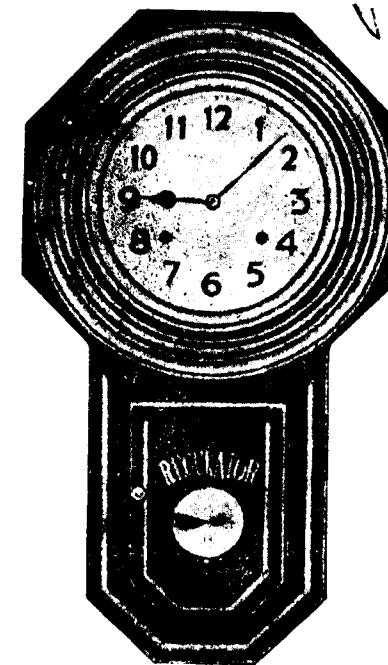
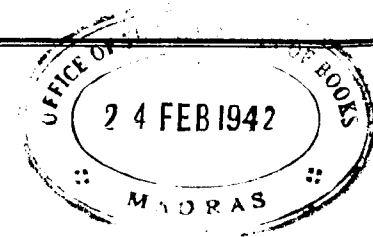


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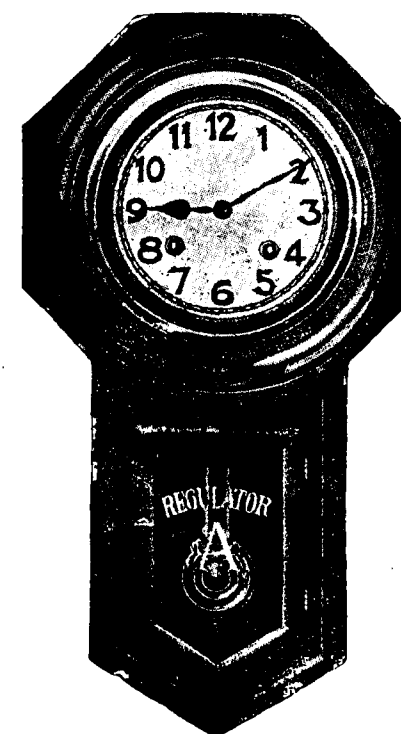
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ANNOUNCEMENT

THE SCHOLAR ANNUAL, 1941

PUBLICATION IN OCTOBER

With September, THE SCHOLAR completes the sixteenth year of its existence and, in accordance with our practice in previous years, the first number of a new volume will be an extraordinary number.

It will contain a larger number of features than usual, and numerous pictures, views, stories, poems and contributions in lighter vein.

The 1941 Annual will be a star number and provide a favourable and suitable opportunity for advertisers who, it is hoped, will patronise it in large numbers.

A single copy will cost annas twelve, but those who register their names in advance will get a concession of annas two a copy. This concession will be allowed till October 25. As usual, subscribers will get their Annual Copy free as also new subscribers who begin their period from the annual, i. e. from October 1941.

Therefore, register your name with

THE MANAGER,

THE SCHOLAR,

PALGHAT

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The Scholar

Vol. XVI]

SEPTEMBER 1941

[No. 12

To A Kindred Spirit

[Following is a letter written by the late Dr. Rabindranath Tagore to Prof. Nicholas Roerich in appreciation of the latter's artistic work. The letter shows the characteristic eagerness of the Poet to welcome all endeavours of a truly ennobling nature with an international scope and his determination to continue his own idealistic striving in a mad world, because "we cannot give up our efforts, for that would only hasten the end"—Ed.]

"**Y**OUR pictures profoundly moved me. They made me realise one thing which is obvious and yet which one needs to discover for oneself over and over again: it is that Truth is infinite. When I tried to find words to describe to myself what were the ideas which your pictures suggested, I failed. It was because the language of words can only express a particular aspect of Truth, and the language of pictures finds its domain in Truth where words have no access. Each art achieves its perfection when it opens for our mind the special gate whose key is in its exclusive possession. When a picture is great we should not be able to say what it is, and yet we should see it and know. It is the same with music. When one art can fully be expressed by another then it is a failure. Your pictures are distinct and yet are not definable by words,—your art is jealous of its independence because it is great.

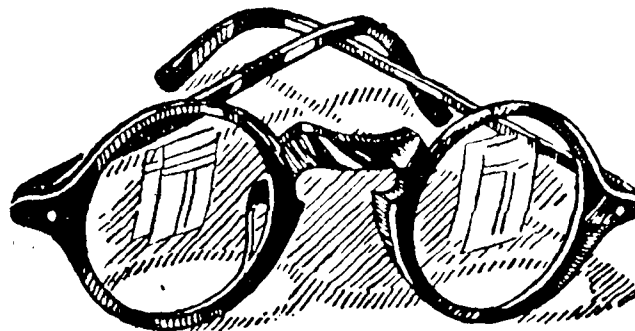
"It has been a great delight to me to receive your letter and your friendly appreciation of my work. It encourages me greatly to find that you are with us in our efforts to establish in this centre ideals which go beyond the sphere of national self-interest. I know you are engaged in beneficent activities for the welfare of humanity. It is a matter of joy to find that in every country today young spirits are emerging who have the courage to accept the challenge of our suffering Age and uncompromisingly serve the cause of our common unity.

"It has given me great pleasure to hear from you once again and know you have safely returned to your *asrama* after an arduous expedition in Central Asia. I cannot help envying your thrills and experiences in those remote and inaccessible parts of the globe where

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you go exploring from time to time. In my retirement of advancing age and preoccupations of a growing educational centre, I have to satisfy my curiosity with merely reading about triumphs of the indomitable spirit of man over nature and I hope your own fascinating narration will not be long withheld from me.

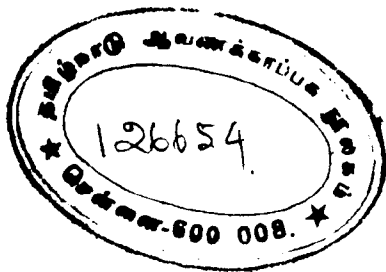
"You have almost become a denizen of the arctic zone and I feel diffident about calling you to the plains. But it is our winter now and if you can possibly manage to bear its warmth here I shall be delighted if you will come and spend a few days with me at my *asrama*. The spirit of internationalism which permeates the place and its educational work, I am sure, will greatly interest you. And believe me, it will indeed give me genuine pleasure to show you round my life's work, as Santiniketan has really been.

"I am delighted to receive your letter and to know that your cultural colony in Naggar, Kulu, is thriving as it should. I have keenly followed your most remarkable achievements in the realm of Arts and also your great humanitarian work for the welfare of the nations of which your Peace Pact idea with a special Banner for protection of cultural treasure is a singularly effective symbol. I am very glad indeed that this Pact has been accepted at the League of Nations and I feel sure that it will have far-reaching effects on the cultural harmony of nations.

"The problem of Peace is today the most serious concern with humanity and our efforts seem so insignificant and futile before the onrush of a new barbarism that is sweeping over the West with an accelerating momentum. The ugly manifestations of naked militarism on all sides forebode an evil future and I almost lose faith in civilization itself. And we cannot give up our efforts, for that would only hasten the end.

"Today I stand as much perplexed and distressed as you are with regard to the turn of events in the West; we can but hope that the world may emerge out cleaner through this bath of blood. But one must be too daring to risk a prophesy these days.

"Yours is a dedicated life and I hope you will be preserved long to continue your service to culture and humanity."



Self Sacrifice of Evil

(Dairy Leaves)

By NICHOLAS ROER'CH

EACH step of benevolent creation invariably evokes a special vigilance of the forces of darkness. Many times we have noticed—sad as this may be—that the forces of darkness disclose in their ranks, far more efficient organization than those who aspire towards light. While those who regard themselves as servants of righteousness, permit every kind of destructive discord among themselves, the evil entities at the very same time act most unitedly and efficiently. This is a very sad spectacle, but it can nevertheless very often be observed from minute daily problems to government matters. Strangely enough the energy sometimes generated by the dark powers, forces them into a peculiar type of self-sacrifice.

Probably each one of us may cite numerous cases when a murderer, a slanderer, a traitor actually begins to turn the harm upon himself and yet, by virtue of the evil generated in him, he cannot stop himself any longer. He begins to cast aspersions on himself, to arouse a forceful opponent, to bring himself into ridicule—all in the effort to prolong the evil sown by him.

It is difficult to analyze the psychological impetus behind this seemingly abnormal manifestation. But primarily it is based upon the essential self-limitedness of evil. Because evil in its finality, always reaches an impasse of knowledge and is unable to attain beyond a certain condition of consciousness. As a whole the methods of evil still remain primitive and sooner or later this fact reveals itself. This is no source of consolation to those who are victims of the attacks of evil but only an evidence of the immutable law of the self limits and impracticability of evil. But if one speaks of the self-sacrifice of evil, which risks even self annihilation in the fervor to create crime and abomination, how much more efficaciously must the forces of construction be organized in order not to disparage a neighbour or fellow-warrior. It would seem that fellow travellers should already be welcome friends. People readily pronounce such words as friendship, amity, co-operation. In self-vindication, people place the guilt not upon the sowers of good, but upon the zealous warriors of evil who by their resourcefulness, as it were, sever the knot of co-operation with unique skill. In such pronouncement no thought is given to the slander committed against the powers of good by such extolling of evil, because the very admission of its strength is in itself the highest praise.

Tru'y the recognition of the power and ingenuity of evil in itself bears the seed of distintegration and the minimizing of good. Instead of vindicating oneself, in a spasm of fear and cowardice, blaming the potency of evil, is it not preferable to imagine how easily and normally all the labors for good, could be united in self-defence. Nor is the task of defence alone assigned to goodness. Each good act in itself is already progressive, projecting itself into the infinite distances. If evil smites and infects the atmosphere then good reveals itself as a true healer, rebuilding the stricken tissues.

Thus also it would seem entirely natural, that creative good should be especially sensitized and vigilant in the moments of so-called Armageddon—in an hour of the attack of the dark. Nevertheless we see that in an hour so fraught with great consequences, good is filled with an untimely reticence, leaving the field to the forces of darkness.

It is pitiable to see how, not only the forces of darkness themselves, but also their greyish allies, lie and slander, sow their thistles unrestrained by those who still regard themselves as guardians of truth and bliss. It is sad to see how these deserters into the camp of darkness, unmindful of consequences, join the sowers of malice. It is strange that in these moments, their feeling of responsibility for the evil created by them is apparently atrophied. In their disgusting spasm, these recruits of evil are not deterred by position, nor title, nor age—if only they may sow the insidious seed. It is incomprehensible that even the normal experience of years, not to speak of the responsibility of education, does not silence such liars and slanderers. And the voluntary allies of evil shamelessly continue to call themselves just and consider themselves in the ranks of esteemed and honoured men.

Besides, the liar will not even go to the trouble of checking the facts, that he uses in his cunning devices, but on the contrary will hasten to evade such possibilities in every conceivable way. Whenever confronted with facts, he even falls into a state of physical convulsion and trembles, for fear that his malicious machinations are in danger of being disclosed. Probably the liar himself has no belief inwardly that his slanders which are so obviously untruthful will be believed but some inexpressible process compels him to slide down the incline. And then his formulas and epithets become especially rich: beside them the timid hints of the defenders of truth often appear pale. And are there many, who can find the daring at least to say: "Do not speak of what you do not know!" For if the measures of good are not clear to some, at least the clear, sound adherence to facts should be the first condition of human criteria.

It is also regrettable to observe another variety of the recruits of evil, who often do not support a lie with words, but who silently rejoice,

They do not even try to warn the slanderer of the consequences of his lie. On the contrary, by their quiet smile they encourage the evil doers. Thus between the conscious forces of darkness and the warriors of active good, there is a legion of recruits of evil, who in varied degrees assist and secretly sustain the infection of the atmosphere.

The discipline of spirit, the inherent consciousness of responsibility, which is inseparable from human existence, do not ever concern these malicious evil-doers. Nor can one name them otherwise, for they go without a path and in their ignorant licentiousness are ready to join any destructive infection.

All these qualities are neither national, nor are they within any other prescribed category. These considerations are entirely pan-human and show once again that the forgotten living ethics are necessary from the very first step of education.

Studying the self-depreciation of the dark forces, the sign so often seen, people must sooner or later also think about the practicability of such active self-abnegation on the part of good. There have been examples of glorious ascetics and heroes, which would offer a sufficiently convincing picture. Not for an abstract or nebulous theory but for true construction did the great souls labour here on earth, affirming their thoughts and words in daily and tireless action.

The vocabulary of the self-mortification of good is verily a brilliant one and far more impressive than the superficial and conventional encyclopedias. Being inspired by these calling examples, people—chiefly the young generations—could easily desist from helping evil not to speak of the close co-operation in malicious destruction. There are old adages that children in the first years of their life readily respond to the good. So also it is usual that sad domestic examples impart, at the beginning, into the soul of the child, the first indulgence to evil and then, later his active participation in it. But if now in the entire world, the tension has reached extreme limits when even the cosmic forces reflect these contagions of abandon, then precisely now is it necessary speedily to deplore the action of evil which attains self-abnegation. Because the very words—self sacrifice of evil—must arouse in people even slightly informed a desire for the very activity also in the name of creative good.

The self-sacrifice of evil is a serious reproach to mankind.

Heaven

(A Story of Bishop Brockley)

By THE REV. F. H. ALDHOUSE M. A.

THE Rev. Alexander McSloper was leaving the Bishop's library looking uncomfortable. He was the chaplain of Cork jail. He had been telling Bishop there were two men to be hanged for an attempted burglary, and as long-wanted footpads; and that their accomplice, a young lad of thirteen, Phillip McMorna, had been shot through the spine and was dying in the prison hospital. He was completely paralyzed from the waist down. "I told him, m'lud, there was red hell in front of him, and to repent. All he did was to roar and cry". "Surely Mr. McSloper, you said more than that" the Bishop remarked. "A child! The Everlasting Mercy was always gentle with the young. Even the boy possessed of a devil was not beyond the Divine Love". "I thought this young divel would be bettered by a fright. He is a tough little imp, climbing through windows to open doors since he was ten! And with so meek and pretty a face he could get close to old ladies' pockets unsuspected. They've no conscience, these little prigs, and no gratitude, and no faith. You don't know them, m'lud." "Ah, dear, dear!" the Bishop sighed "Well, I will know them, Mr. McSloper, you are relieved from attending this young creature who you say is so villainous. I will myself be with him daily till he passes into Eternity. Good morning." Mr. McSloper perhaps felt he had been a little too severe. He went out frowning.

In the prison infirmary the Bishop sat beside Pip's bed holding the lad's hands. "You're not afraid now, dear?" he asked. "No, father-lord, not now" the dying lad said. "Ye promise to go wid me a part of the road?" "I surely will, laddie" the Bishop agreed. "Just sleep, you are sleepy, close your eyes, sleep." Pip did, soothed by the Prelate's words.

When Phillip McMorna awoke it was with a feeling of wonderful buoyancy, he felt so free and so thankful he could use his limbs again, and such a good sorrowful-happiness was his. Everywhere a vast grass-grown plain stretched; and between the waving grass starred with wild flowers, a white road wound endlessly till it reached two twin hills, lavender in shade against their far off background of a deep blue sky. He wondered at it all, and where the beds and white-washed walls of the infirmary had gone to. Then, oh joy, he felt the Bishop's hand was still clasped in his, and he heard the quiet voice saying, "All is done, my poor fellow, your past life is over and the

new life is beginning. This is Moy Mispes (Mispes Moor—the astral world). I am here to help you". "But, father-lord, where is the hospital, an' how did we get here. An' the numbness is gone! me back is no longer so bad, an' me legs so queer! I can stand, an' jump!" and he did it. "Well" the Bishop said "you see you are very much alive. But in the Land-of-the-sorrowful-shadow they are going to bury the body you used to wear. It had become useless to you so don't regret it. The new one is an exact replica of it and will suffer no injury here."

Now Pip was blushing from head to foot. "Why" he cried "I haven't got no clothes on; oh, what ever will I do. Would ye lend me the loan of yer hat, father-lord? Or may be ye uses hankerchiefs, toffs do, lend me that. I don't mind ye looking at me, but what will the perlice say an' me without a blessed stitch on. If I only had a shirt or me trowsies." As he wished so it was, both the garments he desired now covered him. "Matter is plastic here, and thought can mould it" the Bishop told him. "You might have anything; this is a land of dreams, things come and go as dreams do. You are a dream yourself and so am I." "I don't know where I am or what I'm going to do. This is a big empty place. An' are ye dead yerself, father-lord? Will ye be wid me?" "Why, I have a body still, it is in the Palace in Cloyne. I shall have to go back to it for a while, but as soon as I can I will get rid of it. Take my hand, I wish to inquire about you from the Norna. Come."

They flew swiftly to a deep blue tarn on whose surface sunbeams danced. The Bishop lifting his hand cried

"Wake Norna, at my word awake
Speak thou who art the Voice of Fate."

Out of the blue water a woman made of light, with two blue flames for eyes arose, and with half her form out of the water answered him:

I hear you call, and I obey,
The words of Truth alone I say.

The Bishop—Look on this child, and answer me.

What of his past? what will his future be?

The Norna (to Phillip)

'Ere destiny was woven or spun
You were a gleam from out the sun.
Deep in the heart of Mother Earth
A crystal did you come to birth.
Then grew you as a blossom fair,
Then as a lark you soared in air
Then born a fawn, your hoofs did pass
Spurning the humble leaves of grass.

Then into human life you came
 To many deeds of fame and shame.
 Linked to this High-Priest is your fate
 With him your fortunes shall be great.
 O little ghost, if he decline
 To share the burden which is thine,
 He need not bear your cruel cross.
 Why should your losses be his loss?
 Your natures are as poles apart
 Have you a key will 'ope his heart?
 If not, a bitter cup is given
 To you, and far, how far is Heaven!

To the Bishop the Norna said—

If you in pity share his destiny
 Chained to the earth most surely will you be.

The Bishop—Heaven? No, its beauty casts no spell on me
 While in the twilight he must outcast be.

The Norna (bowing low to the Bishop)—

Sir, I salute you; you have chosen Night
 For you it will be brighter than the Light.

The Bishop held out his hand for Pip. "You see, my dear, the Blessed Company on High is not for me. We will go back to Ireland, and making the unhappy company below our companions we will spend such part of our Eternity as is our lot there doing good. Will you help me, my boy?" "I'd go to Hell with ye, father-lord, and be happy there if ye were with me." "We will try to build our Heaven on Earth," the Bishop said.

He and Phillip still work for the unblessed below.

[*Notes.*—The author declares that the above is a perfectly true story. The Bishop did take charge of the lad who died as above. See Bishop Berkeley's life—*Ed.*]

Theosophy and Culture

By C. JINARAJADASA



IN order to understand the relation between Theosophy and Culture, it is first necessary to define the two terms. There is little difficulty in defining what is Theosophy. Certainly some in the West imagine it is some kind of a psychic science dealing with the development of clairvoyance. But there is today a large literature, and any intelligent inquirer can discover that Theosophy is a great philosophy of life, covering all possible fields in religion, science, philosophy, art and the development of the resources of nature.

It is more difficult to define what Culture is, because sometimes the word is applied in a very narrow sense, as when King George III objected to Sir Robert Peel, the statesman, by saying: "He is no gentleman. He divides his coat-tails when he sits down." Also the word has been so associated with certain forms of nationalism that, for instance, the German word *Kultur*, which did indeed signify something wonderful and attractive in the time of Goethe, became synonymous with "frightfulness," as exhibited by the Germans during the late War.

In a similar way, not so many years ago western idealists were strongly attracted to the high culture of the old Japanese Samurai, crystallized in their gospel of *Bushido*; but today, when one regards what the Samurai gospel is doing in China, the culture of *Bushido* has little attractiveness to the world.

Perhaps the best way to describe the term "cultured man" is to say that he is one who has *cultivated* himself towards a definite end. A man of culture is not so labelled because of his birth but because of himself. Thus it happens that sometimes a person may have little or no education, yet may have a remarkably cultured outlook. For the cultured man has an outlook from a centre which is not himself but a larger self. It is this larger self which we can particularize as "our neighbour," and generalize as "all humanity." The famous saying of Terence, *Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto*, "I am a man, and I cannot be indifferent to anything human," tells us what is real culture.

The cultured man is characterized by a refinement both of heart and mind. He is sensitive to the subtle appeal which life makes to his imagination. He is all the time growing in his heart and mind, so that he is not anchored to any one particular form of culture. Perhaps more than all else, he is characterized by his ability to lift all those below him to his own level, when they come into contact with him.

All these various factors of culture urge him ever to seek consciously all that is best in life.

Theosophy presents an outlook to all life which can be described as "from the centre." Staying at that centre, the Theosophist is shown how to build a series of bridges towards such parts of the circumference as may happen to be separated from each other by seas of sectarianism or nationalism. Therefore, he builds a bridge from religion to religion, and stands at the centre as it were of all religion. Similarly, he learns to build bridges from religion to science, from science to philosophy, from nature to art. The most lasting of all bridges is the bridge which he builds from man to God.

The result of his life at the centre, with bridges reaching out from him to all forms of life, is that he continually sees exquisite mysteries in life. Among these is the special mystery of beauty. He obtains a vision of the Divine Mind which builds all forms, but also builds them in such a manner that a beauty which is on high and not upon earth is revealed through the building.

One characteristic of the truly cultured man is that while he becomes more and more aware of the supreme mystery of God, he leaves that mystery undefined. The more cultured he is, the less he formulates his religion in any set form of creed or ritual. On the other hand, while he is less inclined to define the nature of God, his realization of man becomes more and more intimate and defined.

There is a form of culture which can be called "national," since it characterizes the temperament of a people and their expressions towards the highest form of living of which they are capable. This culture is represented in their various arts and crafts, so that we have what can correctly be termed Hindu culture, Chinese culture, European culture, and so on.

While there are these dividing lines as between national cultures, those lines vanish as the forms of art cease little by little to be purely objective. That is to say, wherever the artist goes beyond the external form, and senses the inner life beyond or within the form, and reveals it, his art becomes international. For true art ever reveals the movements of life, and those movements can never be limited by any single mould of nationalism. Therefore it happens that the highest culture of a people has the quality of art.

From this it follows that the artistic quality of the highest culture of a nation has a message for all other nations also. There was a time when the culture of Germany profoundly influenced other nations in Europe. The culture of France has had a wider influence, and that influence still persists. England equally has a high form of culture, though it is difficult for people of other countries to know it, until English homes are thrown open to them, and they enter into that

intimacy of life which centres round the word "home," which is almost indefinable.

India, too, has a culture of her own, which in its highest aspects has a universal message. It is this message which first appeared to the West through the translations of the Upanishads, and through dramas like *Shakuntala* of Kalidasa. Later, Rabindranath Tagore has done much to reveal Indian culture to the West. It is only a few decades ago that the culture of China began to be understood. So magnificent is Chinese culture, and less so, though equally exquisite, Japanese culture, that the West has realized that its conception of culture needs to be supplemented with the contributions of these two countries of East Asia.

He who studies Theosophy profoundly, and enters into its spirit, enters thereby into a new type of University. A University is supposed to be a place where the totality of thought, feeling and action is surveyed as a "*Universitas*," a totality. Through Theosophy, the Theosophist comes to the centre, whatever may be his limitations in the beginning through any lack of education; through Theosophy he becomes a man of the highest culture.

This transformation takes place when he discovers the light which is within him. It is the Theosophical standpoint and outlook to life which was described by Milton in two lines:

He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' his centre, and enjoy bright day.

When the Theosophist has lit the lamp which is within him, he then feeds it with the oil which he extracts from every nation, from every culture, from science, religion, art, business, and all that is best in internationalism. All possible activities of mankind give him the oil with which to feed his flame, and to make it shine out in everwidening circles. It is then that he knows that his light is not for himself, but for all. He has become then both Theosophist and Artist.

The cultured man is both a hero as regards his strength, and also a child, with a child's integrity of heart and innocence of hands. He is both man and woman, so that the cultured man has something of the woman in him, as the cultured woman has something of the man. The truly cultured men and women have passed beyond the boundaries of race, creed, sex, caste and colour.

It is the dissolving of these boundaries which is the task of The Theosophical Society. The wisdom which Theosophy gives to the individual shows him how to pass beyond these islands and arrive at the continent of all life. Theosophy says to each: "I bring you Universal Brotherhood," but that also means, "I bring you Universal Culture."

— Address delivered at Adyar Convention,

Poison Gas: Did Man Invent It?

By T. V. SUBRAHMAMYAM, B. A.

WONDERFUL is the designing capacity of man's brain; more wonderful is the power of his hand which gives expression to his will and power; most wonderful are the contrivances which he has devised to aid the work of his hands. When we think of what man has done in the field of invention, we cannot but look upon him with wonder and awe.

With all his creative ability, however, this paragon of animals, standing by the side of Mother Nature, can claim few of his inventions to be of his own original design. A careful study of Nature reveals that many of the modern ideas have been foreseen and successfully put into effect by Nature long before man came into existence. What man has been able to do so far is only to copy out the ground plan and apply it with slight modifications.

In bees, wasps, white ants and birds, Nature has the finest type of architecture; in spiders, rudiments of modern telegraphy; in the stings of scorpions and, the fangs of snakes, the design of the modern hypodermic syringe. Before man could think of crossing the ocean or flying in the air, many primitive animals and insects have explored these elements. The skeleton of the primitive 'Heliozoa', the shells of those animals called the Foraminifera, the spicules of Sponges, the shells of Molluscs and the hard covers of Echinoderms (sea-urchins)—all go to prove how nature had laid the foundation of our modern 'design and geometry' billions of years ago. Can a human being ever compete with Nature in the art of painting or drawing and mixing of colours? In the invention of protective coloration and other adaptations, Nature stands first and foremost. Many caterpillars and some birds have preceded our spinning and weaving machines centuries and centuries before us. Electric torches are 'novelty' to us but the animalcule 'noctiluca', the glow-worm, the firefly, the submarine fish, Stomias Boa and many others are all born with their own light.

Apart from the above, Biology also reveals that the design even of the modern 'poison gas bombs' had been foreseen by Nature before man came into existence.

Instances of poisonous weapons are abundant in Nature. Snakes have poisonous fangs; wasps and scorpions, powerful stings; spiders and centipedes poisonous jaws.

Besides these, there were also animals capable of producing very offensive smells by virtue of which they successfully defend themselves

from assailants. Among those which give out disagreeable defensive odours, there are two well-known groups of insects, the Hemiptera and Coleoptera. Hemiptera, in which class are included all kinds of bugs, produce their characteristic odour due to the secretion of some stink glands in their body. Coleoptera include all beetles. Some of the members, especially the ground beetles, are well known for their nasty odours. Ground beetles are smart-looking, elegant creatures; but they should never be touched or handled, for they throw out from their mouth a dark evil-smelling fluid extremely pungent. The large, long black beetle called the Devil's Coach Horse is another which defends itself by virtue of its offensive odour. It is not afraid of enemies but attacks them by arching its abdomen upwards and from two little whitish glands in the tail-end; throwing out the nasty smell in the hope of repelling its antagonists.

The common millipedes possess certain glands at the sides of their body, called glanduli odoriferi, which open out at the sides by special apertures called foramen repugnatoria. The secretion is very foul smelling and is of defensive value.

Even among the higher mammals, we have examples of animals producing 'repulsive gases'. There is a group of mammals called the Mustellidae including members like weasels, polecats, badgers and otters. All members of this family possess certain anal glands by which they produce a malodorous secretion. The smell is so disagreeable and unendurable that their enemies always doubt to approach them.

There may be also numerous other instances similar to the above which a careful study of Natural History will reveal. The more closely we study Nature, the more are we amazed at her foresightedness and variety. If at all man has the ability to invent many things, it is because man is also a son of Nature and the mother's tender care never ceases towards the child, although the son is sometimes thankless to her.

Indian Diets and their Improvement*

By W. R. AYKROYD, M. D., Sc. D.

THE war had created new problems of nutrition in many countries of the world. European countries which normally imported a considerable proportion of the food required for human beings or livestock found themselves cut off from this source of supply, and as a result great changes had occurred in the diet of their populations. In occupied countries—Holland, Denmark and Norway, for example—the seizure of food supplies by the Nazis had further increased the gravity of the problem. In England this had not occurred and was not likely to, but the war had inevitably led to shortage of various articles of food to which the population was normally accustomed. All the resources of science were being brought to bear on the food situation with the object of preventing any deterioration in the diet of the people.

Since the war of 1914—19 an enormous amount of scientific knowledge about diet had been gained which was now being used to good effect. So far, there did not appear to be any evidence that the change in the national diet brought about by the war had seriously affected the health of the population. In one of his recent speeches, Mr. Churchill had referred to a falling off in the output of workers engaged in heavy manual work, which he ascribed to a reduction in meat consumption. He went on to say, however, that an improvement in the situation as regards meat supply might be expected in 1942.

The food situation in India had not been greatly affected by the war. This was because India was for practical purposes a self-contained country as regards her food supplies. Both food imports and exports were small in relation to the total indigenous food production. The largest food import was rice from Burma, but this amounted only to about 3 per cent of the country's total rice supply. It followed that any improvement in the national diet was dependent on the improvement of agriculture, animal husbandry and fisheries. The main burden of producing more food and a better diet to meet the needs of the growing population lay on the soil of India herself.

Of the total area under food crops, some 77 per cent was under cereals, of which rice came easily first in extent of cultivation. Wheat came next in order of importance, the annual yield being from 8 to 9 million tons. Various millets were grown in most of the country, and these were also an important food crop. Pulses of various kinds were widely grown and formed part of all Indian diets. Except in a few

*Speech delivered at Rotary luncheon in Coonoor

northern provinces, the production and consumption of milk and milk products was small. The per capita intake of milk in the Madras Presidency was said to be 3·6 ozs. daily.

In spite of a very large livestock population, meat formed a small part of the total food supply. Indian coastal waters were teeming with fish, a potential source of food of which insufficient use was made because the fishing industry was undeveloped. Eggs were produced and consumed in negligible quantities in villages, and systematic poultry farming was confined to a few centres. The supply of vegetables and fruits fell short of the country's requirements. Within recent years the production of sugar in India had risen rapidly as the result of protective import duties and the application of scientific methods to cultivation and manufacture. In spite of this the annual per capita consumption remained far below that of such countries as England and the United States.

Agricultural statistics very roughly indicated the nature of Indian diets. They showed for example, that the main food product of the country was cereals and that other foods were produced in relatively small quantities. But more detailed information was necessary to obtain a clear picture of Indian dietary habits. Within recent years a considerable number of family diet surveys had been carried out in various parts of the country and these had provided very valuable information.

It had been found that the diet of the poor rice-eater was much the same all over India. In addition to his staple cereal he consumed only very small quantities of pulses, vegetables and meat. Intake of pulses was usually from 0·5 to 1·5 oz. daily; non-leafy vegetables, 2 to 6 ozs.; vegetable oil, less than 1 oz. Consumption of meat, fish and eggs rarely exceeded 1 oz. and as a rule not even this amount was eaten. Leafy vegetables were taken in small quantities, while the consumption of milk was usually negligible. Fruit was a rare ingredient in the diet. Much the same was true of diets based on millet. Wheat diets usually included more milk, since generally speaking milk production was higher in the wheat-eating parts of India than elsewhere. Middle class diets differed from those of the poorer classes chiefly in containing a smaller proportion of cereal and more vegetables, fruit, milk products and meat in the case of non-vegetarians.

Intake of total protein was usually sufficient when the calorie yield of the diet was adequate. That of animal protein was almost negligible. Rice diets were usually deficient in calcium. Insufficiency of vitamin A and carotene, and of various factors in the vitamin B-2 complex, were characteristic of most Indian diets. Only diets based on raw milled rice were seriously deficient in the anti-beriberi vitamin B-1. There was little evidence of insufficient intake of phosphorus.

Consumption of vegetable fat was low, and that of animal fat almost negligible, except in certain northern provinces where ghee was fairly cheap and abundant.

The Nutrition Research Laboratories, Coonoor had devoted considerable attention to the "rice problem." There were several lines of approach to the problem of ensuring that rice as consumed possessed the maximum nutritive value, and the related problem of preventing beriberi. The use of home-pounded or under-milled raw or parboiled rice, or parboiled milled rice, might be encouraged in areas where raw milled rice was preferred, or, on the other hand, any tendency to adopt the use of the latter in place of other kinds could be discouraged. Education could do something to minimise losses of vitamins during washing and cooking. As regards beriberi, which was a serious public health problem only in the Northern Circars, possibilities might arise of making use of cheap synthetic vitamin B-1 in prevention as well as in treatment. The question of taking legislative action to prevent the milling of rice to a high degree had been debated for many years. In Malaya, striking results in the shape of reduction in mortality from infantile beriberi had been obtained by persuading lactating mothers to consume under-milled raw rice.

There were several formidable obstacles to the improvement of Indian diets. First, there was the economic obstacle. A good well-balanced diet conforming to standards generally accepted by nutrition workers would cost not less than Rs. 5 per adult per month. Expenditure at this level was impossible for the mass of the population. Another obstacle was the population problem. The population was growing rapidly but within the last 30 years there had apparently been no increase in the per capita area under cultivation.

In British India the per capita area under food crops, omitting current fallows, was about three-fourths of an acre. American workers had estimated that 3 to 4 times this area was necessary to produce a reasonably adequate diet. It was probable that within recent years crop yields had materially increased as a result of applying scientific methods to agriculture, and there was no real evidence that the national diet was deteriorating. But at the same time it was clear that the existing relation between population and land made it necessary that the bulk of the national diet should be composed of foods giving a high calorie return per unit of land. Any striking increase in the production of foods not falling within this category, such as milk or meat, obviously presented great difficulties.

Even in the existing economic circumstances, considerable improvements in diet were possible. The first essential was education, and here emphasis should be laid on the education of women. A good deal had already been accomplished by the wide circulation of

suitable bulletins and pamphlets. Efforts were being made to introduce teaching about diet into schools. Many of the principal provinces and states now included "nutrition officers", trained in the Coonoor Laboratories, in their Public Health Departments and this development had done something to spread knowledge of the subject. During the last few years considerable interest in nutrition had developed among the educated classes.

Contact had been established between nutrition research and agricultural research institutes and departments, and this helped to ensure the orientation of agriculture in the right direction. A recent example of helpful co-operation between nutrition research and various departments concerned with industries and fisheries had been the establishment of a number of centres for the production of shark liver oil as a substitute for cod liver oil, supplies of which had been largely cut off by the war. The slow development of such public health activities as infant and maternal welfare and school medical inspection limited in turn the development of the related aspects of nutrition work. Within recent years, there had been a real improvement in institutional diets, with a corresponding improvement in the health of the residents. Formidable though the obstacles of poverty and ignorance might be, progress could be made.

"T'was on a Steamer coming over"

By V. N.

IT was natural that Mr. Veppamalai Mahalinga Iyer should prefer to sail by a tourist boat; for he believed, and rightly believed, that you find a freer spirit of conviviality and the hail-fellow-well-met sort of relationship among the passengers on board a tourist boat than in one of your class-ridden liners. In fact, I have always maintained that the nearest realisation of the communist ideal was on a tourist steamer plying between Australia and England. In that small, compact self-contained world there are no unfair classifications, no invidious distinctions in the rights and privileges of the passengers. Each pays his quota and all share in the general amenities. You roam about the ship where you will, with no irritating notice 'Reserved for First class passengers only' cutting you short. Indeed, Veppamalai Mahalinga Iyer spent his first day on the high seas, walking right round the A, B, and C decks; but then the not too calm Indian Ocean and the thud and roll of the boat gave him a queer, unpleasant feeling somewhere in the middle regions of his inside and drove him to his cabin.

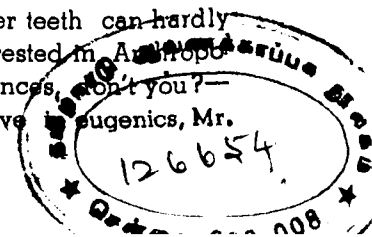
If you looked for the name of Mr. Veppamalai Mahalinga Iyer in the passengers list of the *S. S. Omega* you are not likely to find it. For, as the first step towards deriving the best from the West he had shorn and amended his name so as to make it more easily pronounceable to the westerners. As V. M. Lingham—V, standing for Victor—he felt he was better qualified to receive what the West had to offer. When Messrs. Thos. Cook & Sons informed him that they could offer him berth No. 252, on board the *S. S. Omega*, his grand-father had told him that he was going to have luck in the Civil Service Exam.; because two plus two plus five was nine: a lucky number; and C was the third letter of the alphabet; and three squared was nine. "Damn silly", Mahalinga Iyer had muttered to himself. But all the same he left Madras on a specially auspicious day and hour, although it meant six hours wait at the Egmore station and two days' stay at Colombo before he could embark. At last embark he did at midnight on Friday, and he saw the last flickering lights of Colombo fade away with, I am afraid, not a sigh of regret.

It is surprising how soon one falls into the more or less flexible and convenient system of life on a ship. You have your stated hours for food announced by a bugle call—I feel a meal ushered in by the sound of the bugle is somehow more dignified than that announced by a bell or gong. In between meal-times you just fall into the habit of going into the lounge with a book from the library—or with one of your own, if you are appearing for the Civil Service Exam.; then you

invariably play bridge or chess between lunch and tea; and you simply must play the usual deck-games after tea. Lingham was supposed to be a man of parts even when he was an undergrad at Madras. He did not need much time to adapt himself to his new life. Soon as he got over that rotten feeling of sickness, to which the best of us must succumb, he was up and about, strolling around the decks as though he was a sailor born.

The close intimacy into which the passengers on board a ship are necessarily thrown is productive of a degree of friendship between them which on land would be impossible in such a short time. On a steamer you forget for a time what you are in the outside world. You seem to be born again into a comfortable little community, in which you toil not, neither do you spin, and yet Solomon in all his glory did not enjoy half your comforts. The briny air makes you light-hearted and care-free, conventional reserves are thrown to the winds, and fun grows fast and furious. Mr. Victor Lingham unreservedly echoed the sentiments of Mrs. Elizabeth O'Doyle when she said, "It's great fun going on a voyage. Everyone is so friendly. It doesn't seem possible, for instance, that I have known you only for two days". Mrs. Elizabeth O'Doyle was one of those pertinacious women whose one mission in life seems to be to put up a determined fight against the ravages of time. Twenty years ago she must have been attractive. Even now, after two glasses of 'half and half' her eyes gave out a sparkle which a couple of New Zealand farmers had found irresistible. Her hair was still scrupulously waved, though distinctly greying in places; and on her face art has tried its best—perhaps a bit too well—to fill out the wrinkles that time had wrought. Mr. O'Doyle had not long survived their voluntary exile to Zew Zealand, where they had decided to live, mainly due to Mrs. O'Doyle's conviction that she could make her fortune by sheep-farming. "Poor dear John," she would say, "he couldn't stand the climate down there. Hardly a year was cut before he caught a fever and died. Poor John! he was always nice to me." Mrs. Elizabeth O'Doyle was known as 'the merry widow' in her village.

"I have long wanted to speak to an Indian", she had gushed, on the second day of Lingham's voyage, when she found him seated in the lounge with Marrot's "Anthropology" in his hands. Lingham smiled complacently and arranged a chair for her to sit. "You know, I do like Mr. Gandhi (she pronounced the name rhyming it with 'candy'). It is so nice to fancy him going about with his goat. (Mrs. O'Doyle was an authority on goats and sheep). And I do want India to get home rule. You see, I am originally Irish. So it's really a kind of common interest, is not it?", she giggled. "Her teeth can hardly be her own," concluded Lingham. "Are you interested in Anthropology?" she continued, "I like all these new sciences, don't you?—anthropology, sociology, eugenics. Do you believe in eugenics, Mr."



Lingham?" Mr. Veppamalai Mahalinga Iyer felt that things were getting a bit too deep for him, but he did not show it in his manners. He adjusted his tie and said knowingly, "There is certainly much to be said for it."

Now, eugenics was Mrs. O'Doyle's weakness. You ask her to tea, or go out for a walk with her, and you are inviting a regular lecture on birth control and family limitation. "Think of the mentally defective man," she said. Lingham thought of a mentally defective man, which was n't very illuminating. "He has the normal desires and feelings; still society cannot afford to have his deficiencies transmitted through generations and perpetuated. He must not have children, don't you see?" Lingham did not see, but he said he did. "Even healthy people should not have a large family, not more than two children out of each marriage"—Lingham wondered how many children she had.—"That is why I am for birth control. It is so simple and convenient. You can have your cake and eat it too. And really you don't miss..." Fortunately, the call for lunch saved Lingham from any more of the talk which he already felt was becoming uncomfortably intimate.

II

"What will you have, Sir?" asked the steward with all the dignity of a priest at some ceremony. "Roast pork and sauce, please," replied Mr. Veppamalai Mahalinga Iyer, not without some unconscious hesitation. Generations of Veppamalai Sastriars turned in their graves, and gave forth a ghostly groan.

"You should have tried the mutton chop," said the gaunt-looking man sitting next to him, "it is really soft and nice today. Of course, nothing like what we get in the place I am coming from, New South Wales. Down there you can hardly tell the difference between roast lamb and roast mutton". Lingham felt it didn't matter to him in any case, as he couldn't have told the difference even 'up here'. "Is this your first experience of the sea?", asked the gaunt-looking man. Lingham admitted it was, but wondered whether there was any oddity in his behaviour that could have betrayed him. "I have been a wanderer all my life, as you might say," offered the other, beaming; "never could bring myself to stay at home. We Macdougals are not a home-keeping sort. My father and his father before him took to the sea, like duck to water; never stayed at home for more than thirty days in the year. I myself have spent most of my time among the Pacific Islands. You haven't been there, of course. Great place that: the real sunny south—I'll have plum tart and custard, please (this last was to the steward who had been waiting at his elbow for a considerable time). Ever heard of the Hawaiians?" Lingham thought of some thrilling scenes in the "Bird of Paradise" and said yes. "Remarkable people; so warm-hearted and bursting with life, and very hospitable too. But nothing so exciting as the Head-hunters of Melanesia. Heard

of them?" Lingham had read about them in Marrot's book. "A blood-thirsty cannibalistic race, the Melanesians. I had the most agonising two hours of my life when I fell a captive among them, and I wondered whether I was going to be minced for a nice pie, or sliced for a juicy chop." Lingham, who was still eating his roast pork, left it at that. "I expect your countrymen are much more civilised than these races. They don't, for instance, kill a chap to mollify the gods, or knock off a fellow's teeth when he attains maturity, do they?" Lingham was outraged. He visibly swallowed, and couldn't find words for his indignation. He could only say, "Sir, I wish you wouldn't display your abysmal ignorance quite so ridiculously. I am not amused." "No offence meant, my dear fellow, none at all," said the gaunt-looking man cheerily, and proceeded with his plum tart and custard with perfect unconcern.

III

They were all talking rather noisily in the lounge after dinner. The *S. S. Omega* had safely threaded her way to the Red Sea, and was thudding along in the sultry heat which had prompted the gaunt Mr. Macdougall to discard his tie and collar and go to dinner in tennis shirt. Mrs. O'Doyle had asked Lingham while sipping her coffee, "You don't feel the heat, do you Mr. Lingham?". Lingham, sweltering in his tweed suit and stiff collar, had to say, "Oh, no Mrs. O'Doyle, we are quite used to this at home". Now they were all talking rather noisily in the lounge. There was the fat, bald-headed cherub-faced Rev. Theodoremann, who in his sumptuous figure and self-satisfied expression symbolised the prosperous and contented Mother-Church who, as the parson said, stands with one foot firmly planted on earth and the other pointing heavenwards. There was the fuzzy-haired, red-tied, feverish-looking young communist, Tom Brown, who talked to you as though you were a crowd in Hyde Park and he an orator on his soap-box. There was the shy, little, frog-faced doctor from Mysore, Dr. Rao, who blushed to the roots of his hair if a girl came to talk to him, and yet hoped to do research of some sorts in a hospital in London. Mr. Lingham made the fourth of that little group. "It is all because of capitalist exploitation", Tom Brown was speaking, "this economic blizzard, fall in prices and unemployment. Do away with the profit-making capitalist, make all industries and land state-owned then all will be well. Look at Russia"—they looked at him—"you have no unemployment there; every man has got his work and makes his living". "But are they happy? Isn't there shocking tyranny in the country?" interrupted Lingham.

"I have been to Russia, and I know that things are pretty near the limit," broke in a quiet voice from outside the small group. All turned to this new speaker. She was a young girl of no very striking

features, with a pert, school-girlish face, wearing a pair of horn-rimmed glasses which added to her bookish appearance. But she had a gorgeous head of hair and fine profile. "Sorry I overheard your talk; but I couldn't help it; you were speaking so loud. And you are quite wrong in your idea of Russia as a paradise on earth. It is nothing of the kind. That gentleman rightly asked you, are the people happy? And I say, they most certainly are not. The individual is treated as so much grist to the mill of the State; he is of no importance in himself. It is the worst form of tyranny". Lingham had seen this girl before. She sat at the table next to his in the dining saloon; and she was quite good at deck tennis. But she had struck him as a peevish, self-opinionated sort, one of the typical school-mistress class; and rather a plain school-mistress at that. But now she was talking animatedly; for once Tom Brown was being lectured to as he had never been before: and when he retired to his cabin he decided that in his Ideal State women should not be educated. The shy Dr. Rao had beaten a quick, unceremonious retreat the moment the girl joined the discussion. The rest stayed on for a drink, after which the Rev. Theodoremann sank into peaceful slumber, much to the discomfiture of Lingham and Miss. Hughes. "Exit seems indicated", Lingham said provisionally. "But I don't feel a bit sleepy, do you?" asked Miss. Hughes, "this heat is really intolerable". "How about getting a blow on to the deck?", brightly suggested Lingham. And that was how it all started. Lingham learnt that Miss Doris Hughes was the daughter of an engineer in Melbourne, and a graduate of the Melbourne University, going to Paris to meet her uncle with whom she hoped to tour the continent and visit England before returning to Australia with him. Unlike the usual run of modern girls she was surprisingly naive, refreshingly natural and spontaneous in her manners. Her breaking into the discussion earlier in the evening was characteristic of her. "I guess Mr. Brown thinks me an impertinent little rat", she remarked smiling, "but so many of these intellectuals hardly know what they are talking about". Lingham concluded she not only had wit, but had a subtle sense of humour. He talked about India, about the Congress, about himself, and she was obviously interested. "Two countries I have long wanted to visit, and am looking forward to see are Japan and India". Lingham promptly said how delighted he would be to take her round India if and when she cared to visit his country. What with one thing and another, most of the lights on the deck had gone out when they remembered that they might be expected to go to bed. "Not so dumb as I thought. A smart shrewd girl; and when she smiles she is really attractive". Lingham was tearing at his collar in his cabin. "Different from all the rest," he muttered, getting into the pyjamas. "What is that?" grumbled Dr. Rao, half asleep on his berth. "Sleep on, my lad; you're just dreaming—blast you!"—he added under his breath.

Life on board the ship thereafter became very interesting for Lingham.

IV

They had just left Port Said behind them. Lingham was convinced that Port Said was the dirtiest hole on earth. You are pestered by roguish-looking folks who want to sell you French pictures; disgusting! And those touts and sharpers! Rogues every one of them, making their living out of gullible travellers. He had asked Doris to go with him to see the town; he was glad she had not come. She had a rotten head, she had said. Yet it was funny: he thought he had seen her walking with a tall man on the other side of the road, as he sat sipping that poisonous drink outside the cafe. "The girl is going to my head", he said to himself, "I must pull myself together".

He walked round to the poop-deck hoping to be alone there. But he cursed himself for his absent-mindedness, for he walked right into two people who sat talking there, and whom he had not noticed in his abstraction. But he was a little relieved, when he saw that one of them was Doris herself, and the other the gaunt-looking Mr. Macdougall. "Sorry to bump into you like this. I didn't notice you were here".

"It's quite all right, Victor", said the girl cooingly, "I know the Indians are terribly other worldly. And you come at the right time. Mr. Macdougall was just going for his indispensable pint of beer, and I was going to be deserted. Trust Mr. Victor Lingham to reserve such distressed damsels" she added with a mock dignity which Lingham thought was very pretty. The gaunt-looking man promptly departed, courtseying ceremoniously to both.

"I did not know that you were acquainted with Mr. Macdougall," said Lingham. "Oh, rather. He is a friend of my father's. We were quite neighbours, you know: he lives in New South Wales and we are in Victoria. And besides, he is such an amusing man. Tells you thrilling stories about the Head-hunters". Lingham thought that they were not exactly thrilling; but he did not say so.

"Listen, Doris", Lingham said, suddenly serious in his tone, "I am afraid I am making a silly ass of myself; but the fact is, I am getting to be quite fond of you. You know that, don't you?"

The flippant, mocking tone was gone in her voice, when Doris replied, "Please, Victor, don't let us talk about such things, and spoil it all, I beg of you. If I too spoke out all that I feel, it would make it only the worse for both of us, things being what they are. Oh, let's talk of something else. Did you enjoy your stroll in Port Said?" Lingham pulled himself together with an effort. "And that reminds me. A funny thing happened. I thought I saw you too walking along the street at Port Said".

"My dear boy, you're seeing things. I wish I was walking in the town; and need I tell you with whom?" she added with a gentle pressure on his hands. Lingham's heart beat tumultuously. His impulse was to take her in his arms, and tell her how he adored her. But he controlled himself with an effort and said in a colourless tone, "Port Said is a wretched hole; I am glad you did not go ashore".

There was a strain in their conversation, and Doris noticed it. And it was she who suggested they might go to the top deck. Standing there underneath a perfect sky, leaning over the rails, Lingham contemplated the blue Mediterranean rendered more beautiful by the slip of a moon streaking its frills. Occasionally he looked up at the face of his companion who was telling him of her childhood days, how when she was at school she was caned for drawing a caricature of her teacher on the black-board. But Lingham hardly listened to her talk. As she stood there with the wind playing riotously with her hair, and the moon shining on her delicate profile, he realised as though in a revelation, that she was exquisitely beautiful. She had taken off her glasses, and her eyes now were two perfect pools of animated blue. It was maddening to think that after a few days' journey, she would get off at Naples, and walk out of his life, perhaps for ever. No, he would not let her go. He must tell her how much she meant to him. It would be cruel to end it. With a passionate impulse he caught her in his arms, and crushed her to him, crying in an agonised voice, "Doris, I love you terribly, madly, and it hurts me so". The girl's head sank on his shoulders and she whispered in his ears. "I love you too, Victor"..... From the bosom of the ship came the throb of the engine; the furrowed waters rolled back with a swish; and the cold slip of a moon shone from a perfect sky.

V

The night before they reached Naples was a gala night; because many of the passengers were disembarking at that port. "It rather spoils the fun of the dinner and the dance to think that many of our friends will be leaving us tomorrow", said Mrs. O'Doyle. But there was no lack of boisterous enjoyment; and the *S. S. Omega* Dance Band supplied music of just the right tempo. Lingham did not dance. But he saw Doris partner the communist Tom Brown, another stiff young man and Mr. Macdougall. He was feeling very sad that night and could not enter into the fun of it. He went to a quiet corner of the deck and stood idly gazing at the water, and feeling very rotten about the whole situation. His mother had warned him about the perils he would be up against. She had asked him to marry before he left home as a kind of insurance against the lures of the West. Lingham had refused; and now, even before reaching England he has gone and done it. How could he help it?..... A gentle touch on his shoulders

awoke him from his reverie to find Doris smiling on him. She had found the dance boring, she said; how could it be interesting when 'her Victor' was not dancing with her. Lingham could hardly speak for the lump in his throat. So they stood there, arm in arm, far into the night and into the early hours of the morning, talking sweet inconsequential nonsense, as lovers alone can do; and they went down to get some little sleep after fervent promises to write to each other every day, wherever they may be.

VI

The boat had just moved off from Naples. The dreaded hour had come and gone. It hurt Lingham to recall the tears that had welled up in Doris' eyes when she said farewell from the top of the gangway. But it also gave him a subtle joy. He knew that she cared for him. It will always be a wonderful episode, he thought to himself, even though fate so conspires that they don't meet again. It was perfect in every way.

The boat touched Toulon for a few hours, and then called at Gibraltar. Mrs. O'Doyle had not been unaware of the intimacy between Lingham and that 'owl-like little girl', as she called her. She did not feel quite so affectionate to the young Indian, as she was once inclined to do, because she thought he was just like all the others, easily flattered by the attentions of any cheap girl.

It was on a bright sunny morning that the *S. S. Omega* touched Southampton where Lingham disembarked, taking train to Waterloo, saves a couple of days, he thought. At the station he bought a copy of the "Daily Express", across the front page of which ran in bold type, the news: "VICTORIA NATIONAL BANK ROBBERY. SENSATIONAL ARREST. AUTHORITIES LOOK OUT FOR ACCOMPLICE" and in smaller print:

"The Italian Police effected a smart arrest in connection with the mysterious bank robbery in Melbourne, when they apprehended a young woman calling herself Miss Doris Hughes, a passenger by *S. S. Omega* from Australia which touched Naples last week. It is understood that with her was an accomplice, a tall, pale middle-aged gaunt-looking man, who is still supposed to be on board the boat. The authorities are in communication with the Captain."

Lingham read through the report half a dozen times, and still could not believe that he wasn't dreaming. "By all that is holy!", he exclaimed, "Who the dickens, what the devil—how on earth....well, well; no matter. Robber or no robber, she was my first love, and she will always be the sweetest girl on earth for me".

All India Bulls' Conference

By S. VANCHINATHA IYER,

Chief Reporter, *The "Indian Express"*.

THE All-India Conference of Bulls was held last week in Simla under the distinguished presidency of Nandi Bhagavan, the Vahana of Lord Siva. The Conference was largely attended by the representatives of bulls from all provinces. Special arrangements were made to provide accommodation for cows and heifers and several chosen leaders of the feminine sex attended the Conference in purdha. The special feature of the arrangements was that heifer volunteers were engaged to cater to the convenience of the distinguished ladies.

The Conference took place under a big pandal bedecked with evergreens, slogans and mottoes. Bhagvan Nandi was duly installed amidst deafening cheers in a shamiana made of fine straw and hay. On arrival of the President-elect, the whole gathering rose on their four feet and made reverential obeisance to the President. The arrival of the purdhanasins was marked by a thundering ovation. The leading bulls and the President, with a high sense of chivalry characteristic of the quadruped community, stood up and received them. Virile and exuberant calves representing several youth organisations all over the country formed a volunteer corps and the tremendous success which the Conference achieved was due to their honest, sincere and unstinted labours, which evoked the admiration of their elders.

Momentous decisions touching the future welfare of the cattle race were reached at the Conference. The speakers dwelt on the trials and tribulations of their community and claimed "equity and justice" at the hands of men. There was a full and frank discussion of the problems awaiting solution. The human beings who spoke glibly of "kindness to dumb animals" were severely indicted. The climax of the indictment was reached when a bull, representative of the Tamil country, severely condemned the practice of castrating bulls and argued with great vehemence that "what is sauce to the gander should also be sauce to the goose". The extremist section urged reprisals, while the right wing counselled moderation. It looked for a while as though the Surat split would be enacted, but the tact and diplomacy of the President intervened and brought a rapprochement between the two parties. The younger section threatened disruption, but they yielded on the promise that swaraj would be secured to their community within a short space of time.

Prior to the Conference a mammoth procession, headed by Nandi Bhagvan and representatives of bulls, heifers and calves, went

round the important street of Simla shouting the slogans of equity and justice. On the procession reaching the Viceregal Lodge, the processionsists became very voiciferous and shouted "Lord Linlithgow-Ki-Jai".

The proceedings began with prayer to Kamadhenu and other deities, and the President-elect was profusely garlanded by the Chairman of the Reception Committee, Mr. Ram Tirth Vrishab (Delhi)

The Chairman of the Reception Committee read the welcome address from which the following are extracts:—

"Friends, we are meeting here for the first time in a Conference to take stock of our present situation. Our trials and tribulations are too many and our grievances too numerous to mention. I extend to you a hearty welcome on this auspicious occasion to the Hill Station, the seat of the Government, and I thank you heartily for having responded to our invitation unmindful of the troubles and inconveniences you had to experience during your arduous journey. You might have realised that Simla is a cold place and I hope and trust that you have come equipped with warm clothing. The food of our brethren varies with each province. The Reception Committee has tried its best to cater every kind of food such as maize, cotton seed, oil cake, hay, straw and green grass and herbs of great medical value. We have also provided for medical treatment in a special veterinary dispensary improvised for this occasion. Snug and warm beds of hay and straw have been prepared. If there is any shortcoming in our arrangements, I, on behalf of the Reception Committee, implore you to excuse us and to take the word for the deed.

The President needs no introduction, because he is a person endowed with great intellect, broad vision, kind heart and above all a practical mind. I need not tell you he is the confidant of Lord Siva and Devi Parvathi. You might have read in the Puranas that when Lord Siva gave his celestial dance at Chidambaram, Nandi Deva played on the *Thobala* and kept the Devas, Rishis and all other celestial beings spell-bound. It is a matter for gratification—and it is our good fortune—that we have been able to secure such an illustrious person to guide our destinies and I am sure that under his guidance the Conference will be an unqualified success."

Mr. Prithivi Nath Vrishab (Punjab) read messages from Lords Siva, Brahma, Vishnu, Karthikeya, Vinayaka, Indra etc. wishing the Conference success.

Bhagvan Nandi, clad in a richly caparisoned Kashmiri shawl, rose amidst cheers and in a slow solemn tone befitting the solemnity of the occasion made the following speech:—

Ladies and Gentlemen,

As the Chairman of the Reception Committee has told you, this is the first Conference at which we have met, determined to shake off the

yoke of tyranny under which we have been groaning from time immemorial. The selfishness and greed of man have made us slaves notwithstanding the fact that we are the prime instruments to his joy and prosperity. Man indulges in the slogan 'Kindness to Animals' and yet treats us with cruelty (shame, shame). The time has come when we should shake off our lethargy and stand united to liberate ourselves from the thralldom of ages. I trust that you have not got the communal differences and parochial interests which are a stumbling block in the way of our biped brothers winning Swaraj. If you have any such disintegrating forces in you, I appeal to you now from this platform to shed them and work unitedly for your salvation. (cheers).

Ladies and Gentlemen, You have a rich heritage of which you can be justly proud. I need not remind you that you are the descendants of Sri Kamadhenu, the giver of all, who is worshipped in the Indra Loka and who is one of the gems got when the Devas and Asuras churned the Milk Ocean. Her appeals to mankind to treat her children with sympathy have fallen on deaf ears. Hark and look: What is your position today? You are hewers of wood and drawers of water. You have been denied the high position which you richly deserve by reason of the contribution you make for the moral and material progress of mankind. I have made a general survey of the present position and I am sure the delegates will voice forth the grievances of our race and suggest suitable remedies. I, at the same time, warn you against angry and hasty recriminations and criticisms, for hard words break no bones. I beseech you, as practical beings, to be restrained in your remarks and make healthy suggestions which will improve your lot" (renewed cheers and applause)

Mr. Ram Tirth Vrishab (Delhi) opined that man tended and bred cows and bulls only for his well-being and not out of love to these animals. Heavy weights were put on bulls and they were compelled to draw them under scorching sun and in biting cold. They were mercilessly whipped and flogged. If, unable to bear the burden, they fell, it was said they only pretended and more blows were inflicted on them. They were forced to till the soil from morning till evening. Man did not care for their sanitary habitation. They were huddled in insanitary and filthy sheds. The authorities shed crocodile tears and took no action. Public health laws were not given effect to. Mr. Vrishab suggested that representations should be made at the International Conference of Quadrupeds at Geneva, where they should press, among other things, for shorter hours of work, bull-workers' compensation, pension, provident fund and other concessions.

Mr. Prthvi Nath Vrishab (Punjab) referred to the speech of Lord Linlithgow and subjected it to a searching criticism. He, however, believed that there was kinship between His Lordship's family and the cattle race, for he argued that 'Gow,' the last syllable in the

Viceroy's name, meant in Sanskrit 'Cow' and hence the affinity. The speaker thought that they should not go away with the consolation that they had the Viceroy's sympathies. He has not given effect, from his august position, to all the recommendations he had made. There were some snags in his utterances, although he was inspired by lofty motives. His Lordship had suggested that in every taluka there should be a station with breeding bulls and that all people should drink milk. "I fail to understand how the poor peasants' lot will be bettered if a few breeding bull stations are started and how the toiling poor ryots who cannot have even a square meal a day and who are ill-clad can afford to drink milk. They have to sell their milk and curds and ghee for purchasing their necessities. Let the Government work for the economic prosperity of the masses. Only then could the poor command luxuries. I am afraid that the Viceroy is putting the cart before the horse. The prosperity of the peasant and the cattle are inextricably bound up and he cannot better the lot of the cattle folk unless this economic condition is bettered".

Mr. Ganganath Vrishab, (U. P.) drew pointed attention to the practice of castration of bulls and emasculating them. He described in lurid terms the agony and suffering the animals underwent during the cruel process. "Is this the kindness and love to animals, which man boasted he has in abundance? (cries of shame, shame) Why not men too be castrated?" (laughter) he argued and concluded 'what is sauce to the gander is also sauce to the goose' (Applause).

Mr. Das Gupta Vrishab (Bengal) emphasised the need for allowing cattle to go into forest areas for grazing purposes and suggested that the Forest Laws should be suitably amended for securing the object. He also entered a caveat against the proposal to destroy scrub bulls and asked if the human race will be willing to destroy all decrepit, diseased human folk. He also suggested that after securing their liberation, they should work for the freedom of other herbivorous animals, such as goat, sheep, deer, etc.

Mr. Chander Chowdhry Vrishab, (Ongole) complained that mortality among the cattle, judged by the recent census reports, was appalling. It had of late gone up by leaps and bounds. He urged that veterinary dispensaries should be started in all villages or groups of villages and that the Government should spend more money on relief works.

Mr. Shok Ling Vrishab (Madras) explained how milkmen and cow-herds in Madras and other centres drew every drop of milk from cows and how the poor calves died of starvation. What was more monstrous was that the skin of dead calves was stuffed with straw and paraded before cows who in their ignorance thought that they were their babies and yielded milk. He would suggest that the ladies should

administer severe kicks to such cruel persons and bring them to their senses. (Hear, hear)

Mr. Kshemkar Vrishab (Maharashtra) opined the 'Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals' was a misnomer. He regretted that its activities did not touch even the fringe of the cattle problem. He thought that their activities should be broadbased with a view to completely stopping cruelties of all kinds and that those societies should function not only in towns but also in villages. In this connection he drew the attention of the conference to the practice of biting the tails of bullocks during the reckla races in the S. I. A. A. grounds during the Christmas season and said that such insults should not be taken lying down.

Mr. Kali Thevar Vrishab (Madura) complained that horns of bulls were burnt in some of the Tamil Districts, with the result that their beauty was marred.

Mr. Kesavan Unni Vrishab (Malabar) besought his brethren to give up polygamy and his sisters polyandry, which, he said, was a great slur on their reputation.

Mr. Parasad Sinha Vrishab (Behar and Central Provinces) drew pointed attention to the atrocious practice of 'phooka' by which milk to the last drop was got from cows by stuffing bamboo sticks in their anus. 'Is this a civilised Government?' he asked bitterly. "Have they no eyes to see and no ears to hear?" He counselled that they should perform Satyagraha to invite the attention of the indifferent Government.

Several young bulls and heifers, who were apparently not satisfied with the 'weakened policy' of the elders, agitated for direct action and made wild demonstrations. In fact, they proposed to hold a separate conference in the same pandal. The President and other elders counselled moderation and assured them that if their grievances were not redressed within one year, they also would join the youngsters in the drastic action they proposed to take.

All the suggestions made in the Conference were embodied in resolutions which were passed. The All-India Association was formed and office bearers were elected. It was resolved that district and taluk associations should be started. The secretaries were asked to submit monthly reports of their activities to the headquarters. It was also resolved that the next conference should be held in Benares.

Mr. Veera Goundar Vrishab (Coimbatore) who proposed the vote of thanks, appealed to the Muslim friends to give up slaughter of cows and meat-eating, as in the first place, it was a great handicap to national economy and, in the second place, wounded the religious feelings of Hindu brethren, not to speak of the cruelty it involved.

Wealthiest Soviet Republic

Facts and Figures of Ukraine's Resources.

IN the economic sphere the supreme objective of the German campaign against Russia is the Ukraine, in which resides some of the greatest natural wealth of the U. S. S. R. Though Soviet economic planning has avoided the mistake of concentrating production entirely in one area, the loss of the Ukraine would greatly increase the dependence of Soviet armies on Allied aid, for it would deprive the Soviet war machine of foodstuffs and raw materials much needed by the population and the industries in other parts of European U. S. S. R. Its people are perhaps the most prosperous of any section of the Soviet Union, and its potentialities for industrial expansion and agricultural progress are exceedingly great. While autonomous in many respects from Moscow, there is a strong tie based on the advantages to both of co-operation in many spheres, including that of foreign relations, which are directed from Moscow but supported by Kiev.

Some interesting facts and figures are given by a U. S. official in a recent issue of *Foreign Commerce Weekly* which says that the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic is the largest national republic of the 16 now constituting the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. It occupies an area in the south of European U. S. S. R. extending from the border of Germany eastward to the Rostovoblast, a part of the R. S. F. S. R. (Russian Republic). After the break-up of Poland, in 1939, this area was expanded by additions from Russian-occupied Poland and part of Bessarabia and Northern Bukovina.

The total territory in the Ukrainian Republic may now be estimated at 191,600 square miles, and the population at 34,000,000 though exact figures are not available. (The Moldavian Republic, formerly an autonomous republic in the Ukraine S. S. R., is now a constituent republic in its own right with Kishinev as its capital).

With the establishment of Soviet rule over Bessarabia the Soviet system of State ownership of land, forests, and waters, and of banks, rail and water transport, large-scale industry (including public utilities), and trading agencies was also put into effect, and the first steps were taken toward collective farming of the land of the added area.

The Ukraine, the "Bread basket" of the U. S. S. R. is chiefly notable for its production of foodstuffs, principally grains, grown mainly in the strip of black soil which stretches across the republic in the south. The total cultivated area has been increased in the recent years from the 63,535,000 acres recorded in 1935, the latest period for which figures are actually available. In that year the share of the Ukraine in the total sown area for the Soviet Union was 19.4 per cent.

Harvest yields vary greatly from year to year, because of the hot eastern winds that often prevail in the growing season and sometimes make the difference between success and failure of spring-sown grains in the eastern parts of the republic; but Ukrainian production runs from 20 to 25 per cent of the Union output. Lately the Government has increased plantings of winter grains usually harvested in the first half of July, and reduced spring plantings ripening a few weeks later. It has also fostered the planting of shelter belts of trees, the digging of ponds, and the damming of streams, to counteract the drying effect of the winds.

Of the grains raised, wheat occupied in 1935 the largest acreage sown, 17,100,000 acres, followed by rye (winter and spring), 9,043,000; barley, 7,547,000; oats, 4,533,000; corn, 2,784,000; and millet, 2,612,000 acres. In recent years the planting of millet, as specially resistant to drought, has been favoured, with good results. In addition to grains, other crops are also planted on a large scale by collective and State farmers. Of these, sugar beets covered the largest area, 2,095,000 acres, or 69 per cent. of the Union total, in 1935; this proportion has dropped since the introduction of this crop in other parts of the Union, but the Ukraine still leads in area planted and production of sugar beets. Other important crops are sun-flowers, to which 1,927,000 acres were planted in 1935 flax, 341,000 acres; and cotton, the acreage of which has increased greatly since 1935, when 387,000 acres were planted as an experiment. In 1937 the cotton area had expanded to 550,000 acres and it has risen steadily since then.

Collectivization of agriculture, with a high degree of mechanization of farming operations, covers practically all of the cultivated area of the Ukraine. In 1935 only 1,000,000 acres were still tilled by non-socialized peasants, and the area is now smaller. The collective farms cultivated 52,847,800 acres, and the State farms 8,856,300 acres.

Livestock in the Ukraine suffered greatly during the enforcement of collectivization of agriculture in the 1930's, and has not yet recovered, as a whole, from the losses incurred then.

It is stated that because of the more complete collectivization of the farm land in the Ukraine, and the greater efficiency of the peasant-members, the Soviet agricultural programme has been more successful in the Ukraine than in some other districts of European U. S. S. R.

Soviet sources claim that collective farm production increased in 1940 over 1938 by 33 per cent. for grains, 44 for sunflowers, 42 for potatoes, and by considerable amounts for sugar beets and other "technical" crops. These results are laid to co-operation of the members with the Government policies, and better labour discipline in farm work.

The Ukraine was therefore chosen this year as the locale for the introduction of a new system of premium-payments for outstanding

performances—not so much by an individual as by a group or brigade. Since all field work is assigned to groups for the season, this new system is expected to raise the level of the group-work to that of the best workers; it covers not only work with crops but also animal husbandry, bee-keeping and fur-raising. If the new plan produces the expected results, it will be extended to other Soviet agricultural districts.

The Ukraine is the most densely populated section of the U. S. S. R.—187 per square mile in 1933—and the crowded villages often suffered from famine in drought years. The Soviet Government has therefore revived the Tsarist policy of resettlement—to colonize the vast uninhabited spaces of Asiatic U. S. S. R., where the population is less than 1 person per square mile.

Early attempts at resettlement were unsuccessful, because of faulty preparation and insufficient support by the Government. Changes in the conditions, and greater assistance to colonists, were introduced in 1939, and many Ukrainian villages have since been relieved of overcrowding, while the settlers are reported to be doing well in their new homes.

Besides its abundance of easily tilled land for agriculture, the Ukraine S. S. R. is also rich in mineral resources, and in hydro-electric power, on the basis of which many industries have been erected.

First among the minerals is coal, in the extensive Donets field, estimated in 1938 to contain 60·8 per cent. of the bituminous and anthracite coal reserves of the Union. Output of the highly mechanized mines in 1938 was reported as 80,733,000 metric tons—about 60 per cent. of the Union production. The republic has also extensive peat beds, producing more than 2,000,000 tons in 1938.

Combining coal from the Donets field with the iron ore from the mines in Krivoi Rog—which accounted in 1938 for 16,070,000 tons, 59 per cent. of the Soviet Union total—has made possible the development of a large ferrous metallurgical industry in the Ukraine, which was started before the first World War and has been greatly expanded since 1928.

Manganese, an essential metal in steel manufacture, is also available at Nikopol; the mines there produced 957,000 tons of ore in 1937, of a total of 2,752,000 tons for the whole U. S. S. R.

Ukrainian blast furnaces turned out 8,800,000 tons of pig iron in 1937, and 8,467,000 tons of steel were also produced, out of Union totals of 14,487,000 and 17,730,000 tons respectively. On 1st January 1935, the latest year shown, there were 55 blast furnaces in the Ukraine, representing 55 per cent. of the capacity of the country, and 117 open-hearth furnaces, representing 40 per cent. Since then the number of furnaces has increased, but their standing in the country's total is lower, as new metallurgical plants elsewhere in the Union have been erected.

In 1932 the construction of a dam across the Dnieper River at Alexandrovsk (now called Zaporozhye) was completed, and in the next few years nine turbines with a capacity of 850,000 horse-power were installed there. Around this centre of electric power new towns have been built—manufacturing iron and steel, ferro alloys, aluminium, and magnesium, with the cheap current available. Coke is supplied by coke-chemical plants using Donets coal, and nearby plants supply cement refractories and limestone. To utilize the iron and steel produced at Zaporozhye and other ferrous metallurgical plants, old and new, in the Ukraine a large machine-building industry, also well developed before the war, has been further expanded since 1928. The plant at Kramatorsk turns out heavy machinery, that at Lugansk (now Voroshilovgrad) manufactures locomotives, and at Kharkov one plant produces large turbo-generators, another agricultural machinery, and a third tractors. Electric power is supplied not only by the Dnieper station but also by numerous large and small steam plants—all hooked together into a super power net-work. For additional fuel supply, an oil pipe-line runs from Grozny in the Northern Caucasus to the Donets Basin. A new chemical industry has been built up in the Ukraine utilizing coal and coke, salt, and other mineral deposits and products. Mercury has long been produced at Nikitovka.

Cement manufacture has grown rapidly, doubling its output between 1932 and 1937, and textile plants at Poltava have been built to utilize Ukrainian cotton. The Dnieper is the only navigable river in the Ukraine proper, and damming the rapids at Zaporozhye has made it possible for boats to reach the northern border of the republic.

The Dnieper flows into the Black Sea at Kherson, which is a growing port city. Other important ports are Odessa, formerly the chief point for grain exports, and Mariupol, now the largest shipper of grain in years of export surplus, and of coal and iron ore. This latter port, with elaborate docking and cargo-handling facilities, is an outlet for the products not only of the Ukraine but also of the interior districts of the U. S. S. R.

Rail-road transport is provided by a network of trunk lines connecting the largest cities with one another and reaching north, west and east, as well as by numerous short lines within the republic. This rail network is denser than that in any other district of the U. S. S. R. and is served by the largest Soviet locomotives and the most modern types of cars.

The traffic on Ukrainian roads is a decisive factor in giving Soviet rail-roads the highest traffic records in the world—4,175,000 ton-kilometers per kilometer of track in 1937, and higher now.

In 1936 there were employed in Ukrainian large-scale industry 21.8 per cent. of all workers, engineers, and technicians and other industrial personnel in the U. S. S. R. and the proportion is probably about the same at present.

—Capital.

Preparation for Civic Responsibility

By B. RAJAGOPALAN

PRESENT-DAY Education receives universal condemnation from all—not only in India where it is a century old in ideas and equipment—but in such advanced countries like England and America. Though many criticisms are purely destructive, some are full of constructive ideas requiring educating public opinion, training of teachers, and insistent demand to move Education out of traditional grooves.

All educational critics emphasise the need of schools training students for citizenship. Bernard Shaw castigates education as a sham and inefficiency. Sir Radhakrishnan complains of the absence of civics. Rushbrook Williams says that the main indictment against the structure of Secondary Education is that it has failed to equip those who undergo it for citizenship. The Sadler Commission Report emphasises the need for everyone to adjust himself to Society and deplores the absence of the needed training in schools.

But these have only been a cry in the wilderness—as the work to be done is an up-hill task and would not be done except under the pressure of insistent demand—which unfortunately does not exist. The practical work done in some modern schools does not go far enough to reach the lakhs of scholars all over India. There is a travesty of the teaching of civics by instructing pupils in the working of governmental machinery, and even where, in theory, teachers know that civics is much more than this, they lack the energy and the practical training to give training to their charges.

Twenty-five years ago Scouting made its appearance in India and was welcomed enthusiastically as a means of training in civic responsibilities for which schools did not provide. In spite of some improvement in the outlook of the younger generation, all that was expected has not materialised. The fault does not lie with the movement, but in the fact that scouting was made an extra-curricular activity in school. Extra-curricular activities are truly valuable in giving greater scope to the physical, emotional and mental psychology underlying this phase, teachers are not trained in the psychology underlying this phase, dramas, music, games and excursions are treated in the same way as regular studies of the curriculum and come to share, though inherently interesting, the hate of the ordinary student to the ordinary text-book of subjects. The ordinary teacher is incapable of giving the necessary training, but has taken on the duties of a Scoutmaster, as part of his job. The teacher of a subject imparts facts; the teacher of scouting

must inculcate a spirit and an outlook, and the skills of the two teachers are poles apart. Instead of the latter gradually invading and finally superseding the former, the mode of instruction in facts has usurped the function of developing attitudes.

All education is for preparation for one to become a proper member of society and to fit into it by fulfilling one's responsibilities. At present, education exists only for passing examinations, the only gateway to professions. Poverty-stricken India longing for the livelihood of her educated children even at the expense of mind and emotions, has submitted to an education in which from infancy to graduation, students are coached for examinations all the time without the adoption of proper learning methods. Passing examinations having become the aim, window-dressing of knowledge has assumed greater importance than width of understanding. Taking short cuts to knowledge has prevented development of mind and all studies—in Sciences as in humanities, instead of being a preparation for life, have nothing at present to do with it.

Modern educationists would make use of child and adolescent psychology in getting the willing co-operation of students in undergoing the necessary hard training in citizenship without which a free country would be a misnomer. The study of the methods adopted in progressive Modern Schools in England and America after eliminating controversial principles subject to further experimentation would lead to the adumbration of a scheme the broad outlines of which alone can be sketched in a short article like this.

In education given in modern schools in the West, all studies are related to aims, instead of being blind, learning is done by doing, following the mode of the laboratory rather than passively following class lectures, time is given for meditation on the subject matter of the studies (without the overcrowding of the curriculum and the consequent blind memorising and stultifying thought), the body is trained to follow rules of health and strength through hygienic rules, exercise, and diet, and underlying all, a correct social attitude is inculcated the student being taught the place of the individual in society, with the understanding of the responsibility of everyone to do social service.

For education of the young to be fruitful, preparing for civic responsibilities, there ought to be not more than five hours of book-work, in the place of the seven or eight at present needed. The Wardha scheme will put it much lower, but even the demands of the modern syllabus could be met by the five hours studies, by proper rearrangements to prevent overlapping and provision of better conditions of study, known well to the psychology of education. Economy in time is effected by modern methods through individualising studies

through rousing the interest of the student, through relating the study of the subjects in the curriculum to their objective in life, through making study proceed slowly by understanding instead of clogging the memory with a large number of unrelated and undigested facts memorised in a race for time and other methods known to the teachers' world.

Games, only theoretically encouraged in most schools, must be so reoriented that sportsmanlike qualities are really generated. At present, they create only unsportsmanlike qualities—jealousy, meanness, underhand dealings etc. Educational theory and practice are available in plenty to turn games to good account. These games ought to occupy a vigorous hour not only for good exercise but also to develop responsibility and comradeship—as a preparation for the future.

Then, an hour a day for handicraft—not so much as a means for later livelihood merely, but that fingers and hands might get skilled. Through handicraft, one would understand the labour and intelligence devoted to the making of the many things used in daily life, and get the consciousness of how many have combined to contribute and at what labour to one's convenience.

An hour of work as free and joyful contribution to the community must also be provided for. Society having contributed to a person's existence has the right to expect him to make a return (irrespective of money which has created a false idea of dignity and differences) in service. Cleaning up surroundings, spreading ideas of health and cleanliness, working in night-schools, will all come under this category. This would develop the sense of dignity of labour. This would rouse in the boy a healthy pride that he is contributing to the community's welfare. He would develop responsibility, having taken part in work, which he would not like to see spoiled or destroyed.

Above all, Self-government must be introduced in schools—the most difficult of tasks, everywhere, and particularly in India where the idea even may sound utopian. It has succeeded in the west, and if schools only set about it with willingness, boldness and resolution undeterred by initial confusion and failures, it must succeed also here. Teachers introducing it must make a deep study of it beforehand, so that having once embarked on the scheme, they will not talk of safeguards and similar excuses for nullifying its success. Inertia, fear of failure, prestige of the teacher, should not stand in the way of this mode of students attacking their problems in studies, games, extra-curricular activities, and behaviour—for, here is the sure and certain way by which the civic responsibility of the later citizen gets its foundation truly laid by the development through this of self-reliance and

intelligent co-operation. But that many will be bold enough to embark upon this without pressure of public opinion is a vain hope.

The fact is that India just waking out of a lethargic sleep is using all her numbed strength in industrial and political work for achieving freedom. Educational work which is not spectacular, but constructive and laborious is not receiving all the effort required. Leaders are busy with politics and have no educational programme. Even the Wardha scheme suffers by lack of educative propaganda. The public are not sufficiently interested, parents are too full of their fears to jeopardise the future of their children by being pioneers in an education which however alluring might stand in the way of immediate advancement in the professions. Teachers, though conscientious, are by the very nature of their occupation conservative, and as Bernard Shaw puts it in his trenchant way, "there is no way out through the school-master". Hence the need for vigorous propaganda for educational reconstruction, and by insistent public agitation and demand, to heave schools out of their age-worn traditional ruts, and compel them to train their scholars in self-reliance, thoughtfulness and responsibility, so that in their day, they may become efficient citizens of a free country.

An Indian Academy of Arts and Letters

[In publishing the following contribution from Mr. D. Visvesvara Rao, we extend our full support to the proposal for the establishment of an Indian Academy of Arts and Letters.—Ed.]

THE movement for the establishment of an Academy of Arts and Letters in our country was started some two decades ago. The idea originated in 1923 with Dr J. H. Cousins, D. Litt., and subsequently, Mr. J. A. Chapman and Dr. Edward Thompson of Oxford appealed for the institution of an Academy in India. It is an irony of the Cultural Fates of Modern India that this appeal was made not by any educated Indian but by an Irishman and two Englishmen who were interested in the future of Indian Literature and Art. In 1933 Dr. P. Guha Thakurta initiated a discussion in the pages of 'Triveni' and Dr. Kalidas Nag, D. Litt., published an Editorial in his "India and the World" suggesting the formation of an Indian Academy which would be a focal point of India's cultural unity and integrity. The Indian P. E. N. Centre of Bombay went on record in favour of this idea several times in its journal "The Indian P. E. N." The All-India Oriental Conference resolved at its 9th session to launch an Academy in consultation with other societies in the country and issued a questionnaire for sounding the opinion of important individuals and institutions interested in the project. But it is to be regretted that the subject was not further taken up during the 10th session of the Conference held last at Tirupati. Sir S. Radhakrishnan's statement issued to the A. P. at Calcutta on the eve of his receiving the Fellowship of the British Royal Academy and Dr. G. S. Mahajani's broadcast talk at the A. I. R. Bombay on 12-10-1939 bring again to the fore this important proposition of the establishment of an All-India Academy. My appeal was published in 'Bharati' (Telugu) in November 1939 and it evoked several discussions subsequently. The Navyasahitya-Parishad of Andhra favoured my scheme in their 'Prathibha' in March '40. An Outline of the Scheme prepared by me was published in the 'New Indian Antiquary' for May '40 which was subsequently republished in the 'New Orissa', the 'Behar Herald', and the 'Observer' of Cuttack. A full Editorial appeared in 'Jeevana' (Canarese) of Dharwar in April '41 on the Scheme and the 'Yogi' (Hindi weekly) of Patna editorially (May '41), endorsed the Scheme with an appeal to the Hindi authors and journalists to join the movement and work for its success. Mr. Anantaprasad Panda, of Orissa, published an article in 'Nabeen' (Oriya Weekly) for 1-7-'41, appealing for support to the Scheme from Oriya authors.

A Provisional Committee of eleven members for the preliminary spadework of organizing the movement in all provinces of the Country, was formed and announced in the 'New Orissa' and 'The Hindu' (3rd August 1941). Signs are not wanting to show that this will develop into a great movement in our country ere long.

The Academy is visualised by Dr. J. H. Cousins is the desideratum of every civilized nation in the world. Hence, the necessity for such an institution cannot, to my mind, be over-emphasised. Judging from the literary output of South India alone, such a 'Supreme Intellectual Tribunal' is necessary to give impetus to the poets and artists of that part, who are really famished for want of recognition and funds. Further, the intellectual achievement of each province should be made known to the other provinces. An All-India Body serves to encourage coordination between the different departments of study and creative activity.

But the Academy "can only come into existence when there is a genuine demand for it—a demand, voiced and endorsed by the high priests of Indian Culture and all its lovers and votaries all over the Country." Hence, I invite the attention of the great literary men, artists and scholars of our country to this subject of vital importance to the future of Indian Culture and request them to cooperate with us in our efforts for the establishment of the Indian Academy on strong foundations.

(More information about the object and organisation of the Academy can be had from Mr. D. Visvesvara Rau, Madugula Post, Vizagapatam Dt.)



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