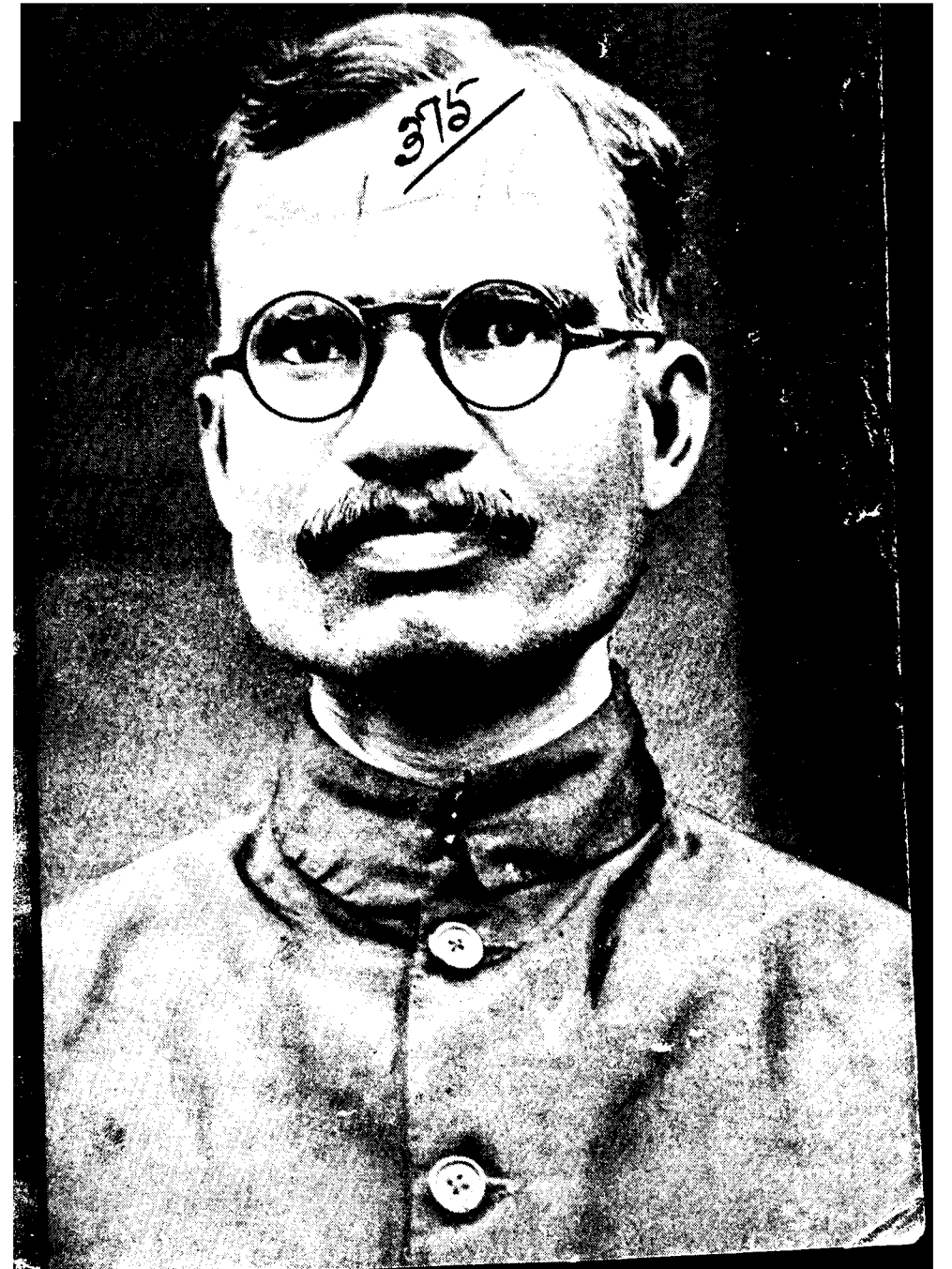




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SWATANTRA

(SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1946.)

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THE SOUTH AFRICAN ISSUE

By C. Rajagopalachari

It is usual for South African leaders in defence of their anti-Indian tyrannies to seek to silence us by twitting us with the problem of untouchability in India. It is open to the nations of the West to cite the Harijan problem against us. We have ourselves (and it is all to our credit) published our shame throughout the world, the greatest reformer among us being the biggest broadcaster against us.

The difference however between our sin and that of General Smuts is this,—that while we confess our crime and seek to end it, the South African leaders glory in theirs and seek to perpetuate the wrong. While we in India are doing all we can to wean ignorant folk from their superstition, General Smuts and his people are using the whole of the State machinery in furtherance of their tyranny and seek systematically to prevent their own people from ever giving it up. There is in fact in India no secular law authorising or condoning any discrimination against Harijans in non-religious matters. There is no administrative place or office to which a Harijan cannot aspire. "Untouchables" have been made Ministers of State in the Central and Provincial executives and this week we have witnessed an "untouchable" elected as Speaker to preside over the Madras Legislative Assembly. Indeed our leaders have done and are doing everything in their power to cope with the handicap of ages by large concessions not even counting the cost in efficiency of the State machine. As for the religious distinction, the greatest leaders of India in the religious and political fields, stand for ending it and have made this an integral part of the national campaign of reconstruction. The case in South Africa is the reverse of this. The discrimination against Indians is sought to be justified by the South African leaders in the eyes of fellow white men throughout the world, and laws are flagrantly passed by a minority-dictatorship which are a blot on civilised jurisprudence.

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ISSUED
WEEKLY

IMPERIAL STATECRAFT

ADVERSE commentators on the proposals of the Cabinet Mission have had easy work to do in pointing out the defects of the scheme. The defects indeed are many and patent, and it is a perfectly legitimate exercise of political conscience to invite public attention to them. The omission of adult suffrage in the arrangements proposed for convening the Constituent Assembly, the innovation of communal grouping of territories on an intermediary tier between the provinces and the Centre, the undue consideration shown to the Princes, the absence of any time-limit for the withdrawal of British troops—these are some of the unsatisfactory features of the proposals as they stand. More can be adduced. On the plane of sentiment there is substantial truth in the complaint that the Cabinet Mission have skilfully contrived a parade of irreconcilable internal Indian differences before the watchful eyes of the world in order to get the ground prepared for the imposition of an award of their own. It cannot be denied that it is quite deplorable that the leaders of the two great political organisations in the country, the Congress and the League, could not rise to the occasion by composing their differences and get actual self-rule going through blocking of the loopholes for any large intrusions of authority from outside. All these and many more similar depressing facts could be unearthed by vigilant analysis. What then? How will regrets over things that are admittedly bad help towards the creation of a better model of freedom than the one now holding the field? Constructive

statesmanship is different from criticism, even criticism appearing extremely sound. Insistence on perfection may adorn the cap of the critic with grand feathers, and he is not bothered if it should lapse in actual practice into do-nothing puritanism leaving things just as they had been before. But the problem of the statesman is to accept as unavoidable the limitations of an imperfect world; to snatch at opportunity in the midst of defects; and seek, not ideal solutions, but a foot-hold for effort, aided by intelligence and planning, to force change and improvements and achieve progress.

It is no use bewailing the differences between the Congress and the League, because how immediately to get round those differences without wasting more time is the question that has got to be urgently answered now. In a meeting where many people congregate, the mischievous and the unreasonable have an immediate advantage; they generally succeed in pulling down the proceedings to their own level. The operations of wisdom take time to make themselves felt, and if time is to be saved, they have to take the form of pre-planned adjustments well in advance of anticipated difficulties. It is well known that Mr. Jinnah symbolises in himself the great disruptive tragedy of the Indian struggle for freedom—the existence of a powerful body of opinion positively tutored to take pride in elevating its own sectional interests above national. It is no use ignoring Mr. Jinnah. The hold exercised by him on millions of his co-religionists is a fact of the political situation that has to be taken

into account. Civil war which is heard constantly as a threat on Mr. Jinnah's lips may seem to be open to his opponents no less. But civil war would mean the perpetuation of imperial power while Muslims and non-Muslims cut each other's throats to decide who should prevail. But this too is just a theory. No undisturbed arena for civil war is ever likely to be provided by British power while it lasts, fancying itself responsible for the preservation of law and order in the country. If the idea of civil war is encouraged, all that can happen is that the rancour inherent in it will be exploited by imperial authority for the consolidation of its own hold and strength. The logic of the position leaves no chance for any reduction of British power in India except through agreement between the principal political parties as a workable start for joint adventure in running the Government. Alone of all Congress leaders, Mr. C. Rajagopalachari had the vision to realise this, while the other members of the Working Committee, Gandhiji excepted, spent their energies in playing to the gallery with bravado worse than Mr. Jinnah's. For they subordinated national interests to personal leadership while Mr. Jinnah was for sacrificing them to the interests of his community, loving to describe it as a nation by itself.

The mischief of the bungling of Congress leaders in the past has to be undone if a fair prospect of successful inter-party co-operation, essential for investing it with a truly national character, is to be secured for the interim Government proposed to be set up in the Centre preliminary to the convening of the Constituent Assembly. That means that C. R. will have to be restored to his rightful place in Congress counsels. None of the top-rank leaders representing the Congress now are associated with ideas likely to prove fruitful in harnessing the divergent elements in the country with sufficient harmony for the tasks of government jointly. C. R. on the other hand, has had a plan. His plan was to disentangle from the maze of

Mr. Jinnah's demands whatever can be shown to be fair and reasonable, whatever can be made applicable to all in a similar situation, and to give it a form capable of standing the test of universal validity, as for example the form of self-determination. But while Mr. Jinnah was being cornered by the C. R. plan to exhibit absurdities which even his loyal adherents were finding it difficult to swallow, the very merit of the plan proved unpalatable to the Congress Working Committee whose conceit, poisoned by jealousy, would not apparently tolerate a solution not thought of by themselves, and was further aggravated by traditions of scant courtesy to South Indian leadership. Jealousy and conceit may look arrogant, but actually they have their roots in inferiority complex, and all the mess made by it will have to be cleared if the interim Government is to be manned by sufficient talent and ability to prove successful in wresting real freedom for the country from the Cabinet Mission's scheme, despite all the unsatisfactory features enmeshing it.

These features should not be glossed over. They call for careful study. They are emanations from imperial statecraft not limited merely to the relations of Britain with India, but having on the other hand a far-flung application in Asia and Europe. In Greece, for example, the ex-king had applied for permission to return and was refused, but the British Foreign Office has been strengthening the Royalists and its own hold on them, camouflaging them with a sort of progressiveness by associating them with venal persons supposed to belong to the "left". In Spain, Franco is being applauded for his "marvellous co-operation" in the matter of freezing the operations of companies suspected to be under German control. And in diplomatic circles, it is reported that the astonishing possibility was recently discussed of a large share of the profits of the German war industry and of the German loot of Europe hidden in Spain being presented to Franco. The British Government is reported to be prepared to go to

almost any length in economic appeasement of the Spanish fascist regime. In Germany there is a campaign in full swing sponsored by Arnold Rechberg the "potash king", having as its aim the overthrowing of "Red tyranny" in Eastern Germany and Southern and South Eastern Europe by means of an alliance between Germany and the West. Rechberg, along with many other powerful fascists including two ministers of the Bavarian Government, has been feverishly seeking British and American aid for a project of his own to bring about a military-economic alliance of America, England, France and Germany, and the participation of the Western Powers in German economy to the exclusion of the U.S.S.R. In "underground" fascist Europe, the possibilities of war between Britain and the Soviet Union have already been worked into the dimensions of a gigantic propaganda, to such an extent that even the *Economist* of London, sedate and cautious and not given to needless panic, felt impelled to write that

"The belief—incredible though it is—that the Russians and the British are destined to fight before the year is out, is a factor of turbulence and disintegration from one end of the continent to the other."

In Asia, too, the British and the United States Governments have been siding the tottering imperialisms of France and Holland against insurgent freedom movements seeking to throw off their yoke. In both the continents they have been supporting the most reactionary elements in their hostility to democratic forces. Is it likely, with such an unmistakable record to their credit, that the framers of British imperial policy will act differently in India, or can be depended upon to draw their schemes on progressive lines?

That the British Government will attempt, if they can, to use the top-leaders of the Congress and the League in the promotion of anti-Soviet designs in exchange for such power as may be conceded to them, is a possibility not to be lightly

dismissed. Mr. Palme Dutt laid particular stress on this aspect of the Cabinet scheme in his devastating comment on British imperialist ways in the course of his speech at a public meeting at Tilak Ghat on Saturday last. The danger pointed out by him is not illusory, in view of the prevalent confusion of ideas both in Congress and League circles, tending to uphold and justify anti-Communism as the right and proper thing. From anti-Communism to habitual disparagement of things Russian and anti-Russian proclivity is a smooth and easy transition. It would be an evil day for India if, under guise of patriotism, renowned leaders that have won influence through years of devoted service to the Congress organisation, should now let themselves be lured into becoming tools of British imperial power by shouldering anti-Soviet commitments of any kind, and imagining thereby that they have been promoting the cause of freedom. We should not get embroiled in Anglo-American military projects against Russia as the price of British goodwill.

Opting Out

We must be pardoned for saying that the quarrel now going on in Delhi over the right to 'opt' out is wholly stupid. Are negotiations to break on this issue? It would be stupendous folly if the progress of India—we may say of Asia—should be held up over this piece of legalism.

If provinces possess the residuary freedom of electing their own future, must they compulsorily join A group or B or C ask Gandhiji, Nehru, and the Working Committee. Even though this compulsion be in the initial stage,—for they may 'opt' out after the full picture of the group constitution is ready—it is inconsistent with the freedom granted in principle.

This is a plausible argument, we may point out without disrespect. Geography and contiguity cannot be wholly ignored. As long as the sovereignty at the Centre is retained

in the scheme, and the group constitution is at best a shiftable and limited part of the whole machinery, and as long as true power rests in part at the top and in part at bottom, it is wrong to ignore contiguity and exaggerate the scope of freedom of choice to the point of making the North-West Frontier Province join Madras or U. P.

After all, let us remember we lose nothing by foregoing the right of free choice in the first instance. The right to refuse is preserved intact at the second stage, and the freedom to remain out is sufficiently protected if the same be allowed either at one stage or the other. Where compromise is necessary and both parties have to feel that something has been done for them severally, what the Cabinet Delegation has done appears to us eminently expedient.

If we examine the claim that the right to opt out should be available in the first instance as well as once again at the end, let us exercise some imagination and see what it could amount to in fact. The battle would begin straightaway and give no time for controversy to die. At once N. W. F. and Assam would begin by majority vote to reduce Pakistan to an absurdity. Would this contribute to settlement? Obviously not. What can happen after six months and could be accepted would be wholly unacceptable in the immediate future and therefore it would be inexpedient to try to force it.

The decision to opt out exercised by N.W.F. under the pressure of present-day political alignment would mean that a substantial minority is straightaway wiped out of consideration. What then is the advantage of proportional representation of all groups which is the essential foundation of the proposed Constituent Assembly? It is reduced to a nullity if we start suppressing minorities from the very start.

With all respect therefore we urge on the Congress High Command to reconsider their position. In special we appeal to Gandhiji to reconsider his opinion on this point. At any rate we devoutly wish he

would discuss it over and over with the Cabinet Ministers before he gives final advice to the Congress.

Government's Food Policy

Premier Prakasam read out in the Assembly on Monday a statement on the food position in the province. It might have been written and read by a member of the Adviser regime. In the list of seven essential things to be done with which it concludes, there is nothing new, nothing that has not been already tried and found wanting, except the reduction in the scale of the rice ration now announced. Preventing waste; intensive procurement; grant of bonuses for sinking wells and cultivation of short-term crops; popularisation of subsidiary foods; these are all very well when the aim in view is to create an impression that the problem of food has not suffered by neglect and something tremendous was being done. Such advertisement of itself was necessary for the Adviser regime, actuated as it was by the desire to justify its own existence rather than show any real concern for the public good. It is a bad start for a popular Ministry to take on itself an espousal of the policies of its unwanted predecessor and place itself in unbroken continuity with them. The review of the food situation read by Mr. Prakasam was excellent. But, however excellently done, reviewing is not relief. The essentials of relief are by no means obscure. They are easily perceivable by commonsense.

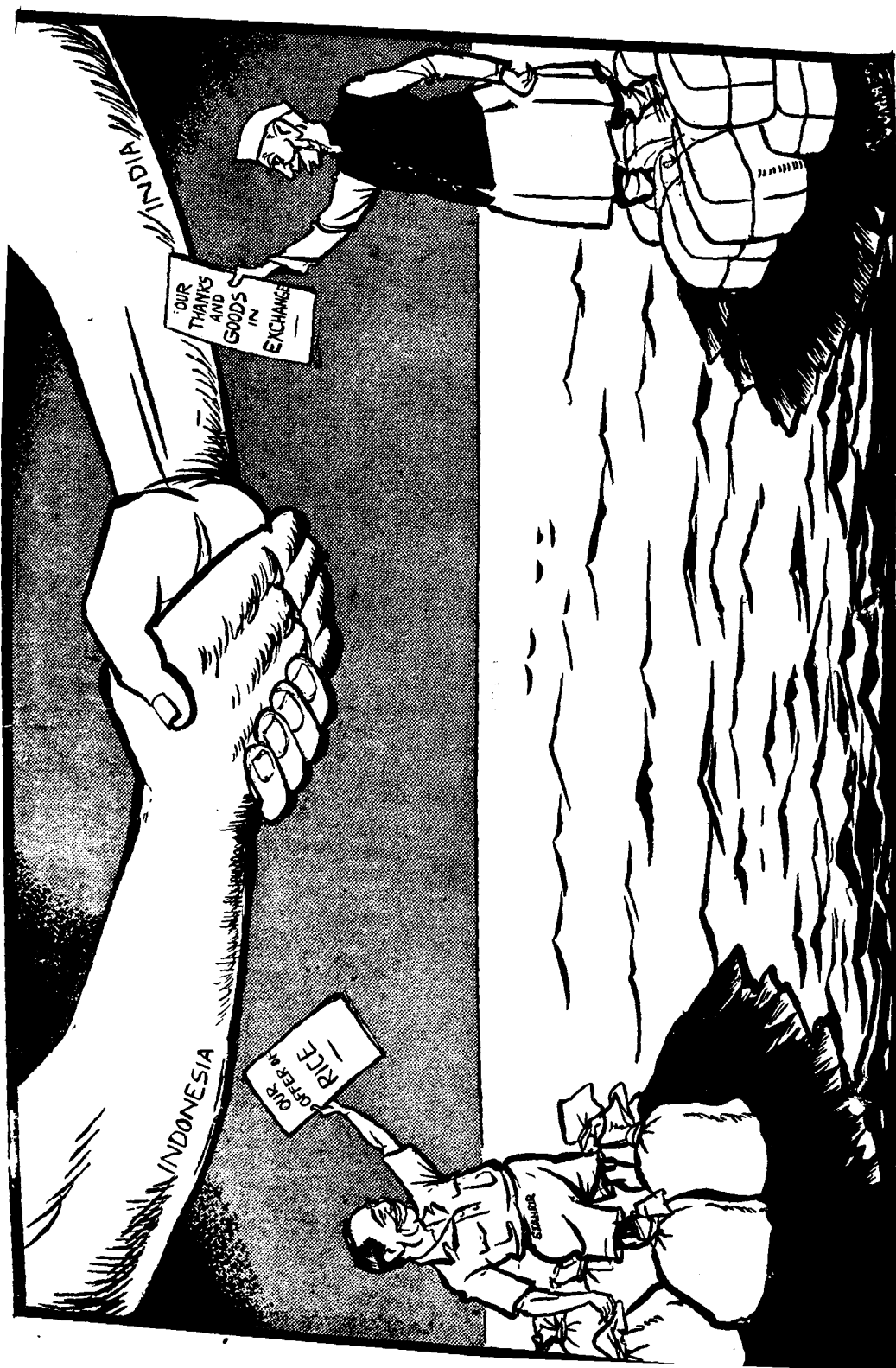
If the Premier and his colleagues want to join in the general chorus of frantic appeals for sympathetic and humanitarian consideration in the matter of the supply of food at the hands of U.S.A. and Britain, nobody can prevent them wasting their time and energy, but high politics connected with the disposal of food as contrived by these two Powers leave no hope of speedy succour to our needy millions that way. The plain fact of the matter is—as *The Week*, a knowledgeable journal if ever there is one, puts it—that “a very small reduction,

say 4 million tons out of 114 million in the amount of cereals fed to animals in the United States and Canada could almost certainly save the lives of at least 5 million Indians.” American farmers are reported to be hoarding food and wasting food, but it has to be noted that they are not in any sense free agents. They are the agents of the big banks who insist upon certain farm policies, and unless these policies are carried out, the banks refuse the farmer the credit upon which he depends. The British Government, after first complaining that the United States was acting very badly, have been frightened by their fear of the American banks into turning a somersault and saying that it is “inadvisable to irritate American opinion at this time”. Simultaneously with the development of a taboo in powerful places on the subject of U.S. food policies, there has sprung up a tendency to lose no occasion to insult and attack Soviet policies on every kind of food issue. Shrewd observers of international events have come to believe that food, like the atom bomb, is being sought to be converted into a weapon of coercion for securing world domination for the Anglo-American imperialist combine against the insurgent nationalisms of colonial people challenging it everywhere.

In the present context of world affairs, the concept of freedom has to begin in India with the achievement of self-dependence in the matter of food. The prime need is to grow more food. In the war period it was the Congress position that without power and responsibility for defence being conferred on the people, the people could not be mobilised into sufficient enthusiasm to put forth their best effort in the war. It was an unexceptionable position to take, but the validity of it is not confined to war effort. It extends over a vast field of the occupations of peace, and to recognise this and give it proper scope through legislation and administrative changes devolves on every Congress Ministry as a direct moral corollary from

the spirit and substance of the past struggles of the Congress for emancipation from foreign rule. Landlordism under which the toil of millions of landless cultivators is usurped to their own wealth and glory by titular owners who work little and enjoy much, is no less deleterious to agricultural output than foreign rule is admitted by all to be to national defensive power. Hitherto officially-sponsored “grow-more-food” campaigns were thrown into the dreary desert sands of popular apathy, the cause of the apathy being the fruitlessness to himself of the bulk of the effort of the agriculturist, which went to the enrichment of an exploiting owner. Elimination of the sense of being exploited is the first thing to be secured if the cultivator is to put forth his best effort in the production of food. In a special article published elsewhere Mr. C. Rajagopalachari invites attention to the possibilities of collective farming under State auspices in Tanjore delta. The Prime Minister can do no better than seek to give effect straightaway to the valuable suggestions made in the article, though we must say that districts other than Tanjore, even if they are less fertile, are no less entitled to the benefit of the suggestions.

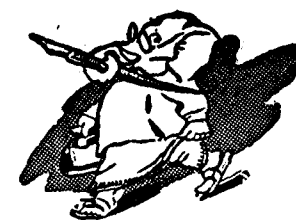
Mr. Prakasam signalled his assumption of office with an attractive statement promising the elimination of the wholesaler from the provincial scheme of rice procurement and rationing. The official scheme since announced dissolving the food councils and setting up village, firka, taluk and district committees to associate the people with procurement operations is welcome as far as it goes, but what sort of people are likely to find their way to the committees? Just the people, it is to be feared, who are rich and influential in their localities and are more likely to be sellers of surpluses interested in profit than consumers in need of food. It is disquieting that no mention of the promised elimination of the wholesaler is found in the Premier's first exposition of food policy to the Legislature. Has he already aban-



done, what he so bravely set out to do?) Vested interests, the Secretariat bureaucracy, party men out for jobs, the disappointed denied preferment, would-be dictators from Congress organisations with favourites to reward, claimants for special concessions in return for electioneering support or other supposed services rendered in the past, greedy industrialists bent on monopolies, all these and a host of others immersed in their own pet notions and concerns with no serious loyalty to the general public interest, will no doubt assail Mr. Prakasam now with threats, intrigues, cajoleries and blackmailings. Already we see signs of lack of coherence in the Ministerial team; of zest for sabotage of their own chosen leadership on the part of certain shady groups in the party. Mr. Kamaraj is reported to have descended to the level of imagining the whole administration to be his personal patrimony; and to have threatened the Premier that if his nominee, Madhava Menon, is overlooked for one of the vacant ministerships, dire consequences would follow—while disgruntled Pattabhites have become restive angling for allies in all and sundry quarters for the propagation of mischief. The repercussions of bad choice in the selection of Congress candidates have begun to make themselves felt in the atmosphere of Government and Legislature filling

it with indiscipline, chaos and a certain precarious unsettlement. The present Ministry will have to carry all through its tenure a considerable burden of ill-chosen followers with no right to the Legislature on any basis of merit but having for the moment large powers of impeding its freedom, prestige and efficiency. But the burden can be made light with timely measures for the disarming of the mischievous elements. Just as popular leadership belongs to Mr. Prakasam in Andhra and C. R. in Tamil Nadu, public spirit and progressiveness are reflected more abundantly in the camps of these two than in any of the other groups in the party. We believe that ideas and plans for benefit to the people are more paramount to C. R. than any personal hold on the machinery of the Government. His co-operation by way of counsel and planning should be sought on important matters of policy. Only a combination with the solid bloc of C. R.'s followers in the Legislature will save the Ministry from the dominance of the Secretariat officials on the one hand, and the disruptive intrigues of self-seeking elements in the Legislature and outside on the other. Such a combination will make it well primed for dealing quickly and effectively with great problems like the people's food.

Sotto Voce



The Parish Pump Goes Dry

We are all world statesmen these days and even the industrious inditers of letters to the Editor rarely concern themselves with matters of other than universal import. Not for them the politics of the parish pump. So when I came upon a forlorn letter on the Aratta Kuttai in the correspondence columns of the daily press, I was greatly moved. What poetry in the

very name, with its mysterious half-comprehended suggestions!

As a piece of local history the prosaic explanation may serve that the name is a corruption of Aretta Kuttai, meaning the pond with the six picotahs. But Aratta Kuttai, "the pool of the six mothers", would certainly be more in line with Indian tradition. The 'six mothers'

of the Lord Kartikeya may, for aught we know, have cast a benign eye on this little relic of a peaceful past. Before the jerry builder laid his vandal hand on Mylapore's pleasant groves many a noble tree was fed from its clear springs. And even to-day that pure hedonist, the buffalo, the patient dhoby who performs vicarious penance and weary grass-cutters who have no bathroom with modern fittings are all cooled and refreshed, lazing amidst the water lilies.

Apparently these have proved an eyesore to the ladies and gentlemen who flit by in flashing limousines along Mylapore's fashionable boulevard. Or it may be the speculative builder has seen here an opportunity for that unearned increment which the tribe pursues with the fervour of the mystic in search of God. The fiat has gone forth that Aratta Kuttai shall be no more and in its place there shall rise one more 'park', a word which conjures up visions of genteel amenity. The tank-bed is high and dry, staring like the empty sockets of a blind man's eyes. And town refuse, with which the meddler covers up his tracks, has already made its funereal appearance.

Madras parks must be seen to be believed. There are so many that the authorities seem to have lost count of them. I have never been able to decide who is the more to be pitied—the man who gave his name to a street in New Mambalam or the man whose name was given by a grateful citizenry to one of these strayed paradises. Suburbia at least challenges attention—by its very ugliness; and after all, the man who temerarily started history by building a bungalow asked for it. But what an appalling monument to the vanity of human ambitions is the municipal park built or appropriated as memorial to a local worthy—that nondescript bit of waste land which has successfully defied all attempts at aligning it with the adjacent area, with broken down palings, a foun-

tain that has forgotten the feel of water, a dust-laden fan-palm or two with hang-dog look and little children unconcernedly easing themselves amidst the omnipresent litter.

We are fallen between two worlds. The machine-made pleasures of the robot age thrill an industrial proletariat which has never known the joy of unorganised existence. But that febrile excitement leaves us cold because deep down in us survives the undefeated spirit of an immemorial peasantry. That is what makes one all the more sad watching the conscientious efforts at cheerfulness of Madras on holiday. How many miles of weary trudging does that never-ending stream of people do without a murmur merely to gaze vacantly at the dead fish in the Museum and the living fish in the Aquarium! The one thing that seems to sustain it is the obscure feeling that it is getting something for nothing.

No fundamentally healthy community dissociates work and play. The old way of taking your pleasure was not to stand about idly or slouch hopelessly on those pillory-like benches that are invented for the torture of park habitues. The pioneers who dug Aratta Kuttai and set its water coursing like blood through the veins of Mylapore village were, I like to think, men who delighted in the noon-day heat to swim and dive in its cool water and to wash down an honest meal with copious draughts. They spent part of the mid-day rest under the umbrageous trees mending their baling tackle and the more imaginative spirits no doubt carved with their working implements curious figures of an unpremeditated beauty. They gathered lilies by the armful, and when night was falling they lost themselves tranquilly in the immensity of the starry sky untroubled by such thoughts as overwhelmed Pascal. But your timorous park goer, having done his daily penance, trots off homeward anxious not to be left alone in the dark.

VIGNESWARA.

OUR RICE-FIELDS

By C. Rajagopalachari

War and famine have helped to stimulate understanding and the public conscience has been roused over the need and therefore the duty of controlling the production and distribution of rice in the interest of the people as a whole.

It is a crime to allow those who labour in the rice-fields for us to be underfed or to go without decent clothing or a proper place to live in. It is absurd to maintain a system of control that must degenerate into corruption and harassment. Personal interest and profit-motive leading to industrial efficiency is one thing, but personal interest that does not produce more but results only in intensive exploitation of the underdog is unmitigated evil.

It is a purposeless waste to make the production of food a source of private profit for idle investors or the scene of conflict between capital and labour. Let us reserve this for things other than the essentials of existence. The time has arrived when the rice-fields of Tanjore and other delta areas where cultivation can be easily collectivised should be planned to be taken over as a basic national asset for direct expert management and development. A State Department should be organised out of the present Agricultural Department that can be charged with the work of raising the largest crop of rice on these fields and improve the land for the generations to come. The labour and cattle and machinery employed can and should be looked after well and their proper care made the first charge on production. The distribution of the net proceeds should be scientific and saved from the circumlocution of private trade, licences for mass-profit, communal ratio in relation to this and so on. That which all men need so that they may live and work should not be made into articles of scarcity, the supply of which lends itself to be used as

a weapon for oppression, through what is politely called the 'black-market'. We may tolerate such capital offences in respect of paper, watches and the like but it is rank folly to allow all this to grow round the prime necessities of life.

I am not suggesting a drastic remedy by way of expropriation. I want a plan by which the State replaces the mirasdar in the actual production without affecting the "ownership". Let him have his "rent" and be allowed to stay in the town or city which he likes to do and put his children in schools and colleges and go to the pictures and arrange dowries for his daughters, and live his life of luxury. All that I want is that the Government should plan taking over on long lease all the delta fields and employ proper farmers and care-takers and good cattle and machinery. I want careful manuring and conservation. I want the cultivation to be entrusted to those who know how to do it in return for adequate wages but not for profit through exploitation.

The present procurement policy and all its harassment should end. So also must the senseless conflict between mirasdar and peasant end. The trouble between the arrogant or corrupt officials in charge of irrigation and the landlords should be a story of the past.

Let the plan of bringing the delta area under lease be implemented not necessarily all at once but so as to give time for trial and error and rectification. Let there be room for competition between private management and that of the new Agricultural Department. Let each be put on trial for concrete results in production and welfare. If we cannot manage the rice-fields of Tanjore, we may admit we cannot govern the province.

A planning committee for this specific purpose should be immediately set going. The world-famine

is not a stray phenomenon. With the Kistna, the Godavary and the Cauvery in our province and a peasantry whose efficiency has been built up through tradition and practice of generations, it is a shame not to be self-sufficient in our food requirements. It is not a question of the present crisis, but an urgent permanent policy.

A large State-managed organisation to convert all sugar tapped from palmyrah and date trees into *gud* would be a means of production of most valuable supplementary food for the poor people throughout the province. Jaggery is a beautiful energy-food specially suitable for toilers. This would be an industry especially suitable for absorbing all classes of workers thrown out of employment by total Prohibition throughout the districts. A more

careful and better thought-out plan for raising all kinds of edible roots in public lands throughout the villages leaving the produce to be consumed locally and prohibiting export outside the villages could be organised by the Revenue Department without much difficulty. This would be a boon to the poorest classes in the rural area.

These and similar supplementary steps should be accelerated. For all this a Food Directorate should be organised in our province on a "national" or non-party basis instead of making the subject a matter for mere grievance-mongering on the one hand and soul-killing worry on the other. It is essentially a subject requiring imagination as well as permanent—service—data and constructive thinking.

THESE ARE MY NEIGHBOURS

By Binod

I live in the midst of people who, it seems, know the price of everything and the value of nothing. Some of them are rolling in wealth—have been rolling in it so long and so hard that their bodies as well as their souls are bruised all over. Others are gentlemen with nothing a year, paid quarterly, who nevertheless manage to live beyond their means—and sometimes die beyond their means.

These superior people are extraordinarily careful in the choice of their friends. They are even more careful in the choice of their enemies. Their idea of an agreeable person is a person who agrees with them. Their foes are the simple folk, the honest folk, the natural folk.

They have a contempt for people who do not smoke and drink. "You do not smoke? Oh dear! How do you manage without cigarettes? I must have at least five packets a day."

A cigarette is the perfect type of a perfect pleasure. It is exquisite, and it leaves one unsatisfied. What more can one want?

And liquor gives one very gentlemanly ideas. In any case the only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it.

They are members of half a dozen clubs and they meet every day and each one shouts in proportion to the amount of his subscription. They talk of many things including, sometimes, God. They have just enough religion to make them hate, but not enough to make them love one another. Some of them grow virtuous in their old age, making a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

Above all, these people with upturned noses hate naturalness and sincerity. They believe that a little sincerity is a dangerous thing—and a great deal of it absolutely fatal.

Their tribe is increasing every day. It isn't good for the world.

SIDELIGHTS ::

Government is a contrivance of human wisdom to provide for human wants.—BURKE.

Rajani Palme Dutt was kind enough to visit *Swatantra* office on the day of his arrival in Madras. We talked politics, journalism; discussed the Cabinet Mission a little; and compared notes on the systems of paper control here and in London. He spoke of his experiences with the *Labour Monthly* of which he is the editor, and of the devices they had to resort to for coping with a five-fold increase in circulation during the war with a static allowance of printing paper measured in weight. It appears they solved the problem by going in for paper of very light weight, and changing over from white to light-blue in colour, as paper of the required lightness could be had only in light-blue.

* * *

Here, unlike in England, we have no varied assortments of colour or weight of paper to choose from. You cannot get round weight. Government favour and not public demand determines the circulation of journals. Often there is an unseen conflict between the two, what with officials in key positions endowed with mighty powers of paper control determining success and failure and virtually deciding the fate of the Press. For example, in the period of the Adviser regime, a painter from Bombay walked away with a permit to start a newspaper in Madras while the applications of others with closer and lifelong affiliations with the profession of journalism were turned down. The painter concerned has had the permit (backed by an ample paper quota) in his pocket for over a year. While the quota given to him has been blocking the way to growth of established journals actually in heart-strings as they come. One

dire need of more paper for meeting the demands of would-be subscribers, the newspaper licensed to be started a year ago shows no signs of ever making its appearance. The licensee however is reported to be making a flourishing business of his permit. He was able to secure the powerful support of Dr. Pattabhi. Dr. Pattabhi's patronage has till recently been thought to be well worth cultivating for many aspiring legislators as well as others who banked on his becoming Premier. Hundreds of thousands were therefore easily collected. Are licences to start newspapers to be valid for eternity, serviceable only for chucking out unfavoured applicants? The Honourable M. Tirumal Rao is another favourite of the bureaucracy who also has had a permit in his possession for starting a daily newspaper, without being any nearer the fulfilment of the project now, than a year ago when he secured the permit.

* * *

To return to Palme Dutt, he looks better than his photographs do. Though not young as years go, youth clings to him in manner, in the vigour of his speech and thought, and the unspoiled freshness of his interest in things progressive. He is austere without being pedantic; very clear and precise in his ideas and accurate and pointed in phrasing them. His conversational tone is pleasant. But as I learned in the evening when he addressed a great open air meeting on the sands of the Beach, his platform voice is not quite so pleasant. It shows patent signs of the prolonged influence of soap-box oratory. The words fall rather gratingly on the ear. They do not come lightly from the lips. They seem to come from the very bowels of the man, tearing the

effect of it is that emphasis, overstepping orderliness, runs riot, sounds guttural and gets distributed in wayward fashion, fastening itself erratically and all too frequently on the conjunctions and the prepositions.

* * *
Palme Dutt began his speech in the routine way with loud exhortations to the might of the freedom struggle, that had a familiar ring and threatened to prove tiresome. The threat was not fulfilled. Very soon the humdrum was left behind. Mannerisms like sawing the air with both palms, and throwing out a crooked forefinger, more often the left, to impart force to an argument, continued to the last, but these became of less and less im-

portance. They ceased to be obtrusive, thanks to the gathering power of the logic that he presented, that was without frills and was therefore the more compelling in its persuasiveness. It was a masterpiece of closely reasoned thought. When he finished, everybody felt that an intellectual treat had come to an end. His closing peroration was a veritable tornado of passion striking at the prejudiced hearts of the capitalist-nurtured crowd with lightning strokes of faith conveying the dazzling glories of Communism. He proclaimed Communism as the one creed dependable for humanity's salvation, as any apostle of Christ might have preached Christianity to the pagan world.

--SAKA.

INDIGENOUS SYSTEMS OF MEDICINE: THEIR ROLE IN MEDICAL RELIEF

Mrs. Rukmini Lakshmipathi, Health Minister, has been threatening to incur lavish expenditure in support of indigenous systems of medicine. The following remarks of Dr. M. R. Guruswami Mudaliar, taken from his presidential address at the First Annual Conference of the Association of the Physicians of India, are of great interest in this connection:

"I would like to touch upon the indigenous systems of medicine and their role in the medical relief of the province (Madras). Modern medical science is based upon other ancillary sciences like Bio-Chemistry, Pathology, Bacteriology, etc. No progress in medicine can be made without the help of these sciences. It is admitted on all hands that these indigenous systems had stopped developing by 1000 A. D. and that they are not correlated to modern sciences. The attempt to train doctors in these systems as seen in Madras is very unsatisfactory. The present L.I.M. students of Madras read their Surgery in Rose and Carless and their Physiology in Sterling. Madhava Nidana is studied more as a classic

than as a scientific treatise. The ambition to train students with a comparative knowledge of Western and Eastern systems of medicine may be laudable but it is wasteful, as the students have not the proper grounding in either system.

"I do not want to dilate on this subject at length except to state that these systems are stagnant and they should be developed first before they are officially recognised. The greatest service that the Government and the discerning public could do to establish the greatness and usefulness of indigenous systems of medicine is to encourage their study by properly qualified men and make them the advocates of these systems. These subjects must really be taken up as part of post-graduate studies. The few years that may be spent in rehabilitating these indigenous systems of medicine will be well spent and the systems will emerge in all their glory like rough diamonds cut and polished. May I appeal, therefore, to the ardent advocates of indigenous medicine to have some patience and bend their energies towards research in these systems?"

TRUTH ABOUT CABINET MISSION'S SCHEME

IT OPENS A NEW CHAPTER OF COMMUNAL STRIFE

By R. Ramanujam

Like all schemes evolved through compromises, the proposals of the Cabinet Delegation cannot give complete satisfaction to any of the parties. A study of the scheme would show that the proposed measures do not (as they cannot) provide for all contingencies or protect against all dangers. One has therefore to see, before acclaiming the plan, if the errors and defects, numerous though they be, can be rectified and remedied in a facile manner. If the Constitution presented is flexible enough to permit of necessary alterations and amendments, it has to be accepted. But should it be rigid or if the dice is loaded heavily against one or other of the parties, it has to be rejected and the consequences faced boldly. Viewed critically, the plan is found to be unsatisfactory.

An "Unchangeable" Decision

The Cabinet Delegation have outlined the basis of the future Constitution in para 15 of their statement and it goes by the innocuous name of "recommendations". But the condition prescribed in para 19-vii, which partakes the character of an unchangeable decision, is so onerous that the recommendations have become really hardened into an almost unalterable award. For does not para 19-vii enable a bare majority of the Muslim members in the Union Constituent Assembly—say 40 out of 78—to veto any proposal for alteration or amendment, though such a proposal may command the support of all the other 252 British Indian members? The claim for a separate sovereign Pakistan having been stiffly rejected even by its erstwhile British patrons, the Muslim League would have realised at least by this time that the fate of Pakistan is doomed for

ever. Quite naturally, League members in the constitution-making body would be jealous to preserve intact the limited Pakistan conceded to them under the grouping system. Proposals for strengthening the Union Centre by vesting in it more subjects like currency, customs, tariff and planning will be rejected. Likewise, any proposal for allowing the provinces that walk out of "groups" to re-group as they please or to link themselves with the Union Centre is bound to fail. A readjustment of provincial boundaries or a re-alignment of the provincial areas cannot be hoped for. A fine way indeed of implementing the solemn pledge given by the British Prime Minister that no minority can prevent the progress of the country!

"Double" Majority

Secondly, the fact that the constitution-making body is committed to accept as its basis the Delegation's recommendations (almost an award), it is reduced to the position of a Legislative Assembly with limited authority. The fair and proper course for the Delegation would have been to rest content with merely formulation of the conclusions arrived at by them as a result of their exploratory talks and endeavours and hand over a clean slate to the Constituent Assembly to write the constitution upon. The mischief could have been minimised if at least the special provision of "double majority" for altering the recommendations had not been incorporated in para 19-vii. The so-called recommendations and the special provision in para 19-vii together constitute a clear and inexcusable usurpation of jurisdiction in regard to the making of the

constitution, which solely vests in the Constituent Assembly.

Thirdly, the explanation offered by the Delegation for not setting up the Constituent Assembly through universal adult franchise is unconvincing. At the most, it may require two years to constitute a Constituent Assembly through adult franchise. A delay of two or even five years cannot affect the fortunes of a country that has survived two-centuries of foreign domination. The evils that may result from the delay can be minimised by the formation of a truly national Government. As against the delay over which the Cabinet Delegation shed crocodile tears, we can have the satisfaction that the constitution would be really based on the consensus of support of the vast millions of the adults of the country.

The Second Tier

The most objectionable feature in the scheme is the second tier. Para 15 (5) only "recommends" that provinces should be "free" to form groups. It ostensibly confers option to the provinces, even in the first instance to group together or not. The choice to form groups as the provinces desire, is also implied in that clause. But when we look beyond the limits of the recommendations outlined in para 15 and enter the realm of decisions, we find that the choice and option vested in the provinces are snatched away by para 19-iv and v. Compulsory clubbing is resorted to therein in the place of free choice available under the earlier para 15. We get a glimpse of the British conception of the right of self-determination which seems to be unique.

The arguments advanced by the Delegation in para 6 of their statement for rejecting Pakistan are valid and hold good with equal force to show that the compulsory grouping system is extremely detrimental to the interests of the non-Muslim population in the group areas. If the Muslim majority areas were to be separated and the grouping were to be restricted to Muslim provinces and areas, the scheme

would become less objectionable, so far as the interests of the non-Muslim areas are concerned. But if the Delegation had considered that such a smaller grouping is impracticable, the only alternative before them was to have given up the second tier. The scheme, as it stands, is extremely unfair to the non-Muslims.

As for the right to walk out of the group, one cannot be sure if such a right will be really available to a province though it is conceded in theory under para 19-viii. The constitution of the constituent provinces will be framed by the Group Constituent Assembly. A province can opt out of the group only after the constitutional arrangements as a whole have become completed, and by a majority decision of the newly constituted legislature. On a scrutiny of the figures given in para 19-i it will be clear that the Muslim members of Bengal and Assam or of the Punjab and Sind can legislate for Assam and N.W.F.P. and so frame the constitution of these provinces as to disable them from opting out of the groups. Even supposing that the provinces are able to walk out of the respective groups under the procedure prescribed in para 19-viii, they walk out with the constitutions framed by the Group Assembly hanging round their necks. There is no provision in the scheme entitling the provinces to get rid of the imposed constitution and frame their own.

Weak Centre

Since the Union Centre is made weak and the provinces are given complete autonomy in regard to the residuary subjects, unless the non-Muslim areas in the Punjab and Bengal are constituted as separate provinces, the non-Muslims of those provinces would experience considerable hardship and their position is sure to become extremely intolerable.

The British Cabinet Delegation have, instead of solving the communal problem, opened a fresh chapter in the history of communal strife in this unhappy country.

Short Story

The Proof Reader

By K. R. Rao

The institution that functioned under the pompous name "Creative Printers (18) Ltd." was, in reality, a small abhishment. When I, for the first time, went there to get a book of mine printed, nothing attracted me so much as the proof reader, an old, worn and toothless organism that perched in silence on an armless chair in an obscure nook of the press. I often wondered at his inordinate patience.

As man grows older and older, a veil of irritativeness creeps over him. But not so with this man. He was the exception that proved the rule. If his face was an indication of his age, he must be not a day less than eighty years. And sixty years of sweet and poignant memories must be ranking in his heart. Yet the apparent reticence in which he read the proofs owed to you that he wasn't a whit ruffled by the higher peace, that unbroken peace that shortly would wrap him all around. Patiently he squatted in the chair, the galleys and the original typescripts lying in juxtaposition to his knees. There was an ink bottle by his side and a pink steel pen in his hand. His powers of vision were apparently dimmed by time. For he would bring the galleys close to his eyes and scan them with an undivided mind, word by word, line by line and para by para.

Rarely did he utter a word. Laughter seemed to have no place in his scheme of things. And smiles were taboo. Life was a serious affair. Occasionally he pulled out a little wooden case, perhaps the case that once had contained a ring presented to him by his father-in-law, that now held a mass of snuff. He took out a little snuff with his fingers and blew it up his nostrils. Suddenly across his thick layers of griminess that covered his face there flashed a lightning of pleasure—a flare of mirth so sudden and shortlived that it died in the cradle of its birth. That snuff box in his pocket seemed to be the *raison d'être* of his persistence on earth.

Many a time I hurled a smile at him and once or twice a few words towards him but they all went unreciprocated.

Once I was sitting with Mr. Henry, the manager of the press—a jolly man of medium height, with an eternally smiling face. I always wondered how the proof reader's severity and the manager's levity could breathe in such ostensible friendliness.

"Henry", I hailed the manager. "Where from did you get that old man?"

"One day he called on us and asked if we required a proof reader. We

took him at once. Between you and me, I should say he is the best proof reader in India to-day. Our country should take pride in him", replied the manager.

"He seems to be very reserved", I said.

"He is a living, walking proof against that old adage that face is the index of the mind. He is very talkative. Once he opens his lips—oh, God, it's an endless 'strike order'. Words upon words flow down his lips and would send you into a swoon with their emptiness. He is the only conscious bore I've met in my life. He knows the potentialities of his tongue. That's why he keeps it blocked till it is set into vibrations by an excess of external force."

I wasn't a little astonished to hear Henry's verdict.

(2)

It was in the last week of May. Outside, a heavy rain was bathing the earth. Periodically the clouds coughed in a resounding thunder and spat out a fiery lightning. The press employees were going home, two or three fraternally pressing together under a single umbrella. But I found the proof-reader squatting on his chair, the galleys lying on his knees. The manager's room where I was sitting had become dark and the nook in which the proof-reader sat, yet darker. I curiously watched the man whose body, mind and soul were fully absorbed in the long sheets of printed papers on his knees.

Suddenly he put aside the galleys on the table before him and began digging into his shirt pocket. It was for his snuff box. He took a pinch of snuff with his fingers, steered it to his nose. Once again a flash of contentment. This time, in his eyes, there was an expression of loneliness. Deep down in him there seemed to prevail a mounting desire to spread out his heart towards the other beings breathing on earth. Now was the opportunity to fall into conversation with him. Now or never.

"Don't you go home?" I hazarded the question.

"Of course, I must. All life has got to go back to its home. It is only a question of time. Some go early, some late."

"I mean your home", I explained, a bit amazed at his answer.

"How can I go home, Sir, leaving the galley proofs uncorrected? You know that the destiny of a press lies in the hands of its proof reader. To-day I will remain here far into the night..."

"You seem to be having very heavy work?"

"You see, work is always heavy. Any work. The *New World* must be out in two days. I must therefore sit here and do my duty. Otherwise it won't come out in time."

The *New World* was a vernacular weekly published by the press. It enjoyed a local notoriety. For it had become a medium for scandalizing reputed public men with the express intention of blackmail.

"Do you live with your family here? Any children?"

"A lot of children", he replied.
"What were you before you took up this job?"

Suddenly he squatted on the chair more firmly. He blew a pinch of snuff up his nostrils and said: "I had been a good many things. You haven't seen my visiting card. Look, here it is." He held out an old, dusty card on which was printed: "C. Sundaram, Manager, The Mofussil Tramways Co., Tirupur."

"But Tirupur has no tramcars?" I put in.

"Of course, it hasn't. We started, I mean I started the company with a view to installing tram lines but I stopped it in the end when I found that it wasn't a commercial proposition," he said. He went on, after a thoughtful pause: "My life is a very chequered one. Don't think that I spent my whole lifetime sitting on an armless chair like this, going through the proofs of worthless books. I did dive into the ocean of life. I went to the rock bottom sometimes, but in the end against great odds, I raised my head above the surface and I looked at the sun and the stars. I listened to the music of the birds... And don't think I am poor. I've a house, a wife and children. My money is scattered in manifold investments. I've invested something like twelve thousand rupees in the education of my half a dozen sons." Here he drew closer to me and said in a low whisper: "Of course, it is a bad investment. Years roll on without dividends. All the boys are unemployed. Oh, if only I had invested it in a bank as a fixed deposit! What a magnificent 3 per cent per annum I would have been getting!"

"So you've a big family?"

"Oh, what's a big family in India? A father with half a dozen children is looked upon as good for having many more. Our standards of counting offspring are different from other nations."

"Do you all live together?"

"No, not at all. My sons live elsewhere."

"And your wife?"

"She lives with her father."

"And you here?"

"Yes, I live here with my widowed daughter and her child. I don't like to be a parasite on my children even in my old age. Why should I be when I could yet work? In fact, an old man is an ideal worker for any job. For there's nothing on earth that could divert him from his duties...."

The machine man interrupted: "Those proofs, sir."

"Just wait, man. Come after ten minutes," replied the proof reader.

And I found the old man once again merged in the galleys in his hands. There was a mysterious look in his eyes. A moment later he raised his eyes to me and said: "Excuse me, sir. I wish we could chat on. But destiny wills otherwise. You see, here's work! It shouldn't be postponed." He earnestly fell into his job. With a good-bye, I walked out of the press.

(3)

It was a sultry day in June. I was sitting on a chair opposite the proof reader. The press bell announced the lunch hour. Some of the employees shot out of the press; some retreated to the empty corners of the building to swallow there the food they had brought with them from home. The hotels in the vicinity were closed and so were those in the city. The servers were on strike.

I was hungry. I wondered what I should do. "What a nuisance these strikes!" I mused aloud.

He looked up at me, the proof reader. "What strikes, sir?"

"The hotel servers' strike. These hotels without which bachelors like me can't thrive on earth."

"You want coffee?"

"I do want so many things. But where to get them? All the hotels are closed. And I don't have any friends here that will take me to their homes and treat me to coffee or tea."

"Why, I am here! Am I not your friend?"

His words touched me. This proof reader that hardly earned forty rupees a month extending an invitation to me, this was something I had never dreamt of. I watched him for a moment. The old, wrinkled face, the grey hair that bristled on his head and his two loose lips that were wet with oozing saliva.

"Please come to my home. My daughter prepares coffee exceptionally well. You'll like it," he said.

"Thanks...."

Suddenly he stood up.

"How far is your home?" I asked.

"Not very far. We can walk in about thirteen minutes. In a narrow lane, a little one-roomed dwelling. I'll be glad to give you coffee. Please come along."

We left the press and walked on along the road. We walked through many by-lanes, and through a furlong of foot-path, we reached a house.

"Come in, sir."

I followed.

It was a small room. The moment I entered the room, a woman and a child met my eyes. A woman under twenty and a child of two summers.

"She's my daughter, sir. Widowed early in life", he introduced her to me. I raised my hands in a namaste and smiled. He turned to her: "Now Indu, prepare coffee for us." And I saw

her receding into a corner to light a stove.

"Please sit down, sir."

I sat down on a mat, my back to the wall. He sat by my side.

Try however much I did, I couldn't keep my eyes off his daughter. There she was, before me, besides the stove, on which a kettle of water was boiling. Something was boiling within me. Indu, this woman under twenty, his widowed daughter, with an only child. I observed her. She didn't shy. Now and then she sent a glance at me. Of course, this is a habit which many girls are forced to acquire when they come to live in the cities where house accommodation is rather scarce. There was no scope of running into the inner rooms, there being only one room in which she must needs stage her feats of feminine modesty. Was she his daughter? Really? She resembled him so little. She was beautiful, fair in complexion, and her hair, in a plait, reached almost to her knees. I scrutinised her. I saw her forehead: there was that circular mark of bright red. Down her ears swung two ear-rings in the air. I saw her wrists: there were bangles. Was she a widow? Why then was the "tilak" not wiped out? Why weren't the bangles broken and the wrists left bare? Could this old man be a progressive being?

She was pouring down the fuming decoction into two lead vessels. Presently she took a peg of milk and splashed it down. She doled out two half spoons of sugar into each glass. She immersed the spoon and ladled the liquid; and I heard the metallic beat of the spoon against the walls of the lead glass. In a moment, taking the glasses in her two hands, she approached us.

"Thank you very much, madam", I said, as I took the glass. Her eyes looked right into me. On her lips was one of those smiles that force men to tarry a while in wondrous hope. She murmured: "Please don't mention. We are so poor and humble that people of your like rarely deign to come down here. We are honoured by your visit."

Something struck me as though with a hammer. The steel in me was melting away. I wanted to say much; but there was a lump in my throat. The hospitality of this poor family stabbed me in the face. Suddenly before my mind sprang up scenes of the hauteurs you come across in the richly lit mansions of the idle aristocracy. Those men that go about in silk suits, these women in georgette sarees that parade on the crests of society like millionaire butterflies, those prigs and snobs and high-brows! Indu stood before me and her words rang in my ears.

I stood up. I glanced at him and said: "Let's go back to our callings. Now to your galleys!"

And I walked out of the room. The old man walked behind me.

(4)

It was a cool, clear day. Early at eight in the morning, I had reached the press. My book was almost complete but for the cover pages. This day they would be showing me the proofs of the cover pages.

For the past four days, I hadn't seen the proof reader. What had happened to him? Had he resigned the post? What was he doing now? No other proof reader had yet jumped into the old man's shoes. I could no longer suppress my curiosity. I hailed the machine-man and asked: "Where is the proof reader?"

"At home, sir."

"Why?"

"Sick, sir."

"For how long?"

"He hasn't been coming here for the past five days, sir."

I went back to my chair. Inevitably I was thinking of him, the proof reader, his widowed daughter and that child of two winters. I left the press, having addressed a note to the manager.

"Dear Mr. Henry,

I am out to see a friend of mine who is ill. Shall be back in about an hour. Please keep the proofs of the front cover of my book ready.—Sylva."

(5)

I stood before the closed doors of that room. A tap... and the doors were opened. Before me stood Indu, the widowed daughter.

"Good morning, madam."

"Good morning, sir. Come in."

I went in.

I stood beside a mat. On it lay stretched the proof reader, his body covered right to the neck with a blue shawl. I winced in horror as I looked at his face. It was ghastly. The cheek bones stuck out prominently. It was indeed a horrid spectacle.

I turned round. I was surprised to find her behind me.

"Does he speak?" I asked.

"Now and then. You saw his eyes? They are terrible! I couldn't look at them", she replied.

"Has he been examined by a doctor?"

"No. Which doctor will come here? It means a lot of money."

"Yes, true", I agreed. "Disease is the worst luxury for the poor folk. But you ought to show him to a doctor. You can't leave him to die here."

"Of course, I can't. I went to a quack doctor. He said he was busy."

"I'll go now and send a doctor here. He'll examine the old man and give him medicine. Take care that you give the medicine regularly to the patient. If yet he dies, well, we can't help it", I said, and walked towards the doorway.

I felt a hand on my shoulder. It was hers. That small, trembling hand. When

I turned my face, I was looking right into her eyes.

"Thanks. You are so kind-hearted!" she stammered.

"I fight shy of human compliments, madam. Don't thank me in the face. If you must, do it behind me."

And I was off.

(6)

I was sitting in the press. A few proofs were on the table before me. Perhaps they were waiting for the young man, the new proof reader appointed a couple of days back. I just took up the sheets and skipped through them hastily. Suddenly my eyes landed on a news item in bold type: "We regret to report the death of our former proof reader, Mr. C. Sundaram, on the 10th of this month. We offer to his bereaved family our heart-felt sympathies." News! News for the New World.

"Henry!" I cried to the manager across the room.

"What now?"

"He's dead?"

"Who?"

"Your former proof reader."

"It seems so."

"When?"

"They say this morning, in the early hours."

"Won't you go over there to his house?"

"I? I wish I could. But I don't know his address. And his home would be in some dark suburb. How could one go there?"

"I am going there", I said.

"Are you, surely? Then please convey my condolences on behalf of the press to his people."

"Yes, I will."

(7)

In slow, placid steps I paced on through the mazy by-lanes and avenues. My legs were trying in vain to overtake my mind.

The doors were wide open. As I entered the room, I heard the incipient pattering of rain behind me. I proceeded right to the mat on which was the body of the old man, now dead, otherwise just as I had last seen it. There was little or no difference; only the psychic essence had left that frail, aged body. By the mat she sat all alone; the child was fast asleep in another corner of the room. I didn't speak a word. I just looked on at the corpse. Then my gaze shifted to the woman sitting beside it. There she was, tears streaming down her eyes that were swollen with sleeplessness. Her ear-rings had been taken out. The vermillion spot no more adorned her forehead. And her wrists lay bare, warm and reddish brown, the bangles, perhaps broken off. The "widowed daughter" looked like a veritable widow.

"Dead. Peace to his soul", I said.

She didn't utter a word.

"You've done all you could," I remarked.

"Yes, the doctor has done his best," she corrected me.

Suddenly a new paroxysm of sorrow seemed to have surged up in her heart. She sobbed bitterly, her head plunged between her knees.

"Indu, please don't weep. Please...."

"I am helpless. I am a destitute," she cried between her sobs. As she wept on, my eyes examined her. Once again her bare wrists and the forehead without the usual red mark met my eyes. Why had she given up all these things? I felt curious to know why. I had realised that it was a rather nasty occasion to pose a query as regards them, yet I couldn't curb the curiosity in me.

"Indu," I called in a barely audible tone.

She raised her face and looked at me through her tear-stained eyes.

"Where are your bangles? Your ear-rings, where are they? And that red spot, why is it effaced?"

"I've put them away."

"But why?"

There was no reply.

"You were having them hitherto. Why give them up now?"

Suddenly her face acquired an expression of severity. She brushed her eyes with the end of her saree. She looked at me for a few minutes.

"There is a story behind it. A long story, too long...."

"Shorten it and tell me."

"Some fifteen years back," she began, "there lived a girl of five years in a town. She had no father; no mother. She rambled about the town, begging from one and all. She lived on the charity of humanity." She stopped abruptly. She looked at the dead man for a moment; then her eyes looked straight into my soul, as it were, her face in a reminiscent mood. She went on: "Soon she found an asylum in the house of a gentleman past middle age. He had a big family. But he pitied the girl. He led her to his home and gave her shelter. She was given clothes and food. In return for these, she used to work in his house as a servant-maid. Thus she grew up, year after year."

"She soon reached the age of fourteen. She was young and wasn't, at least in that gentleman's eyes, a bad looking creature. He was past fifty. Yet he developed a fancy for her. He left his wife and children. He eloped with that girl. The girl was too innocent to realise what he was doing. She just followed him implicitly even as she had run after him to his home when she had been a forlorn child. He soon married her by night in a temple in a far off town. There they established a new home—he, the man past fifty and she, the girl of fourteen. Man and wife!" There was a biting ring of irony in her words. She paused. "Go on, go on!" I shouted, my blood curdling within me. "Many of the neighbours referred to their house as the 'house of the old man and his widowed daughter'. For he was ashamed to own the little girl was his wife. He was abashed; his conscience was stung; perhaps, his soul was

tortured, perhaps, to proclaim that she was his wife. Telling all that she was his daughter, the old man in the nights crept to her side to warm himself, to extinguish the smouldering embers of his lust...."

"Stop, Indu, tell me no more!" I cried. Anger moved up her heart; her nostrils were quivering. Her limbs shook. And she hurled a pitiless, contemptuous look at the ghastly face of the corpse before her.

I rose up, I pulled the shawl over the dead man's face. "I'll arrange for cremation," I said and darted out of the room into the ample world without.

The rain ceased. The sky was y. cloudy. The earth was wet and slimy. And behind me echoed the miserable, awful yell of youth nipped in the bud; laments of a woman that had been martyred to the lust of man.

THE CABINET DELEGATION

(From An Eminent Jurist)

A question has been raised as to the liberty of the units even at the initial stage to join any group either A, B or C. While there may be considerable force in the objection raised by Assam or the North-Western Frontier Province to join any particular group, if there is to be a grouping at all, is there not a good deal to be said for grouping on the principle of geographical contiguity as suggested by the Cabinet Mission, at least at the initial stage, leaving particular members to secede from a group if they so choose? As to the need for grouping, if the scope of the Central or Union subjects is to be curtailed, would not the grouping lead to a more uniform policy among the different units in India than if the units were left to themselves and there is to be no grouping at all? Would it not be easier for the groups to come together, given of course the will, and to formulate or follow a uniform policy than for a congeries of units?

This grouping is subject to the proviso that as soon as the new constitutional arrangements come into operation it shall be open to any province to elect to come out of any group in which it has been placed. Such a decision shall be taken by the new legislature of the province after the first general election under the new Constitution.

There is also a proviso to the effect that "the constitution of the Union and of the groups should contain a provision whereby any

province could by majority vote of the Legislative Assembly call for a reconsideration of the terms of the constitution after an initial period of ten years and at decennial intervals thereafter." It is further clear from the answers given by the Secretary of State at a Press interview, that there is nothing to prevent a province from reconsidering its membership of a particular group even at that stage.

Very much importance need not be attached to the question that the grouping is to be compulsory in the first instance and the option of withdrawal can be exercised only at a later stage. It would be nothing short of a tragedy if the proposals are to fall through on legalistic approach of the problem regarding the stage at which the option to accede to or secede from a particular group has to be exercised.

The constitution of the Sikh territory into an independent province seems to be beyond the domain of practical politics regard being had both to the portion of the Punjab peopled by the Sikhs as also the financial implications of a separate province for them. If a separate province for the Sikhs is ruled out the only line of attack open to them is to object in toto to the whole principle of grouping and to insist upon a single federation with a large group of subjects and provincial autonomy, as it obtains at present or in a normal federal scheme of Government. That does not seem to be practical poli-

ics in view of the definite and consistent attitude taken by the Muslim League which cannot be ignored either by His Majesty's Government or the Congress.

There is no doubt a weighty objection to the Cabinet scheme, viz., that it seeks to have a Union constitution excluding from its sphere such subjects of great national importance as currency, international trade, trade and commerce in India itself, shipping and other important subjects now found in the federal list. The solution suggested by the Cabinet Mission is merely a way out of a difficult situation, and the good sense of the nation and the expanding needs of India will inevitably lead in the course of a few years to the expansion of the subjects within the range of the Centre. Even under the scheme as outlined by the Cabinet Mission, the subject of defence in war time, as the experience of Dominion constitutions has shown, must necessarily trench upon other subjects assigned to the groups or to the provinces and the subject of foreign affairs must in course of time take in international trade, tariffs, trade policy and so on. The subject of communications again is sufficiently wide to take in land, sea and air transport. The opposition of Mr. Jinnah must furnish the real clue to the possibilities of the expansion of the Central sphere. The Cabinet Mission has conceded a great point in emphasising the need for a single Union Government.

The point raised as to the need for emphasising the sovereign character of the Constituent Assembly loses much of its force in view of the undertaking given by His Majesty's Government, that Parliament will register and pass into law any constitution settled by the Convention. What one has to remember is that the constitution is being set up not as the result of a revolution but as the result of a friendly agreement reached between England and India.

The problem of the future of the Indian States has to be approached consistently with the claim of Indian

independence and the future interest of India as a whole. If the British Crown and the British Parliament step out and leave the different Native States to pursue an independent line of policy either in the way of adhesion to the Union or having treaty or similar arrangements with the Union, it will lead to a multiplicity of sovereign States of varying size and importance and financial resources, spread over the whole sub-continent of India. A number of States all over India not subject to the hegemony of one overlord and without any constitutional relation *inter se* would only take us back to the days of the fall of the Moghal Empire when the different Viceroyalties and States under the tutelage of the Moghal Emperor began to fall out with one another and there were internecine feuds. No one interested in the welfare of India or the future of Indian States, would long for that end. Therefore the British Crown and Parliament owe an obvious duty to see that such a state of things shall not come to pass and that the States are in effect compelled to join the Union, as otherwise the peace of India and of Asia will be threatened. The Constitution Act of 1935 tried to solve the constitutional problem by keeping Paramountcy out of the Federal scheme.

The problem of the States cannot be left in a hazy condition and will have to be faced as a part of the general constitutional scheme. In this connection there might be some difficulty in choosing proper representatives of the States. In advanced States where there is some kind of representative institution there may be no difficulty in choosing popular delegates for the Convention. Where however there are no sort of representative institutions at work, advantage will have to be taken of any popular assemblies or Praja Mandals which have been at work for some length of time or where their status is generally accepted.

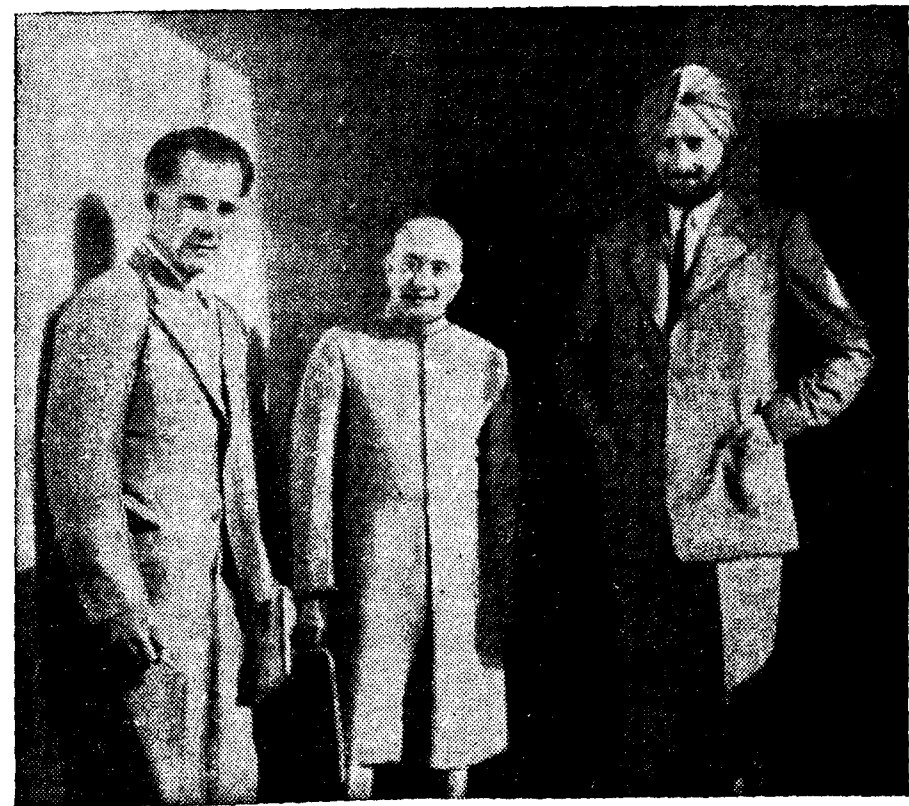
There is a third alternative open to the States but that is not practical politics, viz., for the States themselves or such of the States as choose to join, to form an independent

federation of their own. The problem of the States with the existing incidents of State relationship with the Paramount Power such as the liability to pay tributes, remissions of taxes, railway control, acquisition of territory within the States for general national purposes is by no means an easy one. If every one of these items is to become the subject of debate and negotiation all the difficulties which cropped up in regard to the constitution under the Act of 1935 are sure to reappear and we have to wait indefinitely if the problem of Indian independence and Union is to hinge on their accession to the Union much as one would desire that end in the larger interests of India. A declaration by all the important States on the terms of the Union suggested by His Majesty's Government, a formal statement by each one of the States as a condition of their entering into the

Union that they will introduce democratic forms of government suited to each State, should serve the purpose. In any event it ought to be made clear that the emergence of the Indian Union does not depend upon their adhesion.

In view of the assurance given by His Majesty's Government there is no need for any apprehension that the interim Government will not have practically all the attributes of an independent Government. It is common knowledge that in many of the Dominions, Cabinet Government with ministerial responsibility is not contained in the terms of any statute. It is largely the result of conventions that have grown up.

[The original note of which this is a summary has been submitted to Mahatma Gandhi for his consideration.]



The Nawab of Bhopal, Chancellor of the Chamber of Princes, Sir C. P. Ramaswami Iyer and the Maharajah of Patiala, who were recently at Simla for constitutional consultations.



T. Viswanadham, who at one time was thought a certainty for the Speakership.

AFTER a lapse of nearly seven years the voice of the people was once again heard in the Council chambers of this province on Saturday, the 25th May. Practically every kind of voice was heard. It started with the temporary President announcing that as there was only one nomination for the Speakership, the said nominee, Mr. Sivashanmugham Pillai, was duly elected. At this announcement which several took with an assumed air of surprise, there was clapping of hands from odd corners. The "ex-Speaker-designate", if one may so describe a tortuous process behind the scenes, promptly shook hands with the Speaker. The restraint exhibited at that stage, however, continued through the day's proceedings. The Prime Minister set the ball of felicitation rolling. He appeared to be in great pains for a few seconds, but this, one learnt, was a customary sign of gestation with him, preliminary to the delivery of his thoughts. One gathered from the various speeches made that all the ex-Speakers had been illustrious men. This was one up for the present Speaker straightaway. He, too, could be referred to

AFTER THE LAPSE OF SEVEN YEARS SCENES IN MADRAS LEGISLATURE

(From Our Parliamentary Correspondent)

in similar terms, one day although anonymously. The "uplift" of Mr. Pillai to the Speakership was the main content of the speeches. A lady "felicitator" (this word may be accepted as being short and functional) displayed previous study and a good memory. She explained the origin of the Speakership in England in a voice that made the atmospherics of the microphone sound like the cooing of doves. Another felicitator (non-Congress) incidentally referred to the fact that while the Congress represented the masses, they, on their side, represented the intelligentsia. This was such a humorous remark (several among those present knew the gentleman personally) that there was general laughter. As soon as this spate of eloquence subsided the Speaker more or less jumped to attention from the recesses of his canopied chair. He seemed to have an unjust suspicion that he had been "elevated" to the Speakership on communal grounds—as if the Congress would ever dream of doing such a thing. Anyhow he thought it better to give the Assembly a brief scheme of his qualifications. It naturally did not last long. It was said as if to suggest that that was more than what several of the people's representatives could say for themselves.

THE Deputy Speaker was then elected. She walked in beauty like the night—except for a slight drag. The proceedings were too complete a justification of one's imagination to be real. It was, in fact, a bit difficult to overcome a passing sense of unreality. One expected the director of the film to suddenly shout 'Camera, take'. The auspicious occasion should have been solemnized in a traditional manner. The lady legislator should

have distributed *pan supari*. Rose-water should have been sprinkled by the petticoated period pieces

SIVASHANMUKHAM PILLAI: India's First Harijan Speaker

By K. Venkataswami Naidu

Mr. J. Sivashanmukham Pillai is the first Harijan Speaker of India and people who have known him and know how well he deserves this great honour. He is an M.A. in History and he took keen interest in research work. He was the first Harijan Mayor of Madras, in which place he is acquitted himself with credit. He is simple and unostentatious and always loves to love with the people. The poor Harijan can always be sure of very kind treatment at his hands. He spares no pains and spends any amount of time in hearing the grievances of poor people and helping them, so much so that they always said: "He did his best, what more can he do?"

The new Speaker is a man of very great dignity. He is like a judge. He keeps that at high level in order to do full justice to his job. Sometimes he cares more for the parliamentary practice than expediency. Mr. Pillai's more inclined to swerve on the side of equity and put aside the conventional view of things. With a detached view of things he is ever able to render justice to the subject on hand.

He has not what may be called a big personality. He is not usually given to fussing about as is the case generally with holders of high office. To come in contact with him is to be impressed by his sincerity. He is very straightforward and is, at all times, influenced by a great desire to help people in difficulties. His election as Speaker will be received with universal appreciation. It is not merely because he is a Harijan that he has been singled out for this honour. He is well qualified for the post and the Madras Assembly honoured itself, by making him the Speaker.

that stood around. A few congratulatory "vadyams" could have been sung, the Deputy Speaker suitably

replying in Telugu. The last of these alone actually happened. The weight of Erskine May and other ponderous parliamentarians is perhaps against the introduction of such local colour, but one hopes for such spontaneous exhibitions of pleasure in times to come. The Deputy Speaker said that she owed her election to the fact that she was a woman. It is curious that both the Speaker and the Deputy Speaker should have doubted their inherent qualifications for their offices—a feeling which, one trusts, will vanish after they have listened to some of his speeches in the Assembly. What, however, is now clear is that the claims of a Harijan woman to the office of Speakership will be practically unassailable.

MEANWHILE similar elections were held in the Council Hall across the verandah, like a simultaneous marriage in the house of a poor relation.

THE Assembly met again on Monday and discussed the Bill to grant increased salaries to the people's representatives and their leaders. It is a happy augury of things to come that the Muslim League opposition has already realised their primary function—to oppose. One noticed that several of them had new thinking caps on. With this new aid to cerebration they exhibited a keen anxiety that the funds of the people should not be flittered away in high salaries to Ministers. One member on the official side was tactless enough to point out that the Ministers in the League provinces took higher salaries. With so much lack of understanding of the League's point of view it is not surprising that the gap between the Congress and the League has not yet been closed. It



Sivashanmukham Pillai

would appear that the League takes a practical view of things. Their Ministers are practical men. They get plenty, in one way and another, but their exoneration lies in their professing no idealism. The Congress professes plain living and high thinking. (God knows that whatever one may say about high living, a certain amount of plain thinking is urgently needed). Some of the League members also quoted



Mrs. Ammanna Raja

Gandhiji, scripturally and for their own purpose, no doubt. The European members supported the increase. Perhaps they imagined that this would bring the Ministers nearer to the ruling classes. At this stage the Speaker reminded the House that he was being forgotten. The remark was made in a humorous way and *en passant*, but one noticed a touch of nervousness in his laughter; for, one never knows what these democratic bodies will be up to and it is just as well to be careful. The "ayes" finally drowned the House, and several of the Ministers got up and walked away.

THE Prime Minister read a dull account of the food position. The statement covered a few acres of paper. It bristled with uncalled for statistical weeds. Its harvest of relevant suggestions for the future was a poor one. One learnt that it

had been read in haste the previous day. Here and there, there were patches of a good yield of information—such as the number of officers being increased day after day. One may say that the Government are growing two officers where one grew before. As it was considered that this diet would take time to digest the debate was adjourned to Wednesday.

IN passing one noticed that a lady member had brought her child. It is a tribute to the smoothness of the oratory that the child was sleeping calmly all through the proceedings. Perhaps, in the interests of expedition, the mother may be requested to induce the child to cry if a member takes up the time of the House for an unduly long time. Surely even the authority of Erskine May will be insufficient to separate a mother from her child!

REPRESSION IN KASHMIR STATE

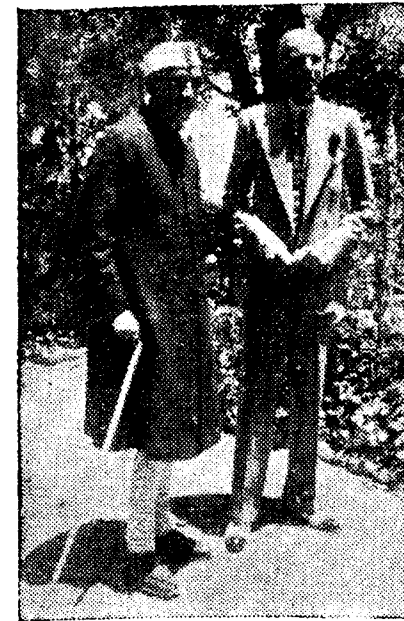
Planning by Popular Ministries—Railway Strikes— Management's Dilatory Tactics

The offensive launched by the Government of Kashmir on the people's movement can only be compared to the country-wide repression that was let loose after August 9, 1942. Simultaneously with the arrest of Sheikh Abdullah, President of the National Conference, all members of the Working Committee and most of the active workers were imprisoned. Since the arrests, the police and military have been suppressing with ruthless violence all demonstrations of sympathy and support for the arrested leaders. Sheikh Abdullah in his recent speeches has been challenging the validity of the treaty by which the present royal family acquired Kashmir. He claimed complete sovereignty for the people. This questioning of the 'divine right' of the ruler was the immediate occasion for the Kashmir administration's fury.

These repressive measures in Kashmir, coming on the heels of the

Faridkot incidents, only confirm the fear that the attitude of Indian Princes towards the democratic awakening in the country has not changed in the least. The solemn declarations made by the Chamber of Princes sound hollow after these developments. It is in this context that the Cabinet Mission's statement on the States has to be considered. They have turned down the demand of the Congress that adequate representation should be ensured for the States' peoples in the proposed Constituent Assembly. The Cabinet Ministers do not appear to have thought it improper to group entire provinces compulsorily into three zones. Their timorousness about infringing on the 'sovereignty' of the States cannot but increase the suspicions of all democrats regarding the Mission's *bona fides*.

No decisive step has yet been taken by Government to reach a settlement with the railway workers.



Pandit Nehru and Jinnah, snapped after their meeting at Simla.

Mr. S. C. Joshi, Chief Labour Commissioner, has been asked to act as Conciliator. But this appears to be no more than part of Government's dilatory tactics, since he will not make any decisions on specific issues. The recent strike on the South Indian Railway served to bring to public notice the active hostility of the management towards the workers' trade union organisation. Four union branch secretaries have been dismissed from service, and several others victimised. The protest strikes which spread from station to station showed the determination of the workers to secure freedom from victimisation for trade union activities, as also their positive demands for an equitable wage-system.

Ministers in charge of Development from the different provinces assembled in New Delhi on May 20, to discuss allotments for each province from the proposed Central grant. The conference, we are told, "made such rapid progress" that a second day's sitting was found unnecessary. The smooth progress is

explained by the fact that the plans discussed had been already drawn up—by the Section 93 bureaucracy. Provincial four-year plans are soon expected to be put into operation. It would be a tragedy if the popular Ministers now in power should merely sanctify with their signatures plans drawn up by the Governors' Advisers. Concrete plans in relation to the vital needs of the people of each province have yet to be drawn up.

After the announcement of the British Plan, as before, both Congress and the Muslim League are busy negotiating with the Mission on a unilateral basis. The true nature of the Plan is becoming clearer. The Mission and the Viceroy have declared that "the scheme stands as a whole" and, on this



Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan and Pandit Nehru seen leaving the Viceregal Lodge.

ground, have refused to remove the element of compulsion in their grouping of provinces. They have also said that the Constituent Assembly will not be a sovereign body: "cession of sovereignty can take place only at the end of the

Assembly's labours." The undemocratic basis on which the Assembly is proposed to be convened will ensure that these labours will be prolonged. British troops will quit India after the new Government is set up.

FOOD AS A WEAPON OF TOTAL WAR

The persistent suspicion that the great Powers have been misusing food as a weapon of war has been confirmed by the publication of the secret documents of the U.S.A. State Department. It only proves that this is not a new plan but it seems to have been perfected now.

Recently Russia, after turning down the request of President Truman for food for European countries, announced that she had rushed aid to countries which had sought her help in time, thereby implying that she was in a position to help those who approached her. There is thus open competition between Russia and the Anglo-American bloc—each advertising that it has food to spare and holding out its own terms for providing it to such as desire it. To-day we hear that Dr. von Mook has protested that Dr. Sharir's offer of rice to India is fraught with grave consequences to Indonesia and in the same breath he adds that Allied headquarters in Java and Sumatra are entitled to priority. It will be remembered that the Allied headquarters approached Dr. Sharir with a request to hand over the rice offered to India. He was then urged on behalf of the Allied headquarters that by this process there would not be any need to export rice from India. Then, we did not hear of Dr. von Mook's protest. Now that Dr. Sharir has definitely refused to give rice to Allied headquarters, Dr. von Mook is protesting. What is the obvious conclusion? Have the Allied headquarters set up Dr. von Mook to checkmate Dr. Sharir in establishing direct political contact with Nehru? Or is Dr. von

Mook anxious to propitiate the Allied headquarters in giving the Dutch active help should the present negotiations between the Dutch and the Indonesians fail?

Again, the Allied headquarters urge that in return for rice from Indonesia they would not import rice from India, which clearly proves that exports of rice from India still continue. It cannot be otherwise. So long as our armies are outside India they have to be fed and so long as India has to provide food for Indian soldiers abroad, she has to starve herself.

The Anglo-American bloc will never ask Russia for food, if they can help it; or if they do so, it will be only when they are sure Russia would not be in a position to give it.

So this big International Food Board affair is a downright political fraud by which the great Powers are trying to cow down the opposition of smaller Powers and turn them into beggars for food. The scheme is a very deep one worthy of the Anglo-American bloc who, seeing that their political power is in the wane, want to regain it by this big food combine. They are no better than black-marketeers who hoard with a view to dictating their terms. The British scramble for concluding a rice contract with Siam can have no other significance. Rice is the staple article of food in Asia and both America and England are anxious to have control over it. Food and the atom bomb are the twin weapons of total warfare and the Powers are anxious to control both with a view to dominating the world.

A LAWYER.

WHITHER, GANDHIJI?

By C. R. Kunhunni

Khadi is becoming a disquieting and dangerous problem. Gandhiji, the sponsor of Khadi, is bent upon imposing fresh ordeals not only on perpetual Khadi-wearers but also on the people as a whole. Khadi-wearers were at first forced to spin in order to get their Khadi cloth. Many devotees of Khadi who sincerely believed that spinning would never bring Swaraj were forced to relinquish Khadi altogether. Unsophisticated Khadi lovers reluctantly resorted to spinning in order to get Khadi during these days of cloth shortage. But the problem does not stop there. Gandhiji clearly sees that his "Spin to Swaraj" slogan is becoming less convincing in these days of revolutionary outlook of the people. Hence in the name of village poverty, cloth shortage and Swaraj he is contemplating to bring coercion on the villagers to spin for their cloth.

In *Harijan* dated 28th April 46 he writes thus:

"Each provincial Government (presumably Congress Government) has to tell the villagers that they must manufacture their own Khadi for their own use. This brings in automatic local production and distribution. And there will undoubtedly be a surplus for the cities at least to a certain extent, which in its turn, will reduce the pressure on local mills. The latter will then be able to take part in supplying the want of cloth in other parts of the world". (Italics mine)

Gandhiji further says: "The Government should notify the villagers that they will be expected to manufacture Khaddar for the needs of their villages within a fixed date after which no cloth will be supplied to them. This should do away with cloth shortage."

Instead of increased mill cloth production and its equitable distribution, this is Gandhiji's way of meeting the cloth crisis.

Four main factors emerge from this part of his article.

Firstly, Gandhiji seeks Government help to force the villagers to spin and manufacture Khadi. Whether the villagers like this or not is none of Gandhiji's concern.

Secondly, if the villagers do not spin and manufacture their cloth, they will not be given any cloth from outside.

Thirdly, villagers should take up this less lucrative job not only for clothing themselves but also for catering to the needs of the urban people and thus help the mills to send cloth outside the country.

Fourthly, no such coercion is to be made on the urban people.

As far as the villagers are concerned this is a dangerous proposition. In the first place this coercion is quite contrary to the principles of non-violence and truth. Secondly, a democratic Government worth the name has no power to coerce the people to do a certain work. If the people think that that work is necessary for the welfare of the country, they should do it voluntarily. It is unsound and undemocratic to coerce them to submission with the aid of Governmental machinery. Here the poor villagers are forced to manufacture Khadi on threat of non-supply of cloth from outside.

It is true that unemployment and poor economic conditions are rampant in the countryside. But that does not in any way mean that the villagers should be compelled to undertake a less profitable work. All villagers cannot be expected to become wholtime spinners because they will have other work also to maintain themselves and their families. Compared to other businesses Khadi-making under present conditions is less profitable and more exacting. The problem of converting all villagers to wholtime Khadi-manufacturers is indeed very difficult. That means the end of agriculture and other cottage industries in the villages.

Gandhiji's latest proposition is a strange paradox. The man who vehemently opposes machinery and industrialisation now wants to help the mills to export cloth to other parts of the world! Again the man who is supposed to stand for the emancipation of the down-trodden masses in the villages now allows them to be exploited by the urban middle classes and the mill capitalists. The pity of it is that this

exploitation is to be done with the help of the Government.

It would be very difficult for Gandhiji and the Congress Governments to put through this new proposition because the awakened masses in the villages would not be foolish enough to undertake this less profitable work and allow themselves to be exploited by the vested interests.

THE TRUE ANTIDOTE TO INCIVILITY

By "K. A. Y."

A short while ago I felt very hurt and sad over my experience at a hair-cutting saloon. To my very gentle request to one who appeared to be the boss of the show that my hair should be cut in a particular way as used to be done in other parts of the world and also in other parts of India, I got a very brusque answer, "He will do it alright" pointing to one of his hirelings. It was not that the headman was busy. He will not have the patience even to hear me out. Ordinarily I should have left the place and sought the services of a more polite barber. But the necessity to hurry and catch a train very soon compelled me to put up with the treatment. The work was done indifferently by the understudy. The sadder part of the story is this. I had produced a rupee note towards the charge of 12 annas for services rendered. No change from the headman who received it was forthcoming and he appeared to take it for granted that four annas was his tip, seeing that I was well dressed. Ordinarily I would not have grudged the tip of four annas but the presumption that it was his due and he could have it of his own accord without a word of thanks and without even a smile was what nettled me badly.

This is not a solitary instance. That same day while travelling in

the train I had ordered a vegetarian dinner at a big station. A decent tip to the waiter provided neither a word of thanks nor even a smile. It is very often good to be mildly demonstrative instead of leaving others to a philosophic speculation that thankfulness is felt in your heart. Common taxi-drivers who ought to know better are no exception to this rule.

Another observation which forced itself on my attention was that the Mussalmans and Harijans in these organizations were generally more courteous and polite. Why should it be so? Does the Caste Hindu think that he is much superior to others and is above the observance of common courtesies?

When going through the dailies, one notices that there are unions of workers in these trades and there are leaders amongst them. One does not know whether they are elected or self-appointed. They catalogue their rights and privileges and clamour for their wrongs to be righted, but not one word is heard of impressing on their followers the duties they owe to their employers or the public whom they are supposed to serve. Demand of rights and privileges will come with greater force and compel closer attention after meticulous fulfilment of duties.

Is there a psychological background for this attitude of the bulk

of the people? Possibly it comes from the insurgence of independence among the masses, when discourtesy is mistaken for high spirit and "servility is shed without acquiring civility".

The above classes of people could be excused on the score unlettered and untutored classes could be excused for incivility, but what about the so-called educated clerks in the registration, postal and telegraph departments? They are offensive in a different manner, with the objective before them of doing just the amount of work allotted and a firm conviction that any guidance to an ignorant customer at the counter is strictly in excess—nay violation of their duties. Imagine the revulsion I must have had while consulting at a counter in a post office a clerk with an unshaven face, with his mouth full of pan and blobs of coloured saliva hanging perilously near the angles of the mouth and with one of his hands engaged in pleasantly scratching the nether portion of his anatomy while only the other was available for the work on hand. I fondly hoped that a smile may beam in his face but I was wrong. I had only a snarl. The scratching was probably only painful then and the pleasure was to follow later on.

There is a further complication introduced in the services by an influx of women. The men are bad enough with respect to physique and appearance but the women are worse. In these early stages, I suppose it is excusable nervousness on their part that a smile may be

misunderstood. Before unbreakable traditions are established amongst them and while they are yet in a plastic stage fit to be moulded, will it not be worthwhile to impress on them that a cheerful and a smiling countenance will not be misconstrued as encouraging young males? If virtue is to be saved, it must be by one's strength of mind and not a forbidding exterior. Habits are acquired early in our lives. Let us therefore take pains to acquire good ones instead of offensive ones.

Am I tiresome with the tale of complaints? Am I thought to be indulging in a deal of destructive criticism without offering one constructive thought?

To my mind, poor physique and under-nourishment of the people is at the bottom of all these shortcomings. The value of the common man's diet must be improved, and for the effective absorption and assimilation of the better diet, regular exercises must be enjoined on all alike. As many gymnasia and swimming pools must be opened as there are schools and hostels. If private philanthropy is not forthcoming, the State should step in, irrespective of cost. Beaming health and a cheerful mind, I expect, will automatically manifest itself as a smile in the face and a general kindness in people's daily transactions with each other.

Let us all bear in mind the great truth in the common popular English song:

*Pack up your troubles in your
kit-bag
And smile, smile, smile.*

The human mind, which is so much greater than the personalities it carries, is passing on towards creative realisations of the vastest sort, and this squabbling legacy from the ages of scarcity fades to unimportance even where it still extends. To realise the inspiration of modern possibilities, to realise the gigantic promises that are breaking through the confusions of contemporary reality, makes these little bits of showing-off and our mutual gibes and belittlement seem pitiful stuff.

—H. G. Wells.

CABINET MISSION'S PROPOSALS

As A Literate Man In The Street Sees Them

I am sure there is much material in the British Cabinet Mission's proposals for political and constitutional pandits to think over. But what are the reactions of a literate man in the street to these proposals? Here is a catalogue of his reactions:

(1) The Mission has tried to meet the wishes of the League and the Congress.

(2) Though Pakistan is not conceded, the substance of Pakistan has been conceded.

(3) The Union Centre's only function is to look after Foreign Affairs, Communications and Defence and its power to raise finance is limited to these purposes.

(4) India has been vivisected into three practically autonomous groups.

(5) The Mission has rendered justice to the people of India by emphasising the democratic principle of proportional representation.

(6) The Union Centre has in all probability been desired solely with a view to preserving the unity of India for purposes of defence against foreign aggression.

(7) The compensating factor to the vivisection of India is the liberty given to provinces to choose their own unit. This might well result in reducing the three Groups into two. For, if Assam decides to join the Southern Unit and Bengal decides to join the North-Western Unit, then there will be only two units.

(8) It is possible that reactionary Britishers might set up trade rivalries between the three groups. The British trader might well join hands with one or other of these three Units and set up an unhealthy rivalry and competition between them.

(9) The position of Provincial Governors under these proposals has not been elucidated. It would appear that they have not got the power of veto over subjects trans-

ferred to the care of the Provinces. They seem to fill no useful purpose in this present scheme of things—i.e., in the interim period.

(10) The unity of Indian trade has been disrupted once for all. Foreign traders will be free to flirt with this or that Group. This might well take us back to East India Company days.

(11) One cannot but feel that the Labour Government has been actuated by a genuine desire to raise the reputation of the British Empire. In the world of the future, in which Russia is gathering strength and influence, it is but reasonable that the Labour Government should think seriously of its low prestige and try to raise itself. It now aims at creating goodwill everywhere. Its policy in Egypt is an instance in point.

(12) One feels that the Mission's proposals vivisecting India into three Groups have been actuated by (i) a genuine apprehension that the Muslims might create a row and make themselves a nuisance; and (ii) a desire to have more than one string to their bow in the matter of trade. Britain is afraid of Hindu industrialists and would like to have a comfortable haven for their trade in Muslim blocks where there is no such serious competition. If the worst comes to the worst, Britain can fight her way in trade in India by competing with Indian industrialists with the help of Muslim blocks.

(13) C. R. the other day was impatient that we should make a beginning and not be conducting wordy political warfare. The Mission's proposals constitute an excellent beginning to start with. There is yet hope that there will be Hindu-Muslim unity, if not now, at least some years later. And then we can visualise a United India taking her proud place as the leader of Asia when the equilibrium of world peace cannot but be upset without her co-operation.

M. S. V. CHARL.

GANDHI-JINNAH TUSSLE AT NEW DELHI

By "Broadcaster"

New Delhi: As I write this dispatch, Mahatma Gandhi is playing a very interesting role. His first (and continuing) reaction to the Cabinet Delegation's award—for award it was—was to call it a sample of British Socialist nobility, something of which the British could be proud. By implication Gandhiji has fixed his seal of approval, with minor reservations, to the Pethick-Lawrence—Cripps plan. Alexander, you see, is going easy; in fact, being concerned with sea-faring men at home, he is at sea in India.

The Congress Working Committee, composed as it is of hard-boiled old campaigners, in the first flush heaved a great sigh of relief, but has been chary of sugary talk. The Committee are now concurrently nursing two big head-aches. The Gandhian aspirin has not so far assuaged the aches. One head-ache is the status of the Constituent Assembly to be seen against the background of the overall sovereignty vested in the King. The other pain: What about the grouping of second-hand Pakistan in the North East and the North West? So Gandhiji is perambulating between Bhangi Colony and Pethick-Lawrence's residence trying to synthesise the conflict into amity. When Gandhiji told the Secretary of State that the dubious status of the Constituent Assembly was worrying the Working Committee, the old gentleman undertook to refer the question to the British Cabinet.

On the question of grouping of provinces, talks, as I write, are in conclusion. Here is that the original statement said:

"The provinces should be free to form groups with executives and legislatures, and each group could determine the provincial subjects to be taken in common".

This was a half-hearted attempt at appeasing the Quad-e-Azam. As

the phrasing stands it means that initially a province in any of the three groups can say, "No, thank you". It appeared later that it was not so. Each province willy-nilly is there in its pen. You could get out of the group if you fancy single-blessedness later on.

The Congress Working Committee says, and with reason, that Assam and the Frontier, the one by reason of its non-Muslim majority plus its Congress complexion and the other by its verdict at the polls, cannot be kicked into the North Eastern and North Western groups.

Those who have seen Jinnah taking the air on the spacious grounds of "Yarrows" in Simla in recent days say he is a changed man. There is, so they say, a far-away look in his eyes. He hasn't spoken yet. Each time an enterprising correspondent waited on the Old Strategist in Simla for his fateful word, the answer had been "I am studying the plan". The fact, however, is that Jinnah's ears are corked at Bhangi Colony to hear the official word of the Congress before he will say what he will say.

Dawn, official organ of the Muslim League, it appears, has committed a prime bloomer. Its first comment on the Cabinet Delegation's plan was human enough. It said in surprisingly mild language that Indian parties would eventually accept the plan and work it for what it was worth, as indeed they had done in the past. Thunder came from Simla in august disapproval of the sentiment. So, two days later, on the 19th of this month, *Dawn* swung into shape again, with its old Chengiz Khan mantle re-donned, and wrote that on the word of one man depended whether it should be bloodshed or peace in India—the word of Quad-e-Azam.

The scarlet talk that the League began officially at the Muslim League Legislators Convention in Delhi

and maintained at high pressure since has lost its punch. Knowledgeable people in the capital have come to write it off as inane sob-stuff. It is known that the Muslim League's talk aimed at giving the creeps to supposedly white-feathered Hindus, and the old pal, the Government, is worrying the Cabinet Ministers and the Viceroy. One question is being asked here. Current and recent speeches by top-ranking Muslim League leaders plus the gangster technique employed by *Dawn* in its editorials and features clearly constitute incitement to civil disorder. Why is it, it is asked, that the Government of India are sitting with folded hands?

Now for a little gossip going round sophisticated breakfast tables in New Delhi's Belgravia:

Nehru is anxious that Azad must be a member of the Interim Government.

Cripps is fond of prawn-curry with tomato salad. There is tomato salad a-plenty but you can't get fresh prawns in Delhi.

Alexander is working his way through a bunch of old detective novels with the help of a plentiful supply of local beer.

Wavell is daily taking one big question with him to bed, to wit, Shall Ambedkar be in the new Cabinet?

A LESSON FROM MALAYA

(From Our Correspondent)

Kuala Lumpur: Slowly but surely the Indian community in Malaya is recovering from its military and political defeat. Although a small section still live in the past glories of Independence and do nothing practical to conform with the entirely new alignment of political forces, the difficult and painful process of building a new organisation to replace the Independence League is going ahead. New leaders are coming forward who, together with the best elements of the I.L., are rapidly gaining the support of the masses.

When I met Mr. Raman the vigorous and youthful Secretary of the Selangor Indian Union, we discussed the problems of the Indians here, and their new organisation to solve them.

Founded less than six months ago, the Indian Union has already over 3,000 members in Selangor State. It is a political organisation welcoming into its ranks all who are for a free and democratic Malaya and India, whether they be supporters of the Congress, the Muslim League, the Communist Party or no party. When I questioned Mr. Raman closely about the Indian Union's

attitude towards the Cabinet Mission and the differences that stifle the political atmosphere in India to-day, he answered me very simply. It is not for the Indians in Malaya to reproduce artificially the antagonisms that divide India, he said.

But as a small overseas community, cut off from their homeland for many years, it would be presumptuous for them to criticise or advise the leaders of the mass organisations of the Indian people. They are rather in the position of relatives anxiously and eagerly watching from a distance the drama involving the family of nations, that is India. A strange drama at which the audience in the stalls are requested neither to clap nor to hiss to show approval or disapproval.

They trust and hope that the best elements from both parties will speedily settle their differences and march together in the building of a free India. Although many Indians have spent long years in Malaya, their ties with the mother country are still strong. When scores of Indians are mown down by British bullets, when lakhs are laid low

by famine, the Indians here suffer as blood brothers of these martyrs.

That brought us to the vexed question of the Malayan Union, and citizenship rights. Mr. Raman rightly pointed out that if the British are allowed dual citizenship, i.e., to remain citizens of Malaya and Britain, how can a Labour Government pledged to racial equality deny the Indian and Chinese community equal rights? The Indian Union has embodied this demand, together with a demand for a full democratic constitution in a memorandum which has been submitted to H. E. the Governor along with statements from other Indian bodies.

'The people', it has been said, 'are immortal'. They make history, and they learn from the history that they have made. The Indians of Malaya helped to make 'The Government of Azad Hind', and the more thoughtful of them are dispassionately analysing the successes and mistakes of that Government.

I asked Mr. Raman frankly what lessons the Indians had learnt from their defeat, and he explained briefly as follows:

First, they must work for the closest fraternal relations between the three races here, and fight any tendency towards racial isolationism.

Secondly, it is not sufficient to be patriots and Nationalists, however intense your patriotism, or however ready you may be to offer your life for the cause. It is necessarily to become internationally-minded—to study carefully the international situation, and the world alignment of political forces, and to relate the present struggle of the peoples of Malaya to the world struggles of the colonial peoples for freedom.

Many of these ideas have been embodied in the aims and objects of the Indian Union, the most important being

(a) To work for the freedom of the Indian people, politically, socially, and economically.

(b) To foster unity among Indians, and eliminate differences of caste and creed.

(c) To encourage Trade Unionism.

(d) To co-operate with other races in Malaya so as to co-ordinate the struggle for democracy.

Note carefully point (c)—to encourage Trade Unionism. This is another lesson learnt from the past. The failure of the Independence League to organise the labouring masses found it helpless to prevent the deportation of tens of thousands of Tamil labourers to a horrible death building the Siam death railway. Now the Indian Union has formed a flourishing section of the General Labourers' Union. Already over 25,000 Indians in Selangor alone are organised under the following headings—estate labourers, public works, electrical, railways, shop workers, cigar workers, dhobies, barbers and others. One of the biggest fights of the Indian Trade Unions is for equal pay for equal work. Tamil labourers get one rupee four annas a day, working alongside Chinese who receive 3 or 4 rupees a day. The difference is only partly accounted for by the fact that the Tamils are indentured labourers living in rent-free 'coolie lines', receiving a small ration of rice. This is fast becoming a national issue, and is supported by Chinese as well as Indians.

On 1st May I saw this unity in practice. Big contingents of Indians marched proudly down to the maidan, and mingled with their Chinese and Malayan brothers. There the Congress Tri-colour, the National Flag of China, and the Red Flag were planted firmly together against the common enemy. It was an inspiring sight, and proved that if peoples so different in language, religion, and custom as the Malays, Chinese and Indians could unite, then nothing can prevent that international unity of the common man which can eliminate exploitation and war for ever.

PALME DUTT ON RUSSIAN FOREIGN POLICY

Rajani Palme Dutt, the British Communist leader, answered numerous questions relating to the foreign policy of the Soviet Union at a Press Conference in Madras on Monday, May 27.

Asked whether Russia would help if India sought food from her, he said he would very much hesitate to suggest an approach to that quarter. Russia suffered more than any other country during the war from destruction of food-producing areas. We do know the need in Russia to be very great and yet the Soviet Government is making gifts of food to the Balkan countries, to Poland, etc. He pointed out, in this connection, that there is food in abundance in other quarters, which is going to Japan to maintain a high level of consumption there. Following defeat in war there is a natural revulsion among the Japanese people against the old system, just as in Germany in 1918. It was the deliberate policy of the U. S. to keep the average Japanese well satisfied, and prevent any movement for over-throwing the old reactionary Mikado system, which America wants to preserve as a weapon against the Soviet Union. They are pouring food into Japan, and refusing it to India. Russia could not be asked to send food to India in order to enable America to use its food to buttress Japanese reaction.

Communism not a Russian invention: Questioned next about alleged Russian control of the Communist parties in other countries, Dutt said: "It is a funny notion that Communism is a sort of Russian invention, exported from and run by Russia." The first elementary point is that Communism derives from the Communist Manifesto drawn up by Marx and Engels. Russia came later into the picture. The Russian Revolution was a very powerful demonstration of Communist tactics and their success. It was interesting to note that in Russia, the early Communists were told that Communism was a Western importation,

wholly unsuited to Russian conditions. Now it has been proved that that was incorrect, and that Communism found a very good basis in Russia. William Gallacher had been working as a Communist long before the Russian Revolution; it was the French Socialist Party which converted itself, in 1920, by a majority decision, into the French Communist Party. Thus the Communist parties in different countries are independent parties, which function in the most democratic manner.

Palme Dutt then spoke of the imperialists' monopoly of foreign news agencies, and how this colours public opinion. Foreign news reaches India mostly from *Reuters* and other imperialist channels in London, which always paint Russia as the big bear waiting to stretch its paw on India.

The Persian issue: When the apprehension of certain Nationalists regarding the Persian issue was mentioned, Palme Dutt explained Russian policy in the light of recent history. The war that has ended has been a terrible and costly war. It was brought about by the reactionary rulers of Western countries, mainly Britain and America, who nourished and appeased the Fascist Governments. The main cost of the war was borne by Russia; seven million Russians died in the battle as against 300,000 dead for Britain and about 250,000 for the U. S. The Russians are determined that this shall not happen again and that Fascism shall not grow up again. These principles were agreed to at the various Three-Power conferences during the war at Teheran, Potsdam, etc., which laid down that Fascism must be wiped out and that democratic regimes would be established in liberated territory. What has happened since is that Russia has stood by and carried out those agreements, and Britain and the U. S. have gone back on them. They are obstructing de-Nazification in Germany and denouncing the Potsdam agreement. In Greece they

suppressed the Greek liberationist movement. But in Bulgaria, Rumania and Poland, the old feudal forces have been overthrown, and the new democratic forces have come to power, based on the workers' and peasants' organisations.

In Persia was a regime which for 25 years had been suppressing the Persian national democratic revolution, which was the first to take place in Asia, in 1907. There are 2,000 absentee landlords living

luxuriously in Teheran, while the peasant retains only one-fifth of his produce. When the military occupation came, the Soviet troops insisted that the United Nations' principles should be carried out. There was a revival and growth of trade unions and democratic parties, especially in Azerbaijan which had been, even twenty-five years ago, the centre of revolutionary activity. The Soviet Union had utilized its position to ensure that democratic forces were set on their feet.

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION, PLEASE NOTE

By S. Mukunda Rao

Here are a few things that can be done immediately by the Minister for Education, Madras:

Teachers and students should get back their civic right of taking part in elections and other political activities so long as they are not socially subversive.

Teachers in elementary schools should have the freedom to form unions in any manner they deem fit and not restricted as by G. O. Ms. No. 416 of 24th Feb. 1939. They should not be compelled to subscribe to departmentally-run associations over which they have no control.

Instead of classifying schools into lower elementary, higher elementary, lower secondary and high schools, we should have lower basic, upper basic and high schools. The present standards 1 to 5 of an elementary school or classes 1 to 5 of a secondary school should henceforth be styled as lower basic schools. Similarly, standards 6 to 8 of a higher elementary school and forms I to III of a secondary school should be called upper basic schools. Each of these should have its own building, staff and headmaster even when they are run by the same management in the same locality.

The high school should be confined to forms IV to VI. It will admit pupils who have passed the public examination at the end of the upper basic school held on a district basis so that the standards may not be lowered by unhealthy competition between high schools. New high schools may be

started commencing with form IV if there is a good number of upper basic schools in the area.

In basic schools instruction should be craft-centred, there should be no text books for pupils in non-language subjects, and English should not be taught. In the upper basic schools, Hindustani may be an optional second language.

Form IV should be treated as a preparatory class of the high school stage and basic English should be begun there as a second language. In forms V and VI there should be parallel courses biased towards agriculture, industry, commerce and literary or scientific studies. Each course must have a core of cultural subjects. Teaching should be through any of the Indian languages. Permission given to some of the schools to teach in English or to run parallel sections (which in effect means having a large number of English medium sections with one or two mother-tongue medium sections) should be withdrawn.

The Text Book Committee should be abolished, and headmasters (not managers) should be free to use the books they deem suitable.

There should be a separate S.S.L.C. Board for each of the language areas—Telugu, Tamil, Malayalam and Kannada.

The problem of teachers' salaries and service conditions, though very important, cannot be solved before the question of managing agency is settled.

THE WORLD ABROAD

A Survey of Foreign Affairs

The Persian delegate to the Security Council, Dr. Hussein Ala, has the unique distinction of consistently misrepresenting the views of the government whose representative he is supposed to be. In spite of the categorical statement by the Persian government that the Red Army had completed evacuation of Persia on May 6, the date mutually agreed upon by the two parties to the dispute, the Security Council once again took up the question for discussion. Dr. Ala's complaint (in flat contradiction of his Government's announcement) that Soviet interference in Persian affairs had not ceased, was eagerly seized upon by the British and American representatives. Repeated confirmation of withdrawal of Russian troops has, however, shown that the passionate love of Persian liberty professed by the Anglo-American camp was only intended to discredit Russia before world opinion. Whatever the initial success of this diplomatic crusade, it appears as though Mr. Stettinius and Sir Alexander Cadogan will have to give it up—unless they should decide that Dr. Ala, rather than the constituted Government at Teheran, is the true representative of the Persian people.

The real problem in Persia, the conflict between the democrats and the reactionary feudal interests, remains unsolved. Encouraged by Anglo-American support, the landlord and right-wing elements staged a minor revolt against the new democratic regime of Azerbaijan. Clashes also took place on the frontier between the Central Government and Democrat forces. But prompt action by Premier Sultaneh has put an end to the fighting. The negotiations for constitutional recognition of Azerbaijan's autonomy, which had to be adjourned due to the deadlock reached at Teheran, are to be resumed. The Security

Council would do well to leave the Persians alone to settle their internal problems.

The talks at Cairo for revision of the Anglo-Egyptian treaty have come to a standstill. Though the debate in Parliament has served to advertise the 'bold liberal' policy of the Labour Government, the reality is that Egyptians are being faced with a demand to accept a "protection" of which they are far from eager to avail themselves. Britain desires to have certain clauses with regard to defence in the treaty which would, in effect, make Egypt an ally of Britain by compulsion in case of war. Simultaneously, British financial interests are busy canvassing for the Egyptian market. There is much in common between the terms on which Britain would like to settle with Egypt and India. She is willing to 'abdicate' palpable overlordship in exchange for effective control over the economy and foreign policy of the ex-colonies. Meanwhile, anti-British incidents continue to occur in Egypt, indicating the people's temper. Mr. Bevin was indignant, and reported to the House that a strong protest has been made to the Egyptian Government. Britain's Socialist Foreign Minister does not seem to have realised that alien troops are only too likely to get hurt if they stay in countries where they are not wanted.

The food experts at Washington, on whose decisions the existence of millions of people depends, seem to have made a speciality of contradicting hopeful reports. Mr. Morrison embarked on his food mission to America mainly to remove "disturbing misunderstanding" on the extent to which India would be supplied with wheat. He announced on his return that shipments to India would be much greater during 1946 than ever before. This message of

hope, like the earlier offer of 1,400,000 tons by the Combined Food Board reported by Sir A. R. Mudaliar, has met with prompt denial. The U. S. Secretary of State's special assistant has maintained that the U. S. has "no commitments on India". Frantic last-hour efforts are being made to create a new and effective international food organisation to replace the Combined Food Board, which was recently declared to be powerless in the matter of ensuring actual fulfilment of its allocations.

The dictatorship of the Royalist, pro-British politicians continues to reign in Greece. Installed into power as a result of terrorism, conducted with the help of British arms and troops against the democratic parties, the newly 'elected' Government has not asked for the evacuation of British troops. The Parliamentary delegation which visited Greece stated on its return that "Britain is losing prestige"—a polite understatement. The Labour Government, no less than its predecessor, is determined to maintain reactionary groups in power in Greece, as in

Spain, to act as brakes on the new Europe which is fast slipping out of the control of British politicians and British finance.

Sir Dorman-Smith's administration in Burma has brought the country to an acute economic crisis. Prices of foodstuffs and clothing have shot up far beyond the average man's purchasing capacity. Foreign commercial corporations are making huge profits, and the local administration is corrupt and inefficient. So great is its unpopularity that even the right-wing leader Ba-Maw has threatened to withdraw his supporters from the Governor's Council unless reforms are introduced and elections speeded up. After failure of its negotiations with the Governor for the conversion of the present unrepresentative Council into a national Cabinet, the Anti-Fascist League has been preparing "to launch a freedom struggle, should it become necessary." The large scale arrests of members of the People's Volunteer Organisation, and police firing on a demonstration by the people, are bringing matters to a head.



The talks for a revision of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty were formally opened at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Cairo, recently. Picture shows Lord Stansgate replying to Sidky Pasha's address of welcome. Sidky Pasha is seated opposite, third from left, wearing glasses.

THE SECOND STAGE

I remember an entrancing sketch by Neville Cardus imaginatively reconstructing the life of a professional cricketer in England. As the book now reposes in the library of a too forgetful friend, I have no means of referring to it more elaborately, but a sentence which caught the fancy described the player as looking forward, after a grim struggle against Yorkshire, to the comparative ease of a fixture with Leicestershire, despite Astill and Geary, who used to lie in wait for the unwary batsmen on the romantic field of Ashby-de-la-Zouch and elsewhere. This consideration should serve to remind one of the facts that the draw which the Indians played against the County last week was not, though the result was undoubtedly due in some measure at least to the unkind weather, very satisfactory to the tourists. The appetite grows by what it feeds on, and the rout of Surrey had given rise to a voracious desire that this far weaker combination should also be so ruthlessly treated. It was, however, not to be.

Though the Scots, who have with Wallace bled and also uniformly wham Bruce has often led, have been routed with astonishing ease, and though Merchant's century at Lord's gives scope for the employment of coruscating hyperboles, the Leicester match deserves a few remarks, as the first fixture of the tour when the game was played, for the most part, on a wet wicket. While it is undoubtedly true that all the matches played so far have been affected, in smaller or bigger measure, by rain, the engagement with Leicester was played on a wicket which was entirely new to most of the tourists. It would be correct to deduce the comforting fact that against moderate bowling the tourists will not be very hard put to it if, as it seems likely, they find themselves on similar wickets.

To have secured a lead on such a treacherous wicket against a team not ill provided with batsmen was certainly meritorious. This judgment cannot be impugned even

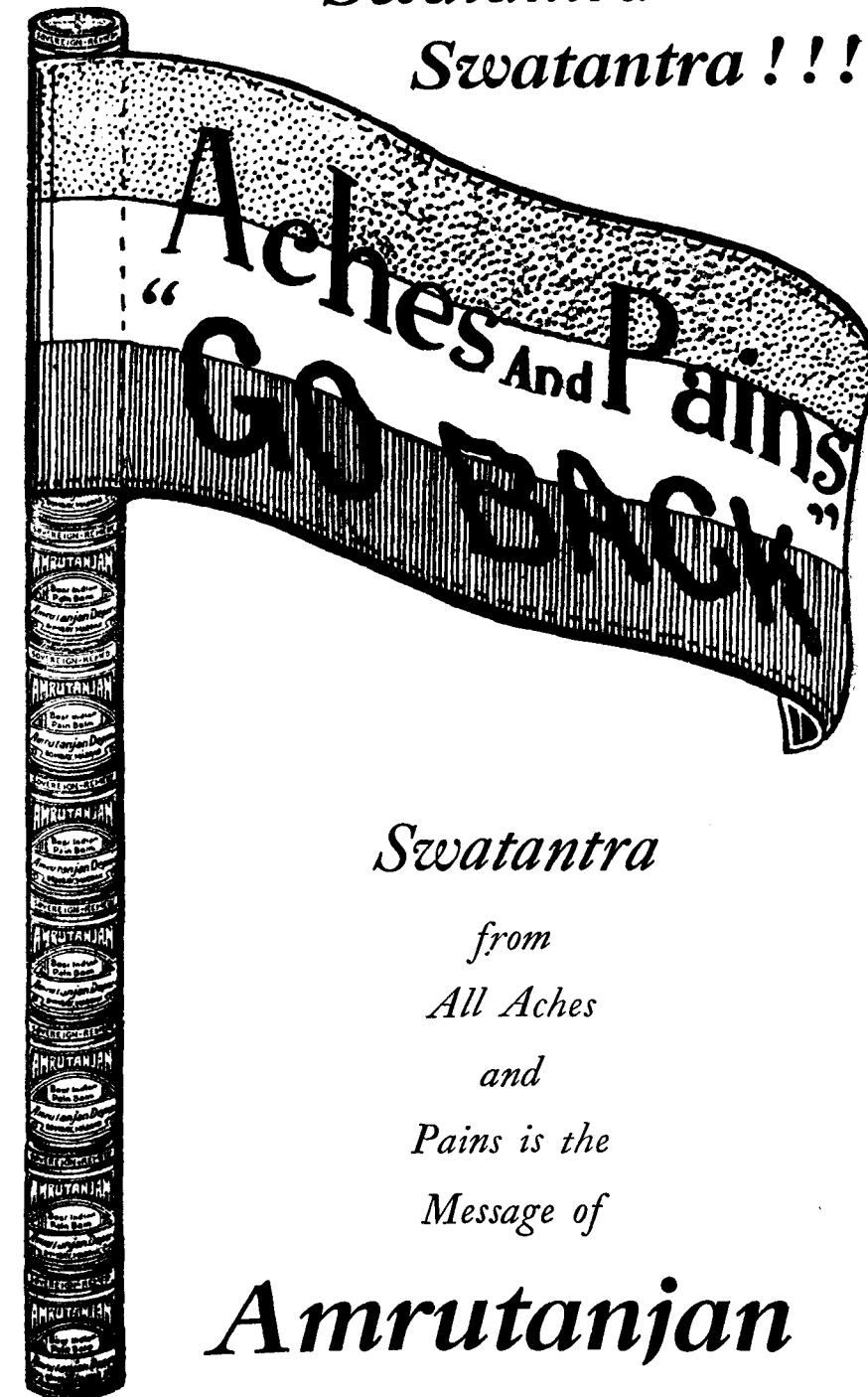
when it is considered that a very big margin of the total Indian score was amassed by a single batsman. Confidence in his ability to face any kind of wicket is naturally to be found more in Merchant than in Pataudi, Amarnath, or Mushtaq Ali. For a batsman who has an eye to the virtues of defence can adapt himself more certainly than a purely aggressive batsman. The criticism put forward at the time that he "plays off the right foot late and some people are inclined to think that he is too late" is hair-splitting. Surely the ability to delay one's strokes till the last possible moment is of the essence of finer batsmanship? This collectedness is vitally necessary when the pitch is capable of playing pranks.

If the match was of help in disproving a standing charge, it also provided the other members of the team with an excellent opportunity of acclimatisation. But they seized it less in batting than in bowling. For possibly the first time since the tour began, the medium pace bowlers held their own with the all-conquering spin bowlers. Amarnath utilised the occasion for an excellent piece of bowling, a performance which not only earned the lead for the Indians but also provided an indication that his surprising lack of success with either the bat or the ball is only a passing phenomenon.

Apart from Amarnath, Hazare also showed himself to advantage. Though he took but one wicket in the first innings, his ability to swing the ball into the batsman late was displayed in this match admirably. It is permissible to hold that his later success against Scotland was not a little due to his having gained an intimate knowledge of the conditions, which not only prevailed at Edinburgh, but also threatens to be the general rule this season.

If, therefore, the success against Surrey represented the first phase of the tour, that of actual success, the Leicester fixture must be considered as having created the second stage, that of consolidation.—N.S.R.

Swatantra!
Swatantra!!
Swatantra!!!



Swatantra

from

All Aches

and

Pains is the

Message of

Amrutanjan

LETTERS

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

Food Problem: Suggestions

To Government

Now that the Ministers have toured the deficit and surplus areas of the Province, they should have fairly appraised the complexity of the food situation. In the event of failure of the South-west monsoon, we face disaster. But signs are favourable and there is likelihood of the monsoon setting in, in a while. The Ministers have before them now various suggestions, reasonable and otherwise, for easing the situation. The suggestion for subsidy for quick short term crops has received much support. I suggest the following to the Ministry and the public for consideration:

1. To give an incentive to short term Kuruvai crop, the Government must give water free for all Kuruvai cultivation on lands classified as permanent single crop (Ditta Oru Bhogam).

2. In permanent single crop lands, freshly converted into double, manure must be distributed free to the ryots or on loan, the cost being realised along with the kist.

3. In Tanjore district, of the two areas, Mettur Canal area and old delta area, one of them, preferably the old delta, must be given water a month earlier than the other. Simultaneous supply to both will result in reduced and ineffective pressure and the flow will be weak and insufficient for irrigation. The first supply must be plentiful for the fields to be filled up and lesser quantities will be adequate later on.

4. Cultivation has become very costly for the small owner and the Government must give him a definite and appreciable concession in land tax. The Government must decide who is a small owner.

5. As the zest of the labourer in cultivation is really the most important factor in production the wage levels of the agricultural labourer must be increased and the Government must make an unequivocal declaration of the agricultural labour-

er's right to his homestead. Minimum wages and safeguards against coercion to work and arbitrary dismissal must be secured.

6. If the Government cannot introduce total Prohibition, at least the barter of paddy for toddy must be declared illegal.

I would, in conclusion, urge the Government to continue the present procurement system through the wholesaler till the co-operative societies are sufficiently numerous and organised to take over from the wholesaler. Trade in foodgrains must be effectively licensed and controlled and prices of chillies and such other articles must be fixed in relation to the price of rice.

V. BHUVARAHAN,
Tanjore.

Food Control Measures

The food control measures formulated by the present Government neither remedy past defects nor forecast a plan assuring minimum food for all. What is the ration proposed for the poorer classes who cannot afford to buy costly foods to make up for the present reduced ration? Has any scheme been formulated to control supplies of fish, pulses, jaggery, and vegetables and equally distribute them at a fair price? Is there any scheme of subsidising their sale for the poor? What about the prevention of further deterioration in the health of those already undermined by the low intake of calories? What about vulnerable groups of children and expectant mothers? What penalties are attached to landholders if they do not fully hand over wages in kind wages for agricultural labour, left in their hands by the procurement staff for distribution? In an economy where the revenue subordinates are already afraid to collect the full quota from landholders out of fear of them, the present proposal is to form village committees and to build up taluq and district committees by indirect election without any safeguard that the

majority in these committees should comprise the consumer interest. It will only further weaken procurement. If the revenue staff has been found to exercise undue influence, the Government might easily have created an independent staff under the Food Department for procurement, with village officials at the bottom. The scheme makes no proposal for eliminating wholesale merchants and examining the margins of distribution. C. R.'s proposal of State-farming can immediately be started in the lands of Government, temples, and big landholders. If the Government are serious to help the producer, the rules should provide for the transfer of the bonus to tenants who form the major class of cultivators of paddy.

K. G. SIVASWAMY.

Release K. P. R. Gopalan

While the new Ministry of Madras have released even the Kulasekharapatnam prisoners, it is deplorable that a good many Communists are still in jails. Are K.P.R. Gopalan and his comrades still detained only because their party happens to be "on the other side"? Do the new Ministers realise that it was Gandhi and Nehru that carried on the agitation against the death-sentence awarded to K.P.R. and got it commuted? Even in those days they could do that much. The Prakasam Ministry to-day can do more. It is to be hoped, they will review K.P.R.'s case and release him immediately.

"COMRADE",
Cochin.

Strike-Breakers

The South Indian Railway workers struck work on the 20th of this month. The General Manager himself had admitted in his statement that almost the majority of the lower-paid staff had struck work. But it is a pity that without knowing the facts certain Congressmen had used anti-Communism as their weapon and tried to break up the strike in certain places. They told the workers that the Communists had unnecessarily started the strike because one Labour Union Secretary at Villupuram was removed from service. Let them know that the strike was not started for this reason. The General Manager had removed from the D. A. R. Rules a clause giving the worker the right to defend himself if removed from service without proper investigation. It was in defence of this right, and not for the sake of any single person or party that the workers struck work.

Gandhiji did Salt Satyagraha. Salt may be an ordinary thing. So let those Congressmen who might have thought that they have been doing public service understand that they did nothing of the kind, they only acted as strike-breakers. It is very regrettable that the Congressmen in Dindigul and the Congress M. L. A. in Erode should have brought blacklegs to break the strike.

"R. A. N."

Ministers' Salaries

The Congress members of the Legislature were returned to their seats, not on personal merits, but in the name of the Congress institution which stands for sacrifice, truth, honesty and non-violence. It is but fair that the Ministers and other wholtime servants should be paid decent salaries; but it passes one's understanding as to why members of the Legislature are to be paid any monthly salaries at all. They were not paid any monthly salaries during the Montague Chelmsford Reforms days or even after. Only the Congress Government introduced the payment of salaries to members for reasons of their own. It is true that the members of the British Parliament are paid fixed salaries. But in Britain the salary is found barely sufficient to cover the expenses to be incurred by the M. Ps for running their own offices at headquarters, for living in London, for correspondence with their voters and for touring in their constituency, etc. Here, legislators do not either bother themselves with their constituencies or waste a pie over correspondence, touring, etc.; nor, in the generality of cases, is the quality of the members such as to merit any payment at all.

When famine is staring and millions are crying for food and when the public demand relief from heavy taxation, it is staggering to find that the so-called National Government contemplates doubling the salaries of the Ministers and legislators. To be true to their election pledges, is it not incumbent on the part of the Congress Government to set a better example by fighting nepotism, corruption and waste of public finance, which were alleged to be features of the previous administration?

It behoves the Government to fix the salaries of the Ministers, Parliamentary Secretaries, Speakers and Deputy Speakers at the barest minimum and stop paying any salary to members of the Legislature. By all means, give them decent daily allowance and pucca

first class travelling allowance. But do not allow public finance to be misused so that membership of the Assembly and the Council might be turned into a job.

K. CHOCKALINGAM.

The Ruhr

The British view seems to be that the Ruhr can serve Europe with its powerful industrial possibilities. But it is not defined whether the Ruhr would be divorced from Germany in order to prevent the latter inciting another world conflagration, and kept under an international organisation, or whether the Ruhr would be kept politically united to Germany.

Russia counted upon Communist success in Austria in order that the Socialist and Communist parties might unite to make Russian commercial influence in Central Germany possible. The failure of the Communists meant that Germany could not convert herself to Communism. Russia therefore would like to have a hand in the administration of the area.

The French view is divided. The Communists prefer that the Ruhr should be politically dismembered from the rest of Germany. The Socialists on the contrary want the area to be internationalised so that the great part it has played in the economy of Central Europe may continue. Frenchmen are afraid of Germany rising again threatening the security of France. Provided Anglo-French collaboration assures them of their security, the French would not mind the Ruhr being the arsenal of Europe.

Would not this collaboration conflict with the alliance which France has already made with Russia for defence purposes?

'BEFRANKE'.

Non-violent Neutrality

The United Nations Organisation has practically broken down. The States which formed it are aligning themselves for another war. The capitalist bloc of States are congealing together with fear. They are openly canvassing one another's help and preparing grounds and collecting arms and gathering forces. There is only one thing that could prevent another war. It is the common man's determination not to be sacrificed at the altar of the rich man's foolish passion for power and possession and supposed fear of destruction of high culture for which he had only

paid lip-service while its supposed enemy tried to build his political, economic and social life on the basis of that very culture. There are many tigers that go about in cow's skin, says Tiruvalluvar, the Tamil poet, and modern cannibals that live on others' labour and land are worse than those that ate others' flesh. The Congress, though I doubt its power to enforce its discipline on the Indian masses, should avoid taking sides in the war. It takes a lot of time to equip a people with modern weapons and trained personnel as was proved in Burma, China, etc. We should depend on strict non-violent neutrality in Hindusthan, Pakistan and States, refusing ground, food and men for a silly war.

DR. C. R. RAMASWAMY.

Pseudonyms

How are pseudonyms being used and what precisely do they connote? Do they have any peculiarity attached to them?

I am not bringing into this "digression" such pseudonyms as have been adopted with some reason. We know Arthur Avalon, Hashnu Hara, Cheiro and such like have not been the real names of their "bearers". Eminent psychologists have held that certain names (and sounds) vibrate in a certain manner and with a certain effect with reference to particular subjects. We have no quarrel with such thinkers and writers as desire to propound their theories with the benefit of such vibrations or to expound their ideas under a famous name of mythology or folklore. But at times one comes across a type of pseudonym mangled out of graceful and charming names or formed by a quixotic assemblage of some of the letters of the alphabet.

One is forced to feel in these cases that the writer does not have the courage of his convictions and would not openly declare his views on a subject. If so, it would be well that he kept his pet notions to himself and did not bother himself about the men and things and events around him. This canker has, however, been there in the realm of journalism for quite long. The thought process is ever dynamic and when man is becoming surer of his ground and more definite in his thought, word and deed, it is high time that the social cynic and the intellectual freak are hounded out of the domain of decent discourse and only objective, intelligent and constructive writers are given a place in the journals of to-day.

A. R. VENKATARAMAN.



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Indians were engaged, the splendours were not so dazzling. Nevertheless, the Divisions performed very useful, and at times hazardous, work in the mountains of that country.

The land, of course, was not the only field of activity. Indian squadron and fleets co-operated with the soldiers to expel the Japanese from Burma. Their valour and skill was no less stimulating and meritorious. This excellent pamphlet will serve to keep these facts in remembrance. They are among the most proud of India's memories.

The pamphlet gives, in addition, details of the plans for the demobilisation of the Service-men, who have served their country so nobly. They demonstrate that, in peace as in war, the Service-man is assured that his services will not be neglected.

Work of the League during the war.
Submitted to the Assembly by the Acting Secretary-General. (League of Nations Publications, Geneva.)

This is the wartime story of an organisation which sat sucking its thumb while things were happening under its nose in complete conflict with its professed articles of faith. The framer of the Report seeks to put the blame for the League's failure on the peoples of the world who "did not keep the Covenant and broke the League." Indeed! What, then, was the League for? It broke because it allowed itself to be broken. If the League was so good an organisation as its champions would have us believe, and if the peoples and Governments of the world could break it so easily, what guarantee is there that they will not make equally short shrift of its successor, the United Nations Organisation? The simple secret is that the League failed because it was *partial*. It failed because it was *afraid*. It truckled to the big stick and dared not raise its voice in support of the weak, who should have been the first charge on its resources. This is a fact which is too blatant to be glossed over.

The Oxford University Press will soon be publishing another book by Sir Reginald Coupland under the title "India: A Re-Statement". A full consideration of the Pakistan question gives the book topical significance.

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SWATANTRA

(SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1946.)

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Two members of the Viceroy's Executive Council have quit. Others are expected to follow suit.

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ISSUED
WEEKLY

BEVINISM AT LARGE

Reuter's diplomatic correspondent announced in advance of the foreign affairs debate in the Commons that Mr. Bevin will flatly deny M. Molotov's accusation that there is an Anglo-Saxon bloc against Russia, but Mr. Bevin himself, when questioned by some of the Dominion representatives in London why the British Government never repudiated the Churchill speech, is reported to have explained thus: "If he had repudiated the violent anti-Soviet line of the speech he would have had to take a pro-Soviet line himself. And if he were to make any speech that was not anti-Soviet he would be damaging the prospects of the loan in the United States and also the food negotiations". Governments generally affect to be more independent than they actually are and their spokesmen do not confess blandly to have surrendered to external pressure in this way. What can be the diplomatic motive behind so unusual a phenomenon? It might be that Mr. Bevin wants to isolate Russia and remove any impression that might have been created of closer affinity in international affairs between Russia and the U.S.A. than between U.S.A. and Britain. There was in fact room for such an impression as a result of the first discussions that took place among the big powers after the end of the war over the policy to be adopted in relation to the Italian colonies. Both the Americans and the Russians then favoured international UNO trusteeship for Tripolitania and Cyrenaica. It was Britain that opposed it. The British

opposition was based on Mr. Bevin's aversion to let other nations share control of a territory described by Mr. Bevin himself as the "throat of the British Empire". Exclusive control of all territory all over the world picturesquely conceived as belonging to the various limbs of the British Empire apparently remained an axiom in British strategic thinking and planning as much after the advent of the Labour Government as when the Tories, Eden and Churchill, controlled the Foreign Office.

Unfortunately for Mr. Bevin, the Soviet Government asked why, if there was to be a single trusteeship, it should go to Britain and not any other power. Molotov actually said that Russia had as good a claim to trusteeship over Italian colonies as Britain or any other power. In the dilemma caused by this claim, the British Government abruptly converted itself into a champion of "independence" for the debated territory. It was now Russia that was made to look comparatively backward, the conflict being between the Russian stand for international trusteeship and the British advocacy of "independence" straightaway. They were not content with giving the benefit of "independence" to the ex-subjects of Italy in Africa alone. The gift of independence was carried all over the world—to Egypt, to Transjordan and to India. But simultaneously with the worldwide extension of the British gift of independence, a new conception of the content of independence was developed which was to be made

applicable to all the advertised beneficiaries but was perfected in greater detail in some localities than in others. For example, in Transjordan which received the boon of independence under a special treaty, it has been arranged as part of the new status that British troops will remain, that Transjordan troops will be paid by the British, that the economy of the country will be under strict British supervision and that British advisers will hold key positions in all the important departments. In Persia, the technique of independence developed by the British provides apparently no room for any authority likely to imperil the British oil concession, and if any party of the Left were to rise to power capable of placing the concession under national control, it will have to reckon with the full force of British diplomatic and armed power being employed against it to bring about its collapse. British strategy in the Middle East and the Mediterranean reveals three grand objectives: first to appear progressive with theoretical pledges of independence for winning influence with the Moslem leaders of the Arab world in the developing tussle for Anglo-American influence; secondly, with the utmost exercise of diplomatic skill, to get the United States politically and physically involved in supporting British domination; and thirdly, to maintain the British grip on the region undiminished and to seek to convert it into a potential base of operations against the Soviet Union. The British brand of independence being proffered to the freedom-hungry people of subject countries is a device of statecraft for check-mating Russian influence, cultivating American goodwill and reviving and consolidating British leadership threatened with decline in the affairs of the world. It should be taken for what it is worth and utilised for purposes worthier than those intended by its framers. Wrong motives are half disarmed when their mischief is

grasped in advance and suitably provided against with timely antidotes.

The Railway Crisis

Sir Edward Benthall announced at a Press Conference in New Delhi that the threatened railway strike would be illegal. He said that the law states that, if all or some of the points in dispute are referred to adjudication, a strike is illegal and that the Government had already referred to adjudication hours of work and leave reserve. The supposed illegality of the strike is poor consolation for the disaster which it is certain to bring in its train, and it is to be hoped that legalism of the sort revealed by Sir Edward will not prove to be the final resource of the authorities in the very serious position in which they find themselves. If the railway strike occurs on the date indicated, and is prolonged for any considerable time, the dislocation of the transport system involved in it and the resulting stoppage it will mean in the circulation of foodstuffs, are bound to cost several million lives. Public opinion cannot be expected to acquiesce cheerfully in so grave and tragic a result. We do not think the railwaymen have unlimited funds. They will have to fall back on public support for relieving the prolonged economic agony of indefinite cessation from work. For this they should have the moral backing of public opinion actively exerted on their side. It does not appear that any pains have been so far taken by responsible leaders of the strike movement to secure this end.

The railway authorities have taken the line that to concede the demands of the railwaymen would entail a heavy rise in rates and fares. Their move would appear to be to frighten the public into some sort of panic over the economic consequences of the demands. But instead of adding the cost of the demands to existing scales of expenditure, is it not possible to explore possibilities of economy by cutting down waste? Why should

the lavish rate of emoluments of the officer grades be held to be inviolable? In one sense the present sorry mess in the relations between employees and employers on the railways would appear to have been greatly aggravated by the leaders on either side finding themselves liable to be called upon at any time to quit and take up other kinds of work. In some cases the quitting has already been done. More are to follow. The days of Sir Edward Benthall himself are numbered to the limit of the Interim Government's advent. The prevailing uncertainties are certainly not conducive to calm judgment and responsible action. If it were for nothing else except for prevention of the tragic shattering of national economy that the strike would entail if not stopped in time, there is a clear and urgent case for the installation of a National Government at the Centre without any further waste of time. Sir Edward failed in averting the railway crisis because he lacked the secret of evoking the sense of restraint and public spirit in the railway workers. Nehru may succeed where Sir Edward failed.

Kashmir

Recent events in Kashmir are symbolic of the intense political ferment in Indian States. Sheik Abdullah was a brilliant leader. He became the spearhead of a fiery nationalist movement for freedom which started communally by being confined to Muslims alone in the State, but was later expanded to include all communities. A century ago Kashmir was sold to the neighbouring Hindu Rajah of Jammu who set up a dynasty of autocrats under whom the people became poorer and poorer though the soil of the State was rich and fertile and generously endowed with potential wealth. Abdullah mobilised the love of freedom of Kashmiris and let it loose on the backward feudal regime. At this stage the solidarity of his campaign was broken into partly by the disruptive communal emphasis of the Muslim

League and partly by Durbar strategy devised to wean the middle class with the lure of jobs from political agitation. Abdullah and his followers have been cast in jail. A repressive campaign is in full swing. The voice of the masses has come to the forefront in the midst of the repression emphatically repudiating the right of the ruler to nominate his personal representatives as their spokesmen in bodies like the State Legislature and the Constituent Assembly. When the protection of the Paramount Power is taken away from the rulers of these States they must either yield to the pressure of public opinion and set up democratic regimes or imperil their own existence by defiant disregard of public opinion. The wiser will choose the former course and cultivate pride in casting off the trappings of autocracy.

The Right To Convert

No compromise over the right to convert, says Mr. A. V. Thomas in a speech published elsewhere postulating a charter of minority rights on behalf of Indian Christians. Conversion conjures up in its origin the figure of one man endowed with a faith wrestling for hearing and following with a whole unbelieving world. He simply flourished on persecution. Christ without crucifixion would have meant a considerable diminution of the glories of Christianity. In the modern age nobody need practise any religion furtively for fear of ill-treatment otherwise. With the right to freedom of religion goes the right to convert, and where the one is not challenged, there seems scarcely any need to make the other the subject of a demand. It is the import into religious persuasion of considerations having nothing to do with belief that gives to proselytisation a bad name. In the old days the over-zealous hunter for converts employed terrorism to gain his ends. Belief was enforced, if not at the point of the bayonet, in proximity to the stake and the scaffold. The instruments of coercion have nowadays ceased



CELESTIAL GALAXY IN ART

Question: What are you looking at?
Answer: Nothing.

—By Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury.

to be physical. They have become economic and political. It is the perversion of economic and political benefits on a mass scale for securing converts that is really the

objectionable thing and tends to evoke bad blood. Care should be taken for avoiding this in any assertion of rights, whether of minorities or the majority.

Sotto Voce

Amateurs Abroad



It is an unalterable conviction with most people that they can do the other man's work better than he himself could ever hope to do it. There are, of course, certain things like glass-blowing which look as easy as they are attractive; but the fear of the machine is so deeply ingrained in human nature that even a master of the six Darsanas regards with superstitious reverence the apprentice who can start a rusty Ford. But, outside the realm of the mechanical sciences, there are few things over which the amateur has not in fancy established effortless mastery. In particular, teaching the young idea to shoot and making two ears of corn grow where one grew before are deemed almost automatic operations performed in the light of natural intelligence. If all men do not turn pedagogues or farmers, they are nevertheless as sure that they can do it all right if only they cared to as Wordsworth was that he could write like Shakespeare "if he had a mind to do it."

It is lucky for them that their pretensions are rarely put to the proof. Any man who, under the influence of a new year resolution that he will discharge without fear or favour the duties of a responsible parent, has tried to induct his young hopeful aged eight in the mysteries of multiplication, will have experienced that feeling of a yawning abyss opening at his feet which is supposed to send suicides to their doom. And the purchaser of a suburban detached house who, in the first flush

of proprietary pride, has spent a whole Saturday afternoon in the broiling sun preparing a plot four feet by three and sowing celery in it only to find a week after the first sprouts have come up that the coolie dog has scratched a comfortable pocket for itself plump amidst the wilting vegetables, takes a vow then and there never more to soil his hands with work which is as dirty as it is thankless. But these worthy citizens, when they pleasantly relax over their newspaper after the morning cup of coffee, cannot for the life of them understand why there should be so much fuss over the woes of the elementary school teacher and the ryot.

The poor agriculturist has now a whole host of mentors flourishing a ferule over his back, cataloguing his faults of omission and commission and telling him in no uncertain words that unless he does something to earn his keep he must go. "What is required after all," they ask, "but a little water, a certain quantity of manure and a modicum of intelligence to make even a desert bloom like a garden?" And so we have the Government telling people that if three crops of rice are not grown in every field which has never known more than one—and that one by no means plentiful—that can only be put down to sheer cussedness on the part of the man at the plough. And the State, grown suddenly generous under the spur of fancy, like an old man who has taken a second wife, offers subsidies for anything and

everything—digging wells in Cud-dapah, buying tractors for levelling the Eastern Ghats and growing sweet potatoes which nobody seems to want.

Whether the wells will yield water or the broken ground will grow anything but discontent is, of course, not a matter over which the lordly soul of the planner can be expected to dissipate itself. "Ever to fresh field and pastures new" is his motto and kily there is no compulsion to look back. If an ungrateful public asks for results there is always a scapegoat handy. The administrator who finds his paper follies coming home to roost turns revolutionary, his "poet's eye with fine frenzy rolling", and calls for the blood of that miserable wretch, the mirasdar.

They have persevered so long in the process of mutual obfuscation that Government and consumer

alike seem to have forgotten the possibility that their bluff may be called. Our amateur strategists of revolution whose spiritual home is Moscow talk of State farming as the sure preventive of the famine that hovers on the horizon. And our expert trimmers, who are prepared to sail by any bark that promises port, ingratiatingly suggest that temples and trusts may be chosen first for painless killing. It may be good politics but it is very bad husbandry. The land has the patience of the ass, the obstinacy of the mule, the staying power of the camel, the long memory of the elephant. It stands any amount of neglect and it is the one thing in God's Providence that gives without any expectation of return. But it is merciless on rapacious greed and officious bungling. The dust bowl of America is an awful warning to those who would violate the sanctities of the earth.

—VIGNESWARA.

THE BIRTH OF A BABY

By Binod

In the next few days my wife will be bearing me a baby, a baby! I belong to that old-fashioned type of people who still believe in babies. I feel that every time someone says "I don't believe in babies", there is a little baby somewhere that falls down dead.

For the birth of a baby is more than the culmination of an act of pleasure. It is Time's gift to Love's Labour, a golden chord that binds the hearts of parents together in sweet synthesis, enriching, ennobling, sublimating married life. By its uncertainty, by its attendant danger, by the pain it inflicts on the mother, by the anxiety it imposes on the father, it brings husband and wife together as no other event can, except—the death of a baby.

Death, thought Peter Pan, was an awfully big adventure. How much more awfully big is the adventure of life, and even more so the adventure of bringing another life into the world while risking one's own. The anxious vigil of the pre-natal

period, the expectancy, doubt, fear, courage—the approach of the critical day—the dreary, doubtful, waiting hours—then pain... pain... pain—moments of suspense when life, two lives hang on a thread—and the squalling debut of a new world citizen in a perfect international language!

These are the days when I lift myself up to the pinnacle of goodness. I

Change in a trice
To the lilies and langours of virtue
From the raptures and roses of vice.

For how can I turn my fancy to wicked thoughts when one with whom I have shared the joy of life is left alone to bear its pain? To cherish her more than ever—to care for her more than ever—to pray for her life and work for it—that's the least I can do. That's the least I can do for one who is bearing my baby, my baby!

WANTED A SPIRITUAL DRIVE

BY C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

Our problem is how to speed up the substitution of honest well-planned collective life for the anarchy of *laissez faire*, for the dishonest and greedy individualism that now rules life.

Food control is only an advanced instalment of the planned life that must come. As we have to do it without proper preparation we find it is all in a mess.

No socialisation is possible on a foundation of selfishness and irreligion. We cannot build a planned life, in which, in part, without reviving the *satya*, that life is worth while only if one lives for others.

"Why should I live for others?"

The answer to this question must come from Religion, with a capital R.

Live for others, my friend. For you will surely die. And the case—ment you now deem as your whole and entire self, will rot and join the elements. There is no greater joy for the time being for yourself, or for your children later,—than the joy expounded in the Gita and the Upanishads, in the Bible and in the Koran—in the folk-songs and in the poetry of the land—the happiness that comes out of

a life of detachment and unselfish participation in the activities of society, in work for others. Not through greed and selfishness!

The Indian Socialist should bestir himself and find out how we can revise values effectively and on what cultural basis we can build stable collective life. Not certainly on selfishness or a flood of foreign words, but only on true and sincere religious conviction.

Food control, this urgent precursor of the new way of life which demands our attention, this, too, wants Religion. Committees and inspectorates can be appointed. We can pay an immense bill for travelling allowances—for all which we have reserve funds built out of the commercial taxes together with the money robbed at the liquor and toddy shops during the last seven years, which we can freely raid, for there is no one in power interested in preventing it! But it is impossible to produce or gather food as a result of all this. A spiritual drive is wanted,—a visible revolution. Begin therefore with closing down the houses of intoxication and create an atmosphere of reverence and new values. Set people thinking. All will go well.



COMMONSENSE ABOUT PROHIBITION

"PROHIBIT POISON AND PRODUCE FOOD"

-C. R.'S APPEAL

(From Our Reporter)

A symposium on Prohibition was held at Gokhale Hall on Thursday, May 30. It had been announced that Rajaji would speak. I attended the meeting, attracted by the speaker, not the subject. Like most young men, I felt that Prohibition was not a fundamental solution, and looked upon it, not without some amusement, as a favourite fad with Congress leaders. But as I heard C. R. speak, it became clear to me that to-day Prohibition is not a matter of abstract ethics, but will be an immediate and concrete step in the battle against famine.

Dealing with the background to the present widespread demand for the re-introduction of Prohibition, C. R. said that the people of the province had repeatedly demonstrated their support for the measure. During the previous Congress administration, they gave an unmistakable token of their support in the sacrifice which they made by agreeing to the Sales Tax. The Governor committed a grave breach of faith by scrapping Prohibition and keeping the tax. If Congress nominees—even undeserving candidates—had won the recent elections so easily, it was largely because the people expected that the new Ministry would implement Prohibition. It could be easily done by giving effect to existing legislation, and issuing necessary orders to the permanent staff.

C. R. then outlined a common-sense-plan for making jaggery out of palmyra and other juice, and distributing it locally under a system of public control. This will provide a cheap, nourishing and palatable article of food and contribute towards the self-sufficiency of the country at a time when supplies from outside are meagre and uncertain. He therefore advocated the production of jaggery, instead of

poisonous and intoxicating liquor, not only for Madras province but for the whole country.

Answering objections to the plan, C. R. said:

*Toddy tappers will not be thrown out of work. Thrice the present number of tappers will be required for the planned extraction of juice for conversion into jaggery.

*Statutory prohibition of the refining of such jaggery into sugar will eliminate the fear (and consequent opposition to the scheme) among those manufacturing sugar.

*With the available surplus of Rs. 30 crores, there should be no difficulty with regard to finance. The present excise revenue of Rs. 12 crores annually is the fruit of "systematised, organic sin", extracted from the poorest section of our people. The burden of the Sales Tax, on the other hand, is distributed equally over the whole population, and has to be paid by every man, woman and child making purchases.

*The cry that Prohibition takes away the "liberty" of the citizen is a hypocritical plea, actually raised by parties interested, not in the well-being of the people, but in making profits out of the sale of toddy. Restrictions on the freedom of vested interests to bemuse and exploit the poor are necessary and desirable.

C. R. is not one of those who, on the least or no provocation, loudly advertise their sympathy for the common man. His speeches are marked by logic and argument, and are free from any tendency towards emotional exuberance. But as one watched him speak at Gokhale Hall that evening, it could be seen that his passionate sincerity in the cause of Prohibition sprang directly from his real concern for the happiness of the village poor.

SHORTAGE OF HOUSES

By "V. K. N."

It is common knowledge that the problem of procuring houses in cities and mofussil towns has become indescribably acute. Since 1939, building plans have not progressed but people have been crowding into the cities increasingly. Such crowding is still continuing. In recent years, while procuring employment was easy, to secure a residence in the city was an impossibility. If this is the unfortunate position in a country that escaped the horrors of bombing, etc., I dread to think of what the position would have been if India had passed through the fate that befell war-torn China or battered Britain. Providence saved us from that calamity.

War has ceased and we are now preparing for peaceful order and existence. Plans should have been taken up, as in England and Europe, for habilitation, for effective dealing of the main problems of food, housing and clothing.

A city in pre-war days with a population of seven lakhs, Madras has taken in a further four lakhs. But the number of dwelling-houses has not increased in the same proportion. It is a pity that none of our "City Fathers" actually know the living conditions of their "Children" nor have they taken up this matter with the Government. In America, and in England, to house the destitute and homeless, they have instituted a scheme of manufacturing houses in the factory on a mass output system. These houses are all type-designed, pre-fabricated and plan-installed in record time. Such houses are shipped from America to Europe and England, quickly by all available transport and are installed on vacant sites giving shelter and roofing to the homeless.

While conditions are not so acute in India as a whole yet in cities the position is certainly horrible. In Bombay many who were able to get employment could not retain it for want of space to rest in, and in desperation resigned their jobs and went back to villages. In such a contingency it is unwise to say 'Go back to villages'. The class of people who migrate from villages are the educated landless who are inclined to a trade or other calling and have no stake in their respective villages except having been born there.

The war-rich are wont to pay fabulous rents for such residences as

fall vacant off and on. House owners naturally prefer to have more money and take in people who can afford to be more liberal and pay higher rents.

If it had not been for the Rent Control Order, the position of tenants would have been critical. Everyone of the occupants would have been ejected out of their houses or forced to pay heavy increases on existing rents. Fortunately the Defence of India Regulation helped promulgation of this measure and until housing conditions improve considerably it should not be revoked.

To my knowledge even the Ministers who have recently taken up office are finding it hard to procure dwellings.

So it is that both the "City Fathers" and the Provincial Government should take up this question immediately. I venture to suggest a few measures which may be adopted by the Government in regard to this issue:

1. The Corporation should make out a complete list of private-owned residential plots over which houses have not been built. Owners who are keeping the plots vacant should be given immediate notice to construct houses thereon within a period of six months.
2. Facilities for supply of timber, iron, cement, mortar, bricks and other construction materials should be given to such owners at fair prices.
3. The City has grown in area and the Corporation and Government should see that all parts of Greater Madras are provided with electricity, protected water-supply and hygienic conveniences. The one reason why construction of houses has not been taken up by owners of plots is the non-availability of these essential things.
4. The war is over and still the electricity authorities are not considering fresh electric connections to those who desire them. The public would like to know the reason for the consistent refusal of the authorities to make electricity available to new connections.
5. Building co-operative societies should be subsidised by Government to promote individual enterprise in the shape of new colony schemes, in Greater Madras area.

STOP THE ROT OF ANTI-COMMUNISM

By N. Vasudevan

Anti-Communism shows no sign of weakening. Tales of alleged Communist atrocities are pouring from every quarter. They have no belief in God; they do not respect the dignity and chastity of womanhood; they are anti-religious, anti-national, anti-Congress; they rouse the workers to strike; they are at the bottom of the mischief behind the Kisan movement; they want to trouble the Government in every way, especially the popular Congress Governments; they are the very embodiment of anti-nationalism; above all, they are the FIFTH COLUMNISTS of Soviet Russia. They want Russia to prosper at the expense of their Motherland.

This anti-Communism is a kind of fever that is spreading, destroying more and more of whatever reason and judgment is left in us.

I am neither a *pro* nor an *anti*-Communist. I had no particular interest in this party till the Bengal famine. It was at that time that I had occasion to know of this party and its valuable services. No doubt, their services were recognised at that time. Afterwards, it was not until Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru thought it fit to condemn the Communists outright that I wanted to know more about them. The more you learn to appreciate their selflessness, unflinching faith in the cause of the down-trodden and their strong organisation. Therefore, I owe it to Panditji that I have to-day some knowledge of the salient features of the Communist Party of India.

I am not here to defend the attitude of the Communists, which they know better how to do. But as one who has been watching the campaign conducted against them, I must say that I am ashamed of the ways and means employed by Congressmen, which, if not disowned, will bring eternal discredit

to a great organisation like the Congress.

Recently, a member of the anti-Communist squad went to the extent of slinging mud on the fair name of the Indian People's Theatre Association and its employees, who have been doing splendid service (acknowledged by our great leaders like Azad and Nehru), but which has on its committee a few Communists.

Even the heroine of the Chittagong Armoury Raid, Kalpana Dutt, has not been spared; because she chose to serve the people in a part of India distant from where her husband lives, she is assailed with scandal.

Let us by all (fair) means oppose the attitude of the Communist Party of India in regard to war, the August movement, etc., if we think they did the wrong thing. But let the means be fair and just. Let us not be indecent, vulgar, cheap and sweeping in our condemnation. Let us remember for a while our own sisters serving in the Rashtriya Sevika Dal before we think of dragging the names of Communist girls to open platforms for vilification. Let us remember that every immodest accusation of their freedom of movement, etc., will equally apply to our own Sevikas.

We are told that we are fighting for the free expression of opinion of everybody irrespective of caste, colour or creed. But, so far as I know, this freedom is denied to the Communists. No Communist Party meeting can be held anywhere without some disturbance. When the local leaders are approached, they glibly assert their helplessness (not without some trace of joy at the breaking up of the meeting) without realising that they, thanks to their immoderate language against the Communists, were mainly responsible for this kind of mass hysteria.

SIDELIGHTS ::

It is common to overlook what is near by keeping the eye fixed on something remote. In the same manner present opportunities are neglected and attainable good is slighted by minds busied in extensive ranges, and intent upon future advantages. Life, however short, is made shorter by waste of time.—JOHNSON.

Mr. Prakasam as Prime Minister has to work in two mediums for none of which he is amply equipped. As a speaker, he lacks uniformity of style. He is at his best when provoked. The short oration that he delivered on the High Court Bench on the occasion of the Simon Commission's visit, is one of the best I have ever heard. On that day he excelled the greatest masters of eloquence in our day. It was because, I suppose, indignation had taken complete hold of him. It made him a fiery figure of wrath. There was no need for the labour of consecutive thought. Provocations like the Simon Commission are not however of frequent occurrence. The result, so far as Prakasam is concerned, is a drab level of speech divested of the life, the vigour and the sparkle that indignation at high tempo can impart to platform exercises in political speech. To make matters worse, the floor of a legislative chamber is no platform for political propaganda of the party type. It is a ring for cruel fights with foils off between gladiators out to draw their antagonists' blood and send them crawling to the dust.

But on Prakasam at the Treasury Bench in the Assembly the skill of political adversaries is lost. Shafts of wit cut deep in proportion to sensitiveness. Sensitiveness and a quick understanding go together. Those who smart under the lashing of hard words and railery are precisely the persons who can, out of their very pain, make

retorts and repartees sharp enough to sting their tormentors with. All missiles meant to hurt get blunted on the rough hide of Prakasam's invulnerable mind. He wastes no panic in anticipations of disaster. Perils and pin-pricks that drive the nervous to wreck find him in blithe, confident good humour. On the floor of the Assembly he will soon be the despair of the caustic and the clever bent on exploiting the opportunities of question-time and debate for the discomfiture of the Government. It is the alertness of the attacked to grasp the content of charges and denunciations that gives to both these their swift turns of interest and of drama. But Prakasam will not meet anyone half way in endeavour hostile to himself. The endeavour is spent out while the Premier takes time to think; and before that, people get the impression that the next item of the agenda has been made to wait long enough.

Prakasam used to combine the labours of a journalist with those of a politician in the years he conducted *Swarajya*. He was then given to indefatigable tours and brought to headquarters from each tour vivid accounts of his experiences with the people he had come in contact with. The vitality of his identification with the lot of the common people gave life to what he wrote in those days, but as a writer he is not of much consequence. Good writing is not merely a matter of grouping words. It involves a pleasing blending of sound and sense. Not only should ideas be fitted into a proper sequence, one leading into the other, the whole should be given a form convincing to the mind, appealing to the emotions and agreeable to the ear.

Neither as a speaker nor as a writer is Prakasam great. Administrative leadership cannot in

a democratic age do without persuasion which must be attempted only through spoken or written words and in no other way. These services can be commandeered and rendered competently by well-chosen men, in the same way in which technical tasks like engineering are done efficiently by trained experts. Silence is not so fatal to the prestige of leadership as inefficient publicity by way of speech or writing.

Something to speak about is what a Government should have. People do not expect from Prakasam great speeches or captivating discourses. His popularity is not based on his ability to talk well or write well. It is based, if an origin has to be found, on his wanderings to the haunts of the common people, specially on occasions of famine, pestilence or cyclone. Merely rushing forward to a scene of distress confers no benefit on the sufferers, but popularity is built on no rigid calculations of benefits received. A kind gesture from a once opulent poor man evokes more gratitude from the generality

of people who are poor than any rich donor's gift in cash or kind.

But people will not be content with gestures, however kind, from administrators. From administrators they expect tangible measures for betterment of their condition. The Premier's position will depend, far more than on the support of this or that big gun of the Congress, on the initiative shown by himself in the matter of bettering the people's condition. Routine is the enemy of initiative. Prohibition, elimination of corruption, planning for full employment and prosperous collective life, all await his initiative. If it be forthcoming, who can dare to cross his path? A Prime Minister that can plan and lead is what the province wants. As a first item of leadership, it may be suggested that the Premier should insist that all his Cabinet colleagues should adorn the Treasury Bench all the time the Assembly is on, instead of, as they have done this week, insulting it by non-attendance, dispersing to all corners of the province on ridiculous errands that could well have waited.—SAKA.

THE RAINS CAME

By Pothan Joseph

The sequel to the British Mission reminds one of the outcome of a dust-storm sweeping over a decorated scene or a downpour of rain over a marriage-feast. Something beyond us that makes for confusion descends upon us at times in spite of elaborate preparations, the kind of experience that evoked doggerel about the best-laid plans of men and mice going a-gley. After the Simla Conference of September 1945, there were loud recriminations and charges of truculence from many quarters, friends and foes knocking against one another, but on the present occasion, no specific line of attack has made its appearance. As in the story of the Bhowali Sanyasi, a half-cremated being with a sense of lost memory seems to be abroad and the Confederal Plan of the British Mission may after some time still materialize round the corner. For the moment it looks a wash-out. "One fine morning you will read that they have taken off from Karachi", says the office-boy who too had become excited over the arrival of the British Mission early in March. Stung by the continuous reproach that the members of the present Executive Council are clinging to their jobs, a meeting of the Council presided over by Sir A. Ramaswami Mudaliar (Lord Wavell was away confabulating at Simla) agreed to tender their resignation; they said they were placing their portfolios at the disposal of the Viceroy who after the battle of statements, explanations and broadcasts is busy looking for political leaders enjoying the confidence of the main parties. "Able and patriotic men" Lord Linlithgow had selected as his colleagues, but such qualities are not enough, while the critics keen on succession to office stump the country talking of scandals like famine, black-marketing and corruption which they want to scotch forthwith. "Pitt and Pitt alone can save the country" shouted Pitt on one occasion. A National Government and a National Government alone

can save the country, cry the protagonists of the "Interim" Administration at the Centre while loose ends are still complicating the pattern in the provinces. "Interim" assumes the existence of two terminals and so hackneyed has the expression become that the Congress Working Committee has taken to use of the phrase "Provisional Government" instead.

Who is going to force us to meet if the Groups and Units don't agree? So asks Pandit Jawaharlal. The Dewan of a premier Indian State has offered floor-space for the functioning of the Constituent Assembly in New Delhi, but what happens if invitees do not turn up according to plan? The Sikhs denounce the procedure as they are juggled up in the Punjab Group while the Scheduled Castes are angry that they are lumped together separately. The dust-storm of protest has already upset the trestled tables on which the sweets of independence for India had been laid out. The Muslim League has apparently reserved its stage-thunder while the Congress Working Committee profiting by the League's Fabian methods prefer to lie in wait this time and see what the League proposes to say. Both sides practise hand-pumping tactics, up here and down there without any change in the pressure-gauge. The query in New Delhi is not about the Constituent Assembly but about the members of the Viceroy's Council; in blunt language about the new Court Cards, the gentlemen who in the next turn will figure as planners, authors of control, issuers of licences, patrons of jobs and stewards of the post-war bean-feast generally. I always have admired the designer of the British Crest which some of our newspapers adopt for the printing of the Court Circular: the picture of the British Crown, immovable, at the top, while the Lion and the Unicorn fight for ascendancy (like the Congress and the Muslim League) with

FIGHT IF HANDS THOU HAST

By Chitrabhanu Nambudripad

On whose cheeks to paint the rainbow tints,
O, flower, are you smiling like this?
Is it for my native land in misery?
Then, oh, 'time is out of joint for her'
To enjoy thy charms and beauty dear.
For, look around and what can ye find?
Men and women cut one another's throats,
And deathly chillness grips the whole land.
Brotherhood there exists not, nor equality either.
Even tolerance has vanished clear.
Darkness reigns here with the supreme hand
When slavery still suffocates the land.
O, flower, this is not the time for your ethereal smile;
Fight if hands thou hast, fight for unity.

(Translated from Malayalam by K. G. Wariar).

a degree of tenseness that petrifies it into a pattern of perpetual deadlock. The literature following the Simla breakdown (1946) unravels a series of changes in the Heath Robinson device put forward by the British Mission as their best effort. Gandhiji vehemently vouches for their "sincerity" and ascribes lack of bravery to sceptics which makes comment particularly "orkard" as the Night Watchman would say. Gandhiji thus remarks in his analysis of the British Mission's proposal:

"What is binding is that part of it which commits the British Government. Hence I suppose that the four members of the British Mission took the precaution of receiving full approval of the British Government and the two Houses of Parliament." (Italics mine).

The supposition is gratuitous, it is absolutely unfounded, and the suggestion looks almost like a leg-pull. The British Mission composed their recommendations after meeting people in India and the "precaution" of having gained the full approval of the two Houses of Parliament beforehand rests on a far-fetched supposition. Nor is the British Mission absolutely free from

waggishness and an air of sagacious solemnity in tone of its remarks. Take the Mission's rejoinder to Congress criticisms.

Congress asked for assurances about the status and powers of the Provisional Government which the Viceroy is anxious to choose from parties bestowing their confidence; the demand obviously meant that the Viceroy should as a matter of course shelve his arbitrary powers of veto and ordinance, but the Mission in its explanation seems deliberately to overlook the issue raised; for it says that if the Central Legislature opposed a demand of the prospective Cabinet, the members could resign! The question really was whether the Viceroy would meddle or whether he would quit on proof of popular opposition to the behests of a functionary who stands for a foreign agentship that negatives all pretence of freedom. The Mission conveniently envisages internal quarrels and Gandhiji presumes the sanction of both Houses of Parliament for a scheme over which Mr. Churchill has only faintly growled reserving the full powers of the Opposition to disembowel what had already proved in India to be a freak-birth.

HOPE OF INDIA

Our hopes, like the pinnacled snow line
On the northern border of Ind,
Rise high in the circling heavens
Above the tempest and wind.

If only our heart and its treasure
Were unlocked and the veil were unfurled,
Then another fair pearl would be shining
In the diadem of the world.

Our hope, like the radio calling
O'er mountain and valley and plain.
Streams forth to the world around us
With a joyful and sweet refrain.

If only our dream were accomplished,
And all its beauty were told,
Then our voice would be heard among nations,
And our life would blossom in gold.

And our hope, like the bead of moisture
That falls from the labourer's hand,
Speaks loud of our will to accomplish,
When the sun breaks forth on our land.

IAN HOYLE, S.J.

Short Story *The Inauspicious One*

By C. R. Singanna

Together they walked back from the village-well, with full pitchers, the young one and the old one. Elli had strapping grandsons who planted rice in the fields and drove home the harvest. And Nirmala, the other one, had only two months before admitted to Elli one night, blushing with pride, that she was with child.

The very presence of this wrinkled but firm-footed woman, with her calm face whisked away from Nirmala's mind all those unnamed fears and doubts lurking in the bosom of a girl on the threshold of maternity.

"Always think of God, little mother," said Elli as she turned to go to her own house, "and pray to Him to give you a good child. Fear nothing, my dear, He is there to protect you."

During the past forty years Elli had helped to bring into this world at least three hundred members of the village. So she ought to know, said Nirmala to herself, as she reached home and climbed up the steps.

And then, just as she laid her hand on the front door it was opened from inside, and she came face to face with her husband, turbaned and sandalled, all ready to start out. At the sight of her, his stern face fell. Without a word he went back into the room and sat down on the ancient easy chair for a couple of minutes. Then he was off. Equally silently she placed the pitcher on the floor and watched him. When this had happened for the first time, when she first realised that she was regarded ill-omened by her own husband, she had locked herself inside her room and wept hot, angry tears. But now her mouth curved into a plucky faint smile, half pitiful and half defiant.

When Nirmala married Mukunda Rao two years ago he was not yet then the village munsiff. The marriage ended in a quarrel, the old munsiff, who possessed much but always thirsted for more, suddenly demanding for his son a higher dowry which Nirmala's father, in his utter bewilderment and indignation, could not produce. The result was that her husband and his people went away leaving her in her father's house. Nirmala's father could do nothing for more

than a year except make up that extra money.

And as fate would have it, even as she set foot on the threshold of her husband's home with the money, the head of the old munsiff sank down in death. Thus it was that she was welcomed with weeping and wailing, and much gnashing of teeth by her mother-in-law. "She is inauspicious, I tell you" said an old crone, only expressing the general opinion of the people there. The money, however, went into the safe. Nothing was said about that.

And so she had lived since then, unable to fuse into the life of her new place, despised and abhorred by everyone except old Elli, who cared for nobody and who said, "His time came and he departed full of years. Fools, to turn their sorrow upon her, such a sweet girl!"

She tried for a time to be sociable but the others did not respond. She went to the temple to hear the Ramayana which was read there but the behaviour of the women there was so chill towards her that she soon gave it up. They would have none of her. While she passed by mothers hid their little babies to shield them from her evil gaze. In the house, she was not even allowed to touch the *Tulasi* plant in the back garden.

And when she gave out that she was with child, her husband simply grunted as though accepting the inevitable. His mother said nothing, and Anandi, his widowed sister, who was in one of her worst moods, gave her a scowl of the deepest hatred and malignity, and went out of the room.

Anandi was of Nirmala's age and decidedly pretty, in spite of her white sari and bare limbs. But no one could fathom her moods. She would be very cheerful. Then some small thing, some chance word, and her smiling face would contort itself mirroring unaccountable fury. In those moments she was terrible indeed to face.

Nirmala roused herself from her reverie. Night had just fallen. She suddenly felt very depressed, lonely and nervous. There was nobody in the house. Only Shankar, the headman, was there measuring out paddy to

the labourers in the front room. Nirmala was always afraid of him a little. With his gigantic, black muscular frame and his immobile features, Shankar looked like those carved *Dvarapalakas* in the temple.

She went into the kitchen, and lighting up the lamp, made up the fire in the oven and busied herself preparing the evening meal. The red flames rose and fell casting strange grotesque shadows on the walls. On top of everything, she heard the incoherent threats that Narisi, the madman, hurled at the small boys who teased him, outside in the street. Nirmala remembered how one night Narisi had rushed into the house and attacked her husband. If Shankar had not been there, her husband would have surely come to harm. She remembered that scene in the darkness and shuddered. She wished that at least Anandi would return home soon.

The cooking was over and the night had deepened but still neither Anandi nor her mother came. There was none in the street, everybody had gone to their homes. Even the two friends who were chatting with Shankar had gone away and now he sat on the front steps alone, smoking.

Suddenly, the stillness of the night was shattered by a scream and a cry for help. Nirmala rushed to the window, and then, for the first time, called Shankar in tones of horror.

"Shankar, Shankar, come here, quick! See outside!"

A nasty feeling rose in her throat. For she saw Anandi standing there in the middle of the street, struggling to free herself from Narisi who had put his arms round her, his maniacal face twisted with desire. Her mother had covered her eyes with her hands, and was screaming. Anandi was almost at the end of her resistance, when Shankar sprang upon Narisi and closed his hand over Narisi's throat. With a groan Narisi sprang upon Shankar, releasing Anandi, whom her mother dragged into the house, for by this time the people had come out of the houses and gathered in the street, to see what it was all about. With insane strength Narisi fastened his teeth on Shankar's hands as Shankar tried to throw him down. Somebody suddenly threw a cloth over Narisi's face and in a moment he was down on the ground, gibbering like an ape.

Then Nirmala rushed in, unable to see, for Shankar in his fury snatched a whip from one of the by-standers and started lashing Narisi, the leather cutting his skin.

She heard her mother-in-law call Anandi in shrill broken tones but

there was no answer. Was she in her room, crying? She went upstairs to see. But Anandi was not crying. She was standing at the window and looking at the scene below, her whole body taut, her breath coming in quick gasps. Her eyes shone with excitement and the sweat stood on her face. The whine of the merciless whip was heard from below. Nirmala tried to pull her away from the window but Anandi would not loosen her steel-hold on the bars.

"Don't look there, please!" whispered Nirmala in Anandi's ear, closing the window. At that Anandi turned round and gripped Nirmala's shoulders hard, her teeth grinding in fury. Then suddenly the grip loosened and the fury melted out of her eyes as her mother entered the room, saying, "Anandi, come down and bathe". Without a word, Anandi went out of the room with her.

Late that night, Nirmala heard Anandi weeping and her mother and brother offering her words of consolation.

"I knew, mother, that something would happen," she sobbed, "as soon as I gazed on Nirmala's face first thing in the morning. I knew it."

It was late in the evening, a week later. There was no one in the house except Anandi and herself, and Anandi had not spoken to her since that night when she was attacked by Narisi. Nirmala, coming up into the room after an oil-bath for a saree, was suddenly arrested by what she saw within. Before the mirror stood Anandi, with bangles on her hands. A gold necklace hung from her neck. She had plaited her long black hair after oiling it and had exquisitely knotted it on the nape of her neck. Between her eyebrows she had applied the red vermillion.

For a while Nirmala watched her. She had never seen Anandi as lovely as all that before. Some impulse seized her suddenly. She rushed into the room and, clasping Anandi in her arms, kissed her full on the lips. For a moment Anandi was startled. Then she burst into tears. She rubbed away the vermillion and removed the bangles and necklace from her wrist and neck. She pulled off the knot from her hair and unplaited it. Tears came out of Nirmala's eyes. But still neither spoke.

Then they heard Anandi's mother, who had come in and entered the room.

"Why did you bring out these things from the safe?" she asked, looking sternly at Anandi. Anandi was unable to say anything. Quickly

Nirmala answered for her, "I wanted to see them and asked her to show them to me." Anandi heaved a small sigh of relief and in the presence of her mother put the necklace and bangles on Nirmala's neck and wrists.

At midnight, Nirmala was awakened by someone crying "Thief! Thief!" and looking about saw Anandi pointing to the open back door. In an instant Mukunda Rao and the old lady had got up. Everything seemed to be in order till Nirmala put her hand to her neck. Anandi's necklace which she had worn the previous evening was not there. All searching till dawn seemed to show that the culprit had made a clean getaway.

"How can anything remain in the house after she casts her eyes on it?" cried the old lady, but Anandi said nothing.

A few days later, Shankar was smoking outside his door when a small urchin ran up to him and, placing a small cloth bundle in his hand, told him that Anandi had sent it. "She told me you left it behind you there," he said and went away.

Shankar opened the bundle. Inside lay in neat folds a valuable necklace. Probably it cost five hundred rupees. But why did she say that he left it behind?

Mukunda Rao left the village for the taluk town to attend the *zama-bandi* and everyone knew that he would not be back for about fifteen days. Even from the second day people began to come freely to the house to gossip with Anandi and her mother, but none would care to exchange a word with Nirmala. Nor could Nirmala have anything to supply to the general conversation in which anyone bold enough could say the nastiest things and the others could laugh at them. She just listened.

But one day a plump middle-aged widow came in, saying, "Do you know? It seems Vishala, Narisi's wife, is labouring since the morning. I am sure it is not his child. He is too mad for that."

Nirmala's gorge rose. There was a sudden stab of nausea in her entrails as though the little one inside had risen in protest. She went out of the room and looked out of the front door. Elli was coming down the road. Nirmala called her.

"Elli, I did not know till now. Has Narisi a wife?"

"Yes, little mother," said old Elli, "it is Vishala. And she is there now, poor girl, labouring since the morning. I went there secretly to-day. If

my sons know they will take me to task. There is nothing in her hut, not even a rag. That mad fellow Narisi ran away with everything in the house, after beating Vishala nearly to death, to soak himself in drink. He has not been seen these three days. I went to some people and asked them for some help. But they all said, "Let her die! We won't help to bring bastards into the world. No!" If they could only see how she is suffering. What shall I do, mother?" Elli was really troubled. Then her eyes shone in sudden anger. "As if all these people are very pure and good. Who knows?"

Nirmala's eyes threatened to give way to tears. She whispered, "Elli, just wait a minute," and, running inside, came back with a couple of ten-rupee notes in her hand. "Elli, this is my money. My father gave it to me when I came here. Please go as soon as you can and buy whatever is necessary."

There were tears in old Elli's eyes as she took the notes and went away.

But Nirmala had no peace of mind. She could not relish the night meal. Her mind was there, where Vishala was undergoing what she would undergo in some months. Was Vishala alive? Or was Elli too late? Anandi and her mother had gone to sleep but she could not lie in bed. A little before midnight, she heard a rapping on the window. Nirmala knew it must be only Elli, for she alone knew where Nirmala slept. She opened the door.

"Vishala is saved, little mother. The child was out by sunset. I left her sleeping, thank God!" whispered Elli from outside.

"Elli, if I come with you now can I see her?" whispered Nirmala. "Wait till I come out." She closed the door of the window and looked about. She would not be able to go by the front door. Ever since Mukunda Rao had left, Anandi had slept in the front room. Even if she could open the door without waking up Anandi she would have to cross Shankar who slept under Mukunda's orders outside in the verandah. The back door was, however, unguarded. Her mother-in-law slept somewhere near the kitchen. Quickly she threw a saree over her head and shoulders and in a minute she was in the street with Elli.

Nirmala, with a saree over her shoulders to protect herself from the night air walked swiftly in the dark, alone, carrying some food for Vishala. Narisi seemed to have bolted for good. It was the third time she was going

to Vishala's hut. And she was not afraid. Instead, she was angry with the whole world. And her husband? She clenched her hands as she thought of him. She cared for nobody now. For, when she went to Vishala on the second night, Vishala had broken down weeping. Sobbing with impotent rage and grief she had told Nirmala her story.

Last year, when Vishala married him, Narisi was a strong, intelligent man. He was an outsider who had come to the village to seek his fortune. He did not know that Vishala's fresh dark beauty had lit a fire in many hearts.

One night, she was alone in the hut, for Narisi had been sent to the taluk town by the munsiff on an errand, when Mukunda Rao entered, followed by Shankar. Before she could cry out Mukunda whipped a hand over her mouth and in a moment had gagged her. He came again the next night and the night after that. The third night, Narisi, who had just returned, looking through the window, had seen Mukunda with Vishala in his arms. He had rushed in a fury towards the door, but Shankar, who stood guard there, had knocked him senseless with a heavy stick he held in his hand. And now Narisi was raving mad, except when he was dead drunk.

"I had to keep Narisi with me somehow. He would beat me if I did not give him some money everyday for drink. I had to get the money somehow, mother." There was a terrifying pause, and then a more terrifying question, "How else could I do it?"

And when at the end Vishala turned to Nirmala and cried, "And why, why did you come here, mother? Why did you? I am a wretched woman." At that moment Nirmala well and truly hated her husband.

Mukunda Rao was walking across the fields. The moon had just risen. Anandi had written him a letter in which she asked when he would be coming back and he had written, Tuesday. It was still three days to Tuesday, but the business in town was suddenly lifted off his hands and suddenly he felt very tired and wanting to be back home. The bus seemed to be as tired as he was, for, after a series of half-hour stops in the most forsaken spots, it had dropped him on the main road to the village at the unearthly hour of eleven. But he did not mind. In half an hour he would go home and rest.

It was less than a hundred yards now to the house. Silence reigned

everywhere. Even the two milk-women who had travelled with him in the bus and come with him across the fields had dropped behind. He was walking alone in the street.

Suddenly the sleepiness lifted from his eyes and he stood, alert and still. Who was that dark, hooded figure who had opened the back door of the house and was walking towards him? There was some bundle-like thing in its hand. Was it a thief? Swiftly he stepped into the shade of the large banyan tree and waited as the figure approached. It was Nirmala!

Where was she stealing out at this time of night? He did not understand. Then suddenly the horrible thought forced itself into his brain. Had she deceived him all along about a lover? The blood ran hot in his head. His face hardened. He remembered, one of the milk-women had asked the other in the bus, "And when he comes back? What will she do?" And the other had answered, "Just what she did before he went away, you silly." And then one of them had turned round and nudged the other. So was it about him? He remembered Anandi's letter, "Shankar says you will come here on Tuesday night. Is it correct or are you coming earlier?" Had Anandi something important to tell him, something she knew about Nirmala? He would find out everything now. In the shadow of the houses he followed her.

Then he saw her enter Narisi's hut and stood where he was, perplexed. What was Nirmala doing there? Was Vishala there? If she was, did Nirmala know everything? If she was not, who was there? Was some scoundrel of a fellow waiting for her inside? If he forced the door, what would he be forced to see? Everything was so puzzling.

Then from out of the hut rose a blood-curdling scream. A moment later, the dry thatch of the hut burst into fierce flame. Mukunda raced towards the house. As he reached the door, from somewhere in the darkness behind the hut appeared Narisi with a burning splint of wood in his hand. There was a hideous, evil fire in his eyes.

For a full five seconds those eyes held Mukunda as a snake holds a frog. Then Narisi dropped the splint and, leaping upon him, closed his hands over Mukunda's throat. . . .

Somebody awoke in the night and shouted, "Fire!" "Vishala's house is on fire!"

The crowd which gathered in an instant turned their eyes away from that horrid spectacle. Vishala's hut

had burnt down completely, but a few tongues of flames still licked the ashes. In the foreground lay the strangled body of the munsiff and across it stood Narisi, gibbering and threatening with the brand in his hand all who would come near him.

All over the place the air sickened with the smell of burnt flesh.

When finally Narisi was thrown into a room, bound hand and foot, and Mukunda's mother saw the body

of her son come through the gate she gave a pitiful cry and fell down in a dead faint. When she returned to consciousness she had lost the power of speech.

But Anandi was nowhere to be found. In her room they saw everything in its own place. Those white borderless sarees had not been touched. It was not so with Shankar. He too had disappeared. But his house was completely empty. Even his possessions had vanished with him.

CABINET PLAN AND LINGUISTIC PROVINCES

By Dr. M. Rama Rao, M.A., Ph.D.

It is a matter for gratification that the British Ministers have come out with a definite statement containing proposals for the constitutional reorganisation of India. They have done a great service to the integrity of the Indian people by refusing to vivisect India. The arrangements that they have made for the constitution of the Interim Government and the meeting of the Constituent Assembly are also praiseworthy.

That part of the statement which deals with the provinces seems, however, to contain many flaws, some of them very serious. The grouping of the British Indian provinces into three categories and the inclusion of the Muslim-majority provinces in the North West and North East into two separate categories and providing for their union or separation is an obvious compromise with the Pakistan demand. But the application of the same provision to the six provinces of the third category is ridiculous. Three out of these six non-Muslim provinces—Madras, Bombay and C. P.—are conglomerations of different linguistic areas. In all the three of them there are strong movements demanding reorganisation of territory on a linguistic basis. The creation of linguistic provinces is as urgent and desirable in the South as the integration of the Muslim-majority provinces is in the North. The British Ministers seem to have missed this point. The Congress leaders too must have lost sight of it in their anxiety to tackle the separatism of the Muslim League.

A second item for comment is the scope of the work of the Constituent Assembly, as far as the provinces are concerned. It is laid down definitely that the sectional representatives of the Assembly should determine (1) what type of constitution the provinces in their section should have and (2) whether any of them would coalesce with each other and if so how the powers should be adjusted between them. Thus there is hardly scope for any other item, much less the question of creating linguistic provinces, to be discussed in the sectional meetings. When the representatives of all the three sections meet in the general Assembly they only discuss matters relating to the Union Government and its powers.

It would have been better if the leaders of the Congress which has recognised linguistic areas for purposes of its organisation explained this matter to the British Ministers and persuaded them to include in their statement a provision for the creation of new provinces from out of those already existing. This would have given immense satisfaction to the Andhras, Maharashtras and Karnatakas who are all demanding separate provinces.

It is hoped that even now the leaders of these linguistic areas will take up this urgent question and see that there will be provinces created on a national basis at least in the post-British period.

We ask questions not because we doubt, but because, when love is not all in all to us, we must have knowledge or we chafe and pine. We cannot go far with God at once, the thought of God is rest, but the company of God is labour and fatigue.

—F. W. Faber.

LAKSHMI SANKARA IYER: AN UNKNOWN CONGRESS HEROINE

By Rajalakshmi

If a history of unknown heroines of the Congress is written, the name of Mrs. Lakshmi Sankara Iyer will find an honoured place in it. A Congress M.L.A. from Tinnevely district, she was comparatively an obscure figure in Madras politics. Very few outside Tinnevely are aware of her work in awakening consciousness among women in the Tinnevely district, notorious for its orthodoxy.

Lakshmi's work in social uplift commenced even from her fourteenth year, soon after her marriage with Dr. Sankara Iyer, a staunch Congressman of Kallidaikurichi, far advanced in years. She had absolutely no education. There was no school in her village. Her parents, strict orthodox Brahmins, could not think of sending her outside for education. She was picked up by Dr. Sankara Iyer in his search for a bride after his first wife's death.

Reformer Dr. Sankaran, as he likes to call himself, felt that real work in the social uplift of women could be done only by women. He began to prepare his young wife for that task. It was a novel idea in those days among the orthodox people of his community who were strongly of the opinion that a woman's proper place was the home and not a public platform. To them Sankaran's idea was revolutionary and he became the target of public calumny. Sankaran had to perform a dual task; to educate his wife first and then educate the public. Once he wrote a speech for his wife, but courage failed her when she thought of getting up to speak at a meeting. The news of her failure to speak at the meeting had already reached the doctor and he made his young wife stand in the hot sun for two hours as a punishment, much to the amusement of the passers-by. So Lakshmi preferred the lesser evil of facing an audience, and the fear of public punishment made her get

over her shyness. That was her lesson number one.

Khadi was no doubt popular in the district, but the idea of women wearing Khadi saris was in those days something novel. Even in the homes of staunch Congressmen it was not uncommon to see women wearing foreign clothes. The plea that Khadi was too heavy to wear was accepted as a reasonable argument. But Dr. Sankaran successfully exploded this doctrine. He not only made Lakshmi wear the coarsest Khadi sari, but asked her to make a door-to-door propaganda to make women wear Khadi. The doctor himself would go early morning with a bundle of Khadi saris on his head for hawking. To-day if Khadi is popular among the women of Tinnevely district it is not a little due to the efforts of this brave couple.

Their zeal to propagate Khadi made them penetrate into obscure villages in the district. A woman speaking in public was something unheard of till then and the entire village would flock to hear Lakshmi conveying to them the message of Khadi and Congress. When once Lakshmi got over the initial shyness to speak in public, Dr. Sankaran relegated himself to the background.

Then came the mass civil disobedience movement in 1930. Lakshmi was seen picketing a prominent foreign cloth shop in China Bazaar, Madras. She was promptly arrested and jailed for six months. While in jail Lakshmi was elected to the Ambasamudram Taluk Board and also as its Vice-President. Of course there was no Congress Party then in the local boards but Lakshmi, during her regime as Vice-President, took pains to ameliorate the distress of school masters under the service of the Board as far as possible.

In 1936 she was nominated by the Tamil Nad Parliamentary Board to

contest the Sermadevi seat to the Assembly. The redoubtable Iswaram Pillai, a candidate of the Justice Party, was her rival. On Pillai's side Government officials worked vigorously, but Lakshmi won with a thumping majority. Since then Iswaram Pillai has faded into obscurity. This time in the same constituency Lakshmi was returned unopposed.

During the last Assembly Lakshmi figured prominently only once. That was when Speaker Sambamurti called upon her to sing the *Bandemataram* song which created a lot of controversy. So rigid was party discipline that she had practically no occasion to speak in the Assembly. Some have extraordinary

capacity to do social work in a limited sphere, but in a wider field like the Assembly where individuals do not count and where party discipline is very rigid, their talents are likely to be lost to the nation.

All these days Lakshmi's task was uphill. She had to wade through reactionary forces and a Government unsympathetic to social uplift. Yet she has done a lot of spadework. Her name is familiar even in the obscure villages of Tinnevely district. She has served them for two decades. She familiarised people with Khadi and the message of the Congress; she made women come out from their seclusion and take to social work. But very few outside know of her great work.

RT. HON. SASTRI AS HE SAW HIMSELF

By R. Srinivasa Iyengar

What drew me to the Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri some 25 years ago was the vehemence of language and trenchant criticisms he used in his political work. Though belonging to the Moderate school of thought, he had his share in the temper politics of the country. I asked him why such powerful sentiment and language were missing in the speeches of his recent years. He wrote to me, "Often have I shown impatience and used strong language. I won't however maintain that in so doing I was right. Provocation there was, I suppose, on most occasions. That plea cannot give me absolution; it may mitigate censure. If my pen was once more pointed than it now is, it means age has taught me strong words don't give strong results."

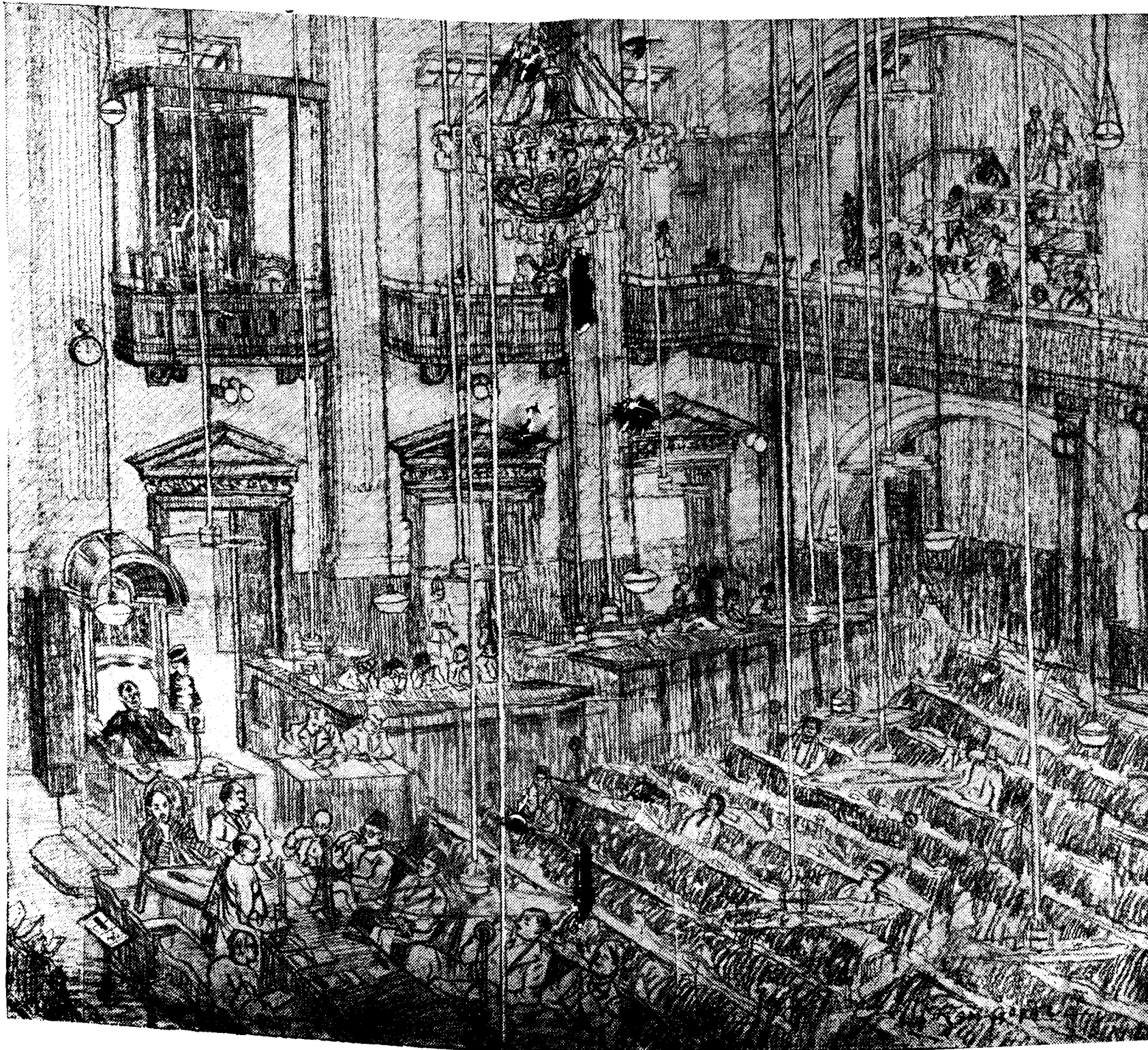
Sastri was considered by the teaching profession and others to be a politician; but he felt strong attachment to the teaching profession, and wanted to be considered as one of them, though not actually with them. He explained his position in a letter to me in 1943: "True I was in politics longer than in education, and more in the public eye. But if my judgment in the matter be worth any-

thing, my work for the boys was better than the political work. At any rate, it was less mixed with evil and exposed me less to censure and odium. But it may be that I am influenced by the pleasures of the one occupation as compared with the anxiety and tribulation of the other."

Once I asked him whether good speakers are born or made. His reply was: "Good clear speaking is hard to acquire. Nature must help; and unceasing practice is essential. The people that care for it are very few. Even among teachers the proportion is small. I think it a pity. What I could do by way of remedy I have done. Alas, it is the merest trifle."

In his moments of introspection, he used to feel his intellectual solitude which he once expressed in a note to me: "Somehow on many ordinary topics I hold views different from the popular ones. No one would say I was a rebel, but mentally I fear I am one, though, perhaps, harmless." He was, indeed, a harmless rebel, and "would not sign away his judgment in any sphere to another, however great and worthy." This cardinal article of faith is the gospel and creed of his life.

MADRAS LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY CHAMBER



THE WEEK ABROAD

A Survey of Foreign Affairs

The sub-committee appointed by the Security Council to investigate Spanish affairs has submitted its report. The ordinary man would think that the character of Franco's regime is patent enough; commonsense would suggest the immediate abolition of his dictatorship. But Bevin, Stettinius and company did not feel certain on these matters. Open repudiation of the war-time principles of democracy, they knew, would lead to popular indignation. So when action against Franco was suggested in the Security Council, they evaded a decision, referring the matter to a sub-committee. Its findings are vague, and its recommendation weak. The report says that the present regime in Spain does not constitute a threat to peace, but does constitute a situation which is a potential menace to peace. Severance of diplomatic relations by the United Nations is the only step it has recommended, in case Franco should refuse to renounce his power. The Polish member of the Council, Dr. Oscar Lange, has therefore emphasised that the UNO Charter is intended to include potential as well as imminent threats to peace. In world politics, as in other matters, prevention is better than cure. When the Security Council meets on June 6, Russia, France and Poland will demand application of economic sanctions, etc. The world will then know whether the Anglo-American 'democratic fellowship' will, in their anti-Communist fervour, condemn the Spanish people to a further period of slavery.

Confusion surrounds the incidents between Siam and French Indo-China. Behind the charges and counter-charges lies the issue of contested territories. The French Government has demanded the restoration of those areas from Laos and Cambodia which the

Vichy Government, under Japanese pressure, ceded to Siam. There is the further problem of the movement for reforms inside the French colony. Ever since the liberation of France, French colonial policy has been vague. Some reforms were announced in Algeria and French India, but no definite policy was declared or implemented. This is understandable since the distribution of power among parties in France is still in a state of flux. A solid Communist-Socialist majority in the new Constituent Assembly for which elections are taking place, will bring about a liberal and progressive attitude towards the colonies. It would also result in the replacement by a Socialist or Communist of the present Foreign Minister, M. Bidault.

As anticipated, the Dutch Government's offer to Indonesia has turned out to be a hollow one, held out in order to divide and weaken the forces of liberation. Dr. Soekarno has said that it is unacceptable. In the present political set-up, the fulfilment of Dr. Sharir's offer of rice to India would add immense prestige to the Indonesian Republic. The Dutch Government are reported to have followed up their denial of any rice surplus in Java, with a protest to the British Foreign Office against the conclusion of the proposed barter agreement between India and the 'unrecognised' Republic. This callous importation of imperial politics into the arena of the battle against famine is deplorable. It is also a test case for the British Labour Government which will be committing a crime simultaneously against the people of India and Indonesia if it should side with Dutch imperialism.

Allied policy in Japan has always been severely criticised by Russia and by the Liberal and Left-wing

Press in Britain and elsewhere. Just as the process of de-Nazification has been given up or reversed in the British and American zones of occupied Germany, in Japan also the old economic and administrative structure has been left practically untouched. The Mikado continues to be the idol of the State-cum-shrine, and most of the politicians who organised Japanese aggression are still free and in responsible positions. Both in Germany and Japan the reason for this Anglo-American policy is the same—fear at the rising strength of the working class under the leadership of the Communists and the Left-wing inside the social-democratic parties. The situation in Japan is sought to be concealed by the Americans. When the Russian delegate put forward a proposal for the formation of a committee to investigate the position, Mr. Atcheson, the American Chairman of the Allied Control Council for Japan, turned it down as impracticable. The result is that Anglo-American support to Fascist and reactionary groups has been renewed, as part of the drive against Russia and Communism. The announcement by business firms is familiar: "End of hostilities... Business as usual."

A diplomatic barrage of more than usual intensity marks the prelude to the Foreign Ministers' Conference due to begin on June 15. Two important issues will have

to be settled: (1) peace treaties with ex-enemy countries and (2) a common policy for Germany in the political and economic spheres. Claims for exclusive British control of the Mediterranean will have to be given up, and willingness must be shown to give Russia her due share in Allied control policy if the first problem is to be solved. Molotov has pointed out the futility of holding a peace conference where two different drafts will be sponsored by the Big Powers. The second problem is vital for the existence of the German people on a minimum subsistence level. The food supply in the British and American zones is below such a level. Apart from the problem of food and reorganisation of industry, two divergent political structures are being fostered in the western and eastern portions of Germany. While militant working-class organisation on the basis of Socialist-Communist unity is being encouraged in the Russian zone, the Anglo-American administrations are bolstering up a pro-Western Right-wing Socialist Party. The Labour Party Conference which will begin on June 10 will discuss Mr. Bevin's foreign policy. Considerable criticism from the rank and file is expected. But as yet there are no indications that Big Power unity will be reformed—that unity of purpose which won the war and which is equally necessary for building a just and peaceful world.

FUTURE OF INDIAN STATES

Indian Union Should Exercise Paramountcy— Fresh Hopes in Delhi

When a member of the Mysore State Assembly sought to raise the question of selection of representatives from the State to the Constituent Assembly, the motion was disallowed. The reason given was that the Assembly had no right to discuss the relations of the Maharajah with the Crown or its representatives. This is a sad beginning for that co-operation of Princely

India which was promised by the Nawab of Bhopal and the Chamber of Princes. If this is the attitude of a progressive State which has representative institutions of a sort, the way in which appointment of 'representatives' will be conducted in the more backward States can well be imagined. This is the most important matter for immediate

consideration by the All-India States Peoples' Conference.

While every one will be happy at the amicable settlement achieved in Faridkot, it is clear that it will not be possible for Pandit Nehru to intervene personally or with equal success in the disputes between the ruler and the ruled in all the States. The Kashmir Government have, for example, denied with a cool air of indifference, each one of the charges made by leaders who are in touch with the situation. Not even an enquiry has been promised. The Prime Minister Mr. Kak has gone so far as to pronounce that Pandit Nehru does not have an open mind in the matter, and that his visit to Kashmir will serve no useful purpose.

Addressing a meeting in Madras on June 1, Sir N. Gopalaswami Iyengar submitted to a scathing analysis the memorandum sent by the Cabinet Mission to the Princes. Challenging the accuracy of the statement that the States had voluntarily surrendered their sovereignty to the Crown, he declared that the future Union Government, as the successor to the present Government, should take over the powers of Paramountcy which were now exercised by the Government of India. It was absurd, he said, to visualize the independent existence of 562 "sovereign" States within India when the Cabinet Mission had declared their opposition to the creation of more than one sovereign Government. When this adherence to the principle of the unity of India under one Government was the reason for their rejection of the demand for a sovereign Pakistan, it followed that all the Indian States would necessarily have either (1) become members of the Federal Union, or (2) continue in their present position, under the Union Government which would in future exercise all those powers now held by the Paramount power. The same view has been advanced by Gandhiji who

has asked the Princes, if they are sincere in their professions, to accept this popular use of Paramountcy.

Important discussions are to be resumed at Delhi. The latest 'last date' being mentioned for the installation into power of the Interim Government is June 15. The fact that top-ranking British members of the Executive Council are leaving India lends support to this optimistic view. The Muslim League will announce its decision, the Congress will discuss entry into the new Government, and the Princes will settle the procedure for appointing their representatives to the Constituent Assembly—all within the first two weeks of the month. So, once again, all eyes are turned on Delhi.

The Railway Board, through Press and radio, has been making a concerted effort to mislead public opinion and alienate the sympathy of the people from the million railway workers who have issued strike notices to the respective branches of the Indian Railway system. They have sought to pit the demands of the workers against the interests of the passengers and users of the railways by saying that only large increases in fares and rates will yield the revenue necessary for meeting the workers' claims. But the leaders of the railwaymen have pointed out that suitable reductions from the disproportionately large transfers made to the Depreciation Fund and a revision of the system of interest payment by which huge sums of money are being lost to the railways each year, will produce adequate funds to meet the minimum demands of the workers. Dewar Chaman Lal has also refuted the Board's arguments with respect to finance. There is only a short interval of time during which the Government may yet refer the entire list of workers' demands to adjudication and avert the strike.

RAGHAVA AS I KNEW HIM

By S. Narasimhan

He was a man, take him for all in all,

I shall not look upon his like again.

These immortal lines of Shakespeare fit him to a 'T'.

My first acquaintance with him was in 'dramatic' circumstances. I had heard of him but had not seen him. I was playing Rosalind under the auspices of the Suguna Vilasa Sabha in the end of December, 1914. The play was a huge success in those days. It ran three times during the short Christmas season to capacity houses. It was whispered that the famous Bellary Raghavachari would be attending the show one day. I was just a novice and an enthusiast on the stage then. I was wondering how my art would be received by him if he should come. I was in the famous lyrical scene where Rosalind was wooing the name of Orlando, when he appeared. To me he really 'appeared'—appeared like a glorious vision. For a moment I was transfixed with admiration, admiration at the tall commanding figure of the man with his powerful eyes that arrested attention at once. He walked in like a king but sat in a rear seat. I was determined to make an impression on him and I put forth all that I was capable of then in the portrayal of the sweet Rosalind. The play ended and many came inside the stage and congratulated me. T. Raghavachari, a perfect stranger to me also came in and warmly praised me and from then on, I was either his heroine or his second in all his English productions, till the stage came when the lady's robe clung with shame to me and ladies too were found to take their proper place in the drama. Our intimacy grew up. From a Guru, he became my best friend and I know him, I may say, inside out. A more lovable man I can never hope to see.

How he came to call himself simple Raghava, instead of Bellary

Raghavachari, a name familiar to all, a name that has almost grown with the modern stage, as it were, perhaps needs elucidation. Many may not know the reason behind it.

He was one of the greatest and rare men to whom precept and practice went together, hand in glove. He was not as Portia said "I could easier teach twenty, what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching." One morning he woke up and realised that he did not deserve the suffix "Acharya" to his name, which to him, meant a great teacher, a life of abstinence and rituals, a life of penance and self-abnegation. He felt he had no claim to that suffix, though I and many others differed from him. He also said he had no regard for the distinctions of caste and creed. In the Temple of God or Art which was Life, all are equals. Wherever he found art, he hugged it and cherished it, be it in a Harijan boy or a Boya girl. He would immediately take them into his household under his fostering care and train them to the stage. His house thus slowly became a beehive of artistes of all castes and creeds. The Harijan movement came into his life long before Mahatma's movement came into existence. So it was that he changed his name into simple Raghava, a name that denoted no caste or creed. He lived up to his convictions. I may perhaps recall here the poignant part of this metamorphosis in name. As I said, his house gave shelter to actors and actresses of all castes and creeds, whom he fed and entertained at the same table. This incited the wrath of the priestcraft at Bellary. They refused to attend his house for any religious function. He didn't care. At this moment his dear old mother died. None of the priests came to his help. Raghava was perturbed just for a moment. He, however, did not flinch. He took out his Sedan,

decorated it, laid his mother's body on the cushions, and drove it to the burning ghat, where he set fire to the funeral pyre like Saint Pattanathar, reciting verses from the Vedas and the Upanishads.

From 1914 onwards, our friendship grew. The S.V.S. then was in its halcyon days. Raghava breathed a new life into it. The English Section was opened and the Telugu Section vitalised. With Raghava as the hero, and the late Mr. A. Krishnaswamiah as the heroine, a great chapter in the history of the Sabha and drama too, began to be written. A number of dramatic societies sprung up. Raghava lent his services to any dramatic society. He refused to bind himself down to a particular society. His Rustom, his Hiranya, his Ramadas, his Dasaratha, his Keechaka and his several other impersonations in Telugu dramas were marvels of acting and interpretation. He gave a complete change, an intelligent and a human conception, which set people thinking and opened their eyes wide to the right way of understanding those characters. His Hiranya, for instance, was not the ranting demon of the traditional stage, who bellowed, shrieked and smote his breast but a great being possessed of great virtues, swallowed up by his ego and hatred to one, called God, proclaimed to be his superior. He was enveloped by Maya or Karma, which blinded his vision and life. At one time he felt drawn to Prahlad, and doubted himself, but soon Maya pulled him back and pushed him violently to the crisis. He was thus swayed by very human emotions, alternating from intense love to his Prahlad to extreme hatred and violence. Thus the play moved on to the mighty climax to the wonderment of the spectator. Once he was playing Dasaratha, in "Rama's Exile." He was so superb that I thought that even Dasaratha could not have died better nor shown such love to his Rama whom he exiled. After the close of the performance, and after Raghava became his old self again, I expressed my admiration of his performance that day. He said, playing

that character, he always felt that he must have been at least a servant in Sri Rama's household and must have witnessed that tragic scene, because the whole picture of Sri Rama's exile and Dasaratha's death with the name of Sri Rama on his lips came to him in all its poignant intensity and clearness. It is for this reason he would be found weeping long after Dasaratha's death, after the curtains had gone down over the final scene. Such was his mighty imagination and he threw his body and soul into the characters he played. Another thing. Till ten minutes before the show begins, he would be cutting jokes with all, but after that, he would withdraw himself to a corner, and get absorbed into the character he was to portray. None should disturb him till the play was finished. He would live during the entire show in the mood and the atmosphere of his character. In those days we used to rehearse our parts on the sands of the seashore, weighing each word in our minds, and rolling it out, fixing up the pitch and the modulation of the voice, the gait of the character and the place of delivery of each line on the stage, at the same time giving free scope to spontaneity of action and emotion without getting stereotyped. We fixed only the landmarks. Each character was studied in detail, in relation to itself and in relation to the other characters in the play. The time we spent on lines like

To be or not to be, that is the question

and

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul

was precious in our lives. We then dived deep into the psychology of the poet and the character. We however sought no editions to enlighten us but we thought out things ourselves, and gave them our own shape. I shall just state how he worked. Let us take the simple case of Shylock. In the borrowing scene, Shylock is for the first time introduced to the audience. Hence his gait is to be noted and fixed. His age then has to be fixed. What are his characteristics in

the play? These have to be fixed. And so on. And the lines. Every word was plumbed as it were, to find out its potency. Was Shylock an individual or was he depicted as a symbol of his race? Or was he both? Let us look at the lines.

Shylock:—*Three thousand ducats, well*

Bassanio:—*Ay sir for three months.*

Shylock:—*For three months, well.*

Here Shylock is shown as the usurer, magnifying the extent and duration of the loan.

Bassanio:—*For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.*

Shylock:—*Antonio shall become bound—well.*

Now Raghavachariar's art came into full play. He revealed the entire conception of Shylock in the rendering of the above few words. At the mention of the name of Antonio, his blood is up. He is all ears and alert. He turns round slowly, throws furtive and searching glances at Bassanio and Antonio, without however betraying his emotion to them and his eagerness to seize at the opportunity of getting Antonio in his mortal grip and his brain works to evolve the scheme. In the lines that follow, he would bring out clearly how Shylock becomes master of the situation. Within that small compass, he would show Shylock's character as a Jew, a Jew bitterly opposed to the Christians, as an usurer with his personal animosity to Antonio, and his anxiety not to let slip the opportunity afforded, and yet not to lose any advantage he could get out of the situation. Once Shylock knew that Antonio was prepared to go the whole hog for the loan, he played like the cat with the captive mouse, alternating between passion and calmness, to drive the bargain home with diabolical playfulness. You cannot put in words what an intellectual treat it was to see him as Shylock. It was so in every one of his impersonations. Such was the magic of his art.

In vernacular drama, his method of rendering the verses or songs was

unique. He was not a great songster but he had a good knowledge of music. This stood him in good stead. From the speech, he would slowly lapse into verse or song such that none perceived the gulf between the two. Music to Raghava was only a handmaid to acting and I can properly say he acted out the music. I am yet to find another like him, who subordinated and rendered the verse or song as he did. Great actor that he was, his speech itself was so musical, full of cadences and modulations, surcharged with emotion, that it filled the heart of the spectator with joy, awe, and wonder. He had a beautiful personality and he was cut for the part of hero, whether on the small stage—bounded by scenes and side-wings or in the larger arena of life.

The background music, which is now in every film, was Raghava's creation really and literally, long before it got into the films. For the first time we tried it in Tagore's 'Chitra' which we staged during the Festival of Fine Arts held in Bangalore, under the auspices of the Bangalore Dramatic Association in 1923 or so. The irrepressible Thayappa, a great violinist of Mysore and a member of the Association, was requisitioned and every scene and situation was analysed in relation to its emotional appeal and the raga was chosen. The effect was novel and great and the idea and execution was praised. Later it was introduced in other plays. Thus, it was not a new thing to us when the American Press acclaimed it on its introduction into the films.

Raghava gave dignity to the stage. He took it out of the contempt and ridicule it had fallen in, and raised it to a noble profession that could be pursued by every honest citizen, man or woman. I may here mention an anecdote related to me by Raghava himself.

Raghava, as we all know, was an Advocate at Bellary, and a very successful one too, who earned pots of money. But the public spoke of him and knew him more as the actor than as the Advocate. His art as the actor eclipsed his other virtues. Once Sir P. S. Sivaswami

Aiyar, when he was an Executive Council Member of the Madras Government, had occasion to visit Bellary. A public function was arranged in honour of his visit, to which the elite of the city including of course Raghava were invited. Raghava went. The then District Judge, I forget his name, sought to introduce our Raghava to the guest. He began by saying, "This is Bellary Raghavachari, the famous actor..." when the hand of Sir P. S. that was stretched out for the greeting at the outset, suddenly withdrew, and remained in a frigid position, and it came out again only when the District Judge, sensing the unpleasantness of the situation, quickly added, "he is the leading Advocate of this place and our present Public Prosecutor." I am just saying this to show in what odium the stage was viewed in those days even by enlightened people. How a few years

back, the same Sir P.S. mellowed by years and the trend of the times, indented upon Bellary Raghavachari for a benefit performance in aid of a public cause and how well he came to appreciate him as an actor, is another story.

To Raghava the stage was a temple and in that temple there was nothing profane. It was a temple where Art existed to teach and elevate mankind.

Raghava's two final ambitions were the erection of a national theatre worthy of the name of India and the introduction of the histrionic art in the curricula of the universities. He strove hard for them but Death has snatched him away before he could see his dreams fulfilled. It is for us now who love and venerate him and the art of acting, to carry on the torch lit and left by him and see to the realisation of his dreams.

SECRET OF HAPPINESS

By P. R. Vaidyanathan

Happiness is a contented state of mind. He is happy who finds fulfilment of his desires and he is unhappy whose ambitions are unrealised. The achievement or otherwise of the mind agitating for gains or struggling to retain possessions determines the state of happiness or unhappiness. But is that state solely dependent on extraneous causes? It is not. Happiness or unhappiness exists in the mind without ourselves being conscious of it. This is proved by an illustration. The husband lives with his wife and attends to his work normally. He does not admit that his wife is the abode of his happiness or the spring of his enthusiasm. Sometimes he feels that he is wasting his time in useless chats and trivial pranks with her which time he could have used to better purpose and more usefully. But when the wife separates from him, say, on a holiday to her mother's, the

husband feels a void. Unconscious of happiness in her company, he is now conscious of unhappiness in her absence. Most of us felt deeply unhappy at the news of the demise of Sastri and Desai. We were not knowingly happy when they were with us. The truth therefore is that these opposite experiences are results of a disturbance of the poise or equilibrium of the mind, in which these double experiences lie dormant. External factors do not cause these feelings, only they bring to the fore already secretly existing feelings.

Sastri the orator, the noble and cultured ambassador, and Desai the patriot and the talented man had knit a bond with similar sentiments within us. A conscious feeling of it would have enhanced our happiness and enriched our understanding of the two personalities, as in the illustration of the life between husband and wife.

AN HOUR WITH JAWAHARLAL

By S. R. Venkatraman

On Nov. 11, 1945 I had the opportunity of spending about an hour with Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru during his short sojourn in Bombay at Sakina Mansions, the residence of his talented sister Krishna Hathee Singh.

I met the Pandit for the first time in the 1927 Congress at Madras. As a Congress volunteer, I had then the privilege of seeing some of our leaders at close quarters. I was assigned to the Subjects Committee and I managed to be there for the whole session. Panditji had come for that session of the Congress with his wife Kamala and his sister Krishna. He took a prominent part in the discussions in the Subjects Committee, and we used to strain our ears and listen to his speeches with eagerness and attention.

A Stickler For Punctuality

In November 1945, I happened to spend a week in Bombay. Pandit Nehru also had come there partly on public work, and partly to receive the purse which the Blitz had organized in honour of his 56th birthday. It was arranged that I should meet him at 2 p.m. on a Sunday. Pandit Nehru is a stickler for time, and is very punctual and expects others to be so. On Sunday, owing to the late arrival of the bus, I reached Sakina Mansions at 2-15, that is, a quarter of an hour late. Srimati Krishna Hathee Singh opened the door and received me. She said, "My brother has just now left seeing you did not come at 2 p.m." Before I could explain myself and probably seeing the feeling of disappointment writ on my face she answered me that Panditji would be back in fifteen minutes. So she took me inside and asked me to be seated in the broad airy verandah overlooking the Arabian Sea. When the Pandit arrived, he walked across the lounge and came straight to the verandah. Though he was fifty-six he looked the very picture of health. I could not notice on his face any trace of worry or marks of age. His healthy complexion and well preserved appearance were in no small measure due to his well disciplined and regulated life.

In a few seconds he put me at ease, and talked to me as if we had known each other for many years. Perhaps this is the secret of his success and

popularity with people. Our talk turned on his Autobiography.

Panditji asked: What do you think of the Tamil translation of my Autobiography?

I: The translation is by a well-known and reputed writer of Tamil.

Panditji: Somehow it did not sell well. Perhaps the publisher was not a good business man.

I: Yes, I know the publisher got into some difficulties. However, I feel the book is bound to be a good seller by and by. About your Autobiography I wish to say one thing if you will permit me.

Panditji: Yes, by all means. What is it?

I: Your Autobiography is a classic by itself but references in it to some of our leaders could have been avoided.

Panditji: Yes. I know what you are referring to. If I were to rewrite my Autobiography again I would omit sixty to seventy pages in it as they contain matters which were of momentary value. I would delete references to people like the Rt. Hon'ble Sapru, Sastri and others.

Remorse For Injustice

As he spoke I could notice in his tone and features a feeling of remorse for having unintentionally done some injustice to these great men. To realise one's own error and repent for it is inborn in all great men. Pandit Nehru said: "I have omitted certain passages in the American edition of my Autobiography. I could not do so in the subsequent English editions as the pages for the English edition had already been made up. However I would like to omit all such references in the translations. If you would go through the Autobiography with this end in view and suggest to me the passages to be omitted, I shall let you know my views later on".

I: Certainly I shall try my best but it is best done by you. Have you added any new matter to your Autobiography during your recent prison-life?

Panditji: My Autobiography came out first in 1936. In 1941 I have added a new chapter entitled "Five years after".

We passed on to talking of his latest book "The Discovery of India".

Panditji: When I was in Ahmednagar Fort I used to muse often over

our country's history, the movements for freedom and our political and social movements in which I had played a part. People gather in their thousands wherever I go. In my attempt to understand the inner springs of motive of the masses with the background of our age-long history, conflict of culture and clash of interests, certain truths dawned on me. "The Discovery of India" is a record of such mental excursions into the regions of the past. It deals with our cultural, religious, political and social problems. I have recorded in this book my own reactions to many of our problems. I have discussed our political, communal, economic and other problems. I have arranged for the simultaneous publication of this book both in England and in India.

Authors And Publishers

He thrust his hand into one of the pockets of his jacket, took out a small dainty cigarette case, and pulling out a cigarette, offered me one, which I politely declined as I was not a smoker. He lighted his, and spoke as he smoked about the sad plight of authors everywhere. He said: "One may be a good and clever writer, but he may be penniless. He may be living from hand to mouth. A publisher will purchase the copyright in his book almost for a song and profit at the author's expense. The author gets his royalty only once which is all too meagre. In the profits a publisher makes subsequently the poor author has no share. Many writers have bitterly complained to me about their sad plight. I have been advising them not to sell away their entire copyright in their works to the publisher. Authors should have a certain number of editions and each edition should be limited to a certain number of copies only. Authors should get at least 15 per cent of the sale price of their books as their royalty. I am now adopting this policy in respect of my own writings. As regards translations, the original author should get a minimum of 10 per cent and the translator a minimum of 5 per cent of the sale price."

"This sad plight of authors is not peculiar to our country. Even in western countries it is so. The modern tendency in England and America

is for authors not to have any direct dealings with publishers. Literary agents arrange for publication of writers' works by well-known publishers, taking care to secure for authors the minimum royalty mentioned by me. This secures for the authors a good and living wage. It prevents the unscrupulous publisher from exploiting a needy author. The institution of literary agents works for the good of the publisher and the author. My literary agent in London has warned me not to sell away outright my copyright in my books to any publisher. It enables an author to dictate his own terms if his book becomes popular.

Royalty On Translations

"In our country we have to make much headway in this line. Those who have translated my English works in the vernaculars ask me why they should pay at all any royalty to me. This is not just. I am insisting on the publishers of my translations paying me a royalty of 10 per cent on translations. But I am not taking a pie out of this for my personal use. For instance, Shantiniketan published in Bengali my "Letters to Indira". I get my 10 per cent royalty from Shantiniketan and donated the sum back to the same institution. The Zamia Millia of Delhi has undertaken to translate my "Discovery of India" into Urdu. I have agreed to pay back my 10 per cent royalty to its funds. The Navjivan Press of Ahmedabad which agreed to publish a Hindi translation of my "Discovery of India" at first did not agree to the 10 per cent royalty on the plea that they were doing a piece of national work and the profits were being utilized for bringing out good nationalistic literature. But I insisted on my share of the royalty being paid to me. They agreed. Now I have decided to donate the royalty to the late Mahadev Desai's Fund."

By now it was 3-20 p.m. Pandit Nehru had programmed to address a public meeting at 4-30 at Dadar, another at 7 p.m. at Varsova, fifteen miles away. "I am to speak at two places to-day", he said. I at once took the hint and took my leave, Panditji with great courtesy walking with me up to the landing place.

Manners are the shadows of virtue; the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow-creatures love and respect. If we strive to become, then, what we strive to appear, manners may often be rendered useful guides to the performance of our duties.

—Sydney Smith,

FUTURE OF CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA

"No Compromise Over The Right To Convert," Says A. V. Thomas

"We must learn to be tolerant", said Jawaharlal Nehru in a recent statement on the future of Indian Christians.

"What is the test of toleration?" asked Mr. A. V. Thomas on May 30 in his presidential address at the South Indian Christian Conference held at Madura.

Mr. Thomas said: "Many of our non-Christian friends are a little loose in the admission of our claim not only to practise our religion but also to propagate it. On this issue the future of Christianity can allow of no prevarication or compromise."

"Indian Christians should insist on being heard in time before postulates of secularism are banged in our face."

For the beauty of its phrasing and the forthrightness, daring and originality of its demand, the address of Mr. Thomas deserves greater attention than it has received in the daily Press. Extracts from it are given below. (See editorial note).

The cry of "Religion in danger" in terms of creed is a medieval slogan. When we speak of the future of Christianity in a politically emancipated country, let us think of the position of Christians in India, their rights and their obligations.

The riddle whether we are Christians first and Indians afterwards (or vice versa) lacks logical sequence like the query whether a Yank is an American first or a Christian afterwards, for the simple reason that he would like to be a good American and a good Christian at the same time without any suggestion of mutual exclusiveness in the two roles.

In an interview to the Catholic Herald, Pandit Nehru dwells on the future of Indian Christians. Pandit Nehru is going to be the helmsman of the Congress across a confluence of political currents difficult for any pilot to negotiate, but as a patriot and a very human personality, he commands our respect. On May 12, he asked us in the course of a statement, not to have any misgivings about our future. "Although our ultimate aim is a Secular State not to be identified with any particular religion" says Pandit Jawaharlal. "freedom of conscience and the recognition of the religious rights of all citizens must be the starting point. Indian Christians are part and parcel of the Indian people. Their traditions go back 1,500 years and more, and they form one of the many enriching elements in the country's cultural and

spiritual life. In a country with so many creeds as India, we must learn to be tolerant."

Test Of Toleration

Yes, we must learn to be tolerant, but the test of toleration comes in the day-to-day affairs of life.

The reference to straggling groups of immigrant Christians 1,500 years ago and the later aspects of missionary zeal, may however appear overdone as we discuss our rights to-day. In the history of most countries with a recorded past, there have been occasions of hospitality to the stranger within the gate. Thus in India the retrospect drawn by Pandit Jawaharlal covers a casual chapter of infiltration, very negligible, some 1,500 years ago, resulting in the nucleus and growth of a Christian community serving as cultivators, traders, artisans, craftsmen, all welcome, of course, in the enrichment of the South West Coast of what was then a sparsely populated country. Between the incidence of charity so common in human nature at a crisis and the resolute practice of toleration, I venture, however, to draw a distinction and question some of the references connected with the "refugee theory" given as a comfort for us in distress. The test of toleration comes when a community struggles as a growing organism within the mould of a political system or within a given area, inelastic or too orthodox, but still driven ahead by economic laws. The

suggestion of our being just patronised intruders, comes to the acid test at such grudging phase of toleration; and as Indian Christians we have felt at times the pressure of obsolete overlordship stifling our capacity for enterprise and adaptation. The school of thought represented by Pandit Jawaharlal should not ignore this grievance when we suffer in our task of befitting ourselves for something more than the crumbs that fall under the children's table.

Right To "Convert"

Let us be frank about the "ultimate aim" behind a "Secular State" and also our present rights as members of a society endeavouring to survive in Free India on the principle of a fair field and no favour. Christianity happens to be an evangelical religion in which our obligation is not only individually to live in fulfilment of our faith, but also to propagate our message of deliverance, democracy and brotherhood. No Christian should be ashamed of proclaiming himself as a "Convert" though there may still be a stigma attached to the word in political valuation and communal stock-taking. Jesus of Nazareth did not appear with a Christian constituency behind him (nor did Mohamed enter the scene of his labours with a brand-new following). Jesus began with converting fisherman in Galilee, and when I see some of our own brethren looked down upon by caste-minded Christians, I recall the names of the apostles who were ordained to be fishers of men; (on the insignia of the Vatican, is the fish, reminiscent of St. Peter's calling). Such being the tradition and the witness of facts, let us not claim pride of a static Society, but boldly acknowledge ourselves as Christians with the right to spread the good news and convert. Many of our own non-Christian friends are a little loose in the admission of our claim not only to practise our religion but also to propagate it. The elementary right of persuasion apart, the last bidding before the Ascension on the Mount of Olives was that we should go forth, propagate the glad tidings and "convert". The Congress Charter of Fundamental Rights has been a little indifferent and obscure on the point since it allows "practice" without explicit leave for "propagation". We have heard it said that the practice of mute example suffices, but the process includes exposition as well, and on that issue, the Future of Christianity can allow of no prevarication or compromise. Indeed the matter was put be-

fore the British Cabinet Mission by the Indian Christian Delegation consisting of Sir Maharaj Singh, Professor Ratnaswami and Mr. Ralliamam. According to Press reports, they "urged the main point as the need for statutory rights for their religious beliefs including the right to practise and propagate their faith". They put it forward as "the essence of the fullest freedom of conscience". The tone of the Indian Christian Memorandum has been criticised in some quarters as being weak and apologetic, but we should excuse their moderation and support them in this regard.

The question of secular authority has been latterly brought to the fore by controversy on the subject of religious instruction for Christian children, but it raises a wider issue. The theory of a particular area in the country being a "Christian, Hindu or Muslim State" in terms of the faith of ruling authorities cannot co-exist with the concept of the "Secular State", and the archaic feature of a State-provided Ecclesiastical Department has been virtually closed in British India after a period of overstay. Here Indian Christians vexed over the educational problem, have a right of being heard for proofs of the principle of toleration which in sore experience seems to cause much avoidable trouble. The controversy over the rights of education, parental control, and religious guidance, is significant, and we Indian Christians should insist on being heard in time before postulates of secularism are banged in our face. I plead with our critics and those in authority to listen and judge. Let there be greater exercise of forbearance.

A Government which seeks the pursuit of happiness for the people should distinguish between what is structural and what is functional in its services. Thus, no community could be allowed to raise a private army or run an independent magistracy against the central authority. Such things offend the structure of any policy; but we must also give a margin for functional activities dealing with education, culture, sacred offices, uplift, health, social welfare, etc. (activities that do not really subvert the stability of any State that safeguards itself from dangerous tendencies of Fascist regimentation). The standard of educational syllabuses should, therefore be maintained in terms of efficiency and uniform merit. I plead for what I consider to be true toleration and Pandit Nehru's assurance should find definite room for our claim.

INDIA IN INTERNATIONAL CRICKET

By Dr. P. Subbaroyan

(President, Board Of Control For Cricket In India)

India is making a name and is writing a new chapter in the history of international cricket. The 1946 side seems to have worked itself into an efficient combination and the team spirit which was so sadly lacking in the 1936 tour is fortunately a notable feature of the present side. Merchant who we all knew will do well has proved himself to be one of the best batsmen in the world to-day. What is more, he has shown his capacity to overcome all difficulties and has shown the English cricket world that he could play as well on a rain-sodden wicket as he can on the shirt front wickets of the Brabourne Stadium. Modi has also done well and with brighter weather coming on he will make heaps of runs. Hazare did well in Scotland and also at Lord's against the M.C.C. He is proving himself a good opening bowler. Gul Mohamed batted well at the Oval and his fielding is an asset to any side. He is so keen and untiring that he is bound to do well. The record last-wicket stand of Bannerji and Sarwate at the Oval which beat the English record which has stood for 37 years will be a matter of pride to our side. The fact that numbers ten and eleven in the batting order were responsible for this record is something that would be talked of for many years in all cricket pavilions.

The Nawab of Pataudi, our captain, who ran into form against his old rivals at Cambridge, unfortunately is ill and is in a nursing home in London. He is a doubtful starter for the first Test match. It is such a pity as he has worked hard to get the team into fine fettle. Let us hope he will be well soon and will be with his team in the coming Test match.

Amarnath who had the misfortune to get hurt in the very first match at Worcester seems to have had a set-back as far as his batting is concerned and has not yet run

into form. I hope his batting will come back in time for the first Test match. He is such a great batsman and English crowds have not yet seen what he is capable of. He is doing well as a bowler, but I personally do not rate him very highly in this department, though he is a useful stock bowler who could keep down runs when need arises. Mushtaq Ali is another disappointment but I trust his loss of form is only temporary. The problem of a partner for Merchant as the opening pair is still to be solved. Sarwate, Shinde and Nayudu have all done well and India is as well served by slow bowlers as any other cricketing country. In Madras India possesses a left hand bowler who seems to be as good as any in first class cricket to-day. So far he has had a very good season. Bannerji has unfortunately suffered from some back trouble and has not as yet done anything of note. He is such a good trier as he proved himself in Madras against the Australians that he is bound to do better when weather conditions improve. But the problem of opening bowlers is certainly another difficulty. Hindlekar played a very good innings at a critical moment against the M.C.C. and his wicket keeping has been praised. Sohoni has not done anything so far, but I trust the experience of the tour will stand him in good stead in the future. Nimbalkar, the other wicket-keeper, seems to have done what was wanted of him in the matches he has played. Merchant has not had a day's rest since the tour began but he is such a keen cricketer and lives for the game, and will go through any amount of hard work without trouble; but I trust he will get a little rest before the Test match. Abdul Hafeez was also hurt in the beginning of the season but he is young and his experience on the tour will be of great value to future Indian sides. To have won 4 mat-

ches at the beginning of the season and under conditions which were not to the liking of our players from the tropics says a great deal for this young Indian side. Let us hope that they will do well in the first Test match beginning on June 22nd at Lord's and will write a new chapter in Indian cricket history by winning the first Test.

English cricket is just getting on its feet after the war but I am sure England will field a strong combination at Lord's. Hammond, the English captain, is in great form and so is Compton who made two separate hundreds the other day.

THE PHOENIX AND THE TURTLE

AT THE RISK of perpetrating mixed metaphors, but with no desire to take great names in vain, it can be asserted that on the pluvius pitches of England, far from the burning sands of Arabia, there has arisen a phoenix. The concomitant of the mythological appearance of this bird is well known to be a fire, but the ascent of Vinoo Mankad from the turtle-like dimensions of an ordinary bowler to the phoenix-like rarity of a great left-hander has been attended by rain.

When the Indian team left these shores, it was scarcely suspected that it harboured one who would come to be regarded as the successor of Verity in the estimation of the world. Many writers, including the present one in these pages, gave themselves up to melancholy when they considered that Hammond, Hutton, Compton, and Washbrook were being sought to be dismissed by a bowling combination which, to the unprophetic eye, appeared to consist of three negative medium pace bowlers, and four untried slow bowlers. Though nothing that has happened so far has tended to remove these apprehensions completely, enough has been demonstrated to make excessive melancholy untenable. *Peccavi*. But it may be pleaded in extenuation that though

The selectors, Robins, Sellars and Holmes, will, I am sure, put a good England side on the field. It remains to be seen what bowling talent England will find. Bowes has done well and is responsible for Yorkshire's lead in the championship. Middlesex have also done well but it is difficult to think of an England side at the present time as only scores are coming through Reuters and we are getting no information on the present form of English players. I hope the first Test match will be a great success, and win or lose, India will have established herself as a cricketing country whose prowess cannot be underestimated.

falsified, we are very far from sorry that we are so.

Mankad has taken in the six matches that he has played thirty-two wickets at the expense of slightly over thirteen runs each. These figures are startling when it is considered that the conditions were absolutely strange and even inimical to him, and that most of his victims are accomplished, even splendid, batsmen. His supremacy came to a magnificent climax in the second innings of the M. C. C. at the Lord's, but it was never absent from the first.

He did not play against Cambridge and Scotland. On the vastly different wickets that prevailed at Worcester, Oxford, the Oval, Leicester, the Lord's, and Osterley, he has demonstrated the same unflinching and relentless command of length and spin that has induced right-hander and left-hander alike to his doom. It seems clear that he, unlike many great left-handers of the past, has relied less upon flight than on length especially and spin.

It was said of Rhodes that he had the batsman beaten even in the air. Mankad rather resembles Colin Blythe, who is said to have broken the ball a yard on favourable wickets,

Certain commentaries, which I have read, refer to excessive spin as the sole possible impediment to Mankad's triumphant march. But, no doubt, this defect can be cured. For, unlike break in the classical case of Peebles who employed the googly so often that he lost the art of its variant, the leg-break, spin is under the control of the bowler and can be regulated according to needs.

An analysis of Mankad's victims makes interesting reading. It includes batsmen of the stolid and the flashy styles. Indeed, the proportion inclines to the former class. Such great hitters as Bartlett, who during the last Australian visit compiled a century in forty-five minutes, and Valentine, with whose aggression Indian bowlers came painfully in contact during the M. C. C. tour of this country under Jardine, have succumbed to him. But to show that there is no preference one way or other, so have the Fabian batsman, Wyatt, and the cautious Edrich, twice each. The promising player, Singleton, the successful left-hander, Howarth, the careful Cooper, Watts, Gregory, Barling, and Watson have all tasted the bitterness of extinction at his hands, in addition.

Nor has there been any element of uncertainty about these distin-

guished dismissals. No less than twelve of them were bowled, while six others were dismissed leg before. Eleven yielded their wickets through catches, and the surprisingly low number of three through being stumped.

But it is true that this resounding success has been achieved at a cost, though happily the position is that this penalty does not much harm the team. Mankad's batting figures present the ridiculous position of an accomplished and determined batsman returning the average of slightly over eleven, made in seven innings with a total of seventy-eight runs. Only Amarnath's inexplicable failure with the bat is a greater decline. But the team is so well served in batting that this deprivation has not been felt sensibly. There is yet time for Mankad to return to form.

Critics, responsible and distinguished, have pronounced Merchant to be among the world's best six batsmen. What Mankad's place may turn out to be in the hierarchy of the other harmony, it is too early to specify. But it may be hoped that, like Abou Ben Adhem in a different sphere, his name may come "to lead all the rest."—N. S. R.

MOTHER

MOTHER. How much those six letters mean! The love of a mother, so mysterious, unfathomable, silent and unexpressed, yet the purest and most unsullied in the world. Mother! You are the blood of my blood, flesh of my flesh, soul of my soul. You bore me in your womb for ten long months and then you alone shared all my sorrows and joys. You looked after your child when it was ill, with anxiety and fear in your heart. Every scratch that hurt your child hurt you too. Physically separate, yet one and inseparable in every way. God's power and mystery is crystallised in you. The whole world adores a mother, for a mother's love is divine and eternal as the sun, the moon and the skies. In our intense love of our land of birth we call her Motherland. In our moments of trial and agony we call out 'Mother' or 'Ammā' to come to our aid. Curiously there is a similarity in the word meaning Mother among the languages of the world. In English it is 'Mother' or 'Mamma', in Tamil or Malayalam it is 'Ammā', it is 'Mater' in German. Here is the universal bond of love and it springs even from the innocent lips of the sleeping baby!

K. RADHAKRISHNAN.

both ends meet, and ownership was thus but nominal. The bitter experiences of the people during the post-Versailles period, the exploitation of the peasantry and Britain's hand in it have all contributed to the weakening of the British influence in the Balkans.

Not Soviet-Driven

The Liberal Governments now in power in the Balkans are fully representative. Yugoslavia, in particular, is not a totalitarian regime as is made out by British propaganda. It is a travesty of facts to cry down the present Governments in the Balkans as unrepresentative or undemocratic. None can dispute the fact that these Governments enjoy popular support. The Government in Yugoslavia consists of the trusted leaders of the nation. The accusation that Russia is having her own way in Yugoslavia is not tenable. It has been reported that eight of the major political parties are included in the present Government—some pro-Ally and some pro-Russia. The Yugoslav Liberation movement was formed long before the Red Army set foot on the Dnieper. No *coup d'état* has been sponsored or effected by the Russians. Of course, the Slavs and the Serbs have strong racial sympathy with Russia. But the Communists are not dominating the political scene as some Anglo-U. S. diplomats have opined. Though the Governments have a strong trend to the Left, they represent neither Sovietism nor democracy as conceived by the Western powers. Private ownership is to remain, but there is to be a good deal of co-operativism and State control of industrial enterprises. No barrier has been put on private incentive or initiative. These are all entirely different from the Communist system of economy prevailing in the U.S.S.R.

Anglo-American diplomats would do well to cast off their passion for the old order of things and try to be of an accommodative spirit with peoples and Governments that differ from them, if they are really serious in preventing another global conflict.

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BOOKS



Fazl-i-Husain: By Azim Husain. With a Foreword by C. Rajagopalachari. (Longmans, Green & Co. Rs. 15).

"Hindus cannot fully understand and perform their national duties unless they note the workings of the best minds among Mussalmans and acquaint themselves truly with their aspirations, their doubts and their difficulties," observes Mr. C. Rajagopalachari in his Foreword to this political biography. Ample material to facilitate such an understanding of the Muslim mind is provided in this account of the life and work of Fazl-i-Husain, written by his son.

With the aid of extracts from his father's diary, the author describes the formative influences which shaped the

even in youth. The interesting entries in his diary during the period of his study in England show that though he was shocked at the laxity of morals in English society, he was at the same time shamed into a realisation of his own country's degradation by observing the Englishman's love of liberty. Like all the early Liberals, he not only studied law in England, but learnt to admire the British constitution as the last word in democracy. Overawed by the prosperity and strength of late-Victorian England, he returned to India in the first decade of the twentieth century, firmly convinced that British power could not be overcome by force, and that the path to advance lay in constitutional agitation.

The narration of the process by which Fazl-i-Husain became one of the foremost leaders of the Muslim renaissance is accompanied by numerous quotations from letters, speeches and political documents, which clearly bring out the facts from which the author's own conclusions are drawn. His work as a barrister did not prevent Fazl-i-Husain from interesting himself in public affairs. It was, in fact, his ambition to become "the recognised leader of Indian Mussalmans." He began by defending political prisoners, and later entered the Punjab Legislative Council, where he criticised the rigid and insolent bureaucracy. Always deeply interested in the educational advance of his co-religionists, who were very backward in the matter of education, he played an important part in securing the expansion and efficiency of the Punjab University, as Minister for Education. The Central Government's policy of discriminating against the Punjab in the matter of reforms, and, in particular, Sir Michael O'Dwyer's repressive measures, were unsparingly criticised by him.

It is as the founder of the Punjab Unionist Party that Fazl-i-Husain is widely known. In a province where no community forms a majority, and in which the position of the Sikhs further complicates the problem, it was his dream to create a party which would be based on an economic programme, and which would be non-communal in character. He organised the party in such a way that it should draw its



Fazl-i-Husain

mental outlook of Fazl-i-Husain. A habit of introspection resulting from the early death of his mother, and his own ill-health, disinclination to join his boisterous Pathan school-mates in games, disciplined application to the task of acquiring knowledge—these were Fazl-i-Husain's characteristics

strength from the peasant proprietors who form the backbone of village economy in the Punjab. But he did not live to lead the party under Provincial Autonomy. The author points out that Fazl-i-Husain must not be judged by what may have been done after his death in 1936, by subsequent leaders of the Unionist Party in his name. During Sir Sikander Hyat Khan's time, the party did not develop as a mass organisation of peasant proprietors and became a combination of the landed gentry inside the Legislature. It would be an error, therefore, to identify the existing Unionist Party with the party as envisaged and founded by Mian Fazl-i-Husain.

The book, consisting of nearly 400 pages, gives an exhaustive and well-arranged account of the various achievements of this Muslim leader as statesman and administrator and a lucid exposition of his views on joint electorates, the working of democratic institutions in India and allied aspects of the Hindu-Muslim problem. An excellent get-up and numerous photographs make the book attractive.

The Way Out of China's Civil War:
By Mao Tse-tung. (People's Publishing House, Bombay, Price Re. 1.)

Not even the Cheshire cat is more elusive than the events of China's national history in this century as far as the general citizen is concerned. The fog of war has materially added to this confusion. The books of guidance available err on the side of over-generalisation. The result is that though this country is India's neighbour, Indians know more about Peru than about China.

Views and explanations differ very widely on the cause, the progress, and even the existence of the Chinese Civil War. This book which reprints the report submitted by Mao Tse-tung, the eminent Communist leader, to the Seventh National Congress of the Chinese Communist Party, presents, as perhaps no other document, the Communist side of this tragic controversy. The report was submitted more than a year ago, but its validity still continues. For, though it may be a strange fact, the surrender of the Japanese arms in China, has merely accentuated this fratricidal conflict.

The argument which the Communist leader presents is simple. It is that the Chinese people should not allow themselves to be exploited in their disunity and weakness by certain reactionaries who but a while ago were pro-Japanese, and who are now, as the

author alleges, pro-American. The author describes two main trends in contemporary Chinese politics. One of them, as he would have it, aims at building a united, prosperous, and happy China, while the other merely seeks to exploit what it can. In this second category, of war-mongers, the author includes many high officials of the Kuomintang. He is convinced that the discussions which took place recently at Chungking were never seriously taken by the Central Government, who were only biding their time in order to divert against the Communists the arms previously employed against the Japanese.

The extreme nature of these allegations seemingly bear the characteristics of a partisan statement. But the minuteness of detail, the sincerity of tone, and the passionate patriotism forbid this suspicion. It is a fact that, whatever may be pretended to the contrary, much that is suspicious, even sinister, is occurring behind the scenes in that war-ravaged country. The revelations of Major-General Patrick Hurley, who was the United States Ambassador to China before General George Marshall cannot leave the candid inquirer any other supposition to make.

Whatever may be the correct position, this book will be read by all unprejudiced students of current affairs with the admiration due to a dispassionate, judicial and reasonable statement of facts.

The International Administration of an International Secretariat: By Chester Purves. Post-war Problem Series. (The Royal Institute of International Affairs, London. Price, 4s. 6d.)

The writer of this booklet states that these notes "are at once complementary to and independent of the previous study 'The International Secretariat of the Future' made by the same Institute. It presents no general philosophy of internal administration. It avoids those wider political horizons to which the earlier study looks. Its purpose is strictly utilitarian. It is limited to the daily routine of the international life."

It describes in brief, with these limited objects, the problem of international civil service—in fact, problems analogous to national civil service but complicated by nationality problems, financial stringency and other 'ponderables'. He suggests a scheme of 'administrative unification' in order to make the service efficient.

LETTERS

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

C. R.'s Suggestions For Solving Food Problem

On May 26 I had the opportunity of hearing C. R.'s suggestions to solve the food problem, under the auspices of the Sembium Circle Food, Cloth and Transportation Conference. These were his suggestions:

1. The imported food from foreign countries should be transported immediately to our province and steps should be taken to preserve the food and get it distributed to the people in good condition, not allowing it to rot.

2. People who are living in the city, and such other places where they can get ghee or oil easily or with some difficulty should not murmur when asked to take more wheat than rice. Poor peasants living in the countryside who do not know how to prepare wheat dishes, who have no convenience for grinding wheat and who cannot afford to get ghee or oil which are necessary for preparing wheat dishes, are to be supplied with more rice.

3. Immediate total Prohibition should be introduced. The Ministers perhaps, may say that they are in want of finance. There is no room for that excuse because the sales tax and other taxes were levied by the previous Congress Ministry for total Prohibition and they should not be utilised for any other purpose save Prohibition until total Prohibition is completely introduced. If total Prohibition is introduced ten crores of coconuts per year providing very nutritious food will be saved from being wasted as toddy. Moreover, sugar and jaggery, very vitalising as food, could be manufactured from palmyrah juice without wastage as toddy.

4. The Government could take all the wealthy and fertile lands, especially in the Cauvery, Kistna and Godavari deltas for long-term lease, say twenty years, from the mirasdars and cultivate them according to modern scientific principles and produce

twice or thrice the present production of crops.

5. As food has to pass through many intermediary hands from the producer to the consumer, the Government could take on themselves the duty of purchasing and distributing food.

The next day when I went through *The Hindu*, I saw next to the report of C. R.'s speech, our present Ministers' appeal to the people to co-operate with them. Let us assure them that if they solve the food problem and the unemployment problem boldly and nobly, nobody will not co-operate with them. But it will be a great help to the people as well as the Ministers if Rajaji deals with current problems in *Swatantra* which will enable the present Ministry to function smoothly, and lead the people to "*Swatantra*" from starvation as well as unemployment.

N. S. GANESAN

Andhras And The Anti-C. R. Campaign

The thanks of the South Indian public are due to you for the courage and ability with which you have been championing the cause of C. R.'s leadership through the columns of *Swatantra*. But, so far, you have not made your attitude quite clear with regard to the part played by some leading Andhra Congressmen, especially Sri T. Prakasam in the anti-C. R. campaign launched by the Tamil Nad group. And, even when answering a letter written by a fellow reader in *Swatantra* you have not made any mention of your attitude towards these Andhras.

We all know that Sri Prakasam is the most popular of all the Andhra leaders and we have a great regard and respect for him. We also know that he has made a good deal of sacrifice in the cause of Indian independence undergoing untold sufferings

But that cannot blind us to the fact that Sri Prakasam took no mean part in the anti-C.R. campaign in collaboration with the Tamil Nad group.

The Andhra Provincial Congress Committee, it may be recalled, underwent to the extent of adopting a resolution that Rajaji should not be allowed to re-enter the Congress. It was also reported in the daily newspapers that the Andhra Congress Committee urged the Congress High Command that they should not invite Rajaji to any of the meetings of the Congress Working Committee as if such invitations conferred special favours on Rajaji. Further, when Asaf Ali was deputed by the Congress High Command to Madras to settle the dispute regarding C. R.'s Thiruchengode election, Sri Prakasam was not slow or hesitant to issue statement after statement which showed his anti-C.R. attitude. There are some more instances of other Andhra Congressmen having taken leading parts in the anti-C.R. campaign. I therefore, request elucidation of your attitude with regard to the points raised by me in this letter.

T. S. BRAHATHEESWARAN.
Bangalore.

In your editorial columns in *Swatantra* of 25th May, you have not fully answered the letter of Mr. N. V. Ramanujam. He says in his letter:

"You cannot deny that the anti-C.R. clique in Tamil Nad was actively helped by Andhra Congressmen under the leadership of Mr. Prakasam. Nobody can forget the famous resolution of the A.P.C.C. on the entry of C.R. into the Congress even as a four-anna member. Nor can anybody forget the various statements issued by Mr. Prakasam at the time when Mr. Asaf Ali was here and when Mahatma Gandhi issued his famous statement. You have not explained your position with regard to the activities of Andhras in the anti-C.R. campaign. . . ."

This portion of Mr. Ramanujam's letter has not at all been touched upon in your answer. Having come to regard you as a fearless thinker and writer, we are anxious to know your definite answer to the portion quoted.

After seeing many articles in *Swatantra* condemning the "Tamil Nad clique" among which is the one appearing in the issue of 25th May by

"Gowri", I was strongly tempted to write this to you.

SRINIVASAN.

(If the past of political leaders or parties is delved into, it will not be difficult to find in it things to object to and condemn. Our aim is not to feed controversy with such delvings into the past. We wish to restrict criticism within the limits of present necessity and strict relevancy, so that it may not descend into a process of keeping old rancours alive. Also, we are averse to giving more importance than is necessary to divisions prejudicial to the growth of unity.—Ed. S.)

Courtesy On Railways

A couple of ticket collectors at Bezwada had great fun at the expense of some of us who were returning from seeing Rajani Palme Dutt. We took inter-class tickets from Bezwada to Tenali for the passenger which leaves Bezwada at about 11-45 a.m. but we got into the Grand Trunk Express which was several hours late. While the Express was on the platform at Bezwada a couple of ticket collectors inspected our tickets one after another but never told us that we had no right to travel by the Express. They didn't leave even a pencil mark upon the tickets to suggest inspection. This happened right under the nose of a T. T. E. After the train started from Bezwada this T.T.E. gentleman comes to us and tells us that we have to pay excess on the tickets which we did at Tenali. I told the station master at Tenali that the ticket collectors at Bezwada never warned us about the rule which forbids journeys of less than 100 miles by third and inter classes on the Express. We called the T.T.E. to witness the fact that they examined our tickets. The T.T.E. said that it was not his concern what the collectors at Bezwada did. The fine was paid. All I want to do now is to bring to the notice of the public the way the railway staff are diverting themselves at the expense of the travelling public.

K. K. RAO,
Pedapudi.

Reply To Muslim Point Of View

The "Muslim Point of View" in *Swatantra* of 18th May calls for a reply.

I agree with Mr. Shareef in refuting the argument that a people

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Is now located at 8, WESTCOTT ROAD, ROYAPETTAH, MADRAS.

This is the address for all communications hereafter. The telephone number is 86252, and out of office hours, 86101. Telegrams may be addressed: "SWATANTRA, Madras."

There are numerous requests from agents and others interested in our journal for more copies. We have also been receiving several letters from persons asking to be enrolled as subscribers.

Under the present conditions of controlled production, we are not able to supply the agents as many copies as they desire, the full quota of paper allowed having been reached. Agents and subscribers are requested to make do with the copies now sent to them. Readers are requested to make up for deficiency of supply with voluntary circulation arrangements among themselves. We regret the inconvenience caused, but it is due to circumstances beyond our control.

In the meantime we will be registering all the applications whether for agencies or for enrolment as subscribers, and they will be dealt with in the order of priority as soon as we get an increased quota of printing paper and are able to meet the demand.

Contributors who wish unaccepted articles to be returned should send a stamped self-addressed envelope. No correspondence can be entered into over non-acceptance of contributions offered for publication.

On account of the demand exceeding the supply, it is found that requests for specimen copies cannot be always complied with.

belonging to one racial stock is one nation. His example of half a dozen Central European States is correct. But then he proceeds to cast aside his own examples and formulate a theory of nationhood based on religious homogeneity. On this basis, one should split up Europe into Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish nations.

Mr. Shareef then goes on to apply his thesis to India, and observes that the Muslims of India are not only different in religion but also in diet, dress, and culture from the rest of India. And then the expected verdict—the Muslims of India are one nation. Here one would like to ask him, "What is there in common between the *shahwar* of the Pathan and the *lungi* of the Moplah of Malabar? Is the diet of the Punjabi Muslim the same as that of his Andhra and Tamil Nad co-religionists? Does the cultural unity of the Chinese and the Burmese prevent them from being two nations?"

A. RAGHAVAN.

Politics Philosophied

The other day, a noted educationist of the City made a terse comment on the Congress and the Muslim League stand and the Cabinet Mission's proposals. Here it is, and I am sure it would interest your cultured readers:

The Congress demand is *Advaita* (non-duality), the Muslim League wanted *Dvaita* (duality—Pakistan) and the Cabinet Delegation has given us *Visishtadvaita* (unity in diversity and vice versa).

This is at once an epigrammatic condensation of differing political viewpoints into the compass of Hindu philosophy and a recommendation to the nation not to miss the bus this time.

A. LAKSHMIDAT PANYA.

The Madras Fire Service

A deplorable state of affairs exists in the Madras Fire Service Department. Persons with no qualifications whatsoever have been entertained in service, the working hours of low-paid staff are appallingly high, and retrenchment has been effected in violation of the very rules which the authorities themselves made.

Recently 46 telephone operators were sent away as part of the retrenchment scheme, but a Deputy Director of Fire Service was appointed afresh

on a salary of Rs. 1,250! The responsibility for appointing half-educated and uneducated candidates to posts of sub-officers, without any regard for the interests of the service, cannot be disowned by certain officers in the department. Foodstuffs, vegetables, etc., intended for the boarders are found to be short with the result that they have to do with insufficient food. How this can happen calls for investigation.

Evidently, the officers of the Madras Fire Service were having their own way during these years of Advisers' Government. It is to be hoped that with the coming of the popular Government to power, there will be an end to the vagaries in the department. The new Government also owe a duty to the public to hold a thorough inquiry with a view to bringing to book those who were responsible for criminal waste of the poor tax-payers' money on persons without requisite qualifications. They should also immediately direct a re-audit of the department.

'COMMANDO'

Hindi In Schools And Colleges

Many students during their school days do not understand the value and position of Hindi in a free India, and only before joining college do they recognize it. This is the case with me and many other Hindi loving students.

Just as French is taught in colleges from the beginning, so also Hindi must be encouraged. Hindi is not given enough encouragement. In some schools and colleges, Hindi is not even placed as a second language. It would be very helpful to Indian students if more encouragement is given to Hindi in schools and colleges.

"A STUDENT".

Duping The Government

Some of the capitalists who own business concerns have their head offices in the States. A surprise visit will reveal that the so-called head office is only a screen and the actual transactions take place in British India.

Only States who do not have banks of their own are selected by the capitalists. It is to evade the income-tax that the capitalists have adopted this plan? If so, does it not amount to duping the Government?

Now that the people's Government are in power, will they, with the co-operation of the States, introduce legislation to make it an offence to have inactive head offices in the States?

LINGHAM.

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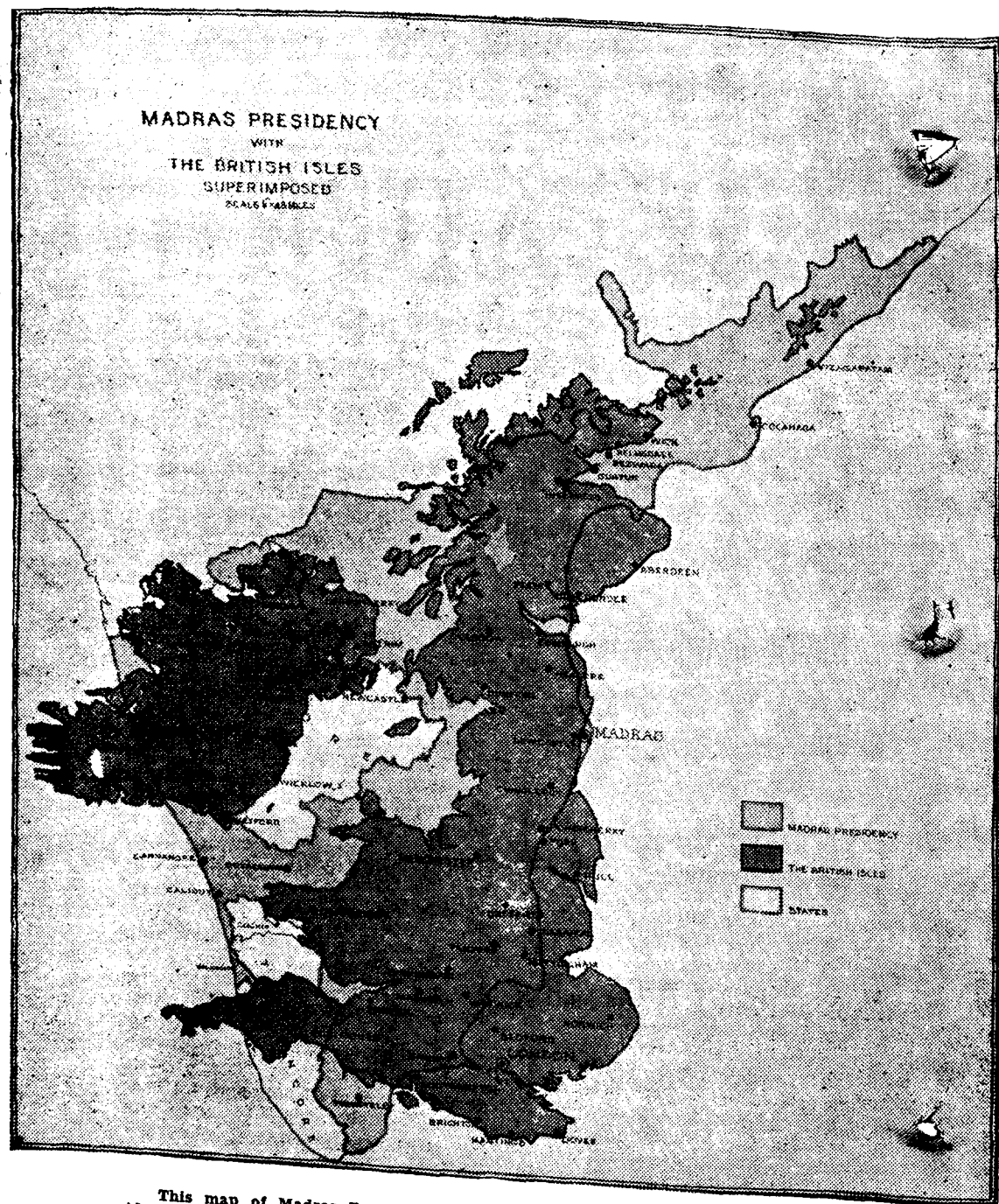
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This map of Madras Presidency with the British Isles superimposed prompts the idea that, when India is free, Great Britain could with advantage to herself apply for membership of the Indian Union.

The Province of Madras—just one of the 11 provinces of India—approximates the whole of the British Isles both in size and in population. An idea of the relative distances between different cities in the two areas can be had from the map.

The population of Britain is now estimated at 44 million, consisting of 19 million males and 25 million females. The population of Madras is about 50 million, with 101 females for every 100 males. Thirteen and a half million Britons earn enough to pay income-tax—not half as many Madrasis.

In Britain 12½ million people have less than £10 a week left after they have paid their income-tax. In Madras probably as many people have nothing left even without paying income-tax.

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ISSUED
WEEKLY

ASKING FOR THE MOON

MR. JAI PRAKASH NARAIN and other Congress Socialist leaders have called upon the Congress to reject the Cabinet Mission's proposals on the ground that fundamental measures essential for freedom are absent in the proposals. The list given by them of the fundamentals of nationalism in terms of which they insist that the Cabinet proposals should be strictly examined includes (1) abolition of foreign domination, (2) political and economic unity, (3) growing equality in our political and economic relationships through the democratic form of administration and (4) a common code of fundamental rights establishing a uniform and equal status for every citizen. The list is admirably drafted. The draft cannot be improved upon for the definition of the substance of independence that it gives. Where Jai Prakash and his friends err is in mistaking the fruits of independence for the preliminaries. Abolition of foreign domination, political unity and the establishment of a code of fundamental rights conferring equality on all citizens will have to be worked up to in the years to come and they indicate a pattern of independence into the making of which great effort will have to be thrown by progressive political parties in the country including the one led by Jai Prakash. In the third item of their list where they speak of growing equality in our political and economic relationships through

the democratic form of administration, the Congress Socialist leaders let in, perhaps unconsciously to themselves, the idea of something to be hereafter attempted and won and not immediately secured, ready-made, on the spot. *Growth* implies duration of progress into which effort necessarily has to be put to make it swift and strong. It entails struggle and discipline on our part. How can it be turned into a term for the examination of proposals emanating from an outside authority? How can a thing taking time for fruition get concretised into a gift for immediate transfer on the spot?

Both in their exposure of the flaws of the Cabinet Mission's scheme and their envisagement of the essentials of independence, the Congress Socialist leaders are on unassailable ground. When they demand the withdrawal of British troops, the elimination of British capitalist interests, the inclusion of wider powers in the Centre, the recognition of adult suffrage as the basis of elections and a clear and uniform charter of civic rights from the princes to their subjects, they lay down axioms of progress that give no room to any dissent or controversy. It is their insistence on these changes here and now that is disputable. Disputable not because it is not just or right, but because it imposes—wrongly in our opinion—a test of character for the British in place of our own responsibility for

shaking off the accumulated evils of subjection as the determining factor in considering the Cabinet Mission's proposals. Mr. Jai Prakash and his friends complain that the British Government has not "approached its self-chosen duty with honesty of purpose or directness of effort." Do they propose to wait until such time as these defects of character are removed from the British Government before they will look at anything emanating by way of a political offer from them? It will not do to expect perfection from those who have to be got to redress wrongs. Welcome results often flow from reactionary quarters and through motives that may not bear too close scrutiny. In British politics, there has been no party cleavage in the past over the Indian issue. The Labour Party was as much culpable as any other for the severe repression with which British power sought to put down the national movement for freedom in India. If the Labour Party now in power seem conciliatory unlike their predecessors in office who openly played the part of Nimrod, the change is due far less to differences in character between Labour and Tory than to the compulsive operation of international forces that would not allow themselves to be ignored. The victory of the anti-Fascist powers has released anti-imperialist forces everywhere in the world, and with Soviet Russia made mighty by victory playing a notable part in helping such forces towards fulfilment on anti-capitalist and Socialist lines, the British Government could not cling to its old imperialist traditions without itself assuming the mantle of the Fascism against which it did such tremendous propaganda during the war. They had to make a show of the gift of "independence" to the subjects of their empire in sheer desperation lest Russia should rise to the moral leadership of the world championing the cause of human freedom. It is for Indian leaders to take advantage of the situation, fully aware of the defects of the British offer, but determined to defeat whatever is objectionable

in it, with their own grit, resourcefulness and skilful statesmanship in the days to come.

To expect the British Government to shoulder the tasks and duties appropriate to Indian nationalism and bring into being forthwith conditions ensuring a flawless Constitution acceptable to all is to ask for the moon. Despite all that is defective in the British offer, it contains in the proposed surrender of Parliament's constitutional authority over India a seed of autonomy capable of growing into a robust plant of freedom if properly watered and nursed. Indian leaders that will remain outside the zone of positive administrative responsibility in the wake of the changes coming from the British offer, will have an even more valuable function to fulfil in making a reality of Jai Prakash's vision of freedom than the leaders of the parties actually taking on themselves the duties of Government and their supporters. Congress Socialists who bank upon the Congress as the "edge and point" of the "unretreating strength of our people" are apt to be a little disappointed when they turn their attention to the "elimination of the capitalist interests that have been distorting India's destiny for over a century." For the Congress is not now what it was years ago. It has become a refuge for exhausted patriots seeking to cash in on old sacrifices through political power, as well as opportunists drawn from the ranks of ex-opponents, all too easily prone to enter into deals with capitalists for having a good time, while the old Congress spirit of sacrifice is finding new incarnations in younger parties. Jai Prakash and his party can play a great part as standard-bearers of revolt against Congress capitalism in the era that lies ahead, when on deliverance from British power we have to build from below a Socialist State with the people's constituent authority; but they have to abandon first the untenable position that a ready-made perfect Constitution giving proof of the perfected character of the British Government can take the place even under the banner of freedom of the

unavoidable struggle for redemption from the demoralising effects of a century and more of foreign rule.

Old Bogey, New Angle

We miss in Mr. C. Rajagopalachari's statement of last week on Russian propaganda the usual clarity of political thought for which he is so justly famous at home and abroad. He warns young people not to be misled by what is now being written in Russian papers regarding Indian political affairs. The Russian attitude, according to him, is dictated by her fear of Anglo-America and not by any concern for India or attachment to the ideology of planned collective life. "Russia", he argues, "does not want an Indian settlement now. She does not want Britain to be free from the Indian problem, for that would surely mean greater strength to Britain." How can freedom from the Indian problem mean greater strength to Britain as against Russia, unless Indian involvement in possible anti-Russian developments is actually included as part of the settlement of the problem under the British plan? Such an involvement is the very thing to be avoided now. The deadlock of the war years and the sense of frustration and piled-up depression with which it has filled our public life have very properly impelled thinkers like C. R. accustomed to constructive work to conceive of the ending of the deadlock at the earliest possible moment as a patriotic duty. It is important that in their eagerness for settlement they should not overstep the line where the freedom sought would mean only a new bondage with a grand title. If the proffered freedom of the Cabinet Mission were to mean any sort of commitment for military collaboration against Russia, it would not be worth the paper on which it is signed. We stand to be crushed in the fights of the big powers unless we know how to build protective ramparts of peace round the scheme of independence to be now brought into operation.

The danger of being unwisely inveigled into the anti-Russian plots of British imperialists is a very serious one, and we had hoped that, of all Congress leaders, C. R. is the one marked out to apprehend it in time and provide against it with suitable safeguards. That the danger is a serious one is shown by the published reactions of prominent Congress leaders to the skilful efforts of British statesmen to create panic over the Russian bogey. For example, Lord Chorley, the Labour peer who was a member of the Parliamentary Delegation to this country, speaking not very long ago to a crowded house at an India League meeting, said, "It is possible that aggression may come from Soviet Russia. India must face up to this possibility, and the Indian people are quite alive to this danger, because it was pointed out to me on several occasions." Who pointed it out to him? Nobody has thrown light on the question, but it is significant that almost simultaneously Mr. Asaf Ali said in the budget session of the Assembly, "My immediate needs are a good navy and a good air force. I want ships and aircraft... India will be the policeman of the East, the arsenal of the East. That can only be if she stands on her feet." Readers of *Swatantra* are not unfamiliar with these two notable utterances. Commenting on them at the time, a writer in the Letters Section remarked, "The Bolshevik bogey again! Perhaps the party that Mr. Asaf Ali represents raised the issue with Lord Chorley!"

In India, the Congress is on the eve of attaining supreme political power, but Congress leaders are most of them caught up in a tide of anti-Communism which is disabling them from forming correct judgments on foreign policy and seeing Russia in the right perspective. Anti-Communism would seem to be throwing the Congress into the arms of the imperialist powers and isolating them from healthy and neighbourly friendship and association with the only Socialist State in the world representing the most progressive forces. When they succumb

to stories of Russian expansionism and listen to tirades over the alleged conversion of Bornholm—300 miles from the U.S.S.R.—into a temporary Soviet by force, they forget that U. S. armed forces have become lodged in 56 countries and islands in which they were not situated before the War. While the anti-Soviet tirades were in full swing, U. S. Army bases were being built in Iceland and Saudi Arabia, distant 3,500 and 7,000 miles respectively from the nearest U. S. frontier. The Swedish paper *Tidningen* wrote recently that "the disinclination of Americans to leave Iceland has aroused astonishment and annoyance in all northern countries. The Russians set a good example by withdrawing from Bornholm. When will the Americans realise the necessity of acting in the same way in Iceland?" According to official data alone the U. S. A. established 450 bases in Europe, Africa, the Near East, and in the Atlantic and Pacific theatres during the war, and the *Pravda* charges not only the U. S. A. but Great Britain with trying to retain troops whence they should have been evacuated a long time ago. When the question of the retention of the American bases came up for discussion in the U. S. Senate, Senator Hayden bluntly said, "If our next war is to be with Britain, then we should take the bases; if it is to be with Russia, we should leave them as they are."

We cite these facts to indicate the clear emergence of a definite anti-Russian drive on the part of the Anglo-American imperialists as a sequel to the anti-Fascist alliance of the war. War in one quarter accentuates peace in another. Soviet power which both U. S. A. and Great Britain seem bent on subduing might well be the incentive to the British Government's present efforts for settlement in India, and even if Congress leaders lack a sense of fraternity for the Soviet State as the home of Socialism, they must have political sagacity enough to realise the value of a great power like Russia mighty enough not to be frightened

or coerced by Anglo-American military collaboration for balancing the potential aggressions of imperialism. If Russia too, as is alleged by the prejudiced or the ignorant, had turned imperialist, there would have been a parcelling of the world among the victors and not the present anti-Russian campaign on the part of the imperialist powers. The theory that Russia has anything to gain by the prolongation of Indian subjection can only be valid on the assumption that independence for India and anti-Russian policy go together, which it is to be hoped will not be the case.

Wrong Steps

The Congress Ministry cannot be congratulated on the expedient they have discovered of offering a bonus at the rate of so much a maund to holders of foodgrains yielding them for sale within a specified time-limit. For one thing, the benefit of the bonus will go in the main to those who have hoards to unload, which they would not have had if they had acted in right citizenly spirit in the past. The vast bulk of cultivators will have no surplus to part with after providing for their domestic requirements. Secondly, the offer of an inducement little different from a bribe for doing what is after all a public duty and should be insisted on as such is a wrong policy and creates a bad precedent. Once the Government come to the level of offering a bribe, it is open to the intended recipient to say that it is not enough and expect more—the moral resource of exacting the disgorging of stored and superfluous foodstuffs on grounds of public policy is lost in advance by the Government. There has already been too much pampering of hoarders in the Advisers' regime, and it is a pity that, instead of calling halt, the Congress Ministry should have gone one better and actually offered them a reward for doing an already too much neglected duty. It is not with financial inducements to the privileged owners of grain that the Government can hope to make the lot

of the poor on short rations bearable. The occasion calls for a plain change in the values of things. The most urgent of the changes needed is in regard to the conception of the rights and duties of the rich having more than they need of life's necessities towards the poor not having enough even to live. It will not do for landlords and merchants to say as heretofore that what they have they will hold until it should please them to pass on their superfluity to provide for their neighbours' necessity. Proper formulation of anti-hoarding enactments and strict insistence on their due observance unconditionally constitute the right way of dealing with the food situation. But it stands sabotaged by the system of State-sanctioned remuneration for abstinence from hoarding of the sort introduced by the Madras Ministry. This wrong step should be immediately retraced; for it is as futile as hoping to encourage honesty by devising cash prizes for desisting from dishonesty.

The Village Committees proposed for food procurement purposes are supposed to give a fillip to the association of non-officials in food administration, but the whole conception of the value of non-official direction stands outmoded by the advent of the Congress Ministry. In the Ministry we have the non-officials of yesterday turned into administrators with official status charged with the responsibility of governing the whole province. That means that the entire administrative machinery is placed at the service of leadership of non-official choice. Persistence of the old division between official and non-official is meaningless in the new situation and tends only to replace skilled executive action by trained personnel with bungling by amateurish meddlers. Village economy being what it is there is no guarantee that money-power will not dominate the proposed committees, setting in authority the very elements that have to be disarmed and rendered powerless in the interest of the integrity of food administration.

Lenin completely liquidated the Czarist civilian element as an impe-

rative condition of progress on Socialist lines in the realm over which he obtained mastery. But Lenin never allowed himself salary on the scale of our Congress Ministers nor did he permit any intrusion of overmuch comfort to create any isolation between himself and the masses that idolised him. Having foregone the privilege of continuing national service as Ministers without any exploitation of the charge for increased economic benefit, the drastic move dictated by Leninist idealism is not open to Congressmen in office. All they can do is to frame clear-cut policies and insist on faithful loyalty to them from their official staffs as a condition of retention in service. Even if this much is achieved, officials as local representatives of Congress chiefs at the top will have little scope for developing points of friction with non-official opinion.

Do Not Deny Them

With the commencement of the school-year, the scramble for seats in educational institutions bids fair to be even more strenuous than ever before. There is now a quite welcome realisation of the value of industrialisation and of the importance of technical education as an essential preliminary for the promotion of industrialisation. The result is an added zest for study in subjects like science, medicine, agriculture and engineering. Unfortunately facilities have not kept pace with demand. In recent years, many eager students, some of them very brilliant who possibly had in them the seeds of genius, were cruelly turned away when they applied for admission to colleges, particularly technical colleges. Denied opportunity, they sank no doubt into an abyss of frustration without hope, where it is to be expected they would go on disseminating bitter, cynical creeds if not fierce, subversive doctrines. Intelligence driven underground without scope for constructive work is more dangerous than the most destructive dynamite; and evidence of its operations is already found in



the restlessness, violence, indiscipline and strife so rampant in our politics and public life to-day. Those in authority hitherto did not care very much for the misery they were instrumental in spreading around. They found a mean petty-minded pleasure in giving the denials with which they afflicted the aspiring a glowing title. Principles were found and flaunted for making the exclusion from colleges of many who had every right to be there on grounds of merit look like administrative piety. In capitalist economy scarcity is cherished as a valuable aid to the achievement of high prices. In the Advisers' regime scarcity of seats in higher educational institutions was maintained as a valuable lever to imperial ends among which the fostering of communalism through devices of special favour took a very high rank. It is a test of worth for the Congress Ministry to lose no time in bringing about a better state of affairs. There is no reason why all that desire should not have higher education in any branch of their choice. Crores have been laid by awaiting proper utilisation. The top-men in high educational institutions have precious little work to do and can take on a good deal more. A fraction of the funds and energy that the Adviser regime expended on war effort would more than suffice to provide as many colleges with as many seats in them as are needed to absorb all the students seeking admission. Instead of building on the absurd parsimonious standards of their predecessors, the Congress Ministry should justify themselves on the basis of the record of progressive Governments in the advanced regions of the world.

Ministry Should Wake Up

Information has reached us of two outrages in Kistna district that call for prompt action from the Congress Ministry. The first occurred on 1st June in Mylavaram, a zamindari village. It would appear that on that day a gang of about a hundred rowdies armed with sticks and spears

entered the streets of the village, made an unprovoked attack on all and sundry and let loose a reign of terror. Shouting anti-Communist slogans they raided the Prajasakti Publishing House and singled out for special attention the shops of some inoffensive tailors nearby and the local Youth League office. Women and children fled for their lives to the open fields. For the past three years a bitter feud had been in full swing in the village between the zamindar and his tenants over the former's duties and the latter's rights. A bone of contention between the two parties was the attempted cultivation by the zamindar, in defiance of Government's prohibitory orders, of some 60 acres of tank-bed land with Virginia tobacco which would have resulted in injury to neighbouring crops, apart from spoiling the water of the tank and making it unfit for irrigation purposes. The attempt was foiled by kisan unity and the outrage of 1st June is locally spoken of as the aftermath of it.

The second outrage took place three days later at Gannavaram, fourteen miles from Bezvada. It is reported that two members of the Malabar special reserve posted to guard the aerodrome nearby who happened to travel by bus that day were asked to pay luggage fares. This angered them and they abused and attacked the conductor and driver. A scuffle ensued between the passengers and the police. News of it reaching the reserve, they rushed upon the village and raided it beating the disarmed villagers brutally. There is indescribable commotion in the whole neighbourhood where all parties have combined to denounce the police onslaught. A popular Ministry should long before this have dealt with the situation to the satisfaction of the indignant public of the area. But the amount of red tape and dilatoriness being exhibited by them in place of the expeditious action called for, is truly deplorable. The Ministry should get things done quick where public safety is assailed, and not lapse into lethargy as they apparently bid fair to do.

Sotto Voce



This Freedom

A poor Brahman woman who cooked for a wealthy family had a little son who came to her employers' house regularly for his breakfast of cold rice. As a sign that he had performed his morning ablutions, snow-white stripes of sacred ash liberally covered his forehead and front. The moment she saw him enter, the mother started upbraiding him. "How many times am I to tell you that you should not use so much ash? It will for certain sap your blood." The good woman's orthodoxy was unimpeachable. But she was not prepared to concede to the gods more than their bare due.

I do not know whether the little fellow when he grew to manhood retained the habit of copiously displaying his caste mark, but I doubt it. Parental cynicism is like the delayed action bomb. It produces disconcerting results when one is least prepared for their unsettling effects. Who has not heard of men, who were conspicuous figures on social reform platforms for a whole generation, crumpled up with grief when they learnt that their darling boy had married a college chum who pleased his fancy but happened to be an *avarana*? A Job's comforter who reminded them that the son had only practised his father's precepts would not have had much chance of being reinvented to the latter's drawing room.

Dr. Bhagwan Das, the great Sanskritist and theosophist, writes bitterly in an article published in a North Indian paper on the unclean moral atmosphere prevalent in too many of the institutions where girls and women are taught. His gentle spirit is lacerated by the thought that in a civilised society there could be tolerated such a brute as the professor who has gone on record as

boasting, "I taste every pretty girl". He points out that co-education is full of perils. The old Hindu lawgivers would have none of it, and their reasons were much the same as that of the English rhyme:

Man is fire and woman is tow,
When they are near the devil doth blow.

But Dr. Bhagwan Das is also a modern—none the less because he strenuously tries to cut the new material to the old pattern. And so we find him yearningly setting up a mental utopia. "Co-education of sex-conscious boys and girls to be successful in India, should be confined to genuine (and comparatively small) Gurukulas, 'Teachers' Family Homes', presided over, conducted and taught by married men and women who have their own children among the students and 'brood' over them all in the true 'parental spirit'." With an old woman's delight in match-making, he goes on, "Co-education inspired by such 'parental spirit' would be able to bring about many beautiful and happy marriages among their pupils of compatible tastes and temperaments, after their pupils have read under their advice a few good books, now available, on the subject of sex and marriage". America, he admiringly remarks, seems to have made a considerable success of this experiment.

That, so far as I am concerned, is conclusive. For, whatever else may come out of the Land of Opportunity, Kanvas and Saunakas and Yagnavalkyas are not to be looked for there. Nor are Maitreyis and Arundhatis likely to flourish under the combined influence of Marie Stopes and Greta Garbo. Co-education and the true Gurukula (not the spurious variety which, like the omnipresent

'asrama', is a typical neo-Indian product) are as the antipodes. Freedom is our typically modern vice and parent and teacher vie with each other in self-conscious humility in reading into the old text "Out of the mouth of very babes and sucklings" a meaning which would have given the Psalmist a fit.

A Pisgah sight of Freedom has been vouchsafed to our advanced women, if we are to believe Dr. Deshmukh whose Bill has just become law. He naively described it as a 'reward'—a truly masculine faux pas! And the doctor in him seems to have got the upper hand over the man of chivalry when he unseemingly provided that separate residence may be claimed by the women only if "her husband is suffering from any loathsome disease not contracted from her." But was he not less than

kind to the poor male when he omitted to give him the same protection against 'cruelty' and the same wide latitude in regard to 'justifiable cause' as he has given her?

Those who seek Freedom in the jungle of Desire should thank their stars if they suffer no worse fate than befell Tony Lumpkin. The snail, too, aspires to freedom after its own fashion. It has its shell on its back and its quivering antennae to apprise it of the dangers of this unknown world it so adventurously explores. At the first hint of trouble it withdraws behind the ramparts. But it cannot obliterate its trail of slime, and that is its undoing. The man who has not learnt to possess his self intact may think he pursues freedom, but it is his passions that seek out and devour him.

—VIGNESWARA.

NOT ENOUGH TO GO ROUND

By Binod

The world is in a mess to-day because there isn't enough love to go round.

Arrogance, greed, hatred; selfishness, intolerance and jealousy; bad faith, brute force—these sit upon the throne. Millions at their bidding speed and post o'er land and ocean without rest.

Love, it appears, is fled to brutish beasts. Kindliness is looked upon as an infirmity of the senile, and force and fraud are exalted into cardinal virtues. No arts as of yore, no poetry; no genuine society; continual fear and danger of treachery; and the life of man, solitary in the midst of a crowd, poor, nasty, hungry, brutish, unreal, uncertain.

When I consider the appalling love of self that dominates the world to-day, every drop of ink in my pen runs cold. I-I-I-I all the time, everywhere. My needs, my comforts, my pleasures, my safety, my happiness—even though it may mean riding a tank over the hearts and bodies of a thousand innocents.

The woman who strikes a child because he comes in the way of her gallivanting, the husband who deserts his wife for a good time with another; the fellow who double-crosses his best friend; the employer who battens at the expense of the worker and the profiteer who kills a person for every hundred rupees that he makes—there is a word to describe these wretched beings, and the word isn't "good".

What a colossal tragedy! All the tremendous, limitless power for good inherent in the society that we term humanity—power which we have only to turn on the switch to generate—is utilised to make of this world a vale of tears, to pile sorrow upon sorrow and danger upon danger. Would that some force arose which made humanity realise that it is love that makes the world go round!

So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.

SIDELIGHTS ::

Let it be impressed upon your minds, let it be instilled into your children, that the liberty of the Press is the palladium of all the civil, political, and religious rights.—JUNIUS.

Of the four editors who left India to attend the Empire Press Union Conference in London, two, Sir Francis Low and Mr. A. A. Hayles, belong to Anglo-Indian journalism. So high a proportion of Anglo-Indian editors bespeaks the neglected plight of the Indian Press which certainly is entitled to much more than parity. Originally, it would appear that Mr. K. Srinivasan of *The Hindu* and Mr. C. R. Srinivasan of the *Swadesamitran* were to have gone; but later they stood aside, which gave Mr. Sadanand his chance. Mr. Tushar Kanti Ghosh as President of the All-India Newspaper Editors' Conference was of course entitled to priority and exercised the right.

Sir Francis Low is not known for any brilliance, but his industry is indefatigable. He scorns delights and lives laboriously. Even on Sundays he keeps on working. Formerly he was news editor. The legacy of that position abides with him even to-day, and too often the newsman in him gets the better of the editor. As a writer his style lacks vigour. But he is great in the acquisition of details and rarely fails to be informative and analytical. He is good to his staff and completely devoid of any racial superiority complex. He is not above recognising his Indian staff in clubs and social gatherings where he excels in making neat little speeches full of pleasant platitudes. He has the reputation of being fond of external manifestations of greatness, and report has it that few could have worked so hard as he for the achievement of knight-hood. He has the Scotsman's lack of liberality in the matter of money, which is aggravated on occasions by a constitutional incapacity for any sort of serious dissent from the point

of view of the management. That is how I am told it happened that in 1938, when the *Times of India* celebrated its centenary—a unique occasion—no benefit at all signalled it for the staff. Socially charming, but given administratively to caution and overmuch economy, Sir Francis Low is an ideal editor for a paper with no policy and the motto of "Safety first". He is extremely popular with discreet strategists who know how to make capital of his limitations. But he is no hero to the staff capable of evoking in them warmth of affection, enthusiasm, admiration or devoted loyalty.

The other Anglo-Indian editor, Mr. Hayles, is an intensified version of Sir Francis in economy and industry minus his social gifts. Until recently, when a new management stepped in and introduced standards of unexpected liberality, *The Mail* office was a veritable cross-section of the British Empire at its worst, with the same rampant racialism, the same steep division between a pampered privileged class maintained in great style, and a body of sweated helots condemned to rough treatment and short rations. But the craftsmanly virtues of Mr. Hayles command respect. In personal habits he is a Hinduised Englishman with a keen sense of the cleanliness of vegetarianism and the joys of sea-bathing.

Two more dissimilar beings than Mr. Sadanand and Mr. Tushar Kanti Ghosh it would be hard to find among all the delegates gathered at the Empire Conference. The *Patrika* came to Mr. Ghosh as a rich property. As in the affairs of men, so in the fortunes of newspapers, there is a tide which leads on to success and prosperity, and once the tide is taken at the flood, adversity is left behind and reverses that would have broken incipient ventures lose a large part of their destructive faculty. The momentum of ancestral enterprise has

carried the inheritor of the *Patrika* to a pinnacle of importance in the world of Indian journalism where his individual qualities have not yet begun to shine. This is the defect of all great positions reached without struggle through inheritance: one never knows, as in the case of the dynastic succession to Congress Presidentship from father to son in the Nehru family, where parental advantage ends and individual merit begins. The poor are wont to envy the rich, but there is a rich man's side to it too. The late S. Srinivasa Iyengar used to say that he never could be quite sure where the effects of affluence ceased, and genuine unmercenary sincerity of sentiment prevailed, among all the host of seekers that used to assail him constantly for this or that favour.

Mr. Sadanand is an adventurous prodigy who in his strides as a newspaper magnate never owed anything to inherited advantage. Elsewhere, I wrote of him that he was a dashing go-ahead dare-devil who never let well alone and never knew where to draw the line and came to grief through soaring ambition which impelled him to gigantic schemes beyond his power. Since then he has learned much and unlearned much. The old ruthlessness is now gone. In its place there is an

attempt to cultivate detachment as the supreme journalistic discipline. The quest for detachment has landed him in worshipful surrender to an idolised deity for which he is building a temple at great cost, and seeks relaxation from the strenuousness of professional duties in religion. The practice of religion in a temple starts as a consolation and develops into an intoxication, and what effect it will have on the future of the Indian Press through its effects on a devotee like Mr. Sadanand, it is risky to prophesy. So far it seems to have filled him with sweet affability. He aspires to reform the standards of journalism by imparting to them the spirit that inspires the work of the *Christian Science Monitor*. He knows the newspaper business from A to Z and in the sense of providing the public what it would most readily buy, if offered, he is an adept in giving the public what it wants. The long-term wants of the public are however different from what will make newspapers sell, and conditions in India are not far different from what they are in England as described by a writer in the latest issue of the *New Statesman and Nation* to be received here: "A race is run between the commercial exploitation of public ignorance and the deliberate self-education of people who have discover-



Indian Delegates to the Empire Press Union Conference. Left to Right: Sir Francis Low, Tushar Kanti Ghose, S. Sadanand and A. A. Hayles.

ed, through two world wars and a great economic slump, that democracy has no meaning unless it is based on knowledge and not on disconnected snippets of information collected for their news value".

The influence of the Northcliffe revolution in English journalism has not been lost on India. Here, as there, we have two types of papers; those with large circulations that make the biggest fortunes, to which public affairs are important only

when they happen to be as popularly interesting as sport, racing and crime stories; and others, a comparatively small section, that are content with a small circulation but seek to build up a great political influence through earnest educative endeavour. The latter class is being squeezed out of press advisory bodies, editors' conferences and the like, and now its voice is practically unheard at the Empire Press Conference. This is a great pity.—SAKA.

THE FOUR EDITORS

(From Our Correspondent.)

Karachi: Four Indian editors winged their way to Great Britain in a Sunderland flying boat to attend the first peace time Empire Press Union Conference. They were veteran, weather-beaten A. A. Hayles of *The Mail*; studious, sagacious Sir Francis Low of the *Times of India*; daring, adventurous S. Sadanand of the *Free Press Journal* and shy Tushar Kanti Ghosh of the *Amrita Bazaar Patrika*. It was originally intended that Mr. K. Srinivasan of *The Hindu* and Mr. C. R. Srinivasan of the *Swadesamitran* should be included in the Indian team but for some reason they stood by and it is because of that that Sadanand walked in.

All the four knights of the pen flew to Karachi from different parts of India. Tushar Kanti Ghosh arrived by an I. N. A. plane at Mauripur and the first thing he asked his host Mr. Punniyah of the *Sind Observer* was how to secure his ticket. Messrs. Sadanand and Hayles has a pleasant ride in a 'Tatas' plane. Sir Francis came two days earlier and was the guest of the Governor.

According to the original schedule, they were to have left on May 31 but were held up for lack of air accommodation. Sir Francis and Tushar Kanti Ghosh were able to wangle a passage by a Sunderland flying boat on June 1 and Sadanand had to move heaven and earth for a seat. Ultimately he too was provided for and Mr. Hayles left by another plane.

Apart from social contacts, the only engagement the four editors had at Karachi was a tea party held in their honour by the Sind Journalists' Association. The tables in the Assembly restaurant groaned beneath the weight of delicacies. The palmist President of the Association made a humorous speech, dissecting the character of each of the editors to which all the editors replied. Sadanand in a quiet but classic speech asked ambitious young men who thought of a career in journalism not to enter the street of ink, where there were more kicks than bouquets. Sir Francis dilated on the innate hospitality of the Sindhis while Tushar Kanti made a strong plea for the restoration of the press advisory system in Sind which had been suspended. The next day, accompanied by Dr. Tarachand Lalwani, President of the Sind Journalists' Association, and Mr. K. Punniyah, the visiting editors, waited in deputation on the Home Minister of Sind and requested him to revive the press advisory system. They were later filmed by D. P. Rao of the Indian News Parade.

Tushar Kanti Ghosh who is fond of animals and big game shooting spent a delectable half hour at the Gandhi Garden, where the zoo is located.

Though the editors went post haste to London, they were late for the big party thrown up by Lord Astor on behalf of the editors who had arrived to attend the conference from all parts of the world.

THE NATIONALISM OF SRI AUROBINDO

By Ramachandra Rai Sarma

Sri Aurobindo represents the typical Indian temperament. One of the most energetic fighters of freedom India ever had, he has now entered into seclusion, practising *yoga*, to seek out a master remedy to cure the ills of humanity, to transform our wretched human lives into something nobler and more significant. Nurtured in the material opulence of western civilization, he now cherishes a strong aversion to it. He fought to overcome western mastery over India; now he has resolved to extirpate the evil seeds the west has sown in us. Let us Indianise India—that seems to be his call.

Mere material freedom is not worth fighting for. Life, more life—that is the ideal of Sri Aurobindo—not the life that is the procession of slavery, with its retinue of misery, sloth, and ignorance, but life that leads to higher possibilities, the life that ever strives to be a worthier receptacle of the infinite energy. Sri Aurobindo interprets India's resolve to cast off the foreign yoke as a renaissance. "The national mind turned a new eye on its past culture, re-awoke to its sense and import, but also at the same time saw it in relation to modern knowledge and ideas. Out of this awakening vision and impulse the Indian renaissance is arising and that must determine its future tendency." Spiritualisation of Indian society is what Sri Aurobindo expects free India to achieve. When the terrible Goddess Kali of the Indian nation begins to wake up from her long slumber, no power on earth can stop her. Sri Aurobindo believes that she is shaking off her slumber, and preparing for a fine busy day, to live most richly and to think most profoundly. If free India refuses to be spiritual, it would not be free in the first place, and it would cease to be India in the second.

The race, like the individual, has its mind, its memory, its ideals and aspirations. The children of the nation hear the call and unite to attain the nation's end. Freedom means to Sri Aurobindo not merely liberating the Indian soil from foreign feet and wrenching our wealth from foreign hands; it means to him "the fulfilment of our separate national existence." To find the mighty freedom within our individual selves, the external emancipation of our collected lives is a necessary step. For a *karmayogin* the freedom of the land is not an end in itself; it is a stage of transition; political liberty, social equality and humanitarian fraternity are mere preludes for the real task of man on earth. The individuals establish associations and brotherhoods, put forth collected efforts and make of themselves a nation—and then achieve their noble ideals. The call of the country therefore is first and foremost the call of the soul. The desires and songs of the individual soul find their completest expression in the deeds of the national soul, the racial soul. The Ramayan, the Mahabharat, Sakuntala, the Advaita system, these are not the expressions of the single souls of a Valmiki, a Vyas, a Kalidas, or a Sankara—they are the songs of the nation, the achievements of the race. Sri Aurobindo's memory of the greatness of ancient India is not a lifeless, soulless and bloodless repetition which we often indulge in, ignorant of the past and negligent of the present; it is throbbing with the vital breath of a knowing realisation. "The force within us cannot be baulked, the call cannot be denied. Whatever penalty be inflicted on us for the crime of patriotism, whatever peril we may have to face in the fulfilment of our duty to our nation, we must go on, we must carry on the country's work." The country's work does not end in

political freedom; it just begins there.

The three stages in ancient nationalism, according to Sri Aurobindo, were marked by the discovery of the spirit, the discovery of the *dharma* and the formulation of the Sastras. Beneath this spiritual trend there were opulent vitality and opulent intellectuality as its guiding factors. Art and Science incessantly struggled to uncover the veil of Truth, of the external law governing the course of the universe. The individuals, their associations, communities and the nation itself strove to this end, to spiritualise their outlook. "Even in the hour of decline, it was the one thing (i.e. spirituality) that she (i.e. India) could never lose." It has survived through ages, through the Mughal rule, through the British rule, and it is the one wealth that has not been robbed out of us. And that is a precious wealth, says Sri Aurobindo. The Renaissance is characterised by a hearty appreciation of this wealth. We are reverting back to our pristine spiritual age. "Spirituality is the master-key of the Indian mind." All our leaders from the dim past to the present have been men awake to the call of the spirit, men who find it most profitable to press their intellect, their energy and their vitality for a spiritual end. Free India should be a *Ram-rajya*, should be that lovely epic concretised; the ideals of our ideal hero Sri Ram whom we revere as a *Dharmatma*, as a man of truth, of righteousness, should become our living aspirations. The political emancipation must be the harbinger of another Vyas, another

Valmiki, another Kalidas and another Sankara. That is what Sri Aurobindo means by Indian Nationalism.

Spirituality is not the idle dreaming of unsubstantial utopias. It is the impulse to grasp the reality, to realise the truth of the supra-physical spirit and what is more, "to quicken and to remould life by it." Sri Aurobindo calls it the instinct of the Indian mind. This instinct was hitherto inhibited owing to a variety of reasons, one of them being the intrusion of western materialism. Material decadence and political slavery only dimmed the light, they could never extinguish it. Now there is a rejuvenation of our souls, a hankering on our part to base the new life of our nation on spiritual living, a return of the gigantic spiritual wave with all its might and splendour. The long dark night of slavery and sloth, misery and misfortune is past and the gay day of shining light and energy, of wisdom and imagination, of art and science, is beginning to dawn. The solid house of spirit is being built in India where earthly life will cease to be a moving nonsense, where human society will be divine in structure and where the nation will be a most efficient *adhara* of the great *Sakti*. Sri Aurobindo is the prophet of a new order of things, of the life of spirit to come. He will come out of his solitude where he has hid himself now, far from the madding crowd, experimenting with the possibilities of human life, to lead us on from humanity to divine spirituality, to spiritualise the earth and to angelise man.

There are more ways than one in which the various faculties of the mind may unfold themselves. Neither words nor ideas reducible to words constitute the utmost limit of human capacity. Man is not a merely talking nor a merely reasoning animal. Let us then take him as he is, instead of 'curtailing him of nature's fair proportions' to suit our previous notions. Doubtless, there are great characters both in active and contemplative life.

—Hazlitt.

Short Story

True Love

By S. Krishnan

"Serve humanity and seek God. Annihilate yourself if need be in that service. That and that alone is the royal road to happiness." Mani was reading from some book.

"Agreed" came the voice of Jaya from behind his chair and the next moment the book was snatched away from his hands. Placing the cup on the table Jaya said, "It is time for you to go to bed. Burning midnight oil is no good. Tell me, if you do not get sleep I will administer some medicine."

"That you can easily do. It is only proper punishment for being a doctor's husband. But you must know that narcotics render men dull," remarked Mani taking the cup of milk from the table.

"So much the better. A dull-witted husband can easily be made to dance to one's tune," joked Jaya.

"That is what I have been made to do!" Mani laughed.

"Yes, yes. Your legs, I see, are aching because of dancing. Is it not so? That is exactly why I want you to go to bed. I also want to sleep, I am so tired."

Mani emptied the cup of milk.

Just then a Baby Austin drove up to the cottage door. An aged gentleman got out of the car. He climbed up to the veranda and asked, "Is the doctor in?"

Mani came out to the veranda followed by Jaya.

The stranger looked at Jaya. "Hope you are the doctor? Can you come to our house? My niece is seriously ill. She has been laid up for over a year. Many doctors tried to find out her trouble, but in vain. The patient hopes that you can help her."

For a moment there was silence.

"Go," said Mani to Jaya.

The car stopped at the portico of a small bungalow.

The patient was lying on a cot in a well-ventilated room. She welcomed Jaya with a smile.

Standing near the window the old man said, "Last year, during our voyage from Singapore, she fell ill. I am prepared to spend any amount if only she can be saved. Words cannot describe the anxiety I feel for

her." His face betrayed the anxiety he felt.

"Please go to the next room. Let me examine the patient," said Jaya.

The patient was about twenty-five years of age. Her body was reduced to mere skin and bone. But her face was attractive in spite of the pale cheeks and pensive look. She had no temperature nor did she spit any phlegm.

Jaya began to feel the pulse.

The patient's lips parted in a smile. "Doctor," she said, "you can study my pulse, prescribe medicine and cure the ailment only if the ailment is a bodily one. I suppose you are powerless when it is a mental ailment as in my case. But do not mistake me. I sent for you just to open my heart to you. Can you hear me patiently for a while?"

There was an irresistible appeal in those words. "Yes, sister," she said, stroking the patient's hair affectionately, "Do tell me. I will hear you."

For a moment there was silence. Then the patient began:

"Doctor, your touch reminds me of those happy days when my mother was alive. That was long ago. She died when I was only seven years old. After her death my father took upon himself the responsibility of bringing me up. Only last year he fell a victim to the first Japanese air raid over Singapore. But for this uncle I could not have returned to India.

"But that is not the thing I wanted to tell. I will narrate to you an event which I regard as the most magnificent event of my life. I was just fourteen then. My father, an old cook of our household and myself were the sole occupants of our house, a palatial mansion. I was then reading in the fourth form.

"One morning I was about to start for school when my father received a telegram. After perusing it he turned towards me. 'Padma,' he said. 'You need not go to school today. A boy is coming to see you by the 11 a.m. passenger. Go and take your bath. Finish your toilette early and be ready.'

"I was not at all surprised for I knew that father was in quest of a

bridegroom for me. I replaced my books on the shelf and went inside.

"At about 11-30 a.m. my father came back from the railway station escorting the youth. I was standing by the window. Father called me to his side and asked me to bow at the feet of the stranger. I bent my head and during the act my eyes casually met his. It was only for a moment, because I could not continue to look at those brilliant eyes longer. But even to-day I feel that it was the most celestial moment of my life. For in that one moment I forgot everything and felt only his presence. In that single moment I learnt to adore him, to revere him. Perhaps the God in me who foresaw that this youth would be my life's partner, directed my very soul to do homage to him. When I received the silver plate of flowers and fruits from the youth my hands were trembling.

"I went to the kitchen. The lady from the next house who had come to see the prospective bridegroom, drew me to her side and taking the plate from my hand said mischievously 'My God, you like him so much! See how your hands trembling! How you blush!'

"I did not reply. I could not even look up.

"I was wiping away the sweat from my forehead when I heard the youth tell my father 'You know, my willingness alone will not suffice. Your daughter should also be consulted.'

"My father came to the kitchen. 'Padma,' he said, 'Do you like him? Don't feel delicate. Express freely what you feel. If only your mother had been alive to-day.....'

"I found it very difficult to restrain my tears. 'I am quite satisfied father,' I said.

"I could read from my father's face how glad he felt to hear my decision.

"A date was fixed for my marriage. Father told me that day that after sending me away with my husband he would go to the Himalayas and lead the free life of an ascetic there.

"But that was not to be. God had willed otherwise. To the last day of his life he had no peace of mind because of me."

The patient stopped talking. Tears rolled down her cheeks. Jaya looked through the window. The pale moon was shedding her silvery light on the still night. Inside the room the silence became audible because of the ticking of the pendulum. Jaya felt as though the whole atmosphere seemed to be charged with the sorrow of this poor woman.

It was only after some time that Padma could proceed with the narrative.

Wiping away the tears from her eyes she continued:

"My marriage was celebrated on a grand scale. I could not contain my joy.

"God could not tolerate the pure joy. Father had promised at the time of my marriage that I would be sent to my husband's house with jewels worth not less than ten thousand rupees. But the bank in which all father's money was deposited crashed a few months after my marriage. Father could not keep his word. Father-in-law bluntly told my father that I could gain entry into his house only if the promise was kept. He seemed to be more keen on the jewels than on me.

"A year passed. Father received an ultimatum from my father-in-law that he would choose another bride for his son if I was not sent to their house with the jewels within a week.

"My father's pleadings fell on deaf ears. Father sold away our house. It fetched four thousand rupees. With that amount he went to my father-in-law only to return in disgrace. I wrote a letter to my husband who was then studying in Benares. I did not get any reply.

"Months passed. Cheer had fled away from our home and gloom reigned. Like machines we lived a life of routine. I was all along feeling that this could not and should not continue long. I knew from my father's indifference to everything, how much affected he was. I could see that he was breaking down slowly and silently. I also wanted to escape to some other place where I could try to forget my past. My uncle wrote to us that he would be quite pleased to have us with him. He was then the manager of a big industrial concern in Singapore. So we sailed for Malaya.

"I was admitted into a convent school there. I thought that I could forget my worries and so agreed to proceed with my studies. But on opening my books the contents of the page would simply fade away as if by magic and in their place would be the face of my husband with the bewitching smile.

"Sometimes my tears would be detected by father and he would say 'Almighty God is witnessing our grief. Better days will surely dawn on you. Don't weep, Padma.'

"Ten long years rolled on. I completed my college course and took the degree. My father was employed in

a firm on a decent salary. But with all that there was still that feeling of restlessness in him. I felt my existence to be meaningless.

"Last year, the first Japanese air raid removed my father from this world.

"My uncle has been a widower for years. He and I started for India.

"On board the ship, I felt for the first time in many years that I would be able to meet my husband. A ray of hope began to flicker in me. No specific reason could be found for that hope. But after all it is hope that makes life bearable in this miserable world."

Here Padma paused. With the shadow of a smile playing on her lips she fixed her gaze on Jaya and resumed. "You may be wondering why I am telling you all these things. I will tell you the reason. There you see a box on the table over there. You will find a key under my pillow. Please take the key and open that box."

Jaya opened the box. To her astonishment the first thing to greet her eyes was a newspaper-cutting containing a photo of herself and her husband Mani, taken at the time of their marriage.

"Bring that cutting here" said Padma.

Padma took the photo in her hands and pointing to Mani, she said, "Jaya, you will be surprised to know that he is my husband. On board the ship a fellow passenger was going through an old weekly. I found this photo in it. I took it and I am keeping it with me. From that day I have been feeling sick and restless. May be it is due to jealousy. But I could not help it. As a woman you may be able to imagine how I have been feeling. For the past one year only one question has been in my mind. I have been asking a thousand times, 'Have I got a right to disturb the peace of you two?' With the passing of each day my restlessness increased and a feeling of despair began to develop in me. For the past one week I have been fighting a battle within myself. At last I felt I would go mad if I did not see once at least my husband. Don't mistake me. Not that I want him to discard you and accept me. I know only too well what it would cost you. But....." Padma did not complete the sentence.

She began to study the face of Jaya.

A regular storm was blowing in the heart of Jaya. She quite remembered the day when she first met Mani. Then he was a professor in the University. She was in the third year M.B.B.S. He was delivering the

inaugural address of the College Union. His tall handsome figure fascinated her. His advice to the medicos to develop an indifference to money but to cherish service to the suffering humanity, as the noble ideal of their lives, still rang in her ears. From that day she had come to love and respect him. Five years later she met him as an ex-professor Satyagrahi with injuries sustained in a lathi charge. As a doctor she dressed his wounds; as a woman she asked him to accept her.

He told her that once a girl came across his life; leaving a memory like a happy dream she disappeared from his horizon. He lost her because he could not disobey his father. His conscience revolted. At last, after the death of his father he left his home to adopt the whole world as his new abode. From that day he had been conducting an asram. He asked her if she could see eye to eye with him in his mission.

Sweeter than the sweetest melody his words fell on her ears. She became his wife.

Never in her life with him had she to regret the step she had taken. His child-like simplicity and lovable innocence were worth more than anything else in the world to her. His presence made a heaven of that cottage. But now?..... She felt she had usurped the place of this frail woman and deprived her of her claim to that legitimate joy. If she wanted she could restore to Padma what was hers. It would mean too great a loss to herself. How could she imagine life without him?

She thought a regular battle was raging between the reasoning mind and the feeling heart within her. She had to decide.....

She suddenly remembered what her husband had been reading. Yes, she must sacrifice her all; on that altar alone could Padma build her castle of joy.

She decided.

She spoke in calm, slow and sure tones. "Dear Padma, give me a day's time to decide. I will come to-morrow evening. Do tell your uncle that I have gone to fetch medicine."

* * * * *
Mani woke up the next morning. He was surprised to see an envelope by his bedside with his address in Jaya's hand.

He opened it.

It ran:—

My dear,

By the time you read this note I will be miles and miles away from you. But you will not be away

from me, you cannot, for I have enthroned you eternally in my heart.....

I met your first wife Padma last night. I understood her sorrow. Her yearning for you, all these years, has shattered her health. Only those that have, can understand the distress of the depossessed. Though unknowingly we have been responsible for her sorrow, we have done her wrong. But we could not help it because we did not know her whereabouts. Now we are morally bound to mitigate her sufferings..... I have complete faith in your love for me and on the strength of it

I make a request to you. The old man who came last night is Padma's uncle. He will come to you this evening. Go with him, accept the supreme offering of Padma's love and find me in her.

Always yours,
Jaya.

It took some time before Mani could grasp the real significance of that note and then he said to himself:

"Yes, Jaya. I understand; you have made amends for the wrongs perpetrated on Padma by my father and myself. May God grant me the same strength of mind and spirit of sacrifice which He has endowed you with."

KARNAM—COLOSSUS OF THE VILLAGE

By 'Gowsi'

It is not at all an overstatement to say that the village karnam is a colossus who bears on his broad shoulders the British Indian administration. He is the channel through which British imperialism trickles even to the remote ignorant villager. He is the last word in loyalty. When the Congress questioned the morality of British stay in India he had nothing to say in support of it. He always stood for king and country and never for country versus the king.

When the war was on, he did not indulge in subtle distinctions between a people's war and an imperialist war. He had no sympathy for August martyrs or for the vapourings of any 'crazy sect' in the political arena, though he could have rocked the empire that circled the whole globe to the very foundations, if he had laid down his tools. He stood strong and silent by the empire and Churchill.

But even the worm turns. Karnams have become vociferous and show signs of rebellion. They threaten to strike if their pay is not increased, and for very sound reasons.

- (1) Karnams along with village munsiffs are responsible for accounting and collection of land revenue.
- (2) They are doing the job of village rationing officers at present, with all attendant worries.
- (3) They have to assess and collect commercial taxes from village merchants and shop keepers.
- (4) They assist the grain purchase officer in procurement of grain

from village pattadars. In this act they become unpopular in the locality they live.

- (5) They do other miscellaneous work.
- (6) They work under bad treatment from pettifogging superiors and for the beggarly sum of Rs. 15 per month. Dearness allowance is Rs. 5. Total receipts of a karnam amount to Rs. 20.

Their work has increased manifold. The famous A, B, C, D registers alone are enough to kill a man. Besides, part of their work involves a kind of spying which is at once disgusting and troublesome.

The Salaries Committee Report (1919) laid down that the salaries of village officers can vary with the price level. The Government was not slow to reduce the salaries of village officers during the depression but had not the same promptness to increase it when prices shot up after 1942.

The karnams demand a salary of rupees forty which is not an unjust demand, considered in the light of the price structure of the country and the quantum of work they do. What is more, the Ministers do not find anything shameful in taking a dearness allowance of Rs. 500, that is, 50 per cent of the salary. The Ministry cannot ask the villagers to be content with rupees three or five by way of dearness allowance. The argument that the village officers make money otherwise than in course of work is no argument, because it can be raised against anybody, the Ministry not excepted.

THE WEEK ABROAD

A Survey of Foreign Affairs

The debate on foreign affairs in the House of Commons has darkened the prospects of Big Power unity being re-established during the forthcoming Foreign Ministers' Conference. Rarely has there been such complete agreement between the Government and the Opposition on any subject. The veteran imperialist statesman, Mr. Churchill, paid warm tributes to Mr. Bevin for "the outstanding services which he has rendered." Mr. Churchill had good reasons to feel gratified. Ever since it assumed office, the Labour Government of Britain has made a happy compromise between Socialist theory and Tory practice. The violent suppression of Greek democracy, the soft policy towards Franco and general hostility towards Russia—all these aspects of Tory foreign policy, far from being reversed, have been actively pursued by Mr. Bevin.

Most important among the issues which will have to be decided by the Foreign Ministers when they meet at Paris on June 15 will be the conclusion of peace treaties. Mr. Bevin has threatened that Britain and America will settle the matter on their own, ignoring the Soviet Union if it does not agree to their proposals. This will lead not merely to the breakdown of the Paris conference, but ultimately to the disintegration of the United Nations Organisation itself, and its conversion into a new anti-Soviet League of Nations. There can be no greater threat to world peace than such a development.

Anglo-Egyptian talks are still hanging in the air. Among the popular parties in Egypt there is growing dissatisfaction at the retention of British troops and the fetters which are sought to be imposed on the country's sovereignty. Resumption of the talks, whenever that might be, will not find the Egyptians in a

patient mood. The radical Wafd Party insists on the immediate and total ending of British domination. An indication of the people's temper was provided by the armed attacks on British troops which were timed to coincide with the pompous Victory celebrations in London.

The end of monarchy in Italy marks a milestone in the march of the peoples of Europe towards democracy. In spite of the strong influence exerted in favour of monarchy by the Pope and Vatican authorities, the fatherland of the Catholic world has elected to become a Republic. The two-million majority for the Republic registered during the referendum, as also the strength of democratic parties in the industrial North, will give the necessary strength to the Italian Government to press for the termination of Allied military occupation. The Soviet Union has already suggested the removal of Allied troops after the conclusion of a treaty with Italy.

In France the elections to the Constituent Assembly have resulted in an increase of seats for the Progressive Catholic (Right-wing) Party led by M. Georges Bidault. They have gained a lead over the Communist Party, though the total vote for the Communists has increased, as compared with the last elections. If, however, the Socialist and Communists form a stable alliance, they will be the decisive force in the Assembly. Whether such unity will be forged depends on factors whose operation extends beyond the national frontiers of France. Anglo-American patronage is pulling the Social Democrats in France and all over Europe towards the Western Bloc, while their well-known fear of Communism, which produced such sad results before the war, has not yet been completely shed, even after the struggle for liberation which they waged shoulder to

shoulder with the Communists. The emergence of a strong France with an independent and progressive foreign policy depends on the attitude of the Socialist leaders. The idea of an anti-Soviet Western Bloc will be finally buried only if they eschew alliances with the Right-wing.

* * *

Professor Harold Laski is considered to be the spokesman of the 'radical' section of the British Labour Party. It is curious that he should be found defending Mr. Bevin's initial policy of using British troops to maintain the Dutch hold over Indonesia. Much more surprising is his statement, made

with evident satisfaction, that "Mr. Bevin and Sir Archibald Clark-Kerr with Dr. Van Mook have worked out a scheme of freedom for the Indonesian people." His conception of Socialism seems to find nothing incongruous in the fact that the fate of the Indonesians should be decided jointly by an alien diplomat, an alien military commander and the vicegerent of Dutch imperialism. Whatever this Anglo-Dutch plan might be, the Indonesian Republic has formulated its own national plan. Announcing the formation of a Republican Defence Council, Dr. Soekarno has reiterated the demand for recognition of his country's sovereignty.

MUSLIM LEAGUE'S CONFIDENT MOVE

(From Our Correspondent)

New Delhi: The Council of the All-India Muslim League which after the inaugural speech by Mr. Jinnah went into secret session finally accepted the Cabinet Mission's plan by an overwhelming majority, thus confounding many who had imagined that the League would not adopt any definite line till the Congress had given a lead.

Mr. Jinnah's speech, while protesting against "the unwarranted, unjustified and unconvincing" arguments of the Cabinet Mission against Pakistan and appealing to the British to gain the friendship of the Muslims by fulfilling past pledges to them, finally ridiculed the Congress and the Hindu Press for having hulled in haste that Pakistan was dead. The League leader knowing that the majority sentiment inside the League Council could not but be in favour of acceptance, proclaimed that the Working Committee did not want to give any lead and wanted a democratic decision by "the Parliament of the Muslim Nation."

I reliably understand that the secret session was remarkable in

that all those who spoke for acceptance of the plan made the following main points:

Firstly, the League is not strong enough to fight both the British and the Congress.

Secondly, the British had given the League that part of its demand which was the most difficult to obtain, namely, six provinces with the existing boundaries.

Thirdly, that thus the foundation for Pakistan has been laid and complete separation could be fought for and won later.

Opposition speeches argued for outright rejection of proposals on the following grounds:

Firstly, the League to-day has to fight only against a weak foreign Government for full Pakistan. A few years later it would have to fight a strong Indian Government with the backing of thirty crores of Hindus.

Secondly, if certain provinces have been compelled to be part of Pakistan groups, so are the Pakistan groups compelled to remain subject to a Centre.

Thirdly, that the plan had conceded nothing to the Muslims and that acceptance would only intensify antagonisms inside "the Muslim nation" and set Punjabi Muslim against Pathan, Sindhi Muslim against the Punjabi, etc.

The most shameful feature of the whole session was the open gloating indulged in by some speakers not excluding Mr. Jinnah over the fact that the Constituent Assembly will not be a sovereign body. One of the speakers, Khuhro, the landlord Minister of Sind, who was acquitted on a charge of murdering Allahbux went so far as to say, "Thank God, the British forces will remain". Even Mr. Jinnah, in his concluding speech to the League Council, is reported to have assured them that they need not be panicky at the prospect of defence being under the control of the Union Centre, because in India, as in Egypt after 1936, defence would in reality remain in British hands. Little wonder then that the League Council, composed overwhelmingly of landlords and people drawn from the trading and liberal professions, finally adopted the resolution accepting the plan. Only Abul Hasham, the left-wing leader from Bengal, reminded the Council that while it was right and proper that the League should stop quarrelling with the Congress and the Hindus, the struggle of the Muslims must continue against British imperialism because it was "the arch-enemy of Muslims all over the world." Maulana Hasrat Mohani, the veteran Khilafat leader, who was one of the first to raise the slogan of complete independence as early as 1921, fought hard to get the League Council to demand the withdrawal of British armed forces and complete sovereignty to the Constituent Assembly. He was the only one to fearlessly assert that the League would most certainly have got better terms from the Congress than it had from the British, if only leaders like Mr. Jinnah had adopted correct tactics. Progressive Leaguers felt thoroughly demoralised, but the majority of League Councillors

were exulting over the superb tactics that their Qaide-Azam had adopted. Some of them felt that the League had stolen a march over the Congress because Mr. Jinnah had informed them that he had got almost an assurance that the Interim Government would be formed on the basis of Congress-League parity with two seats for Christians and Sikhs and five each for the major parties.

Speculation is rife in New Delhi as to what the Congress Working Committee is likely to do. Sardar Patel who arrived yesterday is reported to be as determinedly opposed to Congress-League parity or any other form of parity as ever. I reliably understand that Sardar Patel expressed the view that even Pandit Nehru and Maulana Azad who at one time were in a mood to reconcile themselves to the idea of parity are to-day opposed to it. Many Pressmen are now trying to build up theories reconciling Jinnah's statement to the League Council on this question with the possibility that Wavell gave no such assurance.

Muslim Leaguers for the first time in many years are toying with the idea of the British bypassing the Congress for a change. Congressmen refuse to believe that Wavell would adopt a policy that might wreck all chances of an Interim Government coming into existence. British civilians are, I understand, fairly optimistic that the Congress can be mollified by giving it a *de facto* majority by choosing pro-Congress minority representatives such as Maharaj Singh for the Christians and Baldev Singh to represent the Sikhs. The battle for parity opens with what seems to be a tacit agreement between Wavell who wants a powerless interim Government and the League which wants a neutral one. The question on everyone's lips is "If Congress rejects parity, can Wavell form an Interim Government?" Others ask "If parity is definite, will the Congress reject only the Interim Government or the Cabinet plan as a whole?" These questions will be decided next week.

SIXTEEN years have passed since I was last in India and I am asking myself what changes I have observed. Change in this ancient land is a word that jars; nothing is forgotten and nothing is rejected. In the frescoes of the Ajanta caves that date from the first centuries of our era you will see the same features, the same graceful costumes, the same gestures and manners that delight you to-day, though Indians in that Buddhist era were freer and happier than they have ever since been. The big changes that are going on around us are imperceptible and immeasurable. How much in these years has Gandhi achieved by his reinterpretation of Hindu morals and religion? He denies nothing; he discards nothing save untouchability. And yet when I watch the reverent crowd that attends his open-air prayer meetings in Delhi, I suspect that a re-orientation towards a new humanitarian outlook is going on in millions of minds without iconoclasm. Socialist thinking in these years has made an immense advance and Communism, unpopular though it is, is now a force. But Gandhi's stress on ethics and non-violence has permeated Indian thinking and will survive him when his voice is silent.

THE village does not change, save that in some provinces it is more militant than it was and bent on achieving a social transformation. In the great towns the eye detects at once the ugly march of industrialisation. Factory chimneys in Delhi share the sky-line with the minarets of the Moghul mosques. Bombay has expanded in straggling suburbs of concrete. Since the war the bigger cities have doubled their population, and in the slums the congestion would rouse a less patient people to the wrath that makes revolutions. As before, the homeless poor spend the night sleeping on the pavement with a rag of sacking under them, but they seemed to me more than they were. Prices have risen nearly threefold and inflation has had its usual results. The profiteers have made great fortunes; the urban workers have fared relatively well; the bigger peasants have

AFTER ALL INDIA IS CHANGING

BY H. BRAILSFORD

paid off their debts, but the landless proletarians in the villages face perpetual hunger, while the ill-paid brain-workers, the teachers and the clerks wage a desperate and losing battle against penury.

Big Business

NEW industries have sprung up since last I saw these towns—engineering shops in great profusion, chemical works and even highly skilled trades like the making of surgical instruments. Some pioneers, who had to fight against the jealousy of the Imperial machine, have won their hard battle at last, in shipping for instance, and even in shipbuilding. The power of Indian big business is much more obtrusive than it was and other ambitious groups have sprung into action in the wake of the Tatas and Birlas. Oddly enough they do not form trusts or aim at monopoly, though there have been agreements to control output or prices in jute, tea, cement and sugar. Starting with cotton such a group will take up steel, sugar or chemicals, and it may go on to hydro-electricity or aviation. Mr. Birla is even buying up newspapers. Perhaps because there is no trust structure in Indian industry, its leaders favour State planning. Sixteen years ago *laissez-faire* was a rigid orthodoxy which only a few pioneers disputed. To-day, thanks in part to Congress and in part to the Tatas, planning is the accepted policy. It is likely to go far beyond the first obvious objectives—the control of the rivers, electric powers, food production, forestry, soil erosion, fisheries, and the utilisation of waste lands. It will soon be engaged in an active, long-range campaign for industrialisation. India may embark on bold experiments in State

Socialism, and leading industrialists advocate the creation of new industries in which the State will hold 51 per cent of the share-capital. I was startled to find that in the Nizam's Dominions, otherwise a feudal backwater, most of the few industrial concerns are run on this basis when they are not entirely State-owned. I saw in Hyderabad an ambitious plan for the utilisation of the great river Godavari for power and irrigation, which included the erection of a big steel plant and the building of a new industrial town—all of it by the State. It was not a mere paper project; the first appropriations had been granted. Everyone insists on the dispersal of industry, and most of the planners are thinking actively of ways and means to raise the level of village life. Gandhi's propaganda for hand-spinning erred by exaggeration, but he has compelled Indians to face the central problem of their economy—the employment of the rural masses.

THIS new absorption in industry and planning would be futile, if Indians had remained as indifferent to the physical sciences as they were a generation ago. They still lag far behind, but it is not for lack

of talent. It happened that in a hospitable home in which I stayed, I met as fellow-guests several Indian scientists. One was an F. R. S., one an authority on cosmic rays; another had much to tell of the research work of the Bangalore Institute. They had among them a width of interest and an imaginative daring that won instant sympathy and respect. Others were engaged in experimental work for the advancement of agriculture and often they turned our heads by describing the easy miracles that could be achieved, if intelligence were sovereign in this land. There was hope for India in this inventiveness, but in spite of much progress, India is tragically short of trained technicians.

Bureaucracy's Fallen Prestige

THE prestige of the bureaucracy has fallen during these years. Indian Nationalists used to respect its efficiency and incorruptibility even while they fought it. Those days are over. They will still single out individual Englishmen to whom they will pay unstinted tribute of admiration and affection but these are the rare exceptions. My own impression is that sympathy for Indians is now much commoner in the army than it is in the civil service and three of the best officials I happened to meet were soldiers who had been transferred to civilian work. The explanation of this alienation is not mysterious. For a quarter of a century the bureaucracy has been engaged in fighting Congress, and it has come to feel itself more than ever an isolated garrison in a hostile land. The war aggravated this attitude since Congress opposed participation and went into active revolt in 1942. The natural but disastrous result was that the

bureaucracy leaned more than ever on the Muslims and habitually favoured the League. Wherever I went, I had to listen to painful stories of the brutal behaviour of the police. That this force was always corrupt is an old story. In fact, the lower ranks could not live on their pay. The new fact for me was that Indians no longer exempt Englishmen from their accusations. There is no doubt that military officers engaged on a great scale in buying supplies, frequently took commissions. I might have doubted this, until an Indian manufacturer whose income-tax returns were challenged, because they included no item for such commissions, showed me the judgment of the Appeal Tribunal. "It is a matter of common knowledge," so it ran, "that military contracts cannot be secured or finished goods got approved without some capital outlay in the form of payments or some illegal gratifications." The deterioration of standards of conduct has been widespread during these years. The uncertainty of the future may partly explain this demoralisation. If Indians are eager to be rid of the British Raj, it is largely because they have lost all respect for it. The Bengal famine was a revelation of incompetence and corruption. The bureaucracy is efficient only when its task is repression.

Renaissance Of The Arts

TO turn to pleasanter themes: The renaissance of the arts which Tagore started in Bengal is still alive, but I doubt if it retains its first impetus. The war and the passions of the national struggle were not a favourable environment. Indian painters are still experimenting, swaying uncertainly between attempts to revive dead traditions and to compromise with European influences, among them Ganguin. If I saw much that is promising, I saw nothing first-rate. Popular standards, above all in Hindu religious art, are still deplorably low. Music is in the same case, and dancing may be at the moment the most vital of the arts,



Mr. & Mrs. Brailsford, Sarojini Naidu, and her daughter, Miss Padmaja Naidu.

AZAD AND NEHRU

for it bases itself on a folk tradition that is still alive. Occasional experiments are being made by the young generation and the Left to use both dancing and the theatre for purposes of propaganda. In a big and humanely-run mill in Delhi, the workers have their own theatre and act their own plays. Here are beginnings from which a new art may develop. The enigma is the future of the Indian film which will be the decisive popular influence. The few examples I saw were native and amateurish, a blend of western technique with Indian traditional sentiment set to a musical accompaniment that mingled both styles in a puzzling compromise. Something interesting and original may emerge, but Indians have not found it yet.

Social Changes

SOcial changes impressed me even more among Muslims than among Hindus though caste is breaking down at an accelerated pace. Sixteen years ago the leading man in the Muslim political world of that day asked me to his house. As I arrived, a closely shuttered car drew up at the door. The servants thrust me hurriedly into a side-room, but I caught a fleeting glimpse

of some veiled figures mounting the stairs. This time, the same man's son invited me to dinner. His wife was out of *purdah* and so were her women guests and they behaved with an ease and poise which meant that a social revolution has been accomplished in a single generation. This is now usual among the upper strata of Muslim society in the bigger towns. This salutary innovation will percolate gradually downwards. There are other happy signs of change in the Muslim world, in spite of political incitements to fanaticism. In Bengal the younger and more progressive Mullahs are beginning to preach in Bengali, instead of the Arabic which few understand. In Kashmir I found a hot but victorious struggle going on between the party of the Left and the conservative Muslims for the control of the mosques and their pious foundations. Led by Sheikh Abdulla (now in prison for "sedition") they plan to use the surplus funds of these estates to found an "Arabic college"; that is to say a theological college, which will give the clergy a modern social outlook and fit them to be pioneers and teachers in the benighted villages of this State. After all India is changing.

BOOKS THAT WE NEED

It is a curious phenomenon that when there is acute paper shortage throughout the world the number of publications (both books and periodicals) has exceeded the normal. But the quality of the publications cannot be said to be very satisfactory. Scurrilous and obscene literature is on the increase. Sane and critical examination of subjects is at a discount and partisanship often influences the themes of writers. The result is that the reader finds himself unable to get out of certain complexes that have been created for him.

It may be that the writer gets the best return for his works. But the worth of his writings has to be judged by the extent to which they have affected the course of world events and contributed to the betterment of mankind. If this test were applied many of the present-day publications would surely fail.

Romantic and fairy-tales have had their days. An intelligent man now-a-

days prefers to interest himself in social and economic problems and if his thoughts are directed along right lines much good is sure to come out of it. Books certainly can play their part well if authors bear in mind the necessity of being impartial, rational and conclusive. Theorising may be good upto a certain point but unless theories are correlated to happenings around the world they cease to be of value. Dogmatization is definitely undesirable. Presentation of different points of view in an undisguised form must be the aim of a writer and the reader should be left to draw his own inferences therefrom. Of course, when a lead has to be given it must be given and given unequivocally. Only then can sound decisions be arrived at and acted upon.

Let us hope that publishers, editors and newspapermen will give serious consideration to the matter and help to lift man out of his lethargy.

"NON-DESCRIPT"

Photographs of the incoming and outgoing Congress Presidents illustrate the cover page of this issue of *Swatantra*. It is not perhaps generally known that "Azad" was originally no part of the outgoing President's name which was just Abul Kalam. Azad was a pseudonym adopted by him when, as a very young man, he was given to writing poetry; and it has stuck to his name through thick and thin—long after the period of poetry was past.

Abul Kalam Azad was a youthful prodigy. His father, Muhammad Khairuddin, was a great divine with thousands of disciples. In one of his wanderings to Mecca, he married the daughter of one of the most learned scholars there. Abul Kalam was born of the union. Arabic was his mother-tongue as his mother knew no other language. From his father he learned Urdu. Khairuddin had an utter aversion of everything modern and abhorred western ways. It was therefore out of the question for Abul Kalam to go to an English school. It was only after his father's death which took place when he was 21, that, at the instance of a friend, he took to learning English with the help of a grammar and a dictionary.

Abul Kalam Azad was a born writer and journalist. His first journalistic enterprise was the starting of *Nerange Alam* for publishing the compositions of rising Urdu poets. But it was as editor of *Al Hilal* that he blossomed into fame. Within a few weeks of its birth it reached a circulation of eleven thousand an enormous one for those days. Abul Kalam's bold writings soon drew down on him the displeasure of the authorities. The story goes that a member of the I. C. S., Mr. Philby, was scheduled to examine and report on the political character of the contents of *Al Hilal*; but when he made his acquaintance with them he was so struck by their quality that he could not resist from calling on the editor and applauding him on it. This episode was the beginning of Mr. Philby's

keen interest in the study of Arabic which culminated in his visit to Mesopotamia and the writing of a book called the *Heart of Arabia*.

Social daring more than political intrepidity was the distinguishing mark of Abul Kalam's journalism. He was among the first in the Muslim community to stand out boldly against Muslim insistence on public cow-slaughter as a right. Even Hakim Ajmal Khan who later saw his error and played a great part as an architect of Hindu-Muslim unity, entered the lists with him at the time in hot and bitter controversy.

Maulana Abul Kalam's father had wanted him to become famous among the learned. He therefore sent him while yet in his teens to the historic Al Azhar University at Cairo where he stayed two years. On the return journey he passed through Iraq and Syria and imbibed the spirit of the strong Arab nationalism prevailing there. Arrived in India he was drawn to the anarchists and terrorists of Bengal, until contact with Gandhi won him for non-violence and set him on the political path that took him before long to the coveted pinnacle of Congress Presidentship.

Maulana Abul Kalam represents the best in Islamic culture. Out of orthodoxy of the kind which prompted him, in the Khilafat days, along with Ali brothers, to cry *Hijrat* and call upon Muslims to leave India, he has modernised himself into a polished gentleman of considerable intellectual attainments. Vast scholarship and an introspective bent of mind have combined to turn him into a brilliant expounder of the pros and cons of debatable policies in Congress camps. Even so self-dependent a personage as Motilal Nehru had faith in his counsel and used to look to him confidently for moral support in the halcyon days of the Swarajya Party.

While Maulana Azad has progressed from conservative moorings into upto-date political leadership,

something in the nature of a process in the reverse direction is illustrated in the life and career of Jawaharlal Nehru. In the incoming Congress President we have an ardent nationalist steeped in the culture of internationalism. A series of apparent contradictions are incarnated in Nehru. He is an aristocrat by birth and breeding that has adopted democratic ways by choice. He is a lover of British institutions and the British character, engaged unceasingly in a fight against British power. He is a devotee of science and industry and modern machinery, pledged to loyalty to Gandhism with its insistence on handicrafts and the spinning wheel. He is a Socialist with a rather timid regard for the world's only Socialist State. He is an anti-imperialist with a remarkable capacity for cordial social relationships with the representatives of imperialism every-

where. He is a crusader against misrule in the States, much sought after by the princes whose political undoing is his heart's fond desire. He is a stickler for rights of privacy with little leisure left from the exactions of blazing publicity. He is a man of strong domestic affections with no time for the family as almost the whole of it is given to public causes. There is no end to the citation of contradictions that may be urged against him. You cannot help criticising him. But you cannot also help admiring and loving him and being proud of him. He has elevated the status of his country in the judgment of the world. A glorious service, this, against which a little inconsistency here and there, and not being right in theory now and again, should certainly not count for much, weighed in the balance.—K.S.R.

CHRISTIANS USED AS PAWNS IN TAMIL NAD POLITICS

By J. L. P. Roche Victoria

The leaders of the Indian Christian Legislature group in Madras tried to set up a sort of selection board and to advise Christian candidates not to fight among themselves. The Tamil Nad Parliamentary Board treated the opinion of this group with contempt and selected their own henchmen for the different Christian constituencies.

When I voiced the opinion of the Catholic community regarding the injustice done to them in the matter of selecting Christian candidates, at a public meeting consisting mostly of Catholics in Tuticorin, the Tamil Nad Committee called for an explanation from me.

Then came the most unedifying spectacle of Christians fighting among themselves in all constituencies except in Malabar. We Christians have been used as pawns in the game of Tamil Nad politics and our own Christian representatives would not give any assurance to the Christian community lest their own chances for posts be jeopardised.

As *Swatantra* well puts it :

"In Tamil Nadu, organisational strategy has for the time being put great political power in the hands of persons who cannot properly be described as leaders of the people. They have been using it mischievously to secure the ousting of the real leaders of the people, so that they themselves may step into their places. Some of these have been poisoning the Congress atmosphere by spreading rank communalism and comporting themselves in fact as though they were little better than Justicites in Congress garb."

Under the circumstances what should be our attitude?

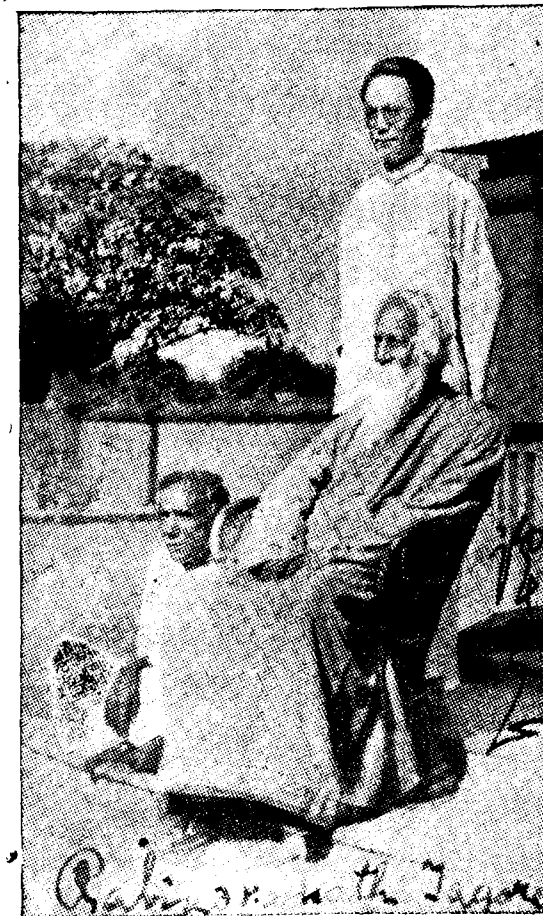
We shall have no truck with communalists in Congress garb and proved opportunists. We must stand on our own legs. We demand our right to select our own men to the Assemblies and Councils and we demand the right to set up our own Christian parliamentary board for that purpose. (From a recent speech inaugurating the Trichinopoly National Catholic Association).

TAN YUN-SHAN, CHINESE SAVANT OF VISVABHARATI

By V. G. Nair

(Assistant Secretary, Sino-Indian Cultural Society of India)

In the galaxy of eminent Chinese which the Han race has produced during its long history of Sino-Indian relations commencing from the 1st century A.D. onwards, Tan Yun-Shan, collaborator with Gurudev Tagore in inaugurating the Sino-Indian Cultural Society of India, and Founder-Director of Cheena-bhavana, the Department of Sino-Indian cultural studies in Visvabharati, occupies the foremost place in the present generation. Tan Yun-Shan is not only an erudite scholar and Buddhist philosopher widely known in his country, but he is also the twentieth century's standard-bearer of Fa-hien, Hsuan-tsang and I-tsing, the three celebrated Chinese Buddhist monks, who were the pioneers in the field of Sino-Indian cultural co-operation, and who first blazed the trail into India across the Himalayas to realise this objective, followed by the exchange of pilgrims and scholars between the two greatest countries of Asia. Tan Yun-Shan can be rightly called the Hsuan-tsang of Modern China, for it is he who is responsible for reviving the broken cultural bonds of India and China after an interregnum of nearly one thousand years. Unlike Hsuan-tsang, who came to India to learn and carry her wealth of learning and philosophy for utilising them to the benefit of his countrymen, Tan Yun-Shan not only drank deep into the mysteries of Indian culture from the archives of the Visvabharati, but like a true Confucian, imbued with the thoughts of benevolence and charity, he made India his second home, and settled down at Santiniketan for teaching Indians the glories of Chinese culture and civilisation. What the celebrated Chinese mystic-philosopher Lin Yu Tang has done in America for the



Tan Yun-Shan and Rabindranath Tagore. The former is seen standing behind the Poet.

cause of the Chinese people, their culture and civilisation, Tan Yun-Shan has done on Indian soil. An ardent Buddhist scholar of rare merit, deeply religious, unassuming and silent, he represents all that is best in Chinese civilisation. The Poet's bosom friend, collaborator, disciple and co-worker, Tan Yun-Shan is not a visionary, but a man of action. He is undoubtedly the most fascinating personality to-day

in Visvabharati. He is still in the vigour of youth and has many years of active service before him.

It was by accident that Tan Yun-Shan came to India. Gurudev Tagore discovered him in Malaya in 1927, just three years after his historic cultural mission to China. Inspired with Gurudev's message of achieving world peace through international co-operation, Tan Yun-Shan came to Santiniketan in 1928 and took up cultural studies among such intellectuals and stalwarts as Abanindranath Tagore, Vidu Shekhara Sastri, Kshitimohan Sen, C. F. Andrews and Nandalal Bose. After a few years, the idea struck Gurudev and Tan Yun-Shan to organise a permanent institute in Visvabharati which should serve as a nucleus for the interchange of students and professors between India and China. With this object, Tan Yun-Shan visited China in 1931, to acquaint his countrymen with the ideals of the Visvabharati and appealed to them to support the movement of Sino-Indian cultural co-operation. The response to the call was good; and the Sino-Indian Cultural Society was initiated by him in Nanking in 1933. He returned to India the next year and in collaboration with Gurudev Tagore, the Sino-Indian Cultural Society was organised in 1934. The Cheena-bhavana with its imposing building and huge library, which is considered the biggest in the whole of Asia, outside China, came into existence at Santiniketan in 1937.

But it should not be forgotten that the idea of starting a permanent department for Sino-Indian cultural studies in Visvabharati was first broached by Tagore while he was lecturing in China in 1924. Some preliminary arrangements were made for the exchange of scholars and professors but owing to unexpected political happenings in China, these proposals failed to materialise.

Of Cheena-bhavana and the Sino-Indian Cultural Society, much has been written and published during all these years. Suffice it to say that both these institutions have the

sympathy and active support of political and cultural leaders of India and China such as Mahatma Gandhi, Pandit Nehru, Sarojini Naidu, Radhakrishnan, Aurobindo Ghose, Generalissimo Chiang and his worthy consort, Dr. Tai Chi-tao, Dr. H. H. Kung, Venerable Tai Shu and others. The National Government of China has endowed five scholarships for studies in Chinese history, philosophy, religions, language and culture through Visvabharati-Cheena-bhavana. The scholarships have been split into one senior fellowship, two junior fellowships, two research scholarships and four ordinary scholarships. The fellows and scholars have carried on studies and research to prepare commentaries and translations of Chinese Buddhist volumes as restoration works of old Chinese translations from original Sanskrit which are lost and obsolete. The researches are carried on under the direction of Dr. Probodh Chandra Bagchi, Professor of Ancient Indian History and Culture of the Calcutta University, who has accepted the Senior Fellowship of the Cheena-bhavana. He is assisted by Dr. P. V. Bapat, Professor of Fergusson College, Poona and Pandit Aiyaswami Sastri of Tirupati.

Tan Yun-Shan who is mainly responsible for this great achievement within a short span of time was born in the province of Hunan in 1900, in a distinguished family of scholars. Before coming to India, he devoted himself to several years of vigilant study on Chinese classical literature and philosophy. If he had settled in China, there is no doubt that he would have proved a valuable asset to the ranks of public men of that country; but China's loss has been the gain of India. Though he is confined to Bengal, he is not parochial. He has presided over several cultural and educational conferences in various parts of India.

Tan Yun-Shan is essentially a man of peace. He is not an orator, but he is gifted with the power of expressing his views in a simple and straightforward way which always captures the imagination of

his audiences. He is not a prolific writer, but he likes writing to the Press whenever time permits him to do so. He has contributed several articles to Indian journals and periodicals, some of which have been published in a book form under the title of "India, China and the War". Of his publications in English and Chinese, noteworthy are his speeches on the political, historic, social and religious evolution of China delivered by him at the Andhra University, which are now published by Kitabistan under the name of "Modern China". Among his several Chinese works, the most significant are his "Gandhi's Hind Swaraj", "Saint Philosopher Gandhi", and "Poet Saint Tagore", all of which had a popular reception in China.

He is simple in habits. He never smokes and eats only meagre food. Always an early riser, he could be seen in his study room amidst his voluminous books. Sometimes, a distinguished scholar, or cultural leader from the remotest part of India or from some foreign country, steps in for a discussion on Confucian classics, Lao-tse's philosophy, or on the intricacies of Chinese metaphysics. He satisfies his hearers with his sober arguments. Polite in conversation, he makes an unforgettable impression in the minds of

those with whom he comes into daily contact.

He is well-versed in Yoga philosophy and practises the Asanas daily in the early dawn. He observes Wednesday as his day of silence.

The life-work of this "Chinese Mahatma" as some of his numerous disciples and admirers lovingly address him is centred round Sino-Indian cultural co-operation. In the realisation of this great ideal, he foresees a Greater India and a Greater China, rejuvenated and united in common bonds of fellowship and love, the forces of which, he believes will undoubtedly contribute to a larger extent towards the making of a new world of peace and security.

In the course of a message, Mahatmaji once described the Chinese Hall in Visvabharati as the "symbol of the living contact between India and China". . . . Looking at Tan Yun-Shan, one could rightly say that he symbolises Mahatmaji's ideal of that 'living contact' in the human form which is so rare a phenomenon to witness either in China, India or in any part of Asia.

A great legacy was left to the world by Gurudev Tagore in flesh and bones in Tan Yun-Shan, the Chinese savant of Visvabharati.

DIPLOMACY AND THE ENGLISH

SAVING SIXTH SENSE THAT COMPELS RETREAT IN TIME

Diplomacy simply means postponing of the day of reckoning. The English are still the world's leading diplomats, which means they obtain a longer lease. It does not mean that the day of reckoning is averted. For, by the very nature of it, diplomacy is wholly selfish, securing for itself as it does, expedients which are to its own advantage and which are to the disadvantage of the other party. Now, the law of things is that selfishness turns out eventually to be dragon's teeth. What you have sown springs

to life only to destroy one another, and, in this instance, yourself.

Say you offer whisky to the Red Indians, and buy up their lands and their oil wells. The first result is gratifying. The Red Indians degenerate and then begin to slide down the path to extinction. But prosperity is 'waiting round the corner' to catch you on the rebound. And having caught you, it so engulfs you that you and your children and your children's children (to the Biblical tenth generation even) become so alcohol-ridden and degenerate from

diseases of civilisation that wholesale decrepitude, if not the immediate extinction of your own race, is visible all round you.

Of course, not much diplomacy is necessary for the exploitation of a race by such things as drink and drugs, though the end is the same—assuring gain and security to yourself. Or you might exploit the susceptibilities of a people through fear—fear of one's neighbours, fear for the existence of one's religion, holy places, and one's culture. Varying this you might exploit the latent racial desire for glory—the prospects of a Jihad for the re-establishment of a lost sway. All these can be potent inducements in the hands of diplomacy. But Nemesis is inherent in the very success of your conqueror's diplomacy.

This has been the fate of all conquerors, be they the Babylonians, the Greeks or the Romans or the Arabs. It is simply a proof of the old saying that God's mill grinds slowly but it grinds surely. Buddha called it the doctrine of Karma. Emerson paraphrased it in the words "The slayer is slain."

In our own time we have seen how Nemesis has overtaken those conquerors who were in a hurry to get it over with. The Japanese tried opium and wholesale massacre; the Germans used gas chambers. They too used diplomacy, to enable them to push their foot between the door and the door-post. Having achieved that much they lost patience and argued, as people will in this twentieth century, "Oh, well, what is the difference, whether you let people die of slow starvation" (as they did in Bengal in 1943 when trains were used not to transport grain but to transport race-horses) "or whether you kill them in the mass in a lethal chamber?"

Now, the English have always betrayed a commendable squeamishness when it comes to doing any dirty work, a trait, or weakness if you will, which they share with the Indian temperament. And, to my mind, this squeamishness has been their saving.

Many a time Nemesis has been on the point of overtaking the British race. And each time, just as they were on the very verge of it, some sixth sense of the race as a whole, has come to their aid, and each time they succeeded in retreating from total disaster. In the light of subsequent history this sixth sense of theirs has come to be regarded as statesmanship.

In this too, they of all the European races come closest to the Oriental temperament. The other European races, once started on their career, do not seem to be able to hold back. They rush on headlong, even when they see utter destruction yawning before them. It is partly a mistaken idea (on the part of these other races) of prestige and of the bravado expected of a conquering race; but it is more; it is an irresistible pull towards destruction.

But the British alone have the faculty (you might almost say the facility or felicity) for staging a retreat when circumstances compel. They do not mind losing face, once that saving sixth sense of theirs has possessed them. In this capacity for national survival they again come close to the Orientals.

Diplomacy can be acquired; and, to-day, many nations vie with the British for first place. But statesmanship is an inspiration and is a bestowal from God. And so when we see a nation exhibiting this gift time after time in its long history, it is as well that we temper our judgment of that nation with charity, because, it seems God has a particular purpose in view with that particular nation.

"J".

It is often better to have a great deal of harm happen to one; a great deal may arouse you to remove what a little will only accustom you to endure.

—Lord Greville.

COMMON MAN IN DANGER OF BEING WIPED OUT

UNHOLY ALLIANCE BETWEEN IMPERIALISTS AND MONEYBAGS

By "Zeevi"

The international situation to-day is a hunt for privileged power. The atom bomb has shattered the myth of absolute sovereignty of countries. The big powers are left to manoeuvre for spheres of influence wherefrom they can build up their sway or shape the destinies of others according to their tastes. It is not surprising, in such a state, that conflicts arise and animosities grow between the respective aspirants. The problem before the subject people is whether to acquiesce in the manoeuvres of the big powers or to discover original paths that might eventually help them to put the world in the right sphere. The big powers, each in its own way, are making Herculean efforts to buy the collaboration of the subject countries by extending the bait of 'fake' freedom to "power-thirsty," "Mammon-worshipping" groups in them, flagrantly ignoring the existence of the common man. Prominent among the big powers indulging in this game are England and America, France and Holland following close behind.

Philanderers

To-day the West is wooing the East. From Transjordan to Korea, the drama is being enacted with all finesse. It becomes complete with the 'moderate' groups of the East responding approvingly to the advances of the philanderers of the West.

In the month of March, the British declared Transjordan independent. To advertise the fact to the world, their Charter, they blew loudly their own trumpet of strict adherence to the principles of the United Nations Charter. But let us see through this mask of Imperialism. The independence gained by Transjordan is made ridiculous by a British army of occupation camping right in the heart of Transjordan to protect the British oil pipe-line, one of the economic life-lines of British Imperialism. Yet Emir Abdullah likes such sovereignty. For his personal rule is thereby respected and recognised. What if the strategic position of the country is sold away? The people

of Middle-Eastern countries, mostly those where personal rule exists, are systematically deprived, by the rulers and their native and foreign aides, of the noble and just fruits of democracy. That is why we hear so little about a party of Socialists or Communists there. The common man is a mere pawn.

In Egypt and India the British are trying hard to hold their own, though outwardly a semblance of dramatic renunciation is being staged by them. Their path in these countries is made easy by their past activities.

Proteges

The opportunist power-monger, the fanatic communalist and the Mammon-worshipper, pet proteges of British Imperialism have attained to-day maturity. The war gave them a boom. While revolutionary forces fought Fascism on two fronts, these cliques helped tyranny to flourish, directly and indirectly. To-day, they clamour for a share in the spoils. The ostentatious anxiety of the British for advancement of freedom is no more than an attempt to please these anti-social groups and gain their own.

If not, why should Sidky Pasha in Egypt and the Congress High Command, meaning thereby 'Congress Rightists' and not the Congress as a whole, in India, summarily ignore or reject the rightful claims of Nahas Pasha and the Wafd, the glowing symbol of Egyptian nationalism and the Leftist forces of India that inspired and organised the August Revolution respectively?

The gloomy prospect of losing Europe to the Reds, and the imminent calamity rising above the horizon of a resurgent Asia if they refuse to play the game are compelling the British to run after their counterparts, form an alliance with them and so save their "Big Power" denomination.

Monopolists In Disguise

On the other hand, the conciliatory groups of the subject countries have realised their true position in the

national set-up. They feel their present privileged position will be jeopardized if they fail to clinch a deal with the British here and now. The common men and women have no stake in the communal campaign of hatred and of "national sovereignty" that the capitalist cliques dangle before their innocent eyes, hiding monopolies meant to yield huge profits for themselves behind apparently progressive plans. The down-trodden common man yearns for economic and social equality. Freedom will mean something to him if only he is extricated from the mire of 'stagnated religion', the vested interest of the mediaeval isolationist and helped to the stature of rational enlightenment. Twenty-five years of active political struggle have not melted the iron heart of the privileged. The Congress 'Right' in India who control the Indian National Congress, launched no progressive, short and swift measures to eradicate social and economic evils. They confined themselves to platitudinous resolutions and soap-box oratory. In fact they bank on these even to-day.

Independence holds no prospect of benefit to the common man while the capitalist clique continues to sit on his shoulders more heavily than ever. Man does not live on air alone. He is entitled to a good human living. This is possible if the unnatural disparity of living conditions between the rich and the poor is levelled in a revolutionary way. The absence of concentrated action in this direction by the Congress High Command through all these years is a factor casting suspicion on their present moves and pleas. At this stage of the resistance era, the common man will not swallow pills like "reform from within", "statutory trusteeship", etc.

Between Devil And Deep Sea

The courageous conviction with which the conciliatory groups try to pacify the common man is in variance with the neutrality if not systematic encouragement being given to the actions of the capitalists. It baffles the common man to be told that a social revolution to put the capitalist on top is possible simultaneously with a political revolution but the contrary is unnatural. To-day, between the devil of the West and the deep sea of the 'Socialist' common man, the conciliatory groups are eager to choose the devil, for they fear the deep sea will efface them from life once for all while the devil, squeezing them at intervals, will let them have some breathing space of life.

Gandhiji's humanitarian appeal that it is unmanly to suspect the Cabinet Mission that is in India now, is exploited by Congress Rightists to stem the rising tide of the Leftist forces in the country.

They are found nowadays rubbing shoulders with the Princes.

In Egypt, mark the anxiety of Sidky Pasha to bifurcate Egyptian independence into rigid compartments, although it must be patent to all that without the fruition of the unity of the Nile Valley, the independence of Egypt would gain little and lose much and be worth nothing, to the people of the country. It simply amounts to playing into the hands of Mr. Bevin whose concern for the wishes of the Sudanese people has dawned overnight mysteriously. These instances show that the British and the conciliatory groups are off their balance. Their discomfitures are drawing them nearer. This wooing of each other on their part is a menace to the welfare and the rights of the common man.

Resistance Movements

If in Egypt and India, the path is rosy for the British, it is none too comfortable in South-East Asia. There the West is confronted with a people different from what they were in the pre-war days. The war years roused them from lethargy, opened opportunities which they seized zealously. They have caught the breath of freedom and responsibility. With the fall of Japan, countries like Burma, Malaya and Korea within reach of Western imperialist grip, became the White man's burden, while indomitable Indonesia and Indo-China, mainly due to their geographical position and the disgraceful state of their oppressors, the Dutch and the French, made a bid for the retention of the freedom they gained during the war. On August 19, 1945 the Indonesian Republic was formed. In Indo-China, patriotic people in and around Annam formed themselves into a nascent Republic. But these Republics do not enjoy international recognition. The British who rushed to the rescue of their brother imperialists are mainly responsible for this. Actual warfare was resorted to to smother the just-born Republics.

The absence of communal disunity and the advantage of armed training have been the two factors that have enabled the Resistance groups of these countries to withstand the barbaric onslaughts of the 'White' imperialists. The sly diplomats that they are, the

British, Dutch and the French are to-day contriving to drive a wedge into the united front of the Resistance movements in S.E. Asia through constitutional locus pocus. Already they have succeeded in diverting the attention of the leaders from the barricade to the Round Table. Now they are fomenting disaffection between the moderates and the so-called extremists. This is where wooing comes, and with it danger to the common man.

Suppression Of Left Forces

The internment of Tom Malaka, the Communist leader, and Dr. Soebarjato, the ex-Foreign Minister of the Republic, by the Sharir Cabinet do not augur well for the realisation of Indonesian rights. It hinders the united front against the Western imperialists. Automatically it results in political leadership that is conflicting. Personal and group powers come to colour the hitherto free ideas and actions of the patriots. No wonder Sharir rubbed shoulders with Van Mook, indulged in compliments on the expert diplomacy of Sir Archibald Clark-Kerr and despatched three of his colleagues to The Hague knowing full well the treacherous designs of the Dutch imperialists. All this wooing is for offsetting the influence of his opponents over the masses and carving out for himself an absolutely predominant position in the Indies. The same political moves are discernible in China, and in the Philippines too.

If in other subject countries imperialist wooing is yet at the preliminary stages, the contrary is the case with China and the Philippines. General Marshall, the representative of the Anglo-Saxon Powers, has completely conquered the Communist-

hating Chiang Kai-shek. If to-day China has failed to reap the fruits of a justly waged war against Japan, the cause for it is the impotency of the present Chinese Government in the matter of asserting its rights, standing amidst the comity of nations and its own people as a single united national State. Democracy is absent in China. Hence it is that the Kuomintang Party is ready to grasp firmly the extended helping hand of dollar imperialism. In the Philippines, too, under cover of the gift of independence, America through able General MacArthur has already emasculated the forces of the Left. The policy of repression adopted by the General and condoned by the Philippine ex-President Osmeñas is a warning to all progressive people to be on their guard lest they should become a prey to this game of wooing.

If the world is to be saved from the travails of a future World War this game of imperialist wooing should be ended without further delay. The imperialists are out to split the camp of the subject countries of Asia on the basis of haves and have-nots or religious groups. They are extending the bait of conditional freedom to the privileged groups. The plan of forming a series of Pakistans from Egypt down to Indo-China is a clear proof that they are out to sabotage the freedom fight of the East. The conciliatory groups of the East should realise that their personal or group interests cannot over-rule that of their country.

With the passage of years, the masses are growing out of their shell of ignorance and superstition. Western imperialists might link their arms with those of the power-made nationalist-capitalist of the East, but the blood, toil, tears and sweat of the masses are sure to triumph.

LEFTIST CRITICISM OF BRITISH AWARD

Constituent Assembly : Congress dissatisfied—Railways prepare to break the strike

The British Award has been strongly criticised by Left-wing leaders both inside the Congress and outside, and for sound reasons. The Congress Socialist Party, the Forward Bloc and the Communist Party have advocated rejection of the plan as it stands, and their pronouncements are identical in tone and substance. Pointing out that the com-

pulsory grouping of provinces and the creation of a weak Centre are calculated to perpetuate division and to encourage forces of disruption, they have laid down certain conditions which must be fulfilled if Indian independence is to be a reality and not a mere phrase. These are: (1) British troops must be withdrawn before the Constituent

Assembly begins to function as a sovereign body; (2) the Provisional Government must have supreme power; (3) primary civil liberties and right of representation should be granted to States' subjects.

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Such criticism of the Cabinet plan is not confined to the ranks of avowedly Socialist groups. The Congress itself is now seeking the removal of the very defects in the scheme which the Leftists have objected to. In view of these facts, it is surprising that Mr. C. Rajagopalachari should have discovered an inspiration from Moscow behind the critics of the plan. Advising people not to be "misled by Russian propaganda, which is dictated by fear of Anglo-America and not by any concern for India," C. R. has criticised the Communists and other groups who have pointed out vital defects in the British Award. It is true that Russia has characterised the present British offer as unsatisfactory. But Russia has criticised also British policy towards Greece, Spain and Indonesia. One may or may not agree with Russia's foreign policy, but it is surely extravagant to find in it the source of the determined insistence by some Indian parties on immediate undiluted independence for India.

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The Muslim League, usually blamed for its obstinacy and obstructive tactics, has taken to the path of co-operation by accepting the Cabinet plan, though the reason for its acceptance is a lingering hope that a sovereign Pakistan of its conception may yet be achieved, "inasmuch as the basis and foundations of Pakistan are inherent in the Mission's plan." But though the League's acceptance of the scheme marks a great step forward, the Mission have not yet given satisfactory answers to the crucial points raised by the Congress. It is assumed that the Interim Government will be constituted on the basis of parity between Congress and Muslim

League representatives. Congress leaders have definitely stated that the parity principle cannot be accepted. The long-expected formation of an Interim Government continues for the moment to be elusive.

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Congress objections with regard to the Constituent Assembly have not been satisfactorily met by the Mission. European members of the Bengal and Assam Legislatures have been granted the right to elect members to the Constituent Assembly where they will be in a position to exercise decisive influence on all matters affecting Group C. The restrictions on the sovereignty of the Constitution-making Body have given rise to deep misgivings, since its decisions would be subject to two limitations—'satisfactory' arrangements being made for the protection of the minorities, and a treaty agreeable to Britain being signed.

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The managements of the different railways are making all preparations to break the railway strike if it should be launched. Newspapers carry advertisements every day which invite applications from those willing to act as strike-breakers. From the vast numbers of unemployed and discharged army men it is probably expected that large numbers of blacklegs can be recruited. *The most interesting feature is that the prospective temporary employees are offered the very terms of pay which the railway workers have demanded for themselves.* It must be a very easy conscience which allows Railway managers to plead financial inability to meet the workers' demands, while offering to pay a minimum wage of Rs. 60 a month to those who will volunteer to take the place of the workers on strike. Mr. Giri has asked the workers to consider "if direct action cannot be postponed, if not given up" in view of the 'concessions' gained. The offer of the Railway Board to refer the dispute to an Adjudicator whose recommendations they are not bound to accept, is a very dubious kind of concession.

PRINCE K. S. DULEEPSINGH

By Dr. P. Subbaroyan

The uncle and nephew between them have added lustre to India. The uncle, the late Jam Saheb of Nawanagar, was familiarly known as Ranji and wherever he played, the ground filled. It has been said his name was better known at the time to the common people of England than even Mr. Gladstone's though the British statesman was then in the zenith of his power and influence after his Midlothian campaign. Ranji showed to the British people how at their own game of cricket the subtle Indian mind could improve on their technique and show them new methods and ways. In 1896 he made history by making a century in his first Test match against Australia. He followed this up by a century in his first Test match in Australia as well. But the best innings that Ranji has ever played in a Test match is the 99 he made in 1899 against Australia in England which saved England from defeat on a gluepot wicket when no one looked to be master of the Australian bowling.

The nephew has also added to this by his own career in the English cricket fields. Unfortunately it was cut short by illness which prevented his further participation in cricket but during the few seasons he has played he has shown that he has a place among the great of the world in cricket. As captain of Sussex he was most popular. His unassuming manner and the quiet way he carried on got the loyalty of his team mates and he was able to extract the best out of them. Curiously Sussex has never won a championship in county cricket but they have been second many times. Duleep nearly achieved this distinction but Yorkshire proved powerful as they often do. Duleep has achieved the same distinction as his uncle having made a century in his first Test match against Australia. If my memory proves correct his 178 at Lord's is perhaps the highest

score by any cricketer on his first appearance.

I met Duleep for the first time at the Oval when he was playing for Cambridge against Surrey. He was so modest and shy that no one could call him proud at any time. This has been his great asset. It is difficult to compare uncle with nephew, but Duleep had the same qualities of quickness of foot and eye as his uncle. The nephew perhaps was more orthodox in his methods by cricket standards than his uncle. But both had the same phenomenal quality of quick anticipation. If it was not for his illness and his retirement Duleep might have done great things and established many records but fortune was unkind to him. Still what he has done has made history and he will have a niche of his own among the great cricketers of the world. If India could have had him now we might have produced a world-beating side.

Fortunately he is not lost to Indian cricket and as Secretary of the Cricket Club of India he is doing what he can to advance the interests of Indian cricket and make the Brabourne Stadium the Centre of Cricket in India. I trust the C. C. I. with him as Secretary will grow from strength to strength and take its place as the home of Indian cricket. He is a shrewd judge of the game and has an eye for unearthing talent and will, I am sure, do what he can to help forward Indian cricket. I was really sorry when he was dropped out of the Selection Committee. Having served twice with him on Selection Committees I learnt to value his knowledge of the game. I trust India will learn to appreciate its idols and not put them up one day and pull them down the next. I regretted his decision when he refused to act for me on the Selection Committee as I was not able to make the trip to Bombay but I understand and I appreciate the decision he made at the time. I hope he will come into

his own as a selector in Indian cricket again. We have a real student of cricket in him. Let us utilise his services in the best possible way. Duleep is not only a great cricketer but a great gentleman, and he will always remain to me as one who helped to build the present Indian

side by his work on the previous Selection Committees. In his work as selector he always had the interests of India at heart irrespective of consequences.

May he enjoy good health and help forward Indian cricket is my prayer.

THE SORROWS OF A MADRAS CRICKETER

The annual resurgence of cricket in England was recently hailed by *The Times* in a screed of lyrical and editorial prose. "Almanacs and dictionaries may say what they please but for thousands of people the first day of the summer is that on which there first appear in modest type and as the tail end of a column the magic words, "Today's Cricket Fixtures." This very desirable advent wants more than a month of arrival in Madras City. Yet, eager anticipation would fain crane its neck over the necessary interval. Candour must, however, confess that not a little amount of the essential joy of being a cricketer is extinguished by various evil practices and arrangements that mar the conduct of the game in this City. It is more in sorrow than in anger that the following tale of woe is narrated.

I may say at the outset that I write with experience of all standards of cricket here, with the exception of the very highest. I am able to bear testimony that the deplorable conditions which I encountered about ten years ago in that abomination of desolation, the "D" League, continued unabated in their deleterious effects even in that holy of holies, the "A" League and as recently as last year.

The trials of a Madras cricketer commence early in the day. He finds on his arrival at the scene of action that in most cases there is no proper shelter wherein he may recover his breath which he lost in the course of his transport thither. There is no need for misunderstanding. While one may recall, on

the principle of the cat looking at the king unmolested, the Elysian comforts of the M.C.C. pavilion at Chepauk, one recognises fully well that they cannot be obtained at the Pachaiyappa's High School ground or the Medical College ground. But surely, one is at least entitled to expect the moderate comforts of a place for sitting and shelter from the sun. In most grounds, however, even these bare necessities are not to be enjoyed except in so far as a clump of trees can be said to provide them.

The next step is to await the arrival of the opposing team. For it is the custom with most teams to despatch a vanguard of one or two players in order to reconnoitre the position, with the rest of the team awaiting the word for their arrival. It can be easily seen that this prudent arrangement is liable to abuse. Very seldom are Madras matches begun at the appointed hour.

Varying opinions are current regarding the wisdom of batting after winning the toss. But it is needless to say that the state of the pitch does not enter into the calculations, for it is always a stretch of hard, even rough, gravel, whose deficiencies are covered by a mat. But there is a difference, for some mats have the interesting peculiarity of being torn precisely at the point where the batsman takes his guard. Many unfortunate players have yielded their wickets owing to their bat or their foot being tripped when shaping for a stroke. Only last year, the present writer succumbed under these conditions to a "Test" bowler. It is unneces-

sary to add purely extraneous difficulties to this unequal test of skill.

This catalogue of woe cannot be complete unless a disquisition is attempted on the officiating umpires. This theme is so rich that I promise myself an article on it later. But it is necessary only to add that, whether "Association" umpires or no, they are an unalloyed affliction. There is the official who, having acted in "Test" matches, considers it beneath his dignity to be found participating in such an unregenerate match as a "A" Division one. But found there he is, and proceeds to direct sarcastic and lofty remarks to the other umpire or even

to the players while the game is in progress. There is the newly-promoted official who is so frightened that he gives contradictory decisions. But of the two, the first species is the more scandalous. It effectively destroys the enjoyment of the game. Active Madras cricketers are aware that this type has had its ranks considerably enlarged of late.

The cup of woe is near to overflowing, but it is a solemn fact that almost every Madras cricketer has drained its bitter dregs. It is no wonder that not one player from this City has found a place in the Indian cricket touring team.—N.S.R.

1942 IS THE POLITICAL FASHION OF 1946

By P. R. Vaidyanathan

The year 1942, it is said, threw out new forces into the political situation. The Leftists, or more appropriately, the 42-heroes, hold that the '42 events have completely changed the phase of the national struggle and that new forces have been unleashed. They opine that the present leaders of the Congress are unable to keep pace with it. So they demand new methods, greater aims and fresh blood. They spoil for a revolution in the land. "Next Struggle" is their watchword. "Destruction" of property, of old methods, of old structures and of all that the present leadership stands for is their plan of action. In short, they want 1942 to be re-enacted on a far greater scale. To achieve it, they should do away with the old guards of the Congress. That is why they are staking their all in the present elections to the various Congress bodies. The proper way is for them to approach the people, to explain to them why a revolution is necessary and to win their support and thus qualify for leadership. That means basic work and contact with the masses. The

Communists have done just the thing. Their influence is strong to the extent to which they have gained it. But the 42-heroes want an easy leap to the High Command. They do not try to build up their leadership on the bedrock of mass support and mass understanding. They simply want the High Command in whom the people have reposed trust to give effect to their own plans. They precipitate strikes, exploit whatever grievances exist anywhere to disturb peace and give a political motive to however remote an incident. They hustle the leaders from all directions. Above all, they exploit the positions they now hold in the Congress organisation to gain their aims. Madras is an instance to the point. It is necessary to consider seriously whether their so-called revolutionary programme or, more correctly, programme of revolt, constitutes a political challenge or is merely a political fashion.

Is violent revolution necessary or inevitable for winning independence? If so, is the time propitious? How to bring about a revolution?

The culture and history of India abhors violence. To read in the '42 disturbances and in the other recent trials of strength with the Government an urge for revolution or a distinct leaning towards violence is a mistake. At best, it demonstrates the vitality of the race, its will to repel aggression and a reckless defiance of authority. It is purley a negative poise and not a positive urge. Else, it could not have withered even without obtaining the release of the leaders. A revolution succeeds or perishes in the process. The '42 upheaval is definitely not a revolution. It, therefore, requires a mighty undoing of the past to strike a new chord in the nation. Placed as we are in India, with a show of democracy, and parliamentary institutions, the ground is not fertile for a revolution. The periodical doling out of constitutional reforms and the occasional response to public will are devices of imperialism to wean the people from running to desperation and thereon to revolution. Universal repression and undiluted poverty alone could drive people to revolt. Such a situation will not be allowed by the ruling class. Our struggle, therefore, is typified in "Gandhian Satyagraha". Underground leaders are but few and secret activity is ruled out. The futility of sporadic violence against the armed might of a powerful enemy needs no emphasis. Our struggle should, therefore, be open and on a mass scale.

Turning to the present leadership, has it failed? Definitely not. Is it unable to keep pace with the swiftly changing events? Has it remained stagnant? As the need dictated, it has absorbed new forces and has broadened the basis of the national struggle. It has thrown as well as accepted challenges many a time. It is potent and virile. Why then is it attacked? Because of the personal thirst of a few for power and leadership. These parade themselves before the public as Socialists, internationalists, Leftists, radicals, heroes of '42. Their urge towards revolution is only skin-deep.



FOR HARIJAN UPLIFT CASTE SHOULD GO

By D. Buchi Ramiah

The phrase "Harijan uplift" is not a happy one if the word "uplift" is taken to mean spiritual benefit or moral improvement. The Harijan does not require any uplift except in the social and economic fields. It is the Caste Hindu that must uplift himself (spiritually) and bring about a thorough change in the social and economic life of the Harijans by throwing open the temple of God to all servants of God.

A Caste Hindu can never understand the caste system until he has freed himself from the mistaken notion that the caste system had a divine origin. The system of caste is not found in the Vedas. If one looks across the history of India, he will find that the four classes or orders (varnas) of Hindu society were purely occupational with liberty for changing over from one occupation to another according to the character and capacity of the man, and that the caste system as such was only a post-Buddhistic development out of a tendency towards an exclusive way of living of each class in the matter of diet and marriage, due to causes connected with "foreign invasions and conquests".

The famous Sanskrit scholar, Prof. Shama Sastri, has authoritatively defined caste as an arrangement for social exclusiveness with reference to diet and marriage only, birth and rituals being secondary. It owed its origin to the class warfare that lasted for centuries between the Indo-Aryans and the aboriginal Indians—the first great distinction in India between the fair and dark races, the conquerors and the conquered, the freeman and the slave. The Aryans, being extravagantly proud of their race, called the aboriginal Indians whom they brought under subjec-

tion as Sudras (Dasyus) and the name was extended to the whole race even though, as a whole, it was never subjugated at any period. The hatred born of a long-continued conflict with the aboriginal tribes, coupled with the consequent eagerness to assert their intellectual superiority and exclusiveness by framing strict rules concerning diet and marriage by the Brahmans, the learned and intellectually superior class of the Indo-Aryans, was the foundation of the later caste system, the special feature of which was the mischievous mistranslation of Manu's term "varna" as caste meaning birth whereas it should be rendered as "class" or "order" meaning a particular profession.

The Muhammadan conquest, from the time of Muhammad of Ghazni, tended to increase the rigidity of the caste system. The Hindus, unable to resist the Muslims completely on the field defended themselves passively by closing the ranks of their caste associations. If that is so, it is absolutely necessary to-day that the Caste Hindu should relax the caste brotherhood in favour of the Harijan in order to hasten the advent of Swaraj and sustain it.

Instances are not lacking where, in spite of their "low" birth, Harijans like Tiruppanalwar Raya, and Nandanar attained spiritual illumination. India is returning to her own, and is evolving a new social order wherein temporal life and spiritual values stand in a relation of harmony. If India is to occupy her rightful place as the moral backbone of the world let the disastrous institutions fatal to a feeling of brotherhood and equality between man and man whether in India or abroad be abolished.



ONLY SOLUTION FOR PAKISTAN

By A. Ramachandran, M. A. (Cantab)

It is no use questioning the motives and deriding the mentality of Mr. Jinnah and his colleagues. To charge Mr. Jinnah with being an agent of British imperialism is only to add fuel to the fire. We have to face the demand for Pakistan fairly and squarely and try to arrive at a just solution.

One is surprised to find that our political leaders like Gandhiji have implicit faith in the Cabinet Mission. It is relevant to quote Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru's statement on Sir Stafford Cripps when the Cripps Mission failed: "He is the devil's advocate". Perhaps this was a harsh statement. But the point of this is that even a Socialist like Sir Stafford Cripps will support British power and believe in Socialism at home and slavery abroad.

Consider the British policy in Indonesia. There the British are interested in maintaining the status quo so that a grateful Dutch imperialism will be not only a help but also a prop to British imperialism in times of need. It is exactly for this reason that the British have maintained a number of Rajas and Zamindars in India, for what is more natural than that classes with vested interests should extend help and support to one another in times of danger? In Palestine, the British are in league with the Americans, not to protect either the Jews or the Arabs, but to exploit the oil resources of that country and counteract Russian influence. In Iran, the British, in league with America, are exerting every possible pressure to extinguish Russian trade connections and to put an end to the social and economic help which the only Socialist State in the world is prepared to offer to Iran. In the face of these facts, how could our leaders trust the Cabinet Mission?

Our problems should go before a world tribunal from which, however, must be excluded every imperialist power. We could confidently submit our case to Russia, China, Mexico, New Zealand and Australia. Before the award is given by the tribunal, the immediate task is to set up a National Government both at the Centre and in all Provinces.

The world tribunal should only have authority to decide the following question:

1. Should Pakistan be an independent State?

2. If a Union is desirable, what should be the powers of the Central Government?

This necessarily means that Mr. Jinnah's fantastic claim as to the area and population of Pakistan cannot be submitted to the tribunal. There must be a revision of the boundaries of the present provinces so that the anachronisms created by the British will cease to exist and the new boundaries will enclose predominantly Muslim areas.

There is little doubt that with such a map before it, the world tribunal would readily concede the sovereignty of the Pakistan State. Once Pakistan is granted, then only Mr. Jinnah's trouble will commence. The unfortunate, uneducated Muslim masses, who are now misled by the cry of 'Islam in danger' will have the scales removed from their eyes. A fanatical phrase would not then be a substitute for food. Pakistan is not an economic proposition. Mr. Jinnah knows this, although he vehemently maintains that Pakistan is an economic unit.

After granting Pakistan, in Hindustan, the following sweeping reforms must be inaugurated:

1. Abolition of zamindari estates.
2. Abolition of princely States.
3. Land to be given only to the farmer and not to the rentier.
4. Abolition of the investment of capital to secure profit.
5. Agricultural, electrical and scientific improvements throughout Hindustan to be speeded up.

If these reforms are effected, then Hindustan will become an economic Mecca to the Pakistanee and the latter would beg to be made a citizen of it.

Mr. Jinnah has raised a hot-bed of fanaticism. Opposition to Pakistan will be merely fanning the flames. Unfortunately most of his followers are illiterate fanatics. It is our duty to give them now the freedom which they sincerely desire, but the Muslim, having tasted that illusory freedom, will be glad to return. Listen to the great thinker G.B.S.: "Just as surely as Ulster will come back to Eire, so too a divided India will be united again". Is it not worthwhile to partition now to secure an imperishable union later?



Full Steam Ahead: Issued by the Press Information Bureau, Government of India, for the Railway Board. Price As. 8.

It is an amusing paradox that the victor of Waterloo was afraid of railway trains. He once gravely advised his relatives not to trust their lives to that diabolic invention. But it is a far cry from Stephenson's tentative machine to the Flying Scotsman, and during the late war the transport of India's soldiers to the front did not reveal any diminution of their fighting qualities.

This handsome brochure, prepared for the Railway Board, discusses how the enormous problem of moving during the war not only military traffic but also the mounting civil or semi-military traffic was solved. The expedients were both technical and administrative. On the whole, the Indian Railways, like the Indian soldier, emerged with great credit from the ordeal of a world war.

But it is necessary to look ahead. The reforms indicated in this brochure look well-meaning and practical. If they should be carried out expeditiously, their authors would deserve well of the country. A crucial problem, of course, now awaits their attention. But when the strike is averted and the angry passions are pacified, the Board will, no doubt, bend their energies to the task of reconstruction, so that it may be said that while Italy required a dictator to raise the Railway system to perfection, this improvement has been effected by a democratic body in India.

Transliteration into the Roman script: By K. G. Mashruwala. Hamara Hindostan Publications, Bombay. As. 4.

Reform of spelling is a vexed controversy in England. If the transliteration of Indian words into Roman script is not so in this country, it is solely because its implications have not been realised. Many words have become corrupt because of incompetent transliteration. That pertinacious politician, Mr. Thatté has had the consonants of his name unnecessarily hardened in this mistaken process.

Mr. Mashruwala has, therefore, devised a scheme by which these absur-

dities can be obviated. It is based on the fact that at least three letters of the Roman alphabet, 'X', 'Q' and 'F' are not indispensable. The author has drawn up an alphabet on these lines. The resultant examples he gives are convincing. But, no doubt, time and use alone can show how far it is feasible and can be adopted generally.

The Indian National Congress and Indians Overseas: By B. K. Dadachanji. Hamara Hindostan Publications, Bombay. Price Re. 1.

The burden of this pamphlet is that the people and the Government of India have, very much in the past and only little less so in the present, neglected the Indians in the countries of South-East Asia. The author particularly complains that our compatriots in Burma have been left unprotected. But it is not less in Burma than elsewhere that Indians have been, are being, and no doubt will continue to be, if active measures are not at once taken, ill-treated. The most glaring example of discrimination is being at the present moment provided by the Ceylon Government, one of whose Ministers has recently proclaimed that India must conquer Ceylon before equality of treatment can be allowed between Indians and Sinhalese in that Island.

The author recommends that the Indian Congress constitute a sub-committee to study the conditions of the Indians overseas. This may serve to gain the goodwill of the populations in South-East Asia, which, in the end, is certain to result in a happier life for Indians.

The writer warns the Congress that no attempt should be made to secure any "safeguards or special protection" for Indians in these countries. This is not to say that an inferior status should be accepted. But it is necessary that the indigenous populations should not be exasperated by any demands for favoured position.

The book, which is in the form of a letter to Pandit Nehru, is full of the anti-Indian measures adopted in Burma after the liberation. The facts certainly demonstrate that succour should be rushed to our compatriots wherever they may be situated.

Swatantra!

Swatantra !!

Swatantra !!!



Swatantra

from

All Aches

and

Pains is the

Message of

Amrutanjan

LETTERS

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

Repression In Hyderabad State

During the war the people's movement made great strides in Hyderabad State, especially in the Andhra region. The Andhra Conference has grown into a big mass organisation with one lakh membership. Trade union and student movements too have developed.

In the post-war period, the Government began to attack the people's movement to prevent it from pressing for democratic advance in the State in alliance with the general democratic movement in India.

The first onslaught occurred in October, 1945 in Nallagonda district where public workers were charged with theft and beaten and assaulted in the open streets by the police. Agitation by the Press and political leaders brought an "inquiry" by the D.S.P. of the district, the very person behind the terror campaign. Swami Ramnand Teerth, Member of the Standing Committee of the States Peoples' Conference, and other leaders demanded a public Enquiry Committee, but to no purpose.

Next, in Jangam taluk of the same district, some of the foremost leaders of the District Andhra Conference were ill-treated by the police and the agents of the feudal elements. These leaders were beaten, kicked to unconsciousness and subjected to many indignities. But not even an enquiry was held.

There were clashes between the police and some villagers in Akumur and Motakundur in Nallagonda district on some local questions. Taking advantage of the clashes, the district police terrorised the people and behaved very badly, especially towards the women.

In Machireddypally in Karnatak region the same story was enacted. Responsible leaders like Sri Krishnarao Joshi, General Secretary of the Karnatak Parishad, and Sri

Venkataswamy of the State Arya Pratinidhi Sabha testified to these facts after personal enquiry.

A few days back when about 500 peasants went on a deputation to the Deputy Collector in Khammamet for cheap iron implements, the local police fell upon them when they were peacefully returning and made a severe lathi charge. Forty peasants were injured.

I have narrated here only a few instances of the repression in the State. The Government has been adopting the usual method of appointing executive officials, generally those directly concerned as judges to conduct enquiry. The State people have lost all faith in these fake enquiries by Government officials. I am ready to prove all my charges before an impartial tribunal.

Public workers in the State cannot be coerced by threats from exposing the atrocities here. I wish that the public and the Press outside the State would take more interest in all that is going on in this "premier State of India".

R. NARAYANA REDDY,
President, Andhra Conference,
Hyderabad.

Diplomats At Loggerheads

We are nowadays accustomed to hear any kind of fantastic demand from political leaders and diplomats. The latest example of this is the grievance of Russia that the borders of Afghanistan have been arbitrarily drawn and it should really extend into India. The reason trotted out is that there are within Indian frontiers and within the jurisdiction of India, Afghans who are ethnologically akin to people who owe allegiance to the Soviet Union. Hence the theory is advanced that Afghanistan's borders have been unnaturally cut down by the British. This right is, however, not claimed by the people affected but by Russia. Historically this may be

true or untrue. I leave it to historians to thrash it out. But what is Russia up to now? That is the question. The imperialist powers may think they are very wise but Russia seems to be cleverer. Russia seems to be an adept in cutting the ground under the feet of the imperialist powers. They are checkmated at every stage. Diplomacy is met by diplomacy and Russian diplomacy has thus triumphed in Persia. Its method seems to be to wean away smaller powers from the big imperialist guns. To my mind, the Russians are succeeding in their diplomacy because they are willing to go half and half with the people of the soil, whereas the imperialist powers want to exploit smaller nations to the latter's complete exclusion.

There is evidence to show that the British and the Americans are joining hands and consolidating their position and Russia is not allowing the grass to grow beneath the feet. The Monetary Pool, the agreement to have Anglo-American bases in the Pacific, the American loan to Britain—all these make Russia apprehensive of an attack upon her at any time. On top of these come the atom bomb secret experiments in the Pacific Ocean to test their destructive power. It verily seems that the world cannot brook two equally mighty powers simultaneously.

Ever since the victory of Russia over Germany, Russia has become an object of concentrated envy and every attempt is made to belittle her achievement and power. Russia is feeling that as a conqueror of Germany, she has a right to the leadership of the world. The Anglo-American bloc is determined to prevent this at any cost. The world is thus now a vast chess board in which the great powers, Anglo-America and Russia are indulging in a grim play. It won't cease till one of them is vanquished never to rise again. And in this ultimate battle, the mutual destruction will be so great that the very population of the world might well shrink considerably.

M. S. V. CHARI,
Tindivanam.

Diplomatic Hypocrisy

In one of his lectures on "Diplomacy" the late S. Srinivasa Iyengar said that hypocrisy can conveniently shine in the name of diplomacy. The next day I heard him amplifying this statement by referring to certain incidents and happenings in

the Congress which showed that some Congressmen, though they did not believe in the pious resolutions of the Working Committee, did nod their heads in favour of them thereby deceiving themselves as well as others. This sweeping observation was unpalatable to many.

But to-day Mahatma Gandhi himself has said, 'Experience shows that the people who form the bulk of Congressmen are not wedded either to truth and non-violence or to Khadi'. While Gandhiji is more sincere about *ahimsa* than independence, Congressmen are more sincere about independence than *ahimsa*. The conflict between these two sincerities has come to the forefront often and every time we have seen both parties allowing themselves to be deceived. If we think deeply we can clearly see that it is this diplomatic hypocrisy that is the cause of the failure of the Congress in many of its important endeavours.

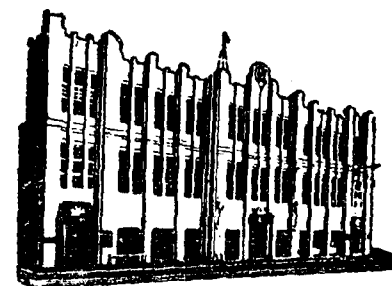
There are talks about the reorganisation of the Congress. The present day political atmosphere indicates radical changes in the organisation, now that we are at grips with power politics. Practical foresight, bold statesmanship and a departure from the old method of easy acquiescence are badly needed. Will the leaders rise to the occasion and divide themselves into the *Ahimsa* group and the Political group so that, if possible, each group can act as a check upon the other, thereby giving a correct and true lead to the country.

A. THIRUMALAI.

Ministry Should Redress Students' Grievances

The Advisers' Government failed to solve the problems that faced the students, including the problem of admission to schools and colleges, scarcity of paper and kerosene, and lodging and boarding facilities in educational institutions. They banned the right to hold night schools for the spread of adult education, they also banned the volunteer organisation. They even took away the right of students who were convicted in the struggle for freedom to continue their studies without the prior sanction of the Director of Public Instruction.

Now that popular Ministers have come to power it is natural on the part of the students to look to the Ministry with hope and expect that



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the following grievances of the students will be looked into and redressed immediately:

1. Cancellation of all orders restricting the students' right to join their organisations and taking part in the struggle for freedom.

2. Cancellation of the order passed against the admission of students convicted or detained on political grounds;

3. Shift system to be introduced wherever necessary in both high schools and colleges so that no student has to discontinue his studies for lack of accommodation in educational institutions;

4. Creation of proper lodging and boarding facilities to all students who like to live in hostels;

5. Opening of new technical and educational institutions at the earliest possible time to meet the growing demand of the province;

6. Supply of paper, kerosene, text books and other stationery to the students through the institutions or through co-operative societies at controlled prices;

7. Removal of the ban on the adult education and volunteer organisations.

S. V. NARASIAH,
Joint Secretary, All-India
Students' Federation.

Permission To Start Papers

In the issue of *Swatantra* dated June 1, under the caption "Sidelights" you wrote about your interview with Mr. Rajani Palme Dutt. You stated that permission to start new dailies in India was given to persons who are not at all connected with journalism while it was refused to persons with closer and lifelong affiliation with the profession of journalism. This is a real fact and it did happen during the Advisers' regime. Permission for those who are the favourites of the bureaucracy was given and they were not questioned afterwards even if they did not start any paper at all. But those not in favour were turned down on the plea that there was not enough newsprint even for the existing papers. *Janasakthi* was one of the journals whose application for conversion into a daily was thus turned down. *Janasakthi* fights for the betterment of the working class and gives full accounts of all the working class struggles and exposes the corrupt officials. Hence the permission sought by it was

refused. Now that a popular Ministry is in power, the kisans and workers of Tamilnad have once again begun to agitate and hope the Ministry elected by them will surely issue permission for *Janasakthi* to come out as a daily. Or are they going to pursue the same old policy of the Advisers' regime, giving permission only to their favourites? Will the Ministry also refund the securities of Rs. 500 and Rs. 1,000 got from *Janasakthi* and *Desabhimani* respectively during the Advisers' regime?

"R. A. N."
Erode.

Work And Wealth

Wealth like fire is a good servant but a bad master. Its potentialities for evil are as great as its potentialities for good. Its usefulness varies according to the character of the possessor. Many of us know the wrongs done to poor and innocent people by the influence which wealth can buy for those who are materially better placed. We have also witnessed stray but nonetheless valuable gifts by philanthropists for the promotion of good causes. But the picture taken as a whole does not warrant the impression that the power of wealth has been employed for the improvement, if any, in the condition of the world. It has, on the other hand, created large monopolies known as cartels and combines whose owners choose to dictate the pattern of the world to be. The power which wealth brings to the rich has in a majority of cases made their less fortunate brethren work for the idle rich.

This requires immediate cure. An altogether different but rational method of evaluating the services of various professions and callings must be found. No individual should be allowed to receive more than what his contribution to the national wealth entitles him to. Productive employment and adequate remuneration and leisure have to be ensured to each. A ceiling must be placed on the acquisition of private property and heredity should not confer on anybody the liberty to remain idle. The State must undertake to impart free and compulsory primary education to children and maintain a public health service on well-equipped and up-to-date lines. Scholars, both literary and research, should be able to pursue their studies free from anxiety as to the maintenance of their families which must be the concern of the State.

"CITIZEN."

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SWATANTRA

(SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1946)

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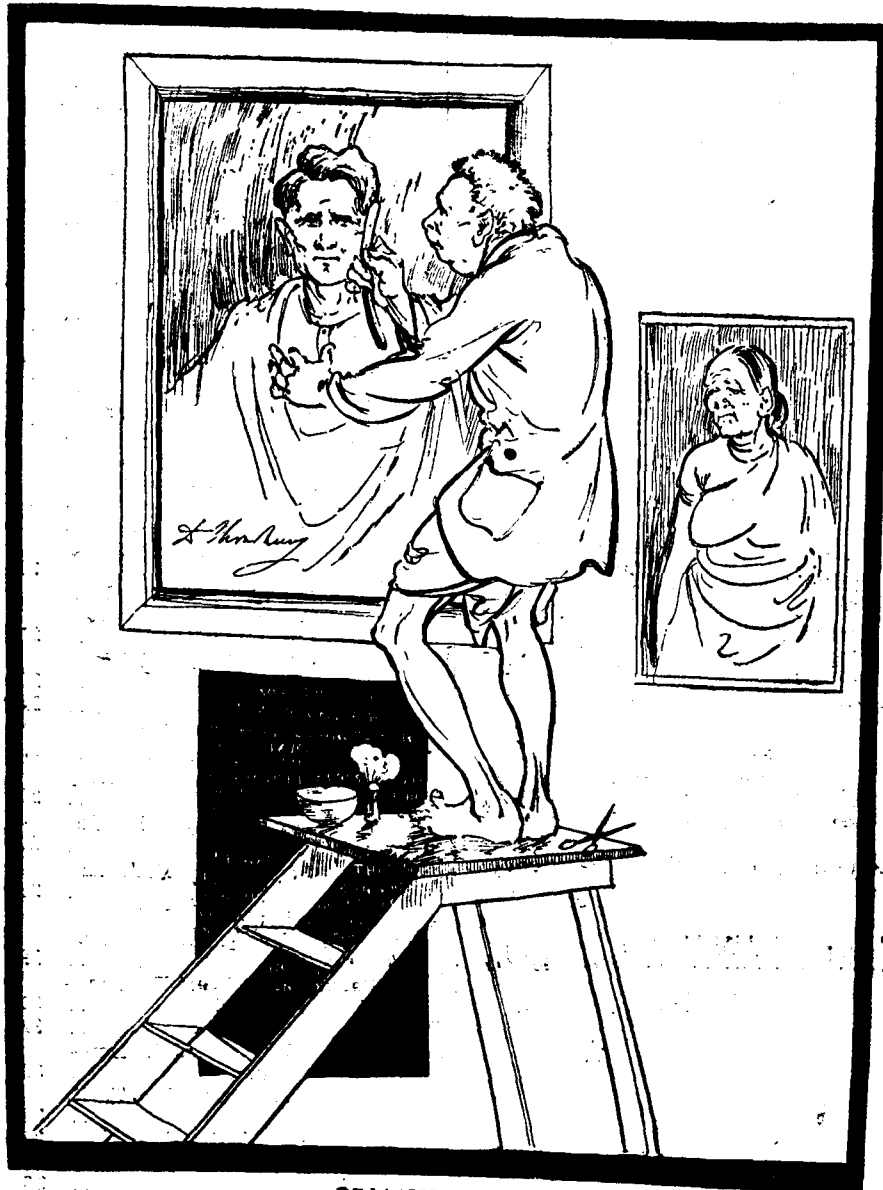
SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1946.

ISSUED
WEEKLY

THE AWARD

THE fate of the proposed interim Government at the Centre hangs in the balance at the moment of writing, but as our New Delhi correspondent writes, everybody must agree that except for two or three names that might be changed for the better, the suggested team of 14 is the best Coalition Cabinet that could be secured for the Centre. The two or three names that might be changed for the better reflect, along with the fact that the team has been named through a British-imposed award, the basic weakness of the Indian political situation, want of agreement between the Congress and the League. Parity stands now as the hurdle to agreement. It seems right that it should, since, if we are to have a communally compartmentalised plan for the formation of the Government at the Centre, it is on the very face of it absurd that any community should claim to be the equal of any other more than double its number. Why is such an absurdity, instead of being smashed by just being brought to light, seriously debated at all? For answer one should look back a little. Since the time when the Congress omitted League Muslims from the first series of Governments formed by it on the inauguration of provincial autonomy, this question of the right and proper place for Muslims in the body politic has never been dealt with on lines of fundamental fairness. Resentment at the omission, originating in U. P. from Khali-Kuzzuman, one of the really able men of the League, spread from province to province well fanned with the slogan of "Muslim interests in danger" by Mr. Jinnah who knows so

well how to make political capital of manipulated panic. As Muslim demands grew with the increasing fanaticism of the resulting situation, the only scientific effort ever made for a settlement from the Congress side came from Mr. C. Rajagopalachari. Until the C. R. formula became the Gandhi formula, he among Congress leaders was quite alone in realising the unavoidable necessity for a Congress-League agreement for getting the next move on well set in the direction of national deliverance from foreign rule. But by that time the mischief of an offer of a blank cheque by the Mahatma to Mr. Jinnah had already come to pass. The offer was a magnificent one considered as sheer generosity. It is a moot question however whether in public affairs where leaders are not dealing with personal assets over which they have absolute rights, the indulgence of generosity of which the brunt will have to be borne by large masses of people does not transgress the limit of permissible freedom. Voices to raise this question were evidently not lacking in the highest executive body of the Congress. For the offer of the blank cheque was never implemented. If it was to be implemented, the whole business of forming the interim Government should have been handed over, so far as the Congress was concerned, entirely to Mr. Jinnah without reservation of any kind, at the time of the Simla talks. But actually the talks broke down over a tussle for a seat. In net effect, the political consequences of the magnificent gesture of the blank cheque offer have turned out to be far from well to the Congress. From one-third representa-



REALISM IN ART

—By Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury

Note:—The portrait was so accurate and real to life that it not only breathed but also needed daily shave for a respectable appearance.

tion as under the Cripps offer recommended for acceptance by C. R., the League has advanced to five out of fourteen seats in the latest award of the Cabinet Mission. If seats are any indication of power, the interregnum has brought increased gain to the League and deterioration in the position of the Congress.

"Things are what they are and their consequences will be what they will be" observed a sage English philosopher, packing into one sentence great political wisdom of eternal validity. While it is futile to cry over spilt milk, it cannot be denied that the progressive communal intensity of the politics of the Muslim League has lessons to teach that should not be lost on the Congress for future guidance. In the proposed interim Cabinet, the so-called Depressed Classes are represented by Mr. Jagjivan Ram, a Congress parliamentary secretary of Behar, advertised as President of a Depressed Class organisation, apparently by way of credentials for the post. Mr. Jagjivan Ram is no match to Dr. Ambedkar as a leader of his community. Dr. Ambedkar's position with the Depressed Classes is comparable to that of Mr. Jinnah with the Muslims, and the folly of excluding him in favour of one like Mr. Ram with no commanding position in country or community, from a Cabinet obviously meant to be a coalition of all principal parties, cannot be too much stressed. Depressed Class representation should not wait on the grace of leaders of other communities nor should it involve exclusion of top communal talent—otherwise the chances are that from the body of this section of the people, next only to Hindus and Muslims in numbers, there will spring up a disruptive movement far more menacing to national unity than Mr. Jinnah and the Muslim League because of its command of abundant historical justification for rousing vengeful sentiments. The price of excluding Dr. Ambedkar from the Cabinet now will be that later on a vastly strengthened Ambedkar will have to be reckoned with by the excluders. The petrification of communalism as a lever

to political power is of course deplorable and will have to be undone as one of the first tasks of any National Government set up in conditions of liberation from external rule. This desirable result can be reached only through new organisations formed on economic lines challenging and replacing the old ones operating communally. But while it lasts, even communal representation has to conform to certain decencies. One cannot help feeling that these are flagrantly violated in the choice of some of the minority leaders, and in particular by the elevation of Mr. Ram over the head of Dr. Ambedkar as the representative of the Depressed Classes on the Cabinet.

Atomic Research

The proposals put forward by Mr. Bernard Barnack on behalf of the United States for the international control of atomic energy were promptly hailed with approval by the British Atomic Scientists Association. Organised public participation of scientists in a discussion of this sort ordinarily in the province of legislators was unknown in the case of earlier discoveries. But the two bombs that destroyed Hiroshima and Nagasaki would seem to have appalled the recluses of the laboratories and forced them into some measure of concern over the social fate of their achievements as inventors. Since many social and economic problems of our time arise directly from the advance of science and technology, it is well that scientists should not get buried in the abstract pursuit of knowledge indifferent to the uses to which it may be put, but should awaken to a sense of their obligations as servants of humanity. Such a sense was exhibited by the famous French professor, Frederick Joliot-Curie, when he advocated a week ago a strike of atomic scientists against continuance of atomic research work unless an agreement were reached on international atomic control. The plan of a world-wide boycott of atomic research in defence of peace and civilization is an exhilarating

one. But scientists are no less subject to State pressure for the execution of its policies than other classes of citizens. Unless therefore they find a way of controlling State machinery, any attempts on their part through trade union methods to save science from misuse for war are liable to be heavily penalised. They can hope to win freedom for abstinence from destructive research only through a lot of martyrdom.

Ill-Advised Inhibition

Lesser men are apt to pervert in undesirable ways the letter of Gandhiji's suggestion that the original of the Constitution of India should be drafted in Hindusthani. Language is for making oneself understood. In the Constituent Assembly that is to draft the Constitution, all will understand English while many, especially from the non-Hindi-speaking areas, will not. If the deliberations are conducted and the conclusions arrived at are summed up, in a language intelligible to all, intelligence and commonsense can play a valuable part in the proceedings. Otherwise we shall only be left with a barren flourish of sentiment that shall have benefited nobody. Repugnance for political subjection which is of course quite necessary should not blind us to the international value of English as a medium of communication comprehended by the largest body of people on earth. Any advance of knowledge anywhere is at once translated into English. To know English is to have access to every important current of world thought. In these days of the radio and the aeroplane national boundaries have not the same limiting effect as they once had, and the world is fast progressing into a new state of more closely integrated association between different peoples. In this context of world affairs, even the Russians who cannot be suspected of any sort of intellectual subservience for the British, are taking to the study of English on a large scale. The wide dissemination of the atmosphere of English culture through the spread of English is one

of the compensations of British rule which it would be folly to wilfully destroy, especially now when through its External Affairs Department the National Government to be formed can reasonably aspire to play a notable part in international affairs. There need be no antithesis between cultivation of the mother tongue and study of foreign languages of world-wide vogue unless the leaders concerned regard it as part of their patriotic duty to cut the country off from easy contact with the rest of the world and throw it into a primitive condition. All knowledge deserves respect, and from the domain of knowledge no language can be excluded without peril of stunted development to the ill-advised inhibitor.

Labour Unrest

Certain aspects of the railway strike call for serious thought on the part of administrators over a wide range of complicated problems beyond the actual difficulties of the moment connected with the strike. It is said that the railwaymen are much better off than so many others. They get the benefit of grain shops where commodities are sold to them at much cheaper rates than in the general market from which others have to draw their supplies. They are provided with housing accommodation. They enjoy free travelling facilities not accessible to other classes of employees. For all these, should not the railwaymen be thankful, instead of perversely asking for more, unmindful of the vast body of people in harder employment whose plight is indubitably much worse than their own? Perhaps they should, and it is quite true that if people compared themselves only with their less fortunate fellows, discontent would be chilled at its source and get no chance of making itself felt through strikes and the like. On the other hand if the point is reached when none others worse off can be got at, and so perfect justification for a strike is axiomatically proven, the chances are that abject poverty shall have so crushed the soul of the workers and destroyed their stamina that



they will be left with no spirit or energy for making a fight for their rights or insisting on betterment of their condition.

A little economic margin above the level of absolute helplessness is congenial to discontent and to spirited questionings concerning the right relation between work and wages. "The spectacle of pleasure, the parade of clothes, motor cars, luxury and vanity in the sight of the workers is the culminating irritant of Labour" says H. G. Wells. "Down in the hot and dangerous and toilsome places of life the workers are beginning to cry out 'We are being made fools of' and to fling down their tools." It is no good scoring small little legalistic points at them when the whole drive of their awakened sense of economic equity is to force the removal of many forms of privilege, till now taken for granted. It is the appalling disparities in remuneration that subsist between work of various kinds without any reference to their social value that are the impelling incentive to the unrest and turmoil reflected in the mounting number of strikes in our midst to-day. Economic peace will not come till a juster adjustment between work and payment affecting the whole of our national economy is brought into being.

The Blind Poet of Andhra

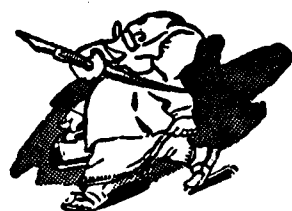
Dr. Chilakamarthi Lakshminarasimham, the blind poet of Andhra, who passed away this week, was a great playwright, novelist, essayist and story-writer. A practical social reformer, he was among the gallant band that strove hard, along with Veeresalingam, to popularise the remarriage of young Hindu widows and spread higher education among women. The social conscience is now roused to recognition of the need of treating widows like other human beings entitled to a proper meed of the pleasures of life including sexual. At the turn of the century things were very different. The prevalent morality then exacted that on being bereaved and widowed, a young girl should have her head shaved, she should be

ostracised from all auspicious social functions and treated as a figure of ill omen. Whoever protested against this cruelty had the whole fury of all the orthodox—who mistook custom for virtue and any deviation from it as irreligion, who were very powerful to punish advocates of change,—turned to the full upon them mercilessly. Veeresalingam and his companions were subjected to slander, persecution and continued terrorism for their temerity in seeking to break up the sanctioned cruelties of the times towards the widowed of the weak sex, but they withstood all most heroically. One of such heroes was Chilakamarthi.

He was a leader of the renaissance movement in Telugu literature. He had a delicate and fascinating style and was one of the best prose-writers in Telugu. His "Tales of Rajasthan" is a literary classic of the first rank. His famous play "Gayopakhyanam" is said to have sold a million copies and is still in hot demand. Perhaps the works of none else in our time in the field of Andhra letters have been sold so largely. Yet the rightful prosperity of the magnificent success that was his as a writer, was denied to him, middlemen walking away with the lion's share of the prodigious proceeds of his work, leaving him eternally hard up. He was rescued from this, duly honoured, and placed in comfort, towards the close of his life, by the leaders of the regenerative movement that of late has sprung up among the youth with a world outlook and the objective of using the appeal of literature consciously for achieving social progress. Blindness overtook him in the prime of adolescence, but his brave spirit would not lapse into idleness. Undaunted he continued his work of writing, ably assisted by his niece, herself a scholar of no mean calibre, who acted as his amanuensis. He has passed away at a ripe age, honoured and respected, but not rewarded as much as he deserved, and leaving behind a rich legacy which generations of Telugu-lovers will proudly cherish.

Sotto Voce

Woe to the Conquered



In one of the popular British newspapers there was a long and enthusiastic account of German discovery and invention during the war. The triumphs of Ersatz came in for particular acclaim. And the writer ended on a final note of triumph: "And now it is all ours." In almost the same words did the people of mediaeval Europe express their delight when at the Renaissance the glorious world of Greek and Roman culture burst upon their ken. What a sad difference between that pride of possession and this!

In the old days the marauding soldier rifled a sacked city but nobody thought of making him a hero. It has been left to the twentieth century to confer the aura of respectability on mass-theft by calling it 'reparations'. If an enemy alien has perfected a process for converting water into gasoline the Allies, it seems, may annex it with a good conscience because Hitler had launched an aggressive war. What a pity that they cannot annex the German's brains as well!

Crude suggestions that mass sterilisation should be carried out have shocked the conscience of many good people who, however, do not seem averse to doing the same thing in a different way. Russia and the Western Democracies agree in wishing to revert a hundred and twenty million Germans to the stage of human culture to which the Bantu and the Hottentot belong. This is to be done by breaking up their industrial potential, supervising the education of their youth, and branding their helotry into them by every conceivable means. How quickly the humane victors have

forgotten that hatred is the mother of invention!

Occupied Ruhr held V-II in the womb; and if Hitler's scientists did not discover the atom bomb before Roosevelt's did, that was merely an accident. To talk of the deterrent effects of mass punishment is to imagine that there is anywhere such an entity as 'the people' with a collective conscience amenable to moral influence or that the policy-makers, who are everywhere a determined minority, would be much disturbed by the thought that if they fail their supporters will turn and rend them. An American jurist, who firmly believes that individual Nazis were guilty of bestial crimes and must be punished, is yet constrained to observe that the Nuremberg trials are difficult to justify on the ground on which the accusers lay the greatest emphasis. "To make it a crime for individual citizens to instigate an aggressive war", he says, "is very definitely to attach criminality to acts which could not have been reasonably regarded as criminal by those who committed them nor by the public opinion at the time of commission."

What this learned man of law does not see is that such an admission destroys the case for the punishment of ex-enemies on any ground. True, the calculated destruction of the Russian countryside by the Nazi hordes and the horrors of Belsen were unmatched in their sadistic ferocity by any other act of horror in this war. But there is no use shutting one's eyes to the fact that if total war is accepted as inevitable—and all participants in the recent conflict did that—every side may in the long run be forced to do these

things. If by any chance one combatant Power emerged with its hands comparatively unsoiled the best that it could truthfully say for itself would be what John Bunyan said when he saw a murderer being led by: "There but for the Grace of God goes John Bunyan."

That is the grim moral of the atom bomb, though power-mad nations, which like Balaam's ass have waxed fat and feel an irresistible urge to kick, are in no mood to see it. That bomb and its after-effects do not distinguish between aggressor and victim, English and German, Gentile and Jew. The atom bomb objectifies those evil passions which fortunately for mankind lie dormant in the deep sea of the Psyche so long as society imposes on itself the

restraints of decency and submits willingly to the sanctions of religion. Their emergence is *pralaya*.

Man in whom is planted the seed of immortality is also capable of the frenzy of self-destruction. The impulse to race suicide has gained such an impetus from the mastery achieved over the blind forces of Nature that it can no longer be repressed by superior force. But it can be transmuted if men can be taught to value true self-respect. The central tragedy of the human situation is that we are prepared to sacrifice life for the furniture of living. Self-respect is the art of being able to do without. The spiritual adult has no use for the toys with which an acquisitive civilisation mocks the children of Light.

—VIGNESWARA.

SUBSIDIARY OCCUPATION FOR LAWYERS

Next to teachers the most neglected class are the lawyers. They are either an object of envy or contempt, never of goodwill.

It had been the fashion for well-to-do lawyers to give lectures on the dignity of the profession; and how the beginner must devil before he can hope to signs of reward for his patient study. Latterly, however, the attitude has changed. Some sympathetic senior lawyers have been worried over the fate of the juniors and have suggested several schemes which till to-day have not borne fruit.

One persistent suggestion had always been made by the lawyers. It is to allow them to indulge in subsidiary occupations. This is a good suggestion. The Judges of the High Court have scouted this suggestion for the simple reason that the dignity of the profession would be lowered. Presumably this is based on the exploded theory that the profession of law is nobler than many other professions, viz, trade. In these days when people are preaching the dignity of labour, to hold that the dignity of the lawyer would be lowered by his indulging in trade would certainly seem quite out of tune.

Another reason trotted out is that the lawyer engaging in any other trade would not give his undivided attention to his litigants. This is a dull argument. Everyman knows his interest and the lawyer knows his own well

enough. He certainly knows that if he does not care for his client's case, the client would leave him. The fact is, more than 80 per cent of the lawyers have probably one hour's work in court and what are they doing for the rest of the day? People who have something to fall back upon can well engage their leisure hours to the exclusive study of law. But not so the lawyer who is less fortunate.

In my opinion, the lawyer's fate may be bettered by allowing him to indulge in subsidiary occupations. Offences under the Legal Practitioners Act would then certainly decrease. What are they the result of if not of want? Why keep a certain class in want artificially when they have the wits to augment their income?

Let a referendum be taken of lawyers and I am sure the suggestion is sure to be adopted. This is the most democratic way of disposing of any suggestion. It is high time that lawyers stir themselves up and give a bit of their mind on a matter which affects their fate so vitally.

These are days when only a grumbler is given a hearing. If the grumblers are not heard, strike is the fashionable weapon. Strikes now-a-days seem to be a veritable panacea.

Can we hope for a better world for lawyers during Mr. K. Bhashyam's regime?

—CHARI.

KASHMIR AND ITS LEADER

Cover Page carries the photograph of Sheikh Mohammad Abdullah, revolutionary leader of the Kashmiris. His devotion to the cause of the oppressed peasantry and his uncompromising anti-imperialist ardour have earned for him the title of Sher-i-Kashmir (Lion of Kashmir). To-day he, along with his fellow workers, is behind prison bars, and the people whom he has served and organised under the National Conference are the victims of police rule.

The unique feature of this situation is that the people of Kashmir were handed over to the rule of the present royal Dogra house as part of a commercial transaction. The sale deed of 1846 is now sought to be passed off as a sacrosanct treaty. The four million inhabitants of Kashmir challenge the moral and political validity of this document of bondage to which they were never a party.

More than 80 per cent of the population are Muslims, and of them less than 5 per cent are literate. Despite the country's abundant resources the peasants are poverty-stricken and live under the oppression of jagirdars. It was natural therefore that the formation of the Muslim Conference marked the beginning of the people's movement during the thirties. Though Muslim in name it was in spirit national, and concerned itself with the welfare of all communities. In 1939 it was formally converted into the All Jammu and Kashmir National Conference. The economic and political struggles waged by the people brought them a few reforms in 1934, when a Legislative Assembly was constituted. But more than half its members were nominated, while the franchise was exercised by only 3 per cent of the population. The revenue of the State is every year drained by

extravagant contributions to the Prince's privy purse, to his household expenses and to the Police Department. On the other hand the ridiculously small amount of a quarter million rupees is allotted for the nation-building services. The administration is so corrupt and so completely under autocratic control that Afzal Beg, a representative of the National Conference, who was appointed as a Minister in 1944, had to resign in disgust.

These are the circumstances under which the people of Kashmir have raised the demand that autocracy should 'Quit Kashmir'. The movement gathers its strength from the unity between the various communities which Sheikh Abdullah has succeeded in building up. Representatives of vested interests and enemies of the States' peoples' movement for democracy have not been slow in putting out scare stories about the popular movement. It has been called an anti-Hindu uprising for establishing Pakistan, when the fact is that the Kashmir branch of the Muslim League has been very hesitant and timid about supporting the people's demands. A number of Kashmiri Pundits are among the victims of police repression.

Events in Kashmir have brought to the forefront the entire question of the internal administration of States, the method of their representation in the Constituent Assembly, and their status in a free India. The Cabinet Mission have left these matters to be settled by negotiation with the Princes, whose unbridled autocratic rule continues to flourish under the patronage and direction of the Political Department. As for Kashmir, it is clear that with Sheikh Abdullah in jail the people of the State will not be represented in any real sense.

Kashmir, which is not only beautiful but wealthy in the real sense of the term with enormous resources, potential power and some of the finest Artisans and Craftsmen in the world, is a country of appalling poverty.—Pandit Nehru.

SCIENCE OR "INDIAN" MEDICINE? CHOICE BEFORE PROVINCIAL MINISTERS

(If the Madras Health Minister's statements are to be taken seriously, an enormous amount is to be spent from public revenues on what is called "Indian" medicine. We feel that art and science are the great "internationals," knowing no bounds of race or country. The following letter over the signature of M. N. Pai which we take from 'The Lancet' (June 23, 1945, pages 800-801) will be of interest to readers of 'Swatantra' desirous of forming an intelligent opinion on this subject.—Ed. S.)

Some years ago when Indian Ministers were appointed in various provinces they had a unique opportunity to advance the cause of science and dispel ignorance and superstition. But one of the first things they did was to organise a nation-wide campaign on behalf of Indian medicine—i.e., Ayurvedic medicine for Hindus and Arabic medicine for Moslems. Public funds were utilised for opening schools and dispensaries of Indian medicine; practitioners of Indian medicine were admitted to a medical register; and some were given Government subsidies. According to the Bombay medical registers there were 8,600 doctors and 13,017 registered practitioners of Indian medicine in that province in 1941.

Your readers may form some idea of Ayurvedic medicine from the claims made in the advertisement columns of some of the leading nationalist newspapers. For example:

".....M.A. Late Principal.... Ayurveda College, formerly Professor of Chemistry.... College, has got very efficacious medicines (of Ayurveda, from Sadhus and those of his own researches on Himalayan herbs aided by spiritual power) for cancer, TB, insanity, hysteria, epilepsy, blood pressure, intestinal ulcer, asthma, tonsillitis, piles, gout, rheumatism, women's ills, eye diseases, etc." Magicians, quacks, and medical practitioners are allowed to advertise their qualifications and some of their wonderful medicines which "cure all incurable diseases." One of these claims to have established that "man can swim in air as he does in water" and that the

components of his medicine were discovered "while the author practised swimming in the air." Another is the manufacturer of a jewel which "heals incurable diseases, saves from accident, premature death, fire and theft, ensures success in examination, success in complicated law suits without difficulty, and success in overcoming enemies." His fantastic statements are supported by extracts from testimonials given by Maharajahs, members of the Viceroy's Council, ex-Premiers of provinces, Indian High Court Judges, and Indian members of the Privy Council, whose full names and addresses are also published. These distinguished people do not seem to realise the harm they are doing to the masses.

In the face of such unhealthy competition and frontal attacks on science it is not surprising that "imposters are freely using the letters FRCS or MRCP after their names with impunity; some are also using the letters MRAS..... which is neither a medical qualification nor a recognised diploma; and others are adopting various devices to disguise their qualifications and palming them off on the unsuspecting medical and lay public as diplomas granted by the University of London or the Examining Board in England.*

No one would quarrel with Indian Ministers if as a result of their propaganda on behalf of Indian medicine they could show that they had succeeded in reducing the mortality from preventable diseases. But actually, the state of affairs is

* Ind. Med. Gaz. 1941, 76, 191.

appalling. In 1936, as many as 103,451 deaths from smallpox were notified in British provinces alone. In the city of Madras in 1943 the death-rate was given as 37 per 1,000, and infant mortality as 247 per 1,000 live births. In England and Wales the corresponding figures are 12.4 and 58. Though such conditions prove the need for more health officers, the report of the Central Advisory Board of Health for 1939 says: "Three-quarters of the municipalities of British India are still without qualified health officers." The indifference of the municipal councillors who are elected by the people is deplorable.

India has about 37 institutions for teaching scientific medicine, but the demand of the politicians for Indianisation and communal representation in the higher services has resulted in some men with mediocre qualifications being appointed as teachers. Also Indian college authorities still prefer to promote assistants to professorships by seniority instead of advertising senior posts. At the 31st Indian Science Congress in 1944 the President of the Medical and Veterinary Section lamented that "the level reached by the best Indian medical college is the same as the level obtained by the lower ranking medical colleges in U.S.A. and in the medical schools conditions are very unsatisfactory in the majority of instances." There is a chronic shortage of medical instruments such as microscopes and of medical books.

The total number of doctors (about 42,000) is inadequate for a population of 388 millions. Even Government hospitals appear to be understaffed. Not long ago at a meeting of the Central Advisory Board of Health Major-General R. H. Candy, IMS, said that "a doctor is required to dispose of anything from 300 to 600 out-patients a day." He asked the Board "what possible attention a patient could get if he was looked at for a minute." Despite the need for more qualified doctors hundreds of young men are unable to obtain admission into the medical schools and col-

leges. Last year out of 700 applicants to the Madras Medical College only 160 were selected. Among the non-Government agencies which cater for the relief of suffering mention must be made of missionary (Christian, Arya Samaj and Rama Krishna Mission) medical services. Some of these doctors render their services entirely gratuitously, and by example and precept they uplift and enlighten the illiterate poor.

The reasons for this state of affairs are not hard to find. The belief of my countrymen in the wisdom of their remote ancestors is so profound that no modern advances in science induce them to change their habits and customs. The average so-called "educated" Indian is a dual or plural personality. He is not prepared to give up magical thinking in favour of statistical reasoning or the evidence of his own senses. When he puts on clothes cut in Western style he talks and thinks in English; but when he goes home and discards his suit he resumes the ways of his ancestors and scatters reason and logic to the winds.

The second basic factor responsible for lack of progress in medicine and for the general backwardness of the country is selfishness and greed leading to mutual distrust. The disproportionate salaries in the various medical services and in different grades of the same service, the "communal representation" in the matter of appointments, and the utterly inadequate salaries for the doctors in the lowest grades—Rs. 65 (£4 17s 6d) per month—all conduce to nepotism. If India is to attain a place of respect among the nations it will be necessary to appoint to the teaching posts doctors of international fame whose ability, integrity, and sincerity are above reproach. The salaries of doctors, nurses, and midwives should be raised not only to enable them to maintain their self-respect but also to signalise the dawn of a new era. Unless these minimum steps are taken it is futile to expect them to aspire to the lofty ideal of "service above self."

SIDELIGHTS ::

We can offer up much in the large, but to make sacrifice in little things is what we are seldom equal to.—Goethe.

Renunciation was the watchword of Congress politics in the hey-day of the non-co-operation movement. Congress leadership in those days was built on sacrifice. There was no end to the things that Gandhi called upon people to give up by way of patriotic effort, and in the list of prescriptions that *Young India* abounded in, you will find, if you turn the back pages, these two:

- (1) "There should be no privacy in a house".
- (2) "Husband and wife should sleep in separate rooms."

People hung on the directions that Gandhi gave week after week, and the pontifical pages of *Young India* were reverently scanned by devotees all over the country who excelled with each other in treating their contents as sacred gospel. Many miracles occurred in consequence and were duly broadcasted for the benefit of aspirants far and near. Hopeless drink-addicts became teetotallers. The wealthy, bred to luxurious ways, took to simple living. The lascivious turned virtuous. Dandies took pride in clothing themselves in rough sack-like Khadi which was the only sort of Khadi then made. Lawyers till then glorying in acquisitive competitive zest in fee-collection in vindication of professional eminence, suddenly turned their backs on the law courts. Das and Nehru, Rajendra Prasad, Prakasam, C. R. and a host of others from mofussil towns precipitated themselves into whole-time national service abandoning not only lucrative careers, but also the very means of making a living. The abstemious spirit ran riot so wildly in the wake of non-co-operation that some went to the length of casting off their very shirts. In the orgy of renunciation that prevailed at the time, the credentials of patriotism were at times sought

to be established even through such feats as giving up salt, chillies, sweets and ghee, shaving the head completely and voluntary adoption of celibacy in marriage.

Sacrifice may give joy to the soul but it is not sacrifice unless it entails some sort of discomfort or physical suffering. The more the voluntariness of the sacrifice, the greater its public effect. There is a lot of involuntary penury in the world, but it cuts no ice as a source of influence, whereas when a rich man discards of his own accord the benefits of his position and makes common cause with the less fortunate, what he suffers is converted into political capital in proportion to the degree and duration of the suffering. It was because of this political capital created by the past sacrifices of Congress leaders that in the recent elections people rallied so splendidly in support of their nominees irrespective of individual fitness. The move recently made in some provinces to raise ministers' salaries is therefore a political blunder of the first magnitude. It reverses the whole gear of the process by which Congress acquired influence with the people in the past.

If a Congress Prime Minister were to refuse to take a pie more as salary than the amount he had been spending previously for personal and household needs, he would have enriched himself beyond measure, infinitely in excess of any value in cash that a rise in salary may bring. Administrative responsibility calls for certain necessary facilities if efficiency is to be maintained. Ministers should economise time and move quickly and have cars. They must have telephones. They must be enabled to work while they travel and have saloons. They must be healthy and strong and have proper food and good houses. They must be empowered to buy whatever books they need. In all other respects, they must cultivate common-

ness of humanity with the millions of poor people who look up to them eagerly hoping for great benefits to come, rather than with the aristocrats of society who have a nice time and dread change.

One difference between Gandhi and Lenin is that Gandhi is unlikely to be harnessed to actual State administration while Lenin never lost a moment in seizing power when the opportunity came. Lenin passed from political leadership to administrative power. The Leninist tradition is more deserving of adoption by Congress ministers in the matter of fixation of salaries than the one left by the system of rule about to be dislodged.

Work was Lenin's supreme passion. Within two months of assuming control, it is reported that he "nationalised the land and mineral resources, nationalised the banks, separated Church and State, secularised education, opened the universities and secondary schools to the general public, gave workers' committees full control over production, established an eight-hour day, and set up a Supreme Economic Council for planning and control." Decree after decree poured from his pen in an endless stream. The peasants and workers were urged to learn how to run their districts. When they complained of the strain of the novel experience, or lagged behind on account of ingrained apathy, Lenin egged them on, shouting "Try! Make mistakes! Learn how to govern!" When the weary head of a department once came into his office and wished to resign, Lenin shouted at him "I order you to continue working and not to hinder me in my work".

Around Lenin were men excelling in qualities that he lacked, who constantly called into fierce question the wisdom of the policies advocated by him. Trotsky was more colourful and a great orator. Zinoviev was an adept in the manipulation of public opinion. Stalin was a superior military organiser. Lenin triumphed over them all because of the flexibility of his judgment and

action which never affected in the slightest degree the inflexibility of his purpose. He never committed the unscientific blunder of subordinating facts to wishes. He never coerced or cajoled. He always convinced. An admirer of Lenin gives this account of how he used to deal with critics and opponents:

"At a crucial mass meeting Lenin's appearance was greeted with jeers and hoots by an antagonistic crowd. Standing on the platform, a short, stocky, shabby, unimpressive figure, he waited calmly for the tumult to subside. The uproar gave way slowly to muttered imprecations, and at last to an uneasy silence, as the keen eyes continued to study the crowd without a trace of rancour or irritation. Omitting any preamble, Lenin began to speak. His voice was clear and friendly; he confined himself carefully to facts; there was nothing for the audience to take issue with, nothing to do but listen. Systematically he explained the reasons for his position, talking in simple short sentences, answering the questions in the minds of the crowd before they were voiced, presenting his ideas with homely illustrations and analogies, substituting unsleeping common sense and incisive logic for intoxicating rhetoric. When he had finished he was wildly cheered; the opposition was smashed. For he had done more than persuade his audience that he was right; he had made them understand why he was right."

Before the force of the passion for work that filled the soul of Lenin, the whole Czarist structure of inflated civilian bureaucracy came tumbling down. It was bound to. When the head of the State toiled without respite for a commoner's wage, the poor came into their own and no officer of Government dared to exploit the past in defence of a privilege of his own.

History has lessons to teach for all. The Congress Government should be warned in time against divorcing itself from the people it has to serve by leaning too much towards the ways of those that exploit them. There should be no room for parliamentary secretaries loitering indefinitely without work in the verandahs of the Secretariat. Inside the Cabinet itself, misfits should be removed in the public interest.

—SAKA.

SOME URGENT JUDICIAL REFORMS

By V. G. Ramachandran

Readers of *Swatantra* would by now have considered my article (published on 25th May) on the urgent need for the separation of the Executive from the Judiciary. I venture to place the following suggestions, many of which are capable of immediate enforcement, for the immediate consideration of our Ministry:

1. Empowering senior and junior district munsiffs with 1st and 2nd class magisterial powers respectively. Senior district munsiffs (of 5 years' standing) to be invested with appellate powers over 2nd class Magistrates.

2. Relief to district munsiffs in routine and uncontested work may be given by appointing from the Bar a registrar for each court on a salary starting from Rs. 150.

3. The present senior sub-magistrates may be retained as special sub-magistrates in heavy stations. The junior officers may be drafted back to the Revenue Department.

4. The post of revenue divisional officers may be abolished. Their work may be taken over by the district collector who shall be divested of all his magisterial powers. Deputy tahsildars shall not have magisterial powers. Special first class magistrates may be appointed in heavy stations.

5. Sub-judges shall be vested with appellate powers over 1st class magistrates. Sub-judges are to attend to such sessions cases as are sent by the district and sessions judge. The latter will also have all the powers of a district magistrate, the district collector having been divested of such powers.

6. The entire magistracy shall be under the direct control of the High Court. The Government shall not address the magistracy with reference to any judicial routine. The supervision of the High Court over the magistracy shall be on lines similar to the civil side. The High Court itself shall be thoroughly independent in its work with no Governmental interference. The selec-

tion, promotion, etc., of all judicial officers on the civil and magisterial side shall vest only with the High Court.

7. The district and sessions judge who combines in himself the powers of the district magistrate shall not have executive power over the police. The district superintendent of police alone shall be the head of the police in a district. The magistracy can be given power to control and direct the police in times of emergency.

8. There shall be one assistant public prosecutor for each taluk. The additional public prosecutor and public prosecutor at district headquarters shall be whole-time officers on a fixed salary so as to cope with all increase of work.

9. Recruitment to the magistracy as well as to any other department requiring legal training shall be from the Bar. Such selections to the post of magistrate, district munsiff, sub-registrar, assistant commercial tax officer, income-tax officer, commissioners of Hindu Religious Endowment Board, commissioners of municipalities, etc., shall be from the Bar on the sole basis of merit.

10. The constitution of the High Court may be suitably changed so as to exclude all civilian officers from being selected to the post of High Court Judge. The High Court judges shall be recruited only from the Bar.

11. Government may make up any deficiency in finance in getting the above reforms carried out by utilizing the surplus collections from the sales tax, the excess profits tax etc. Graded agricultural income tax in the place of land revenue may fetch additional revenue. The State may further augment its resources by taking up certain major industries under its management, by taking full control over busways, tramways and railways and introducing State transport in all the above directions.

ME AND MY PAL

I had a friend—kinder friend had no man.

Friendship between man and man, unaided by the sex stimulant, can sometimes transcend that between man and woman, so amenable to the "fell clutch of circumstance".

We worked together and almost lived together—my friend and I. I knew no weariness of his society; he, I am sure, knew none of mine. To be together was for us to be at once as free as in solitude and as gay as in company. All my confidence was reposed in him; all his confidence, I believe, was bestowed on me. Our attitudes to life and the world were in harmony, in perfect harmony.

One day, one beautiful evening when God was surely in His Heaven and all seemed right with the world, my friend entered my room—with a sword in his hand! Half of it was still in its scabbard, but the part that caught my eye gleamed and glistened with a demoniacal brightness that seemed to proclaim that it could not be denied its victim. With a deliberate hand my friend bolted the door and proceeded to unsheathe the sword to its whole murderous length.

With slow and measured steps he walked towards me. There was a smile on his face—and what a smile! There was a light in his eye—and what a light! The smile was a smile of death; the light was a light of darkness!

Instinctively, I drew back until the wall of the room impeded my movement.

Outside, the blue sky of spring smiled divinely on a street filled with a holiday crowd. Beauteous maidens accompanied by their happy lovers were laughing their way to the woodlands. Little children tugged at the strings of their mothers or frisked at the side of their fathers. On a tree a bird was courting his lady. The glory of God was at its highest. How, then, could I be afraid?

I saw Heaven's glories shine.

And faith shone equal, arming me from fear.

Firmly and quickly I retraced my steps towards my friend. I said, "Friend, what do you want of me?"

My friend answered never a word. His brow was dark and his eyes beneath glittered with a hatred that I could be sure was not for me. For I had done well by my friend and deserved well of him.

I thought he must be joking. I said to him that this joke must end. He looked at me contemptuously. There was a laughing devil in his sneer.

"Joke!" he said. "A joke is a very serious thing." And spontaneously his hand tightened round his sword.

But I could not believe that he was serious. How could I believe that this friend of mine—this friend who ate with me and drank with me, to whom I had given all I had and all I was, and who in turn had given so much to me—how could I believe that he meant to take my life?

Half in seriousness and half in joke I sought to snatch the sword from him. Savagely he pulled it from my hand. Blood flowed out of my veins. Drip—drip—drip—it collected on the floor in a little red pool which, I thought, must now melt his heart and bring him to his senses. Melt his heart! Bring him to his senses! He turned on me with the strength and fury of a thousand devils and raised the sword to smite me across the neck when....

My friend and I had a merry laugh when I related my dream to him. But the dream has come true. My friend has run off with the manuscript of a great book on which we were working together. He has betrayed me.

My friend has betrayed me and I have lost all faith in humanity. "Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother"—you have betrayed me and I have no more faith in humanity. For faith is a good breakfast but a bad supper. My supper has turned into poison.—BINOD.

Short Story

At Last

By K. Lakshmi

All day long the weather had been delightful; but towards the evening it became cloudy and started raining. Now and then claps of thunder were heard and blinding flashes of lightning illuminated the whole landscape. But "Dwaraka" was lit up with light and music; there was every sign of festivity about the house, gorgeously lit and decorated; music pouring forth and laughter heard in spite of rain and thunder. Now and then, as a car arrived at the door, it was opened to let in the occupant.

Sri Kanth was the last to arrive. He was new to the house and he was accompanied by the oldest friend of the house, Dr. Bose. As they entered the hall they were greeted by Yasodhara. "Hullo, doctor! Late as usual." As she came forward, she perceived a stranger standing beside the doctor. For a moment she felt very embarrassed; next minute she recovered and said: "Come into the drawing room, please; they are all there." In the drawing room she learnt about Sri Kanth. The stranger was a doctor with foreign qualifications—a new recruit to the hospital where Dr. Bose was Superintendent.

A few minutes later Chithra entered the hall, slow and quiet; Dr. Bose got up and with the most benevolent smile went up to her and said: "What, Chithra! How do you feel to-day? Very well? That is good. Come in. I will introduce you to my assistant Sri Kanth." But she stood undecided for a minute and in a faltering pained voice said: "I would, you rather do not do that, doctor. Why disturb him?"

"Don't be a fool, Chithra. You are growing older and must learn better manners and meet more people and come out of your hermit shell. Come on."

"All right, if you say I must, doctor."

Yasodhara was the youngest daughter of the house. Tall and slender, she was a picture of health and beauty; nature endowed her with all that one could desire. She moved with grace and talked with sweet eloquence and the utter careless abandon of a child;

she won everyone's heart—old and young, men and women. She was all loveliness and gaiety; and topped the list in almost everything she set her heart upon.

But Chithra was a contrast to her in every respect. In that home where all were alike beautiful and handsome and gifted with ease of manners, she was born with mediocre looks and bitter annoying reticence. God did not give her what had been given so freely to the others—health. She was crippled, too. Shy and reserved, she felt painfully embarrassed in society where she felt out of place and loved to be left alone with her thoughts. But yet she was pretty. Her large eyes were sad and eloquent. They spoke the sufferings she endured without utterance. Often in those dark wistful eyes one could catch an unfathomable look. Born for loneliness, she yearned to make friends to play and read with them, but when Yasodhara came into the picture she was left far behind. They could not even feel the tender pity they felt for her once, Yasodhara's beauty captured all hearts and her very smile was infectious. Her lively wit threw every one into fits of laughter and she was sought after by all. She danced and sang and played all parts with talent and skill—the blind beggar maid or the lovely Yasodhara—and Chithra felt lonelier than ever. She was the meaningless shadow of her younger sister and lacked all that Yasodhara had—no dance, no music, no sport. She bore her grief and suffering in silence and accepted her fate—always to remain in the background. When her solitude grew oppressive, she painted—the one thing she was really talented in. Her paintings were lovely and enchanted all. She painted not real men or women or things—but ideas and feelings. She painted grief and joy; hope and disappointment; even light and darkness.

As she slowly dragged her lame foot across the drawing room, she saw Sri Kanth and Yasodhara engaged in animated conversation. Dr. Bose's voice interrupted the flow of their talk. "Sri Kanth, this is Chithra,

Yaso's sister." He turned to her with a faint smile. "How do you do? Can I take the liberty to offer you my heartfelt congratulations on your success?" Chithra smiled sadly. "It is not anything great, Dr. Sri Kanth, but my people make too much of it." "But you will certainly give me the pleasure of seeing the paintings myself?" "Certainly, if you wish it, doctor. Will you show it to them, Yaso?" Though she looked unperturbed, she sighed with relief when she saw his face lit up with a bright smile and heard him exclaim, "Why, it is marvellous! No wonder they awarded you the first prize."

That night as she lay in her bed, she felt happy and light as she had not felt for years. There were persons in this world who liked her! Her hopes soared high as she thought of her future. If she could not win people's heart by personal charm, she could yet do so by her skill. She lovingly turned over the painting box that Dr. Bose had bought her. If she could only paint him!

Sri Kanth came to the house after that very often. They talked for hours together about art and literature. Slowly her reticence broke and she talked to him without any embarrassment. They went out to art galleries and museums to study different ways of painting. Her fascination for him and his society increased day by day. Chithra was at last happy. If she could have this one man's love she could brave all the world. She would go to any end to make him happy. Yes! she loved him body and soul and earnestly hoped he would reciprocate her love. But she found no words in which to tell him her love. Her composure gradually broke down as she watched Yaso and Sri Kanth and she grew strangely restless and unhappy. She became worn out, thin and pale. The sleepless nights accentuated her pallor and dark rings appeared round her eyes. Soon she was bed-ridden. Dr. Bose said one day when they were alone, "Chithra, you are eating your heart out. I know what is wrong with you, for I have watched you for a long time. Better speak out to him, or I will." "No, doctor, give me a week's time; let me get well. Then I will speak for myself. But I am terribly handicapped, you know." Her voice trembled with emotion. "My child, I wish you wouldn't talk so bitter. All of us cannot have the same good fortune. Each one lacks something necessary

for happiness. If your leg is crippled, your fingers are doubly talented." The doctor's voice was hushed and low and in an inaudible whisper he murmured to himself. "I pray Yasodhara has not yet knocked him off his feet. Poor Chithra has yielded to her in all and she has won all races by default. Here at least my Chithra must have a chance." He had watched both of them for years and he knew that always Yasodhara inevitably won. She was born to enjoy and not suffer.

A week later Yasodhara entered her sister's room and stood at the bed looking at the wasted form lying on the bed. She looked all aglow with happiness and her heart ached at the sight of Chithra. Her eyes dimmed with tears as she held the thin hand in hers. "Chithra, to-day is Sri Kanth's birthday and I am going out with him to a party he is giving. I thought I might show you my dress and go." "You are always sweet, Yaso. Enjoy yourself. Wish him many happy returns of the day in my name." Chithra lay back on the bed exhausted; she began to think of her past and future. Something in Yasodhara's manner to-day struck her as odd and out of the way. She had come to tell her something else. Chithra felt uneasy and had a sort of vague premonition that something was going to happen. Perhaps her little sister was in love! If it be so, Chithra wished earnestly it may not be with Sri Kanth. She lay wrapt in thought late that night and heard Sri Kanth's car arrive at the door. She got up and dragged herself to the window to look down. She saw them smiling at each other. She saw her golden dreams painted with all the colours of the rainbow dissolve into nothingness. Her life was meant to be a tragedy. The picture of her life painted with rich colours and flowery imagination was torn and hung in shreds before her eyes. How vain she had been. How great had her desires been—and how grandiose her dreams! All lay broken and shattered, at her feet!

Morning found her chill and cold. She ran a high temperature which continued for days and often her mind wandered and sometimes she lay in a stupor; waking up she looked about with a startled bewildered look. She often asked for Sri Kanth and Yasodhara. Waking up one day from a stupor her wild gaze fell on Sri Kanth and Yasodhara sitting beside her bed; he held her hands in his. Chithra closed her eyes again. She knew

that the inevitable had happened. Fate has spun her mesh about their life. She would have to face this when she got up. Oh! If she could die without ever getting up!

* * *

Her progress was very slow and her condition was causing great anxiety. It was Chithra's birthday and there was festivity again in the house. Sri Kanth came into her room with Yasodhara to wish her happy returns of the day. "Chithra, what shall I wish you to-day? Long and happy life?" "Don't be cruel, Sri Kanth. With my health and crippled leg do you want me to live long? Wish me quick and easy death." She raised her glorious dark eyes to his and smiled. "Don't be bitter, Chithra."

WHITHER, INDIA?

The Muslim League hopes to consolidate its power in sections B and C (the Muslim majority provinces) and devise constitutions, which would place Muslims wherever in those sections they are in a minority, as in Assam, permanently in power. Sections B and C would be the training ground for Pakistan and who can doubt that when once the machinery of administration is in their hands, the Muslims can manipulate things so as to pave the way for secession from the Indian Union if not peacefully even through civil war?

And what will be their role in the Constituent Assembly? Their one aim will be to put the narrowest interpretation on the Centre envisaged by the Cabinet Mission's proposals and contrive to make it weaker. It is in the Constituent Assembly that the real battle is going to be fought between the Muslim League and the Congress and only the presence of the British army in the interim period would avert civil war. Mr. Jinnah has not conceded anything nor is he likely to. He has not deviated a hair's breadth from his position.

If there is a deadlock in the Constituent Assembly what will happen? No answer has been provided for this question in the Cabinet Mission's proposals. Obviously, since the British Viceroy and British troops will still be here during the interim period, the British will postpone their final departure in the interests of the peace and security of India and the freedom of India will still be as distant as ever. It is perhaps because Gandhiji and

Life is full of hope and there are lots of things in the world to enjoy. By the way I have happy news to tell you. Better Yasodhara discloses it. She has always a pretty way of doing things." He looked at Yasodhara. Faint crimson dyed Yasodhara's cheeks. She held out her hand before Chithra's eyes. Sri Kanth's ring girdled her white finger. An involuntary sigh of anguish and pain broke from Chithra's lips. But she smiled a brave smile. "All happiness, Yaso—think of your poor maimed sister in your golden hours of happiness. Sri Kanth, keep her always happy. She has not felt any twinge of sorrow yet." She clasped Yasodhara's hands and closing her eyes smiled. The smile did not vanish. It remained fixed there.

the Congress anticipated such a situation that they have been demanding that the British troops should be withdrawn even during the interim period.

We would be failing to correctly appreciate the position if we did not take into account the explosive factors of the situation. The gulf between the Congress and the League has so widened that only by a miracle can it be bridged. It is futile to apportion blame for the estrangement. The Congress by its failure to adopt a bold policy for winning the confidence of the Muslim masses must share part of the blame and the British by encouraging Mr. Jinnah and the League to believe that the British would stand by them right or wrong in order to put down the Congress must also be held responsible for the League's policy of obstructionism. In the present mood of the Muslims as represented by the League and the temper of extremist Hindus in the Congress, the situation appears hopeless. The need of the moment is for a real conciliatory gesture both from the Congress and the League towards each other born out of the inescapable fact that a bond forged by love of country and a spirit of brotherhood will be more lasting than an enforced cheerless shake of hands under alien pressure and as a temporary way out of a difficult situation. What is wanted is a new approach to the problem. Living in the age of Gandhi, proud contemporaries of the greatest man of the world, we cannot forsake the weapon of love which he has given us for the sword which can only bring misery and devastation.

"PARTHA"

IN THE MICA MINE

By R. Narasimhan

In the early years of working of a mica mine, an accident occurred which cast a gloom over the neighbourhood for years.

It took place on a beautiful day in the latter part of February, when the springing corn, the foliage on tree and bush, the singing of birds,—all Nature in fact—seemed to cry aloud to Heaven thanking a beneficent Creator for the blessings showered upon this earth. But hark! All on a sudden the peace and beauty of the scene is broken by shrieks. There is tumult all around; people run hither and thither, crying "The water has burst into the pit!" Women shout for their husbands; mothers for their children.

Amidst the wild scene of distress occasional fervent thanksgiving of relief are heard: "Thank God. Here is my husband". "Here are my children". "Here is my wife".

To this mine—as still to most mines all over the country—men, women, boys and girls had to come from humble dwellings six or seven miles away. They had to trudge the distance on foot. Then they had to descend down from the mine-pit thousands of feet into the bowels of the earth to reach the deposits of mica. Then weary work extending over at least eight to nine hours. At best a wage of a rupee at the end of the day for all the toil. After sunset, the toilers have to climb up a steep stair-case to return to the inhabited earth. Life is not always safe on the stair-case. Then the weary trudge back home in a state of utter physical exhaustion. On reaching home, the fatigued creatures, women particularly, have a further spell of labour at the hearth, cooking food. Before dawn again,

hurried start on the journey to the scene of eternal labour, the mine. In between, a respite of six to seven hours, between night and day-break, for such things as (if women) providing pleasure to husbands, (if mothers) nursing children—and sleep.

To return to the scene of disaster at the mine. Out of 254 that went into the pit that morning, 210 were got safely out. Many deeds of heroism were performed that day in the pitch darkness of the mine by brave men wading upto the armpits in water, in search for comrades to rescue. The rescued ones were put in a basket let down from above until the rope holding it could bear no more strain. Despite all efforts to save, 44 lives were lost. The remains of those that perished were not discovered for years until, for erection of some powerful pumping machinery, exploration of the colliery on an unprecedented scale was made.

A little boy was found by the explorers among thirteen of the dead entombed together. In his hand there was a candle box on which was written on one side "Dear parents—remember me to my teacher and tell him I am happy". On the other side "Dear parents—I shall be seen with our Saviour soon".

Conditions in mica mines, most of which are round-about Gudur, are the same in 1946 as when the disaster described above occurred. But the mines have grown a class of millionaires who are going on piling wealth unceasingly.

(A story based on facts given by Rajani Palme Dutt at a meeting in Tilak Ghat, Madras.)

For any human being to starve, or even to be in trouble about procuring simple food, appears, indeed, a strange and unaccountable thing, quite upside down, and contrary to sense, if you do but consider a moment the enormous profusion the earth throws at our feet. In the slow process of time, as the human heart grows larger, such provision, I sincerely trust, will be made that no one need ever feel anxiety about mere subsistence.—Richard Jefferies.

CABINET MISSION'S AWARD: FIRST REACTIONS

(From Our Correspondent)

New Delhi, June 16: The Cabinet Mission's award on the Interim Government announced to-day extends not only to party proportions in the Interim Government but also to the personnel. A team of fourteen men has been suggested and invitations have been extended to each of them. Everyone agrees that, except for two or three names that might be changed for the better, the suggested team is the best Coalition Cabinet that could be secured for the Centre.

That such a team should have been brought together through a British-imposed award reflects the basic weakness of the Indian political situation, namely, want of agreement between the Congress and the League.

Gandhiji referred to this aspect in his prayer meeting speech this evening. He said, "In the absence of an agreed solution, an imposed solution is inevitable."

The award follows the pattern of the previous British award. It concedes the demand of each party against the other. The League has its capacity as the sole representative of the Muslims recognised and gets parity with Caste Hindus, the two things on which it insisted at Simla last year. The Congress gets a straight party majority over the League and therefore can regard parity as rejected. In fact what the final proposals did with respect to the Pakistan demand is what this award has done with regard to parity. In order to give full latitude to reach parity and claim that it has won its point the Cabinet Mission has announced the personnel and has also added an assurance that this interim arrangement does not create any kind of precedent for future solutions about any communal questions. The League representatives, Mr. Jinnah, Nawabzada

Liaquat Ali, Nawab Ismail, Sir Nazimuddin and Abdur Rab Nishtar were already mentioned widely and I understand that Mr. Jinnah himself, during the course of the negotiations, had mentioned these names.

Of the five Caste Hindu representatives, all except Mr. Hare Krishna Mehtab, the Congress Premier of Orissa, were expected to be on any Central Cabinet.

Mr. Mehtab was the only unexpected nomination: firstly because the Congress expected Mr. Sarat Bose, as the Leader of the Congress Party in the Central Assembly, to have the first claim to be in the Central Executive, and secondly because Mr. Mehtab who is the Premier of a province, cannot be taken away from there. I understand that the Congress Working Committee, in consultation with Mr. Mehtab, will ask for this change. The Congress Depressed Class leader, Mr. Jagjivan Ram, one of the representatives who interviewed the Cabinet Mission, is a Parliamentary Secretary in Bihar and the President of a Depressed Class organisation.

It is in the choice of the minority representatives, however, that the Cabinet Mission has revealed its game of securing a neutral Government as far as possible. Sardar Baldev Singh, though an anti-Pakistani being a Sikh, is a Panthic Akali of Master Tara Singh's group, and has thus claims to be an independent Sikh. Dr. Mathai, the economic expert of Tatas, though known to have pro-Congress leanings, has proved through the Mody-Mathai memorandum and the Sapru Committee that Pakistan is economically feasible and that he has no anti-Pakistan prejudices. As for Sir Noshervan Engineer, his virtue is that he is a non-political Advocate-General whom both the League and

the Congress are likely to regard as no enemy.

Reactions to the award have not been altogether unfavourable in either camp. Though it was expected that Sardar Patel and his school of thought in the Working Committee would be opposed vehemently to the award, indications are that he is "not outraged" by it. Since Sardar Patel was the leader who was strongly opposed to any concession to the League and to any form of parity, this is interpreted as auguring a favourable reception by the Congress. But the Working Committee is still busy deliberating on the award. Gandhiji at the prayer meeting indicated his favourable reaction to the award and in his speech to-day there was nothing of that deep note of pessimism observed for the last few days.

The League Working Committee is carefully examining the award

and the consequences of its acceptance. The first reaction seems to be in favour of acceptance though they are examining whether there are any hidden dangers in it.

As matters stand to-day, therefore, the award has achieved what the negotiations did not—that is, to induce a mood of acceptance, though it is too early to say that acceptance is assured.

If this problem is settled, further negotiations as to the distribution of portfolios will start, but it is expected that disagreement between the parties on this point could be settled without any further award by the British.

Rajaji's presence for the last two days at the discussions of the Congress Working Committee here has been interpreted as a further factor that favours a "constructive attitude" to the problem.

MAJORITY IS NOT ALWAYS RIGHT

The article in *Swatantra* by "Gow-si" asserting that the majority is not always right, is very timely. It serves to explode a popular fallacy. Hitler got himself elected Chancellor of the Reich by a process of mass-hypnotization and corruption. And certainly the majority of the German people who elected him as their leader was not right as subsequent events proved unquestionably. It was the suppressed minority that was right in this case. Hear what the great playwright "Henrik Ibsen" says through his character, Dr. Stockman, in his dramatic play, "An Enemy of the People":

"The majority never has right on its side. Never, I say: That is one of these social lies against which an independent, intelligent man must wage war. Who is it that constitutes the majority of the population in a country? Is it the clever folk or the stupid? I don't imagine you will dispute the fact that at present the stupid people are in an absolutely overwhelming majority all the world over. But, good Lord!—You can never pretend that it is right that the stupid folk should govern the clever ones!.....The minority is always in the right.... I am thinking of the few, the scattered few amongst us, who have absorbed

new and vigorous truths. Such men stand, as it were, at the outposts, so far ahead that the compact majority has not yet been able to come up with them; and there they are fighting for truth that are too newly born into the world of consciousness to have any considerable number of people on their side as yet.... I propose to raise a revolution against the lie that the majority has the monopoly of the truth. What sort of truths are they that the majority usually supports? They are truths that are of such advanced age that they are beginning to break up. And if a truth is as old as that, it is also in a fair way to become a lie.... A normally constituted truth lives, let us say, as a rule seventeen or eighteen, or at most twenty years; seldom longer. But truths as aged as that are always worn frightfully thin, and nevertheless it is only then that the majority recognises them and recommends them to the community as wholesome moral nourishment. There is no great nutritive value in that sort of fare, I can assure you.... These majority truths are like last year's cured meat—like rancid, tainted ham; and they are the origin of the moral scurvy that is rampant in our communities.

"RACKS"

THE WEEK ABROAD

A Survey of Foreign Affairs

The Bournemouth Conference of the Labour Party was a personal triumph for Mr. Bevin who, in spite of some criticism from the rank and file, succeeded in getting the Conference to endorse his foreign policy. Meeting for the first time after the great election victory, the members of the Labour Party were faced with issues connected with the maintenance of a just peace, especially Britain's relationship with the Soviet Union. The crucial resolution before the Conference said: "This Conference, recognising that the only hope of a lasting peace lies in international adoption of Socialism, and regretting Government's apparent continuance of the traditional Conservative Party policy of power politics abroad, urges return to the Labour Party foreign policy of support of Socialist and anti-imperialist forces throughout the world." Taking up an attitude reminiscent of Mr. Churchill's war leadership, Mr. Bevin called it a motion of censure and thus had it withdrawn. On Spain he reiterated his non-intervention policy saying, like his Tory predecessors in office, that the "Spanish people dread civil war." The resolution calling for the termination of diplomatic relations with Spain was defeated at the very time when Franco is busy rounding up and imprisoning the remnants of the Spanish Left-wing leadership.

A regular item on the agenda of every Labour Party Conference is the question of Communist affiliation. Once again, the application for affiliation has been rejected. The presence of Communists, even if they formed only a small fraction of the membership, would obviously be extremely unpleasant to the leadership of the Labour Party, and most of all to Mr. Bevin. Not only would the Communists press for a consistently pro-Soviet foreign policy; they would also exert pressure

towards accelerating the advance of Britain towards Socialism. This advance to-day is proceeding at a snail's pace. Even after the formal measures nationalising certain sectors of industry, financial magnates continue to occupy controlling positions in the management of British economy. The policy of wooing capitalist America's support as against Russia in the economic and political spheres has triumphed. It is a sad beginning for the Labour Government of Britain.

The ex-King of Italy has left his country after an unnecessary exhibition of bad grace. Umberto must have looked with envy on King George of the Hellenes who is enjoying the patronage of the British Government which has been denied to himself. Mr. Bevin's assurance that "there will be no change in the feelings of friendship Britain has for Italy as a result of the referendum" is a matter for rejoicing in view of the fact that monarchy will shortly be forced back on the Greek people, under British supervision and, of course, after the formality of a plebiscite held under conditions of police terror and Right-wing dictatorship.

The agreement reached between the Persian Central Government and the Azerbaijan democrats has brought to an end the internal conflict which became the centre of international political warfare. Azerbaijan has given up the status of autonomy and has become an integral part of Persia. The basis for this was laid by the large-scale reforms for the distribution of land to the peasants and other liberal measures which were initiated by the Persian Government. M. Pishvari's action has confounded those anti-Russian prophets who were confidently forecasting the 'absorption' of Azerbaijan into the U.S.S.R.

THE so-called "democracy" practised by the U.S.A., Great Britain and their satellites calls for some comment. Having defeated the Fascist forces by their common and united effort, there is now unfortunately a rift between the "democracies" and the Soviet Union. The co-ordination and trust that prevailed in war has to-day given place to mistrust and possibly even hatred.

The Gulf Widens

The reasons for this change are obvious. The U. S. A. would not divulge the atom bomb secret to the Soviet Union. Immediately on the termination of war, the Soviet Union demanded the liberation of all the suppressed peoples throughout the world. Naturally this was unpalatable to Great Britain and Holland and these two countries have made every endeavour to counteract the Soviet demand. The U. S. A. would not allow Soviet co-operation in Japan and to-day she is virtually the master of Japan. This in itself is no impediment to a rapprochement between the U.S.A. and the Soviet Union. But the former has estranged the Soviet Union by continuing to support Hirohito and all that he stands for. One need not be led astray by the various proclamations issued by MacArthur from Tokyo to the effect that Japan is being progressively democratised. This is mere propaganda intended to mislead the average citizen who is not able to think for himself, for it must be admitted that the ordinary citizen is merely like sheep in the flock to be led by the shepherd. There is also a state of antagonism between the U.S.A. and the Soviet in China where the former is assiduously supporting Chiang Kai-shek and his capitalistic Kuomintang regime. For the present, at any rate, the Russians have won a diplomatic triumph in Iran. The conduct of Great Britain and U.S.A. in the U.N.O. with reference to Iran has been, if anything, a thorough dis-

WHITHER, "DEMOCRACY"?

ANTI-RUSSIAN TREND IN ANGLO-AMERICAN POWER POLITICS

By Mrs. Durga Ramachandran, M.A.

grace. These two great powers would like to appear before world public opinion as the two great champions of freedom for Iran. But how ridiculous this pose becomes when the Iran Government issues a statement that Soviet troops have evacuated Iran and these "two great champions" insist at the U.N.O. that the Persian dispute should not be withdrawn.

British Foreign Policy

The recent foreign affairs debate in the House of Commons is an eye-opener to the multitude but it was anticipated by the intelligent few. In India, the accession to power of the Labour Party in Great Britain was welcomed as a triumph of progress by almost all our leaders. It is to be hoped that at least now, after the enlightening foreign affairs debate, the intrinsic value of this so-called Labour Party will be correctly appraised. The truth is that the difference between the Labour Party and the Conservative Party is the difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. The speech of the Foreign Minister, Mr. Bevin, in the House of Commons referring to Eritrea and Somaliland was a blot on the reputation of British diplomacy. He asks us to believe in the disinterestedness of his suggestion to M. Molotov that to enable the nomads of these two countries to move freely from one to another they should be lumped into one trust-territory under Great Britain, and he naively concludes with the appeal, "All I want in this case is to give these poor nomads a chance to live and nothing else"! No wonder Mr. Churchill in the

FOR THE EDUCATION MINISTER TO NOTE

When I look back to the University of California (U.S.A.) where I studied during 1913-15 I am surprised at our backwardness. There no student was refused admission. There were three classes of students, (1) regular, (2) special and (3) others. The regular student takes a sufficient number of subjects to enable him to complete his graduation within four years. The special students who cannot spare much time take less number of subjects and take a longer period to graduate. One grandmother used to spare an hour or two every day for studies and finally graduated along with her grand-daughter. That was a sight worth seeing. The public there were also interested in cultural development. There was provision for the public to attend popular subjects. Professor Stephens was in those days the greatest authority on the history and development of European civilisation and on the French Revolution. Thousands used to flock to his lectures. No hall in the University was big enough to hold the audience. His classes therefore used to be held in the open grounds or in the Greek Theatre.

After thirty years, I see in India that changes for the better in the system of university education have been few. Let us at least do something this year to mark the advent of the popular Ministry. Let all students get admission into colleges. Let us not penalise girl students who are very badly needed for the teaching and medical professions.

The Ministry should do this quickly and not mark time.

D. CHENCHIAH,
Secretary,
Parents' Educational Association
Madras.

same debate heaped compliments on Mr. Bevin. Mr. Churchill has one outstanding quality, frankness. He did not mince matters when he stated that the war could have been avoided. To-day the Labour Party, no less than Churchill's Party seem to deeply regret the extinction of Hitler, for Hitler was a well-armed, ruthless, first-rate policeman whose existence would have allowed the traditional British diplomacy of maintaining the balance of power in Europe. Marshal Smuts's recent anti-Russian speech was approved by members of all parties during the course of the debate. We, however, cannot forget that the Marshal was responsible for the Ghetto Act in South Africa.

A New Philosophy

To-day the British Government seek to extricate themselves from the commitments of Potsdam agreement. Mr. Bevin offers the ingenious explanation that the Potsdam agreement was not a final agreement. But surely, if it were so, something to that effect would have been mentioned in the agreement itself. M. Molotov has pointed out very properly, that the Potsdam agreement which was entered into with all solemnity should have behind it the earnest intention of the signatory powers to carry out the provisions of the agreement entered into by them.

The "democracies" are perturbed by the spread of Soviet influence in the Baltic States, Eastern Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Yugoslavia. The democracies would now like to revive the ghost

of Hitler and create a united Germany. But the purpose of this is not altruistic love for the Germans, but the hope that a united Germany would once again police Europe on their behalf. At any rate the issues that are facing us Indians are fairly clear. No sooner had the Soviet Union attained the status of a first-rate power, than it set about vigorously advocating the liberation of the subject peoples and the emancipation of the worker. The democracies believe in laissez-faire, the accumulation of enormous wealth in a few hands and the control of the lives of millions of workers by the rich few. The Soviet Union is inexorably opposed to this system which inevitably subjugates the worker and results in periodic economic wars. The Soviets are eager to teach a new political philosophy. It is well for the democracies to realise that they will completely alienate the sympathy of subject nations and the workers in their own territory should they choose to wage war against the Soviet Union.



Dr. Chilakamarti Lakshmi Nara simham, the great Andhra playwright and man of letters, who passed away this week.

WAR SECRETARY'S SONG OF VICTORY

For Victory we thank you God
We thank the Allies too
(and Hitler lies beneath the sod)
Let's all rejoice anew.

Let's celebrate our victory
With just one more Parade
Dear M. L. A.s, why can't you see
Our plans are fully laid?

We've won the war, we've won the war,
Despite the Nazi guile
We've won the war, despite Haw Haw.....
Let's celebrate in style!

To alter plans 'tis now too late
As red tape has no heart
And our prestige and pride of State
Must play their "honoured" part.

To glorious death your sons we led
Your voice we heeded not
What if with famine more are dead
And by starvation fraught.

Ten lakhs cannot affect our food
We eat in any case
(Food-problems I've ne'er understood
Nor looked them in the face)

Ten lakhs cannot produce the food
When food just is not there
Parades can do a world of good
Though cupboards all be bare.

Great wars may come and wars may go
The Lord goes on for ever
Our thanks to Him how best to show
Must be our sole endeavour.

You need no cloth you need no food
You need just LOYALTY
No other need is for your good
Or for your liberty.

We've won a famous VICTORY
That's gone right to our head
We've built a great democracy
With atomic corpses fed.

If ALL your hungry millions die
And perish overnight
NEVER ask the reason why
For "white" is always right.

Great Britain's had a victory
Against her mightiest foe
Unequaled in all history
Ha! Ha! Hi! Hi! Ho! Ho!

TAGORE COMES TO MALAYA

(From Our Correspondent)

Kuala Lumpur, 10th June: At the beautiful hill station of Cameron Highlands 5,000 feet above sea level a new page has been written in the cultural history of Malaya. On 8th May the inauguration of a Tagore Institute was performed by Mr. J. A. Thivy, former Minister of State in the Provisional Government of Azad Hind.

The history of this new venture dates back only to the recent visit of Pandit Nehru. It did not take him long to realise what has been apparent to other visitors to Malaya—that cultural activities play only a small part in the lives of all the communities here. Indians, Chinese and British come to Malaya in peace time with but one object, to make as much money as possible, and to return to their native land. The British Government has done little to encourage higher education, or a study of the arts, as there is neither a university nor a college of arts in the whole of Malaya.

But there is another aspect of this problem which does not receive enough attention. The basis of classical Indian literature and art is religious, and with the gradual decay of religion among the Indian community, has gone the inspiration, which a living and growing culture requires. This new venture will encourage the study of classical writings as literature. At the same time it will stimulate the study of contemporary Indian literature which has been influenced so much by the writings of Rabindranath Tagore.

It was Mr. Kunwai Rathone who took Nehru's criticism to heart. His personal enthusiasm soon inspired other members of the Indian Association in Cameron Highlands and Ipoh to found the Tagore Institute. At the inauguration, representatives of the community from all over Malaya gathered to celebrate this important event. In his opening

address, Mr. Thivy said that the Institute will prove a definite step towards the cultural upliftment of Indians in East Asia. The Tagore family of Bengal were the elite of India, and much of the cultural, social, and political awakening in India is due to Tagore. After congratulating Kunwai Rathone for selecting such a beautiful site, Mr. Thivy continued, "I am simply enamoured by the very idea of this institution. We have won a costly war, but the peace has yet to be won. Let the Tagore Institute contribute its share towards that ultimate goal." He finally appealed for the whole-hearted support of the Indian community for the glory of a United Independent Hindustan.

The principal objects of the Institute are laid down as follows:

(1) To propagate and promote Indian culture, and to promote racial unity, equality and harmony amongst the different communities in Malaya through the study of their culture.

(2) To promote the study of Hindustani and other oriental languages, and to impart instruction in Indian music, singing, classical dancing, and drama.

(3) To encourage sports, lectures, debates and other social activities, and to render service to the needy and distressed among all communities.

(4) To promote international brotherhood, and understanding through pen friendships, tours and the exchange of cultural missions between countries. To hold exhibitions of arts and industries.

(5) To carry out research, and to produce pamphlets, periodicals, and books on the basis of Dr. Tagore's ideas and ideals.

These plans are now being clothed with reality. Classes for children in the locality are already in progress, and within a month a course

in the theoretical and practical study of North Indian dancing will be held.

It will be seen that the Institute will not restrict itself in any way, but will study the culture of the Malays and other Asiatic communities. It is also planning some original research into the history of the Sakis, the aboriginal jungle dwellers of Malaya.

It was a famous English war leader who remarked that the lamps of Europe one by one are being rekindled. In Asia, after the halocaust of war, new lights are being lit to inspire the peoples to take a pride in their own heritage, and to lighten the dark areas where ignorance, disease, and gross exploitation still hold sway. The Tagore Institute will play its part in stimulating this new spirit abroad in Asia.

BOTH ARE RIGHT AND BOTH ARE WRONG

By C. R. K.

A short while ago I was coming from the hills to the plains and a sight which caught my eye set me thinking and prompted me to put my thoughts on paper.

At the Mettupalayam Station platform there was an only tap with a reluctant flow of water at which rushed a number of passengers to fill their water-bottles and also a few housewives from the households of the station employees to collect water for their household use. I was very much moved to see a young lady patiently standing in the hot sun with her pitcher to collect the necessary amount of water needed for her household. The nearest house where anybody could be living was at some distance from the station. A branch from the pipe at the station could have been led to some spot in the proximity of these dwelling houses. It may be objected that ordinarily there will not be a rush at this pipe except during train times. Even granting this condition, does it not hurt one's feeling that young ladies from their households have to come this distance each time they needed some water leaving other work in the household—may be there are young children needing attention in the house—it is hurtful to the dignity of human personality to submit them to this torture due to the thoughtlessness of the powers that be. These ladies also could have arranged their domestic routine in such a way as not to come for collection of water during train time. But what shocked me was to learn that water is stopped in the tap directly the train leaves the station.

There was a disgusting sight at the Indian refreshment room upstairs. The stink was intolerable. The plea advanced by the people in charge was

that they have not sufficient water. The place was also cramped. A good portion of the place let to them was utilised for storing the provisions and I noticed a few women winnowing rice and picking and cleaning rice and cereals, raising a good deal of dirt—these things could have been done at some rented place outside the station premises. The few attendants at the place were going about with a doleful look in their faces and as they served the customers I noticed them flinging the eatables ordered instead of placing them quietly on the table. It is a rare sight to see any of the servers with a smile in their face. Why cannot they adopt the motto "Smile while you serve"? But how can they smile while they are overworked? But why should they be overworked? All that is needed is adjustment and proper planning and arrangement. As one goes on observing many of these happenings, one is forcibly led to conclude that those that have, have no consideration for those that do not have. But those that do not have, while they put up mournful complaints and talk of their rights and privileges, never realize the duty of faithful and cheerful service they owe to them that pay them and the others they serve.

The whole world is topsyturvy. Why can there not be a little more cheerfulness and friendliness all round in our daily transactions? Cannot these things be set right by everyone making an effort? I have no doubt it can be done. It only needs somebody to go round and do a little propaganda amongst them and it is hoped that any such propaganda shall not be misconstrued.

AGRICULTURE SHOULD BE NATIONALISED

By M. Vaidyanathan, M.A., L.T., F.S.S.

Much has been said in recent years about the plight of Indian agriculture as an industry and the pitiable state of the Indian cultivator. The Sir John Woodhead Commission has gone into every possible detail connected with agriculture in India. But what are their suggestions to prevent the extinction threatening the staple industry of the land engaging practically the entire working class? The remedies suggested are worse than the disease; for example, to improve the fertility of the land better manuring is necessary, and to get better yields improved seeds and manuring are the *sine qua non*; and for all these the finance should be found somewhere. While the poor cultivator is being threatened with extinction every day, in the hope of getting better yields which are a doubtful proposition from the viewpoint of his own experience, he would involve himself in more misery and lose his small bit of paternal estate eventually. That is what is actually happening in India to-day—the size of the holding of wet land was on an average 10 acres, thirty years ago but it is hardly two to three acres to-day. Indebtedness and laws of inheritance act and react in such a way that not only is there a quick change in ownership and possession of ryotwari holdings throughout India, but also the size of the holding has become inimical both to the cultivator and to the country's interests.

The only planning committee which is planning to improve the agriculturists' plight is the National Planning Committee presided over by Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru and they have made a number of suggestions which are in the course of taking final shape—from consolidation of holdings to the abolition of zamindari. In Madras the Prakasam Committee made a number of

useful suggestions. But of what avail are all these till the cultivator, big or small, is saved from his miseries and is assured of a safe berth in this world? We need not follow the Russian model—call it Communism or Socialism—but nationalisation of the staple industry of agriculture engaging 80 per cent of the population should be the first business of any popular Ministry. We do not need any statistics to show the plight of the Indian cultivator—it can be summarised in five phrases—huge indebtedness, small holding, insecure tenure, diminishing income and approaching insolvency. Who can help the drowning cultivator but the State? The taxes paid by a mirasdar or a zamindar form the financial backbone of the administration, but when he cannot meet his other liabilities after paying the taxes which are collected even when he cannot pay them, is it not the duty of the State to help him? No patched-up relief or pretence of help—such as a land mortgage bank, or a rural co-operative society—can save him. The expert agricultural officers cannot bring home to the starving cultivator the results of his researches, nor is the Agricultural Debt Relief Act of the Congress Ministry reducing his indebtedness. While agricultural labourers agitate on the one hand for higher wages, the zamindar is experiencing the plight of an insolvent every minute. Such state of affairs is tolerated in this country because public opinion is not sufficiently organized. The State for its part is not willing to adopt a co-ordinated policy of relief to the cultivator. There is no dearth of committees or commissions to examine this question or that, but the whole problem of the agriculturist in India is this: how to make him useful not only as an agriculturist but also as a citizen.

Agricultural indebtedness is the first major point to be tackled by any popular Ministry. The relief which the Congress Ministries wished to give to the agriculturist through debt conciliation boards has not been successful, and if at all, it has aggravated the position. Either the agriculturist has lost what little credit he could command from his customary creditors, or black-marketing with regard to rate of interest has become prevalent. The indebted position of the agriculturist to-day has thus become intolerable. What then is the remedy? *The only solution and the commonsense solution is that the State should take over all 'insolvent' estates and redeem the debts chargeable to those estates, and pay the balance, if any, to the owners of lands.* There are innumerable benefits accruing from such a bold stroke of policy.

Firstly, the agriculturist will be saved from his hereditary troubles.

Secondly, there will not be a frequent transfer of ownership of small holdings.

Thirdly, the consolidation of small holdings which has been the cry of agricultural India could be effected by the Government themselves much more easily than through non-official effort or even through co-operative societies under non-official management. The Government could purchase these indebted holdings straightaway and bring about their consolidation through the Agricultural Department and through Co-operative Societies more effectively.

Fourthly, the owners of the superseded estates could be employed in the estates themselves purchased by the Government on suitable wages, and in fact the Government should guarantee suitable employment to those who lose their holdings.

Fifthly, the private indebtedness would be automatically put an end to so far as villagers are concerned. There would be very little work for the Registration Department and for the Treasurer in charge of Stamps. In Italy, before this Great War, thanks to the agricultural policy of

the State, the indebtedness of the agriculturists was practically wiped out.

Sixthly, removal of indebtedness of the poor cultivator would make him a more useful citizen, for once he is guaranteed a job, he would get himself absorbed into ways more useful to himself and to the community.

Seventhly, while the creditor class including banks would cease to function in the way they are doing now of advancing monies at a high rate of interest to those who cannot really afford to return them, this useful class of capitalists would turn their attention to 'industries' which need their help badly.

Eighthly, the monies invested by the Government in this way towards the purchase of indebted estates would and could be invested in key industries by the capitalist in the following manner: the creditors of the villagers would be told that their monies would be returned to them by the Government on condition that they are re-invested in the form of 'shares' in industrial concerns to be specified by the Government. This would ensure compulsory investment on the part of the capitalists on 'industries' which need help, and so far as the capitalists are concerned, they can be sure of a reasonable dividend. So far as the Government are concerned, they can make provision for the payments in long instalments, as the Government of Britain are now doing in the matter of nationalisation of several key-industries such as coal, cotton mills, etc. Even according to the worst estimates the entire agricultural indebtedness in India is only 350 to 400 crores, reckoning only that portion of agriculturists' debts which fall direct as a charge on the lands, and according to this scheme, it is proposed to purchase in the first instance only estates which are in debt. Statistics of actual data are lacking in authentic reports, but it is almost certain that the entire indebtedness of agriculturists would be easily within the capacity of redemption of any Indian Government.

Ninthly, the trouble of collecting kist from land holdings would automatically disappear, and the revenue agency would be automatically reduced.

Tenthly, in these newly acquired estates owned by the Government there would be ample scope for conducting agricultural researches and demonstrations, which would bridge the gap between the cultivator and the research man. It has almost become an excuse with the agricultural experts that they cannot translate their researches into practice in cultivators' fields because of the smallness of the holdings. Now with the scheme adumbrated here, the experts would have ample opportunity for demonstrating their skill to get the best out of their lands.

Eleventhly, what about the holdings which have no debt? According to available figures these will be only 20 per cent of the total number of holdings, and again there is the question of big zamindaries coming under the Estate Lands Act such as impartible estates. These call for separate treatment, but they should also be given the option to

get themselves nationalised. Lastly, the Government would, under this scheme, become the absolute owners of impoverished estates and besides giving permanent relief to the agriculturists, they could, by proper supervision and expert help which they have in plenty, improve the net yield per acre even after declaring a huge bonus to the labourers and employees.

Thus the whole question of agricultural indebtedness reduces itself to this—the Indian agriculturist, even with all the relief that the present Government are giving such as temporary loans, free supply of seeds and so on, is beyond redemption; and if he should be saved, the State should take over his land and redeem all charges on it such as old debts, maintenance of people depending upon the land for their subsistence and so on. The whole scheme could be put through by means of a comprehensive Act of the Central Legislature to be operated on by individual provinces according to the circumstances of each province.

STATE FARMING TO AVERT FAMINE ✓

By M. S. V. Chari

I think that Rajaji's suggestion that Government should take over the rich paddy fields of Tanjore district was only part of a greater scheme (which he must have been revolving in his mind) to take over control of all the agricultural lands in the province. In making the suggestion, probably he was feeling the pulse of the mirasdars and their unqualified approval of his suggestion must have come to him as a pleasant surprise. Probably he was thinking of State farming as a whole.

The benefits of State farming are quite obvious. Everybody will have enough to eat and the agricultural labour problem would have been solved once for all. The standard of living of the villager would be automatically raised. He will become politically conscious and the way would be paved for Indian freedom. Once the problem of food is solved, the solution of others like education, will follow in its wake. The Indian nation will become as verile as any other western nation.

The agriculturist has been saved from the grip of his creditor. He was within an ace of being saved from hunger. But things have so happened in South Indian politics that this was not to be. The man who had elaborately planned for the welfare of the masses and who bore the calumnies against him for many a month, at last could bear them no longer—and stood aloof.

Other men, different in mental calibre from him, rushed into the political arena. Days have elapsed since they assumed office. But in vain do we look for any bold sign of any attempt on their part to catch the bull by the horn—I mean the food problem. They have made certain pronouncements intended to improve the present defects on food policy which cannot take us far. The main problem has not even been touched.

The new Ministry have taken over control of all temple lands. Why only temple lands? Luckily the idols have no tongues to protest against this invidious distinction.

The first and foremost merit about State farming especially now is that the Government will for a certainty know what the actual stock of foodstuffs is at its disposal. So long as this is an unknown quantity, every attempt to solve the food problem will be utterly futile.

During the Advisers' regime, nobody knew what quantity of foodstuffs was taken away by the Government under the mysterious head "Defence requirements" and the rest only was available for the civil population. It must be the duty of the Ministry to emphatically say that no more foodstuffs should be taken away for military requirements until and unless the needs of the civil population are completely satisfied. And when it is remembered that there is no rationing in the Military department, the injustice of allowing priority to the military in the matter of essential foodstuffs becomes very apparent. So the question is, has the present Ministry the courage to flatly deny priority to the military. Many people feel that if this defence requirements item is successfully resisted there will be no famine problem at all in the country.

On the other hand, the Government of India could deny that depletion of stocks of foodstuffs is caused by de-

fence requirements. The fact is, these defence requirements have till now been purchased by the Government from contractors over whom the Provincial Government had not only no control but whom they had to actively help to procure foodstuffs. The contractors have ceased to function but that does not mean that procurement for the military has of a sudden stopped, for the simple reason that the militia has not been disbanded yet. It is idle to pretend that the needs of the Indian militia stationed overseas are entirely by supplies purchased from foreign lands like Siam and Burma.

State farming now as an emergency measure will become a permanent policy of Government. Socialism or Communism would thus be built on very solid foundations. People are talking about nationalising key industries like cloth manufacture, etc. But the production of food naturally must stand first in the list of such policies. What problem could not be solved of this food problem is solved once and for all?

I cannot get away from the thought that Rajaji is an ideal Communist (or Socialist?) who is trying to bring about a revolutionary change in the country without however advocating revolution.

TIT-BITS:

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

A young American found himself seated next to the eminent Chinese, Dr. Wellington Koo, at a diplomatic banquet. Completely at a loss as to what to say to a Chinese, this young man, with a touch of genius, said: "Likee soupee?" Dr. Koo smiled and nodded. Several moments later, when called upon to say a few words, he delivered a brilliant talk in flawless English, sat down while the applause was still resounding, turned to the young man and said: "Likee a speechee?"

Dr. Alexander Whyte of Edinburgh always found something to thank God for in his public prayers. One stormy morning a member of his congregation thought to himself, "This preacher will have nothing to thank God for this wretched morning." But Whyte began his

prayer, "We thank Thee, O God, that the weather is not always like this."

The philosophical attitude towards life was expressed by a charwoman quoted in Rose Heniker Heaton's "The Perfect Cruise":

"There ain't no 'appiness in this world, so we must just be 'appy without it."

An old lady who had been blitzed applied urgently to the local authority for a bedstead. She was sympathetically received and assured that the committee would grant her one in due course.

"But I want it now," she protested. "I have got nothing to sleep on."

"That's quite all right," came the assurance. "The committee will make its grant retrospective."

MUSIC AND MUSICAL CRITICISM

By Kumara Guru

Only men who stand high in the profession or amateurs who command some respect from the professionals themselves by their performances either vocally or on the violin or the vina, should offer musical criticism. In the words of Joseph Conrad, "the amateur's skill of technique is rendered exact only by professional opinion". Many of the present day writers on music have a certain vocabulary of mere catch-words, but art is a different thing altogether. It exists not only for the enjoyment of others, but gives scope for creative exercise to the mind of the artist himself.

There is a general feeling among the older generation of listeners that standards in the musical art have fallen. There is no doubt that music has now become broad-based and is understood by many. But music as art has lost its depth. The underlying causes for this deterioration should be examined and efforts put forth to remove them.

One of such causes is that, except nominally, the ancient Guru-sishya (master-pupil) system which bestowed individual attention on the pupil is not quite in vogue to-day. The training and mental stimulation given, say by Puchi Srinivasa Ayyangar of the last generation to Ariyakudi Ramanuja Ayyangar, or by Patnam Subramaniya Ayyar of the earlier generation to Puchi Srinivasa Ayyangar or Vasudevachariar of Mysore were marvels to contemplate. No such training is available to-day for budding artistes. Recently, the able vocalist, Fyaz Khan of North India, gave expression in an interview to a similar opinion. A cynic once put it to me that a musician picks up a song from a printed book, just rehearses it en route in the railway train and spits it out in a public performance at the other end of the journey, unassimilated and un-understood.

For an understanding of how to reform the exposition of our classical music, I quote two observations of American philosophers, Prof.

John Dewey and George Santayana, which are well worth pondering over, though they be in relation to European music. Prof. Dewey says in his "Art as Experience" that the "history of music on the one hand is the history of making musical instruments". Carnatic art music is, beyond doubt, at its highest in vina music. (Yet a suggestion has been seriously made in a Tamil Journal that the *sarangi* of North India may well be used as an accompaniment to Carnatic vocal music!) How many of our vocalists of to-day actually know to play on the vina, even to a moderate extent, as was the case a generation or two ago? None, I should say. How then can we expect vocalists to know truly the light and shade of sweet musical sounds? Thyagaraja, Syama Sastri and Muthusamy Dikshitar, the great composers, were vina players. The late Govindaswami Pillai, famous as violinist, was a good player on the flute and *mridangam* also. Palladam Sanjiva Rao, the well-known flute player, was a violinist for at least four years. Ability to play on stringed instruments gives one a better grasp of the essentials of art music than mere vocal training does.

George Santayana says in "Reason and Music" that "music is only rationalised sound and a mathematics become audible". I am told that to-day Karaikudi Sambasiva Ayyar does his own *melam* fretting of the vina in hard wax, as was the general custom in the past generation. This habit gave them perforce a knowledge of 22 srutis or more in the octave forming an essential feature of Carnatic music. In fact it may be said that the *sarangi* with its 12 resonant strings to the octave to represent the 12 *svaras*, has cut down, root and all, the ancient Hindu tradition of music.

The science of musical sounds has enormously developed in the West, and it is essential we take a leaf out of their book. The advent of the violin to South India and its use since

1800 by Carnatic musicians has brought about a grand evolution in Carnatic music. Thyagaraja himself should have been affected by the violin tone. The large number of his compositions in the smaller ragas where, along with a large admixture of vina graces, the European melodic structure is well imitated, is evidence of his perception of the harmonical sounds of the violin traceable to its peculiar construction. The seven-stringed violin with its metallic screech, devised and used by some South Indian violinists, is a monstrosity.

A recent adjunct to music performances, the *kanjeera*, has no central loading on the membrane. It has been scientifically proved by Sir

C. V. Raman that it is the central loading on the *mridanga*, which gives it its high musical quality. Another musical instrument in vogue imported from the West is the clarinet. It is making our ears lose their sense of natural notes. Protests against its employment, addressed to the All-India Radio, are rarely attended to. The late John Foulds tried to orchestrate Indian music with Indian stringed instruments only, but the present men in authority think themselves wiser than he.

It is quite essential that our aspiring vocalists should take lessons for a few years on the vina so that the Carnatic standard in art may not fall off from its high pedestal.

THE MADRAS MINISTRY

By T. R. Srinivasan

The Congress Ministry in Madras came into existence only after a long quarrel in the Province, against the desire and advice of the Congress High Command.

The anti-C. R. clique in Tamil Nad worked very hard to prevent Rajaji's leadership. In spite of the clique's hard work, it has gained nothing. Persons who helped the Madras Congress to throw away the advice of the Congress High Command have achieved responsible and well-paid posts in the Ministry as remuneration for their timely help. Mr. Kamaraj Nadar's name that was very famous when the anti-C. R. campaign was vigorous is not found in the dailies and other journals as often as before.

The clique accused C. R. and his followers of having a great desire for power. They said they should get only selfless leaders into power. But they have now proved and people should by now have realised that the anti-C. R. clique is a power-hunting group. The South Indian Kher, Mr. A. Vaidyanatha Aiyar, could have easily accepted Mr. Prakasam's offer if he desired power. We must remember that he is not for power; but for public good.

Since the Ministry began to function, it has done nothing substantial with regard to the many problems facing it. But they are trying their best to tackle problems like food, cloth,

etc. The Ministers are touring—to their native places—to study the situation. They address public meetings, speak to prominent persons and do what all they can.

Before doing any good to the public they have fixed their salaries at the maximum stipulated by the Congress Working Committee. When the salary bill was opposed by the Opposition Party in the Assembly our Ministers stated that the maximum salary of Rs. 1,000/- (and an allowance of Rs. 500/-) had been fixed by the Working Committee. Having rejected the Working Committee's advice, they take their advice only for personal advantage if it is favourable. How selfish!

The cost of living in Madras is certainly cheaper than in Bombay where the Ministers have fixed their salaries at Rs. 850/-. Why should our Ministers want more than the Bombay Ministers? In this connection, our Speaker, Mr. J. Sivasanmugam Pillai must be appreciated for donating a portion of his salary for the uplift of Harijans.

Rajaji is giving valuable advice to the Ministers with regard to various problems facing the people. He helps them to ease the situation through his admirable suggestions though he is out of the Ministry. How great! The Ministry can tackle the serious problems easily if it follows the advice of Rajaji.

BOOKS IN GENERAL ::

"I hate to read new books," says Hazlitt in his emphatic style. The earnest student, dismayed by this fiat, is further disconcerted by the petulant sarcasm of the French writer, who announced that whenever he heard a new book has been published, he read an old one. It is undoubted that this is the vanity of scepticism. While it is necessary that the meritorious influence of a "best seller" be resisted, it is equally important that modern literature be not entirely neglected.

The antiquarian, who resolutely averts his face from modern productions, will have lost much if he did not fall in with a book but lately issued from the Press. A new book by Mr. Edmund Blunden is a landmark in contemporary literature. After having explored the horrors of war, the contentment of cricket, and the style of the later Romantics, he has now applied his genial and attractive diction to the restoration of Shelley. His *Shelley, A Life Story*, recently published by Collins is an attempt to rescue the poet from the superciliousness of Matthew Arnold who pronounced him an "ineffectual angel". He is concerned to demonstrate that Shelley, far from being "a luminous and phantasmal beauty", was a "man on whose countenance much hard experience had been recorded".

It is regrettable that Mr. Blunden should have laid so much emphasis on controversy as to have no remarks to make on the poems. But this excision is emphatically announced in the title, and the reader is perhaps not justified in complaining. Nevertheless, he will read, among much that is valuable ennobling, and interesting, that it is a mistaken notion that Shelley could not make a joke.

Belles lettres have also recently been enriched by two reprints. Two volumes of perhaps some of the most entrancing letters in the English language, the first one of Lamb, have been added to the Everyman's Library. Edited by Guy Pocock from the standard text of E. V. Lucas, the

volumes may serve to introduce into the libraries of poor students, a wealth of language and fancy hitherto out of their grasp. The second reprint is that of Anthony Trollope's *Autobiography*, edited by Charles Morgan for Williams and Norgate. No reader of the Barsetshire novels can rest content without perusing in what deadly matter-of-fact manner those entrancing tales were composed.

The Golden Cockerel Press has recently issued two volumes of Napoleon's *Memoirs*, edited and translated by Somerset de Chair. These books have had a curious history. They were dictated by the Emperor during the exile at St. Helena to numerous amanuenses. Based entirely on memory, they trace his rise from the obscurity of Corsica to the downfall at Waterloo. But there is evidence that he greatly exaggerated his nearness to victory at Waterloo. It is not correct to assert that just before the Old Guard broke, "confusion reigned in the English Army". But it is undoubtedly true that Wellington himself said that it was a d—d close thing, and could not have been done if he had not been there.

The world has suffered much from dialect poems, since Parson Barnes favoured it with some examples. But the Yorkshire lyrics, *Under T' Hawthorn*, published by Muller for Dorothy Una Ratcliffe are authentic. There is much that is sensible in the advice:

"Folks 'at's tired gits churlish
An' starts t'owd World's disorders—
Ther'd be less quarrels if they
grew wallflowers i' their borders".

It would be hard if a week were to pass by without a detective novel; so completely have the detective and the murderer replaced the knight and the dragon in the estimation of the world. Mr. A. E. W. Mason, that experienced practitioner of the sanguinary art, has, in *The House in Lordship Lane*, published by Holder and Stoughton, embarked Inspector Hanaud of the Surete on another

adventure, which does not conclude until the mystery of the young man with marks of fetters on his body is solved to the satisfaction of everybody. Though content to follow the familiar argument, the story is clever and entertaining.

Equally entertaining in another sphere is Dudley Carew's *To the Wicket*, published by Chapman and Hall. The subject is the fortunes of

the game of cricket between the two wars. Though this same theme has been explored by Sir Pelham Warner, it certainly admits of another telling. Mr. Carew attempts to evoke the atmosphere of the period. His epitaph on it is just. "We saw Chapman field, Larwood bowl, Hammond bat, and we are not so much to be pitied as you think."

—BOOKMAN

A TYPE OF MODERN ART

I was invited the other day to a private art exhibition arranged by an artist-friend. It was a friendly gathering of pure poets and pure artists, with a few lady-artists thrown in to lend colour to the occasion.

I went prepared for an intellectual treat of no common order, but I was invited to feast my eyes on a collection of expressionist and surrealist paintings—pictures of men and monkeys, with the monkeys preponderating. My friend assured me, pointing out one of the pictures, that the artist had an unusual, deep, penetrating X-ray eye that looked beyond the crude epidermis of man and ransacked his very soul.

He then singled out another picture from the collection and calling me near, asked, "Well, what do you think of this?" It was the sort of picture to drive the onlooker to the nearest eye-specialist, asking of himself, "Can my vision be as bad as this?"

To be quite candid, I could not comprehend the meaning of the picture, nor even read an elementary message in its twisted evolutions. It was a chaos of whirling and concentric circles. Someone nearby volunteered the information that that particular picture represented the truest form of the latest aesthetic movement. I however failed completely to grasp the truth of the movement alleged. All that I saw was: one, a pair of badly cooked pumpkins in a huge frying pan; two, a couple of squinting monkeys scratching their backs; three, a sad-looking snake inside a thermometer.

Seeing the disappointment on my face, my host showed me another picture which, according to him, was of the "pure mystic significance represented in the Ajanta technique." I dare not, in these days, deny the rights of mysticism over art. But whatever mysticism there was in the picture was so highly mystic that the significance of it escaped my mediocre intelligence. I saw spread out on the canvas blotches of colour in the midst of several streams of light which faded away into corners, rather pathetically. I struggled to discover a symbol sufficiently terrestrial to suggest a human being, or part of one—a flower, tree, even a vague cloud—even a very vague cloud would have satisfied me. It was no use. The mysticism of the picture was oceanic. Unconquerable.

The three pictures I saw that day were, in simple language, pure rubbish.

I will not, I hope, be accused of lacking an 'eye for art' if I say that if a picture, supposed to be of a donkey, monkey or fish or baby is painted in such a way that the donkey, monkey, fish or baby equally well suggests a steam-roller, an electric crane, a merry-go-round or a circus-girl, that picture is not art.

Good art does not require a label attached to it. True art would remain quite as true if every explanatory scrap of writing disappeared.

Seeing a weird picture, a young lady in the gathering remarked, "Is that supposed to represent a woman?" My host replied: "Of course it is!"—BOHEMIAN.

JACK HOBBS

By Dr. P. Subbarayan

(President, Board of Control for Cricket in India)

It is very difficult to write of Jack Hobbs as he is the one great cricketer with whom my personal contact has been most intimate. To future historians of cricket there will be always a Hobbs Era. For well nigh a quarter of century he was a Colossus of the cricket world. He holds the record for the number of runs and the number of centuries made by an English batsman in the Anglo-Australian Tests. He made 12 hundreds against Australia and has scored over 3,600 runs. On Australian wickets he has perhaps never had a superior even including the indomitable Don Bradman. Bradman has left him behind in the number of centuries and total aggregate, but by the time Bradman came into his prime, the art

of bowling in England had certainly deteriorated and he had not either Sid Barnes or Frank Foster to face. There is also this to be said in favour of Hobbs that he went on making runs in Test matches for many years.

I first met Jack in a bat manufacturers' firm in Fleet Street. We got friendly from that very moment and as I was a member of the Surrey County Club, our acquaintance ripened into friendship. I found in Jack not merely a great batsman but also a friend and a gentleman capable of great affection. When I told Jack how keen I was that my three sons should become cricketers, he at once took them on and tried to teach them the art of batting and bowling. If they did not



Jack Hobbs with the three sons of Dr. Subbarayan, teaching them the art of batting and bowling.

TEST MATCH PROSPECTS

become proficient at the game, it was not Jack's fault as not only did he try to teach them but also got the famous Surrey cricketers Sandham and Sheppard to coach them. I always remember this gesture of Jack with gratitude. He visited this country twice, first as a member of the Maharajkumar of Vizianagaram's Touring Side and the second time as a reporter for the *Star* on Jardine's M.C.C. Team in India. Many happy days have I spent with him during these visits.

Hobbs's influence in English cricket will remain for a long time. The intervention of the first World War lost four seasons for Jack which prevented him setting up records which might have stood for all time. I was terribly sad when Jack retired from first class cricket and could not complete the 200 centuries which I thought he certainly would; even now he leads in the matter of centuries in first class cricket, having made 197 of them. In century partnerships for the first wicket he holds the record, having made them with different partners. Sandham is his club-mate, having been associated with him for such partnerships more than any other; but Hayward, Wilfrid Rhodes and Sutcliffe have a share in them as well. It has been said that Sutcliffe's prominence in Test matches was due to his association with Hobbs as his first wicket partner. Hobbs was the senior partner of the firm and in such long partnerships he naturally called the tune.

I remember the century he made at Lords in 1926 against Australia led by Collins; he took a long time to reach his century after he was 90 and there was great murmur among the members in the pavilion. They felt that what they wanted was quick scoring as the Australia-

lians had to be put in again. But they forgot that Richardson was keeping an accurate length and that he was not easy to score from. It was not so much his century that Jack thought of; he felt if he could tire Richardson out, the later batsmen could reap the benefit and he was right as Hendren was able to hit the tired Australian bowling all over the field after Jack left. The innings he played in the last Test match at the Oval in 1926 on a sticky wicket and the manner in which he kept Sutcliffe away from Richardson will always remain in my memory. It was the innings of a master and an artist and certainly paved the way for the English victory. Surrey has produced many opening batsmen for England, Albel, Brockwell, Tom Hayward, Sandham, but Hobbs certainly takes the first place among these great opening batsmen. Jack will always remain as an example for all young cricketers. His bat moved like a pendulum and this enabled him to conquer all conditions of wickets. He is really THE PATTERN for all young cricketers to model themselves on and will always have a place among the great cricketers of the world. He was so modest in bearing that he would never talk of his own prowess and avoided any mention of what he has accomplished. His name is secure for all time and he will rank with Dr. W. G. Grace and Hammond as England's best. Even now his interest in cricket remains and his place in Fleet Street is a great rendezvous for all cricketers from all climes. Many a happy hour have I spent in his shop.

With resumption of cricket and international tours, his place will again become a club for cricketers. I wish Hobbs many more years of happiness.

The rigour of "Test" matches returns to England on June 22 when at Lord's India takes the field against England in the eighth encounter between the two countries. The moment is an exalted one, and deserves to be so treated. A whole nation will be on tenterhooks for three days. Such, if one may repeat the obvious, is the fascination of bat and ball.

It is at once obvious that in none of the seven previous encounters have the two opposing teams been so evenly matched. In the first of them all, India rendered a creditable account of herself, but no more. Jardine's combination was so powerful that no apology is needed for the record of two defeats and one draw. The potentially powerful side that faced England in 1936 was so largely vitiated by indiscipline and jealousy that it came as no surprise when it lost two Tests. The surprise was immense when it contrived to hold England to a draw in the "Test" at Manchester.

The position is vastly different now. If it may be plausibly argued that Pataudi's team is not intrinsically more powerful than Maharajkumar of Vizianagaram's, the gratifying fact that there is abundant co-operation and subordination of individual preferences for the common good in it renders it a vastly more formidable combination. Evidence has been provided that it is not unwise to expect one or other of the reputed players to come to the rescue of the team, if it should find itself in difficulties. The meritorious performance of Hazare at Portsmouth carries with it a greater renown than could have been accorded to it on the strength of the mere figures.

On the other hand, the team selected to represent England is possibly the weakest in the last twenty years. Unless the choice is a definite policy in experiment or a bad joke, the names read strangely. English selectors were never wont to depart so perilously from recognised form. If the selection of Hammond, Compton, Hardstaff, Wash-

brook, Gibb, Hutton, and Wright is no surprise, that of Bedser, Ikin, Smailes, and Bowes must be regarded as precarious, though the bases of judgment are undoubtedly different.

It becomes abundantly obvious that the selectors have had in mind less a victory over India this summer than a triumph in Australia in the winter. The consistent partiality for younger players cannot otherwise be explained. How far this policy can be reconciled with a proper knowledge of the visitors' ability will no doubt be rendered clear on those three eventful days.

The tourists have not had to darken counsel by considerations other than the sole aim of earning a victory. The choice of their team can present little difficulties. Nobody is likely to feel injured if Pataudi leads into the field Merchant, Mankad, Amarnath, Mushtaq Ali, Hazare, Modi, Sarwate, Gul Mahomed, Shinde, and Hindlekar. Disputants may be found willing to raise two controversies, whether Pataudi should at all captain the team, and whether Mushtaq Ali should be retained, in view of his unrelieved failure. The first admits of no question. If the captain is able to play, he should be in the team. The second is capable of sustaining some more argument, but it would be tragic if a gifted player should be condemned on the strength of a series of failures, which attends every player at one stage or other of his career.

If one may leave out of account the inexplicable failure at Portsmouth, the Indian batting is not likely to be unduly troubled by the English attack. But it is a different case with Indian bowling. To it has been assigned the task of dismissing such great batsmen as Hammond and Compton, such accomplished players as Hardstaff, Hutton, and Washbrook, and such a dour defender as Gibb. The task will probably prove to be beyond it. If one must exercise one's powers of divination, the first Test may end in a draw.—N.S.R.



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SACHIDANANDA SINHA AS I KNOW HIM

By P. Rajeswara Rao

I had the opportunity to study Dr. Sachidananda Sinha from close quarters during my stay at Patna from 1937 to '39. I was introduced to him by my friend, the late Mr. V. Sundaram Iyer, who was assisting Dr. Sinha in editing the *Hindustan Review*. It looked as though no introduction was necessary to meet him by the ease with which he received me and talked to me, making me feel that he must have known all my forefathers. His talk was indeed an intellectual treat. What is more, he permitted me to borrow books from his personal library, a rare privilege extended to very few. He encouraged me to review books for the literary supplement of his journal, which incidentally helped me to come into close personal contact with a number of distinguished authors.

With a regular flow of visitors and with its princely atmosphere, his residence looks like a durbar. Though his interests are so many and engagements so numerous, he finds time to pay personal attention to one and all. With its happy blend of ancient tradition and modern temper, his hospitality is proverbial. People belonging to various schools of thought come and stay with him and are entertained lavishly. During his Indian tour, the late Lord Lothian was much impressed by Dr. Sinha's hospitality. The late Mr. Nagendra Nath Gupta, a veteran journalist, told me that he was one of the many who paid annual visits to Dr. Sinha and returned with memories of a happy time, and with filled pockets. With prompt attention to a heavy personal mail Dr. Sinha not only makes friends but constantly keeps in touch with them.

Practical Reformer

Dr. Sinha was the first Bihari Kayastha to cross the seas, for

which he was excommunicated. Instead of being cowed down by persecution he went a step further and married the late Srimati Radhika of the Punjab. He engaged Muslim servants and Goanese cooks in his household. Srimati Radhika Sinha with her liberal education reinforced by wide travels was a noble specimen of Indian womanhood. She was highly religious and encouraged her husband to understand and appreciate the niceties of Hindu culture and tradition. After her death Dr. Sinha thought it fit to remain a widower for the rest of his life. In accordance with the choice of his wife, Dr. Sinha adopted Shri Radhakrishna, a well-behaved young man. When Radhakrishna married Srimati Kusum, the graduate-daughter of the Hon'ble Mr. Justice Varma of the Patna High Court, most of us thought that the marriage would be conducted on reformed lines. But it was celebrated in the orthodox Hindu style with due respect to every detail.

Doyen Of Public Men

Dr. Sinha is an elder statesman of Bihar. In fact he was among those that brought about the separation of Bihar from Bengal. In collaboration with his colleague, the late Mr. Mahesh Narain, he started the movement by establishing the *Bihar Times* in 1894. He is esteemed by every school of thought for his intimate knowledge of public affairs. Long before the non-party label became current, the late Sir C. Y. Chintamani described him as a non-party nationalist. Curiously, Dr. Sinha invariably missed 'leadership' in the popular sense of the term and let slip many an opportunity. The reason is that his sedate habits and scholarly temperament place him above the common folk. But he is

also a man of strong convictions and action. He headed the movement for the boycott of the Simon Commission in Bihar. When Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru organised the non-party conference Dr. Sinha fully co-operated with him right from the beginning. He condemned the action of the Government of India in prosecuting the I. N. A. men.

As An Editor

His record as Editor of the *Hindustan Review* is brilliant. The *Hindustan Review*, stated the *United Empire*, monthly organ of the Royal Empire Society, London, "is representative of the higher intellectual life of India and enables us to learn the thoughts that are agitating her cultured circles." Its articles are of special type from a political and philosophical point of view and it occupies among Indian periodicals a position analogous to that of the *Nineteenth Century* or the *Fortnightly Review*. This is a well-deserved tribute. The *Hindustan Review* has done and can do more to guide Indian public opinion by its broad hospitality to divergent views than it can by identifying itself with any particular party or school of thought.

Dr. Sinha is one of the patrons of the *Searchlight* and for sometime acted as the Managing Director of the *Indian Nation*. He was invited to represent the Indian Press at the first International Press Conference held in Geneva in 1927. He is also a member of the Publicity Advisory Committee to the Government of India.

As A Scholar

He is a laborious and regular student of public affairs. He goes through every English daily and periodical published in India. If he happens to miss a single issue he immediately writes to the editor concerned and does not rest satisfied till he reads it. He is fond of marking out important passages and preserving them for future reference. His range of study is extensive. When he was talking about the prospects of forming an Andhra province he surprised me by brilliantly discussing the relative claims

of Madras, Bezwada, Vizagapatam and Anantapur to be the capital. He narrated in detail what our elder statesmen like Sir B. N. Sarma, Mr. N. Subba Rao and Sir C. Y. Chintamani told him about this question. As one of the makers of modern Bihar he wished the Andhra province movement every success but regretted our losing many an opportunity.

"What Dr. Sinha does not know we need not know," remarked the late Prof. P. Seshadri of the Benares Hindu University. "His Urdu style is the envy of every Mussalman," observed Mr. Syed Abdul Aziz. No wonder, then, that the Allahabad University conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Literature.

His Work As Legislator

He has a long and distinguished record to his credit as a legislator. He was a member of the Imperial Legislative Council, the Legislative Assembly and the Bihar Provincial Council for several years. He is charming in conversation, powerful on the platform, peerless in debate. He is a great gentleman. His five years' stay in the Provincial Executive as Finance Member did not tame him. He has been a people's man throughout. Contrary to convention, he was not knighted after the termination of his term of office. I was present at Patna when Dr. Sinha presided over the first meeting of the Bihar Legislative Assembly under provincial autonomy. Not content with merely congratulating the newly elected Speaker and Deputy Speaker, he delivered a highly interesting, informative and instructive discourse on the growth of parliamentary practice in India. His recent unopposed election to the Bihar Provincial Legislature from the University constituency as a non-party nationalist satisfied one and all. He was once again requested by the Governor to preside over the first meeting of the Assembly.

Eminent Educationist

Education is not only his latest public activity, but it is in a sense a culmination of his work in other

fields. He was appointed as the Vice-Chancellor of Patna University in 1936 and his appointment has been renewed thrice since the completion of his first term. Looking at the record of this University one cannot fail to notice that during the period of his Vice-Chancellorship there has been a marked advance in higher education. Fresh faculties have been instituted, new colleges have sprung up and the number of students has also increased. He has inaugurated a new scheme of research scholarships and fellowships. He was elected as the President of the Inter-University Board to succeed Sir S. Radhakrishnan. His constructive lead at the annual session of the University was much appreciated in academic circles.

At present he is the President of the Patna Branch of the Indian Council of World Affairs.

Dr. Sachidananda Sinha is indeed a true guide, friend and philosopher to every young man who comes into contact with him. He has been serving the country for the last fifty years in a variety of ways. At the age of seventy-five, he is still young in spirit. May he live long to guide the destinies of our country and our people.

What the bus conductor saw:—

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BOOKS

Colonial and Coloured Peoples: By N. G. Ranga. (Hind Kitabs, Bombay. Rs. 4-12).

Professor Ranga makes in this book a broad survey of the history of the oppressed peoples' struggle for freedom in Asia and Africa, and formulates a 'programme for their freedom and progress' based on the lessons of recent years. His indictment of the exploitation of millions of Negroes, Indians and other Asiatics by the Western imperialists derives its force not only from emotional intensity, but even more from the ordered presentation of the economic implications of foreign domination. Considerable knowledge of the condition of the native populations of the various subject nations has gone into the writing of the chapter entitled "Our general case against imperialism."

Mr. Ranga lays bare the hypocrisy which lies behind the claim of the imperialists that they have brought economic and social advancement to the colonial people. Particularly important in the present context is his warning against the efforts of the imperial powers to retain effective control while making a show of transferring political power to the colonies. Pointing out that no extension or improvement of the system of mandates will satisfy the aspirations of the oppressed peoples to-day, he urges full and unqualified acceptance of their sovereignty as the only way of ending the exploitation of nation by nation. But the case against imperialism needs no elaborate argument; it is felt and proved on our pulses. The importance of this book lies in the author's thesis that all Westerners, irrespective of their political ideology, are imperialists at heart: "After all they are the victims of their 'communal matrix'... their susceptibility to this self-delusion makes them totally insensitive to contemporary forces." He elaborates the complementary doctrine that since Western Socialists have failed to recognize full freedom for the colonies, Socialism cannot be the proper ideology for the colonial masses. He condemns the Soviet Union as a power which has taken to the imperialist path, and Communist

parties all over the world as anti-national "agents of Russian imperialism." It is in presenting this view that Mr. Ranga's anti-Communist prejudices get the better of his judgment.

Thus he says that Dutch Communists support the efforts of the Dutch Government to re-impose their rule over Indonesia—a statement which is contrary to fact. Even the double-filtered news that reaches India via London has shown that the Dutch Communist Party has condemned the Dutch Government's policy, and has demanded the unqualified acceptance of freedom for the Indonesian people. The British Communists have similarly stood consistently for the transfer of complete power to India, even during the years of war. They were the only section of the British people to condemn the arrest of leaders in August 1942 and the subsequent country-wide repression. Mr. Ranga chooses to forget that it was Rajani Palme Dutt, the British Communist leader, who exposed Mr. Amery's India policy and his responsibility for the maladministration which resulted in the Bengal famine. Referring to Russian policy towards Persia, Mr. Ranga says: "In fact the Azerbaijan province has been encouraged by the Soviet agents to declare its independence and separate itself from Persia and it will not be long before the world is told that the so-called autonomous Azerbaijan has voted in favour of federation with the U.S.S.R." History has belied his prophecy. Azerbaijan has given up its demand for autonomy in view of the democratic reforms which have been initiated all over Persia. After this it not surprising to find Mr. Ranga preferring the Kuomintang to the Communists in China. Even non-Socialists have testified to the achievements of the Chinese Communists in implementing Dr. Sun-yat-Sen's three democratic principles, and in resistance to the Japanese invaders. But all this is ignored by the author. Hostility to Communism leads him to the conclusion, which sounds strange coming from the professed advocate of Kisan-Mazdoor-Praja Raj, that "while social revolution is needed by the independent peoples to fight capitalism, national revolution is needed by

colonial peoples to fight imperialism." Such a division of the two facets of the national movement is, however, not true. So, a few pages later, we find the statement that "the colonial world's demand 'Quit the Colonies' is socialistic in its content and nationalistic in its momentum." Such a contradiction could have been avoided if only Mr. Ranga had not allowed his local and strategic differences with the Indian Communist Party to colour his views on world history.

The Truth About God: By D. Y. Deshpande. (Hind Kitabs, Bombay. Re. 1.)

Recent years have brought unexpected recruits to the camp of religion—scientists like Jeans and erstwhile Socialists like Isherwood. A re-examination of the basic postulates of religion is more than ever essential, in view of the attempts made by certain modern intellectuals to discredit Science as inadequate, and to bring forward extra-terrestrial sanctions for human conduct. Mr. Deshpande has produced an admirable summary of the various arguments advanced to prove the existence of God, and has refuted them with logical and convincing answers.

Our present knowledge of the universe and of the process of evolution makes nonsense of the fundamental conception, which is common to all the great religions, of a God who has the three attributes of infinite power, infinite goodness and infinite wisdom. There is the brute fact of the presence in our midst of a great deal of evil, whose existence cannot be denied by any metaphysical jugglery. "When confronted by a tiger in the jungle, it does not at all avail to call him a cow or an angel or any other nice name; in like manner you gain nothing by calling evil an illusion or a blessing." The presence of this evil shows that God does not possess either the power or the wisdom or the goodness to remove it. After quoting modern leaders of Science to demonstrate the utter indifference of the universe to man's life, the author says that there are no phenomena in nature which demand for their explanation the recognition of God's existence.

The argument of the mystic stands on a different footing altogether. "Certain 'seers' claim to have come face to face with Him through what they call a 'super-sense' called intuition." The typical mystical process which culminates in a trance is nothing else than partial or complete hypnosis. A non-believer, if he goes through the pro-

cess of self-hypnosis, feels the same sense of a "generalisation without particulars, of the self melting into its object, and a sort of pure being" which the mystics have described to us. The only difference is that the mystic brings religious auto-suggestion to these formal conditions. "The mystic brings his theological beliefs to the mystical experience: he does not derive them from it." Reason being quiescent during the trance, the mystic sees no suffering and no evil in the world. It is clear where the acceptance of such false beliefs suggested through the channels of emotion would lead us. Science, knowledge and the endeavour for progress would become irrelevant to the individual blissfully immersed in his mystic visions. Mr. Deshpande, therefore, concludes that "it is best to suspend our judgment on God until such time as He sees fit to endow us with better means of knowing Him. Meanwhile, nothing but utter confusion can result from allowing Him to interfere with science, philosophy, art, morality and social theory and practice."

Imperialisms in South-East Asia: By D. S. Nag. Hamara Hindostan Publications, Bombay. Price Re. 1-4.

Despite an unfortunate mixed metaphor in the very first sentence of this pamphlet, which informs the reader that "the Dragon of Imperialism is trying to shadow the silver line of war clouds in the Far East", this book provides the reader with the facts that it is necessary for him to be acquainted with if he is to follow intelligently the present events in South-East Asia. For it is true that, as the author complains, "an Indian knows more about England than about Java or Sumatra", though his suspicion that "imperialism" is responsible for this ignorance is untenable. Nothing need prevent an Indian from consulting Fergusson, if he so desires. But perhaps, Prof. Nag has in his mind less the relics of Hindu glory in those islands than political facts when he utters his complaint. If this is so, it is much to be deplored.

However this may be, the author is certainly sound in his analysis of the manifestations of imperialism in South-East Asia. Whether it be the Dutch in Indonesia, the French in Indo-China, or the British in Malaya, he is able to demonstrate that the same method of partition and concessions to a particular part of the population is being adopted.

There is a growing literature in India on this fruitful theme. Prof. Nag's book is a very valuable addition to this corpus.

LETTERS

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

Health Minister And Indian Medicine

Your editorial comment and attack on the hon. Minister for Health in your issue of 25th May causes much displeasure to those interested in the cause of Indian Medicine. It is a fact that Dr. T. S. S. Rajan did harm to the cause of Indian Medicine and even named it as commercial medicine. Perhaps you are not aware of the encouragement given elsewhere in India to the cause of Indian Medicine. Research institutes have been established in Bangalore with Mysore State aid, and in Delhi by Sir Sri Ram and medical schools in Bombay, Mysore, Punjab and Travancore, aided by their respective Governments. You may be interested to know that the German Government before the war offered stipends to Dr. C. Dwaraknath, a student of the School of Indian Medicine, to do research on bacillus tuberculosis and conferred a doctorate on him. Such is the reverence shown to Indian Medicine even in Germany, which has advanced by leaps and bounds in modern medicine. When such is the case it is distressing to note that an enlightened editor of a well-known journal should refer mockingly to Indian Medicine, thereby trying to dissuade the Minister from encouraging this system.

T. B. SRINIVASARAGHAVACHARI, L.I.M.

Wanted A Religious Revolution

Food control, this urgent precursor of the new way of life which demands our attention—this, too, wants religion. "A spiritual drive is wanted, a visible revolution"—so writes Sri C. Rajagopalachari in his article "Wanted a spiritual drive" published in *Swatantra*, dated 8th June, 1946.

The words religion and spiritualism frighten people. Religion does not interest even Pandit Nehru! Then, can spiritualism help us solve our problems? My answer is 'Yes' with a capital Y.

In the past some selfish spiritualists misrepresented religion. Their legal heirs(?) are continuing the same trade. Spiritualism is taken as a belief. Hence when different beliefs clash, misunderstandings crop up. Spiritualism is a way of life, a code of action that helps us to live happily. Love and service are the true tenets of religion. Advaitic Oneness, universal brotherhood and Karma Yoga—the path of service—must be practised. Then will exist no black-marketing, no food-hoarding, no communal clashes and no special privileges. Solutions for the problems of this atomic bomb age can be found only in the Gita and the Upanishads, in the Koran and the Bible, in the Zend Avesta and the Granth Sahib.

Let us therefore take to the study of these scriptures. Let us live for others. Let us love and serve each other. Let a Religious Revolution with a capital R come to our rescue!

K. A. TAWKER.

Superstitious Beliefs

In *Swatantra* dated 25th May "Vigneshwara" in his *Sotto Voce* makes a few remarks on the vesting of powers in local bodies to cancel the licences of hotels which refuse to admit "all and sundry". He writes, "Any suggestion that hygiene may have something to do with the old prohibition would perhaps strike them as fantastic.... The findings of the eugenicists show that incompatibility in blood-groups is a physiological fact, the violation of which may lead to sterility or to disease. Temperamental incompatibility may be no less an arresting factor in the evolution of social groups."

That violation of incompatibility in blood-groups may lead to sterility or to disease is one of many scientific notions which may be very true to the realm of theory but are of no meaning to the practical world. If lunching in a common hall would drive humanity to sterility, what catastrophe

would not result from temple-entry of these "all and sundry"? And who can calculate the amount of harm that will be the effect of inter-caste marriages, which mean mixing of different blood-groups? Why is it, then there are men of high esteem advocating temple-entry and inter-caste marriages?

Temperamental incompatibility should never be recognised as a valid reason to deny any section of the people a share in the common rights. Why do we not bow before the spirit of temperamental incompatibility of the Englishmen which refuses to admit us into their hotels? Why should we agitate against the discriminating legislation of South African whites, if we ourselves are satisfied with the arresting quality of the factor of temperamental incompatibility?

Society should be educated to shed off half-superstitious beliefs and manners such as communal discrimination in hotels. What cannot be done must be achieved by legislation.

T. M. THANGAVELU,
Salem.

C. R. On Prohibition

I was one of the thousand who were present at the symposium organised by the Y. M. I. A. Forum on Prohibition at the Gokhale Hall ten days back and I listened with rapt attention to the impressive address of Mr. C. Rajagopalachari; and I write to congratulate you on the excellent and instructive report of his speech published in your issue of 8th June. The sentiments expressed by your reporter in the opening and concluding sentences were expressed in superb language by the Convener of the Forum, Mr. A. Lakshmidat Pandya, in introducing C. R. and the theme to the gathering. Here is what he said "What Vedanta was to Sri Shankara, what Ahimsa is to Mahatma Gandhi, what Swaraj will be to every one of us, that and much more is Prohibition to Mr. C. Rajagopalachari."

JAGANNATHADAS GOVINDAS.

In Defence Of Pseudonyms

Apropos the question raised by Mr. A. R. Venkataraman in his letter published in *Swatantra* of 1st June, as to the necessity of pseudonyms in the realm of journalism, etymologically the word "pseudonym" ought to mean a name assumed deliberately to mislead others as in the case of so many "Kali-dasas" in India who wanted their

third-rate compositions to pass muster. But the word has undergone a change in so far as it means only an assumed name, a *nom de plume* or pen-name. "Pseudonyms" do not connote anything except that the author wants to remain anonymous for adequate reasons. That they are abused by certain irresponsible journalists is no argument against their genuine use by those who know their value as well as their limitations. History has records of troublous times when acknowledgement of authorship of certain pamphlets meant the guillotine for the writers. Society has now far advanced and no writer need be afraid of such a persecution. Still human nature being what it is, anonymity has its own value in so far as it drives home criticisms well-meant but apt to be ill-received when offered otherwise.

We need not go so far as the experimental psychologists to learn about the vibrations of sounds and names. It is all a question of association with pleasant or unpleasant themes. Even a quixotic assemblage of the letters of the alphabet will sound as sweet as the most melodious of names chosen from mythology as one becomes habituated to it.

As to the hounding out of the "social cynic" and the "intellectual freak" let it be understood that no social reform or political advance or correction of administrative blunder can ever take place unless open criticism is assisted by anonymous attacks as well. That a man hides himself in anonymity does not mean that he is not sure of his ground or not definite in his thought, word and deed.

Criticism never loses its objectivity when the author remains anonymous; in fact it is more objective as it is less personal.

T. V. PARAMESWARA AIYAR.

Pen-Name In Journals

I have often wondered why writers should like to remain anonymous. Not infrequently, articles are signed in initials or in an assumed name. This sort of thing is nowadays very common in Indian journalism.

That you do get used to a name is certainly true, and the familiar name is as much part of an author's "publicity outfit" as is the trade name of a brand of sardines or stove-polish or boot-polish. A book by Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, as soon as it is published, is sold like hot cakes; but, if it is signed as J. N., it would be very difficult for the reading public to con-

nect the name of Nehru with the initials. And thus the author remains an obscure personality. A book by G.B.S. or H.G.W. or M.K.G. or G.K.C. is easily recognised as the initials are well known. Let it be observed that there is almost every sort of variety in the signatures by which these eminent men have already become known.

As soon as we glance at the familiar initials, a group of associations springs round them. We are enchanted with certain initials because they come like trailing clouds of glory from the past or because they have a pleasant rippling sound. But why these pen names and initials?

A particular individual writes very well and establishes a name as a powerful writer. Then the people will search for his article in the magazine or paper. Sometimes the appreciation is not dimmed even though the stuff may not be very good and he may not keep up the same standard of writing.

There is another interesting thing. One who indulges in controversial topics would not like to reveal the identity of oneself lest one should become unpopular among those who do not subscribe to the view expressed. But if the writing is really good and palatable then those who like it would be very anxious to know the writer. It is clear that retaining one's own name in writing and gaining everybody's satisfaction is rather difficult.

C. Rajagopalachari has a unique pair of initials, "C. R." denotes only him and nobody else in India. Whether one agrees with him or not, one reads what he writes with absorbing interest. In his writing the richness and vividness and sweetness remain, but luxuriance is pruned. The native strength of his character and the clarity of his thought and logic are seen in it. Every phrase and word compels praise.

R. NARASIMHAN.

Christianity And Conversion

The plea for toleration put forth by Mr. A. V. Thomas at Madura before the South Indian Christian Conference, was a bit of praiseworthy plain-speaking. It is one thing for Jawaharlal Nehru to say "We must learn to be tolerant", and quite another for the people concerned to follow his recommendation. The rapid conversions to Christianity in the recent past have alarmed the Hindus and set them thinking. Unfortunately, the thinking is not done on the right lines. They now want to question the right of Christians to propagate their creed and

proselytize, and seek to hinder them by coercion if possible and compulsion where necessary through legislation. In Travancore, we have a case in point.

What are the causes that have led to the mass conversions to Christianity from Hinduism? For, converts to Christianity are most of them converts from Hinduism. Untouchability is the destroying canker of Hinduism. Are we admitting Harijans as free and equal citizens into our temples and holy places? Christianity, on the other hand, affords them free worship and equal consideration. If the down-trodden outcasts from Hindu society take to Christianity in large numbers in their desperation, seeking for a better atmosphere and a better humanity, it is not the fault of the followers of Christ. Their task is made all the easier.

The right to convert has long been conceded to the Christians, and so, it is too late in the day to ask them to cry halt to proselytizing. It is up to the Hindus to hold forth what is best in their religion, in an atmosphere of easy accessibility under social readjustment. Then, and only then, will the conversions out of Hinduism become few and limited. Further, there will be no cause for recriminations against the Christians on the ground of proselytisation.

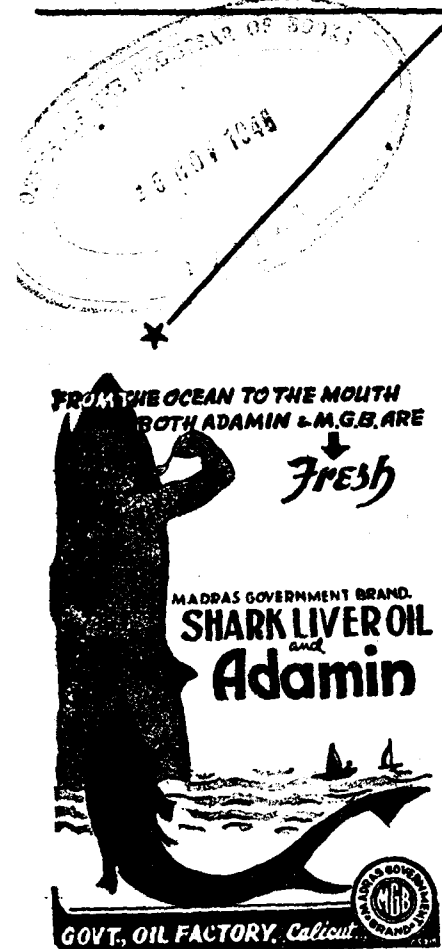
Our Christian brethren should scrupulously see to it that the folk who walk into their fold do so more out of honest conviction than out of other considerations.

P. N. SAMPATH.

Plight Of Teachers

The progress of a country depends upon teachers. The plight of the teachers now is so precarious that even a sweeper's position economically is by far better in view of the fact that his monthly salary exceeds Rs. 35 without allowance. The salary of an elementary school teacher is much too scanty. How can he get on with his family maintenance in these proverbially hard days with such insufficient income? To add to their further difficulties almost all of them have a family of several members. If a police man or a taluk office clerk wants either a mill cloth or any similar controlled article, it is given as early as possible for them, but if an elementary school teacher wants anything similar, he will have to wait indefinitely for it. The Hon'ble Mr. T. Prakasam, the Premier, should give his benign consideration to this problem.

R. SUBRAMANIAM.



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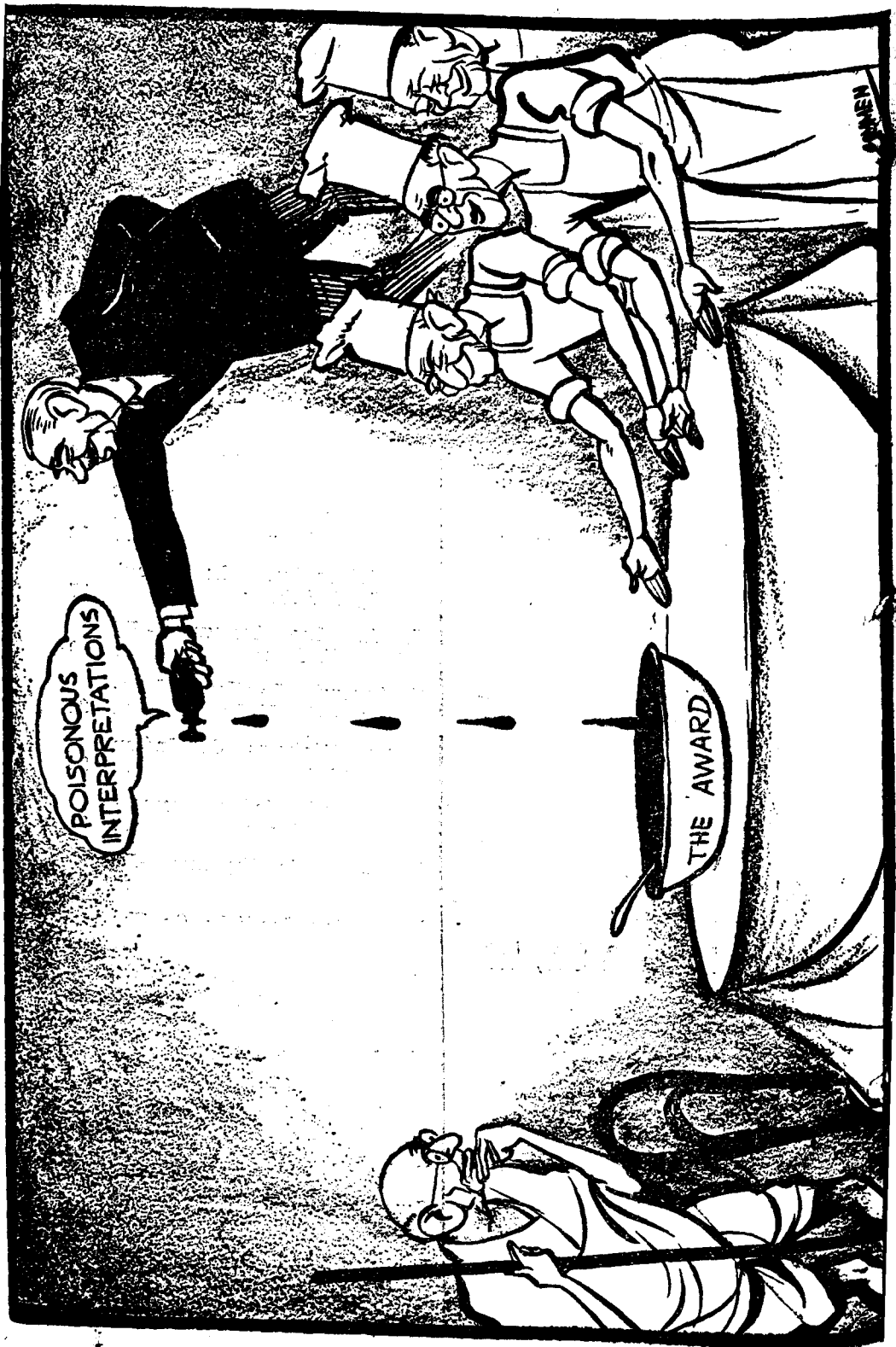
SWATANTRA

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SWATANTRA

VOL. 1
No. 20

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1946.

ISSUED
WEEKLY

WOBBLING LEADERSHIP

THE news that the Congress Working Committee has rejected the proposals of the Cabinet Mission for Interim Government will be received with regret all over the country. There have been so many waverings on the part of the Committee between acceptance and rejection that the habit of arriving at a final decision seems to have been lost, and it is not unlikely that they may waver once more and get out of the deadlock into which they have for the time being fallen. There is no doubt a good deal to be said in favour of the arguments publicly advanced by the Committee in defence of their point of view. The Committee have now the advantage of having Mr. C. Rajagopalachari to tender them counsel and take part in their deliberations. He has the gift of making dissenters and opponents look silly, and Mr. Jinnah, the Viceroy and the members of the Mission have all been reduced to the unenviable plight of looking before the world like extremely unreasonable children as a result of the brief public criticism of the New Delhi goings-on that C. R. has thought it fit to make. The onslaught of sheer logic that he has made on Mr. Jinnah in particular through the *Manchester Guardian* has been positively devastating. Mr. Jinnah looks thoroughly ridiculous with his attempts, from the pedestal of a self-confessed communal body, to dictate to an avowed national organisation like the Congress as to

who shall be included and who not in its own quota of representatives for the Centre. It is clear that Mr. Jinnah can only have but one motive in all this,—to teach nationalist Muslims who have thrown in their lot with the Congress the lesson of their lives that outside the Muslim League they can have no political future to aspire to even if the Congress should come into power. Mr. Jinnah's claim is such that the most patient of negotiators on the Congress side are apt to be exasperated by it and wish to wash their hands of all further parleys with him. It is not surprising, therefore, that even so tenacious a striver for settlement as C. R. should have been driven to the end of his capacity for forbearing endurance of irritating experiences as a result of the intensified tempo of arrogance of Mr. Jinnah's exactions.

But there is another side to the picture. We are now in the very centre of a melee of nation-wide effect caused by the devitalising operations of foreign rule. How to extricate out of that melee enough of political opportunity, to start with, to establish the beginning of a progressive effort for the restoration of complete freedom, is now the problem confronting national leadership. The Congress would sink more hopelessly than ever into the wilderness of negation if the leaders determining its policy cannot get out of the fatal folly of insisting on purity of motives as a condition

of political collaboration. Though the form of what is sought to be hammered out at Delhi is collaboration, in actuality a great part of it is reparation for past wrongs. Wrongs and pure motives do not go together. The very existence of a wrong to be righted pre-supposes an evil at work, and for the removal of the wrong, insistence Gandhian-wise on evidences of a change of heart is likely to impoverish opportunities for reparation. We should not sniff at any chance that will help us to progress towards freedom on the ground merely that it comes from a party that has not yet changed its heart. Post-war happenings make it perfectly clear that exhibitions of concern emanating from Britain for the promotion of the "independence" of subject peoples of which the Cabinet Mission's labours in India form one section, constitute part of a vast Anglo-American drive all over the world to steal the thunder of Socialism from Soviet Russia. The anti-Russian composition of the British offer would seem to be throwing many souls friendly to Russia, as, for instance, the Communists, into denunciation of every move likely to lead to a settlement now. It is as wrong to be scared by the anti-Russian motives of Anglo-American imperialists from a settlement as to accept anti-Russian obligations as the price of settlement. We have to take advantage even of the questionable motives of wrong-doers for achieving freedom and political justice without getting propelled into their quarrels in the process.

To some extent, Mr. Jinnah represents a force for political disintegration made formidable by the existence of alien power in the land. Its mischief cannot be minimised while the hold of alien power continues intact. To be scared away by its exactions from any action tending to diminish the hold of alien power is to play into its hands and lose the only chance of ever being able to deal with it properly. As Mr. Jinnah has so much to gain by the continuance of a regime which has to divide in order to rule and cannot

rule otherwise, it pays Mr. Jinnah to pit impossible demands against every effort of the Congress for diminishing the sway of the British. It should not lie in the power of Mr. Jinnah to torpedo every move eventually bound to lead to national benefit by just throwing in an irritating suggestion which he knows will be unacceptable to the Congress and will have the effect of driving Congress leaders into a mood of non-co-operation. The interests of nationalism should be distinguished by the framers of Congress policy from the political ambitions of nationalist Muslims, and when the two conflict, patriotism demands that the latter should be ignored. The ideology of fear over "letting down" nationalist Muslims is just what suits Mr. Jinnah most admirably, as it enables him, with moves of his own, to force Congress to dance to tunes of his setting. When the seats of office are all too few, there is no point in making the gift of a seat the equivalent of proof of the beneficiary not having been let down. Is Maulana Azad let down if Asaf Ali is selected as a member of the Cabinet? And if non-communal nationalism is a reality, why should Asaf Ali feel let down if Sarat Bose and not he is drafted to the Viceroy's Council?

We feel that many ills cry out for urgent handling by national leaders. Against that imperative urgency all other considerations are of minor importance. A seat in the Viceroy's Council for a nationalist Muslim cannot certainly be allowed to weigh in the balance against all the possibilities of benefit to people that can be expected to flow from the formation of an Interim Government. Any hope that the interim proposals can be separated from the long-term, and while the former are rejected, the latter can be accepted and turned to good use, is foredoomed to failure. There is a world of difference between the convening of a Constituent Assembly under the auspices of a National Executive

manned by the leaders of the principal political parties and one inaugurated under the shadow of a regime identified with the soul-crushing repression of recent years.

Grand Mufti At Large

The atmosphere of a Philipps Oppenheim novel was imported into international politics last fortnight when the Mufti of Jerusalem, who after a decade of anti-British activity, found himself in a vague form of internment near Paris, escaped from his confinement in a most mysterious fashion. The world was then favoured to a rapid succession of ingenious conjectures as to where he had betaken himself, though some persons addressed themselves to discovering how he had actually effected his escape. It now transpires that he has been given "refuge" by the King of Egypt. How he came to be in Cairo has not been revealed; it certainly does not matter, except academically.

It is undoubted that the fact of his being a free agent complicates at least two political problems. How far the British Government will regard his presence in Cairo as a bar to the present Anglo-Egyptian treaty negotiations, is a matter of conjecture. It cannot be a valid obstruction in itself that a person, who, though he may command the allegiance of Egyptians to a greater or a smaller degree, has nothing officially to do with Egypt, has been sheltered in the capital. But the British Government are obviously recasting their entire strategy in the Middle East in the light of new developments. The effort to substitute a base in Tripolitania for the present arrangements in Egypt does not appear to have met with much success. If they seek to transfer the base to Palestine, the present moment is the most unsuited for this vital change. For, the Holy Land has been in a greater turmoil than even when the Peel plan for partition was announced. But no settlement can be wisely contemplated which does not take into account this leader

of the new Arab nationalism. The chairmanship of the Arab Higher Committee has been left vacant for the Mufti.

It may be unnatural to expect that so confirmed an Anglophobe as this Arab leader would work in collaboration with the British Government to restore peace to Palestine. It must be confessed that the world has been left in the dark as to what the British plan actually is, if there is a plan at all. The report of the Anglo-American Committee has in no way simplified the problem for the British Government, who no doubt hoped for this happy result. On the contrary, the recommendation that a large number of Jews should be admitted into Palestine has obviously embarrassed them. It has only brought them into a contest of recrimination with American public opinion. Meanwhile, continued Jewish outrages in Palestine have been alienating world opinion against that long-suffering community.

What part the Mufti will play to resolve this tangled skein is obscure. But the world will have no reason to regret his escape from confinement if he bends his energies to a reconciliation of the conflicting claims of the two races so unhappily locked in mortal combat in the Holy Land.

France At Cross Roads

France has obtained a new Government, but she is still frantically searching for a Constitution. Nothing in international politics has been more amusing than the remarkable rapidity with which Governments in that mercurial country disappear, to make way for equally unstable administrations. There were no less than nineteen such changes in the eight years before the war. What the explanation may be for this comic opera, and whether it is really due, as is sometimes asserted, to mere light-headedness, are questions which cannot be answered with finality.

However it may be, the fact, so disconcerting to a nation which seeks to attain prominence and even equality with the so-called "Big Three", is that more than fifteen months after the Germans capitulated, the nation still remains without a Constitution.

It was only last month that one was submitted to the people. It recommended a single Chamber, and bigger powers to the Assembly than that body has usually been given. But, against all wise expectations, it was rejected by a majority of a million votes. If that plan had been accepted, much good might have resulted, for the Communists and the Socialists, the two predominant parties, might have been expected to work it with the sole aim of the country's welfare. But the recent elections have, somewhat curiously, replaced them by the reactionary "progressive" Catholics. There is ground for the fear that, carried away by their unexpected success, they might persist with their policy of a Western Bloc, and thus antagonise Russian goodwill, which is so needful for the country's revival. But, since the Communists and the Socialists have, with a commendable spirit of co-operation, formed part of M. Bidault's new Government, these excesses will no doubt be prevented. If the new Premier, who has concentrated too much power in his hands, should disregard wisdom and moderation, the war-shattered country will have much to fear and much to answer for.

A strong Government is absolutely necessary for France. M. Bidault cannot continue to press her demands at the Paris Conference of the Foreign Ministers and at the coming Peace Conference, if the rival Ministers should take advantage of his instability of tenure. So much that is vital to the country, both for its present prosperity and its future immunity from aggression, is wrapped up with the present negotiations, that

it is imperative that its representative at the Conference be not jeopardised by any malignity or indiscretion. The predominant party should be careful not to embarrass its partners in the present Government.

The re-appearance of Gen. de Gaulle on the political scene raises new complications. What his future may be, and whether it may not collide with that of aspiring M. Bidault are questions which demand an answer. It can only be positively stated that not since the days of Gambetta has a politician held so commanding a position as M. Bidault. It remains to be seen whether he prefers national or partisan policies.

Antidote To Strikes

After the railway strike the shadow of a postal strike now threatens the economic peace of the land. The railway strike was averted by the conciliatoriness of the Railway Board which met the demands of the intending strikers half-way. Dread of the consequences of the strike entered largely into the spirit of prompt accommodation which the Board wisely evinced on this occasion. Postal service being no less vital than transport, it is not unlikely that the authorities concerned will in their case too use every means in their power to appease the workers and prevent a break-down of the service. While timeliness of action to prevent chaos is to be welcomed, it is worthy of note that it is only for avoidance of a collapse of indispensable services that the conciliatory spirit is brought into play by employer interests. In fields of enterprise where immediate paralysis of the whole economic system is not involved in cessation from work, the tendency is to let the workers stew in their own juice when they are so foolhardy as to demand better wages on a threat of strike. There is thus a direct relation between capacity to exert pressure and the achievement of

tolerable conditions of living by the workers. While the exacting and the well-organised are able somehow to take care of themselves, the weak and the ill-organised continue in a helpless condition, with no hope of redemption from exploitation.

On the other hand the success of workers in the vanguard of the strike movement is letting loose forces of unrest that cannot be ignored and will have to be reckoned with if an orderly and contented society with a workable economy is to be refashioned. A couple of days ago it was announced by the Sind Premier, on what authority nobody knows, that members of the Constituent Assembly would be at work for a year and get paid at the rate of Rs. 75 a day. The colossal extravagance of the arrangement cannot but have a profoundly disturbing effect on millions of poor people who are barely left with enough to make both ends meet after hard toil without rest over the whole of the day. Many legislators do nothing at all beyond having a merry time. They are paid for being idle. The hard-working cannot be expected to tolerate the subsidised opulence of good-for-nothing wasters, just because it has been the custom, at a time when everything, including imperialism and capitalism, the central supports of all injustices and economic disparities, is being thrown into the melting pot as a result of resurgent movements of worldwide appeal demanding a better deal for the suppressed of all countries at their rulers' hands. Firing on unruly crowds cannot purchase security for any of the momentary holders of illusory power, because the unruliness has in it an element of protest against social wrongs that no Government hoping for stability can in these days afford to ignore. For a body like the Congress that has built unparalleled political influence on the objective of overthrowing imperialism, tenderness of the sort now being witnessed for the economic legacies of imperialism

is a sad foundation for future equilibrium.

Old Man Monsoon

If "Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant King", Old Man Monsoon is no doubt its Prime Minister.

Pitter-patter of ceaseless rain, sky overcast, heavy dark clouds billowing up, rumblings of distant thunder, light cool breeze. Then it pours in torrents.

Fields flooded; roads and pathways slushy; rivers in spate; frogs croaking hoarse interminably. It is monsoon in India—damp, grey, misty.

There is no telling what one may expect when the weather god is angry. A river may change its course, rolling along placidly where once villages smiled. For

The rain it raineth on the just

And also on the unjust fella:

But chiefly on the just because

The unjust steals the just's umbrella.

Yet the monsoon is the farmer's friend. There is more to it than a mere change of season. There are millions of acres of land in India which depend for their cultivation on rainfall alone. Just enough rain can make the good earth better; too much or too little of it can make the good earth vicious.

Rainfall is not even throughout India. At Cherrapunji, in the Assam hills, the wettest place in the world, the annual rainfall is 460 inches (905 inches in 1861); on the crests of the Arakan and Tenasserim hills 300 to 400 inches. Upper Sind has less than three inches.

The word monsoon is of Arabic origin, used by the Arabs for the winds that blow from the Arabian Sea for six months from the north-east and six months from the south-west.

Townsfolk usually do not care for rain. But as townsfolk have to eat even as the humble village folk, it is as much their business to wish for "the gentle rain from heaven."

Sotto Voce

A Way of Life



"Sanskrit is dead: Long live Sanskrit!" That has been the latitudinarian attitude adopted by too many of those who claim to be lovers of the language of the Gods. In a forthright pamphlet, which in its get-up reflects the involuntary austerity that is to-day the lot of Sanskrit and its hierophant the Brahman, Mr. Krishna Somayaji, the *mantri* of the Arya Sabha, Guntur, is finely contemptuous of the men of little faith who grow sentimental over the past glories of India's ancient tongue and are content to tinker with the problem of its future. Sanskrit has no chance against bread-winning studies, he contends. The Brahman, if he is to live for Sanskrit and make Sanskrit live again, must have a calling found for him by which he can live self-respectingly.

But his solution is hardly revolutionary. He pleads that the Brahman should turn to agriculture and claims the high authority of Vidyanaraya for the view that there is no need to be apologetic about it, that instead of being regarded as an *apath dharma* for the Kali Age, it should be accepted as a mandatory injunction. A man of Mr. Somayaji's erudition could, if he had cared to, have easily found much support for his position in the epics and the Puranas. That doughty old scion of the House of Angiras, who laboured the livelong day in the forest outside Ayodhya gleaning a meagre harvest of wild rice and unpalatable roots on which to feed a large family, certainly valued his independence. And admiring Ramachandra would not have held him up as an

example to the world if he had thought that he had fallen away from the Sastraic life.

The connection between literature and agriculture has not only a respectable antiquity, but a universal provenance. From the days of Virgil's *Georgics* to those of Coleridge and the Pantisocrats whose romantic adventure was nonetheless typical of a recurring mood because it was abortive, the West has wistfully sought for its lost simplicities in an ideal life which, for the first socialists, was indeed comprehended in the naive formula of "three acres and a cow." But, having made these admissions, regard for truth compels me to add that many Brahmins have practised agriculture of a sort without being appreciably the better for it. And, though Mr. Somayaji airily waves aside the notion that there may not be land enough to go round for a mere four per cent minority, it is unfortunately a fact that the Brahman seems to be as little wanted in agriculture as in other pursuits.

But, that apart, why should we draw the line at agriculture? There is no denying that many of the modern professions and avocations are inconsistent with the ideals and the way of life which the Brahman is enjoined to follow and for which he is prepared by the reverent study of Sanskrit. But, without straining the meaning of the old injunctions, it is still possible to bring within the scope of permissible occupations quite a large number of those by which men earn an honest penny to-day. Learning and teaching, performing sacrifices and helping others

to perform them, giving and receiving—the six sanctioned callings—have their modern analogues.

The disinterested pursuit of knowledge is not conditioned by geographical boundaries. On the other hand, men are born scholars even as they are born poets. But, as modern life lacks a central inspiration, too often is all knowledge regarded as equal—an engaging corollary of the democratic fallacy about all men being equal!—and a mere mole-like accumulation of trivia becomes the end of life. The single-minded pursuit of the enclitic de extorts our admiration, but the Grammarian's example does not encourage emulation. The staff of life is to be found not in the Panini Sutras but in the lotus feet of the Lord, as the great Sankara pointed out long ago.

The supreme value of Sanskrit, which makes it *par excellence* the classical language, is that it never allows you to forget that life has Purpose, not a series of purposes. From the superb structure of its linguistics to the profound intuitions of its Vedic seers everything about it proclaims the identity in the heart of things, the truth that life is a meaningful whole. All knowledge, in such a view of life, is in a sense a research for the lost Ariadne thread. In the forest of modern

learning a new synthesis may be achieved only by those who can impose on the atomistic world of unrelated fact the order of human relevance: only that is knowledge truly which helps in the ascent of man.

The manifold forms of industry which help to create a country's wealth may be equated with the old 'sacrifice' which was pre-eminently the province of the Brahman and with the due performance of which much of our sacred literature is concerned. Here, as there, human agency and contriving skill are required to co-operate in the Divine Plan. But for the high priest and the sacrificer—in modern parlance, for the scientist and technician as for the creative industrialist,—a certain self-forgetfulness in the pursuit of social ends, a sacrifice of personal ambitions corresponding to the primal sacrifice of the Cosmic Person is the *sine qua non* of success. And the habit of co-operation can thrive only when modern man, who hugs his self-sufficiency, is taught to feel it in his bones that it is as blessed to receive as to give, that *dana* and *pratiraha* have each its appropriate place in the social order. Sanskrit is the amber in which is preserved for the earnest seeker a way of life that is old as the hills and yet ever new.

—VIGNESWARA.

TIT-BITS:

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

In Paris, the police grew suspicious of ten gas-pipe leaks in the same apartment within a few weeks. A maid, arrested, confessed she had caused nine of the leaks because she fell in love with the plumber who repaired the first one.

They were sitting round the fire, swapping lies.

"When I was in Africa," said one of them, "I saw a lion come right up

to the camp one day. It was a fierce beast, but, with great presence of mind, I threw a bucket of water in its face and it slunk away."

"Boys," said a man sitting in a corner, "I can vouch for the truth of that story. A few minutes after that happened, I was coming down the side of the hill. I met this lion, and, as is my habit, stopped to stroke its whiskers. Boys, those whiskers were wet."

SIDELIGHTS ::

Show me the man you honour, and I will know what kind of man you are, for it shows me what your ideal of manhood is, and what kind of a man you long to be.—CARLYLE.

Two more Ministers have been appointed for Madras, Bikkini Veeraswami and R. Raghava Menon. It is an open secret that a battle-royal has been raging for some time between the Premier and Kamaraj Nadar over the appointment of Kerala's representative in the Ministry. Kamaraj backed Madhava Menon for all he was worth. Madhava is disliked greatly in Kerala. He may be called the Malayalee Gopala Reddy. For years Gopala Reddy's energies used to be taxed in continual underground propaganda to undermine Prakasam's political position. Yet at the time of the Andhra Provincial Congress Committee meeting at Rajahmundry it was he that moved a motion of confidence in Prakasam, and he did it in glowing terms. Likewise, Madhava Menon burrowed and intrigued and did all he could to advance the inglorious plot to elevate Muthuramgam to praliamen-



Raghava Menon

tary leadership. But when the plot failed and Prakasam was eventually elected, he did not waste a second but declared himself forthwith as the lifelong follower of the new Premier.

The public is quick to detect spuriousness in aspirants for leadership. It can respect persons espousing unpopular causes. But for the dubious, the double-dealing, the small and petty wirepuller, it has neither mercy nor regard. Kamaraj's fascination for Madhava Menon illustrates, if at all anything can illustrate it, the main peculiarity of the whole tangled web of Tamil Nadu Congress politics as it is being woven by Kamaraj Nadar. Once Kamaraj Nadar was held in high esteem for qualities like simplicity, quiet industry and comradely feeling for workers. But 1942 went to his head and he fancied himself a powerful political chieftain holding in the palm of his hand the destiny of South India. While he was in jail he occupied himself with building in imagination the structure of an entrancing edifice of administration for the days to come, with ministers and parliamentary secretaries complete, and himself officiating as a power behind the throne for the whole machinery. Madhava Menon did yeoman service in those days in nursing Kamaraj's ambitions and fashioning out of them welcome agreeable delusions for the delectation of jail hours.

Madhava Menon is an attractive figure to Kamaraj on account of his being ideally constituted to fill the part of figurehead. Recent events seem to have greatly emphasised the need for such a figurehead to the President of the T. N. C. C., since Bhaktavatsalam, politically the most important of his nominees to the Cabinet, shows signs of wishing to extricate himself from the old sorry mess of anti-C. R. intrigues, devote himself conscientiously to

work and turn out to be an independent Minister under nobody's leading strings. But Kamaraj erred miserably in his estimate of Prakasam. It is possible to mislead Prakasam but no one can browbeat him. When recommendation on behalf of Madhava Menon passed on to threats, the inevitable happened and the Premier and the would-be Minister-maker fell out with no particle of good feeling left out of the old alliance.

To clothe his resentment with a presentable appearance to make it look like public spirit, and embark on an anti-Prakasam campaign as he had done before on an anti-C. R. campaign is now apparently the political programme of Kamaraj Nadar. People are sick of the Nadar squabbles and they are no more in a mood to be befooled and played with in order that Kamaraj may pursue his chronic power-hunting tactics. The advent of Raghava Menon brings to the Cabinet ability of no mean order as much for constructive purposes as for counteracting the disruptive mischief of the Nadarites. He is the best choice of Minister that could possibly be made for Kerala, and in choosing him in defiance of Kamaraj's unpatriotic insistence for personal reasons on Madhava Menon, obviously inferior to Raghava Menon in every way, the Premier has shown commendable sagacity and sound judgment.

Raghava Menon has enormous practical good sense. Shrewd and intelligent, he knows how to set about in pursuit of aims commanding his interest, and can be depended upon to get things done. His face is a fortune to him. In moments of portentous gravity, there is always a suggestion of humour, even a little of comicality, lurking in his face, and a cross between seriousness and mischief peeps at you from his eyes when he is engrossed in solving a difficulty. He can tie up a lot of responsibility into face-teousness, and he has the gift of relieving the tension of tough situations with a joke or a light stroke



Bikkini Veeraswami

of raillery. When he puts his heart into a thing, he allows himself no rest until the aim in view is secured. He is an indefatigable planner. He can dissolve the intrigues of opponents with omniscient vigilance and deft counter-moves, and if anyone can disarm Kamaraj Nadar, torpedo his plans and eventually put him out of action, it is he. Where others show temper and tighten fists in belligerent outbursts, he will seek to enlist laughter into service for relieving strain and promoting co-operative work. He has guts. He is much wiser even than what people know him to be for the reason that till now he never had opportunity enough to give proof of his qualities and worth.

Bikkini Veeraswami, the new Andhra Minister, is not very well known, but report speaks well of him. The Kammas are a powerful section in Andhra and it was a foregone conclusion that one from among them would be chosen for one of the ministerial vacancies. Many thought that the choice would lie between Bapineedu and Chandramowli. Now one and now the other of the two figured as the most

probable and the strain of conjecture became almost a harassment to the politically interested. To be found wrong in company is some consolation to those found not to be in the right: this consolation now belongs to the backers of the two unsuccessful aspirants. Bikkini's appointment was a well guarded

secret that took everybody by surprise when it was announced. He is supposed to be an agriculturist with a diploma in agriculture, keenly interested in agricultural progress. If so the Premier's initial act of entrusting to him the portfolio of agriculture was well advised. Its subsequent transfer to another Minister is meaningless.—SAKA.

FOOD CRISIS IN MADRAS: WANTED A THREE PRONGED DRIVE

The Madras Ministry deserve congratulation for the almost exclusive concentration and devotion they brought to bear on the food problem immediately following their installation; but the measures so far proposed cannot be said to be anything more than an earnest of their intentions.

The gravity of the food problem and its magnitude will be apparent when it is realised that the province is faced with a deficit of 268,000 tons till end of October as against its reduced minimum requirements of 1,272,000 tons and this after taking into consideration promised imports and anticipated procurements which the Prime Minister himself during the recent food and cloth debate in the legislature warned may not materialise in full. It must also be remembered in this connection that the minimum requirements have been worked out on the basis of a ration of 12 ounces which in terms of food value comes to round about a thousand calories only as against 3,400 and 2,400 calories respectively in the United States and the United Kingdom and 1,500 calories insisted on even in the occupied countries of Germany and Japan.

To enable the province to pull through the emergency, immediate relief has inevitably to be sought almost exclusively through imports from abroad and internal adjustments in India as a whole supplemented by the "Grow more food" and increased procurement drive which the Ministry have already initiated and must carry on relentlessly. Internal adjustments can yield but little. Ex-President Hoover during his recent visit to India stated that, for the period of emergency India would have to confine her quest for food to the Indian Ocean area. Since then, increasing stocks have been repeatedly reported from Burma and the voluntary offer of 500,000 tons of rice from Indonesia by the People's Government has not yet

been availed of. Surely, if the British or the Indian Government have the right to shed Indian blood in support of Dutch imperialism in Java, the diplomatic niceties and scruples which Dutch imperialism has interposed should not be an obstacle in the way of India receiving much needed relief.

The imperative need for short term programme arises from the fact that, even if the crisis relaxes after October, scarcity conditions in the world and India are likely to continue for some considerable period differently estimated even up to 1952. It is good that the Prime Minister has accepted the idea of State farms mooted by Mr. C. Rajagopalachari outside the legislature and Mr. N. S. Varadachari and others inside. In addition to continuing bonuses and subsidies and speedy improvements to irrigation facilities, large-scale farms should be started either directly by the Government or under Government auspices preferably by co-operative societies. *Prima facie*, extensive lands are available for the purpose. The required machinery should be got on first priority and the available skeleton Agricultural department can be enlarged and harnessed to the work.

A three-pronged drive should forthwith begin with a separate Minister for food with plenary powers to the extent possible aided by a committee of experts which should combine experience and knowledge. If a competent and suitable man cannot be had for the post inside the legislature, one should even be got from outside. The Food Minister should be put on perpetual vigil and he should explore and study all possible avenues for food and face the Government of India with facts and figures on the one hand and concert measures for maximising the results of the new procurement and "Grow more food" campaign on the other.

—I. K. EZHUTHACHAN.

THULLAL—AN INDIGENOUS ART FORM OF KERALA

By K. P. Padmanabhan Tampy

The most popular and interesting variety of indigenous dramatic entertainment in Travancore is Thullal which belongs to the realm of storytelling. It was originated by Kunchan Nambiyar (A.D. 1705—1770) one of the foremost poets of Kerala who lived in the first half of the eighteenth century and who composed more than sixty Thullal poems to be enacted for the delectation of the people. One of the many indigenous entertainments provided for the sightseers during the festival season in the temples in Travancore, the Thullal holds the audience spell-bound from start to finish.

The circumstances which prompted Kunchan Nambiyar to invent the Thullal and perform it are intriguing. The time-honoured duty of persons belonging to the caste of Nambiar was usually to play on the *mizhavu*, a kind of drum, in temples during the perform-

ance of *Chakyar Koothu*, a form of indigenous dance-recital in which an actor of the Chakyar caste recites Puranic stories in Sanskrit, and explains them in Malayalam, enlivened with frequent sallies of wit and humour, most of them at the expense of the audience. On one occasion Kunchan Nambiyar was asked to play on the *mizhavu* for a Chakyar Koothu scheduled to be performed in the *Koothambalam* (theatre hall) of the famous Sri Krishnaswami Temple at Ambalapuzha. Kunchan Nambiyar who was well versed in Sanskrit, was at the time one of the many wits who had flocked to the court of the Raja of Ambalapuzha (the "porca" of the Portuguese and the Dutch writers) to seek their fortune and earn royal recognition. In the absence of the usual drummer, Kunchan Nambiyar had to officiate. Nambiyar who was not a master drummer failed to accompany the Chakyar



A Thullal actor with the drummer and the vocalists.

on the drum to his satisfaction. The Chakyar, an accomplished actor of great fame, was awfully annoyed with Kunchan Nambiyar. The Chakyar in his uncontrollable wrath, ridiculed Nambiyar in the presence of the audience, for his shabby performance on the drum. The critically minded audience broke into peals of laughter, and made fun of Kunchan Nambiyar who had come to Ambalapuzha aspiring after honour. Kunchan Nambiyar who was put to shame lost his temper, and he took a vow that he would humble the proud Chakyar in a singular manner and thus wreak vengeance on him who had the audacity to insult and humiliate him in public.

Crest fallen, and deeply worried, Kunchan Nambiyar sneaked into his residence and ensconced himself in a room. That night Nambiyar had no sleep. With tears in his eyes, and a heart overcome with grief, he prayed to Lord Sri Krishna to enable him to score a victory over the arrogant Chakyar. Nambiyar's capacious brain was busy. His fertile imagination and sharp intellect came to his rescue, and he evolved a new form of story telling that night. The next afternoon Kunchan Nambiyar went to the temple and took his stand opposite to the performing Chakyar. The Chakyar was amazed and perturbed to find a figure attired in picturesque costume, challenging him with an entirely new and aggressively interesting type of dance form. Nambiyar performed the *Thullal* to the accompaniment of a drum, and a pair of cymbals. The appearance of Nambiyar in such strange costume, and the novelty of his performance attracted the audience who were listening to the Chakyar to such an extent that they left the Chakyar to himself and gathered round Nambiyar. The Chakyar, driven to the humiliation of facing an empty theatre hall and the jeers of his rival performer, retreated in shame. Thus the intrepid Kunchan Nambiyar scored a victory over the Chakyar who had strongly reproved him the previous afternoon. This is the most popular version about the origin of the *Thullal*. The author of the "Kerala Natana Kala", however, contends that Kunchan Nambiyar, a dependent of the Ambalapuzha Rajah's family, composed *Thullals* for being sung by the artistes and combatants during the festival season in the temple at Takiyil, and that Nambiyar was asked to compose the *Thullal* songs by Mathoor Panikker, the Prime Minister of the Rajah of Ambalapuzha. The author of the supplementary note—Malayalam Language and Literature—

to the authoritative publication "History of Kerala", considers this version to be "more plausible" than the first which says that the *Thullal* was the outcome of the righteous indignation of Nambiyar.

The first *Thullal* composed and enacted by Kunchan Nambiyar, had as its theme the story of *Kalyanasougandhikam*, that colourful and intriguing episode in the *Maha Bharatha* wherein Bhima, at Draupadi's behest, wanders in search of thrilling adventures. This interesting story, Nambiyar recited in simple sweet Malayalam verse, enlivened with frequent illuminating flashes of wit and humour, and illustrated with appropriate gestures. The new art-form made a straight and powerful appeal to the mass-mind and won great popularity. The language, humour and criticism of men and affairs of Kunchan Nambiyar's first *Thullal* disclose that he borrowed liberally from the literature of Chakyar Koothu. The quaint costume and the gestures employed by Nambiyar were, no doubt, borrowed from the technique of *Kathakali*, the famous dance-drama of Malabar. But, the art-form *Thullal* as a whole was entirely an original creation. The homely and beautiful language of the *Thullal*, its variety and vigorous and rapid metres, its many literary embellishments, its strong individuality, its flow and grace and keen sarcasm, contributed to the popularity of the new dance-recital which for a time threw into the shade the Chakyar Koothu.

THULLAL is performed usually during day time. There is only a single performer who is called THULLALKARAN. He is assisted by two musicians, one who leads the song and plays on the cymbals, and the other who beats the MADDALAM, a kind of drum, and keeps time. The actor sings as well as dances making appropriate gestures to explain the meaning of the dance. The performance begins with invocations to God Ganesa and Goddess Saraswathi and to the Gurus. The recital of the story follows next. The THULLALKARAN or the person who performs the THULLAL recites a few lines which are related by the drummer. The actor simultaneously with this interprets the meaning of the lines repeated by the drummer, through suitable gestures. No curtain is used in a THULLAL performance. The actor, when he feels tired, snatches a brief spell of rest by turning his back to the audience. A typical THULLAL performance would take two hours.

There are three distinct forms of THULLAL, known by the names of OTTAM, SEETHANKAN and PARAYAN. Of these OTTAM THULLAL is easily the most popular, both because the generality of THULLALS are written in this form, and because of the variety and vigour of the metres employed in these exquisite literary pieces. An eminent scholar has said that "the pure OTTAM is more vigorous than the SEETHANKAN, while the PARAYAN is the best suited for the pathetic style". A careful study of Kunchan Nambiyar's first THULLAL "*Kalyana Sougandhikam*" reveals that he began with writing the *Seethankan* and *Ottam* styles of THULLAL and finally took to writing those of the PARAYAN type. While the first two varieties of THULLALS are overburdened with literary embellishments, are avowedly outstanding for their beauty and sound, sweet cadence and uncontrolled outbursts of caustic humour, and are mainly intended for attracting audiences, the Parayan style of THULLAL excels in literary craftsmanship and artistic perfection.

The costume and make-up of the Thullal actors especially the performer who enacts the OTTAM style, are picturesque. The OTTAM THULLAL actor's make-up is quite an elaborate affair, which takes nearly two hours. He wears a fan-shaped crown inlaid with tiny bits of coloured glass, and an exuberance of gilt-work. A resplendent breast plate embellished with multicoloured spangles, shells and glass pieces hangs from his neck to the waist. Two wooden plaques similarly ornamented are tied to his shoulders. He paints his face light green and colours his eyelashes with collirium. He reddens his eyes with the flowers of the *Chunda*, a plant. The lips are painted red. Two long lines drawn from the corners of his eyes to the ears right across his temples, add to his dignified appearance. A vertical mark of sandalwood paste is put on the actor's forehead. Bangles adorn his wrists. A scarlet skirt is worn around the waist. A large number of four inches broad tapes of red and white cloth with loops at the bottom are tied above the skirt. Strings of tiny bells are fastened around his legs. These tinkle rhythmically when the actor dances.

THE PARAYAN THULLAL actor's make up is simple, but no less striking. His head-gear is a fan-like crown made of young coconut fronds. He adorns his wrists and biceps with coconut fronds, and attires himself in a short red skirt, with a large quantity of looped tape.

The actor who performs the SEETHANKAN style of THULLAL wears a comical head-dress elaborately and exquisitely ornamented with coloured beads. Rows of garlands of multi-coloured beads adorn his bare chest. Decorated wooden plaques are tied to his wrists. He wears a scarlet cloth around his waist reaching up to a foot below the ankles. A narrow strip of white cloth which serves the purpose of a belt is tied over the scarlet cloth. The white cloth has an elongated knot on either side.

Kunchan Nambiyar is by popular consent the foremost humorous writer in Malayalam. His THULLALS which are full of rhyme, beauty of sound and depth of thought, embody caustic criticisms of social conditions and violent outbursts of ripe humour. This fearless poet has spared no community from his sallies of wit. He made it clear that he was not prepared to please any one. His THULLALS abound in rich didacticism and satire. He has pictured the gluttony and exploitation of the Brahmins, the arrogance and intemperance of the Nairs, the suicidal schisms among chieftains, the cowardice of the military, the foolishness and temerity of physicians, the intrigues of courtiers, the silly pomp of the wealthy and the stupidity of the astrologers. As a critic, Kunchan Nambiyar is fearless, original and incisive. He is the creator of a literature unfettered by tradition and distinctly new in form and technique.

An eminent scholar says of Kunchan Nambiyar: "He was the censor of his age; he had a profound scorn for humbug and sham; and against all such things he has directed his acid epigrams. His allusive satire on popular morals and manners must have had its biting effect on the people beyond the power of rod or sermon. He loved Malayalees and, therefore, wished to direct them in the way they should go. Kunchan Nambiyar was nothing if not humorous. This humour, warm and all-embracing, bathed his ideas in a genial and abiding light."



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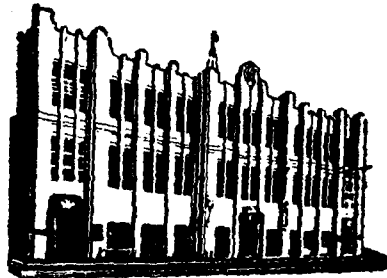
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Short Story

The Golden Corn

By S. Roberts

As Abdulla paced the length of the corridor with quick and restless steps, he cast anxiously-impatient eyes at the door. He could hear the sighs and moans of Salima who was confined in the room beyond the doorway. For the first time, he thought of his wife as other than a passive instrument for the realisation of his consuming passion for a son. He thought of her as a woman in pain and there was a warm tenderness in his feeling that was akin to affection. He was elated and thankful at the fact that she was bearing his child and some desperate faith made him confident that it would be a boy.

How he would bring up his son to make him a worthy successor to the high place he himself had carved out on the granite surface of life at the expense of so much humiliation and sweat. His boy would not have to suffer the sickening degradations and painful labour of an ambitious man born into poverty. He thought of his own troubled boyhood and even after the passage of many decades, the reflections had the power to sting him bitterly.

He had started his life as a vakil's clerk in the town of Bholpur. He had felt thankful at the time for this beginning, for he had been born of poor parents and necessity had compelled him to leave off his studies after getting through the first few classes. He was a highly sensitive youth and the abject servility of his position had dented deep on his mind. He had been over-worked and ill-paid, humiliated and insulted, but his utter impecuniosity had made him bear the most demeaning of his degradations patiently.

He had stuck on steadily to his office and his fund of natural intelligence had compensated lavishly for his lack of education. He had picked up the intricacies of law, studied its complex facets and learnt its diverse interpretations. He had learnt also that the law could be bent, twisted and misinterpreted by forensic argument to suit the interests of whichever party he befriended.

His perseverance was rewarded. He was at last able to sever his connec-

tion with the vakil and take up a better, brighter appointment as a judge's personal clerk. He had by this time lost his sensitivity and his mind had become callously ambitious. By steady application he had mastered the law and though he could never aspire to become a lawyer, yet his advice was soon considered worth taking in all legal matters.

Bholpur was situated in the midst of an agricultural area, indeed it owed its existence to the rich farmlands which surrounded it. Abdulla was able to come in contact with uneducated and ignorant villagers. They came to court for settlement of disputes and redress of wrongs but they were soon lost in the labyrinth of law. Abdulla who had picked up a good smattering of impressive but incomprehensible legal jargon found it easy to prey upon their gullibility. Adroitly, he made use of his position as judge's clerk to line his own pockets.

Other fields of exploitation were soon open to him and he was quick to grasp opportunities as they came along. He cultivated the acquaintance of credulous farmers who were plunged into difficult straits either by the failure of the crops, by ill-health or other reasons. He loudly sympathised with them in their tribulations. He generously offered to raise loans for them from some of his affluent friends. The interest was rather high, but so was their need. The farmers, urged by their dire needs, would accept the terms and sign papers couched in complicated legal language which their simple minds could not understand.

So bovine was the untutored simplicity of their minds, they failed to realise that Abdulla was himself the money-lender and that his crocodile sympathy and bitter allusions to a supposed third party were a mere blind! Once they had accepted the loan, they were caught in the spider's web of Abdulla's wily calculations. The more they struggled to free themselves from the emmeshing web, the more inextricably they got entangled in it till finally Abdulla the spider would pounce upon them.

Many of the loans were against mortgages and when the poor dupes

were unable to meet the terms which they had never really understood, the mortgages were foreclosed. Thus, cleverly, wily Abdulla acquired possession of stretch after stretch of alluvial soil till at last he had appropriated to himself large tracts of arable and cultivated land.

He was soon able to resign his post as the judge's clerk and set himself up as a wealthy landowner. But possession had merely whetted his appetite and by crooked deals camouflaged as honest transactions, he augmented his wealth.

It was consistent with his nature that when the thought of marriage occurred to him, it suggested itself as a means of increasing his material prosperity. He had married the daughter of Suleiman, a wealthy farmer. Suleiman was an old man in indifferent health and his daughter, Mahmuda, was his only child. In due time, the marriage considerably advanced his fortunes.

Abdulla, the obscure vakil's clerk, had become a feudal lord, respected by a cleverly-exploited village as a generous-hearted individual. He had no scruples of conscience. In the hard game of life, he had played every trick he knew, fair or foul, and he had won.

Meantime, he was advancing in years and the desire for a son began to form itself in his mind. He wanted a sturdy boy who would succeed him and bring greater glory to his dynasty. He had acquired a great fortune and he wanted someone to leave it to. The craving for a son and heir grew into a consuming passion.

He had been married to Mahmuda for some years but to his poignant sorrow, she had failed to give him a child. He had learnt the lesson of patience and he waited patiently till he felt he could wait no more. He realised that Mahmuda could never give him a child, that the seed of his loins would not spring from her womb.

He decided to marry again and this time, because the object of it was mainly procreation, he did not look for money in the bride but chose a young girl of robust constitution. Mahmuda refused to play second fiddle and left his roof in anger to stay with one of her relatives in a distant village. Mahmuda's departure caused only a few surface ripples in the tranquil flow of Abdulla's life. He had grown used to having her in the house and he was inclined to miss her.

But when some months after his second marriage, his wife, Salima, was about to become a mother, he forgot his loss completely in the jubilation of anticipating the newcomer.

During the months of her pregnancy, he fretted restlessly and when the time of confinement came, he engaged the best doctor and midwife to ensure safety.

He was feverishly anxious about the child that would soon see the light of day. As he continued his restless pacing of the corridor, he assured himself that nothing could go wrong. The first cry of the newborn babe eased the strain on his nerves. The door soon opened and the doctor stepped out. Her face was grave.

"Is the boy safe?" Abdulla asked. "It is a boy, isn't it?"

"Yes", replied the doctor. "But your wife is in a bad state, a very bad state. Will you please step in?"

Abdulla walked in on tiptoe in awed silence. Despite the doctor's words, his first glance was cast not in the direction of his gasping wife but towards the red little baby that reposed by Salima's bedside. And as he beheld that indeterminate lump of flesh that was his boy, the pride of a father and the joy of realisation almost choked him.

His glance turned to Salima and in his gaze was reflected more thankfulness than solicitude. Beads of sweat were standing out on her forehead and she was breathing hard. Even as he stepped closer to her bed, she gave a convulsive shudder and became still. The doctor pulled her bedclothes over Salima's face...

Abdulla named his son Rahim and he watched the child's growth from infancy to manhood with pride and happiness. He remembered the painful poverty in which he had himself been brought up and he denied his son nothing that could be bought for money. He remembered also to what an extent lack of education had handicapped him in his youth and he determined that his son should never feel the want of it. He did not intend that Rahim should practise for a living but he felt that some university degree would entitle him to greater respect in his home town and the surrounding rural area. He sent him to a local high school and when he had matriculated, he sent him to the Law College in the neighbouring town.

Rahim was fast growing up. Abdulla was moreover feeling the weight of his years and he was anxious to see his son married and well settled in life. The old man ran over the mental list of probable brides and at last found one worthy of him. He decided upon the daughter of a respected and wealthy landlord. She was a healthy

and goodlooking girl, besides being very rich, and Abdulla felt she would make a perfect wife for Rahim.

In anticipation of his son's consent, marriage negotiations were soon afoot and it was only after the preliminaries had been arranged that he broached the matter to his son. Abdulla had expected a mute surrender to his wish and was surprised to find his son prevaricating. Under the pressure of his suspicious questioning, the truth was soon out.

Rahim had fallen in love with a farm girl of obscure parentage, the daughter of a small farmer whom Rahim had accidentally met in the village. He had been attracted by her and he had gone out of his way to cultivate her friendship. Love had sprung up in his heart and he was delighted to find it reciprocated. He had promised to marry her.

Abdulla became wildly furious. That his son of high birth and accomplishments should conceive this mad attachment to a farm wench was preposterous. It would be a union of ignominy, bringing upon the honoured family the derision of an entire village. It was a silly infatuation, the figment of a callow mind. The richest and fairest girls in the land were ready to be his for the asking. Abdulla appealed to his son's reason, to his sense of filial piety. He threatened him with disinheritance if he persisted in his ruinous course. He pleaded with him not to dash to earth the magnificent edifice of splendour he had so laboriously built up.

Rahim resigned himself to his father's will, for Abdulla was made of sterner stuff. Abdulla embraced his subdued son. He waited restlessly for the day of the marriage, making preparations on a lavish scale. It was to be the greatest event the neighbourhood had ever seen in recent decades.

On the morning of the wedding day, Abdulla was up before the rest of his household had bestirred itself. He waited impatiently. The bustle of servants was soon audible and the first rays of the rising sun filtered in through the windows. Rahim had not yet come down and Abdulla was suddenly filled with a premonition of evil. He hurried up to his son's room and knocked sharply on the door. There was no response from within. He pushed the door open apprehensively and looked in.

The room was empty and the bed had evidently not been slept upon. Pinned on to his pillow was a note from him.

Abdulla read it and a tremor of indignation shook his frame.

"I know this will cause you great sorrow," ran the words. "You have given me the best of everything and this seems a very ungrateful way of repaying for it. I am sorry to disappoint you but I cannot help myself. I find I cannot go on with the marriage you have planned for me and like a coward, I am running away. The impulse of this new feeling that moves me is tremendous. To love and be loved by someone is a glorious feeling and now I know that I have not known this before in my life."

"The girl I love is running away with me. I wish you would understand. I realised suddenly how impossible it would be for me to live without her. Some day, when time shall have dimmed your sorrow and blunted your anger, I shall write to you and I hope you will then forgive."

Abdulla read the brief note again and again, scarcely able to credit his eyes. It seemed impossible that this should be the culmination, that this should be the crown of all his struggles. In his rough, undemonstrative way, he loved his son deeply, though it was not in his nature to evince it. In the twilight of his life, he who had been so selfishly independent, wanted someone to lean upon. He found himself thinking of Mahmuda who had left him in indignation, of Salima that had died in agony bearing his much-wanted son, and of Rahim who had now deserted him in his old age under the lure of a love which had played so insignificant a part in Abdulla's life, but the need for which he felt so poignantly now. A sense of chilling futility descended upon him. His heart echoed with empty longings.

He walked out into the fields. As far as his eyes could see, stretched a vast sea of ripening corn, waving in the morning breeze. Over the blue rim of the horizon, the sun was rising in a halo of golden light and its rays upon the ripening ears of corn created the illusion of gold. A veritable field of gold and he was the monarch of it all. But the scene failed to gladden his heart. As he retraced his way back into the house, his head bowed between stooping shoulders, his steps heavy and dragging, there was about him an air of pathetic weariness as though, despite his vast acquisitions, he had still lost in the gamble of his life.

C. R. THE STATESMAN

By M. S. V. Chari

Who is a statesman? Surely we cannot define him. But we can to a degree indicate what qualities go to make him.

For one thing, he is certainly not a mere patriot ready to go through fire for his country's sake. Nor can there be an ideal statesman who is not a patriot at heart.

A statesman must have sterling qualities like incorruptibility, patience, industry, foresight—a capacity to look into the future, an extraordinary intellect and a capacity to conceive big things. He must be a great financier who knows how to tap the resources of his country. He must also be a great diplomat with a Sphinx-like face which is inscrutable. A statesman must also be a man of very few words. He must concentrate on deeds. He must discover new talents and press them into his service. His merits must be such that his colleagues must appreciate him with respect and awe. Judged by these tests, is Rajaji a statesman or merely a politician? I venture to think that he is a statesman. Nobody can say he has no patience, industry, or capacity to conceive big things. He is a great financier. He is not certainly of few words, but he is one who will not make promises beforehand. Somebody compared him to Chanakya—but the fact is, in the present state of things, an Indian statesman has to be a Chanakya—if we understand the term in a liberal sense and not in its ugly implications.

All great statesmen have their own defects which are like thorns that grow with the rose. But we ought not to be repelled by them. The commonest faults of great statesmen are conceit, and a contempt for people who are less intelligent than themselves. They simply have no patience to argue with dunces and convince them. But this ought not to repel us. Once we find out their sterling qualities we must stick to them through thick and thin and not

judge their deeds by our intelligence but by the effects of their deeds on the prosperity of the land.

Why have the Tamil Nad leaders decided to do without C. R.? More than communal prejudice, they have been repelled by his reported (according to Dame Rumour) dictatorial methods. In enacting the sales tax, and the Debt Relief Act, he alienated very influential vested interests and he refused to budge an inch from his position in spite of strong pressure. He refused to reason elaborately with his colleagues and silenced them with his pungent retorts. He extorted absolute discipline from his colleagues who had no opportunity of shining by making speeches in the Council chambers. They thought they were treated like schoolboys. Hence they had their revenge. But they forgot the country's good. They refused to recognise his merits because he had not the tact to cajole them. They refused to see that they must overlook a great man's superficial faults.

Nobody can say that the present Ministry is bad. It is a tolerably good Ministry. But it has to be led, if great schemes are to be launched. Especially when the very constitution of India is in the melting pot and the powers of provinces depend upon interpretations of statutes, we do want a statesman of C. R.'s calibre to steer clear of the many pitfalls that may arise in the actual working of the Cabinet Mission's proposals. Let not wounded vanity stand in the way of utilising the services of C. R. whom British thinkers hold in high esteem. Let the members of the Congress Legislature Party search their hearts and see if the present Ministry can tackle the many complex political and constitutional problems that may arise in the actual working of the new constitution and let them act according to the dictates of their conscience.

MY STRUGGLES TO "ENTER" JOURNALISM

By K. Iswara Dutt

It is the lot of many a young man to be lost in the wandering mazes and pathless woods of journalism before finding true shelter in it. My own experience was not different. It was when I was an undergraduate that I first entertained the idea of entering journalism. I requested Dr. Pattabhi who had by then known me as an enthusiast for journalism and an admirer of his, to show me a way out—rather the way in. Straight came the question: "Would you like to go to Patna or Allahabad?" Of course, Allahabad of the Nehrus—the city where an Andhra had already made history—allured me. My joy knew no bounds when, at Dr. Pattabhi's instance, Mr. George Joseph who was then editing *The Independent* at Allahabad agreed to take me as an apprentice, though he took care to add that I should not expect any honorarium. A month later I left for Allahabad, alone and unfriended, to try my luck. I was also armed with letters of introduction from Mr. N. Subbarau Pantulu to Mr. Chintamani and Pandit Motilal Nehru. I arrived at Allahabad one moonlit night in summer, and due to my abysmal ignorance of Hindi experienced great difficulty in reaching a hotel in the city. Next morning I wended my weary way in a ramshackle conveyance to Anand Bhavan, the famous residence of the Nehrus.

When ushered into the room where Motilalji sat in regal dignity, I fell at his feet in true oriental style. I was nearer the floor, and actually floored, when I handed him the letter. It more annoyed than pleased him as he recalled that on his visit to Rajahmundry in the course of his South Indian tour, the veteran Liberal, Mr. Subbarau Pantulu, denied him the courtesy of a visit. That being no fault of mine, as he readily saw, he slightly relaxed. Later I went to the office of the *Independent* where Mr. Joseph and three other young men received me with a cordiality that I could never forget. They asked me to shift to their place and made my stay with them very comfortable.

One had only to enter a newspaper office to get rid of one's wrong notions about journalism. The staff of the *Independent* appeared to me to be

more than less, experimenting with the paper. The office was by no means spacious. The Manager, Mr. S. Sadanand, who later became a figure to reckon with in Indian journalism, was living on the premises while members of the staff were residing in adjacent houses. The Editor was occupying a spacious bungalow near the office and it fell to me to spend most of my time barring a few hours in the office under his roof and be the recipient of many acts of kindness from Mr. and Mrs. Joseph. A barrister who gave up his practice at Gandhiji's call, Mr. George Joseph lived an extremely simple life and was on the friendliest terms with his staff. He was an accomplished writer, but was a stranger to the technique of daily journalism. He had, however, the advantage of the colleagueship of Mr. C. S. Ranga Aiyar. My own apprenticeship in the office had not gone far beyond the proof-reading stage, but I had the inestimable good luck of seeing young men struggling in journalism at close quarters. It was in those days that I chanced to see Mr. G. S. Raghavan who had just left the *Independent*. He took me to task for thinking of journalism as a career and gave me a sermon which, in spirit, if not in language, was in Philip Gibb's best style:

"For Heaven Sake, don't make a fool of yourself. Don't get that stupid notion into your head that a decent livelihood is to be got nowadays by what people are pleased to call a literary career. . . I am a journalist, that is to say, a miserable wretch who has sold his body and soul to Fleet Street. . . . in this life it is necessary to pay one's washerman." (*The Street of Adventure*).

I did not know much of Mr. Raghavan then but could immediately see that he had no motive in scaring me away. But what did actually scare me away was the climate of Allahabad. I could not bear the summer, and my health, always a liability, failed at the end of a fortnight's stay. A few days later I had left for my place to nurse my aspirations in native surroundings. The scene once again shifts to Rajahmundry,—Rajahmundry which is to

Andhra what Poona is to Maharashtra. Mr. N. Subbarau Pantulu, the Grand Old man of Andhra, who had taken the keenest interest in me favoured me once again with a sheaf of letters of introduction for the proprietors and editors of leading newspapers in Madras. His letters were not formal and frigid as is often the case with introductory ones. He wrote them with great feeling. His intervention gave me a splendid opportunity to see some of the "big guns" in journalism but brought me no relief. There was no luck at *The Hindu*, Mr. Prakasam who was then running *Swarajya*, could at first show me no opening. But a little later, when a senior member of the staff went on a month's leave, he was inclined to give me a chance.

On the first day of my work Mr. Prakasam who happened to be present in the office put me to test by asking me—a raw fellow—to write an editorial on something connected with the Railways. With neither confidence nor diffidence I produced a column-length article and submitted it. What would happen to it? Would it find its place in the paper or in the waste-paper basket? With such thoughts weighing on my mind I sat in the office in a state of suspended animation. My luck!—it appeared in the day's issue as a second leader and enabled me to rise in my own estimation. That evening I walked in the streets of Madras as if I were the very embodiment of a new force let loose on the world. To have been a nobody on the previous day and to have been welcomed on that day to the ranks of the leader-writers—"that unknown race of men who like kings and potentates speak of themselves as we"! Good Heavens, what an experience!

During the four weeks I worked on *Swarajya* I picked up the rudiments of sub-editing and wrote a few notes. At the end of the month I was paid a pittance and given a testimonial which was positively encouraging.

From Madras I returned to good old Rajahmundry to await a more favourable opportunity. At the beginning of 1925 I found that the prospect of getting a place on any Madras daily was indeed remote. I was advised by some of my friends to try my luck at Bombay. Mr. Subbarau Pantulu secured for me a letter from Mr. Chintamani to Mr. J. B. Petit, Managing Director of the *Indian Daily Mail* in the month of January 1925. Owing to certain domestic difficulties I could not manage to leave for Bombay till the third week of May. Before I actually left I

was also in possession of letters from Mr. C. R. Reddi to Mr. K. Natarajan, the veteran editor of the *Indian Social Reformer*, from Dr. Pattabhi to Mr. Belgaumwallah, proprietor of the *Voice of India* and from Subbarau Pantulu to a host of leaders in Bombay, including the venerable Sir Dinshaw E. Wacha. I was in the best of spirits. I hoped to succeed in one quarter or another and thought that if even my luck was out, I might spend some time with my very dear friend, Mr. K. Rama Rao, who was then getting on famously at the *Times of India*.

On reaching Bombay I got into touch with Mr. Rama Rao and showed him all the letters I had for capturing the gateway of India. He at once singled out Mr. Reddi's letter to Mr. Natarajan as not only the best of the letters I possessed, alike for its contents and the terms in which they were couched, but as the very model of an introductory letter. I called at the *Indian Social Reformer* office, and was disappointed to find that the appearance of the office was not at all in conformity with the reputation of the paper and its editor. Mr. Natarajan was glad to read Mr. Reddi's letter. As his was a Weekly with a limited staff he personally had no job to give me. So he gave me the next best thing—advice. He asked me to make use of the other letters I had and to accept any place—be it a proof-reader's if no better opening was available. "Journalism" he said, "is a Republic. There is nothing high or low in it", and added to my comfort that a gifted person would, sooner or later, find his level. I thanked him heartily for his advice and next saw Mr. Petit with Mr. Chintamani's letter. It was an interview which considerably unnerved me. The Parsi mill-owner who was then financing the *I. D. M.* offered me no seat, let alone a job, and gravely said: "You have come to see me in May with a letter from Mr. Chintamani written in January; I wonder what good you are." Ere I explained to him the circumstances that led to the delay, he pertinently added: "If Mr. Chintamani thinks so well of you, why does he not entertain you on his own paper?". There was no use arguing with him. I went out of his room and breathed a sigh of relief.

The next door I knocked at, was Sir Dinshaw Wacha's. He looked a patriarchal figure with a benevolent countenance. He showed me an amount of courtesy which I could hardly conceive of, especially after my interview with Mr. Petit. "He is such a valued

friend of mine" he said, on reading Mr. Subbarau Pantulu's letter, and at once wrote to Mr. Frederick Holsinger, Editor of the *I. D. M.*, to do his best for me. Mr. Holsinger offered me the place of a "copy-holder" which I brushed aside—notwithstanding Mr. Natarajan's precept, I could not reconcile so low a start with so prodigious an intervention. Further there were more strings to my bow. Mr. Belgaumwallah for whom Dr. Pattabhi had given me a characteristically epigrammatic letter, still remained to be seen. He was then financing a small English daily, called the *Voice of India*. Its voice was not, however, small then (it had been stifled since) if only for the reason that it was edited by one of the cleverest men in Indian journalism—Mr. Pothan Joseph, Mr. George Joseph's younger brother. Mr. Belgaumwallah's admiration for Dr. Pattabhi was so high as to make him think that one who won the "learned doctor's" approbation deserved shelter. "I shall gladly take you as an apprentice just now and on the staff in due course," he said, and immediately I rallied round his banner.

The Editor was easily accessible and extremely affable. He used to live in a part of the building in a simple style and I once chanced to see in one of his rooms a heap of books lying on the floor but arranged in pyramidal order. The one at the top was *The Mirrors of Downing Street* by "A Gentleman with a Duster." I do not think Mr. Joseph could have chosen a more appropriate pseudonym if he wanted one, for in Indian journalism none used the "duster" more gallantly, whether he wrote an editorial or a note or a column of gossip. It is no disparagement to Mr. Joseph as a leader-writer to say that it was his wit that made Bombay captive. Day in and day out, he used to write a delightful column entitled "Here and There" which will be remembered by readers of newspapers as the forerunner to "Over a Cup of Tea". With youthful audacity that hardly knows any limits, one noon I wrote two or three paragraphs for that column and sent them to Mr. Joseph who was pleased to make use of them. I repeated my attempt the next day. To my great satisfaction and joy Mr. Joseph complimented me on my sense of humour and encouraged me to persist in the line.

It was my misfortune but not my fault that owing to a serious breakdown in health—I was within close reach of the jaws of death—I had to

leave so friendly an editor, just at a time when everything augured well for my salaried appointment on his staff. My friend Rama Rao thought that I would be running a great risk by continuing my stay at Bombay, and as I was not tired of the world I too wanted to give myself a longer lease of life, and returned home, utterly broken in health but by no means broken-hearted.

A physical wreck, till the end of the year I asked for nothing more than an easy chair, books and newspapers and writing pad. Early in 1925 I heard low murmurs in the house that I was not showing adequate regard to the requirements of a middle-class family. My parents were frankly perturbed. My own situation was not different from Spender's at Oxford in his younger days:

"I often lay awake at night thinking out the problem and going round in a circle from which I saw no escape. That somehow, some day, I would earn my bread with my pen, had become a fixed intention, but I saw no way of starting on it that would even keep me in pocket money for the next year or two."

There was only one ray of light. By dogged tenacity I established contact with more than twelve papers as a correspondent. Would it all go in vain? I pinned my faith to Surendranath's dictum that optimism and perseverance would, sooner or later, lead to success in life, and struggled on. The year 1926 opened to me a new vision—in fact, the New Year's Day greeted me with an invitation from Mr. Prakasam to join *Swarajya*. The next day with little or no belongings, I left for Madras.

The paper was then practically run by a band of young men who were greatly bound by personal loyalty to Mr. Prakasam. Mr. Krupanidhi who cheerfully gave up his career at the bar to follow in the footsteps of (his senior) Mr. Prakasam, was the (working) editor. His chief collaborator was Mr. Khasa Subba Rau. They were self-educated journalists. Nobody taught them journalism, and in their case, sheer necessity proved to be the mother of invention. Whether they had any inclination to train up beginners in the line or not was immaterial as they had no time. Perhaps the best way of learning journalistic routine work is to watch the experts at the game. I did this for three months when in the fourth I had what P. G. Wodehouse would call "a corking brain wave" and left them.

MR. PRAKASAM is the only one of the Congress Prime Ministers to have risen to parliamentary leadership without support of the Congress High Command. Gandhiji is also not favourably disposed to him. It has been an unwritten law that none who has not won the favour of the Mahatma or has fallen from grace with him can hope to be anywhere near the helm of affairs in Congress politics. Prakasam seems up to this moment to have successfully broken that law. Two factors have contributed to this result: first, his own doggedness of purpose and the peculiar quality of his courage which would quail at nothing and was impervious to the disheartening counsels of gloomy prophets; and secondly, the unparalleled hold he exercises on the affections of the common people of Andhra. These people seem to have come to regard themselves as bound in political honour to defend and protect him against the plots and onslaughts of would-be supplanters. The way of working of their minds is peculiar. Prakasam's features lend themselves to pathos. Something of the pathos of the national plight is imprinted on them and produces unbelievable effects on the emotional Andhra temperament irrespective of what he may do or say or the rights and wrongs of any controversy in which he may be involved. The Andhra public will not easily forgive anyone doing harm to Prakasam. So intense is their protective concern for him that even the enormous influence of Gandhiji on the Andhras could not shake it, and was in fact itself considerably diluted when it became known that the Mahatma had taken an anti-Prakasam stand. It is an open secret that Kamaraj Nadar, having found that Prakasam would not be his tool, is bent on giving him trouble. He would like to have as Prime Minister a puppet that would do his bidding. Disgruntled Andhra legislators roused to fury through having been overlooked by the Premier, such as Gopala Reddi, Bapineedu and the Pattabhites, are reported to be spending their energies feverishly in alliance with Kamaraj Nadar for

PRIME MINISTERS OF INDIAN PROVINCES

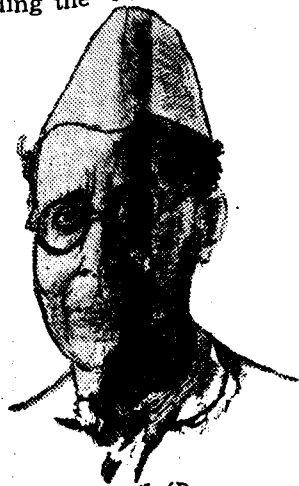


T. Prakasam (Madras)

ousting Prakasam from his present position by means of a no-confidence motion in the Party. Kamaraj's stock is quickly going down in Tamil Nadu,—(in district after district in Congress elections his men are getting routed)—as it is being realised that with the constructive programme always on his lips he has in practice converted himself into a champion gambler in power politics already fancying himself a super-dictator over the Premier, competent to insist on his own nominees being chosen as Ministers, formidable enough to force a crisis and bring the whole Cabinet tumbling down as the price of his displeasure. C. R.'s followers are steady enough not to be inveigled into communal passion at Kamaraj's bidding for the undoing of the present regime. They act as a brake on the wild intrigues of the Nadar camp. Defeat is not therefore improbable for the President of the

Tamil Nadu P.C.C., but beyond that he has little to dread. The anger of the intensely pro-Prakasam Andhra public cannot overtake him. The case is very different; however, with Kamaraj's Andhra collaborators. They stand every chance of being lynched by angry crowds in public in their home districts, should their plans against Prakasam fructify.

Years ago, Prakasam laid a large fortune as well as a splendid professional position (as lawyer) at the altar of the non-co-operation movement. Politics has meant for him a life of constant privation. Out of the strain of it all, he has emerged in public estimation as a figure of monumental sacrifice. He has been identified with communal interest. Reckless indifference to considerations of personal comfort, advantage or safety; courage of an extraordinary range and variety including the capacity to withstand



B. G. Kher (Bombay)

the derision of the renowned wise; a very genuine and sturdy patriotism, all these have combined to win for Mr. Prakasam enviable popularity, and he owes little to ministerial office by way of political pre-eminence. Barring one or two, all



Govind Vallabh Pant (U. P.)

the members of his Cabinet are politically non-entities. But Prakasam would be as much a force to reckon with out of office as in. Only three men can be said to share this distinction in South India—Prakasam, C. R. and Professor Ranga.

BAL GANGADHAR KHER was not known to fame outside his province of Bombay before he was made Prime Minister under the first Congress Government. He rose to the leadership of the Congress Party in the Bombay Legislature rather unexpectedly; in this he differed from the other Congress Prime Ministers. They were men that either aspired or had been marked out to be Prime Ministers long before they were elected to Party leadership. But B. G. Kher shot to prominence suddenly, supplanting the masterful Mr. Nariman, who had till then been popularly looked upon as a certainty for the parliamentary leadership.

His elevation to power was in the nature of a sensational triumph of

character over all opposing circumstances. There were others more brilliant and of richer experience in his own first team of Ministers. But Mr. Kher excelled in the art of keeping discordant elements together. In Bombay, the industrial capital of India, the Gujaratis and the Parsis are all-powerful, and the Maharashtrians, dour and ambitious, feel themselves rather elbowed out. Intense therefore is their desire to make up for lost ground. The resulting atmosphere is not one of harmony. It is pervaded by a triangular jealousy. That, notwithstanding this, a Maharashtrian like Kher should have been singled out for the Premiership is a remarkable tribute to sterling qualities in him commanding the respect and confidence of all.

Solicitor by profession, Mr. Kher was, for some time, Secretary to the famous blind Judge of the Bombay High Court, Sir Francis Owen Beamen. He travelled with Sir Francis all over the world. Later, he became a colleague of Mr. Jayakar in the first Swaraj Party, and it was Mr. Jayakar's desertion of that party that stimulated Mr. Kher's allegiance to the Congress.

Bombay's Prime Minister is very simple in his habits. He is a fine Sanskrit scholar. He is a good speaker in Marathi. He has considerable experience of jails, having been imprisoned in all Congress movements. In the course of his second imprisonment, Government offered to release him on parole to visit his father who was then on his death-bed, but Mr. Kher declined to give parole. The father died while the son was still in jail.

Utter sincerity and love of justice form the secret of Mr. Kher's hold on men. He is incapable of indulging in any kind of intrigue. He possesses a nature that can never be spoiled by power or success. Sir Roger Lumley, Governor of Bombay at the time of the first Congress Ministry, is reported to have told John Gunther that the position of Prime Minister sat very lightly on Mr. Kher. The Governor, it would



Gopinath Bardoloi (Assam)

appear, actually told Kher on one occasion to print a placard with the inscription. "I am the Prime Minister of Bombay" and hang it prominently where he could not possibly miss seeing it.

Next to Mr. C. Rajagopalachari, PANDIT GOVIND VALLABH PANT was the best known of the Congress Prime Ministers when the first Congress Government was formed, having been previously a member of the Working Committee for many years. He had been also the Deputy Leader of the Central



Ravi Shankar Shukla (C. P.)

Legislative Assembly Congress Party. In the Central Assembly he was always heard with respect both by the official and non-official benches as he was a great student of all matters connected with finance, tariffs and currency. Of all Congress legislators he was the most feared by the officials of the Central Government because they found it difficult to refute his arguments.

Six feet and odd in height, Pandit Govind Vallabh Pant is the tallest of the Congress Prime Ministers.

In the Civil Disobedience days Pandit Pant's outstanding figure towered over the heads of all neighbours in any crowd, and was a prominent target for police batons. He was one of those who could not be hidden in any assembly. At Lucknow, he shared with Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru the honour and the blows of the magnificent demonstration against the Simon Commission on the day of its arrival in the city. The injuries he then received at the hands of the police resulted in a painful and persistent malady, which, for a long time, prevented him from straightening his back or leading an active life. To this day, he walks with a slight stoop, with head inclined to one side.

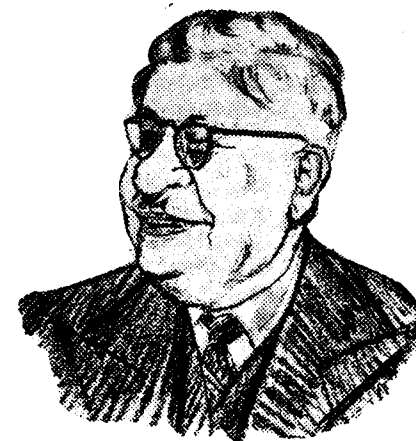
An iron will, proved and tested physical courage, ample knowledge of affairs, the personal loyableness that inspires strong loyalties, keen intelligence and the gift of lucid and convincing presentation,—these are the indispensable attributes of all great leadership. Pandit Pant possesses all of them. Though a wealthy landowner, he is one of the most trusted champions of the poverty-stricken tenants in the United Provinces; and he made a gift of a considerable part of his estates for the benefit of the educated unemployed young men of his province.

Pandit Pant is an able debator. He is brilliant in repartee. He has inexhaustible stores of all kinds of miscellaneous information methodically arranged for ready reference in his capacious memory. He possesses grit, daring and the spirit of sacrifice. Great things can confidently be expected from his rule.

MR. GOPINATH BARDOLOI is very popular with the tribal people of Assam. He won a resounding victory for the Congress in Assam in the recent elections. He has the reputation of being a good administrator. He has stood against "grouping." He has been a staunch Congressman and is keenly interested in Gandhiji's constructive programme which he has carried out to the best of his ability in Assam. He is also quite popular with Labour and helped them a great deal in the Digbhai strike.

SIR GHULAM HUSSAIN HIDAYATULLAH, the Premier of Sind, is the Aladdin of Indian Politics. His name has become a synonym for luck. He has broken several records. He has had the longest official innings not only in India but in any part of the world. The only other Indian who came within measurable distance of him was the late Sir Ganesh Dutt Singh of Bihar. When not in office, he feels like a fish out of water. If you look at him or listen to him speaking you will find nothing to suggest that he may not go on living and being the Premier of Sind for another twenty years. He is a hedonist, fond of dress and good living.

If politics had not claimed him, Sir Ghulam Hussain would have been a capital businessman. He hails from Shikarpur. His father was a convert from Hinduism. He was a humble school master. Born in 1879, the little boy Ghulam Hussain showed signs of promise and was given the luxury of a college education. He was one of the earliest Muslims in Sind to pass the advocates' examination and set up practice at Hyderabad. His democratic nature and cosmopolitan outlook endeared him to one and all and he soon built up a good practice. He showed an amazing flair for public life and took a keen interest in the civic problems of Hyderabad. This was rewarded when he was elected as the first non-official President of the Hyderabad Municipality. Soon he ascended the next rung in the ladder of public life and got himself



Sir Ghulam Hussain (Sind)

elected as a member of the Bombay Council as early as 1912 and continued his unbroken innings in the legislature till 1920. By dint of sheer hard work and genius for lobbying, Sir Ghulam Hussain attracted much attention in the Bombay Council and became the head of what came to be known as the "Sind bloc".

Mr. K. F. Nariman once characterised the Ghulam Hussain bloc in the Council as more loyal than the King. On every crucial division, the bloc voted with the Treasury benches. Sir Ghulam Hussain's loyalty was soon rewarded and when Sind was allotted a seat in the Ministry, it was but natural that he should



Dr. Khan Saheb (N. W. F.)

walk into it. He became Minister in 1921 and continued to hold the position on three consecutive occasions. Official favours thereafter came thick and fast. He was made a Member of the Bombay Executive Council.

On the separation of Sind, he accepted the position of Adviser to the Sind Governor. He was elected as a member of Assembly from the landholders' constituency. At that time, Sir Shaw Nawaz Bhutto was the leader of the Sind United Party and Sir Ghulam Hussain was ploughing a lonely furrow. Sir Shaw Nawaz sustained a defeat at the hands of lean and lanky Shaikh Abdul Majid and luckily for Sir

Ghulam Hussain, Haji Abdulla Haroon too was bowled out.

Sir Lancelot Graham who knew him as a member of the Central Assembly where Sir Ghulam Hussain had a short spell asked him to form the Ministry. How he was able to do that without any support in the Assembly or any party to back him up is one of the romances of Indian politics. Since then, he has been the pilot at the helm, except for short intervals when the late Mr. Allah Baksh and Mir Bunde Ali Khan Talpur held the Premiership. After the last provincial elections, it was a matter of touch and go and in the normal course of things, Mr. G. M. Syed should have become the Premier. But the heavy backing he received at the hands of Sir Francis Mudie resulted in Sir Ghulam being again installed in power as the Premier.

Sir Ghulam Hussain does not attach any importance to political labels. To-day he worships at the League shrine because it pays him. But he was a devoted understudy to the late Mr. Allah Baksh when

he was at the head of a non-communal Ministry. He also acquiesced in the Azad pact and functioned as one of the Ministers under Mir Bunde Ali Khan Talpur. A wag once characterised him as the boneless wonder of Sind politics.

Sir Ghulam's secret of achievement lies in charm and persuasion. He is never whipped up by the passion of great causes. He is more at home in proposing a toast to some one after dinner at the Karachi Club, of which he has been the President for two consecutive terms. He allows the administration to be carried on by departmental Secretaries. The cares of office sit lightly on him. After a few hours in the Secretariat,

he makes a beeline to the Club where he is more at home with his friends, discussing the latest race tips or relishing the crumbs of gossip. He is an inveterate bridge player and even on the day that he was defeated in the Assembly, he did not skip his attendance at the Karachi Club. It is impossible to know him for any length of time without knowing about his family. His first wife was a Punjabi woman, the sister of

Khan Bahadur Ziauddin Ahmed. She died early and Sir Ghulam married again. Lady Hidayatullah is a great hostess and much of the political luck of Sind's Premier is due to the social grooming he has received from his wife. The Premier keeps an open board. Sir Ghulam Hussain lost one of his sons who was shot by the Hurs as he was travelling to Lahore by the ill-fated train which was derailed by the Hurs. He took the blow philosophically.

In political brilliance, there are better men than Sir Ghulam Hussain in Sind. There is, for instance, Khan Bahadur Khuhro, between

whom and his chief there is a perpetual scramble for leadership. Mr. G. M. Syed has more imagination and Shaikh Abdul Majid more drive and determination. But Sind's key position is held to-day by Sir Ghulam Hussain because he is the least dangerous of them all. He has no communal rancour. As a matter of fact, many of his best friends are Hindus. The Sind Premier believes that discussion engenders strife and in strife there can be nothing creative.

He is indeed the Peter Pan of Indian politics. It is impossible to think of him in retirement. He has a date with destiny and seems to have a prescriptive right for the Premiership of his province.

PANDIT RAVI SHANKER SHUKLA

got the chance for parliamentary leadership in C. P. when Dr. Khare was thrown out. The first C. P. Congress Cabinet was not a happy team. It was torn with conflicts between Maharashtrians and non-Maharashtrians. Though not a very strong man, Dr. Khare had considerable political dexterity and the capacity to make friends and get on with the general mass of people. These gifts were of no avail when disciplinary action was hurled against him by the Congress High Command. With the exit of Dr. Khare, the way was made clear for the elevation of Pandit Shukla to the Premiership. In point of ability and of all qualities that go to establish leadership, the late E. Raghavendra Rao was the superior man. But when he branched off into responsive co-operation he lost the chance of rising politically under Congress auspices, which passed on to Pandit Shukla. The Pandit belongs to the Hindustani part of C. P. Except for the obviousness of his position as Premier, there is little distinctive about him.



Malik Khizar Hyat Khan
(Punjab)

DR. KHAN SAHEB made a name for himself when he represented the North-West Frontier Province in the Central Assembly. He was quite a keen debator. It used to be the British tradition to make raids across the North-West Frontier to induce peacefulness among the tribes. Actually raiding from one side led to counter-raiding from the other. The credit for introducing a less violent and more reasonable policy belongs to Dr. Khan Saheb. He was able to move on the friendliest terms with the turbulent tribes across the frontier and to maintain peace by virtue of a sound policy and the exercise of personal influence without resort to sanguinary outbursts for producing a salutary impression.

He and his brother, Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan, originator of the Red Shirt movement, are responsible for the Congress-mindedness of the Pathans against all the efforts of the Muslim League to use Islam as a lever for winning their support to Pakistan. Dr. Khan Saheb earned the appreciation of Sir George Cunningham (Governor of the Province at the time of the first Congress Government) as an able administrator, despite all the political differences between himself and the Governor.

MR. H. S. SUHRAWARDY, the present Prime Minister of Bengal, was in the Congress for some time. He was a follower of Desabandhu Das. When communal feeling rose to great height in Bengal, he drifted into the League and became Minister for Industries in Fazlul Huq's first Coalition Ministry. When Fazlul Huq fell, he continued to be the Minister of Civil Supplies in the Nazimuddin Cabinet and became the key-man of the League in Bengal. In the expression of views on Pakistan he has blossomed.



Sri Krishna Sinha (Bihar)

med into an extremist given to uncompromising attitudes in all League gatherings. One finds him constantly indulging in threats of civil war. He approached Maulana Azad and Mr. Kiran Shanker Roy for a Congress-League Coalition but failed in the attempt as the divergence of views between the two parties could not be bridged. He is an able man who knows his own mind. But in the Bengal famine people complained everywhere of his lack of ability in the matter of food administration.

MALIK KHIZAR HYAT KHAN, a big landholder in the Punjab, is the son of the late Sir Umar Hyat Khan. He is a great supporter of British rule in India and honestly believes that the British connection is essential for India. He broke away from the League when Mr. Jinnah insisted that the Ministry in the Punjab should style itself as "League Coalition." He is now the head of a Unionised Congress Akali Coalition. He is not firm in the expression of his views with regard to Pakistan. It remains to be seen how long he will last, as the Muslim League scored heavily in the recent elections in the Punjab. It is very difficult for Khizar to break away from his Government House affiliations though he is trying hard to work together with the Congress

in the present Government of the Punjab.

SRI KRISHNA SINHA, who is a landholder in Bihar, has been a follower of Rajendra Prasad for many years. At the time of the Bihar Earthquake he worked hard to help Rajendra Prasad in alleviating the distress of the people. He was chosen as the Prime Minister in the first Congress Government and suffered incarceration many times for the Congress cause. He has been known to be firm and has kept the Congress Party in the Bihar Legislature together. He is a fairly successful administrator.

HARE KRISHNA MEHTAB has been a member of the Congress Working Committee since the Haripura Congress. He has been interested in the Congress Constructive Programme for many years and has also been the President of the Utkal Congress Committee. He did not enter the first Assembly as he was not interested in the legislative programme but when the ban on Biswanath Das was not removed he was persuaded to enter the Orissa Assembly where he was elected Leader of the Congress Legislature Party, and undertook the responsibility of forming a Ministry. An ardent believer of Gandhiji's programme, he is new to legislative work but seems to have taken to it well and is proving a popular Prime Minister.



Hare Krishna Mehtab (Orissa)

AUTOCRACY IN INDIAN STATES

By C. R. Kunhunni

There are about 600 Native States in India having a population of about 10 crores of people. Many States still lie in the dark hinterland of medieval traditions. In many States there are no legislatures. Some have bogus legislatures in which subjects like Army, Palace, Foreign Affairs, etc., cannot be discussed. These vital matters are not allowed to come under the purview of the legislatures.

Some years ago certain constitutional reforms were inaugurated in Cochin State ostensibly for introducing responsible Government in the State. The reforms ended in diarchy. At present there are two "popular" Ministers in Cochin. But they are controlled by the Maharaja. They are not responsible to the people. Under the existing constitution the Dewan—a European I.C.S. officer—is nothing less than an autocrat. He can dictate terms even to the Maharaja with the help of the British Political Agent. The Ministers are appointed by the Maharaja and are dependent on the Dewan in all important matters such as raising finance for the departments allotted to them.

Cochin still has a Hindu chauvinistic rule. The so-called Depressed Classes which constitute over half the population of the State are being subjected to social degradation. Temple-entry is refused to the Depressed Classes. They are not given any jobs in the Devaswam Department controlled by the State. Even their entry into some public roads is prohibited in the name of untouchability.

Cochin is said to be in the vanguard of political progress. But the notorious Press Act and the ban on certain popular organisations still remain in force.

Travancore has outdone Cochin in the matter of repression. Dewan Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar is daily

promulgating orders for the curtailment of civil liberties. In 1937-38 the people of Travancore wrote history in their fight for responsible Government. Sir C. P. crushed the movement with an iron hand. The then prostrate people of Travancore have again come to the forefront of the national struggle. Arrests, persecution of Christians, externment and internment orders, gagging the Press are daily happenings in Travancore. The National Flag and the Red Flag are banned in the State; so also public processions and I.N.A. demonstrations. Most of the newspapers published from the State are mere Government gazettes.

Hyderabad is the biggest State in India. There the ban on the State Congress still remains. Much of what happens in Hyderabad is not known to the outside world. Civil liberties in their real sense are not known in that State. The ruler has publicly declared the necessity for British overlordship in India.

Recently terror and repression swept the streets of Faridkot and Kashmir. There is not a single State in India which enjoys democracy.

"We do not want to start any movement in the States" said Sardar Vallabhai Patel in the meeting of the General Council of the All-India State Peoples' Conference held at Bombay on June 6. Sardar Patel's statement shows that Congress leadership has not budged an inch from its Haripura decision of non-intervention in the States.

Pandit Nehru visited Faridkot against the wishes of the State's rulers. A compromise was effected after which he issued a statement criticising the State officials and exonerating the Raja Saheb. Nehru said that "the ruler was away at this time (of repression) in Malaya". But the people in Faridkot know that the whole repression was

planned by the ruler. Panditji forgets the 1940 repression in the State carried on with the sanction of the ruler.

Pandit Nehru's former statement about Kashmir repression was most encouraging. But later he went back upon his statement and even went to the extent of ridiculing peoples' struggle saying that "there were some tactical mistakes in the Kashmir movement".

This sort of going back has become a fashion among our leaders. The leaders forgetting their brave protests finally come to terms with the rulers and then begin to find fault with the struggling people. The Political Department and the Kashmir rulers were encouraged in launching repression against the people because our national leaders

did not represent vigorously the cause of the States' subjects to the Cabinet Mission.

The sad plight of the States' subjects cannot be allowed to drift further. Congress leaders should revise their attitude towards the States in the light of the present developments. When British India goes ahead Indian India cannot lag behind. The Congress as the premier national organisation of India should effectively intervene in the affairs of Indian States and help them to forge a united front against British imperialism. The future constitutional structure should provide due representation to States' subjects. Let us hope that the Congress and the League leaders would take up this matter with all the seriousness it deserves.

INVESTMENT IN HAPPINESS

By Binod

To my little son who "looked from thoughtful eyes" I made a gift of a miniature motor car on his birthday.

Little did I imagine at the time that this parental gift would bring so much joy to so many hearts.

The hearts of children! The innocent hearts of little children! The pure, undefiled souls of artless children!

As my little boy drives his car past our neighbours' homes, how many little feet come prancing out into the street; how many little lips part in wondering smiles; how many little eyes light up with unaffected joy!

Rich and poor alike, the children swarm round the freak automobile, for children—God bless them!—have no sense of class, no sense of shame, no sense of embarrassment at giving expression to their genuine feelings. The sentiment of a child is the same whether in Mam-balam or Fifth Avenue.

So the children gaze admiringly and longingly—and unashamedly—

on the green-painted limousine; and, having gazed, want to handle it; having handled, want to sit in it.

And my boy, untutored in the dissimulations of adult society, just reacts according to his mood. Sometimes he readily permits the applicant a joy ride; at other times the unuttered reply is "Hands off my steering wheel!"

But, joy ride or no, this bright-looking vehicle with its diminutive owner-driver plugging along at the dizzy speed of five miles an hour, is a source of great joy and delight to the children living around. Especially is it a pleasurable sight to the poor ones, those children of misfortune who, denied the possession of things of beauty, are often denied even the joy of sharing or merely of beholding them.

The thing I bought is a toy car. But the joy it gives to its onlookers is no toy joy. This green-painted, brightly coloured, pedal-driven miniature automobile has been, I feel, a magnificent investment in the unlimited concern of juvenile happiness.

Introducing SPOTLIGHT ON THE WORLD

You read in the daily Press of things that are going on around you, but you are probably not aware of the things going on around them.

SWATANTRA has pleasure in introducing this new feature which attempts to take you behind the news.

SPOTLIGHT ON THE WORLD will appear regularly in this place in future to provide you background which will help you to a fuller appreciation of world developments.

This feature replaces two of our previous features reviewing Indian and Foreign affairs.

In keeping with the spirit of the age, we start off our review with a reference to our better halves. The President of the All-India Women's Conference, Mrs. Hansa Mehta, is already engaged in an effort to ensure that the fundamental rights of Indian women are incorporated in the country's future constitution. To this end she hopes that women will secure at least 10 per cent of the total number of elected seats on the Constituent Assembly.

Here are a few landmarks that reveal the tempo of the political progress of Indian women:

1917: A few women met Mr. Edwin Montague (when he visited India as Secretary of State) to ask for votes.

1921: The Montague-Chelmsford reforms gave the provinces mandatory power to enfranchise women.

1923: Women voted for the Central Legislative Assembly and the Provincial Legislative Councils.

1926: Women were made eligible for seats in the provincial legislatures.

1935: The Government of India Act, 1935, enfranchised six million women (27 million men) and reserved 42 seats for women in the legislatures.

1937: Eight women were elected to legislatures in constituencies reserved for women; five were nominated; six took office as Minister, Deputy Speakers and Under-Secretaries.

What are these "fundamental rights" that the Indian woman of to-day has in mind? She does not wish to fight man or imitate him, she says; but she holds that woman power is basic and woman must be recognized as an independent social and economic factor. In other words, she would rather be the equal, than the better half of man.

The Indian woman of to-day demands shorter hours in India's busiest industry—child production. Out of the cramping limits of the home that man built she wishes to come out into the wide open space that God made, the wide open spaces with the sky as the only limit to her activity. Here she would learn and work and play, without restriction and, without inhibition, vote in her own right, marry her own man and be his heir.

Man's reaction to this attitude is not altogether one of negation. Indeed the beacon light of woman's emancipation in India was lit by a man (Raja Ram Mohan Roy). The abolition of sati, the passing of the Age of Consent Act, the legalization of widow remarriage, the Child Marriage Restraint Act, Hindu women's right to separate residence and maintenance—all these milestones on the road to feminine advancement have been largely the effort of men.

Sugar

From women we go on to another sweet subject—Sugar. The Madras



Gandhiji returning from the Congress Working Committee meeting, accompanied by Pandit Nehru and others.

Government's decision to introduce rationing of this commodity brings to mind the important part played by the sugar industry in India's national economy. The industry provides employment for 3,000 graduates and 100,000 skilled and unskilled workers, benefits 20 million cultivators and helps to retain in the country a sum of Rs. 16 crores which was formerly going abroad.

The sugar industry is the second largest industry in India, cotton being the first. Taking *gur* and sugar together, India is the largest single sugar producing country in the world. But the yield per acre is low. During 1930-31 and 1934-35 the average yield per acre in India was only 388 maunds, compared with 1,446 and 1,515 maunds respectively in Java and Hawaii.

The recommendations of the Panel on Sugar, Alcohol and Food Yeast to establish 17 new sugar factories, each capable of producing 10,000 to 12,000 tons a year, should go a long

way to increase the sugar-producing capacity of India.

Scientists All

Oxford University is to confer the honorary degree of Doctor of Science on Sir Shanti Swarup Bhatnagar, Director of Scientific and Industrial Research in India.

As in old days India was in the forefront in philosophy and the arts, so now she is becoming a world leader in the scientific field. India has produced some of the most learned and distinguished scientists of the day.

Among those who created a background of scientific research in chemistry, the late Sir P. C. Ray's name stands out most prominently. He earned distinction by his discovery of mercurous nitrate and other compounds.

The science of magneto-chemistry, which deals with the world of atoms and molecules, owes much to the researches of Sir Shanti Swarup

Bhatnagar. Dr. Bhatnagar designed a highly sensitive apparatus for measuring magnetic susceptibility—the Bhatnagar-Mathur Magnetic Balance is an instrument put in the market by a London firm.

Sir J. C. Ghosh, another scientist of international repute, has evolved a new theory which forms a landmark in the development of chemical science. It is the Theory of Abnormality of Strong Electrolytes. He has also made important researches in photo-chemical reactions.

Extensive researches carried out in medical science have contributed to a knowledge of the various peculiar conditions that affect the health of the people. Sir U. N. Brahmachari's discovery of Therapeutic antimonials in the treatment of Kala-Azar, most dreaded of tropical diseases, has led to successful treatment of the disease.

Plague is another dreadful disease widely prevalent in the tropics. The Haffkine Institute in Bombay under

Colonel Sokhey has made important contributions to the standardization of plague vaccines. The vaccines for the immunization of suspects have saved thousands of lives.

And finally the greatest of Indian scientists—Sir C. V. Raman. It was in 1928 that he announced the theory—the Raman Effect—that brought him the Nobel Prize. The theory is centred on the phenomenon that in the process of diffusion light may also change colour. Now Raman is engaged in studying the atomic structure of diamonds and a whole new field of research is being opened up.

Trade With Egypt

The Egyptian Cotton Mission now touring India is in search of a better market for Egyptian long-staple cotton whose price has fallen recently.

Egypt and India are close neighbours—it is now possible to fly from Karachi to Cairo in a day—and during the past few years there has



Rajaji crowded by Pressmen while leaving Bhangi Colony, after a meeting of the Congress Working Committee.

been a steady growth of trade between the two countries. Egypt is the largest importer in the Middle East of India's jute manufactures. The value of these exports was Rs. 127.6 lakhs in 1942-43. In the same year 31.4 million yards of Indian piecegoods were exported to Egypt. Another important article of export which is going out in increasing quantities in recent years is tea.

India's share of Egypt's imports of tea increased from 3 per cent in the calendar year 1939 to 28 per cent in 1942. The total value of Indian exports to Egypt was Rs. 3,36,26,000 in 1944-45. The total value of imports into India from Egypt in the same year was Rs. 17,37,93,000. Among these imports the finer quality of raw cotton not produced in India takes pride of place.

The Big Four

The "Big Four" Foreign Ministers meeting in Paris, who have again failed to agree on the date for the general European Peace Conference, are not exhibiting their differences for the first time.

At Potsdam, after the defeat of Germany, the heads of the Big Three States, namely, U.S.A., Great Britain and Soviet Russia, met for the last time, and on August 2, 1945, in a communique issued simultaneously from Washington, Moscow and London, the establishment of a Council of Foreign Ministers representing five principal Powers, U.S.A., the U.S.S.R., United Kingdom, China and France, was announced.

The principal function of the Council was "to continue preparatory work for the peace settlement" and to do such other work as may be referred to the Council from time to time by agreement of the Powers participating in the Council.

The Council of Foreign Ministers was the natural successor of the Teheran and Yalta conferences and it postulated Allied unity. The immediate task for which the Council was set up was the determination of boundaries and inter-State and inter-Power issues and the drawing

up for submission to the United Nations, of peace treaties with Italy, Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary and Finland.

The First Conference of the Council was held in London on September 11, 1945. A dispute over the procedure, particularly over the correct interpretation of certain clauses in the Potsdam Agreement, diverted attention from the real work and brought that session to an abrupt end. The Deputies of the Foreign Ministers were empowered to negotiate a *modus vivendi*.

In December last, at the second meeting of the Council at Moscow wherein only the Foreign Ministers of the Big Three Powers (namely U.S.A., Britain and Soviet Russia) participated, the London dispute was largely settled by a compromise. The Deputies of the Foreign Ministers were then able to get down to a detailed examination of the various points to be decided before the treaties with Germany's satellites could be drafted. But the Deputies had not received clear guidance from their principals on account of the acute divergences of opinion among the latter. In the circumstances, the Deputies made little progress on the major issues.

Less Food, More Goods

Powerful interests in New Zealand, one of the greatest food-producing countries in the world, are to-day pressing for industrial expansion as opposed to continued all-out national concentration on food production.

They claim that in this direction lies the best hope of prosperity and continued full employment when world economy regains its balance. In support of their theory, they point to the recent statement made by the Premier, Mr. Peter Fraser, that there is "no future" in farming as a source of constant full employment.

Before the war, New Zealand exported nearly Rs. 78,00,00,000 worth of farm products annually. In return, about Rs. 65,00,00,000 worth of merchandise was imported.

But, in the past ten years, 1,200 new factories have been established in New Zealand. Many of the new industries grew up to meet the shortages caused by wartime trade disruption. Most of them are producing articles formerly imported from abroad.

If, in fact, these secondary industries continue to develop, the effect both on the world food supply and on the import market will be drastic.

Already, there are seasonal shortages of farm labour in New Zealand.

Yet there is barely enough manpower to maintain the existing industries. If, as many believe, inevitable city life and higher wages lure more labour away from the land, agricultural production will slump sharply in spite of increased mechanisation of the farms.

Increased immigration, which may be a solution to the problem, is as yet unlikely to be permitted for some years in view of the existing acute housing shortage.

WAVELL'S SECRET ASSURANCE TO MR. JINNAH

(From Our Correspondent)

New Delhi: The week which opened with the award of the Cabinet Mission on the Interim Government saw good auguries for Congress acceptance during the first half of the week but ended with very strong threat of a breaking. This baffling turn was due to the tactics followed by Lord Wavell presumably with the full knowledge and support of the Cabinet Ministers.

When the award of five for the League and six for the Congress and three for other minorities was first announced, the generality of opinion in the Congress Working Committee was in favour of acceptance provided, firstly, that the Congress was allowed to substitute Sarat Chandra Bose for Mehtab; and secondly, if Engineer was replaced by a person more representative of the Parsi community and if possible more amenable to the Congress influence. The first demand for substitution was easy to obtain and the second was not regarded as very vital because even Sardar Patel is reported to have said "Engineer is not a bad man". It must be remembered that though the Congress quota in the award was only of Hindus, none at the first stage felt incensed at the absence of a nationalist Muslim.

Only Gandhiji, probably due to comments by the League Press that there were only Congress Hindus in the interim Government, was prompted by a profound feeling that the Congress should maintain its national character by substituting one of the Hindus by a nationalist Muslim. It is significant that at that stage Sardar Patel and others in the Congress Working Committee did not agree with Gandhiji and I reliably understand that some of them argued that the question of Nationalist Muslims should not be raised at so late a stage of the negotiations.

They felt confident that the Congress which had a straight majority of six to the League's five could win over minority representatives to the Congress side, and if Wavell remained neutral the Congress could use the Interim Government as a powerful weapon and shape a future united India despite the League's opposition. That is why Sardar Patel, than whom there is no greater opponent to the League in the Working Committee, did not like to raise the issue of a seat for a nationalist Muslim in the Interim Government.

The League however found that the award had conceded a straight majority to the Congress and that in the enlarged executive it would have a minority of votes. Though parity of a sort was conceded it did not satisfy the reason for its demanding parity, viz., that the Congress might use its majority to sabotage the League's goal of Pakistan. Therefore Mr. Jinnah wrote a letter to Lord Wavell which was a long tale of woe listing various assurances given to the League and later cynically disregarded by Lord Wavell in order to appease the Congress. Mr. Jinnah demanded that in order to protect the League from being steam-rolled by the Congress majority Lord Wavell should exercise his veto in all cases where the majority in the interim Government took a decision to which the League nominees were opposed. Mr. Jinnah also categorically rejected the idea of the Congress being allowed to nominate a nationalist Muslim in place of one of its quota. In order to protect himself from being let down once again by Lord Wavell this letter was unofficially released to the Press. It was the first indication that the Congress got of the fact that Lord Wavell was giving unilateral assurances to the League.

The Congress Working Committee was alive to the danger of a secret assurance by Lord Wavell that he would use his veto in support of the League in the functioning of the interim Government. A faint indication of this was already contained in Lord Wavell's letter to Maulana Azad dated 14th June in which he refused to make any positive declaration as to the powers of the Interim Government. He said "My difficulty is that the most liberal intentions may be almost unrecognisable when they have to be expressed in a formal document. I am quite clear that I did not state to you that the Interim Government would have the same powers as that of a Cabinet in a Dominion. The whole constitutional posi-



Jinnah

tion is entirely different." And finally he concluded that he would give the Interim Government "the greatest possible freedom" in regard to the day-to-day administration of the country. For the first time the Congress Working Committee awoke and asked for a copy of the correspondence that had passed between Lord Wavell and Mr. Jinnah. The Viceroy sent only a summary of the correspondence deliberately omitting portions which dealt with the assurances given to the League.

All these made it quite clear that despite sweet words Lord Wavell was playing a double game to inveigle the Congress into an Interim Government subservient to his will. This realisation made the entire Working Committee line up behind Gandhiji and demand the inclusion of a nationalist Muslim. This would be a sledge-hammer blow at the secret deal suspected between Mr. Jinnah and Lord Wavell. Lord Wavell, having given the League an assurance, could not of course now concede the Congress claim for that would mean risking an Interim Government without the League which would make it far more difficult for him to exercise his veto.

THE JAM SAHIB OF NAVNAGAR

By Dr. P. Subbaroyan

To write about the late Jam Sahib of Navnagar, known to the cricket world as Ranji, is very difficult for one who never actually saw him in the middle, but his contribution to the science of cricket is one that gives him a special place among the great. When he went to Cambridge he had the quickness of foot and the keenness of eye which is half the battle in this great game. He was keen on getting his blue and had the great Surrey bowler, Tom Richardson, bowl at him and from playing this fast bowler he developed his leg-glance which made cricket history. He did manage to get his blue but failed in the only 'Varsity match which he played in but his fielding in the 1893 match attracted everyone's attention. As a slip fielder Hammond, McClaren and some of the Australians like Chipperfield could only be compared with him. He qualified for Sussex and it is as a Sussex cricketer that he came into prominence. C. B. Fry and he gave many a head-ache to the best bowling in the country. Sussex, because of the lack of bowling, never managed to win the coveted county championship, but as long as Ranji was associated with them they always occupied a place among the first three. Many long stands remain to the credit of Ranji and Fry in the history of Sussex county cricket and Fry who was a model batsman had to play second fiddle in these long partnerships. This only helped to bring out the greatness of Ranji. To have made 3,000 runs in two successive seasons in those days when wickets were not so perfect as now says much for Ranji's genius.

In 1896, the Lancashire County Cricket Club who managed the Test matches at old Trafford in those days, invited him to play for England. He made history by making



Ranjitsinghji's famous leg-glance.

152 not out in the 2nd innings and nearly saved England and it was not his or Tom Richardson's fault if England lost in the end. That year Ranji made more runs in first class cricket which was a record then. Wisecrackers nodded their heads and knew that a new and bright star had risen in the cricket firmament. From 1896 to the time he retired from first class cricket because of duties as the head of an Indian State, Ranji stood much above the cricketers of his days. He had the capacity to make runs on all kinds of wickets and was never afraid of attacking the bowling because he knew that offence was the best defence. He held a record for many years in the matter of double centuries in first class cricket. Till Bradman came along there was no one who was such a prolific scorer as Ranji was. He has the unique distinction of having made a century on his first appearance in a Test match both in England and in Australia.

I cannot claim personal friendship with the great Jam Sahib, but I knew him fairly well and his great gesture in helping to found the Indian Gymkhana in London can never be forgotten. It was his generosity and his help with the princes which has given the Indian Gymkhana its ground at Osterley which has now become the centre for Indian students interested in cricket and other sports. A home of this kind was badly needed for Indians in London, and Ranji knew well that through sports alone the unity of our countrymen in England could be brought about. He was keen on India doing well in the cricket world; and it is through him that our present Captain, the Nawab of Pataudi, came to play for England. It was his interest which made his nephew Duleep what he was to English cricket. After a long absence from English cricket he went back to England and showed that he was as good as ever and could play for England even after that long absence. Because of lack of practice and of his administrative duties he had put on weight, but his determination to do well and his great power of application made him fit for making the runs he did in that season.

In his prime he was always one of the first choices for England and in 1899 he saved England by his 99 not out and only time prevented his getting the coveted 100; but that 99 will always remain in Test match history as one of the great innings that has ever been played against Australia. As some one remarked this time "India had really saved England". It was his back-play which made him such a master on a turning wicket: of course his quickness of foot and keenness of eye helped greatly. It is said that he saw the ball a split second quicker than any other batsman of his time to execute his flicks to leg which was the great contribution he made to cricket. He showed by this how the natural suppleness of the East could adapt itself to a game which was England's own. It was Ranji's prowess at the game

which has made Indian cricket what it is to-day.

The championship of India is named after him as it should be. As long as there is interest in cricket Ranji will be immortal. Hitch who was out here as a coach told me a story which I think is worth recording. He was in his prime and was bowling against Sussex for Surrey and looked as if he will go through the Sussex side as he was bowling at a great pace and coming in from the off sharply. Ranji came in and began to set about him. He had been out of cricket for a long time and Tom Hayward who was fielding at mid-off pulled Hitch's leg saying he ought to be able to get him out at any time because of his un-orthodox cricket. Ranji began scoring four of Hitch's best balls by getting back and flicking them to leg with apparently no effort. This went on the whole day and in the end when the Jam Sahib was tired he just hit a ball back into Hitch's hands and retired after having made well over a 100. Hitch then knew what proposition he was up against. Such was Ranji.

There is another story which is also worth recording about Ranji. In the heat of Larwood's body-line bowling, some one asked him what he thought of it all. His cryptic reply was, "Has not the batsman a bat in his hand?" He certainly had the right to say this, as he flicked balls almost bumping to his ear to the short-leg boundary from the Australian fast bowler, Jones, who had the reputation of having bowled a ball at W. G. Grace, which went through his beard to the boundary.

If Dr. W. G. Grace was the King of Cricket Ranji will always remain as its Prince. It is difficult to place cricketers of one generation as against another. Bradman by his superb record gets the first place but Ranji and Hobbs run him close. India must be proud of her son who really placed her on the map as far as cricket is concerned. May we have many who will follow in his path is my wish for world friendship through Indian cricket.

ON ARRIVING FOR THE TESTS

The six thousand boys, who, fortified with numerous bottles of ginger beer, awaited with cheerful din the opening of the gates at Lord's last Saturday, have provided a variant to Maria's allocation of virtue and ale. The hypocrites of the present day must, in their sanctimoniousness, be impaled on the horns of the new dilemma, cricket or ginger beer. For, though at Lord's, these two very desirable things were to be obtained together, the one in all its glory and the other in all its satiety, in hapless Madras, this natural combination appears to be precluded by a mysterious law.

The most painful periods during a cricket match to the mere spectator are the intervals appropriated to the mysteries of the players' lunch and tea. These lacunae are no doubt eminently necessary, but to the great uninitiated they are a wearisomeness of the flesh. Though the prudent may arrive with the comfortable knowledge of the possession of a bulging lunch basket and an overflowing flask neither of these containers suffices to quench the hunger and thirst, far beyond the extent of even the Fat Boy's, which invariably afflicts the spectator during these sacred functions. It is a truism to say that nobody has returned home from a cricket match without suffering from a ravenous hunger.

Four Test matches have been played in Madras, though only one of them bore the official imprimatur. I am unable to recall much about the match in which Jardine's powerful team overwhelmed a slightly puzzled Indian side. But there were two incidents at least which alarmed the youthful mind. I recollect the sense of utter horror with which I witnessed C. K. Nayudu catch Townsend at silly point with one hand with a most astonishingly casual air. I am not certain that the bowler, who was so nearly betrayed, the late Amar Singh, did

not look daggers at the offending fieldsman. It was not so much fear as stupefaction that possessed me when Maurice Nichols, after deftly turning Nazir Ali to the square leg for a six, was incontinently caught off the next ball behind the wicket by Dilwar Hussain, who heralded his triumph with an ear-piercing shriek, not unworthy of Duckworth himself at his most strident. The young imagination was brought face to face with the fact that in life is death.

There was a sense of desolation when, off the last ball before the lunch, on what date I am now unable to specify, Wazir Ali allowed himself to be bowled by Nichols with a ball which just removed the bails. Lunches turned to bitter ash in many a mouth that day. A more alarming incident occurred when a ruffian, of the species that always disfigures an appreciative gathering, hurled a stone at Clarke, against whom there was, in certain quarters, a ridiculous animosity, solely because he bowled fast and had the misfortune to have wounded earlier in the day Naoomal, who pulled an in-swinger into his face. I can still recall the deathly silence that settled on the entire ground when the insulted player gathered the stone in his hand and slowly walked towards the quarter from which the missile had been hurled. Even that great aristocrat of the game, Jardine, appeared to be apprehensive, for Clarke was not then conspicuous for the command of his emotions. But a great cheer broke out when, with a gesture worthy of Lancelot, the Northamptonshire player gently placed the stone outside the playing field and returned to his place. He had amply avenged himself.

If I remember aright, the game came to a peremptory conclusion when C. S. Nayudu, playing, I think, in his first Test, jumped out to Verity and was avidly stumped

by the portly Elliott. At the other end, left high and dry, was a disconsolate Anarnath, who had cleaved the English bowling with some powerful off-drives, especially off the great Verity. His innings did not amount to more than twenty-five, but it lives in memory by its fragrance and intrepidity.

If I may permit myself a divagation, the belief in huge scores is a modern heresy. It is a deterioration of tradition that scores less than a hundred are not now considered worthy of attention. It was different with the great race before the flood. I have read how a relic of that golden age, Warner, considers an innings in which he made no more than nine runs to be his most meritorious. On a sun-dried pitch at Lord's, he confronted Barnes, then fresh from his glorious triumphs in Australia, where in conjunction with Foster he had carried everything before him. The critics said the next day that it was solely because he was in excellent form that he was able to edge a fierce leg-break into the hands of the wicket-keeper, "Tiger" Smith. It is unwise to disregard these warnings from the past.

But we, who have never set our eyes on the grace of Palaret and Spooner, or the demoniac energy of Jessop and Alletson, or the rhythmic grace of Lockwood and Richardson, may yet be content to recall the high glories of Jardine and his team. It is a sober fact that he was probably the greatest modern skipper. Even though his capabilities were not perhaps much exercised by the Indian opposition, the relentless pursuit of the objective, the collected manner of his bearing, and the suave craft of his batsmanship were promises of the later and greater triumphs in the sanguinary fields of Australia.

I appear to have wandered from the bottles of ginger beer in St. John's Wood. Of what actually took place when the gates did open and admit the cheerful rabble, I must reserve my comments.—N.S.R.

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TAMIL BOOKS

The Great Daughter of India : By Abdul Majid Khan. (Indian Printing Works, Lahore. Rs. 5-8).

This biography of Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit gives a detailed account of the personal career of one of India's great women leaders against the background of national politics. The opening chapter discusses the contribution made by the "Heroines of Hindustan" to the movement for freedom, with special reference to Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, Aruna Asaf Ali and Captain Lakshmi. The author then considers the unique position occupied by the Nehru family in the hierarchy of political leadership. The young Vijayalakshmi's initiation into politics, her marriage with Mr. Pandit and her rise to fame as India's first woman Minister—all these are described with numerous anecdotes interspersed. In the attempt to write smartly, the author is often betrayed into the employment of cheap cliches and jingling phrases as substitutes for a forceful style. "The belle goes to Bombay", "Surging Urge", "The girl goes for Gandhi" are some examples of the headings with which Mr. Majid has sought to adorn his pages. The lack of taste is irritating.

Mr. Majid has, however, given copious material regarding Mrs. Pandit's tireless campaign in America during the San Francisco Conference. The way she exposed Tory arguments and championed India's right to immediate freedom will be gratefully remembered by the country. She was, indeed, India's unofficial ambassador.

The book would have been far more impressive if the author had exercised some restraint in using phrases of superlative praise or high-flown metaphor. In the last chapter entitled 'Princess Charming' it was surely not necessary to quote all the major poets on the subject of feminine beauty as the prelude to an estimate of Mrs. Pandit's personal charm. The volume shows that a biography can be spoiled by admiration carried to excess.

Potti Ozhiga : By C. Rajagopalachari. (Tamil Pannai, Thyagarayanagar, Madras. As. 12.)

To remove want and the fear of want, to give all classes leisure, comfort, independence and the decencies and refinements of life and opportunities of mental and moral development in India, Mr. C. Rajagopalachari suggests, in this pamphlet, complete eradication of the profit-motive. To have a planned collective life on Socialistic lines, self-interest and greed must be sacrificed. He argues in detail that the principle of Socialism is embodied in the truths of the Upanishads, the Vedas and all the literature of Indian philosophy. The ideal of Socialism is grand and noble and it is possible of realisation.

Thinnai Rasayanam : By C. Rajagopalachari. (Tamil Pannai, Thyagarayanagar, Madras. As. 12.)

In this Mr. C. Rajagopalachari has explained the fundamentals of Chemistry, in a simple manner, so as to be understood by an ordinary man. This is in the form of conversation between one who has learnt Chemistry in a school after the English fashion, and one who is ignorant of English, but very well versed in ancient Tamil literature. C. R. has employed throughout the correct Tamil equivalents for technical terms in English.

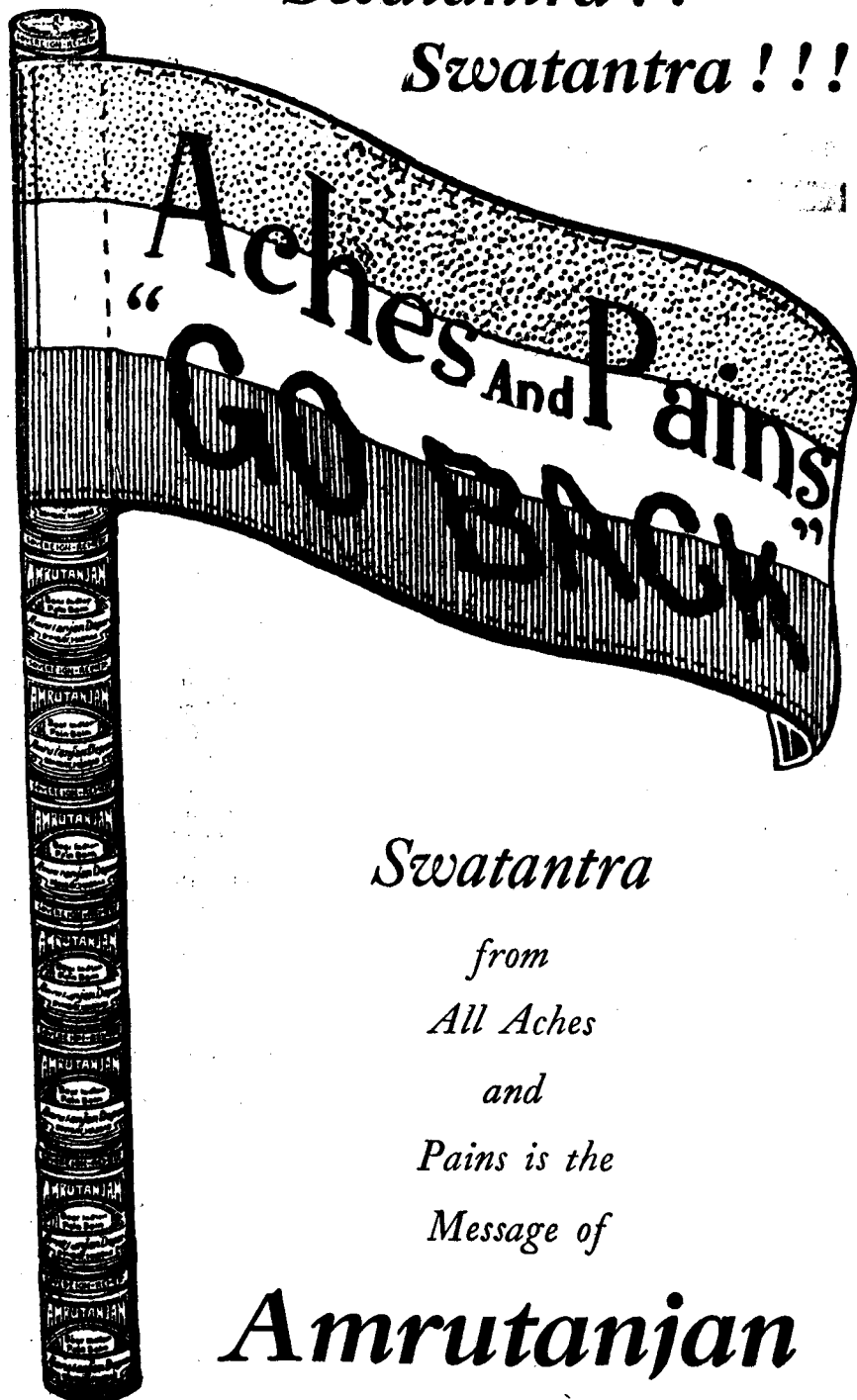
In both the books, C. R.'s language is homely and his images are drawn from incidents and objects in daily life. He surveys his field from a detached eminence and sketches the main outlines with precision and in their due proportions. His survey is so simple and straightforward as sometimes to appear easy and obvious. There is a full and honourable blend of ideas and language.

We recommend the books to every home in Tamil Nadu.

Swatantra!

Swatantra !!

Swatantra !!!



Swatantra

from

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and

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CONVERSATION

There can be no fairer ambition than to excel in talk, to be affable, gay, ready, clear and welcome; to have a fact, a thought, an illustration to every subject—this is the attraction of conversation. All conversation is a magnetic experiment. A man's mind is part and parcel of his fortune, says Shakespeare. The Rt. Hon'ble Srinivasa Sastriar was of the opinion that a man's conversation was also part and parcel of his fortune.

What a man had seen, heard, experienced, of that he would speak. And according to the interest and value of the things he had seen, heard and experienced, his conversation concerning them would be brilliant, pleasant or otherwise. Srinivasa Sastriar was a charming, brilliant and interesting conversationalist. He never lost patience with counter-arguments. The art of conversation, he used to say, needs some forethought, symmetry and design in the ordering and varying of the subject.

One day in October 1944, I met and discussed with him the peace of the world, the San Francisco Conference, the C. R. formula, Pakistan, Gandhi and his teaching

and the Mahatma's relations with Deenabandhu Andrews whom he had described as "the truest type of Christian, with a child's simplicity and innocence."

Sastriar said that Gandhiji was the most scrupulous observer of punctuality he had known. This punctuality he characterised as the politeness of the 'uncrowned king' of humanity. A habit, he said, is second nature. "The habit of being punctual is one which we should strive to cultivate, for it not only enables a man to get through his work with satisfaction to himself, but it likewise seems to win for him the respect of his fellows." He then told a story about Washington. On one occasion, a secretary of the great general, being late in attendance, excused himself by laying the blame on his watch. Washington retorted "Then you had better get another watch, or I will have to get another secretary."

I felt when I left Sastriar that day that great men who have achieved anything of real worth were most of them tanacious sticklers for punctuality. Sastriar left upon me an indelible impression as one of the best conversationalists.

—R. NARASIMHAN.

PUBLICITY AND PROPAGANDA

Many people confuse publicity with propaganda. Publicity is a method of educating the ordinary man about what a particular thing is, how it affects him and the way in which he should react to it. Propaganda on the other hand is a weapon generally used for the achievement of both desirable and undesirable ends regardless of whether the means employed are scrupulous or not. The publicist's appeal is to reason and commonsense. The propagandist seldom hesitates to stir the emotions of men and thereby, if it suits his purpose, throws the main issue into obscurity. It is, therefore, necessary for the listener to be on guard lest he should be carried away by the propagandist's eloquence which to all appearances bears the touch of sincerity. But it is easy to follow the arguments of one who is championing an unquestionably good cause

provided they are couched in clear language and elegantly put forth. The reason for this is that it is ultimately the intrinsic merit of a proposition rather than the manner of its presentation that decides its fate.

Publicity helps to open the eyes of many ignorant men who easily fall victims to unscrupulous propaganda. It has to be well-planned and in the initial stages financed by the State. The Department of Information must be a branch of the Department of Education instead of merely being an advertising bureau for the Government in power. The activities of the Publicity Department should permeate into every village and the villager must know what is happening around him. The talkie and the radio as well as the Press are ideal mediums for this purpose and the Government can use them to immense advantage. —"NON-DESCRIPT".

LETTERS

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

Toddy And Prohibition

There could be no two opinions as to the desirability of introducing Prohibition. The Congress Ministry ought to be congratulated on introducing Prohibition in at least four districts. It is the opinion of Mr. C. Rajagopalachari that sugar should be obtained from the immature toddy which is now being consumed by the poor people after it is fermented. But it is a fact that toddy which is 24 hours old contains very little of alcohol and a very large number of yeast cells. If therefore instead of allowing the toddy to be fermented, the toddy which is one day old is filtered, then there will be, firstly, a ready and cheap source of Vitamin B complex in the yeast filtrate and, secondly, the residual liquid could be used for obtaining sugar. So to speak two birds are killed with one stone.

V. MAHADEVAN.
Lt.-Col., I.M.S.

Plight Of Non-Gazetted Ranks

With the passage of the Salaries Bill, the non-gazetted ranks in Government services are eagerly looking forward to a revision of their salaries. In fact when this question was raised in the Assembly, Premier Prakasam said that the "occasion will come", but he did not say when.

A clerk drawing a salary of Rs. 100 is always indebted. Physical ailments and doctor's bills make a large inroad on his small income. A medical examination of the clerk and his family will reveal facts shocking in the extreme. The situation is one which cannot be viewed with equanimity by any Government, much less a National Government.

If the case of the non-gazetted ranks has gone by default it is their own fault. They have no organisation. Their organisation to be effective should have non-official leadership similar to the Postal Association and the Railway Employees' Union. Last time when they requested C.R. for re-

vision of their pay he turned down their request as it was "not backed up by a united voice."

All difference between the Provincial scale and the Imperial scale should be done away with. Provincial scales should be brought to the level of the Imperial.

A committee like the Sir Varadachariar Committee should be immediately appointed to go into the salary of this class of Government servants.

The salary of the clerks should be substantially increased or substantial dearness allowance bearing some relation to the high cost of living should be granted. The present rate of Rs. 18 is too inadequate.

The non-gazetted service should organize themselves. The police forces by their organisation forced Sir Norman Strathie to increase their emoluments. Even the scavengers and sweepers in many municipalities have succeeded in getting what they wanted. What the non-gazetted ranks need is organisation and non-official leadership.

S. R. VENKATARAMAN

Ministries And Minorities

The end of the Advisers' regime in the provinces saw the beginning of the establishment of popular rule. The people have happily welcomed the popular Governments in all provinces. But this happiness is not widely distributed to all sections. Unpraiseworthy is the division among our people on purely religious grounds. Our politicians should rise above all petty party schisms and meet the need of the country, under the present trying circumstances, tactfully. The only two parties which swept the polls in the last elections are, the Congress and the Muslim League. The Muslim League in provinces where it has formed ministries has not taken pains to give representation to the Hindu population of the province. The Congress too, in Madras and in Bombay failed to offer ministerial office to

minorities—the Muslims. It is said that since there is no agreement between the two parties on major political affairs there could not be any workable agreement in the provinces. This cannot be an argument to exclude the Muslim minorities altogether from the ministries. If the Muslim League is not willing to take up the responsibility of running the administration by accepting office, why should not the Nationalist Muslims be offered such responsibility? As Muslims should anyhow be represented in the ministries, I would like to prefer the Muslim League to the Nationalist Muslims, for in provinces like Bombay and Madras not a single Nationalist Muslim has been successful against the League. But the Muslim League does not come forward to take up office. If any minority is not represented in Government, not only that minority will have to lose, but also the ruling majority. For when a certain number of people are not taken along in a major development in a society, the undeveloped will destroy the happiness of the developed. The only way to prevent this is to give representation to the minorities in the ministries.

S. NALLA MOHAMAD

Amateurs In Law

Separation of the Executive from the Judiciary reminds one of amateurs in law. The two chief classes of such amateurs are the magistracy and the auditor-practitioners before the income-tax tribunals.

"There was something wistful in the learned judge's remark", says the Madras Law Journal of Sir Archibald King, "that not having practised at the Bar he had not the advantages resulting from such training." That is what so eminent a judge as Sir Archibald felt and that he should have felt it shows that the Indian Civil Service might as well feel the same.

The defects which we see in members of the former class are well known to the legal profession. Most of them lack fundamentally the judicial bent. Impatience, inability to stand a thorough, searching and necessarily a long examination of a point of law and lastly but most funny, hatred of lawyers are, but only a few of the serious drawbacks they suffer from.

The second class do not, it must be admitted, do serious harm. But the legal profession, being a highly technical one, cannot afford to sleep over the intrusions of these men into their domain.

If these things have not so far been brought to public notice it is due to the marvellous capacity we have developed to put up with evil and suffering without a word of protest. Now that there is a chance of remedying the whole thing the legal profession will do well to examine the problem quite seriously and do what is necessary.

M. PADMANABHAN.

Anti-Communism

Mr. N. Vasudevan who calls himself neither pro nor anti-Communist, in his anxiety to defend the Communists and their activities consciously or unconsciously gives us only one side of the picture. (*Swatantra*, dated 9th June).

I am one with him when he condemns the free use of violence used by some Congressmen against Communists. At the same time we should not forget that the Communists on their part do not lag behind in using violence whenever time and opportunity permit. Did not they make free use of violence in Bengal against Forward Blocists?

Further Mr. Vasudevan asserts that violence against Communists is solely to fiery speeches made by Congressmen. Let us admit it for argument's sake. Did the Communists use mild words in their writings and speeches? Did not they call the C.S.P. fifth columnists and pro-Japs?

G. NARAYANASWAMI.

Roman Script For Hindustani

Gandhiji recently in one of his articles in *Harijan* deplored the move of popularising the Roman script for Hindustani on the ground that it was an outcome of laziness on the part of persons disinclined to learn the two scripts—i.e., Nagari and Persian (Urdu)—for the one language of India—Hindustani. I do not know whether Gandhiji ever thought of one script for one language. It is desirable from the point of view of popularising a national language throughout the country that Roman script should take the place of that one script, for it is prevalent, to some extent or other, in every corner of India whereas the other two are prevalent, of course to a greater extent, only in certain parts. Moreover, it cannot be denied that the Roman script is very practicable and convenient for being adapted to all methods of printing and typing and writing, whereas the other two lack

this advantage. No doubt certain sounds cannot be expressed in the Roman script but that can be easily overcome by some changes here and there. The Roman script will also contribute to communal unity. The Indian National Army adopted Roman-Hindustani as the official language. The real solution of the language controversy lies in the question of script and it should be immediately solved.

K. PRABHAKAR RAO.

States And The Cabinet Plan

Will constitutional pandits explain one point which has baffled me in the plan outlined by the Cabinet Mission?

The abolition of paramountcy makes the States absolutely independent entities, with the right presumably even of staying outside the proposed Union Centre if they so choose. Still they have been allowed to participate in the proceedings of the Constituent Assembly, which would, I take it, be primarily concerned with the making of a constitution for what is now British India and which can, at best, only offer terms for the participation of the States in the Union Centre which the latter may reject. Suppose after the constitution is made, the States do not come in? In that case would it not be wrong to have allowed them a voice in the shaping of a constitution which does not affect them? In other words, would it be democratic to associate the States in the job of constitution-making so long as they are allowed to claim in relation to the Constituent Assembly the position of independent outsiders? Have our leaders realised the anomalous implications of this feature of the Mission's proposals?

S. VENKATAKRISHNAN,
Bhandup.

The Matrimonial Problem

The matrimonial problem is becoming more and more acute. And if I were to say that it is a problem that might well engage the earnest consideration of a popular Ministry, in all probability I will be laughed at. But it is not so laughable as at first sight it seems. Next to food and clothing, marriage must necessarily engage the attention of the popular leaders in charge of Government.

The problem has two aspects, financial and social. We have the cursed dowry system which refuses to be displaced from the minds of the parents of bridegrooms. The evil was started in the Tanjore district and

has spread to all districts and among all the communities. It has grown in strength progressively for twenty-five years and more. To-day it has become a social problem defying solution. For how can we solve a problem that has roots in the avarice of man

To appeal to the parents of bridegrooms not to demand dowries will naturally have no effect. But we can appeal to the rising generation of young men to set their face sternly against the dowry system. Such appeals if made by the political leaders of the country will certainly have a tremendous effect upon young men.

We must also impress upon people the necessity for curtailing marriage expenses to the minimum. The best way to avoid waste of money is to conduct the marriage in the local temple and be content with holding a feast the very same night. This should bring marriage as a festive occasion to an end. Rituals might be conducted later but without any elaborate expenses. It is deplorable nowadays that the rituals in marriages are abridged but the festive expenses are increasing.

We must also appeal to all young men that they must marry without unnecessary delay. As it is, boys now do not marry even though they pass the age of twenty-five. Twenty-five years ago you could not find one unmarried student in the Junior Intermediate class. Now, you cannot find one married student even in the Senior B. A. class. This compels the girls to remain maids till their nineteenth or twentieth year. We can now come across unmarried girls aged twenty-five. This is tragic. This state of affairs ought not to be allowed to continue. A young man of twenty-one and a young girl of fifteen will make an ideal couple.

There ought to be only a minimum number of castes in the Hindu fold, viz., Brahmins, non-Brahmins, and Adi-Dravidas. We must not make a fetish of sub-castes. It is meaningless and narrows the matrimonial field. If even this minimum reform is not brought about, the marriage problem will defy solution and bring in its wake other problems which will affect the very fabric of society. In pre-war times and Germany, marriages were actively encouraged. Our popular Ministry should do likewise and show concretely their solicitude for the welfare of the people.

CHARI.

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