.

Gentlemanliness is another word for intense humanity.—JOHN RUSKIN.

From whatever sphere he may come, whatever his race, his rank, his religion, his riches, his intellect, his learning, or his craft, a gentleman walks humbly, lives sincerely, and abides by his word, even to his own hurt, is tolerant of ideas, even those which he condemns, is to men friendly, to women gracious, to children gentle, to animals kind. And after that there remains a soul, that serves and finds joy in service, lives harmoniously with mankind and in rhythm with the universe. And then? Still something which cannot be expressed in words. In short, a gentleman.—DAVID KIRKWOOD.

A gentleman is one whom the working classes instinctively call "Sir."—JAMES AGATE.

A gentleman has ease without familiarity, is respectful without meanness, genteel without affection, insinuating without seeming art.—LORD CHESTERFIELD.

One whose word is never pledged to deceive, whose actions never show the seeds of shame, and whose dignity is of such a quality that he is never under the necessity of standing upon it.—RAFAEL SABATINI.

He is the best gentleman who is the son of his own deserts.—VICTOR HUGO.

To me, a gentleman is just a man who persists in his indulgence in the good old practice of doing unto others as he would be done by.—LUPINO LONE.

My definition of a gentleman: A pianist who bears his rival and declares he plays better than himself.—MARK HAMBOURG.

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain.—CARDINAL NEWMAN.

The definition which seems to cover all aspects of the matter is: "A gentleman is one who always has consideration for the feelings of others."—COMMANDER CAMPBELL.

The "gentleman" was invented in England in the 19th century and may be defined as a man who thought the only decent way of living was on the proceeds of something else's labour. The species is now perforce largely extinct.—C.E.M. JOAD.

A gentleman of our days is one who has money enough to do what every fool would do if he could afford it: that is consume without producing.—BERNARD SHAW.

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AT HIS NATIVITY

by Mangal S. Sivarani

THEY were drawn to resemble the footsteps of a child. A trifle odd but vital. In an unsteady line they went up the veranda which lay clean and smooth as velvet—(a faint odour of cowdung and charcoal dust pervaded the floors); they crossed the threshold and appeared crowded round a cradle that hung in the living-room. They were drawn with liquid rice-flour, the same that was used for the intricate designs and patterns of the *kolam*: leaves and flowers and stars; birds; animals limited to the bull and the elephant; rudimentary sketches of a temple and a chariot without horses.

Footprints of a child! Odd-looking!

The notes had finished their dance in the last beam of the sun and twilight which in the tropics is short was impatient to ring in the night. Outside, the aspect of the house was bright and festive but there was trouble within. From a chamber opening on to the living-room came the sound of low moans, as if someone was in agony. A middle-aged woman stood near the doorway, her face careworn and thin. Every time a moan issued a little louder or was wholly stilled, quickly did her glance turn into the room and her anxiety deepen. She sighed, to that extent her melancholy became articulate.

Shortly two small girls ran up the steps of the veranda, laughing gaily. In years they might be between eight and ten, very lively, and from the cut of their faces looked like sisters. And they were. The older and taller of them carried in her hand a tiny basket woven of cane strips, containing two exact pieces of a coconut, some plantain fruits and betel, and a bit from a jasmine wreath. They were returning from the temple. They stopped to admire the *kolam*, chattering shrilly; the younger one began tripping over the footprints, giggling softly, while her sister pulled her back peremptorily with a mild rebuke, reminding her that they were the footsteps of god and it was sinful to tread on them.

"Radha! Radha!" now called a voice, its pitch straining to be heard.

The elder girl was prompt to heed.

There, in the courtyard, stood a woman bowed and wrinkled with age and dressed in spotless white. Her head and hands shook finely as did her voice when she talked.

"Radha! Visali!" she cried, "have you forgotten your old granny so soon? Why do you run so? I wouldn't mind it but for my weak eyes."

For a moment the girls looked guilty. Then they rushed forward with the enthusiasm of competing in a race, and taking the old woman's shrunk gnarled hands, one each solicitously in theirs, led her into the house carefully. Two crows flew over the courtyard and vanished, cawing, into their roost amidst the dense leaves of a peepul tree beyond.

In the doorway of the chamber adjoining the living-room, the middle-aged woman continued to stand. A man kept her company. Her husband. He put an admonitory finger to his lips as the girls entered, the grandmother between them: they became suddenly quiet observing his gravity.

"How's the child now?" queried the old woman, coming up to the man.

And before he had answered, and as though it was the answer, a piercing scream broke the silence of the house, and then a long, low moan. The 'child' inquired after was the daughter of the woman who stood at the doorway; she was in the throes of parturition, the pains that had begun a week ago and ceased abruptly had begun again, growing worse that afternoon; she suffered and her parents suffered with her. The old woman whom the girls addressed as grandmother but who really was their great grandmother spoke more to herself while conversing with her son.

"Alas," she wailed, "that it should be today of all days. Why should it not be a day before or after? And Raghu, his health is still poor. I pray that it

may be a girl to lessen the evil," she trailed off into incoherent mumblings.

Raghu was Raghunathan, brother of the young woman who was confined. It was in his horoscope that his twenty-seventh year was somewhat critical for him. He was just recovering from an attack of typhoid, he was not out of the woods yet.

"I pray that it may be a girl," repeated the grandmother, and her words though uttered whisperingly, were not lost on those who were standing by.

"A girl or a boy, everything is in the hands of god, mother," said her daughter-in-law, techily, for she definitely wished for a boy, a grandson to her and brother to Radha and Visali. The old woman, she felt, was carrying her superstitions rather too far. A girl to lessen the evil! Where was the evil? And to lessen what? Everything was in the hands of Providence.

The grandmother stepped into the lying-in chamber. She peered at the figure of the young woman stretched on the mat, twitching spasmodically. She did not moan now, her eyes were closed, and she seemed to be in a sort of twilight sleep, although there was no medical man near by who might have induced her into it.

"Shall I fetch the midwife, mother?" asked the man, peeping into the room.

"No need at present. She has quietened down, poor child, and maybe, the pains will be long in coming again. What's the time like?"

"A quarter to nine, mother."

Radha and Visali who were sitting in front of the silver image of the Deity in a corner of the living-room, exchanged furtive glances, in a way aware like the intelligent children that they were, of the cause of the suppressed excitement in the house. Their mouths were stuffed with sweetmeats, after-offerings to the god whose festival night it was. They left off munching for a while, intent on what the old people were talking, their young faces growing serious. Soon their heads drooped in slumber, and seeing that they were trying to curl up on the bare floor, the grandmother packed them off to their beds.

The timepiece on the bracket ticked the seconds loudly. And every minute of a minute it ticked, there was consummation, birth, and death. It would stop ticking if its mechanism broke down, but it would not stop to condole

with humanity upon its woes, or to congratulate it on its joys.

"Three hours more," murmured the grandmother; "the pains will be long in coming. Let it be long, dear merciful god, and let no harm befall this family." And she turned her steps towards the veranda, turning as if into an orbit known only to herself. A strange aloofness had come about her.

She sat on the edge of the *pial*, plunged in thought.....

And then came (she listened as in a dream to the words of the learned Brahmin who expounded the *leela* of the Lord of the Universe, to which she had listened year after year in the *prakara* of the temple), then came the most glorious of times, possessing every grace and excellence. A marvel was the sky, strewn with stars countless as grains of sand on the shores of all the seven seas of the world; cities, towns, and villages were full of a felicity beyond compare. And crystalline flowed the waters of the rivers, for miles and miles the lakes were a light of lotuses. From every copse, on every bough, the birds warbled blithely, mingling their notes with the hum of bees. And laden with the pollen of fragrant blooms the wind blew pleasant; and the low rumble of clouds blended in harmony with the whispering waves of the ocean. The gods were pleased and a great serenity came over the hearts of the good men of the earth.....

But at His nativity, the firmament grew black with massing clouds; thunder on thunder crashed and rolled, rocking the earth to its foundations; and through flashes of forked lightning the rain drove down in torrents; then lo and behold! the moon rose lovely in the cloudswepth sky and a solitary star throbbled out of the cavern of darkness and driving rain, blazoning the wonder that had happened. And the Lord and Master of all, the Supreme Being who is beyond Primal Nature, radiant in yellow garments, with the conch, the disc, the mace, and the lotus in His four arms, the ruby *Kaustubha* glowing at His neck, the crown set with precious gems adazzle in the aureole round His head.....

"Mother! Mother!"

Her son called her from inside the house. His voice was urgent.

But she sat rapt in her vision.....

The locks and bolts of what seemed prison doors suddenly gave way and a man and a woman who were immured



"Mother! Mother!" Her son called her from inside the house. But she sat rapt in her vision.

found themselves free of the fetters which bound them. Then the transcendental form of the Lord of all the Universe vanished and in its place was a simple infant lying in the lap of the woman of such enchanting loveliness.

"Mother! Mother!"

Her trance was broken. She looked round and saw her son standing by and quickly detected the excitement in his voice.

"What's it, male or female?" she asked calmly.

"Male," came the answer.

She drew a deep breath and gazed at the sky. There wasn't the hint of a cloud but it looked leaden. A fine drizzle had fallen cooling the air. The moon was up and a solitary star threw down its fire. It was the eighth day in the dark half of the month of

Shravan, the point of the moon marked midnight.

"The hour when Sri Krishna was born to kill Kamsa, his uncle; born under the star Rohini," mumbled the old woman to herself.

"Are you thinking of Raghu, mother?" asked the man, hurt and irritated.

She was silent.

The footprints of the child sketched in white on the floor of the veranda to celebrate Krishna Jayanti, seemed to shift before the feeble light of her eyes, as she entered the house drawn by the lusty cries of the new-born.

"Children have got to be born under some star, I suppose," cried the man, concurring with his wife that his old mother was being too superstitious.

And Rohini looked down winking. "Sure!"

There is no peace for an editor. He may act the farce of taking a holiday, but the worm of apprehension is always gnawing at the root of pleasure.—Arnold Bennett.

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SOME

South Indian Journalists

4 'FREELANCE'

A recent parade of Andhra journalists in the columns of *Swatantra* has prompted me to complete a procession of them which ought really to be called the South Indian Cavalcade. For, taking it by and large, Indian journalism is predominantly, if not exclusively, the gift of the South Indian genius to the country as a whole. The workers in this field, more snappily dubbed 'Madrasis' beyond the Vindhya, include not only the Andhras but also the Tamils, the Malayalees and the Anglo-Indians. It is impossible to describe the varying and subtle inflexions with which the term 'Madrasi' is pronounced abroad; but they connote envy, admiration, jealousy and contempt singly or in combination. They (I mean the journalists!) have all provided grist to the mill, and glory to the brotherhood.

Even in other provincial centres, Indian journalism has been largely inspired by the South Indian genius. In the cent per cent English dailies of old like the *Englishman* or the *Statesman*, the highest-level understudies were usually Madrasis—to be more precise, the Palghat Brahmin, other Brahmins, and Christians in that order. I am tempted to compare the unpolished diamonds from the West Coast who stand such grinding and who scintillate sooner or later, to the D'Artagnans of the profession; while the more mysterious and supple Aramis—the quick-change artists of the trade who are as much at home with the ledger as with the fabrication of the leading article, who can edit a bogey in a column inch, or expand a distinguished bore to two columns—have mostly come from Tamil Nad. I shall not side-track my subject by

indulging in unfounded assertions connecting provenance with proficiency in any art or calling. It is the bare truth to say that South India has a flair for journalism which is definitely distinctive of the South Indian genius.

Periodical journalism had many ambitious starts in Madras which confer the honour of priority on us. Those who promoted these efforts were almost all of them, amateurs. Journalistic activity was a hobby of the elite, the second-string to the bow of the educated minority in the second half of the XIX century, most of whom became pillars of the bureaucratic system beginning to take shape. Among the stalwarts who promoted the good cause in our infancy may be mentioned Sankaran Nair, Ranganatha Mudaliyar, G. Subrahmanya Aiyar and others. It was the distinction of G. Subrahmanya Aiyar to start *The Hindu*, and keep it a daily classic by providing a maximum of reading matter. As an urchin, I remember how *The Hindu* used to be read out aloud amidst groups of people congregating for the purpose at a stated hour of the day. It was in G. Subrahmanya Aiyar's time that *The Hindu* became a sort of abridged Hansard for Indian readers; for proceedings in Parliament used to be printed in extenso. The practice was kept up for long afterwards, even after the change of proprietorship.

When Kasturi Ranga Aiyangar came to Madras to repeat his mofussil forensic triumphs at the bar of the High Court, something went wrong, and he sidestepped to exchange journalism for the more glittering prizes of the bar. G. Subrahmanya Aiyar too was

advancing in the vale of years. But the moderation of both the old and new editors registered such remarkable harmony that *The Hindu* went on without any other change than that of ownership. Kasturi Ranga Aiyangar's equipment for a



S. Kasturi Ranga Aiyangar

career which he chose in middle life was the legal training he had, a scholarly and studious temperament, the new patriotism stirring in educated bosoms with the establishment of the National Congress, and the assurance of help from friends and kinsmen, in Government service and outside it, in helping him to make a success of his job.

The Hindu tradition of a severe curtailment of idiosyncrasy or even individuality can be traced back to many factors. There was the ambition to emulate the best. The ideal then was to steal the thunder of the *Times*, and yet maintain a reputation for impartiality, objectivity and incorruptibility. A legal training is perhaps the best fitted to steam-roll angularities and excrescences of individual bias. That is perhaps the reason why the makers of *The Hindu* have been lawyers, almost to a man.

The Hindu was inspired by another motive — prudence. When there was no public opinion worth mention, and patronage was not so much an inducement as the withdrawal

of it a disaster, there were decisive reasons for prudence. What was originally inspired by such reasons has now become the badge of an Olympian impartiality, a lofty sense of moderation and a passion for rectitude. While passing storms are raging, and the tempest is lifting the roof over our heads, *The Hindu* will maintain an air of disarming simplicity. And when passions are spent somewhat, then would the leader appear, summing up pro and con, to conclude after the manner of the *Spectator* that much might be said on both sides! Forgotten are the controversies in which *The Hindu* avoided entanglement; but it goes on serenely vindicating with more and more justice with the passing years, the claim to be an organ of national middle opinion.

The Hindu's aversions were indicated in politic disapproval. The editorial repertory of those days consisted of such phrases as 'we are afraid,' 'we cannot congratulate,' 'it is to be wished' 'we cannot subscribe,' etc. When the urge for invective burst the bonds of reticence, it found vicarious expression through apt quotation from Burke or Bryce, Morley or Mill.

Talking of quotations naturally leads me on to the interregnum of A. Rangaswamy Iyengar who nursed *The Hindu* as well as its heirs until they were able to stand on their feet.

The Hindu had the services of another Rangaswamy who died prematurely and thus blighted the hopes of those who knew him intimately and who looked forward to his carving out a special niche for himself as an editor. During the years of the first World War, he achieved a remarkable *tour de force* of giving a weekly summary of the progress of the war in many theatres which for brilliant phrasing and significant selection of events closely rivalled Belloc's exercises in Land and Water. Rangaswamy no doubt read it; but he made it and other matter undergo a sea-change in his alembic. Like all sensitive and nervously high-strung men, he was active by fits and starts, and had the true

journalist's instinct in writing against time. He required the goad of the last post, as it were, to complete his script in a burst of hectic energy. If he had been alive, he



S. Rangaswamy

would have been at the height of his powers and peerless in all India as an editor who not merely dictated policy but wrote appealingly to commend it.

A. Rangaswamy Iyengar had a reputation for being a sort of constitutional dictionary and encyclopaedia combined. *The Hindu's* excursions into the legal and constitutional implications of public questions, of proposed legislative measures commanded more than provincial attention; and they were mostly ascribed to A.R. He is said to have made a speciality of posing conundrums, elucidating cruxes or propounding quiddinges to immobilise the opposition or confuse its mind. On the strength of this reputation, as also no doubt by virtue of his being a Secretary of the Congress, he found himself included in the Caravan to the Second Round Table Conference. Unluckily for posterity, no attempt has been made to bring out even a modest selection of A.R.'s writings on political and constitutional questions, so that we may have a dependable source of reference to check up contemporary reputation. But without detracting from his undoubted

legal subtlety, it is safe to assert that the front rank practising lawyers of the High Court must have given occasional and invaluable help to *The Hindu* to maintain its reputation as a reliable legal and constitutional remembrancer.

That such anonymous help from non-officials as well as officials was generally available to the press in the early decades of our century was an open secret. I may instance the case of *Justice* which during its noisome career carried, *inter alia*, a raging and tearing campaign against the I.M.S., with the help of inside knowledge supplied by hot-heads in the service. I shall not mention names since most of them who are still happily alive are now like Saul—among the prophets! It must be gratifying to them that they have lived to see the liquidation of a service which had ground them in the best years of their lives.

Talking of *Justice* reminds me that its first editor was the present Dewan of Mysore, Sir A. R. Mudaliar. Sir A. R.'s equipment also being that of a lawyer, he eked out the paper with almost a single dish dressed in different ways, even as his very clever but unpredictable son is doing with the spiritual successor of *Justice*—the *Liberator*. Both father and son remind me of a story given by Morley. When the author of *Compromise* was editing the *Fortnightly* (?) a young aspirant to journalistic fame applied to him for a job. Asked Mr. Morley: 'May I know your qualifications?' Quick came the reply: 'I am a master of invective!' But though a rare accomplishment, it is possible to have too much of a good thing; and that is where almost all propaganda newspapers and journals fail to pay—either as propaganda or as business!

That takes me to Mrs. Besant. No one was more popular as editor —no one lost more on bringing out a daily. Like the eagle in a dove-cote, she fluttered many hearts, upset many people and gave an advance intimation of a blitzkrieg in peace time which carried the nation off its feet. She showed a sublime

indifference to loss and gain—and so she lost,—whether more or less than Prakasam must remain an open question. Half the editors and special correspondents of today in all parts of the country were kneaded into shape either in the offices of *New India* or in those of *Swarajya*.

There was another class of journalists who were almost indispensable to the readability of newspapers thirty years ago. I mean the correspondence column which would be kept up as an eternal merry-go-round by the co-operative zeal of ripe men, knowledgeable men, wise and sedate specialists in one branch or other of administration. There was in this group an array of retired officials from dewans like Raghunatha Rao and Madhava Rao to deputy collectors like V. K. Ramanujachariar, Kesava Pillai, etc.

Men like Satyamurti who could not be kept out of the news columns were the greatest benefactors of the daily newspaper in those days. A plangent voice and copious matter, arranged in tiers of the obvious and culminating in prepared climaxes. That was Satyamurti's recipe. His spoken speech was sparkling, and could be printed in extenso without one erasure. He abounded in clichés; but you only saw their aptness at the time of their use. Altogether, he was a man of irrepressible energy, physically and intellectually. He would speak on anything or nothing at little or no notice to perfection—eliciting a laugh now and then and resting on a round of prolonged applause. There are no such speakers today.

Satyamurti also essayed the feuilleton, and did not quite succeed there. But he had to be obliged in the national interests! He was the first of our poor politicians, and suffered the obloquy inseparable from poverty. But his sense of public duty was heroic, for any time he might have made his peace with the Government and might have faded out as a judge or in some other sinecure. Above all, his intellectual honesty was amazing—he gave hostages to all schools of thought, outside the political sphere, and yet

survived the most concentrated sharp-shooting to which any publicist in our country has been exposed.

I next think of Pothan the elder—rather I should say, Joseph the elder. He lost himself in the hazy incertitudes of religion to make up for the frustrations of his political career. He was one of the most voracious readers I know of; and yet there were amazing gaps in his mental make-up. He was best as a talker, although he had a vogue as a speaker too. The tragedy of his life was that he neither stuck to his friends nor went over to his enemies at the right moment. A spiritually restless man, he was a martyr to an incurable honesty which was his bed-rock weakness!

Let me conclude with a brief survey of Madras outside Madras who keep the flag flying in other parts of India. C. S. Rangaswami has bearded the lion or rather the Bengal tiger in its own den. For next to the Madras, the Bengali is the born Indian journalist. C.S.R. has so firmly established himself there as to have become an institution all by himself. Of course, he carries a bit of Madras with him as his entire office is manned by Madrasis. That he is flourishing as the editor of a financial paper in which I find nothing to interest me has remained a deep mystery to me. It is a subject which I see either in a luminous haze or in a darkness visible. Who read him or how it profits them, I could never make out. Which only proves how one half of the world does not know how the other is doing it!

In Bombay Mr. Natarajan planted an advance standard with the establishment of the *Indian Social Reformer*. It has gone on for nearly fifty years with a sobriety in politics and an extremism in social affairs that must have struck outsiders as a bizarre combination. But he and his generation were the best products of nineteenth century liberalism at its best.

Then there is Sadanand, the stormy petrel of Indian journalism. He is ambitious of combining the

role of Napoleon and Northcliffe. He is the only journalist that I know of who has guts. He is free of all conventional inhibitions, and respects raw strength wherever he sees it. He has a remarkable flair for playing fast and loose with public opinion, and always carrying it with him. To Hell with Gandhi—he once wrote, and he sold a special edition of it—perhaps! He uses capitalists, as the capitalists think that they use him. But he is at heart a child with all the passion for romance and adventure which you find in a child. He has not abused his great opportunities for any mean or petty end. Latterly, he is, I am glad to say, trying to improve the quality of his reading matter, thus winning the suffrages of the reading public without reference to politics. He once asked me to contribute to him, and when I sent him my first article in hopes of adding permanently to my non-income then, imagine my shock when he returned my script with the polite equivalent of 'won't do for me!' But if it is a question of helping a lame dog over the stile, he is known to be very generous. But he is after all a soured man. For his Napoleonic dreams seem further than ever of fulfilment in a Free India with all his friends in the seats of the mighty?

Of journalists obsessed with quality, the number is steadily dwindling. N. R. is one such. He is like the razor used to cut blocks; but the gratifying thing is that the razor has not lost its edge in the process. Under an alias which readers of *Swatantra* could not avoid beholding in exquisite effigy, week after week, but the identity of which is certainly unsuspected by the great majority of them, he speaks to an audience, fit though few. Within the cribbing limits of a column or a paragraph, he discovers an amplitude of amazing extent. Cradled in Sanskrit and steeped in English literature, he is one of a minority of the elect who

make the best of both the worlds—East and West, Past and Present, Here and Hereafter! He makes the timeless topical, and elucidates the enduring in the ephemeral. He can be dignified without posing, and pleasant without being trivial. He has a power of comprehension, an unforced urbanity and an ironic humour which are all vintage virtues. He fits ancient saws to modern instances with a quiet appropriateness which grows on reflection. The advaitic jargon comes easy enough to every plausible actor in this land of immemorial impositions. But he combines the integrity of a practising Vedantin with the scholar's unwearied pursuit of excellence. How quiet are his paradoxes, and what a tact of style he has—impalpable yet unmistakable—the lingering sweetness of old perfume.

The curse of his tribe—they are but a handful among us—is that they are martyrs to artistic continence. Nothing but the very best would content them; and diffident of achieving it, they dwell with it Platonically in the companionable solitude of their souls.

As for the *Indian Express*, it has had the distinction of sending out editors who have fared better elsewhere. Santanam was formerly with it; but he has now become one of the minor prophets of the Constituent Assembly, and regales readers of the *Hindustan Times* with weekly exercises in orthodoxy which are a trifle heavy. Pothan II or Joseph the younger has been the butterfly of the farternity—he is free to make fun of that mixed trope! *Vive la bagatelle* is his motto; and how admirably he lives up to it! Khasa has found his freedom and his happiness at the same time, and I am not surprised at the report that he is unwilling to exchange his *Swatantra* in a multiple sense for gilded and gaudy servitude to another.

An Indian chief made a wiser reply than any philosopher to someone complaining that he had not enough time. "Well," said the Indian, "I suppose you have all the time there is."

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

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MY *Swarajya* DAYS by **T. PRAKASAM**

SWARAJYA started its life as an English daily on 26th October, 1921. The policy of the paper was declared to be the policy of the Congress which, under the leadership of Gandhiji, had adopted the new programme of direct mass action. No other newspaper in India at that time so identified itself with the Congress as *Swarajya* did. For money to launch the paper, I could depend upon the public who never stinted to respond whenever an appeal was made by me. The two young men who shouldered responsibility as editors were G. V. Krupanidhi, an old apprentice of mine at the bar, and Khasa Subba Rau.

The paper was started because the Congress platform of non-cooperation, direct action through Satyagraha (including the no-tax campaign) and the constructive programme, was not accepted as practicable by the recognised local Press whose sympathy and support could not therefore be enlisted. Among the promoters of *Swarajya* were C. Rajagopalachari, T. V. Venkatarama Iyer and Vavilla Venkateswara Sastrulu. It was C.R. who gave the name '*Swarajya*' to the paper. It was also at his instance that a Tamil daily edition of *Swarajya* was started and run for some time.

It was a most critical period in Indian politics when *Swarajya* appeared. From the very inception of the paper, Satyagraha battles began with the no-tax campaigns in

Bardoli taluk (Gujarat) and Guntur district (Andhra). Repression began with the 1921 Satyagraha, when the Prince of Wales arrived here notwithstanding the warning given by Gandhiji and the Congress to Britain against sending the Prince whom India would not welcome after the Jalianwallabagh massacre. Yet the Prince came. He was greeted with a sea of black flags all over the country. Arrests, imprisonments, lathi charges—all followed. *Swarajya* was the only paper in India that gave a lead to the people and exhorted them to implement the Congress programme. Because of its open advocacy of Congress policy, *Swarajya* never expected to survive the first year of its existence. Every detail of the happenings not only in this Presidency but in all other parts of the country—the assaults on women Satyagrahis in Guntur and Bardoli—all these were described in the columns of *Swarajya* in such detail as to make the people feel as if they were witnessing the scenes themselves. It was a living history of the fighting men and women of the time that was recorded fearlessly in the paper.

The two editors, Krupanidhi and Khasa, were prepared for all risks. In the height of the anti-liquor and foreign cloth boycott campaigns of 1932 after I was arrested and imprisoned, Subba Rau could not sit quietly at his table while the repression became more and more severe and women picketers were being assaulted brutally by the

police in China Bazar Road close to *Swarajya* office. So one day on his way to office he himself started picketing, and was beaten, along with O. P. Ramaswami, sub-editor, all over the body from head to foot. The marks of the beating could be seen for long afterwards. It was a miracle that they survived.

No newspaper should take vigorously to politics if it wants to succeed as a business proposition. But this could not be the case with *Swarajya* which was started with a view to putting life into the nation, taking all the risks involved. If you look over the pages of *Swarajya* of those days, you will find how it was giving a lead even to the Congress from time to time, not sparing the Congress leadership when it went wrong. After the Gaya Congress, at which C. R. Das and Motilal Nehru rebelled against the no-change policy of C. Rajagopalachari, some of us, along with Das and Nehru, cut ourselves off from the Congress and undertook a tour to canvass support for the Council-entry programme. When Das came to Madras and visited the office of *Swarajya*, saw its work and the devotion of the young men who were running it, he made up his mind to start a similar daily in Bengal. He did start such a paper, called *Forward*, which later changed its name to *Liberty*.

Swarajya was deprived of its editor's table privileges by Sir C. P. Ramaswami Iyer when he was Law Member of the Madras Government, because of the criticism it levelled against him and his colleagues. Not being a purely commercial concern but a political paper, *Swarajya* came into conflict with the Government frequently, and had to pay very dearly for its independence. Although it started with plenty of money on hand, its troubles increased from year to year owing to the repressive policy of the Government. The two young editors had to bear much strain and at times could not get even enough for their own subsistence. Their loyalty to the paper, and to me personally, was such that they could never

think of leaving and going elsewhere in search of better prospects. Although I called myself the managing editor, very often I happened to be an absentee editor, the real editors being Subba Rau and Krupanidhi.

Swarajya got financial support not only from Congressmen and Congress sympathisers, but even from hostile parties like the Justice Party and from others whom *Swarajya* criticised vigorously. Even A. Ramaswamy Mudaliar, now Sir Ramaswamy and Dewan of Mysore, paid money to *Swarajya*—observing that he was actually 'purchasing' abuse and criticism. Similarly, other leaders of the Justice Party sympathised with the work and the struggle of *Swarajya* and helped by purchasing shares in the concern. The Justice Party was attacked by the Congress for its retrograde policy, but the merit of the leaders of the Justice Party lay in thus helping, financially and otherwise, a paper which had done its best to pull down their party. When the Justice Party started the Brahmin—Non-Brahmin cry, *Swarajya* attacked it incessantly until that communal policy was practically abandoned.

In spite of its financial troubles, *Swarajya* sustained its original policy with unwavering determination—even after some good friends, backed up by my political enemies, put the *Swarajya* Printing and Publishing Company into a court of law for liquidation. As I had been a lawyer myself, I did my best to save the concern and hand it over to the future generation after freedom had been won—I expected the achievement of freedom much earlier than it has ultimately come. Most of the staff left, not being able to maintain themselves with the pittance they were earning in *Swarajya*. Khasa held on longer. Khasa has always been a man of independence, and he maintained it throughout in *Swarajya*. I could have no quarrel with him at any time on account of his writings; he was given the fullest freedom as editor to maintain the policy of the

paper as he considered best. I did not interfere with him even when I was not in agreement with some of his views on certain occasions. He therefore continued his work whether the ration given to him was full or half—or even nil sometimes.

If *Swarajya* which had struggled hard through long years had been surviving today, Khasa would not have been compelled to start the weekly *Swatantra* and make it such a great success. I have heard some most highly-placed Englishmen praising *Swatantra* for its fearless and objective treatment of public issues. If *Swarajya* was so named, signifying independence, *Swatantra* too was started with the same signification. *Swarajya* from the beginning to the end stood for the ideals of the Congress, and in defence of any person or institution unjustly wronged. *Swatantra* was started, I take it, with similar objectives and has maintained them

until now. During the last two or three years, I have been fighting my political opponents without the backing of any newspapers. No paper would risk its position when my fight was with the Congress High Command on the one hand, and on the other with those friends who have been politically opposed to my views and who have been ready to hand me over to people whom they considered to be authorities to deal with me. The latest struggle was in connection with the overthrow of my Ministry in Madras in March 1947. *Swatantra* was the only paper—though not a daily—which has vindicated in the most fearless manner, without fear or favour, the position taken up by me. Although *Swarajya* ceased to exist in 1937, it lives again in the *Swatantra* of 1946-47, which has continued the work of *Swarajya*. I wish all prosperity for *Swatantra*, and continued service to our people through it.

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My First Chief

by K. Ramakotiswara Rau

ONE evening at Bezwada stands out in my memory. It was in 1922, soon after 'C. R.' served his first term of imprisonment in Vellore. The Andhra Provincial Congress Committee met in the afternoon and 'C. R.' had consultations with the Andhra leaders. Late in the evening, Sri Prakasam presided over the anniversary celebrations of the local National School. The headmaster, Sri Kuruganti Sitaramayya, M.A.—a scholar with vision,—requested 'C. R.' and Dr. Pattabhi to address the gathering. That was a great occasion when the Big Three of the South spoke from a cultural, as distinguished from a political platform. Kopalle Hanumantha Rao, founder and first Principal of the Andhra Jateeya Kalasala, Masulipatam, had passed away at the early age of 42, a few months prior to that day. Dr. Pattabhi, his life-long friend and co-worker, naturally referred to that noble pioneer of national education in Andhra. He spoke of their return journey together from Surat after the stormy Congress session of 1907, and of Hanumantha Rao's resolve to give up his practice as a lawyer and to devote his life to the cause of national education. And as the Doctor proceeded with his speech,



Sri Prakasam

his voice grew husky, a tear glistened in his eye, and for a minute there was utter silence. I had heard Doctor Pattabhi scores of times and admired his eloquence in English and in Telugu. But this was the first time I saw him overcome by emotion on a public platform. To me who had developed great personal affection for the 'Trinity' of Masulipatam — Hanumantha Rao, Pattabhi, and Krishna Rao (of the *Krishna Patrika*) — from my boyhood, it was a solemn moment. The thought finally shaped itself that I should do my humble bit for the Kalasala. That meant, of course, my leaving *Swarajya* and the friends who had grown dear to me,—Krupanidhi, Khasa Subba Rau, K. Srinivasan and the rest of the goodly band that served Prakasam. It was a wrench, but my heart was in Masulipatam, and that evening at Bezwada decided me. I had joined *Swarajya* in November 1921 with a letter of recommendation from Dr. Pattabhi to Sri Prakasam, and in July 1923 Sri Prakasam very kindly agreed to 'transfer' my services to Dr. Pattabhi and the Kalasala, which sheltered me for four years, till I got back to Madras and started *Triveni*. But that is another story.

Sri Prakasam, Editor and Managing Director, *Swarajya*, was the first of the Big Three to become my 'Chief'. Strangely enough, it happened that I saw him slightly earlier than I saw Dr. Pattabhi, and very much earlier than I saw 'C. R.' But it was only 'seeing' and not 'meeting'. In 1907, as a schoolboy at Guntur, I was witnessing a Telugu play, the late Krishnamachari's 'Chandrasah'. In an interval between two scenes, Sri Prakasam stepped onto the stage, dressed in faultless Bond Street clothes and with a fur cap on his head. He looked very handsome. He had just returned from England as a full-fledged barrister. He had been an actor in his early years, but his 'entrances and exits' as Arjuna, Damayanti, or Chandramati were over before I was born. But he continued to love the Telugu stage and especially the men of Guntur,—Hari Prasada Rao, Hanumantha Rao, Lakshmikantham and Boddupalli Sastrulu,—who shed lustre on it. They were all amateurs who took to the stage out of pure love of art. So they greeted Sri Prakasam as a fellow-artiste and staged the play in his honour. Now it was his turn to render thanks, to compliment the actors, and to present a gold medal to 'Dushta buddhi'. He spoke in English, beginning in a low tone, and uttering the words with great deliberation. But he gathered momentum as he warmed up, and gave his impressions of the theatres in London and Paris. He ended with an eloquent exhortation to the Andhra public to honour their actors. I liked the speaker as well as the speech. To my boyish imagination, he was definitely a 'great man'.

A few years later came his spirited defence of the accused in the Ashe Murder Trial, and his phenomenal rise to the front-rank of Madras lawyers. But he was not prominent in the Indian National Congress. In those days it had become too 'moderate' for him. We youngsters at college had neither ears nor eyes for anyone who was not a leading Congressman. Striking success at the bar, we argued, was a mere personal achievement. A little more or less by way of a bank-balance was of no

consequence. In the atmosphere of heroic sacrifice created by the Home Rule and Non-co-operation movements, this outlook was emphasised by old and young. So it was only when Sri Prakasam re-entered active public life after the Amritsar Congress and gave up his career as a lawyer after the Nagpur Congress of 1920, that he was acclaimed a hero and a leader of South India in general and of Andhradesa in particular. His name was mentioned along with those of Motilal Nehru of the U.P., Chittaranjan Das of Bengal, and Rajendra Prasad of Bihar. He was, without doubt, Gandhiji's biggest 'catch' in the South. To be in his presence, to work with him, to win his approval, was the reward eagerly sought by high-spirited youth in the early twenties of this century. The first and the most distinguished of these was Krupanidhi, Sri Prakasam's own apprentice-at-law who became Manager cum de facto Editor of *Swarajya*, the brilliantest freak in Indian journalism. During Sri Prakasam's long absences on political tours, we members of the editorial staff trained ourselves in 'subbing', proof-reading, interviewing, reporting and leader-writing. We became 'all-rounders' in journalism. Though we drew arrears of salaries in dribbles—Krupanidhi naively called them 'advances' and got us to sign 'debit slips'—we felt very heroic and very brave, and ran the paper as an organ of militant nationalism. We loved to think that no other daily could come up to the *Swarajya* level!

But *Swarajya* was not a financial success, any more than Motilal Nehru's *Independent*. Within a few years, Sri Prakasam ran through his immense fortune and the fortunes of his friends, the share-holders of the company. The paper languished, and even Krupanidhi, who stayed at the helm Casablanca-like, had eventually to migrate to Delhi. Other 'old boys' of *Swarajya*—and it is a long list—are scattered all over India, occupying important positions in daily journalism or in charge of independent periodicals like *Swatantra* and *Triveni*. The ancestral kingdom is only a memory,

but the princes have gone out and established small principalities.

Though Sri Prakasam was the 'Chief', we saw very little of him. At irregular intervals, he used to call us together and tell us what happened during his journeyings from Lahore right down to Palghat. If people found fault with *Swarajya*, he would make a note of it and convey the criticism to us. Very often it was the complaint of some local boss that the news from his place had not been properly featured. Occasionally there were humorous interludes. One afternoon, I noticed, while going through the proofs, that the late Sir S. Subrahmanya Aiyar was incorrectly referred to as "twice President of the Congress". To prevent this error creeping into the evenings paper, I ran up to Sri Prakasam and told him "Sir S. was never President". "How are you sure," he retorted, "you were not born then!" But after a little argument and explanation he yielded. "Possibly you are correct. Now go down and instruct the foreman to omit the phrase." That was characteristic of him—to be stubborn at the outset but to yield readily, once he was convinced.

My stay in *Swarajya* was soon cut short and I migrated to Masulipatam. In later years, my erstwhile Chief and myself came together on rare occasions. But whenever we did meet, there was a great outpouring of genuine respect on my side and of affectionate solicitude on his. Fate threw us into closer association in Trichinopoly prison in 1941. It was a new Prakasam that was revealed to my gaze. The years had made a great difference. He was very composed, studious and philosophic. He listened with great interest to the *Mahabharata* in Telugu, and *Ramayana* in Sanskrit. He worked his way, at first slowly and with faltering steps through the *Gita* and the *Upanishads* and the *Brahmasutras*. Tenneti Viswanatham was with him constantly and read to him from the *Bible*, the *Koran*, and other classics of the great religions. To juniors like me he was exceedingly tender, making kind enquiries about home and family. One morning after the

reading of the *Ramayana* was over, and the gong summoning us prisoners to the mid-day meal was not yet sounded, we fell to comparing notes. He seemed to feel that *Triveni* was to me what *Swarajya* had been to him.

"But have you any property left?" he asked me gently. "Nothing much; I have the house my father built." "Ah! now, that is good. And how about debts?" "Well, I have discharged all debts by selling the rest of the property." "That is splendid! I must congratulate you! To own a house, and have no debts!" He was obviously thinking of his own condition,—penniless, homeless, and harassed by creditors. He was a wanderer on earth. The memory of those few moments of intimate converse, I shall always cherish.

This great man with a great heart, simple and trustful as a child, goes about the country incessantly, covers hundreds of miles a day, and addresses scores of audiences, bringing comfort, bringing hope, to the millions who adore him. As Revenue Minister and as Premier, he championed the cause of the common man against powerful vested interests. It was these very interests, leagued with neo-Justices sailing under Congress colours, that have pulled him down. Today, the people of the province of Madras are like sheep without a shepherd. Torn by dissensions and broken up into cliques, the Congress is verily 'a house divided against itself'. The story is told how, in the crucial days of March 1946 when the election of a leader for the Madras Congress Legislature Party engaged the attention of the Congress High Command, Gandhiji suggested that Sri Prakasam, 'C. R.' and Dr. Pattabhi should all work together in the provincial Cabinet, with one of them as Premier. It is not profitable, at this distance of time, to apportion blame for the failure of the leaders to act on that suggestion. But the experience of nearly two years must have convinced everyone that South India suffered a severe reverse and lost her primacy in all-India politics, solely because these esteemed leaders worked at cross-purposes, instead of

pulling together. One remembers with acute pain that legislators and leaders of public opinion were labelled as "Prakasam's men", "Pattabhi's men", or "C. R.'s men". To one like myself who loves and admires all three of them, this labelling seems a major scandal of our public life. After all, one has to be true to one's self. If a child is asked to choose between the father and the mother, or between the father and the elder brother, the correct answer—if the child is wise—would be, "I belong to myself. Neither of these can own me." Or, if it is irritable it might, adapting Mercutio's words in *Romeo and Juliet*, burst out "A pox on both of you!"

The first of my Chiefs is today verging on eighty. But he seems to be growing younger. His zest for work and for study is unabated.

His overwhelming love for the lowly and the disinherited is the prime motive-power behind all that he says and does. Whether in office or out of it, he is a 'Tribune of the People', working early and late, without haste and without rest—the kind of public man who, in ancient India, might have been an Asoka or a Janaka. On the fateful afternoon in February last, when an irregular vote of 'no confidence' was passed by his fellow-legislators, he came down the steps of the Banqueting Hall of Government House. Watching him and his steady step and gracious smile, I thought of the monarchs of the Solar or Lunar race coming down the steps of their thrones, after granting audience to ministers and military chieftains and to the vast populace thronging the spacious court-yards of Indian palaces.



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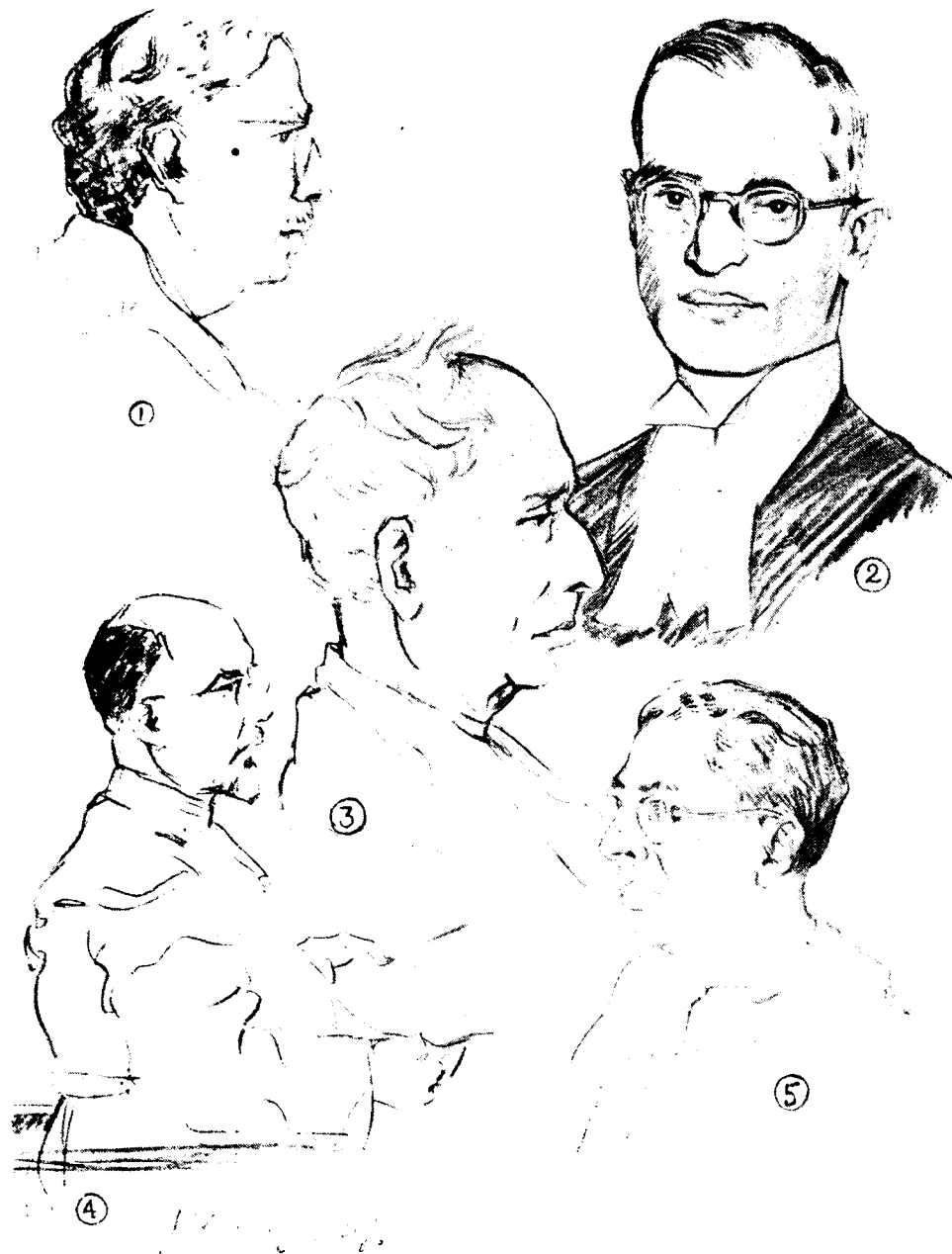
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 —Drawn by H. V. Ram Gopal

Congress if only to hear Surendranath. He was a valiant fighter. The victim of the lathi charge in Barisal when the welkin rang with the cries of *Bande Mataram*, he rose to be a Minister in the Montford era and ceased to be the people's idol. The greatest thing about him is his oratory of which no better description has been left than by the veteran British journalist, H. W. Nevins, in a piece of classic prose: 'Sentence answered to sentence, period to period, thunder to thunder. There was no hesitation, no throwing back, no wandering around for ideas or words, nothing to remind one of a Member of Parliament at a flower show. Out the great language rolled, without a break or a drop, each syllable in its exact place and order, each sentence following a cadence of its own, so inevitably that one could foretell its rise and fall, like the movement of a rolling billow on a calm sea. I suppose Cicero's oratory sounded like that'.

Sivaswami Iyer

If Surendranath Banerji was one of the first two speakers in India, his successor to the Liberal *Gadi*, Sir P. S. Sivaswami Iyer, as a wit said, does not take his place with in the first two hundred speakers of India. Yet his position in the Liberal Party was unassailable. He was the doyen of the Liberals and the Nestor of Liberalism. He not only did not speak without knowledge but did not make a sentence

without precision. His pronouncements were so judicial and fair that he was always heard with respect by even those who did not share his views. Thoroughness and accuracy were his watchwords. People wondered how this South Indian Brahman who had never handled a gun, could master the military problem. His wide experience and wise judgment had made him so infallible that he was described by Sir Chimanlal Setalvad as India's most accurate thinker.

Sastri

Towering above Sivaswami Iyer was V. S. Srinivasa Sastri who represented India at several international conferences, enthralled the most cultured circles in the English-speaking world by his matchless eloquence, and won the freedom of the City of London. The efflorescence of the former Headmaster of the Triplicane High School into a Right Honourable gentleman is one of the romances of Indian public life. As Gokhale's successor and Gandhi's friend, as India's cultural ambassador and the Empire's silver-tongued orator, Sastri won fame and made history. All over the world he was received as a 'humanitarian agent' who combined the breadth of a statesman with the depth of a scholar, and was as much respected for his character as admired for his calibre. *The Nation and Athenaeum* claimed him as a representative of all that



V. J. Patel



P. S. Sivaswami Iyer



Annie Besant



V. S. Srinivasa Sastri



C. Y. Chintamani



C. Vijayaraghavachari

is best in Indian national aspirations,—'Gandhi's equal in unchallengeable purity of motive, and immeasurably his superior in practical wisdom'. Even in his retirement he was widely sought after, as the one man no word of whose to Gandhi went unheeded.

Ramachandra Rao

Another distinguished Liberal whose experience, sobriety and judgment, urbanity and decorum, won for him universal respect was the late M. Ramachandra Rao, whom Sir Harold Stuart called, and the public recognised as 'the Gokhale of Madras'. A glutton for facts and figures and one of India's best legislators and committee men, the width of his range and his gift for wrestling with the intricacies of any problem were of a very high order. For weighing the evidence of blue books and an incredible grasp of detail, he was hardly equalled. And he set too, a great example of public duty and personal rectitude.

Chintamani

But if there was one man in particular to whom the Liberal Party owed its advent more than to anybody else and but for whose unyielding persistence and strength of character it would have long ago ceased to exist, it was C. Y. Chintamani. His devotion to declining liberalism and sleepless vigilance over the sinking fortunes of the Liberal Party was characteristic of the man who divided mankind into two sections—Liberals and non-

Liberals. Editor, legislator, minister, and party-leader of front-rank eminence, Chintamani was a gladiator on the political stage who entertained no doubt and acknowledged no defeat. His knowledge and memory allied to his resolute spirit and robust faith, invested his utterances with a Jovian authority and marked him out, in Mr. Sastri's inimitable phrase, as the Pope of Indian Politics.

GRAND OLD MEN

C. Vijayaraghavachariar

Let us now turn for a moment to three of our Grand Old Men. C. Vijayaraghavachariar, the hero of Salem riots and one of the stalwarts of Indian public life, enjoyed a great reputation for unyielding independence and incisive logic. He was one of our greatest constitutional pundits. He presided over the Nagpur Congress in 1920 and the Unity Conference in 1932. Till he drew his last breath he retained great enthusiasm for political and constitutional problems and commanded a respectful hearing. 'A really great man' Montagu called him, and rated him high as an astute and independent thinker.

N. Subbarau Pantulu

Another veteran was N. Subbarau Pantulu of Rajahmundry, familiarly known as the Grand Old Man of Andhra. Chairman of the Reception Committee of the Madras Congress in 1898, General Secretary

Stalwarts All 'Dead and yet Alive'

By K. ISWARA DUTT

That we may keep our hold upon the meaning of life and preserve a conviction of human destiny, there is nothing more vital than that we remember our dead.—J. L. GARVIN.

PORTRAITS IN MINIATURE
of
India's Political Leaders
whom we should remember

IRISH by birth and Indian by adoption, the first woman to preside over the Congress,—and one of the greatest women of all times—Dr. BESANT roused the national consciousness of Indians. first by her religious gospel and then by her political crusade. As a girl of seven she recited Milton's *Paradise Lost* while swinging in a cradle; as a young woman she fought alongside Braudlaugh a great campaign; later she launched Bernard Shaw in literary life, while as a Theosophist she led a world movement. A powerful writer, a superb orator, and a born organiser, she made the dead bones in the Indian political valley instinct with life and planted the national banner on mountain tops. Editor of fourteen papers and contributor to each of them, and a speaker that knew no rest, she was, at eighty, a dynamo in action. India owes much to her, and she lit in our national life many a fire to which no extinguisher could be applied. Among persons whom she inspired were

men like Dr. Arundale and Mr. B. P. Wadia who had the privilege of being interned with her, and Sir S. Subramania Iyer, who, after retirement from the Madras Bench, surrendered his knighthood and wrote a famous letter to President Wilson, in the cause of India.

LIBERAL LEADERS

Surendranath Banerji

The Liberal Federation had for its first President, Surendranath Banerji, the hero of a hundred platforms and the trumpet voice of India who, in the expressive phraseology of Mrs. Naidu, 'for half a century assailed the heavens with the thunders of his splendid oratory in indignation at the burning wrongs of his people'. His was a colourful personality. He captured the imagination of Bengal as few of his compeers did or could, and as a Professor in Ripon College revelled in the company of young men who literally hung on his lips. For years, people attended the early

of the Congress from 1914-17, a respected figure in the Minto-Morley Councils, and later in the old Imperial Legislative Council, he was the man to whom the Public Services Commission owed its advent. Even in his eighties, he was so brimful of the eagerness, enthusiasm, freshness and buoyancy of youth, that Chintamani said of him that 'as in the case of Gladstone in England and Sir S. Subramania Iyer in our own country, age had made him not more conservative but more radical'.

Malaviya

Younger than Vijayaraghavachariar and Subbarau Pantulu but more widely known than either, as 'the central sun of Hindustan', Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya was a host in himself. In his twenties he left an abiding impression on the Congress; in his thirties he distinguished himself in the triple capacity of teacher, lawyer and journalist; in his forties he dominated the legislatures and presided over the Congress; in his fifties he built single-handed the Hindu University at Benares and presided over the Congress for a second time; in his sixties, he faced the rigours of incarceration and organised the Hindu community, and in his seventies he persuaded himself to leave for England to attend the Round Table Conference. Later even when he was bent by advancing years but not broken by disappointments he retained the optimism of youth. He

was often on the losing side; sometimes perhaps on the wrong side, but never on the side of wrong. It may be casually mentioned that Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya had established a record in India for two things—in collecting funds and in missing trains.

MUSLIM STALWARTS

Shaukat Ali

The Ali Brothers were the two greatest brothers in our recent history, not excluding the Patel brothers. They were in the grip of the same idea and worked in unison till death parted them. Shaukat Ali seemed to have no politics of his own, and if he had any, he always relied on his younger brother's text and direction. In the days of the Khila at agitation and Hindu-Muslim fraternity, Shaukat Ali, with his breeziness and swagger, had his own way of dealing with the crowds that Gandhi drew to his embarrassment.

Mohammad Ali

Mohammad Ali's triumphs were in the intellectual domain. Brilliance was, so to say, his handicap, for he was far too brilliant. A great journalist and speaker, he had a wonderful command of the English language which was a supple instrument in his hands. He was famous for his lively phrases and sparkling epigrams. A passionate believer in freedom, his vision



Mohammad Ali

Fazli Hussain

A. Rangaswami Iyengar

was ostentatiously Pan-Islamic, and he was, in the Congress politics of the day, an uncertain customer. By his side, one was always on the edge of a volcano which might explode any moment. With his love for piquant situations, there was something dramatic in him, and even his last famous utterance at the Round Table Conference was shrouded in drama.

Ajmal Khan

One was much happier in the company of Hakim Ajmal Khan who presided over the Ahmedabad Congress and delivered the shortest address which was about 5 pages as against Mohammad Ali's longest which was 127 pages solid matter—solid in substance and rhetoric alike. The Hakim Sahib was one of Nature's great gentlemen and an embodiment of Hindu-Muslim unity.

Dr. Ansari

So was Dr. Ansari, an Indian first and a Muslim next. A doctor by profession, his interests ranged far and wide. A life-long Congressman, he was no narrow-minded doctrinaire, and he was a Nationalist in the truest sense of the term. His distinguished appearance, his noble bearing, his unimpeachable dignity, his innate courtesy, his personal refinement and his disinterested work in the country's cause, marked him as one of the finest products of Muslim culture. He presided over the Madras Congress in 1927 when the

cry of Independence was first raised, and later enabled the Congress to return to parliamentary activities.

Fazli Hussain

The Muslim League has had for its leaders, men perhaps of sterner stuff but of harder prejudices. It has, until recently, gone to the Punjab for inspiration, direction and drive. The one man who canalised its activities and harnessed its energies for the glory of Muslim consolidation and separation was Mian Fazli Hussain, the most formidable Minister thrown up by the Montford Reforms and one of the makers of modern Punjab. As member of the Viceroy's Executive Council, he alone knew the mind of the Government of India and knew also how to first create and then exploit an opportunity. From Delhi or Simla he could pull the wires and direct the whole show at the R. T. C. so far as the Muslim delegation was concerned. He knew where and when and how to strike a bargain—whom to select for certain purposes, and how to use them for the end in view. It was freely said that when he wanted three young Muslims for perpetuating his political dynasty, he selected Feroz Khan Noon, Chaudhri Zafrullah, and Shafaat Ahmad Khan. He had in him all the makings of a supreme party organiser and dictator—and all the genius of statecraft and diplomacy. He made the Punjab Muslim a decisive factor in our politics.



N. Subbarau Pantulu

Malaviya

Shaukat Ali

Shafi

Not so dominating as Fazli Hussain, nor so unabashedly communalistic in his outlook, was Muhammad Shafi, who, in his own subtle way, led the phalanx of the Muslim League at the R.T.C. With a subdued note of nationalism in his speeches and in the more persuasive tones of the statesman and the diplomat combined, Muhammad Shafi, who filled high places in the Government achieved the same object which was dear to Fazli Hussain's heart. A skilful negotiator, to Fazli Hussain's iron fist, Sir Muhammad Shafi supplied the silken glove.

Sikander Hyat Khan

One more leader of the Muslim League hailed from the Punjab—one who was for sometime the Governor of the Province and for long its Chief Minister. New situations had revealed new qualities in him, and Sikander Hyat Khan who could form a composite Ministry and successfully lead it, rose to the height of the occasion by standing for communal understanding and national safety. In seeking to harmonise irreconcilable elements all round, and not hesitating to launch and execute policies that had in them the element of a more enduring settlement in regard alike to the Hindu-Muslim and the Indo-British problems, this soldier-statesman made one of the greatest bids in recent history.

Das and Nehru gave a new direction to Congress politics when the Congress imposed a ban on the councils. Theirs was a formidable combination, hard to resist, harder to rout. Here were two men who were giants at the Bar, who amassed large fortunes, who established a personal ascendancy in the politics of their Provinces, and who took up the cross at Gandhi's call but could not specialise in meek obedience. And their revolt opened a new chapter in politics.

THE SWARAJIST TITANS

C. R. Das

Das, as Birkenhead admitted, was a vivid, arresting and versatile personality. Neither his devotees nor detractors questioned "the intense sincerity with which he flung himself into the cause in which he believed, still less the grave and sustained sacrifices which he made without counting the cost on their behalf". He first made his name by the 'celebrated, poetically inspired and romantic peroration' in Aurobindo's trial and later fostered the extremist element in Bengal to which he was drawn by his Vaishnavite philosophy. In his Roman toga he was imposing, and his profile was suggestive of Napoleon's. He was really one of those men 'whose vision covered the whole horizon and whose feet filled the whole earth'. Indian public life knew no greater philanthrop-

ist and no one who more completely effaced himself in true renunciation. A born fighter, he put the premium on the end, not on the means. He had something of the revolutionary's reckless disregard of consequences, something of Tilak's political acumen, and something of the Mahatma's idealism and spirit of renunciation. In Mrs. Naidu's inimitable words "the whole being of this 'kingliest of dreamers' was a Vaishnavite rhapsody of incomparable passion for the liberty of his Motherland". Birkenhead said of Carson: "No man has ever in the history of Irish politics flung all his powers, all his eloquence, and all his health more recklessly into the cause in which he passionately believed than Carson". Substitute the words 'Irish' with 'Indian', 'health' with 'wealth' and 'Carson' with 'Das'—and you have a splendid picture of Das.

Motilal Nehru

Though his active ally in later years, Motilal Nehru was structurally and fundamentally different from Das, in mind and in training. If Das was every inch of his being, an Indian, Motilal was, except for his blood, like a typical Englishman of the West End. The astutest politician of his time with a flair for cabinet politics, Motilal died a victim to the conflict between the head and the heart. Hardly able to locate himself between the Mahatma with his philosophy and Jawaharlal with his ideology, he found himself stampeded into courses which were not of his deliberate choice, and died, they say, a broken-hearted man. He was the most regal of our politicians—proud, dominating, Olympian. Was it not Slocombe who said that 'his proud profile, his thick silvery hair, his delicate hands, were those of a Prince of the Roman Church? Like Lord Rosebury, 'he drank freely, but always very delicately of the pleasures of life'. Where Motilal sat, there was the king of the table, whether in the political or social sphere. At Anand Bhavan he lived in a blaze of glory—and once



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the hub of social life, it has since become the Whitehall of Congress India. His legacy is a priceless national asset. If he were alive today, nobody would have been a patch on him, for lending colour to the Indian scene as the first Governor-General of the Indian Dominion.

Vithalbhai Patel

Besides Das and Motilal, there were four others who invested the Swaraj Party with authority and made it a power in the counsels of the nation. One was Vithalbhai Patel, familiarly known as V. J. Patel, brother of the well-known Sardar, and his senior in life and politics. The councils had known no more resourceful politician or pugnacious fighter. Montagu called him the most talkative member of any council in India, and Meston spoke of his genius for mischief. Gandhi confessed that, given the most perfect constitution in the world, Vithalbhai Patel could wreck it in a trice. It was a sad day for the bureaucracy when he was made the Speaker of the Assembly. Alone he gave it more trouble than the whole Swaraj Party—and it breathed a sigh of relief when he reluctantly resigned. In the atmosphere of party politics, V. J. Patel was 'a natural mutineer'.

Rangaswami Iyengar

The other man who was one of the prime builders of the Swaraj Party was the late A. Rangaswami Iyengar, the famous editor of *The Hindu*. A close student of public affairs, an authority on finance and constitution, a politician who combined ardour and knowledge, shrewdness and wisdom, a man of generous impulses, he was the right hand of Das and Nehru, the brain of the Swaraj Party, and later the Mahatma's secretary and constitutional adviser at the Round Table Conference. His mind was one of the finest working instruments in Congress politics for long years.

Srinivasa Iyengar

There were yet two others in the South to whom the Swaraj Party owed its strength and popularity—

S. Srinivasa Iyengar and S. Satyamurti. Leader of the Madras Bar, ex-Advocate-General, Deputy Leader of the Swaraj Party in the Assembly, President of the Gauhati Congress, Srinivasa Iyengar was an adroit and formidable party leader. His mind worked in brilliant flashes. In politics he was nothing if not dynamic. He crossed swords with Motilal inside the party, and with Gandhi inside the Congress. As an original thinker, he commanded a hearing. And, in the main, he reminds one of Lord Buckmaster—'brilliant, impetuous, learned, a little wayward, a little too sure of himself and in some of his impulses almost like a child.'

Satyamurthi

Satyamurthi was the 'loud-speaker' of the Congress. One of the best orators in India, he could adjust himself equally well to the Assembly Chamber and the Madras Beach, to the Rotary Club as well as the Gokhale Hall. The legislatures in India have not known a more industrious or 'troublesome' member, for he could set the entire secretariat working by his supplementary questions alone. Never afraid to take up unpopular causes, he was the first to launch the campaign for office acceptance. He was a tenacious and fearless fighter, a hard-headed realist and a sturdy champion of the people's rights. He was the most active and irrepresible politician of his day, and he was the one man who could, in conducting a fight in the councils create the atmosphere of a battlefield.

GRAND REBEL

Subash Bose

For "a will, despotic in its dictates, an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest", there was none, within recent times in India—parable to Subash Chandra Bose. Discovery of Das and Bengal, he made glitter

and underwent untold suffering at Freedom's call. On the death of Das, the last of Bengal's political giants, Bose had a tug-of-war with Sen-Gupta and was routed. Inside the Congress he ran a race with Jawaharlal and was again routed. From his sick-bed in Switzerland, having exhorted India to get rid of Gandhi and choose his successor, he sought the Congress crown at Haripura and offered incense at the Wardha altar. Having got it, he rebelled against Gandhi and his group. At Tripuri he had won and lost; at Calcutta he abdicated. He started a parallel organisation and had even joined hands with Huq. For sometime he was the victim of his obsessions, the plaything of fate,

and the supreme 'gambler' in politics. Behind the prison walls, he was like Napoleon at St. Elba, musing how "ambition, if it could raise a man to the highest, could also hurl him down to the lowest". Then came his most dramatic escape and most daring feat. "Somewhere" playing for the highest stakes, and casting his net in the stormiest waters, he rose like a Titan—and disappeared. As Charles Phillips said of Napoleon in a great oration, 'his fall, like his life, baffled all speculation'. Netaji, the later-day name by which he was familiarly known, became a battle-cry. His memory will survive the history of Freedom's Struggle, as one of India's Grand Rebels.



K. Iswara Dutt, the writer

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Pothan Joseph

how the Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart through the plagues in Egypt. Lincoln's love of the Negroes was not the supreme instinct in his life. A Senator from a Southern State made it clear to us in an emotional address. To me it was the most wonderful speech I heard since the death of Annie Besant.

Lincoln, the Illinois lawyer, was a trifle free and easy with his collections and charities, but he was unquestionably clean. He did not quite like his son Robert going to the Civil War, but when it came to a decision, the President told his precious descendant not to be a parasite and gave him a cheque for 150 dollars to buy a horse. The Senator who addressed us said the

cheque (For Bob's horse \$150) is still in existence as a souvenir. Lincoln though full of Biblical lore, was sometimes ribald in his jokes, I learnt; but his purse was so free at times that nobody knew what went in and what came out. America was great in her liberal judgment of the man without a sordid query.

The last item was the choir of Julia Harriet Howe, an extraordinary poetess like Alice Meynell. The Willard Hotel still stands and I saw the room in which she composed the hymn "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord." The swing of that chorus by marching soldiers was worth a million in recruitment. Between that song and the personality of Abraham Lincoln, the Unionists won the war. The script on the wall of Lincoln's statue proves that slavery was not the vital issue in dispute; it was the zeal for the Union. The hymn was in perfect unison, West and East, and the tribute to Lincoln on his statue stands for the best revelation of his character. Abraham Lincoln died in good time retaining the fragrance of his reputation. On the walls are frank documents of America's share as to the prevalence of slavery in the past when the Simon Legree tradition and the story of Uncle Tom's Cabin were sober truth. The genius of the Americans, I felt, lay in their admitting the savagery of the past, (they were cruel to Red Indians), instead of boasting about their "wonderful heritage". I left the ceremony happy that they didn't claim to have been angels in the past but are really satisfied they are humbler beings on the ascendant.

The inscription above the memorial in marble of Abraham Lincoln with his massive effigy in front runs:

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CURRENT HISTORY

TIME was when the end of a war meant the beginning of peace.

In the modern world there has been a gradual loss of distinction between the two states. Thus World War II is remarkable for the peace which has not followed it. The civil war continues to rage in China; people are dying in Viet-Nam and Indonesia for the good old cause of freedom at the hands of the same old imperialist Powers who persistently style themselves as the Western democracies; members of the Conservative opposition are shot by Communists in Eastern Europe, under Russian patronage; and members of the Communist opposition are executed by the Conservatives in Greece, under American patronage. Hanging over all these minor explosions are the clouds of a new war—a grand-scale ideological show-down between Socialism and the Rest.

American bravado notwithstanding, a capitalist crusade against Socialism is not, of course, inevitable. For one thing, it will be difficult for the rulers of any country to make their people accept the prospect of having to run for their lives to the nearest shelter for very doubtful protection from atomic bombs. Further, not all political leaders are as war-minded as Jimmy Byrnes or General de Gaulle. There is Henry Wallace, for instance, and the many inarticulate millions whose hopes for a peaceful and constructive world he is expressing. There is Britain, whose workers refused to help White intervention in Russia after the last war, and who will certainly not participate in an anti-Soviet war now, having themselves put a Labour Government into power. And, above all, there is Stalin who neither wants nor can afford another war. The Russians paid the heaviest price in men and material for victory in the war against Hitler. They will hardly welcome a further course of blood-letting and earth-scorching.

The third world war of our century is therefore not an immediate probability; but it is none the less a most disturbing possibility. From the U.S.A. to China, political and economic alignments are resolving themselves into an ominous pattern. An attempt is made in the following pages to sketch six representative international figures (outside India) against this background of a divided world. The broad significance of their life and work is considered, rather than the career of each in detail, since all of them are active participants in the history that is now in the making.

BEVINISM PROVOKES REVOLT

ERNEST BEVIN

ERNEST Bevin is Britain's third Labour Foreign Minister. The first was . . . er . . . Ramsay MacDonald

(whose ghost, some fear, is now haunting No. 10, Downing Street), and the second, of less unhappy memory, was Arthur Henderson. Unlike his two predecessors, Bevin enjoys the security of a safe House. The 1945 General Election brought in to being the first House of Commons in which the Labour Party holds an overwhelming majority. What is more, Bevin is an important policy-making member of the Cabinet; so important, indeed, that one commentator made the crack: Attlee is called Prime Minister, Morrison thinks he is Prime Minister, and Bevin is the Prime Minister.

Bevin thus enjoys the most favourable conditions for reversing the traditional imperialist role of the Foreign Office, and implementing a truly Socialist policy. Actually Bevin's attitude towards Indonesia, Egypt, Greece and the oil-bearing countries of the Middle East, has actively hindered and not aided the growth of freedom and democracy. Instead of, as expected, laying firm foundations for world peace by establishing cordial relations with Soviet Russia, and acting as a bridge between the Socialist countries lying on Britain's east and the powerful capitalist U.S.A. on the west, Bevin has tended



Ernest Bevin

to make Britain economically and politically dependent on the currently anti-Russian American leadership. The fact is that Bevin loves Russia about as much as Churchill does. Bevin's vitriolics against the countries of Eastern Europe, which are emancipating themselves from their semi-feudal past and establishing socialism through revolutionary and therefore ruthless methods, are indistinguishable from similar outbursts by Churchill or Truman. It is not surprising therefore that Bevin is liked by Tories, severely criticized by Left-wing Labourites, and roundly abused by Communists. His speeches in

the Commons during foreign policy debates have almost always drawn enthusiastic applause from the Opposition, while creating dismay in the ranks of his own followers—many of whom have been compelled to 'rebel' on occasion. The rebels accuse Bevin of maintaining a disastrous "continuity of Tory policy". Striking confirmation of this charge came from Anthony Eden who said in June 1947: "Mr. Bevin's foreign policy differed little, if at all, from the policy which the Conservative Party would have pursued. It was all the more astonishing, therefore, to read in the recent Labour Party pamphlet 'Cards on the Table' a series of statements which not only totally ignore

A LIBERAL AMONG REDS

EDWARD BENES

DR. EDWARD Benes was President of the Czechoslovak Republic until the Munich sell-out. He was again entrusted with that high office when his country was rid of Nazi occupation. This itself is something unique in the political career of Benes, because the free Government of Czechoslovakia which he formed in London was the only exile Government from Eastern Europe which was able to return to its liberated homeland without precipitating a revolt. The absence of an overt revolution in Czechoslovakia is no doubt partly due to the difference between the postwar problems of the rest of Eastern Europe and the problems peculiar to Czechoslovakia. Countries like Hungary, Bulgaria and Poland are only now completing their transition from feudal agrarianism to modern industrial development. The revolutionary programme of land distribution to peasants and industrialisation on socialist lines, which is at present being worked by the Governments of these countries under joint Communist-Socialist initiative, is naturally meeting with opposition from expropriated conservatives and former fascists. And such opposition is being put down army-to the point of shooting the opposition leaders. The situation in Czechoslovakia is entirely different. Already before the outbreak of war, the country had reached high industrial development, and had achieved considerable progressive social legislation through the active working of democracy.

While these historical factors explain the continuity of Czechoslovakia's development, the personal prestige of Benes is based on his

long record of service as patriot and statesman, and as the worthy heir to the founder of the Czechoslovak Republic, T. G. Masaryk. Born in 1884, Benes went up to the Charles University of Prague for study when Masaryk was teaching there. When his teacher became the leader of the national struggle against Prussian and Hapsburg absolutism, Benes acted as his able lieutenant. In 1918 Czechoslovakia emerged as a free Republic, with



Edward Benes

Masaryk as President. Benes was appointed Foreign Minister. In this capacity he worked tirelessly for the cause of peace in the League of Nations—though much of his work was rendered futile by the internal rivalries and anti-Soviet bias of the major Western powers. When Masaryk had to retire from administrative activity in 1935 due to ill-health, the Presidential mantle naturally fell on Benes. As President, he had to lead his country through testing times. Diplomatic pressure was repeatedly exerted on him by Hitler; yet Benes firmly refused to betray the democratic cause. But the forces behind the policy of appeasement proved stronger than the proponents of collective security. The great betrayal came in September 1938, when the men of Munich gave the Sudeten German portions of Czechoslovakia to the Nazis. Benes resigned his Presidency of the country and went into exile. Shortly afterwards Hitler's armies occupied Czech territories. In one of his speeches during the war, Benes said: "Although we were not guilty of making the mistakes in European peace, we were one of their first victims. Fortunately it was the last price which could be

the support which our party has given to the Government in its foreign policy, but which even suggest that, had we been in power, we should have pursued totally different aims."

That Bevin has, nevertheless, been able to win support for his foreign policy from successive conferences of the Labour Party and of the Trades Union Congress is principally due to two reasons. One, Bevin's enormous prestige and popularity among British workers as one of the prime architects of their powerful trade union movement. Two, the understandable preoccupation of the average British worker with his daily problems like housing, coal, wages and prices, with a corresponding lack of sustained and well-informed interest in international affairs. And then, of course, there is the rough, powerful and persuasive—if dubious—eloquence of Bevin himself. In the words of Michael Foot, M.P., "Ernest Bevin is, like Mark Antony, no orator. There is no beauty in his voice, no grace in his gestures, no magic in his language and no logic in his arguments. But what ineffectual and rusty weapons are these compared with the armoury which Ernest Bevin wields! The massive marshalling of indisputable and irrelevant facts, the calculated lapses into downright good humour, the brazen denial of allegations which have never been made, the mobilisation of all the most reputable emotions in support of the most dubious causes, the sweeping assertion of platitudes as if they were maxims for a new revolution. . . Demosthenes never contrived a better combination than this."

Back in 1940, condemning the aristocratic and exclusive atmosphere that prevailed in the British Diplomatic Service, Bevin said: "If the boys from the secondary schools can save us in the Spitfires, the same brains can be turned to produce the new world." After becoming Foreign Minister, however, he appears to have changed his mind. Trevor Evans,

Bevin's admiring biographer, explains it thus: "He retained and promoted many career diplomats not out of perversity towards Socialist M.P.'s who demanded wholesale changes in the overseas representation of the new Britain, but because these diplomats convinced Bevin that they were men of extreme perception and selfless devotion. . . Within three days (of assuming office) Bevin was calling the permanent head of the department, Sir Alexander Cadogan, the punctilious and the precise diplomat, by his abbreviated Christian name of Alec." Those who have kept an eye on "Alec's" voting record in the Security Council of the U.N.O—especially Indonesian Republicans—might be pardoned if they fail to see Cadogan's virtues eye to eye with Bevin.

One feels that Bevin might have served his own country and the world vastly better by continuing as Minister of Labour and National Service, which post he held with a record of splendid success from 1940 to 1945 in Churchill's wartime Cabinet. Because Bevin's forte lies in his capacity to inspire workingmen in the mass, to whom he can speak as a self-made and self-educated member of their own class. For Bevin was born (in 1881) of humble parents; his father was a farmer and his mother was a village midwife. The young Bevin had to start the struggle for a living at eleven, and worked variously as a farm hand, van boy, tram conductor and dray-driver. From his early twenties, Bevin has devoted the major part of his time and energy to the task of uniting and organising the workers of Britain. To the progress made inside Britain in the direction of social justice, Bevin's work has contributed a great deal. There is no doubt that Bevin "the Dockers' K. C."—he earned this title when he successfully presented the dockers' case before the Shaw Court of Inquiry in 1920—will be longer and more gratefully remembered than Bevin, His Britannic Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

paid to the dictators for the maintenance of uncertain and doubtful peace in Europe. To become a sacrifice, a vain sacrifice, to military and political events in Europe was a terrible fate for a small nation."

Even more significant than his past record is the attitude of Benes towards the new forces thrown up in his country during the six and a half years of Nazi occupation. When the war ended, the Communists in Czechoslovakia, as all over Europe, emerged as a popular and powerful force due to their leadership of the people's anti-Fascist resistance. It is the distinction of Dr. Edward Benes that, almost alone among the veteran Liberal leaders of Europe, he accepted this growth of Communist influence as an indubitable and integral part of the new Europe born of the travail of World War II. In pre-war elections, the Communists had never polled more than 10% of the votes; but when the first elections after the liberation of Czechoslovakia were held in May 1946, the Communists proved to be the largest single party in the country. Benes unhesitatingly invited Klement Gottwald, the Communist leader, to form an all-party Cabinet. In France, too, national elections brought the Communists the largest number of votes. But there the Government is led by a 'Socialist' who has sent his Communist colleagues out of the Cabinet, remaining in power with the aid of the Right-wing. And, be it remembered, the Socialists of France are led by the celebrated Leon Blum! Comparison between the post-war policies of Leon Blum and Edward Benes might be invidious, but it has nevertheless to be made if one is to realize the fundamental difference between the Socialists of Western and Eastern Europe. Socialist-Communist unity, the absence of which in the Western part of Europe has intensified the economic crisis and created political confusion, is fortunately the rule in

Eastern Europe. Anna Kethly, the Hungarian Social-Democratic leader, said recently: "Our enemies stand on the right, not on the left. If we (Socialists and Communists) were disunited, counter-revolution would beat us in no time, one by one."

Another important change which Benes has effected is in linking Czechoslovakia, economically and politically, with Russia—thus reversing the pre-war dependence on France. The French stake in Czechoslovakia had been conditional—as was shown at Munich. The present dependence on Russia is preferred, if only because the interests of Russia and Czechoslovakia are identical with regard to security against future aggression from or via Germany. In the field of national economy, Benes issued four decrees in 1945 which made 65% of the nation's industrial capacity State-controlled. Having planned her own economy, Czechoslovakia has largely integrated her import-export programme with the similarly planned and stable economy of Russia.

Does this alliance with Russia mean that Benes is just the head of a puppet state? Prof. Owen Lattimore has recorded one interesting answer which he heard in Prague: "Every smaller state in the world today suffers from an impairment of its sovereignty, to one degree or another. In this respect, the old, institutional, legal aspects of sovereignty are out of date."

Czechoslovakia is today the bridge between Europe's west and east, combining as it does the forms of political democracy with a social and economic system which is in fact democratically ordered. It is this fashioning of a new democracy which explains the seeming paradox of a Liberal like Edward Benes, a Westerner to his finger-tips, heading a country which is not far from Socialism.



RUSSIA'S STEEL MAN

JOSEPH STALIN

THE vast land mass stretching from the Pacific ocean on the east to Europe on the west has been uninterruptedly ruled during the last two decades by Joseph vissarionovich Djughashvili. More simply he is known as 'Steel'—a name given to him by friends to denote his qualities of strength, coolness, flexibility and ruthlessness. He has directed one of the most significant social transformations in history, over a sixth part of the earth's surface. In his own life he embodies the origins and results of the Soviet experiment in Russia.



Joseph Stalin

Stalin, born in 1879, is of very humble parentage. His father, Vissarion Djughashvili, was a shoe-maker in a factory at Gori, in the province of Georgia. Among Georgians, names like those of Stalin's family ending in '-illi' betokened the lower classes. Stalin's mother had to go out and work as a washer-woman for eking out the needs of her household. It was only because he passed out of school with merit and won a scholarship that he was able to enter a theological seminary in Tiflis at the age of fifteen. During his stay in the religious seminary Stalin read Darwin, became an atheist, developed revolutionary sentiments and was drawn to Marxism. But the seminary authorities of the Orthodox Church, which was

then an open instrument of Tsarist authority, could not even tolerate the reading of Victor Hugo's works, let alone Darwin and Marx.

Stalin was expelled from the ecclesiastical seminary and the formal education of Russia's future ruler came to an end. Many years later, when Stalin's mother visited the Kremlin, some one said to her how proud she must be feeling that her boy was sitting in the seat of Peter the Great. "Yes, indeed," she replied, "but if he had not been naughty at school he might by now be a bishop."

The fact is not known widely, but Stalin actually wrote poems as a youth, many of which attracted the notice of the Georgian intellectuals of those days. His poems, of course, were of that variety which Marxists would call 'progressive.' One of them, written by Stalin when he was sixteen, is worth recalling in view of the workers' revolution which was, in fact, later accomplished:

"Whose back was bent with toil unending,

Who knelt but yesterday in thrall,

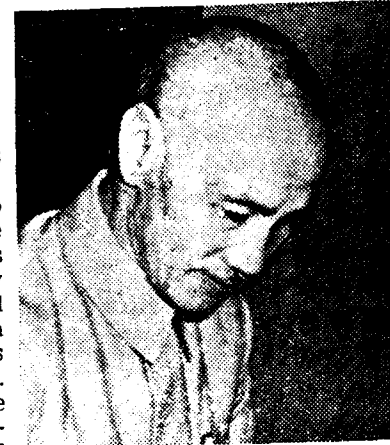
Will rise, I say, the mountain's envy,

On wings of hope, high over all."

BACK TO CONFUCIUS!

CHIANG KAI-SHEK

CHIANG Chung-cheng, better known as Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, looks back to China's hoary past for present guidance. In his widely-discussed book "China's Destiny," Chiang expounds his thesis that China, after thousands of years of happy and peaceful life according to the teachings of the ancient sages, was rudely disrupted by the economic and political penetration by Western nations in the 19th century. What was worse, the educated classes became morally and intellectually corrupt, giving up their national tradition and becoming converts to foreign theories of "individualistic Liberalism and class-war Communism." Therefore Chinese nationalism requires not merely the abolition of unequal treaties and recovery of full national sovereignty, but also the acceptance by the people of an ideology in consonance with Chinese tradition. And the foundation for such an ideology, according to Chiang, is to be found in Confucianism, which is "superior to any other philosophy in the world."



Chiang Kai-shek

Born in 1887, Chiang lost his father when he was a lad of nine years and was brought up by his mother who was a devout Buddhist. It is quite likely that Chiang, said to be a total abstainer from drinks and tobacco, respects the teachings of the ancient Chinese thinkers, though he is himself a zealous Christian who prays and reads the Bible. The political significance of Chiang's anti-Westernism lies, however, in the fact that Confucianism has other attractions besides its philosophical excellence. The static, patriarchal Confucian morality is

third and final stage of democratic constitutional government. Chiang, succeeding to leadership of the Kuomintang when Dr. Sun died in 1924, achieved the objective of the first stage when he established the Nanking Central Government in 1927, acting in accordance with his belief that it was not possible to build a strong State "if absolute monarchy and feudal partition were allowed to continue." But Chiang continued to keep the country in the state of 'political tutelage' under one-party rule by the Kuomintang, while the party ceased to be the revolutionary organisation enjoying unanimous popular support which it was in its origin. The break with the Communists took place as early as 1926, over Chiang's interpretation of Dr. Sun's Three Principles (nationalism, democracy, and people's welfare.) Reviewing the half-century of his life on the occasion of his 50th birthday, Chiang said in 1936: "I was born for the Revolution." But his revolution has been accomplished and has made its peace with the past; it is now threatened by a fresh

But Stalin's poetic impulse, such as it was, appears to have run out very soon under the stern conditions of his revolutionary activity. His writings are rarely brilliant in phrasing or profound in thought; they are precise, simple, and often dull, written in a direct and unimaginative style. The embittered Trotsky was later to say: "What is Stalin? The shortest answer is that he is the most prominent average man in our party!"

Tsarist persecution of Stalin began with his arrest in 1902; the next year he was sentenced to his first term of exile in Siberia. Until the victory of the revolution in 1917, Stalin's life was one of arduous 'underground' work, arrest, imprisonment, exile, escape and rearrest. It was by sheer chance that Stalin escaped recognition as an 'old hand', and the consequent penalty of death, on each occasion of his capture by the police. Though he managed to reach London to attend the fifth Congress of the Bolshevik Party, Stalin never attempted to escape from Russia and direct operations from abroad. He remained with the rank and file of the Party inside the country.

The victory of Stalin in the struggle for leadership of the Bolshevik Party after Lenin's death coincided with the success of the revolution in the civil war and against foreign intervention. So that the constructive Socialist activity in the fields of industry and agriculture, which was envisioned by Lenin, was actually implemented only during Stalin's regime. Himself a Georgian and thus a member of a backward community which occupied colonial status under the Tsars, Stalin won the enthusiasm of the formerly oppressed non-Russian peoples of the U.S.S.R. for Socialism, through his policy of devoting the greatest attention to the development of modern industry, education and culture among them. This inspired over Asia's first confidence and interest in the new Soviet power.

'Socialism in one country' has been the other distinctive feature of

Stalin's policy. He realised that, for one thing, the emissaries of the Third International—"the foreign missionary society of the Bolshevik Church"—could, as in China, commit blunders quite as often as they succeeded in spreading Communist ideas. Further, the Soviet Union, surrounded on all sides by hostile capitalist powers, had to become a strong force before it could influence the rest of the world. Finally, the rise of Hitler with his avowed purpose of destroying Russia compelled Stalin to plan for survival, and left him no time or opportunity to foster world revolution. National security became the paramount consideration. Stalin deliberately reduced the production of consumer goods so greatly needed by his people, in favour of heavy war industries. The wisdom of Stalin's preparations for defence after the reluctance shown by the Western democracies to join with Russia in a united front against Hitler, was demonstrated during World War II. The military experts of the West confidently predicted, when Hitler attacked Russia, that the Red Army would collapse in a few weeks; the political experts had a similar notion that any mobilisation order issued by Stalin would result in an armed rising of the peasants against those who had forced collectivisation on them. The experts, like Hitler, were discomfited. Even the harshest critics of Communism were astounded by the self-sacrificing devotion of the peoples of the Soviet Union.

But with the end of the war, Stalin is once again faced with hostile encirclement, this time under the direction of the powerful capitalist America which has, besides, the secret of the atom bomb. Once again, Stalin has to put national security before the betterment of the people's living. He has, in fact, never had the chance to build Socialism without the distractions and hampering conditions created by the hostility of foreign powers. The progress of Stalin's Russia, as much as that of any other country, is bound up with the fateful problem of preserving One World from a new war.

revolution against which his strongest line of defence is the claim that it is inspired by a foreign teaching, whereas his own doctrine is a purely Chinese product, a new flowering of ancient national tradition. Curiously enough, the methods actually adopted by Chiang to counteract the influence of the foreign theories which he deprecates have been startlingly modern, and imported from the West! For instance, the Shanghai city government, taking the cue from the United States Congress Un-American Activities Committee, recently formed an Un-Chinese Activities Investigating Committee. And Chiang freely avails himself of American aid in equipping and training his troops to suppress the 'class-war Communists.'

It is an irony that Chiang should have been presented to the world and publicized as the "symbol of national unity." He has been anything but such a symbol, except during the short-lived intermissions in China's long and disastrous civil war. His solution for the problem of achieving national unity is simple, if somewhat drastic: Exterminate the Reds. Ever since Japan set out on its career of conquest with the seizure of Manchuria in 1931, the need became urgent for united Chinese resistance to the new Oriental imperialism. But Chiang held the view that China was 'not strong enough' yet to resist the Japanese. This did not prevent him, however, from dissipating the available strength of the Chinese Government in fighting the Communists. Between 1931 and 1934 Chiang sent out five great expeditions, each for the "final extermination of the Red-bandits." The fifth campaign was apparently successful in as much as it compelled the Sovietized Kiangsi peasants and their army to retreat from their southern stronghold to the north-western regions of China. But this retreat, which many at that time thought was the funeral march of the Communists, brought them near the Manchurian troops commanded by the 'Young

Marshall' Chang Hsueh-liang, the ruler of Manchuria before its occupation by Japan. This was to lead to the greatest personal humiliation in Chiang's career—the Sian Incident. By 1936 the Young Marshall and his men had begun to feel sick of their employment in Chiang's personal war against the Reds. The exiles wanted Chiang to help them recover Manchuria, and were angry at his continued non-resistance policy towards Japan. So when Chiang Kai-shek visited Sian in December 1936 to speed up what he called "the bandit suppression campaign," he suffered the indignity of being kidnapped and detained by the Young Marshall's men. The latter had decided that it was necessary to apply *ping chien* or 'military persuasion'—a recognized tactic in Chinese political manoeuvre—to make Chiang stop the civil war and turn his attention to Japan. Chiang was lucky to survive the Sian Incident without suffering political, if not physical, demise. Strange as it might appear, it was the Communists who persuaded Chiang's captors to let him return with his life and with dignity to Nanking. For the Reds realized that if Chiang was killed or if he lost his leadership at Nanking, all prospects of success for their United Front programme would disappear, and political confusion and civil war would only be intensified. Chiang was therefore released after he had agreed to stop the civil war and begin armed resistance against Japan. Since then and during World War II, a measure of peace prevailed in China though the Red-Kuomintang amity remained precarious and was frequently interrupted by skirmishes.

But with the end of the war, and the subsequent anti-Russian trend in American foreign policy, Chiang has felt free to resume the civil war. At the moment he is directing yet another of his 'annihilation' campaigns—the pacific teachings of Confucius notwithstanding.

NEW DEMOCRACY

MAO TSE-TUNG

THOUGH Mao Tse-tung is the leader of over a hundred million folks in the Soviet regions of China, with the strength of the world's second largest Red army behind him, his name is not familiar to people outside. For one thing, newspapers mention him but rarely. He receives not even a fraction of the publicity that attends Queen Wilhelmina for instance. Yet Mao has been shaping and directing a movement for peasant emancipation which is of enormous significance for the future of not only the Chinese but of all the long-oppressed peoples of Asia



Mao Tse-tung

Mao Tse-tung has developed the theoretical basis of the peasant revolution, adapting it to the conditions of the vast numbers of illiterate Chinese peasants who vote during elections by dropping a bean into the candidate's bowl. This application of Marxism, which was born and evolved in the industrialised West, to the specific conditions of the backward and agrarian countries of the East is Mao's distinctive achievement.

Mao has no use for dogma. He believes that there are two kinds of

knowledge, both incomplete—what we learn from books, and what practical experience teaches us—and that one must blend the two in order to achieve complete knowledge. "There seem to be a lot of people who think Marxism is a sort of charmed medicine with which one can easily cure any disease. Those that take it as a dogma are that kind of people. We ought to tell them that dogmas are more useless than cow-dung. For dung can be used as fertiliser, while dogmas cannot." These words of Mao are typical of his style when addressing himself to peasants—clear, forthright and homely. The two million members of the Chinese Communist Party are drawn from ordinary peasant families. Mao himself was born, in 1893, of peasant stock. His father was a fairly rich farmer, who wanted his son to prosper on the land like himself. When the young Mao showed an inclination for modern books written by 'foreign devils' instead of confining himself to the prescribed Chinese classics, his father was alarmed.

There were frequent clashes between father and son, the latter leaving the house more than once in protest against old-fashioned restrictions. As a student Mao read voraciously, spending over a third part of his meagre allowance on newspapers and books. It is interesting to note that Mao, the hardened guerilla fighter, has from his youth taken particular delight in studying the ancient Chinese and Greek philosophers and the modern European thinkers. He worked for some time as teacher and librarian.

Politics entered his life even while he was a student. In those days the removal of one's pigtail used to be the recognised way of demonstrating anti-Manchu sentiment. Recalling his early life, Mao once told Edgar Snow how, during the rebellion against the pigtail, "one friend and I clipped off our pigtails, but others, who had promised to do so, failed to keep their word. My friend and I therefore assaulted them in secret and forcibly removed their queues, a total of more than ten falling victim to our shears." His more serious political activity began with the organisation of Chinese students for anti-imperialist action. By 1920 Mao had accepted Marxism and the next year he was among those who attended the foundation meeting of the Chinese Communist Party at Shanghai.

During the course of Chiang's war against the Reds, there was once a 250,000 dollar reward over Mao's head. Kuomintang newspapers have repeatedly pronounced him dead, and have as often been chagrined at his knack of surviving the numerous 'annihilation' expeditions sent out by Chiang. In his thesis on 'Protracted War' Mao outlined his famous strategy of "retreat, stalemate and counter-offensive." The

successful adoption of this strategy by the Communist troops won the admiration of their enemies while baffling them. It is believed that the influence of Mao's military strategy can be traced in the tactics adopted by the Resistance armies in Europe during the Nazi occupation. But even more impressive than Mao's military success in surviving the civil war is his record of sustained and patient effort to end it and bring to China the peace which she so desperately needs. Throughout the two decades and more of Japanese aggression in the face of continuous provocation by Chiang's troops, Mao Tse-tung stuck to his guiding principle: "If our country is subjugated by the enemy, we shall lose everything. For a people deprived of its national freedom, the revolutionary task is not immediate Socialism but the struggle for independence. We cannot even discuss Communism if we are robbed of a country in which to practise it." But Chiang Kai-shek has not to this day agreed to share power with the Communists and China is as far as ever from the opportunity of beginning peaceful democratic development. Foreign influence is still active in the shape of American support to the Kuomintang regime. But Mao wonders whether Chiang can carry on indefinitely with American support. He told Anna Louise Strong in an interview after the end of the war: "The Americans have a heavy burden. They must sustain the reactionaries of the whole world. And if they cannot sustain them, the house will come down. There are many patients with one doctor." Mao Tse-tung believes that it is only with the end of American doctoring, which is merely prolonging the disease, that the Chinese people will be free to shape their lives as those in Red China have already begun to do.

LONE UN-AMERICAN VOICE

HENRY WALLACE

EARNEST Christians are apt to discuss the most unlikely subjects in terms of their own faith—Not that Wallace is a humourless idealist. He has recorded an incident which occurred during his English tour. Wallace was to address a meeting at Manchester, and his friend Ellis Smith, Labour M.P., was somewhat concerned about the drawing power of the rival attraction, a football match. Smith met a worker and said to him: "Saturday I'll be seeing Henry Wallace." "Oh, aye," said the worker, "what team will he be playing for?"



Henry Wallace

C. S. Lewis calls it the "Christianity And" habit of thought. So with believers in dialectical materialism, who will expatiate on 'Marxism and Leninism'. So, too, with Henry Wallace. He cannot write about chickens without roping in his arguments for One World and peace. Wallace went recently to his farm at Farvue. A neighbour named Walter Bishop, a famous breeder of chickens, called on him. Describing the visit, Wallace writes: "He is a Republican, but was more friendly to the Russians than are most Democrats. This is because he spent time with some Russians who were purchasing hatching eggs from our leading breeders. They purchased a total of 20,000 eggs, which hatched remarkably well. The Russians were very appreciative of what Bishop did for them and have asked him to visit Russia to go over their poultry work. He is convinced by personal contact that the Russians are like anyone else and that they are just as anxious for peace as we are. . . . When I was working in the garden the morning after Bishop called on me, I thought of how important it was for those of us in the sciences and the arts to break down superficial national boundaries. That was why I took hatching eggs to England. That, too, was why I took many samples of seed of wheat, rice, oats, corn and cotton both to China and to Soviet Asia. Seeds are symbols of the unity of life."

His odyssey on behalf of peace in April 1947 was no joke for Wallace however. He became the victim of a campaign of political slander and sheer abuse which was not the less loud for its being silly. Scribblers of the reactionary press and politicians both Republican and Democratic, rose to new heights of anti-Russian hysteria. To Senator Fulbright "passages from his speeches sounded just as though they had been written in the Kremlin." And Senator McClellan said: "I wonder if he's not trying to establish himself as a favoured Communist Quisling." The Un-American Activities Committee—the 20th century American edition of the Inquisition—did its bit by putting Wallace's name on its blacklist. The smarter ones even looked up the Logan Act to see if Wallace could be prosecuted for "conspiring with officers of foreign governments to defeat the measures of the government of the U.S." To these Wallace rejoined: "If campaigning for peace in England is a crime, I am convicted."

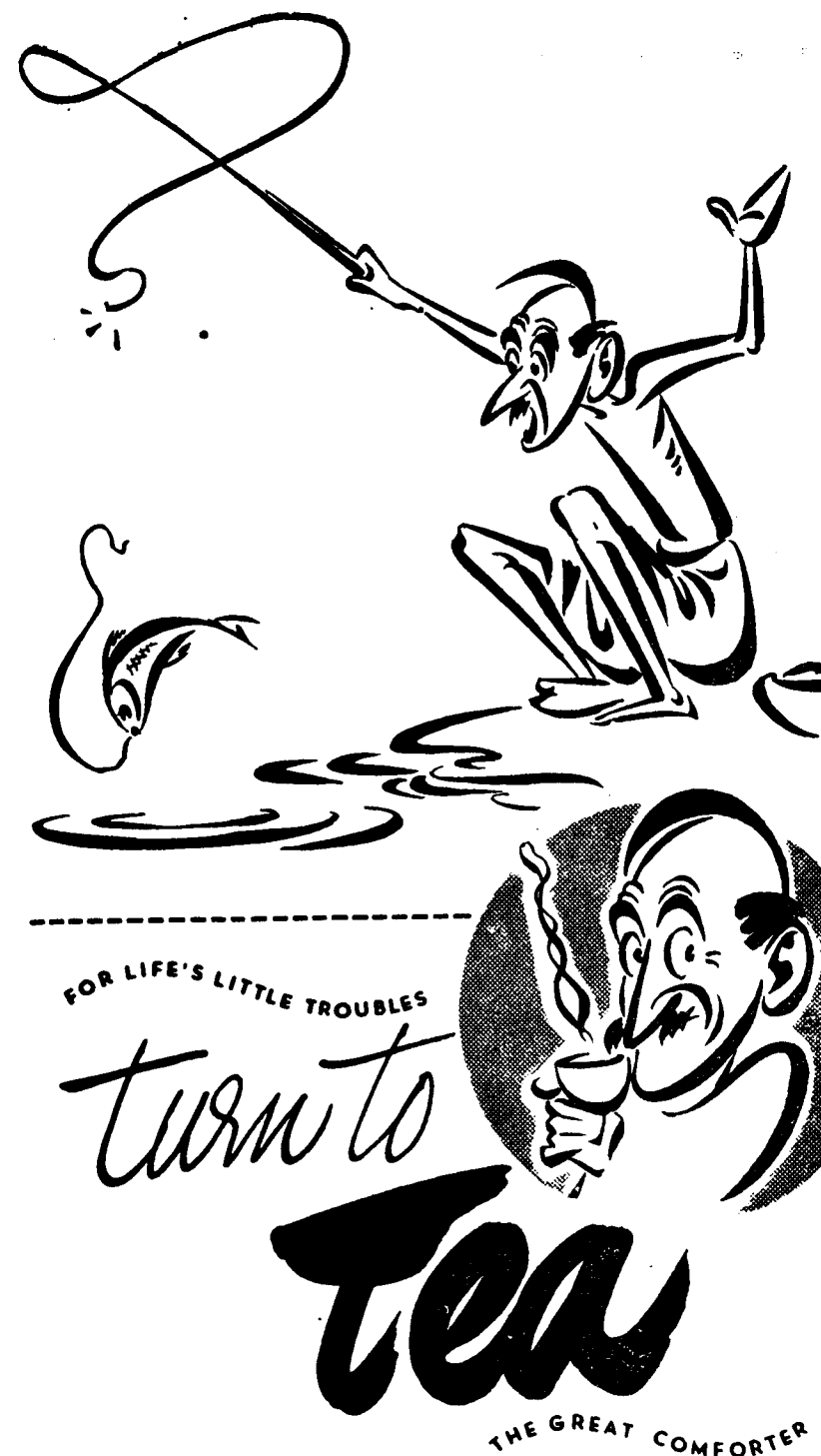
Wallace is indeed un-American—if the Big Business circles and their political allies are to be taken as the authentic representatives of the true feelings and interests of the American people. After the death of Roosevelt, power in America has passed into the hands of selfish men of little minds. Wallace towers above them in moral stature. He was kicked out of the Administration by Truman in September 1946 because, as the leader of the rapidly dwindling group of New Dealers and Liberals, he had the courage to live up to his responsibility and faith while the majority of his colleagues in the Democratic Party relegated themselves to the role of "(Republican) Senator Taft's loyal opposition."

The comment of Wallace on the Truman Doctrine of extending American aid to anti-Communist regimes is simple and telling: "The world is devastated and hungry; the world is crying out not for American guns and tanks to spread more hunger, but for American ploughs and machines to fulfil the promise of peace." Realizing that constructive peace between the nations can be best sustained by their economic co-operation, Wallace has warned against the Marshall Plan being so operated as to further intensify the existing East-West division of Europe: "If we settle down to a trial of economic strength and excessive military preparedness, we can be sure that the peoples of the world will have a standard of living about one-half what they would have had if we produced abundantly, without fear, for peace."

One would have normally expected the American working-class to assert itself and oppose the twin programme of pro-capitalist measures at home and of anti-Russian foreign policy, which is being pursued by their Government. As for the American Communists, they are a surprisingly small group, considering the size of the American working-class. They were led until the close of 1945 by Earl Browder, who blandly assured his sceptical

followers that "Communism is twentieth-century Americanism"! Browder has now been cast into the outer darkness, and the comrades have abandoned the primrose path of 'Right opportunism' to return to the straight and narrow road of 'Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism'; but they are still too weak a force to shape events. The Communists apart, American labour suffers from internal division. Unlike the Congress of Industrial Organisations which seeks to achieve progressive political aims, its powerful rival, the American Federation of Labour, is under the influence of leaders who are as hostile towards Russia and Communism as the most conservative capitalists. American workers are keen enough on securing adequate wages, and have fought for it. But they are inclined to let 'politics' take care of itself. As Wallace puts it, "Labour's share of the responsibility for inflation has not been the winning of necessary wage increases, but its failure to buttress these increases with political action to maintain effective price control."

Wallace has therefore appealed to American workers to close their ranks and use their great political power to stop America's drift towards economic crisis and war. He is also trying to put heart into the many Liberals who are now observing a 'prudent' silence. Above all, he is trying to awaken his people from their political apathy. "I have felt," says Wallace, "that we have always had less to fear from competitive ideologies than from the widespread misconception that our American political system has been so corrupted as to make a single vote unimportant. The salvation of our political democracy will depend on giving voters a clear choice between progress and reaction." Henry Wallace is now engaged in placing the choice of progress before the U.S. and trying to make that country accept it. He may not succeed immediately. But he has the courage and the vision to match the difficult but vital task which he has undertaken.



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RUKMINI DEVI

Rukmini Devi

by BINOD

ONLY a stone's throw from Madras City but far from its din and strife, nestling among far-flung banian trees and embowering foliage on the bank of the Adyar river just losing itself into the surging sea—stands Kalakshetra.

There is a property in the rivers and in the sea that throws men's faults and virtues into sharp relief; and it is fitting that this international arts centre of Kalakshetra should be situated where it is. It is fitting, too, that the presiding deity over this busy activity should be one of the most remarkable of women—Rukmini Devi.

Everything about Rukmini Devi is remarkable. She is remarkably beautiful, remarkably gentle, and remarkably gifted. Her faith in herself and her work is remarkable too. Listen to her: "Though our plans will take many years to fulfil, however small our beginnings, I intend to give effect to this dream, even if I have to start with only one acre and gradually add half acre by half acre . . ."

Her dream is to establish at Adyar a great art centre like Tanjore of old, a place where artists along many lines may live, a spot which would constitute an inner sanctuary of the Indian spirit. "How wonderful it would be if we could hear, for example, a Nagaswaram player practising, and perhaps see some great dancer developing his art, and great scholars and poets studying and creating in the atmosphere of such a spiritual village"

Just a dream, yes; but dreams are useful.

Kalakshetra was founded in December 1935 with the object of reviving throughout India the true spirit of the Arts, so that the country's re-

awakening freedom might become beautiful and true through the rebirth in every Indian home of the nation's age-old culture. Rukmini Devi also hopes that through this centre the highest culture of the East and of the West may be drawn together for culture which is beauty is above all distinctions of race, of nation and of faith. She therefore uses at Kalakshetra talents from various nationalities. But she feels that India should speak through Indians for the correct expression of her soul, and Indian dancing is always done through Indians in Kalakshetra.

Rukmini Devi is a lady in the literal sense of the word. Her voice is gentle. Her manner is gentle. Her way of moving about is gentle. "Education for kindness" is one of her great themes. That is her approach to her students both of Kalakshetra and of the Besant Theosophical School, which she also directs. But this is not to say that she is weak and does not believe in discipline, although she does not like the word. (It is unfortunate that there is, in English, no word that will express gentleness without weakness). Listen to her again: "To love and to understand by no means involves our giving way to all the whims and fancies our young people may have. We must know



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MYNAHS

S. Dhanapal

when and where to be firm. We must be the allies of the soul of our young people—sometimes against the rebellious bodies that would subordinate the soul to that which should be its servant. . . .”

The result is that Rukmini Devi evokes in those about her a warm affection that is deeper than respect, richer and heartier than any awed veneration.

To the teachers of the Besant Theosophical School Rukmini Devi's advice is that they should educate themselves, for unless they do so they would certainly be very ineffective teachers. For her part, she says, sometimes she feels frightened lest her young people may see her doing something she herself has told them not to do. So she enjoins them, “Be careful to copy what you know to be good, not that which seems to be wrong”.

Rukmini Devi does not believe in, and has no use for, the easy way. Kalakshetra is not one of those places where one can learn some art as soon as possible, present oneself before the public, and win recognition. With the standard of art as it is and with the public's knowledge of India and her great arts, it is easy to win approbation and even to become famous, for the public takes an artist at his own valuation of himself, and at the valuation of the press and the critics. But neither the Press nor the critics can understand art unless they have themselves been through a course of study; and the public is mostly composed of modernized, Western-educated people who only lately have even heard that India has a culture which is age old and a civilization which is older than any other in the world. Rukmini Devi has no desire to produce superficial artists who merely perform but artists who have knowledge, devotion, creative imagination and idealism. That is why studies at Kalakshetra take longer than in other places, for a true Indian education goes hand in hand with art. This education includes a knowledge of

literature, Indian music, the mother-tongue, needlecraft, stagecraft, and English: for it is essential in these days not only to know how to be Indian but also to reveal Indian culture to the world.

But most important of all is good taste. This has, alas, almost entirely vanished from the educated classes in India, and it is in this field that Rukmini Devi has the hardest work. In music, people desire cheap songs, which have no place in Kalakshetra. Instead Rukmini Devi hopes to revive the love of the great classical music of India. In dancing particularly, good taste has yet to be developed, for people think that anything rhythmic is dancing. In olden days no Kathakali artist was allowed to appear before the public until after twelve years of training, and no art in India was presentable before the public within seven years, while today seven months would often be the longest period of study.

While reviving the ancient arts, Rukmini Devi wants her pupils to know that creative art is the heart of them all. Our ancestors were creative artists, and so can we be. Our art need not stand still.

India needs great citizens and it is Rukmini Devi's ambition to give them through the Besant Theosophical School and Kalakshetra. She wants the school to be a great and wonderful Indian School, so that it may become the nucleus of a great and wonderful College, and some day of a World University.

While she recognizes spiritual and religious values, Rukmini Devi has no false idea of religion and aims to substitute for the orthodox idea a certain amount of discrimination and intelligence. There is a splendid and very beautiful idea of *ahimsa* in the Hindu religion, but we have acquired many cruel habits. “Let us forget our habits,” she says. “Then we can change ourselves, and therefore India, without writing, without lecturing and without pamphlets.”

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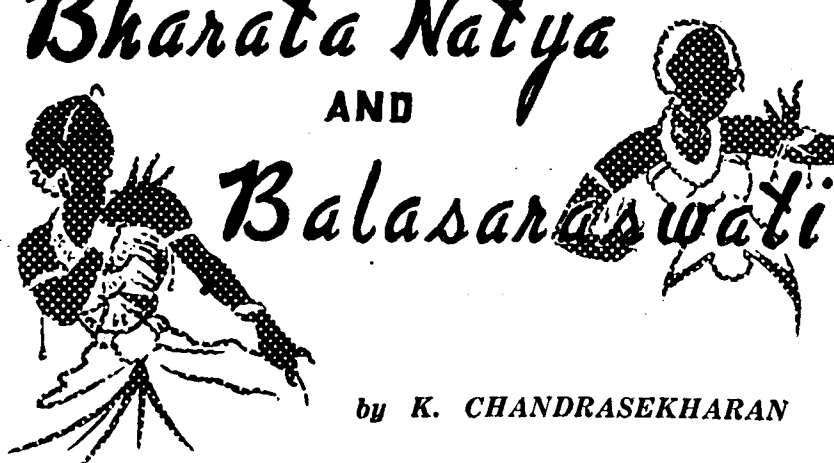
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Bharata Natya AND Balasaraswati



by K. CHANDRASEKHARAN

"THE Indian must see with his own eye. Two things are needful; one that he should be saturated with the traditional art of his race in order that he may know how to see; the other, that he be saturated with the traditional culture of the East that he may know what to see," wrote the late Ananda K. Coomaraswamy years ago. It is evident he was thinking of painting and sculpture when he said this. But there is no reason why we should have any hesitation to advance the same theory as regards the allied arts of Indian classical dance and music. For, unless the language of gesture and sound is familiar to us to a degree of understanding, we may feel bored by what we hear or see. We scarcely pause to acquaint ourselves that the arts of dance and music should have their own lexicons and grammars just as any language or speech. Again, we hardly try to know that there can be no reason whatever why 'every such language should not be at least as complex and full of resource for the expression of both concrete and abstract ideas as speech itself'.

Once the mind grasps this as necessary for an appreciation of Bharata Natyam and especially *Nritta*, much of the cheap gibe against it as unintelligible would disappear. The spectator at a dance performance needs some

knowledge of *angaharas* (movements of limbs), *Rechakas* (movements of neck, hip, feet) and *hastas* (symbols) and should familiarise himself with much of what go under the terms of the art of Bharata Natya. Mere indifference or inattention to the details will not provide him a real excuse for complaint against its unintelligibility. *Nritta*, when it is not followed with interest by an audience leaves an impression on them that it is technique-ridden and even obscure of meaning. The reason for such ignorance in most of the moderners is the fact that Bharata Natyam has had an interrupted career. Further, we can easily imagine the serious set-back it must have had when some decades back the anti-nautch movement was launched and was shared in as a healthy corrective to wrong notions in our youth by the very enlightened amidst us. We remember how some of our most cultured men and women in the wake of Western education abhorred the institution of *Sadir Kutcheri* as productive of a baneful influence on young minds when they witnessed a girl's figure swaying with expressive attitudes before their very eyes. This accounts, no doubt, for the tradition of South Indian dance having had break-ups in its long useful course.

Taking Carnatic music it too, despite its popularity and general appeal, seems to an indifferent listener

as either stereotyped or conventional. An uninitiated listener often feels unequal to the technical level demanded of its votaries. But the aesthetic sense in us receives a full measure of satisfaction by the South Indian melodies even as they are sung today. Carnatic music however, has not changed much for its long history. The *kirtana* form which attracted composers of the rare type as Thyagayya, Dikshitar and Syama Sastri might not have been in vogue before the 15th century. But evidences are not wanting to show the existence of very many *ragas* and *laya* systems much earlier, which were found perfected and polished even then. The method of *ragasanchara* and *pallavi* singing, not to speak of the rules and regulations aiding embellishments or *sangat*s, cannot strike any South Indian ear as strange or make it feel any dull monotony in it. The richness of melody and grace-notes (*gamakas*) lend unique charm to Carnatic music. The micro-tones enliven the trained ear so much that it receives no satiety in the process of their rendering. The *rasika* knows the secret of true enjoyment even when the singer's voice happens to be not particularly pleasant or vibrant. The traditional culture he has imbibed teaches him the way to make the best out of a performance.

Every other allied art in this country provides points of similarity and interest to the savant. If there is enough scope for the artiste in painting and sculpture to exhibit his capacity for boldness and breadth along with his readiness to enter into minutiae, in music and dance also the performer shows splendid gifts for sweeping curves and cadences

just as much as subtlety and accuracy in the *swaraprastaras*. The latter do, as a matter of fact, play the same part as jewellery in painting and sculpture.

In Bharata Natya too there are enough intricacies of the art for the student to watch and profit by. Why then this incessant cry against *nritya* as totally baffling our intelligence? We should be prepared to silence them with the answer that



Balasaraswathi

none of the arts can make any appeal to the uninitiated. The informed mind alone loves to enjoy what has been handed down by tradition. It alone cares for purity, and classicism; for it has become already equipped with the right canons of criticism. Once we realise the arts of dance and music as possessed of a distinct vocabulary and science of interpretation, there will be no need to require the aid of another language to make it more clear to us. Similarly in

Bharata Natyam, if at all any portion of it speaks a clear language of its own, it is *nritya* with its pure curves of the body and movements of the muscles. We know form in poetry can reveal the mood and sentiment as effectively as the words employed. Can we not equally imagine the capacity of gestural articulations to satisfy our thirst for ideas? As a matter of fact the *nritya* sequences move the *rasika* as nothing else does.

To appreciate *nritya*, the initial requirement is an ear for rhythm. Rhythm can be captured in childhood by some even as an unerring ear for exactness of notes in music. The sense of joy that rhythmical movements and foot-work produce

even on an uninitiated audience at a dance recital cannot be easily measured. The lilt of sounds and chiming of bells on the feet of the dancer are sufficient to create for them even at the outset a sense of exhilaration. But when swaying of limbs and rhythmic steps begin to lend grace and distinction to the dancing figure, the hearts of the audience get expanded. No wonder then Kalidasa remarked at the classical dance: "However tastes may differ among men, the art of dance alone satisfies all".

In his remarkable treatise, Bharata devotes many pages to *nritya*. He calls it the dance without a definite theme, meaning evidently that it deals with the abstract aspect of it. We know the abstract forms as much an integral part of knowledge as the concrete. For otherwise we cannot explain the place we accord to philosophy in literature or to beauty of form in poetry. It is much better for us to be bereft of the power of sight or hearing than seek mutilation of the arts, basing our aesthetic judgments on our very limited experiences. It is clear that a treatise such as Bharata's which has catalogued a variety of symbols or *hasta-mudras* and eye-glances, could not have multiplied their numbers without any practical application of those theories.

Few alone today try to preserve their aesthetic sense on traditional lines. The revival of Indian painting has not taken us far. Beyond being a fashion with a few it has not yet become a passion with every one here. Our tastes are still foreign and we move as aliens in our own country. A portion of the public in Madras consider it tasteful to have the *nritya* or *abhinaya* alone in the items of a dance, programme dispensing with the *nritya* which is according to them, quite a waste of time. Perhaps such a reform could stand only on a par with the cancelling of raga and pallavi singing in a music performance.

Still we cannot be unobservant today of the greater number of dancer-recitals advertised and the increasing crowds of gazers at these performances. Every girl from her

babyhood seems to be learning to dance in unison to tunes that are specially marked out as most suited for rhythmic execution. We find even many outsiders invading the pure realms of South Indian classical art mixing up in a regular programme of Bharata Natyam items of Manipuri art and Javanese speciality. The uninformed crowds view everything with the same sense of gratification; for their knowledge is limited and their eyes and ears crave for sheer change everytime.

Among the names that are being tossed about from mouth to mouth as the fine representatives of the classical art of dancing, no other stands out in clear contrast by its lineage of widely recognised musical talents and high excellence in the expressiveness of *abhinaya* as Sri-mathi Balasaraswathi's. There can be no two opinions regarding her inheritance of a chaste and alluring type of music from her grandmother, the late Dhanammal of imperishable memory. As for her own skill in dancing, the best guarantee for its purity and classicism cannot be traced higher than to the preceptor who taught her the art—the late *nattuvanar* Kandappan. In days prior to the immense popularity of the art she became an expert in it and showed as much grace and expressiveness in rendering the *bhavas* as elegance and precision in the display of *hastas*. There is a happy blending in her of an inborn gift for inventiveness with a sense of devotion to tradition as part and parcel of her inherited culture and musical *parampara*. Still she seems to excel every other person in the field by her rendering of *Kshetragana's padams* that always lift the hearts of *rasikas* to sublime levels of art-experience as well as of choice selections from Tamil composers who have invariably moved hearts by their Bhakti themes of an enduring variety.

There is no denying the fact that her figure does not vouch her all that could be said in its favour. Again, her *nritya* execution is not so very light and winsome as it ought to be. But no true lover of the art

of Bharata Natyam goes home after watching Balasaraswathi's *abhinaya* without getting uplifted in heart and head about the heritage he possesses in the shape of a rare dance tradition. Freshness of imagination and new interpretations of the *bhavas* in pieces selected by her create for us an atmosphere of tense anticipation of delightful ideas, which, perhaps, gestural language alone can convey with consummate ability and sureness.

As long as India retains her national temperament, her fine arts

too would have little of change in their basic nature. The predominance of lyricism in poetry, gestural articulations in dance, lines in painting and melody in music bear out her subjectivism in all the fine arts. Her traditions have a peculiar bias to things of the spirit in every bit of activity of the human mind. It is said that the poet once said: 'My future is my past'. Let us wish for the same deep understanding in our forecast of the future for our cherished arts of Bharata Natyam and Carnatic music!

If the purpose of a newspaper proprietor is to obtain merely a huge circulation, irrespective of quality, then opinion does not matter in the least. Agreed that he knows his business and is amply supplied with funds, he will be careful not to write above the heads of the unthinking masses, whose demand is for amusement, not enlightenment. But if he seeks to combine influence with circulation, then he must have regard to opinion. Largely it is opinion, not news, which gives a paper character, and character is the forerunner of influence.—Bernard Falk.

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Yet something of fencing, boxing, wrestling;
I know; but nothing at all of embezzling!
He paused for breath. At once I spoke,
"Say, what is your name?" He answered, "Folk
Call me Kannan, not much of a name!"

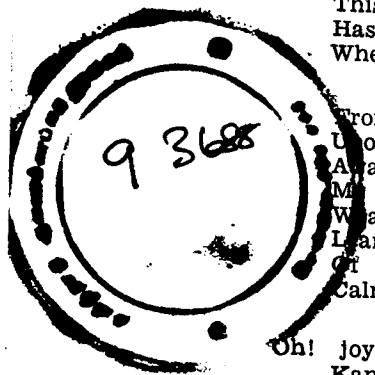
Stalwart he stood there, firm of frame,
With eyes gleaming goodness and words that
bound him
To me for ever in love. "I've found him,"
I told myself, "the Boy I've been after;"
For my heart was filled with silent laughter.
And turning to him, I said, half-taunting,
"Tall is your talk and full of vaunting.
You swear I'd find it most advantageous
To be your master; but, what are your wages?"
"Young though I look, I have lived for ages
With no wedded wife, no children to earn for.
Your love is enough; it is love I yearn for,
Not lucre!" he said in a voice impassioned.
Overjoyed I engaged this foolish, old-fashioned
Fellow to serve me.

Since then, I own,
The lad's love for us has, day by day, grown;
And the good he has done no words can render.
As the eyelids guard—alert and tender—
The eyes, he tends my family.
Not once have I heard him grumble. But he
Sweeps the street and cleans the rooms;
And even the housemaids he presumes
To chide and control! And to my children,
A tutor, nurse, doctor, he does bewildering
Services manifold. He buys plenty
Of milk and butter and all things dainty
And stocks my pantry, somehow or other.
To the women he is like a loving mother;
And to me a friend, guide, teacher, brother.

A seeming servant, in deed a god,
This shepherd lad, from somewhere abroad,
Has come to me—for my merit's reward!
When did I do such penance hard?

From the hour that Kannan set his foot
On my doorstep, I have put
Away from me all thought and care.
My burdens are now his to bear.
Wealth, youth, strength, honour and renown.
Learning, wisdom, poetry, the crown
Of communion divine, and Shiva's clear,
Calm brightness overwhelm me here.

Oh! joy, that as a servant-boy
Kannan I took in my employ!
I've seen, I've seen with my own eye
His splendour. Yet I wonder why,
Why should Kannan serve me? Why?



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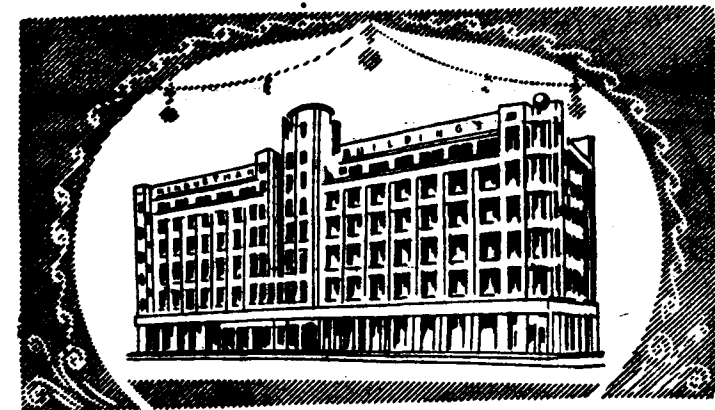
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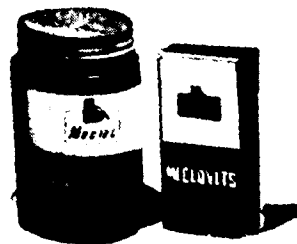
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