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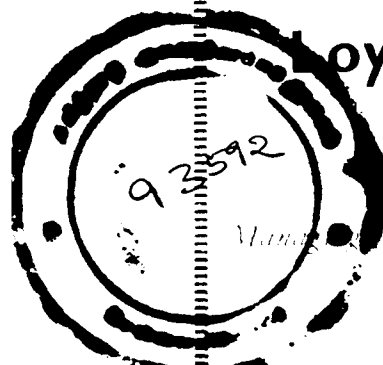
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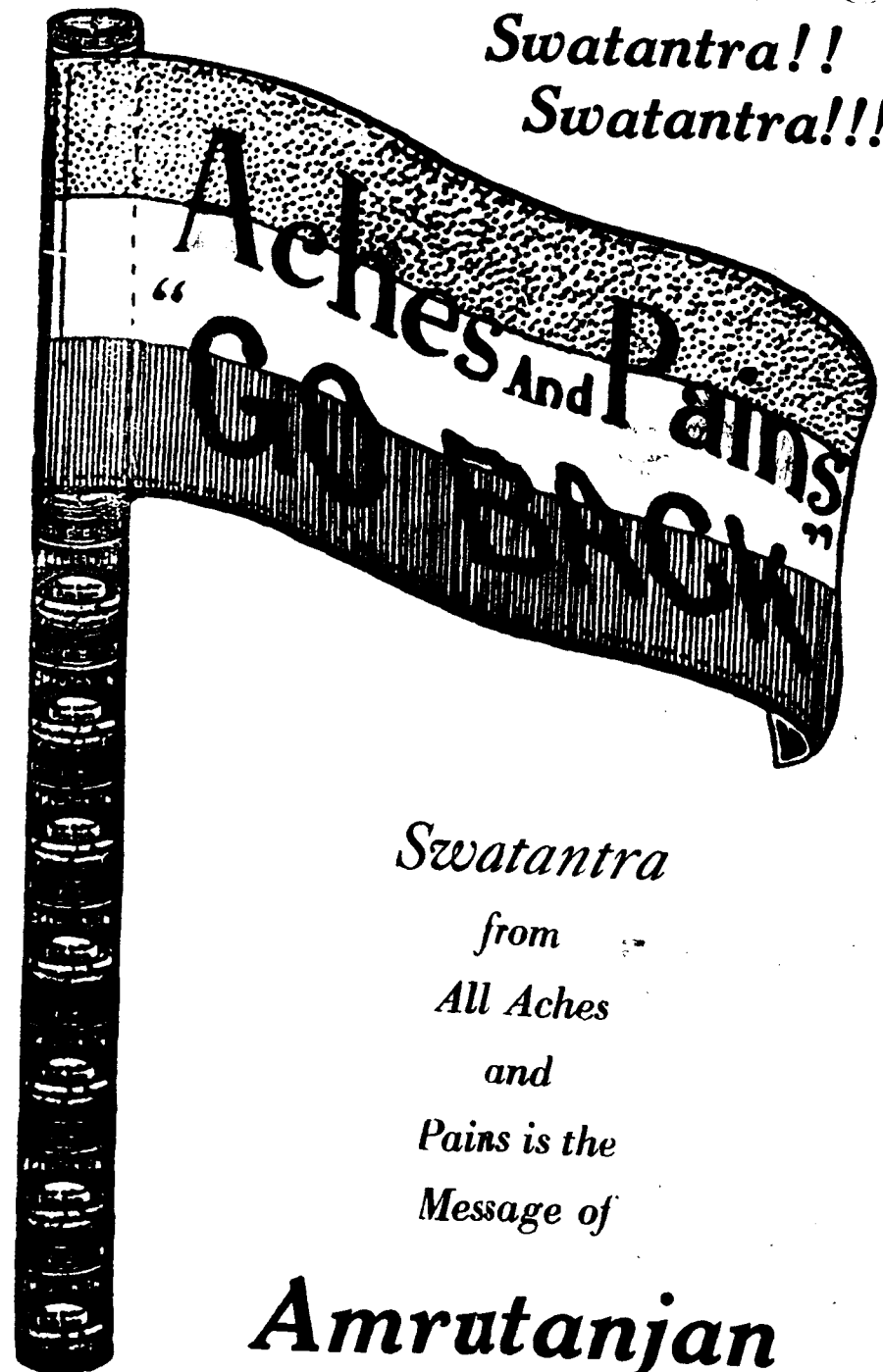
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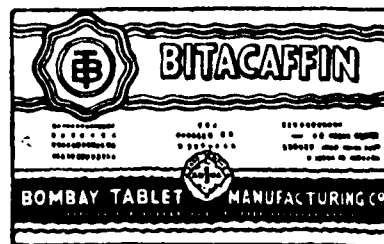
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Swatantra! (57)
Swatantra!!
Swatantra!!!



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and
Pains is the
Message of
Amrutanjan

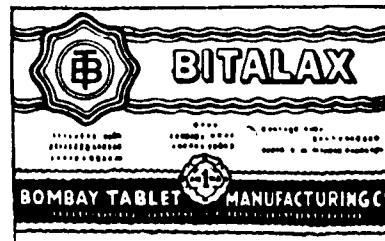


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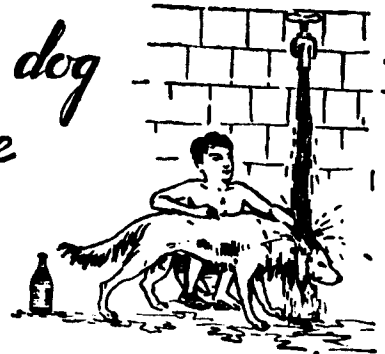
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Vol. II, No. 8.

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1947.

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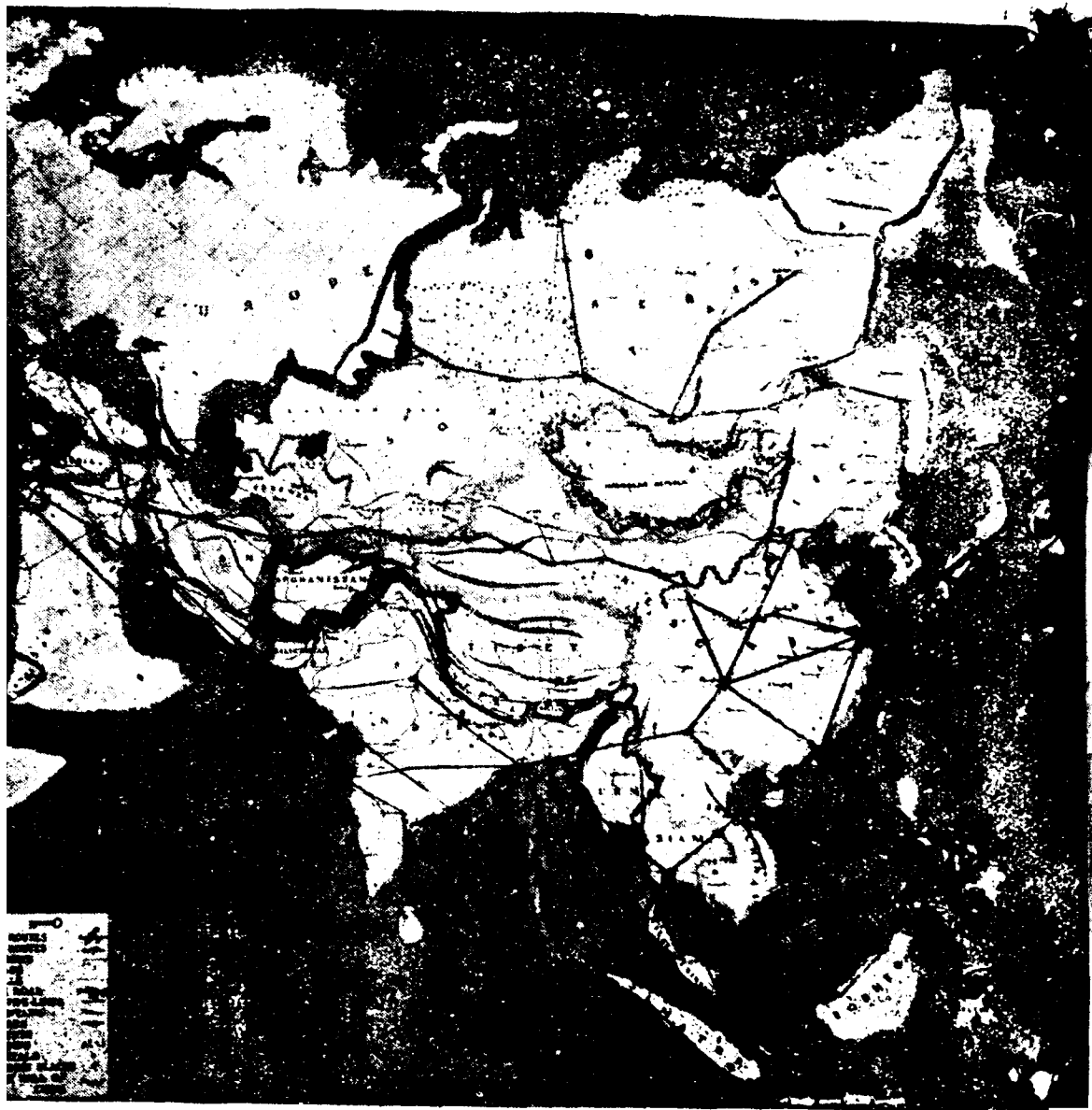
ISSUED
WEEKLY

THE NEW MINISTRY—A REIROSPECT AND PROSPECT

THE old pack has been re-shuffled, and with the addition of a Joker or two, a new set-up has been imposed on the Province in circumstances that have brought into play all the inconveniences and none of the compensations that are commonly associated with the democratic method of discovering and registering the people's will. It is a ghastly mockery to speak of a reconstituted Ministry when, what has happened is the cashiering of the oldest and most towering personality in Congress ranks in South India. Far from having resolved a crisis that had long been brewing, we now have the intolerable situation of chronic uncertainty as the basis of popular government. Not only has there been a singular absence of popular demonstration in favour of the new Ministry; but what is even more remarkable, there has been a spontaneous exhibition of ill-will towards Dr. Subbaroyan as Minister which made it impossible for him to address a public meeting in the city convened to honour the memory of the late Satyamurthi. The new Ministers through their spokesmen as well as individually have vied with one another in appealing for a united front among Congressmen, for closing their ranks and indulging in similar clap-trap which in the mouths of those who have 'arrived' by dubious tactics has a particularly unsavoury and nauseating implication. A similar appeal made more appealingly and with no mental reservation by the deposed leader

both in public and in private was spurned with political improvidence and summary ingratitude by these industrious saboteurs who now repeat the same plea without any moral prestige attaching to them or to their records as publicists.

But that is the least part of the humiliation to which the people of the Province who put their faith in the Congress are exposed. The Opposition in the Assembly and the Council has been redeemed from its natural insignificance and political insolvency by squabbles among Congressmen, and is having the time of its life. The Leader of the Opposition delivers a short but solemn sermon—as though he were a pious Christian!—on the ominous implications of number thirteen, the present strength of the Ministry, ending with an exhortation for its further expansion in the interests of its survival! Another member suggests that the stability of the new Ministry may be ensured for ever by the simple device of making all Congressmen in the Legislature Ministers—whether by turns or all at once, he did not condescend to explain. A third twits the Premier himself with his gratuitously advertised fasts and silences, and wants to know if a time-table of them could be furnished for the guidance of the House. The array of forensic parliamentary and administrative talent massed on the Treasury Benches has been reduced by all these exhibitions to silent impotence, and we have no doubt,



A photographic reproduction of the map of Asia exhibited at the Asian Relations Conference. Two sidewings of the map give valuable information about air line distances and the production of Asia from the point of view of world production.

silent rage. Some of them at least must be wondering if their induction to office has not been purchased at a terrific price which has been paid in terms of the prestige of the Congress which had sheltered them so far, and which they have now successfully fouled, perhaps beyond repair. Such are the deleterious consequences of small men in small hats obsessed with the rancorous pursuit of a shameful personal vendetta on the public stage which is infallibly leading the country into a ditch or a blind alley.

It was Bishop Butler who long ago pointed out that "Things being what they are, the consequences of them will be what they are bound to be." Let us see what the prospects of the new Ministry are, and whether the long promised era of milk and honey flowing through the Coom is going to be ushered in by the collective and co-operative zeal of the new team that has usurped its way into power. It will be remembered that the Prakasam Ministry was torpedoed from within by an act of calculated treachery which was sponsored by five Ministers who, we regret to say, have managed to come back to be ready, should occasion arise, for similar acts of sabotage to destroy the new Ministry. That such calculated and cynical practice succeeded for once was lamentable enough; but that the price of such treachery should be the moral absolution and political rehabilitation of the ringleaders is an affront to all decent men and repugnant to all canons of fair play and clean politics. By no stretch of imagination, by no argument of expediency and by no grounds of necessity could the inclusion of any one of these five people in any honourable assemblage of political workers be tolerated, much less justified. It is this single circumstance of the honour paid to them in the new Ministry that damns it before man

and God alike, and exposes it to the contempt which it has so spontaneously and unmistakably earned since its very inception.

It was understood at the time of the incubation of the new Ministry that its numbers would be rigorously kept down either to ten or at the worst to twelve. It is commonly believed that the Congress President left strict injunctions on this point to be followed by the Ministry-makers: but what are the facts? A skeleton Cabinet of eight people was first announced in which all but one were new members, and it was left to be inferred that with the possible addition of two more the new Ministry would be complete in its strength. But a couple of days later, the number began to grow (like Falstaff's opponents in the Gadshill adventure) from eight to the present strength of thirteen. The new Ministry owes an explanation to the public whether in this matter it has abided by the directive of the Congress High Command and if not what reasons prompted it to set aside the directive from above. The truth seems to be that the local bosses have no scruples about flouting instructions from above when it suits them. For then they invoke the aid of democracy, majority, and provincial autonomy. On the other hand, when they find themselves in hot water, they speak of discipline and the primary loyalty to the Congress as a national organization and thus escape from the consequences of retributive justice being visited upon their heads. In short it is a lamentable case of "heads I win, tails you lose" exploited with a brazen cynicism which is in the best traditions of Tammany Hall.

Let us next turn to another fruitful source of danger to the Ministry. The Premier's incompetence for his task has been advertised from the house-tops. If anybody had been asked to devise a method by which the Premiership of a Province could

be brought into contempt and ridicule, he could never have hit upon a more infallible recipe than the one which has now saddled this unfortunate Province with the responsibility of having to carry such an amiable nonentity as Omandur Reddiar. His knowledge of English is mythical, his knowledge of affairs definitely bucolic. He may have all the virtues of the golden age! He may spin regularly, fast periodically and have a plentiful supply of soft words that turn away wrath. But these are hardly the qualifications for a Premier who is called upon to manage the complicated business of running a modern Government under modern conditions. In practice, what is likely to happen is one of two undesirable alternatives: either the Prime Minister will become a cypher to be manipulated by ambitious colleagues, or he might become swollen headed with the importance thrust upon him, becoming intractable and developing obstinacy and perversity merely to maintain his prestige, as is the way of people endowed with natural insignificance on whom greatness is thrust by the ironic fates. In either case, the delicate art of managing the machinery from day to day will suffer an irreparable damage.

Further, a news item has since reported that the new Premier has chosen a District Munsiff from the Judicial Department to act as his Private Secretary. We regret to say that a more unfortunate choice could not have been hit upon. It is calculated to expose the judiciary to a loss of influence which is not to be justified on any ground whatever, for the office of a Private Secretary to a politician is full of delicate responsibilities, involving the art of managing men. Either a man from public life or an experienced subordinate from the Secretariat might have been chosen. The judiciary is in theory at least (and fortunately in practice also)

free from any sort of political influence. The present appointment creates an unhealthy precedent and is calculated to drag the judiciary also into the arena of party politics, unless of course it is the intention of the Premier to wean his present choice permanently from the judicial service and provide for him a more attractive place in some other department at the termination of his present appointment. These considerations are so elementary that we can only express our surprise as to how they escaped or were not brought to the notice of the Premier. But, in the main, whoever was responsible for bringing about the original nomination of Omandur for the leadership of the Party, must have been cast in the mould of a terrestrial Mephistopheles endowed with a sardonic sense of humour, and inspired by the motto "After me the deluge."

Another of the directives issued by the Congress High Command to the makers of the new Ministry was, we understand, that the new Ministry should also have representatives of the new minority group represented by the supporters of Sri Prakasam. Much had been made of the fact that Mr. Prakasam was in the first instance elected Leader on a minority vote of the entire Party. Whatever its implication, there is no denying the fact that now there is a compact, unseduced and solid minority in support of Prakasam which in numbers constitutes a third of the entire strength of the Assembly. This is the real Opposition to the new Ministry and not the one which parades itself from the opposing benches in the Assembly or plays hide and seek in the Congress organization itself, without the knowledge of the public. How do the new Ministry and its supporters hope to enjoy real stability so long as this minority of Prakasam's supporters are ignored? More so, as it is a minority which

might justly claim to be the true inheritors and exponents of Congress ideology, and Congress methods on Congress platforms? Now that vested interests, masking as advance-guard, have joined hands with self-seekers within the Congress fold, there is an urgent need for the crystallisation of a well-knit and incorruptible Opposition, radical in outlook, revolutionary in technique and self-sacrificing in spirit. Loyalty to Congress and its pristine principles has to be re-asserted and Congress policies will be translated into fruitful action only if the Congress hold on the masses is again recaptured. This preparatory work has to be undertaken by a courageous minority. These policies are service to the masses, the promotion of inter-communal harmony and the establishment of a machinery which would automatically ensure social justice. Further there is evidence of a growing trend for capitalists of all parties coming together under the Congress fold exploiting, for all it is worth, the anti-Communist legislation recently put on the statute book. Drastic as its provisions were, the personality of Prakasam ensured their just and moderate application. But such a guarantee can no more be predicated of those who will be called upon to make full use of the provisions of this piece of legislation.

Neither the official Communist nor the official Leaguer, nor the official Congressman (the last of whom are supposed to back the new Ministry) is representative of the trends to-day that are silently shaping the course of events.

We are again at a parting of the ways such as has often been witnessed in the history of the Congress. Pandit Motilal Nehru, after him C. R. Das, and Satya-murthi in our own Province, had each of them the task of having to oppose the Congress on questions

of policy as well as of tactics at critical moments in the recent past. The British Government is pledged to transfer power to India by June, 1948. The present Councils and Assemblies in the Provincial sphere are in any case not likely to function beyond June, 1948. They are likely to be dissolved before that date. In view of these overriding considerations, we think it necessary that the dissident protestant group in the Congress fold in our Province should effectively function as the Opposition in the Assembly and the Council and prepare the ground for the capture of power in the new dispensation that will begin soon, so that the power for good may be vested in those who have given convincing proofs of labouring for the good of the masses at large. It is appropriate therefore that the faithful few should now be content to dwell in the wilderness. It provides them an opportunity for mobilising their forces and suffering vicariously so that the Congress may owe to them its purification and salvation in the next phase of our progress.

It is possible that this suggestion may be greeted by interested parties with the cry that we are promoting indiscipline among Congress ranks, but it is a charge which has to be faced and if necessary defied. For the Congress has lived not by hypocritical conformity of self-seeking individuals, but by the bold and courageous opposition of disinterested people who alone have watered its roots with their life-blood. So it was when Gandhiji himself entered the Congress. So it was when other leaders infused fresh life into it making it sensitive and supple to changes according to the needs of revolutionary times. Only by such means can the national organization be rejuvenated and play its part, as it had played it all these years in hastening to our complete independence. In fact, we can go so far as to say

that in this final stage, it may even be a patriotic task to hasten the winding-up of the Congress in its historic role, since the Congress will have completed its mission with the achievement of independence.

In the next phase, the composite nature of Congress membership will render it impotent for any acts of good and mischievous for acts of evil. Therefore, the true radical, the true progressive and the true reformer, will find himself ranged against the capitalists, the obscurantists and the men with vested interests of whom many unfortunately have now found a hospitable roof under the wide canopy of the Congress. There will be no such necessities when power shall have passed entirely into the hands of the people. For, with independence, the task of the reformer just begins; for then only, has he to fight the bosses and the turncoats who would like to aggrandize themselves at the cost of the people.

Coalitions

WITH THE ADVENT of the last of our Viceroys, a note of subdued optimism may be discerned in despatches emanating both from Delhi and London. In the absence of evidence to the contrary, Lord Mountbatten may be credited with an inaugural success in having brought the League and Congress wings of the Interim Government together over the question presenting an agreed budget. Whatever the merits of Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan's financial proposals, we must congratulate all concerned on having agreed to a compromise solution which recognised the principle of joint Cabinet responsibility for all major decisions of the Government of India. The pattern of the compromise over the Finance Bill may well serve as a model for similar compromises covering a wider area of difference that now unfortunately separates the major commu-

nities. The official announcement of invitations to the leaders of the Congress and the League and their acceptance by the parties concerned strengthens the note of optimism that is so discreetly and tentatively gathering strength. But we have no hesitation in according high priority to the latest pronouncement of Mr. Jinnah on the question of a compromise between the Congress and the League.

Mr. Jinnah is reported to have called for a truce on the basis of Pakistan. The phrase is simply meaningless, considered in the abstract. A truce is a temporary cessation of hostilities with a view to the achievement of a specific end; it may lead to lasting peace or to a reversion to a state of war. Secondly, a truce between two contending parties must be formulated on the basis of a minimum which falls short of the extreme demand made by both sides, as it were in vacuo. In the present case, for instance, a truce between Congress and League can only be thought of in terms of a half-way house which is neither Pakistan nor Hindustan but which might lead the country to either in the fullness of time. In other words, what is the limit short of Pakistan which will content Mr. Jinnah for the time being and persuade him to work shoulder to shoulder with the Congress? Similarly, what is the mediate point short of an undivided strong India which the Congress will be prepared to accept as a solution of the present deadlock? If the Congress kept on crying itself hoarse for an undivided and united India, it cannot call for a truce on that basis; if the League continued to swear by Pakistan, there is no point in calling for a truce on that basis, because it would be tantamount to allowing the case for the defendant to go by default. Obviously, therefore, Mr. Jinnah meant to convey much less than what he said, and to that extent we cheer-

fully commend his diplomacy for the nonce. We purposely emphasise the idea of the truce to the exclusion of all other ideas implicit in Mr. Jinnah's statement, since it is a solitary ray of hope in the smoky atmosphere in which the League leader has been hibernating all these years.

There is no need to underline the fact that the unequivocal repetitions of the intentions of the British Government must have had their own share in precipitating a realistic trend of thought in League circles. The completion of the vicious circle of riots all over the country has had the disillusioning effect of confirming all round the idea of a pyrrhic victory. The *volte face* of the Congress in backing the demand of the Sikhs and the Bengal Hindus for vivisection of Pakistan areas was a well-timed boomerang which has caused the League big-guns to sit up and think. These are the controlling factors in the present situation which are congenial to the exploration of a *via media* between the extremes of the two groups who between them dominate the country.

Now indeed we are in a position to assess the significance of a call for a truce. The advocates of Pakistan must give up something of their Pakistan dream; what that something is, is indicated by the demand of the Sikhs and the Hindus for safety zones for themselves. Granting these safety zones will mean truncating Pakistan. They have therefore to be placated by an assurance of membership of a comity bigger than that of their own province which would come to their rescue in times of danger to their corporate and individual existence. In other words, the antidote to Pakistan seems to be indicated in the demand for more Pakistans all along the line, and not by raising the cry of an undivided and indivisible India.

But the truce that is now talked of may also be brought about from the opposite point of view as well. Congress swears by a strong centre; the League dreads and hates it as a possible engine of oppression against itself. A compromise is indicated in the emergence by consent of what Prof. Coupland absurdly but expressively calls a 'minimal' centre. Let an absolute minimum of subjects be under the purview of the Central Government, such as Finance, Defence and Communications and External Affairs. Let the residuary powers be vested in the provinces on the understanding that they will use them as Kings are expected to exercise their powers of veto. The actual period of truce will see the crystallisation of all the forces tending to cement good understanding between the communities by evoking the best in each to be at the service of the other. We may thus come to possession of the most precious part of a political constitution,—we mean the unwritten part of it. A period of five or ten years is not too long or too intolerable to be endured by the idealists and the hot-heads on both sides. We have lived through double that period marked by all-round sterility and frustration.

Indeed that was the position when the League assented to the general proposals of the Cabinet Plan for India published last year. Mr. Jinnah then said that he had assured for his followers the substance of Pakistan. The Congress made no bones about such a claim, but also went ahead to make its own acceptance clear on fundamentals. But by that time one of those mysterious regressive movements inside party-alignments had taken place, and the League emerged from it like the ancient furies incoherent in speech and uncontrollable in thought and deed!

But a truce between irreconcilable opponents is one thing; and a

coalition between parties is another. Side by side with the idea of a truce, we hear vague suggestions of a coalition of the two main parties in all the provinces as well as in the centre as another simple solution of the communal problem. Actually however, there is a good deal of muddled thinking behind this demand for coalitions. Coalitions are a temporary expedient to tide over an unforeseen crisis. They presuppose the validity and necessity of party formations within the framework of a State distinguished from one another by opposing ideologies on secondary things. For example, there are two immemorial parties under different names in the history of England. But both of them are national, patriotic, and invoke a fund of common memories, in which they take uncommon pride. Under normal conditions, the party in the opposition never suffers from a sense of frustration or privation because it is not in office. On the other hand, it is conscious of promoting the efficiency of government as much by its criticism and exhortation as by its advocacy of good causes. In our country, however, the emergence of parties has been given a hopelessly vicious twist by the intrusion of the communal virus which has debilitated the body politic, and which has imposed even on the best brains of the country a communal view of common subjects of general well-being. That being the root-cause, Muslims feel aggrieved because as Muslims they have not the ghost of a chance of aspiring for the premiership of a majority of the Indian provinces. Hence the demand for a coalition comes primarily from the Muslims.

But as coalitions are in substance temporary agglutinations of immiscible halves, the claim of the Muslims in effect is to deprive the majority community of its legitimate share of influence in the government, and to ascribe to negligi-

ble minorities an influence out of all proportion to their numbers, wealth and culture. It will be noticed that neither the Parsis who are a microscopic minority nor the Anglo-Indians have clamoured for coalition ministries. The Muslims alone claim it. Why? The psychology of it is simple. By force of circumstances, and the tyranny of facts, the Muslim majority provinces are condemned to give a practical fifty : fifty ratio of representation to the minorities in their midst. On the other hand, the Muslim minorities in the rest of India are so meagre that with the best will of the most recklessly generous Hindu leader, they can never hope to have more than three Ministers in any of the other provinces out of a possible total of twenty. It is this which wounds their *amour propre*. Hence it is that they clamour for coalitions.

But to give them due representation in Congress Ministries can be achieved without labelling their coming in as a coalition. For if only they shed their Nessus' shirt of communalism and agree to joint electorates with a minimal reservation of seats for them, they have increased chances of becoming premiers in the individual provinces by virtue of their merit. But as things are, merit is canalised or rather camouflaged in the communal label, only to be lost. This is the reason why the demand for a coalition has been silently rejected by the Congress whenever and by whomsoever it has been made. The simple truth of the matter is that the Muslims want to have their cake and eat it too. If they claim to be merely a community, they must take their chance with other communities. If they claim to be a separate nation, there can be no coalition between nations, except under the stress of international urgencies as in the late war when France, England and Russia combined to beat the Germans. How-

temporary that sort of coalition was has been proved ever since the enemy surrendered and the war ended.

Swatantra And The Government.

QUESTIONS have been raised in the Legislative Assembly about a supposed subsidy to *Swatantra* from the Prakasam Ministry. One member asked whether a subsidy of Rs. 30,000 had been given. When Mr. Prakasam who was then Premier, repudiated the suggestion calling it absolutely false, the member asked whether, if it was not Rs. 30,000, it was Rs. 27,000? He was apparently bent on sticking to his guns and seeing to it that some subsidy should be there, whether with or without truth. A Congress Government is not like previous regimes, it is national and not foreign in character, and it is the alteration in the character of the Government that has impelled many great leaders of the nation to transfer themselves from non-official to official status, receiving payment for services rendered. If such a Government, headed by a leader of the standing of Sri Prakasam, had felt that *Swatantra* had rendered it service worth thousands, we should have felt honoured. But the fact was we received no such signal reward, despite suggestions to the contrary on the part of critics unaware of the honour they were doing us though intending only to hurt and calumniate. The only business transaction between us and the Government was in

respect of an order for extra copies of one particular issue of the journal and extra reprints of one particular article in it, which we fulfilled, as we were bound to do to any private party, on the usual terms. There is no subsidisation involved in the purchase of articles avowedly produced for sale on the same terms that apply to all buyers. The Government order was no doubt large—it was of the size of a normal weekly issue. But that was evidently because the Government felt the purchase well worth the making. No journal need be ashamed for any measure of success attained by it in the common endeavour of all journalism, which is to impel people to go in for it in large quantities and numbers. What is really objectionable is to offer independence in exchange for custom; and to bestow praise for a consideration. Only the very dull or the very malicious could level a charge like this against *Swatantra*. Indeed the very issue of which copies were ordered by the Government and that is the subject of so much questioning, contains as much vigorous criticism of the Government as exposition of the point of view officially deemed worthy of propagation. Our support to Prakasam is totally unconnected with any supposed flow of benefit from him to us, just as our deep sense of obligation to other leaders who had been extremely kind and gracious to us, as for example Sri Rajaji, has not prevented us from candid criticism when we felt the occasion warranted it.

A woman, cornering the great lexicographer, gushed: "Oh, Dr. Johnson, I was distressed to find that you had included so many naughty words in your dictionary."

Johnson replied: "And I, madam, am distressed to learn that you looked for them!"—*Empire Digest*.

Sotto Voce

The Lucky Dip



"SOCIALISM IN OUR TIME" has taken another big stride today under the auspices of the Government of Madras. They have decreed that the rich shall pay more for the same controlled commodity than the poor. The man who is asked to pay two annas extra per *gundu* of non-inflammable fuel may murmur in pained bewilderment, "You say you love me, but why do you kick me downstairs?" But if he will reflect for a moment he must see that this is part of the great levelling down process which is so much easier than levelling up and which may help him to pass through the eye of the needle when the time comes.

But while aiming at equality the Government will not let the aristocratic spirit be quenched. "Who steals my purse steals trash," and who would not pay a couple of annas extra for the satisfaction of feeling different? In future the upper ten will have their own depots where they will not have to rub shoulders with the *canaille*. Such queueing up as has still to be done may become a pleasure or at any rate a distinction. The thousand-rupee nabobs or their footmen who go a-shopping may come to feel as much at home in the grimy fuel depot as the Roman at the public baths or the Englishman at his club.

We pride ourselves on being socialists in our own way. "To each according to his need, to all according to their capacity," may have sounded all right to the naive idealists who thought that socialism

had something to do with fellow-feeling. But we know better these days. Men must be encouraged to spend; thrift is anti-social. Consumption must be commensurate with income if the supreme good of an expansionist economy is to be served. And so it comes about that not only fuel but sugar is rationed on the principle, "To him that hath it shall be given."

I have always suspected that the Madras Government must have derived their inspiration from Tenali Rama; who, it will be remembered, consoled with his young son on the death of the bull-calf by shovelling into his mouth large handfuls of sugar that a neighbour had spread out in the sun. Tenali's excuse was that the neighbour had superciliously described his sugar as sand, in reply to an innocent query. Of our rationed sugar the same may be said with much less straining of the truth. But I was thinking rather of the moral effect of the Government's gesture than of the quality of the sugar with which they are officiously stopping the mouths of the well-to-do.

It may on the face of it appear like discrimination in favour of the rich. It is not; on the contrary. Indeed I suspect a deep design in it. Our economists, who are too intelligent to miss what is obvious to an ignoramus like me, apparently prefer to keep their own counsel. Not to put too fine a point on it, I think the intention is to kill the rich with kindness. Fly them with sugar; smother them in their own surplus, as suckling pig is so used

in its own lard. Let their teeth decay, their blood run thin, their vitals rot—and in course of time the species will be as extinct as the Dodo.

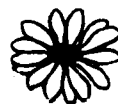
And so I tell our Communist friends who are exceptionally quick in the uptake, "This is the time for you to act. If the Government should show any uncertainty of purpose you must be there to prevent them. If from the slavish habit of consistency they should, having effected price discrimination in regard to fuel, show any inclination to do likewise with sugar, you must carry on a tearing and raging campaign against such stupidity. You must point out with all the subtlety of which you are masters that only by making sugar dead cheap for them can the rich be made to consume more—to their eventual undoing."

Madras is of an earlier generation were familiar with "Molony's mixture"—that allegedly potable fluid which was compounded on the formula of three parts unfiltered to one part filtered water. The ostensible excuse was that, as the filtering system could not cope with the entire demand, it was better to dilute the supply than to drink it neat. But the explanation always seemed to me typical of the bureaucracy's inveterate modesty. It was really engaged in as daring an experiment as any that researchers in the stratosphere ever ventured upon. It was trying to chart the lethal properties of varying concentrations of Red Hills bacteria. That noble spirit of scientific enquiry (and, shall we say, that touching faith in Providence?) still animates the administration. Government by lucky dip is in full blast.

VIGNESWARA.



The Russian Section of delegates to the Asian Relations Conference. The lady on the extreme right is the interpreter.



SIDELIGHTS :

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall.
Lord of himself though not of lands
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SRI PRAKASAM'S speech in the Madras Legislative Assembly on the ministerial crisis occupied five hours spread over two days. It began very slowly and was punctuated with long pauses. The strain of the performance to the speaker was evident to all listeners. It was due, as the ex-Premier himself explained, to the very delicate nature of the ground he had to tread. There was a conflict of duties as between what was due to the Legislature and what was due to the Congress High Command, entailing, in every word he uttered, careful weighing in the scales of discretion of what to say and what to avoid saying. At the end of the speech one felt that the High Command came out second best in dignity in consequence of its dealings in respect of the ministerial crisis. For this, is the High Command ever likely to forgive Prakasam? Perhaps not, but if so, still less will it have reason to forgive Dr. Subbaroyan either. When, at the end of Prakasam's speech, Dr. Subbaroyan rose in defence of the High Command, the prestige of the High Command went down still further. For, nothing more ironical has ever struck the public in the eye than that a man like Dr. Subbaroyan should get up as a defender of the highest Congress authority as against a man like Prakasam.

Between the services rendered to the Congress by the two men there can be really no comparison. Dr. Subbaroyan strayed into the Congress through the portals of the Justice Party. Thence he strayed into jail by way of acquiring a qualification. Prakasam, on the other hand, gave everything that it was in his power to give to the Congress over a quarter century of dedicated service of unparalleled sincerity. For giving readers of *Swatantra* some idea of what the

Congress owes to him, I make no apology for reproducing here what I had written of him years ago, long before anyone dreamed that Dr. Subbaroyan could ever emerge as his successor for any office deriving authority from the Congress:

"From a high pinnacle of affluence Mr. Prakasam was cast adrift on a stormy non-co-operator's career in which, as the years went on, it became his lot to face troubles and hardships such as have befallen few political leaders in our time. He renounced a magnificent legal practice. Princely careers have in India been renounced at the altar of Satyagraha, and names like Das and Nehru conjure up memories of resplendent sacrifice, but if the size of renunciation is to be measured with the stress of the sequel, the grandeur of Mr. Prakasam's offering before the shrine of Gandhian politics must be reckoned as something unsurpassed in the annals of non-co-operation. For the six months immediately preceding his surrender of practice he had an income of some Rs. 8,000 a month. He was a rich man at the time of his retirement from the advocate's profession. He had houses, lands and a big bank balance. All have disappeared."

Among the forces that have built up influence for the Congress in South India, the highest place must be given to the efforts and services of the late S. Srinivasa Iyengar, C. Rajagopalachari, Satyamurthi and Prakasam. Of these four, Prakasam ranks first in the matter of sacrifice, continuity and duration of service, undeviating loyalty to Congress dictates in times of trouble and struggle, and the hold acquired on the reverence and affections of the common people. No one in South India is so much a man of the masses as he. True Congressmen who have not lost in the game of power politics the spirit of Congress teaching of the past two decades, are therefore horrified at the passing of the succession to the leadership of the Legislative Assembly from Prakasam to Subbaroyan, and view it as in the nature of a profanation. They see Rajaji's hand in

this elevation of Dr. Subbaroyan as also in the relegation of the leadership of the Upper House to Dr. Rajan; and the reaction has been most unfavourable to Rajaji. Nobody that is sensible can accept Rajaji's followers as fair substitutes for Rajaji himself in positions of commanding power in the name of the Congress, and the talent displayed by C. R. in using persons of comparative inconsequence to beat down a towering leader of the stature of Prakasam, has brought him down in public estimation, ruined his own chances of ever coming back as Premier, done harm to the Working Committee and shaken the faith of common people in the political sanity and trustworthiness of the top Congress bosses with big names.

Prakasam's speech was listened to in pindrop silence. He gathered momentum as he progressed, and produced progressively a tremendous impression. There was not a word of abuse in it, and the tenor of it was gentle rather than harsh, but parts of it literally devastated the credit of his opponents including the new Ministers who squirmed uneasily in their seats like guilty ones that had come by ill-gotten gains through questionable means. The most effective part of the ex-Premier's speech was where he divulged the furtive efforts made by a publicist "on behalf of a great leader," while the S.I. Railway strike was in full swing, to get behind the Ministry by approaching the Governor direct to have an arbitration tribunal appointed to settle the strike. "Supposing this course had been accepted, what would have been the position of the Government after that act?" asked Mr. Prakasam. "The Government would have been buried thousand fathoms deep. It would be said that the Government with all its efforts failed to bring about a settlement, whereas another friend outside

induced the Governor to bring about an arbitration." This fetched forth arrant nonsense from the *Indian Express* as an example of what a section of the daily Press has been indulging in to the prejudice of the ex-Premier. Here it is:

"It is true that whoever approached the Governor to settle the S.I.R. strike through arbitration could have put it to the Ministry in the first instance. But then, is it not also possible that the person concerned was not encouraged and therefore thought it right to get round the situation somehow?"

No sir, no such possibility is relevant. The person concerned in this case was C.R. He was the great leader that sent the publicist to the Governor. The publicist in question was Mr. C. R. Srinivasan. The two members of the arbitration board suggested in addition to the Chief Justice were Dr. Rajan and Dr. Subbaroyan.

Prakasam's speech was cheered in the House and from the galleries and the Speaker had the galleries cleared. But which Speaker is there to clear the people from the boundaries of the province and extinguish the voice of public opinion in its public life? Ousted from the Cabinet, Prakasam has emerged a bigger man than ever before. A chilling reception awaited the new Ministers when they entered the Assembly to take their seats on the Treasury Bench for the first time, but the unseated Premier's entry was greeted by the whole House standing up spontaneously in involuntary respect. The prevalent atmosphere is as though some enormity is being permitted to go on. It is not a happy situation for the Ministry, the people or the High Command when the biggest Congress leader of the province is sent out of a Congress Cabinet by the machinations of self-seeking intriguers in order to arm opportunists with power—SAKA.

BESANT CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS

SWATANTRA endorses this appeal, issued by eminent men of India, in aid of the Besant Centenary Celebrations:

October 1, 1947, will be the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Annie Wood who became world-renowned as Annie Besant.

In the microscopic minority of men and women who achieve the eminence of being remembered a century after their birth, the name of Dr. Besant stands out with peculiar emphasis for a lifetime of 86 years spent mainly in the service of humanity through the perception, enunciation and following of fundamental principles of life.

As an individual Dr. Besant's endowment of capacity and quality was esteemed as among the highest of her noted contemporaries. Her intellectual grasp and power of organization co-operated with extraordinary efficiency, and made her a leader of humanity in clear thought and beneficent activity for sixty years. Her power of impressing and swaying intelligent and critical audiences east and west by a melodious voice, a mastery of subject and form, and a perfect command of speech, earned her the title of the foremost orator of her time.

In her early years Darwin initiated the scientific comprehension of the law of evolution; Annie Besant lived it in word and deed. She saw humanity not merely as a product of its animal past but as an aspirant towards a future attainment as high above man as man is above the microbe.

This viewing of humanity "from the side of the angels" imparted an idealism to all her life. Nothing that was calculated to help humanity was outside her interest. Hence her extraordinary versatility. Yet her versatility was not shallow: there were depth of feeling and height of vision in everything to which she put her hand; for every movement that expedited the elevation of men and women and children, even the animal kingdom, called out her full sympathy and service. She was therefore a philanthropist in the broadest sense of that term; and the paradox of her philanthropy was that, while her actual bestowal of gifts was substantial, her incalculable help to others was the philanthropy of encouraging them to attain the assurance and dignity and happiness of self-help.

Through this dynamic doctrine Dr. Besant influenced, by way of individuals and groups, the early efforts of various movements that today are in the vanguard of progress and striving to overtake the upsurge from the lower strata of human nature that two wars and an unstable interval between them called out from the unregenerate sub-consciousness of the race. Her object, to put the matter in a phrase, was liberty, her attitude was sympathetic understanding, her method was discipline—not imposed rules from without but conformity with the natural laws inherent in all worthy action.

Hence Annie Besant's fight for freedom of speech and political autonomy, her activities for the material and cultural betterment of the working classes, her championship of unfettered thought, her opposition to religious narrowness and exclusiveness, her orientation of education to the life and environment of the child and the adult, her realization that all effort would be denied its full fruition if it was not illumined by the vision of an attainable golden age and warmed and purified by the love of beauty in nature and art.

In this great gift to humanity India shared with special richness. In her last years at Benares, Annie Besant laid the foundations of a truly national system of education in India, and anticipated the efforts in that direction now being made in official quarters. In 1914 she announced the demand of Home Rule for India; and in anticipation of political advance she gave her long experience of parliamentary and democratic procedure to promising young men, some of whom later attained prominence in the various stages of political reform now approaching its culmination in the complete freedom for which she laboured and suffered. She was one of the pioneers of the social and political emancipation of Indian women, and was a member of the first deputation of women when the Secretary of State and the Viceroy were enquiring into the possibilities that led to the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms instituted in 1921.

To a number of men and women, some of whom still remember Dr. Besant's great work and uplifting influence, it appears that the centenary of such a life should, apart from worldwide celebrations of various aspects of her activity, be commemorated in a

manner fitting to her ideals and service to humanity and specially to India in which she spent so many epoch-making years. A statue stands to her memory in Madras; it gives a hint of her external personality in her later years; but something is needed in which her full vision of human advancement and happiness may be embodied. Such a living memorial may take the form of a Cultural Centre of a distinctive kind, free from external restrictions and pointing the way to the future education of the young and particularly to the cultivation of artistic skill and taste the influence of which on character and future individual and group conduct will help humanity towards the qualities and conditions of life that she in many ways visualized for it.

One section of such a cultural institution is already in existence in the Kalakshetra Art Centre at Adyar, Madras, that has attained wide fame for its achievements in dance, music and other arts and crafts under the directorship of Srimati Rukmini Devi, herself an artist of high renown. Another section, for the education of the young and the training of teachers, is in course of organization for beginning work at the time of the Centenary Celebrations under the direction of one of the great educational figures of the world, Dr.

Maria Montessori. With the practical work of these sections will be associated suitable academical study in educational principles and in the characteristics and history of the arts and crafts. A High School, in which both the general and artistic phases of education can be applied, is also at work with much success. In these institutions the international aspect of Dr. Besant's life can have representation: the Montessori department of the Training School will draw students from abroad; and others interested in the Indian way of arts and crafts will be attracted to the Kalakshetra.

A sum of Rs. 30,00,000 (thirty lakhs) is needed to carry out the complete scheme. We solicit your generous and prompt response to this worthy object, contributions to which may be sent to the Treasurer, Besant Centenary Celebrations, Adyar, Madras 20.

The appeal is signed by Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, Dr. Sir S. Radhakrishnan, The Rt. Hon. Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, Dr. Sir Shri Ram, The Rt. Hon. Dr. M. R. Jayakar, Sri M. S. Aney, Mr. Jamshed Nusserwanjee Mehta, Mr. C. Jinarajadasa, Dr. Amarnath Jha, Dr. Bhagavan Das, Dr. Sachchidananda Sinha, Mr. K. M. Munshi, Pandit G. B. Pant and Srimati Rukmini Devi.

PUBLICATION OF THYAGARAJA KEERTHANAS

An Appeal for Support

PROMINENT music-lovers of Madras have issued an appeal welcoming the move for the publication of Thyagaraja Keertanas in a comprehensive form.

The appeal states:

We welcome the news that arrangements are afoot to bring out in the course of this Centenary Year a comprehensive series entitled "Kritimanimalai" in four volumes of 600 pages each royal octavo, in Tamil and Telugu scripts side by side, with detailed notation, Ragalakshana and meaning. The first three volumes contain 400 pieces of Thyagaraja and the fourth 200 compositions of Syama Sastri, Subbaraya Sastri, Kshetragna and Dikshitar. Messrs. Hoe and Co., Madras, have undertaken the printing, the first

volume being expected to be ready for dedication at the shrine at Thiruvayyar on April 10. Mr. R. Rangaramanuja Ayyangar, the editor of the series, brings to this great task more than twenty-five years of study and research in the field of music, and his two previous publications, "Keertanamalai" and "Purandaramanimalai" (of Sri Papanasam Sivan and Srimathi Lalithangi respectively) are well known. We are sure that this laudable enterprise will meet with encouragement and support from lovers and patrons of Carnatic music, so that it may bear fruit in a publication of great value and lasting service to the cause of culture. Enquiries, etc., may be addressed to R. Rangaramanuja Ayyangar, "Sabarmati," Egmore, Madras.

Spotlight On The World

by Prof. M. VENKATARANGAIYA, M.A.

THE IDEA of one world lies behind the United Nations Organisation. When it was established in the latter part of 1945 it was expected that it would work more effectively than the earlier League of Nations and create a general atmosphere of peace and harmony, especially among the greater powers. But the ideal of one world is now receding to the background and the danger of its being split up into a number of blocs is becoming more and more manifest. The growth of these blocs is the dominating situation in the world to-day.

RIVAL BLOCS

There is the Soviet bloc consisting of Soviet Russia and all its satellites in Central and South-Eastern Europe. Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Albania, Bulgaria and Rumania are completely within her grip and her ascendancy over a large part of Germany is secure. She is about to enter into an alliance with Finland. In the Far East she has established herself over Northern Korea and the State of outer Mongolia is practically under her control. In opposition to this the United States is creating a bloc for herself in Southern Europe, the Middle East and the Far East. There is now a regular race going on between Soviet Russia and the United States to include in their respective blocs as many of the unattached States as possible. It is in this context that we should estimate the significance of the attempts made by Britain to attach to herself on terms of alliance the leading democracies of Western and Northern Europe and strengthen the bonds of union between herself and the Dominions on the one side and countries like India on the other.

THE DOMINATING FACTOR

This rivalry between Soviet Russia and the United States is what

is threatening the peace of the world. Events of the last few days at the various international gatherings, conferences and commissions of enquiry and investigation have brought out very clearly this feature in the situation. It is seen in the decision of the Security Council on the dispute between Britain and Albania in which Britain charged Albania with having mined the waters of the Corfu Channel in time of peace, broken international law and caused destruction to a number of British lives and ships. The Council appointed a fact-finding committee and on the basis of its report the United States moved an amendment to the original charge brought by Britain against Albania, an amendment to the effect that though there is no evidence to show that Albania was actually responsible for the mining she was aware of it. Eight of the members of the Security Council voted for the amendment but Russia and Poland voted against it. As Russia is one of the great powers this amounted to the exercise of veto with the result that the majority decision could not be put into effect. There is now a move to bring the dispute before the International Court of Justice but even this cannot be done unless it be with the sanction of the Security Council. Soviet Russia will exercise her veto in granting such a sanction. Here is an instance of the veto power being abused once more and that so soon after the strong condemnation of that power at the meetings of the General Assembly of the United Nations. It is instances like these that make one despair of the future of the United Nations Organization.

OTHER INSTANCES OF CLEAVAGE

The same cleavage between Soviet Russia and the United States is illustrated by other events of the

week. The United Nations Balkan Enquiry Commission had been for two months engaged in enquiring into the charges made by the Greek Government against Albania, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria that they were helping the guerilla rebels. Here again Russia and Poland have come to be ranged against the United States, Britain, Australia, France, etc. Then, at the very first session of the meeting of the United Nations Trusteeship Council held this week, no Soviet delegate was present and no explanation was forthcoming regarding this absence. This is a virtual boycott of the Council by the Soviet which seriously objected to the eight Trusteeship agreements submitted to the last General Assembly. The absence of Russia is bound to weaken the Council. Another instance of a similar character may also be given. A United Nations Commission is being established now by the Economic and Social Council to investigate the economic problems in European countries with a view to laying down plans for reconstruction. The Soviet however doesn't like the investigation being extended to countries within her sphere of influence—countries like Albania, Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary, Austria and Germany. Of course she based her proposal on the ground that investigation should not be carried on in countries which are not members of the United Nations Organization. But the effect will be to exclude from the scope of enquiry countries under her influence. She doesn't want the outside world to know much about these.

THE MOVES OF THE UNITED NATIONS

All along the United States is pursuing her policy on expansionism. She is claiming Trusteeship over some of the Italian colonies in Northern Africa. She is moving her fleet into the Mediterranean. She has protested against the treatment accorded to the democratic party of small holders in Hungary by the Soviet authorities in that country. She has declined help to Yugoslavia, especially in the matter of food

supplies. She has voted large sums for relief not only in territories under her occupation but also in Italy and some other countries. United States ambassadors to Poland and Yugoslavia have resigned. All Government employees in the United States suspected of sympathies with Communism are being removed from their offices. This growing antagonism towards Soviet Russia and Communism is responsible for her new policy in Korea.

KOREA

On the ground that the Soviet Government which is in occupation of Northern Korea is against a policy of unification of the whole country the United States has now decided on taking unilateral action so far as Southern Korea which is within her occupation is concerned. An interim Government with complete control in internal affairs is to be established within the next two months. It will have diplomatic representation in Washington and other capitals. The United States forces will remain in South Korea as a security force until the Soviet forces withdraw and until a general election takes place to set up a stable Government for the whole of reunited Korea. This practically amounts to a fairly long period of American occupation. A substantial loan will be made to the new Korean Government to assist in the rehabilitation of the country. American military and civilian personnel will be utilised as advisers to the interim Government.

PHILIPPINES AND NEPAL

This has to be studied along with the conclusion recently of an alliance between the United States and the Philippines in regard to bases. The agreement provides for a 99-year lease by the United States of five major bases and ten auxiliary and service establishments in the Philippines. In the interests of international security these bases may be made available to the Security Council of the United Nations. A military mission will be sent by the United States

to give advice and assistance in problems of defence of the Philippines. That the United States is spreading the net of her influence as widely as possible is shown by the special economic mission she is sending to Nepal to develop her resources. As regards American-occupied Japan the latest news to which prominence has been given is that the United States has proposed a joint control of Japan for twenty-five years and that in recent months nearly two million Japanese have been converted to Christianity. Money makes many things and the fabulous wealth of America is making many things in almost every part of the globe.

CHINA

Events have been moving rapidly in China. The recent capture of Yen-an—the Communist capital—by the Nationalist Government of Chiang Kai-shek is sure to have far-reaching political, military, economic and psychological significance. This was followed by the capture of several other Communist strongholds and the declaration that the Communist Party is an illegal party. Nearly 500,000 men have now been called to fight the Communists in Shansi and other parts of China north of the Yellow River. Three of the railways still in the hands of the Communists will be shortly captured. More important than this is the prospect of the Kuomintang's one-party rule coming to an end. It is now decided to include the members of other parties in the State Council which will serve as the highest policy-making body. The United States is also more favourably disposed towards granting a loan to China.

UNITED STATES OF INDONESIA

The die-hards in Holland have tried their best to prevent the final signing of the pact between Netherlands and the Indonesian Republic which was concluded in November last. They wanted the Queen to interfere in the matter even though such interference is not warranted under the Constitution.

Some of the recent military activities of the Dutch in Batavia have been irritating to the Republican Government. In spite of all this the pact was finally signed and it is hoped that with this will begin a new era of peace and prosperity for Indonesia. This pact establishes a United States of Indonesia consisting of the present Indonesian Republic of Java, Madura and Sumatra on the one side and the remaining Indonesian territories on the other. The areas in Java still occupied by the Dutch forces will be included in the Republic not later than January 1, 1949. The constitution of the United States will be determined by a democratically elected Constituent Assembly. The newly formed United States will continue to be under the Dutch Crown and form part of the Netherlands Union. The exact status of the United States of Indonesia cannot be defined. It is somewhere between that of a dependency and a Dominion in the British Commonwealth of Nations. There are still many outstanding issues between the two parties and they will have to be settled by peaceful negotiations.

THE MOSCOW CONFERENCE

No progress has been made in the drafting of the German Peace Treaty. It was hoped that the Moscow Conference would not meet with any difficulty regarding the treaty with Austria. But here also difficulties have cropped up. Yugoslavia wants reparations from Austria and her claim is backed up by the Soviet. The great powers do not want any reparations from her but a dispute has arisen over the definition of German assets in Austria which they claim to take over. The Russian definition of assets is very wide and if that is accepted Austria will be deprived of her industrial equipment and resources to which she has a legitimate claim and she would be completely impoverished. It doesn't look as if the four powers would come to any agreement at an early date on any of these matters.



Gerald Packer and Mr. John McLallum, Australian authors who were observers at the Asian Relations Conference.



Latest picture of Syed M. M. Shah, Speaker of Sind Assembly. He is holding a book on the Sind political situation.



Sardar Ajit Singh, (Left) who returned to India after an exile of thirty-nine years. To the right is Kulbir Singh, brother of the late Bhagat Singh.



Dr. Abdul Majid Khan. (Leader)



Mr. Ahmad Ali
The Afghan Delegates to the Asian Relations Conference.



Mr. Etemadi



Mr. Naini



Mr. Aziz



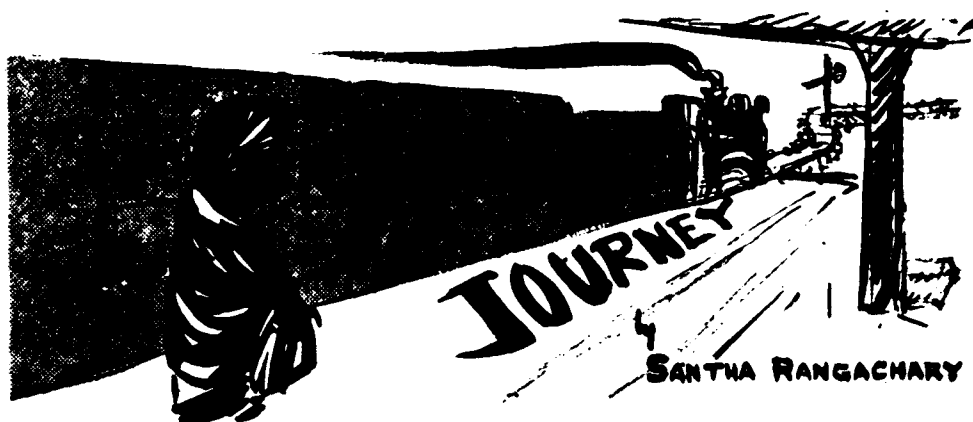
The Burmese Financial Delegation which arrived in India recently.



Tibet Delegation to the Asian Relations Conference. Their leaders are fourth from left and fifth from right.



Lady delegates from Burma to the Asian Relations Conference.



I PUSHED the money towards the young clerk at the booking-counter. "One third class ticket to Mangur," I said.

Not that I wanted to go there particularly. My only desire was to go somewhere, away from here, far away preferably, where nobody would know me or speak to me, where I could be alone with myself. I was sick of familiar faces and familiar things, of the routine of normal, everyday life, sick at heart of pretending to go on living when every desire to live and every hope of happiness was stone-dead within me. I wanted to get away from home, from the beautiful well-furnished rooms over which I had spent so much thought and care, the neat little kitchen with the rows of pots and pans and the hundred other accessories without which one cannot prepare breakfast, dinner or lunch. And most of all, I wanted to get away from that little room on the front side of the corridor upstairs, a little room with walls painted blue, uncarpeted and often untidy, but always delightful. That was Baby's nursery, where he played and slept and laughed.... That was a long time ago....

I glanced at my watch as I pushed open the door of the first empty compartment I saw. It was six-twenty-five and my train was scheduled to leave in exactly five and thirty minutes.

"Come in," said a cheery voice.

"I didn't know anybody was here," I said, turning away.

"But there is so much room," said the voice.

He was an old man, grey-haired and clean shaven with a face lined by a life-time of cares and thoughts. His

lips were smiling and his eyes had in them a disconcertingly shrewd twinkle as he sized me up with a swift glance.

I threw my suit-case upon the rack and settled myself in a corner near the window. If the old man was going to take advantage of his age and force me to listen to his senile outpourings, he would be very much mistaken, I decided. But, much to my astonishment, he did not speak at all. It was a pleasant surprise.

The handle of the door turned and three women entered the compartment. I got up.

"I think I will go to some other compartment," I said, unhappily.

"Why?" said the oldest of the three, bluntly.

"I am afraid this compartment will soon be crowded," I said.

"But it is the same everywhere. In fact, the others are even worse."

I sat down again, helpless. Was I ever going to have some privacy?

"I don't like a crowd," I said.

"Don't you like people?" asked an amused voice.

I turned towards the old man.

"I don't like a crowd," I repeated, louder.

"I know," he said, smiling, "but I asked you if you like people?"

"What is the—?" I paused and added, "I don't know. I have never thought of it that way."

"I don't like a crowd myself," he said, "but nothing gives me more pleasure than to sit among new and strange people and think to myself and wonder."

"What do you think about?" I asked, seriously.

"Oh, odd things. About how they live and love, the way they talk and laugh, the way other people matter to them..."

"Do you ever think of the way they die?"

"Often," said the old man, unperturbed. "One can't help thinking of Death when one thinks of Life."

"Doesn't that make you unhappy?"

"For the time, a little. It seems such a pity when a beautiful thing has to die. But the unhappiness passes. It must. Life will go on and pull you along with it."

"You are old," I said. "You can afford to think of Death with placid philosophy. But what about the young? Must they also reconcile themselves to die?"

"They must. Everybody, young and old, rich and poor. My dear, you are asking me the simplest questions. Didn't they teach you all this at school?" he laughingly asked.

"They did," I said, too angry within myself even to smile. "They taught me everybody had to die. But they didn't teach me Time stopped when somebody very dear passed away."

The door was violently pushed open and what seemed a hundred flying arms and legs bore down upon me like a miniature hurricane. They stopped in front of me and resolved themselves into a little boy about eight, hot, bright-eyed, dishevelled, his shirt pocket bulging with a multitude of boyish assortments.

"Can I have that corner seat?" he asked breathlessly.

I nodded and moved over. "Are you travelling alone?" I asked, surprised.

"No," he replied. "Grandmother is coming with me. She has gone to buy some sweets. And she asked me to sit here quietly and she is coming right away." He leaned forward and whispered confidentially, "But she is so old she is sure to take at least fifteen minutes to walk from the stall to the train."

"Didn't your mother come with you?" I asked, interested.

"No," he said simply. "You see I have no mother."

I looked into his eyes. There was not a trace of memory in them, not one remembered thought of the woman who perchance cherished and kissed his baby-body for a few moments before she died.

The three women sitting at the end of the seat were arguing about some-

thing. The old woman's rasping voice rose and fell in what seemed an endless monologue.

"...and I saw it with my own eyes. A whole vessel-ful of it thrown away—wasted. And not a word to me. One would think I am a servant the way I am treated."

"But mother, I did not," said the youngest of them, a girl with tears of vexation in her eyes. "It was spilt and smelt horribly. I was sure you would want it thrown away."

"It is not a question of its having been unfit for use," said the third woman in a rough disagreeable voice. "My mother was insulted and in her own son's house."

I heard a quiet sob and knew the two of them had reduced the girl to tears. I turned away, irritated. I was hardly in the mood to stand such scenes with philosophic complaisance.

"What are they doing to that lady?" asked the little boy watching the scene with widened eyes. "Why, they are making her cry!"

I shrugged. "If she is not a spineless little fool she would tell them a thing or two. But, oh no, she must be modest and respectful and cast down her eyes in proper penitence and burst into tears. Oh, some of these women make me mad."

The old man behind me, laughed.

I turned towards him. "I suppose you don't agree," I said and added stingingly, "Your generation has never agreed with mine."

"The question," he said, in admirable imitation of the elder woman's voice, "is not if I agree with you but whether you are right in corrupting that little fellow's mind. And the tragedy of it is, his sympathies are so obviously with the girl."

"Don't make fun of it," I said, troubled. "I keep asking myself why such things have to happen. These quarrels inside the home are so unsettling."

"If that old domineering harridan had a little more understanding and the younger isn't such a little jelly and the other—who, I bet, is the widowed daughter permanently residing with the family—would sensibly and healthily go to bed with a man now and then and get rid of her sense of frustration and suppression of natural feelings, everything would be happy and peaceful."

It was my turn to laugh.

"You are incorrigible," I said. "Do you face all your own problems as merrily as you solve others?"

"Ah!" he said half playfully, "I haven't solved your problem yet and you have one—or haven't you?"

I glanced at my watch. "I am escaping from my problem," I said, without smiling, "in exactly twenty minutes."

"It is not like you. I am sure, to run away," he said, lightly. But there was no smile on his face.

"I have tried everything else," I said, trying not to remember. "I feel done up, defeated, humiliated. I must go away somewhere if I am to live again."

He did not speak at all and I continued, glad to be able to talk. "I lost my little boy," I said, wondering what else there was to say.

"Would it not help to talk about it?" The old man said gently.

"Talk!" I said, the dull ache of the past six months enveloping my heart again, "How would that help?"

The compartment was slowly filling but I did not care. It seemed so futile to want to be alone when all one had to be alone with were bitter and unhappy memories.

And suddenly I felt I could talk to this old man, talk as the things came to my head, give expression to the feelings which I had carried pent-up within me for months, knowing he would understand everything.

"I don't know how it happened," I said, trying to remember and achieving only a confused conglomeration of facts and fears and a hundred other things imagined, guessed and supposed or taken for granted. "Every thing was perfect and beautiful and easy. And then, something happened and all that became ugly and full of suspicion." I turned to him. "I am talking of my husband, you know...."

"I know," he said quietly, and looked as if he did, "you loved him very much, didn't you?"

"Yes," I said, remembering the madness, the delirious gladness of the years before that evening when Baby had suddenly smiled at me and closed his eyes never to open them again. I was crazy with love for him. He seemed a God, so perfect, so incapable of un-noble things. And so kind." I shook my head. "I said kind. I didn't mean that. There is no place for kindness where there is love and everything is one glad giving because one wanted to give."

Sixteen minutes to go....

Everybody in the compartment was talking. The mother-in-law had lapsed into a stern silence, her air of injured

pride wrapping her like an ominous mantle, while her fat, widowed daughter had taken up the talking.

"And then Baby was born. Nothing was changed except that it became more lovely and beautiful."

"Why did he die?" asked the old man gently.

"I keep asking that myself. He fell down the front steps one day and hurt his jaw. Just a little bruise. The doctor applied something to it and said it would be all right. But a week later he caught tetanus and died. In a few hours. Just like that."

I still couldn't reconcile myself to it. It seemed so sudden and unaccountable and unnecessary.

"I didn't cry," I said. "I locked up his room and haven't opened it since."

"How long ago was it?"

"Oh, about ten months. Or perhaps a year. I don't know. It seems like yesterday."

"Aren't you being a little unkind to yourself?"

I turned to him in surprise. "It is odd," I said puzzled. "My husband said just that. He wanted the room to be opened and set right. He wanted us to go on living as we did before it happened. How could he have done that?"

"Wasn't that the sensible thing to do? One cannot grieve for ever."

I shook my head. "Nothing can ever be the same again," I said.

The old gentleman made no comment.

"I stored away all his clothes and toys," I continued. "I searched every nook and corner of the house and put away everything that would have reminded me of him."

"Did that help you to forget?"

I put my hand across my eyes. "Oh, don't ask stupid questions," I cried. "Nothing helped. Nothing. It seemed as if I was haunted by memories. Every morning, I stood at the foot of the stairs and looked up at his little room wondering, imagining, praying, a miracle could happen and that door could open and Suresh come down the stairs with that funny, half-sleepy look on his face and say, 'Mother, Suresh wants milk.'"

I remembered something else. "My husband used to stand at the door of his room and watch me. He did not feel as much as I did. He got over it easily. He always did over all misfortunes."

"Did he not say anything?"

"No," I said, trying to remember and remembering nothing. "He was not over-worried, I tell you."

"He was the same as usual?"

"Absolutely. We both were, outside. We went out as before, saw friends, pictures.... on, you know the sort of thing. But Home—to me—ceased to be something warm and living to come back to. I hated the very thought of it. It seemed lifeless, dark and full of echoes."

Twelve minutes to go....

I glanced casually and absent-mindedly at my travelling companions. The newly-married couple in the corner had obviously quarrelled. They were sitting a couple of feet apart, the man nonchalantly reading a newspaper and the girl looking out of the window, her rigid line of head and neck proclaiming injured innocence....

I turned to the old man again.

"Last week I found an old top of Suresh in the lumber room. I thought I would go mad."

The old man shook his head. His eyes were not kind at all.

"You didn't face it squarely," he said.

"Is it facing it squarely," I said, wearily, "to go about one's work as if nothing had happened, to talk and act as if life was the same as before, to be able to look the same and smile—as my husband did?"

"Wasn't that the sensible thing to do?" he repeated.

"Sensible!" I flared. "All that you men want is to be sensible. But it is not your head which makes you happy but your heart and how can you smile when your heart is like lead within you and cold and torn up?"

The old man smiled. "You have got a beautiful imagination," he said.

I turned away, speechless with fury. How dared he!

Ten minutes to go.....

The little boy in the corner seat was looking out of the window with a scared, miserable expression on his face. I wondered for a moment what would happen if his grandmother lost her way or had an accident.... where would he go and what would he do?

"What have they ever done?" said a young, indignant voice. "Look at the mess they have made in Palestine, in Egypt, and even their dealings with America and Russia. They are scared stiff, I tell you."

"What we need is a Churchill at the helm of affairs, a much older voice said.

"Churchill! He would make a worse mess. He is no man for peace. What we need is a man like Roosevelt, efficient and cool-headed, who wouldn't talk much."

"Anyway, I wish they would come to a conclusion about this disarmament business. Or soon there will be another war and a few million more unidentified graves."

War, Death and Destruction. Young, strong, brave men and women dying unhelped, unknown and alone on sunlit, blood-stained battle-fields, nobody knew where.... It made one feel sick.

"Where are you going now?" the old man asked.

"I don't know," I said coming with a painful jerk back to our conversation. "I have bought a ticket for a little village where I used to live with my uncle years ago."

"Is that going to help?"

"I don't know," I said, distracted. "But I can't live in that house any more. I can't bear to see familiar things. Don't you understand? I want to go away somewhere where nothing will remind me of home."

"But there will be people in the village. Other little boys almost as pretty as yours and almost with the same way of talking and laughing and playing. And other toys. And other homes just like your own, where young wives and husbands live and dream and make love. Look at this compartment. How much of laughter and misery, of youth and excitement, how much of hope and despair there is here. Doesn't this remind you? You can't escape from life, you know."

His words seemed to echo in my mind back to a day when Manesh had held my hands and said, his voice so gentle and yet so strange, "Go, go if you want to, but be happy. Whatever you may have to do for it, learn to laugh again. Nothing is worth being unhappy about."

"Not even Suresh?" I had asked, angry.

"No, not even Suresh," he had said quietly. "It had to happen. We did all we could."

"But how can I ever forget the way things were before he died?" I asked unhappily.

"By learning to live again just as before."

I shook my head. "It doesn't seem possible now," I said. "I want to go away to some new place, see new faces.... forget...."

"But life is the same everywhere—living, loving, dying, being born—the whole inescapable routine, cruel and beautiful at the same time." He paused and added quietly, "I wish I could help you, but I can't. You have to fight this yourself."

But I had paid no heed then. It had only intensified my belief that men were heartless and unfeeling. His words had only made more poignant the realisation that the way we were living, our marriage would surely go on the rocks some day, and the beautiful comradeship we had built up would come crashing down like a house of cards.

"My husband said the same thing," I said, suddenly hating the old man.

"Your husband is a wise man," he said, thoughtfully.

"Very," I agreed bitterly, "very wise. All head and no heart. All reason and no feeling. All logic and no understanding. He is a wise man alright."

"What would you have him do?" the old man asked, his voice cutting me like a knife-blade, "weep as you did and go about glum and miserable? And look upstairs half-demented every morning and hope a locked door would open and a dead child emerge, smiling? Would you have liked it if he had looked at a broken top and sobbed like a woman? Do you imagine he does not feel the grief as keenly as you, just because he refuses to go about looking as if the heavens had fallen and he was waiting for the deluge? His, my good woman, was the harder job. He had not only to bear his own grief but also your dumb, silent martyrdom. He at least faced his troubles squarely like a man. You wallowed in your grief and drenched yourself in self-pity." He stopped and turned away, too angry.

A baby suddenly and without warning, began to cry. I looked around, relieved at the distraction. A young woman sat in the farthest corner holding the wailing infant while her husband hovered about making futile attempts to soothe the baby. The woman put the child to her breast but he turned away and only yelled louder than ever. Everybody was looking at the woman now as, vexed to the point of tears, she mechanically tried everything that the others suggested. I pushed my way towards her.

"Give me the baby," I said and she handed it over without a word. As my hands went round the little body, the suppressed hunger in my heart seemed to burst forth in a rush of tenderness towards the little mite. It was obvious what he wanted. I opened the bottle of water I carried with me and fed him slowly with a spoon. Gradually the wailing ceased, the soft, baby mouth relaxed, and the eyes, suddenly heavy with sleep, closed. I looked at the baby for a long time, a little angry and hurt that such things could still touch me so deeply. I could almost have wept.

The old man watched me with a strange look in his eyes, as I handed the sleeping infant back to his grateful mother, and settled back in my seat again. What he had said had hurt.... hurt badly.... How dared he! what right....

Five minutes to go.....

"Please," said the boy in the corner seat, "when will grandmother come?" His eyes filled with tears. "Do you think anything would have happened to her?"

"Oh no," I said, trying to sound casual, "she will be here any minute now."

"I want to go home," he said.

"Will you have an apple?" asked the girl sitting beside me, holding out a fruit towards him. He hesitated, gulping down his tears, but the tempting, luscious fruit was too much for him. The little hand shot out and closed round the apple.

"Thank you," he said and then shyly, "will you cut it for me? I want to give half of it to my grandmother."

The girl without a word cut the apple and handed him the two halves. The boy put one bit into his already stuffed pocket and began to eat the other. The girl turned towards me. Her pretty, rouged face was troubled.

"I am worried about the boy," she said. "Isn't his grandmother ever coming back? She has been gone a long time."

"Oh, don't worry," I said, easily. "she will be here any minute now." I turned and smiled at her. "But why should you be worried?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said with an odd smile, "unless it be that I have always been fond of children."

Funny, I thought, that this girl should confess to being fond of children. One would never have guessed it. She was just the type old-fashioned women pointed out as the unnatural sort of girl the colleges turned out these days, too brightly dressed, too vivacious, and too

informal on too high heels. Life is like that, I suppose....the unexpected always occurring....

"Where are you going?" I asked, interested.

"Bombay. I am at college there, you know."

"They are fools," said an angry voice. I turned round, indignant. The college girl raised an amused eyebrow and crossed her legs the other way before languidly turning in the direction of the voice.

"And you may be sure I didn't spare their feelings. To have found fault with me who had never done a dishonest thing in my life! I was not going to put up with it. I said I would go and out I went."

"What was the matter with him anyway.... the man who died?" asked a young man.

"Heart-trouble, they said."

"And you had made sure he was fit enough to hold a policy for Rs. 15,000 the week before? Sounds as if there was some mistake somewhere."

Everybody laughed....

The newly-married pair had obviously made up their quarrel. They were again sitting close together looking foolish and silly but absolutely blissful....

"I read a book the other day.... by Koestler....I forget the name of it.... It was all about the Jews and Arabs...."

"And look at what they are doing to Germany. Crippling it, my dear sir, crippling it. It would be much better if they annihilated it altogether. But they are sowing seeds of hatred which will grow and grow and one day turn against these victors, take my word for it...."

"Would you like a picture mag or something...."

"Oh, shut up. One more word from you and I will throw you out of the train...."

"Please.... when will grandmother come.... I want to go home...."

"Preposterous! I won't give a pie more than four annas for the dozen of them.... take it or leave it...."

"Take Stalin, for instance...."

"And an hour after the baby was born, my father-in-law died. They said the baby was born under an unlucky star...."

I put my head on my hands and prayed. Would this horrible train never

move? And these voices driving the mad—would they never stop?

"Will you take an aspirin or something? You look ill." Look ill! My dear girl, I am sick, sick at heart and in mind, sick of remembering and trying to forget.... and afraid.... to understand what the old man had said.... What had he said, the old fool? It was not my fault.... He was senile, that was what he was. How dared he!

A thin, steel-cold voice seemed to speak up from the depths of my conscience.... What if it was true? What if the old man had been right....

I looked up determined. No more thinking and making myself miserable. I had decided it this way and I was going to stick to it....

Three minutes to go....

There was a delighted yell from the little boy in the corner as the door was again pushed open and a little old woman with a cheerful face slowly made her way towards us.

"Oh, grandma" the boy said, relieved and excited, "I thought you were never coming. What if the train had gone away and left you here?"

Grandmother smoothed back the hair from the hot, young forehead.

"I guess God would have taken care of you then," she said, "but look, what I have brought my little boy!" She held out a bag of sweets.

"I have something for you too," the boy said laughing happily. He plunged his hand into his pocket and pulled out the half-apple he had secreted there. A number of boyish treasures fell out along with the apple and rolled on the floor. As he bent to pick them up, I pushed towards him something which had fallen near my foot. I looked down. It was a little top.

I took it up and looked at it and suddenly realised in a flash of joy and relief that I had the strength to open that little blue-walled room upstairs and look at familiar things and live again....

Voices were raised high in the compartment. I was aware of a gruff male voice, threatening and insolent. I looked around. The ticket-collector was standing in front of a poor half-dressed beggar-woman and shouting at her.

"What is the matter?" I said, loud.

"She has no ticket," someone said.

"Where does she want to go?"

"She says city life doesn't suit her," said the ticket-collector sneeringly, "She

wants to spend the rest of her life in a quiet village...."

The beggar-woman started to whimper. A girl laughed. I turned, furious. It was the newly-married girl talking to her husband. They had not even noticed the commotion happening scarcely two yards from them.

One minute to go....

I got up. I had made up my mind. The old man smiled.

There was a dead silence as I crossed over to the beggar woman and held out my ticket.

"Please take it," I said gently, looking at her scared, questioning face. There is no need for me to go."

THE METRIC SYSTEM

by C. G. GOPALAKRISHNA

THROUGHOUT the world time is measured by seconds. But the units of length, area, volume and weight vary from country to country. Of the various systems the Metric or the Decimal system stands out as an ideal by virtue of its simplicity. The multiples and sub-multiples of the standard unit of this system are powers of ten. It follows as a corollary that any quantity measured can be expressed in any other denomination by shifting the decimal point.

Another characteristic feature of this system is that its units of distance, capacity and weight, viz., metre, litre and gram are inter-related. This property is made use of in scientific calculations. Metre is the standard unit of length. It is a ten-millionth part of the distance between the North Pole and the earth's Equator. Litre, the volume of 1,000 cubic centimetres, is the unit measure of capacity. Gram is the mass of one cubic centimetre of pure water at its maximum density, i.e., at 4°C.

Multiples of a metre are obtained by adding Greek prefixes, and sub-multiples by adding Latin prefixes. Thus Decametre, Hectometre and Kilometre denote 10, 100 and 1,000 metres respectively. Decimetre, Centimetre and Millimetre are defined as divisions of a metre into 10, 100 and 1,000 parts. There is an easy rule by which to remember these prefixes. The first letters of each of the denominations form the symbol "K H D M D C M" which can easily be committed to memory. Analogous to this we have the word "V I B G Y O R" to represent the colours of the rainbow.

In all countries, except Great Britain and India, decimal coinage is adopted. The dollar in America and the franc in France are divided into 100 parts. Each is a cent. The Central Legislature has at present a proposal to devote serious thought to the question of introducing decimal coinage in India, and bringing its scales of measurement in line with those of the civilized countries and the International Scientific Standard.

It is obvious that if you wish to give courage and hope to depressed human souls, one way is to persuade them that a supernatural power is interested in their fate and will give them aid. If you want to convince a man that he is going to get well, there can be no medicine so effective as the conviction that an Allwise, All loving Father is personally interested in his welfare and is helping him to recover. From the point of view of Psychotherapy, it makes no difference whether there actually is such a father or not; all that is needed is that the sick man should believe in Him and with sufficient intensity to make the idea "stick".—UPTON SINCLAIR.

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THE 'GLORIOUS' REVOLUTION

by ALLADI RAMAKRISHNAN

'QUIT INDIA.' There must have been magic in that sound. Within four years, what was a mere slogan has turned into hard reality. When in the dark days of 1942 the Father of New India made this demand as a solution of despair, none in India imagined that the days of British rule were drawing to a close. It is hard to believe that the same men who spent solitary hours inside prison walls when the world outside echoed the clash of arms, are to-day the occupants of the seats of power. The realisation of dreams has been so sudden, so unexpected, that we are a trifle bewildered as to what this 'glorious revolution' means to us.

Most of us have read of the mighty revolutions that have altered the course of history. But the great battles of freedom—the American War of Independence, the French Revolution, the American Civil War, the Mexican Revolution and in our own day the great Russian Revolution—were won at the cost of the blood and tears of millions. The outworn regimes struggled with the tenacity of despair till their vitality was sapped by their own excesses. In every case alien enemies had supported the forces of reaction. The chains that fettered the freedom of millions were shattered by the irrepressible forces of the human spirit. Not all the might of the British Empire could stifle the spirit of Washington; the Aristos of France were swept away by the doctrines of Voltaire; Lincoln's spirit ultimately triumphed over the recalcitrant 'South.' Before our very eyes we saw the last vestiges of Czarist regime being burnt out by the heat of a new creed unprecedented in history.

What is happening in India to-day? Of course our patriots, the Mahatma, Nehru, and many others spent their years inside prison for a glorious cause. They put to shade, as servants of mankind, the greatness of Washington, Voltaire, Lincoln or Lenin. But on no account

could we in India claim that our trials and tribulations have been as poignant as those of the Russian people. We have been fortunate in that respect. The Paramount power has not become outworn or deceased like the Czarist regime. Britain has just emerged triumphant with the defeated nations gasping beneath her feet. To what, then, could we attribute this sudden resolve to liquidate this prized possession of the British Empire? Probably it is the direct result of the Second World War, the horrors of which still stare before us. The old order must change, to yield its place to the new. But the more potent of the causes is to be seen in the resurgence of Asia. It took two world wars to disturb this mighty continent from its slumber. The masses are awake. Strong winds are blowing over Asia. The days of exploitation of Asia by Europe are numbered.

An immense task lies before us. Till now India was tied to the coat tails of Britain moving when she was moved, halting when she was halted. In short we were enjoying the luxury of irresponsibility. Our young men flocked like moths to Government services while some were content with making easy money in business and small industry. The little luxuries of life, the goods we wanted, we imported without restraint from European countries. The vast number of indolent humanity blamed fate for their poverty and misery. The sanction for all order had been the British Raj, perfect and efficient in organisation. Whitehall drafted our constitutions. Within the limits of our powers we ruled and said "If worst comes to the worst there is section 93". If riots broke out in virulent form somewhere we blamed the Englishmen at home and appealed to the Governor for help. The Muslims demanded Pakistan from the Viceroy while the Hindus asked the Viceroy to refuse the Muslim demands. Conference after conference took place and when they failed we

threw our hands in despair and cried "Let the British quit India, we will solve our problems." And so they are quitting India and we must solve over problems.

Of course, in the next few years, our security lies in the jealousy of great powers. But we cannot build a great structure on such insecure foundations. The Asiatic nations must realise that the secret of European civilization—we are aware of its weaknesses—lies in its scientific and technological development. Lovers of peace and security as we are, we must realise that the defence of our frontiers is as vital to our survival as the high ideals to which we are pledged.

The English are a very great people. They wind up their empire with the same courage and efficiency with which they built it. There has been no clamour against this sudden

decision to wind up their Indian Empire. Obedience to law is as much ingrained in them as their love of freedom. The same rugged spirit that animated Ralleggh and Drake to build the first foundations of a mighty empire, lighted the hearts of the soldiers on the Dunkirk beach. It is the same spirit of patriotism that prompted the British to follow Winston Churchill during the war and Clement Attlee today. We have to learn many lessons from them. When freedom is within our grasp, we are quarrelling like little children as if unaware of the unhappy consequences of such an attitude of irresponsibility.

It is a long, long road to peace and happiness. We are now at the beginning of it. The mist is too thick to see far down the road. If we move forward with courage and hope we shall emerge into broader lands and happier days.

Announcement

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FOR

INFANTILE LIVER AND SPLEEN COMPLAINTS

Our Doctor will visit the following places and may be consulted regarding all cases of INFANTILE LIVER and SPLEEN COMPLAINTS, on the dates noted.

Consultations between: 9 & 11 a.m.—4 & 6 p.m.

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MASULIPATAM	8-4-47	M/s. Ananda Pharmacy.
ELLORE	10-4-47	M/s. Radhakrishna Medical Stores, Main Road.
RAJAHMUNDRY	11-4-47	M/s. Eswardass & Co., Chemists, Main Road.
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THE W.A.C.(I)S ARE COMING BACK!

How Are We Going To Receive Them?

(All W.A.C.(I) units were disbanded on March 31. This letter from a W.A.C.(I) girl to her father sums up the fears entertained about the welcome awaiting them in their homes and their social neighbourhoods.)

Army Camp,

29th March, 1947.

My Dear Father,

So I am coming home at last! It seems a little unbelievable. I try to remember familiar things and familiar faces and the silly little bursts of delicious inconsequence that life for us children was, and memories come crowding, higgledy piggledy, confusing, strange and disordered. Three and a half years is a long time, you know, and so much has happened since the day I waved a wet and crumpled handkerchief from the train and craned my neck when my carriage turned the bend to catch a last glimpse of you four standing on the platform—you, doubting a little at the last moment if you were right in letting me go and Sundar in his khaki shorts and the beautiful, striped, blue shirt he got for his birthday, looking lost and forlorn, and Janaki, too young to be worried or to care. And, of course, mother—sobbing, heart-broken and already imagining her daughter lying mangled and bleeding on an unknown battlefield, which, to her, meant only one or what was worse, in 'trouble' to her meant only one thing....

Everybody was a little reassured when I came home on leave eighteen months later, but I know you wondered how I was shaping out in the strange, inimical world to which my own ambitions had driven me, as you thought. But you never asked questions, Father, and for that I am truly thankful. Except that one evening, two years ago, during my four-day leave, when you suddenly asked me if I was happy. And I tried to answer, to tell you

why I was not, and all about Murthy.....

I was in love with him, Father, madly, riotously in love. Who was he? What was he? I did not know, nor did I care. I only knew he smiled in an irresistible, slow way and his eyes had a funny way of making me feel I was the only one who mattered to him in the whole wide world. He loved me too in his own way, lightly, joyously, gaily. He was a pilot-officer. While on reconnaissance over Rangoon, something went wrong with his plane and he had to make a forced landing about half a mile from our H.Q. That was how I met him. Our friendship seemed to rage like wild fire, violent and all-consuming. The odd thing is that he was not at all my type. He was boisterous, hearty and laughed loudly. I like quiet men. That I should have fallen for him only showed, I suppose, the condition of my mind in those first few months, living with strangers in a strange land, meeting and talking to men and women I didn't know, eating food I had not been accustomed to. It also showed, as I understand clearly now, how I was growing up, changing from the ignorant, shy, awkward girl of 19 I was when I left home, into the poised, self-possessed, intelligent young woman I wanted to become. It was one of many changes. It was a part of the vast, all-embracing change in my very outlook.

Murthy was the first step. Now I see I was not really in love with him, but only crazy with youth, health and active living. And now looking back, I am glad and boundlessly thankful things went wrong. Murthy made a second forced landing. Only this time his plane caught fire and he died. I try to imagine what would have happened if he had landed safely. Many things would have shaped differently, I am certain, because the night

he died, I was to have met him in a wood close by our hostel. I knew what I had to face and give but I was so crazy I did not care.....

A good, violent love affair does one a lot of good, I have learnt, from my own case. The fever has been purged out of my system. I am glad I stood for that one moment, trembling and expectant, on the edge of the precipice and looked down. My legs are steadier now and the giddy whirl in my head has stopped. I have made other friends, both men and women. I came to know rather intimately a small Burmese family and seen with my own eyes the patience and courage with which a young crippled girl faced privation and danger for the sake of half a dozen children left homeless and parentless by the ruthless Japanese bombing. I even learned to call a young American soldier by his first name. I knew dozens of privates and I went out with them to pictures, parties and picnics. A Red Cross girl I know wrote to me the other day. She said: "I do not know why, but people here are behaving rather queerly towards me. Some of the younger men think I have become cheap and try to make advances while others, even some of my old friends, avoid me like the plague. Was it for this we went all the way into the unknown and tried to help in the war?"

I am beginning to ask that question myself. All those pompous busybodies who smile in secret contempt or jeered openly when we left, what are they going to do with us now? Are they going to tilt up their noses and treat us like dirt? Is there going to be a furore of condemnation and abuse when we come back and are we going to be treated as pariahs for the rest of our lives? Not that we would care. We have learnt to be on our own now. Let the narrow-minded wallow in their pettiness and see how much good it does them! Whatever these years in the W.A.C.(I) have done or not done, they have achieved this. They have taken us out of the four walls of our homes and given us a glimpse of the outside world. They have taught us

there are other things than Mother, Father, Husband. Our interests are wider, our tastes different, our ideals more worthy of achievement. We have changed, Father. What are you going to do with us?

The next generation, we will see to that, will never wonder, as we are wondering. We will take care to see our children got no strait-laced ideas or live in ignorance which, to my mind, is deadlier than the Seven Deadly Sins!

I have never been on a battlefield, never seen a gun fired with intention to kill; no zooming aeroplanes have disturbed my night's rest, but sitting at my desk in the quiet stillness of the night, sending coded messages or doing occasional relief work in the officers' shop or canteen, I have done a lot of thinking too. I have thought, among other things, of what this war has done to us all and even more than us, to people in Poland, Austria, France, England. How could the God of Mercy you taught me to revere look upon this death and destruction and hear the cries issuing from battered, torn and bleeding mouths and not be ashamed! I talked to a G-1 one day for two hours. He had been at the front in Africa and he had seen the crushed and lacerated bodies and listened to the cries of agony rising even above the terrific cannonade. He had stood among "the men with the broken heads and the blood running into their eyes" and had wondered as I wondered. "Life is neither beautiful nor sacred," he said, "I do not know why we take the trouble to bind ourselves with rules and regulations." You should have seen his eyes, Father, tired, spent, old and utterly disillusioned. That boy will take a long time to smile again.

I have thought too about what I want to do with my life. No more shilly-shallying in doubt and fear, resigning myself to wait for the inevitable One and Only to knock at the door. No more "childish faith in Alladin's magic ring," as the poet cries, and "the simple soul-reposing, glad belief in everything." And I don't care a tinker's curse what

Mrs. Grundy has to say. And you may tell Mother or I will tell her myself when I am home that she can stop plying her rod and line and resign herself to let her daughter marry or not marry as she chooses. I will not, I warn you, submit meekly to a 'marriage de convenance,' which is only a refined name for lies and blasphemy and legal prostitution, in one sordid mess.

You sent me from home gladly and with confidence. You must take me back too as I am, without question or protest. I don't want your love or your kindness or your protection. I want your understanding. I want friends, not merely people like Mrs. Sudarsan, survey-

ing me with unconcealed disapproval or effeminate, swanky young men treating me with speculative condescension. My life is going to be entirely mine. There is no room in it for social artifice, affectation or pretence. For three and a half years now I have lived away from home and managed to retain the integrity of my soul and conscience. I will not let anyone take it away now. I will live as I like, a full and beautiful life, filling the years left to me with all that I desire without wondering what 'They' would say. For, as the Japanese proverb says "It is better to be a crystal and be broken than to be perfect like the tile upon the house-top."

Your affectionate daughter,
SYAMALA.

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGEMENT.

In a case of selfish few
Who tried to oust their leader sound,
The Congress sent its judges two;
To try and bring the parties round;
The Number One came and went;
Having made no headway;
Seemed as though he wasn't bent
On having in this his final say!
The President came as Number Two;
To bring about a working pact;
To enable all to meet and do
Everything with wisdom and tact.
But wisdom failed *him* here, alas!
And he let loose the jungle law;
He forsook the noble cause
And gave a fillip to the flaw.
The selfish few did here succeed;
And trampled over sacrifice;
Truthfulness perished indeed;
And won o'er it all other vice;
Lo, the Congress Chief has failed;
To meet out even justice bare;
But is by vested interests hailed;
"A Daniel come to judgement, Sir!"

D. NARAYANAN.

INTERNATIONAL POLICE

by V. VENKATA RAO, M.A., M.Litt.,

(Madras University)

OF the several remedies suggested to prevent international warfare, the one which deserves close attention is the establishment of an International Police Force. The chief exponent of this idea was the great American, President Theodore Roosevelt. In his message to Congress in 1904, in his address to the Nobel Prize Peace Committee in 1910, and in his book, "Why America should join the Allies" published in 1914, he pleaded for the establishment of an International Police for the sole purpose of maintaining the sanctity of International Law and for enforcing the decisions of the Hague Court.

As long ago as 1905, the American Senate and the House of Representatives resolved to set up a Commission of five members to consider the practicability of constituting an International Naval Force for the purpose of preserving international peace. This resolution was communicated to all the European capitals. Sir Edward Grey, the then British Foreign Secretary, welcomed the proposal and promised to consider its practicability. In a subsequent debate in the Commons on the Army Estimate, Sir Edward went to the extent of saying that in future national armies and navies would remain, not in rivalry with each other, but as the police of the world. However, the other European powers failed to give consideration to the proposal and it was given an unceremonious burial. But the idea did not die. Not only was it advocated by novelists and Utopians like Wells, big philosophers like Russell, but also by practical statesmen who had a wealth of experience in international affairs like Asquith and Grey. Some worked out schemes in detail. For instance, Admiral Kin-kaid, and Admiral Goodrich, of the American Navy and Von Asbeck of the Dutch Royal Navy severally suggested schemes for the constitution

of an International Naval Force to be placed at the disposal of an International Authority. All these schemes were prepared before the advent of the League of Nations. Their one common feature was that the International Police Force should consist of national quotas fixed by an International Authority. These national quotas would be maintained in peace time by the National States concerned and would come under the control of an International Authority when mobilisation is ordered.

Later, with the establishment of the League of Nations, provision was made for the application of sanctions against an aggressor State. The Council of the League of Nations was to recommend to the several Governments concerned what effective military and naval force the members of the League should severally contribute to put down aggression.

Recently, Dr. Jennings has put forward a scheme for the creation of a federation of the Western European democracies. The main purpose of this federation is the preservation of peace in Western Europe. The Federation would be vested with complete powers over defence, internal and external. The President of the Federation would be the Commander-in-Chief of the Federal Army. The existing divisions, troops, squadrons, air forces and fleets of the National States would be taken over by the Federation. There would only be that much of police force necessary to maintain law and order internally. The Federal Government would have complete control over personnel and the implements of war. The individual States would be prohibited from constructing any fortifications or from establishing any reserves or training men for war purposes. Dr. Jennings hopes that

within one year after the establishment of the Western European Federation, the Maginot lines and similar fortifications such as Gibraltar would be dismantled and the naval harbours of Great Britain, France and others including those of Malta, Brest and Heligoland would be taken over by the Federal Government. Thus all the naval and air forces of individual nations would be completely abolished. National conscription would disappear overnight and the energies of the National States would be diverted to peaceful pursuits. A similar scheme was proposed by Dr. Milan Hodza, formerly Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia, for Central Europe with a view to checking the explosive tendencies of Germany.

One other scheme is that of Lord Davies. According to it, there is to be a World Conference consisting of six federal units. The English speaking peoples, viz. the British Commonwealth and the United States would be the first federal unit, Russia would form the second, the Far East the third, the Latin Republics of South America the fourth, the Central Asiatic block comprising India and the surrounding States the fifth, and finally the whole of Europe the sixth. These six federal units would constitute the World Confederation whose primary business would be to settle disputes arising between them. It would maintain and control the Confederate forces which would consist of two sections, the national quotas and specialised contingents. The former would be recruited, trained and maintained by the National States, while the latter would be enlisted, equipped and controlled by the Confederation. All the National States would hand over all the specialised weapons, not required for purposes of maintaining internal peace to the Confederation. The national quotas would come automatically under the Confederation when mobilization is ordered. Thus the International Police Force would be a composite force. The Confederate forces would be commanded by a Supreme Commander and a number of

Deputy Commanders. The Deputy Commanders would be in charge of particular sections of the Confederate forces. The activities of these Deputy Commanders would be co-ordinated by the Supreme Commander. The Supreme Commander and the Deputy Commanders would be appointed by the Confederation for a period of five years.

The latest scheme in the field is the one evolved by the Big Four at Dumbarton Oakes, now known as Charter of the United Nations. According to it, the principal authority for the maintenance of peace, security and order is the Security Council consisting of five permanent members, the United States of America, Britain, Russia, China and France and six non-permanent members elected by the Assembly of the United Nations. The Council would be advised by a Military Staff Committee. The Council is given full powers to put down aggression by any means without reference to the United Nations Assembly. The members of the Assembly should place at the disposal of the Council their armed forces whenever required.

Of all the schemes, the Davies scheme appears to be practical. For, under the first group of plans, the International Police Force would consist of national quotas drawn from each State. In peace times, they would remain under the control of National States and would come under the International Authority when a mobilisation is ordered. The main defect is that there is no guarantee that the members would honour their obligations to the International Authority. If the aggressor State happens to be a great power, the situation becomes a delicate one and if another great State supports the aggressor State, the efficiency of the International Police Force would be seriously impaired.

As regards the League scheme, even though provision was made for the application of sanctions against an aggressor State, the fact was

that sanctions were never applied except once and that too ineffectively. Further, some of the big States stayed out of the League. Again, there was no Central Organization to function automatically when the League decided to take action against an aggressor. The result was that every State looked at sanctions from its own point of view when asked to apply them against Italy. It is no wonder, therefore, that this arrangement not only discredited the Covenant of the League but also encouraged aggressive powers like Japan and Italy to have their own way.

The Jennings and Hodza schemes are applicable to a part of the world while the perpetuation of peace is a world problem. There can be no peace for any part of the world unless the foundations of peace are laid secure throughout all parts of the world.

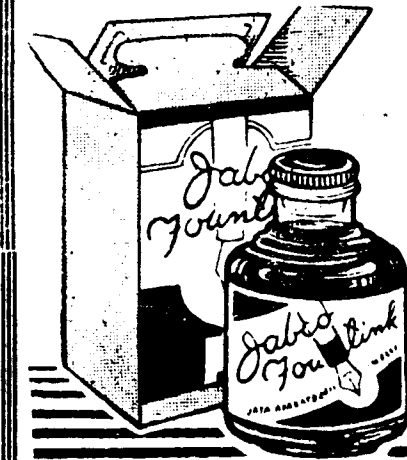
The main defect of the Charter of the United Nations is that while it would have no standing army, the function of policing the world would be the monopoly of the Big Three since China and France are militarily and economically weak. The Big Three would dominate the Security Council and the small and weak nations would be left to the tender mercies of these Big powers.

The merit of the Davies scheme is that the International Police Force would be at the disposal of an International Authority ready to move about when an emergency arises. Further, the plan is comprehensive and applicable to the whole world. Finally, it makes a differentiation of the weapons to be used by the National States and the International Authority. If this scheme is accepted by the National States, we shall have no more wars and no more bloodshed.



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STERLING BALANCES

by 'PAT'

PRELIMINARY talks between the Commissions appointed by Britain and India for a satisfactory settlement of the problem of sterling balances have concluded; and the next stage will be an approach to a settlement.

The total sterling debts accumulated by U.K. during the bleak war years amount to well over 3000 million out of which she owes more than 1200 million to India alone while Argentine and Egypt account for most of the balance. During the Great War of 1914-18 England was to the world a creditor country and occupied a position not unlike that of America at present, as a consequence of which India, among other countries, incurred sterling obligations to U.K. But World War II saw a shift in the debtor-creditor relationship. India supplied essential raw materials to the Allies and maintained huge armies of every possible Allied nationality. The cost of these services received from India was paid by the various countries like America; not to India in the form of dollar reserves to be spent at will, but to Britain. All this money went to swell the balances of India in England, increasingly swelling the ledgers of the Reserve Bank too. Now, the whole problem of these sterling balances is this—could India avail herself of these balances to make purchases in England and abroad? That is exactly what the British officials would try to cut down appreciably and that is exactly what Mr. Churchill would like to evade.

Many are the arguments advanced by British Treasury experts in an attempt to see that they get off lightly. "India has already borne the brunt of war expenditure and privations and is not going

to undergo any fresh sacrifices" said a prominent London daily a few months back. But, we may reply, India exported precious goods at the cost of thousands of lives and untold suffering once; and she must bleed once more to get her capital goods, and capital goods we need badly. Another reason offered for the suggested scaling down of sterling balances is that Britain bought at inflationary rates and that it is nothing short of exploitation on the part of India to ask Britain to make full repayment. On the contrary it is the Indian masses who have been exploited; Britain and her allies made their purchases, rather took the goods at prices controlled and fixed by themselves, and it was Indians who were caught in the wake of inflation. Churchill has given the latest; according to him it is India, not Britain, who is the debtor; for he asks, did not Britain remember and safeguard India with her brawn, brain and gold in those days when the dark cloud of Japanese aggression overhung the Empire? But Mr. Churchill has rather forgotten that India paid her way through the war; her defence expenditure increased tenfold.

We may now see how the repayment of the balances could be effected. A good part of our assets has been utilised to repay our past debt to England. A fixed sum of nearly 200 millions would in any case be necessary as an exchange reserve in our foreign relations. Some more of the balances may be utilised as lump payments to dispense with British service personnel in India while the move of Argentine in buying up the British held railways with part of her sterling assets is a commendable example for us; we may utilise our assets to buy up British trade inte-

rests, capital goods and lease and lend equipment in India. By following this policy we are easing Britain of the major part of the debts while her actual repayments would be considerably reduced. This repayment could only be effected by England exporting us goods worth the balance of the debt at predetermined rates. But here, the debts so repatriated must be in the form of capital goods for our replacements and industrial expansion and certainly not consumption

goods which would be the surest way to kill our own industries.

The repayment should be effected over a period of years and too quick a reduction would not be conducive to the welfare of our industrial economy.

Any other method which may aim at a partial scaling down of our assets and deprive us in any way of our legal dues would only end in the rupture of good feelings between U.K. and India and will lay the foundations of a new world war.

OUR NEIGHBOURS THE IRANIANS

From A Correspondent

MEET our neighbours, the delegates from Iran to the Asian Relations Conference. The leader, His Excellency Ali Asgar Hekmat, is not a newcomer to India—he headed the Iranian Cultural Mission to India in 1944. He was Minister for Education in 1933-1938, Minister of the Interior in 1938-39, Minister for Public Health in 1942 and Minister for Justice in 1943. Mr. Hekmat is at present Professor of Literature in the University of Teheran as also President of the Iranian National Body of the UNESCO.

Next to the leader pride of place goes to Princess Safiyeh Firouz. Born in Hong Kong, trained in an Italian convent, the Princess has travelled all over the world. She is the organiser of the Iranian Women's Party which has been functioning now successfully for the last 4 years. She is also a Red Lion (equivalent to Red Cross) worker. She told me that they in Iran are so democratic that there is nothing like a President or Secretary for the Women's Council.

Mr. Gholam Hossein Sadighi is Professor of Philosophy in the University of Teheran, a member of the Iranian National Body of the UNESCO and a member of the Standing Committee of Indo-Iranian Cultural Society.

Dr. Mehdi Bayani is the Director of the National Library, Teheran. He has held important posts in the Education Department of the Iranian Government.

The Mission includes a representative of the Press also, Mr. Mohammed Taghi Moghtaderi. Born in 1913, Mr. Moghtaderi is a licentiate in law, political science and Muslim law. He has held various positions in the Department of Industry and Commerce of the Government of Iran and also in the Home Department. He is the director and proprietor of the newspaper *Aeen* in addition to being the head of the Publication and Propaganda Directorates of the Chamber of Commerce of Iran.

The sixth delegate, Dr. Mustafa Rabi, represents the Ministry of Finance, Teheran.

I had heard that the Iranians were the embodiments of politeness and civility and when I met the delegates, their courtesy and deportment surprised me beyond words. After warm handshakes, they sat down excusing themselves and making bows at every stage. There was an apology when a peon came to announce a telephone call, another apology when one of them went out to fetch tea and yet again a third apology when one of them had to go in and get an envelope.



THE IRANIAN DELEGATION.

Left to right.—H. E. Ali Asghar Hekmat (Leader of the Delegation), Mohamed Taghi Moghtaderi, Princess Safiyah Firouz, Dr. Mehdi Bayani, Dr. Mustafa Rabi, Dr. Ghulam Hussain Siddiqi and Mr. Dayal of the External Affairs Department.

I was curious to know something of Iran and her people. The delegate representative of the Press of Iran, who was proud of his average equipment of English did not fight shy of his ignorance of the word 'cheap' when I asked him whether tea was a cheap beverage.

Here are some points of interest as given out by the Iranian delegates:

Both coffee and tea are taken by Iranians but tea is the national beverage. Sugar is costly in Iran but a procurable item at high price. Textiles are imported and therefore costly but there is no 'cloth famine' in their country as we in India have.

Both wheat and rice are grown and rice is surplus enough to be exported to Russia! Dates and other fruits are available in plenty.

The Iranians are conscious not only of their rights but of their position also, sandwiched as they are, as one of the delegates put it, between the Russians in the north and the Britishers in the south. The people are not bothered about the internal political claims and counter-claims in India—but they were glad about the date line set by the Britishers for handing over power. The delegates said that they had no opinion about the Palestine question.

OF BEES . . .

"Busy as a bee" means, among other things, visits to an average of more than two hundred flowers in picking up a load of pollen with which a worker returns to the hive. In a season, an active bee colony that gathers about sixty-five pounds of pollen will have visited and provided "free pollination service" for roughly 500,000,000 flowers, or as many as there are in an acre and one-third of red clover.—*Chemurgic Digest*.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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

Really, Our Legislators Have Run Amok!

In the issue of *Swatantra* dated 30th March, 1946, I had appealed to the Governor to see that Ministers are chosen without the handicap of ignorance of the English language. I had stated that when, after the reconstitution of provinces on the linguistic basis, the provincial language is made the official language of the Legislature, ignorance of English may not be a disqualification for the Ministers. But till then, whatever be the spirit of freedom and sacrifice a person may embody in himself, he should not be permitted to handle official files through the medium of his Personal Secretary, or answer in his mother-tongue in the Legislature where members belong to four different languages. But what was apprehended has really happened in a worse form. Little did I dream that anyone who aspires for the Premier's office would be so ignorant of the English language as to need the help of an interpreter, in interviewing the Governor. Why a premium should be set upon lack of general educational qualifications or administrative experience is not clear to the ordinary man-in-the-street. Really, our legislators have run amok over the choice of the leader of the party. The Premier may, in the eyes of the members of his party, possess other qualifications for being at the helm of affairs; but it is a mystery, so far as the people of the province are concerned.

As the Congress President repeatedly observed, one is not able to understand the issues that necessitated the overthrow of Sri Prakasam's leadership. Our legislators have made the people of the province hang down their heads in shame. The appeal of the new Premier to the people for co-operation sounds strange in the face of events and is an insult to the intelligentsia of the province. People everywhere, young

and old, stand aghast, bewailing the fate of the province just now. The new Premier is on trial; for there is wisdom in the saying, "A person who can be led can be misled. A person who can be ruled can be misruled. A person is not free so long as he lets someone else think or act for him". The ex-Premier who has been dethroned has come out of the ordeal in flying colours. The wonderful manner in which he explained the policies of the Government, and tackled the sallies of the Muslim Leaguers and the Communists reveals his great parliamentary virtues. In the estimation of many, he has out-beaten Rajaji, and upheld the prestige of our province. He has suffered martyrdom for his sincere and loyal devotion to Gandhian ideologies at the hands of our Congress legislators. The electorate will not forgive them!

JUSTICE.

Legislators Should Resign

The people of this province were very hopeful that the Congress High Command would interfere in the Madras Congress Legislature Party affairs and act according to the wishes of the people. But the High Command proved itself to be a supporter of reactionary and power-mongering elements in the Congress Legislature Party. The Congress Working Committee passed a resolution stating that there is no question of legality or illegality of the ruling given by the Leader and as the majority of the Party members were against Sri Prakasam, he should resign. This shows that the High Command has no regard for the Party rules and discipline and for public opinion. According to the present constitution there is no provision for "recall." The Congress High Command, which claims to represent the people, should ask the legislators of those constituencies where the people have expressed their lack of con-

fledgling in them, to resign and ask them to fight in the elections on this issue.

K. V. NARASIMHA MOORTHY.
Rebala.

What Next?

In view of the recent turmoil in the Congress Legislature Party and the Cabinet crisis, all hopes for a stable Government are frustrated. The groups in the Party have at last succeeded in overthrowing the popular Government and setting up a new Government. Unless the High Command bestows attention, another crisis is possible.

The previous Cabinet had sponsored a number of schemes such as abolition of zamindaries, Khadi development, producer-cum-consumer societies for the abolition of middlemen, etc. Will the new Government execute all these schemes? What about the textile policy?

Ex-Premier Prakasam deserves the thanks of the people for his valuable services on their behalf.

Ongole. N. PURUSHOTHAM.

Questions For The High Command

The way a section of the High Command has manoeuvred the downfall of the popular leader Sri Prakasam has left a strong doubt in the minds of the public as to the bonafides of the High Command. The High Command could pull down Prakasam from the ministerial position, but it cannot pull him down from the hearts of the people. The stock of the Congress had fallen now and it will be evidenced in the next elections. The High Command will do well to answer the following questions, if it cares for public opinion on which it says its popularity stands.

Can the High Command deny that the Madras ministerial crisis was manoeuvred directly by Sardar Patel and Rajagopalachari?

The no-confidence group of the Madras Legislature Party had openly stated that it would abide by the direction of the High Command. In that case, what prevented the High Command from advising them to defer the no-confidence move till the end of the month when fresh election of the leader would have taken place and to save the fair name of the Congress? Is it because the High Command felt that throwing mud on the face of Sri Prakasam is more important than saving the prestige of the Congress?

Thousands of resolutions were passed by the electorate expressing no-confidence in the M.L.As. and those resolutions were sent to the High Command. Is it not morally binding on the M.L.As. and the High Command to give effect to public opinion or try to assess public opinion by seeking its verdict on this question?

Where does the sovereignty lie? Is it with the people? Or with the Congress High Command? If so what steps will the High Command take to educate the M.L.As. on this fundamental principle of democracy and advise them not to camouflage their misbehaviour under the fair name of Congress discipline?

There is a strong rumour that the M.L.As. were purchased by the mill-owners and millionaires to vote against Prakasam whose programme affects directly their interests? Will the High Command order an open enquiry into this and take steps to vindicate the fair name of the Congress in whose name these offences are being committed?

Prominent leaders in the dissentient groups have admitted the existence of groups in the Congress Legislature Party. Strict disciplinarian as he poses to be, what steps is the Sardar going to take against the offenders of discipline responsible for the group formations that militate against the Party rules?

The least that is expected of the High Command is to answer straight these questions.

K. B. RAO.

High Command To Clarify

Rashttrapathi Acharya Kripalani gave a ruling that it is open to the majority of the legislators to call back their leader as and when they cease to have confidence in him. While enforcing this, no attempt appears to have been made to enquire into the background of the "No-confidence." Will the High Command be pleased to clarify and define the rights and obligations existing between the legislators and their electorates, when the latter entertain grave doubts as to the responsibility of the legislators towards them. None could deny the fact that without the support of the electorates the legislators could not possibly think of entering the Legislature. Consequently the legislators owe a duty to the electorates. In the event of the electorates losing confidence in their elected representatives in the Legislature, what democratic hold have the electorates on their representatives

to take action? It is highly desirable that the High Command should give an immediate and unambiguous ruling as to the relations between the legislators and the electorates, since it is one of the vital issues requiring solution at any time.

A. V. G. KRISHNASWAMY.

Tuni.

Total Prohibition

Last year when Sri Prakasam had to implement the Budget drawn up by the Advisors with some changes beneficial to the public, Messrs. A. Vaidyanatha Iyer, Dr. T. S. S. Rajan and N. S. Varadachari wanted total Prohibition and embarrassed the Ministry to some extent on this issue. They have now thrown out the Prakasam Ministry and put their own men as Ministers. I would like to ask them, is it not their duty to see that total Prohibition is introduced immediately in all the districts.

Y. SIVARAMAIIYA.

Nellore.

The Punjab Scene

When the Muslim Leaguers came out successful as a single majority party in the Punjab elections, they were naturally confident of their due share in the administration of the province. But when Sir Khyzar Hyat Khan Tiwana, in alliance with the Sikhs and Hindus, formed his Unionist Ministry, excluding the Muslim Leaguers in spite of their majority, it was a hard pill for them to digest. Had the Muslim League extended the same co-operation that it invites from and expects of the various minorities today, in the formation of a Coalition with Sikhs and Hindus then, there would have been none of this blind killing that now blackens the fair name of the Punjab. But news was on the air then that the League boss did not like the idea of a non-League heading the administration. When the march of events negated their claim to the throne, the Jinnah-ites began their attempts to unseat the Tiwana Ministry. Premier Tiwana, it must be said to his credit, strained every nerve and checked the League move till he scuttled his Cabinet last fortnight, when the Muslim League launched its final attack of direct action, in the name of fight for civil liberties. The Muslim League, it is seen today, has won in the first phase of its battle but to its great disappointment the very talk of a communal Ministry has landed the Punjab in a blood-bath.

The Khan of Mamdot was clever enough to read the writing on the wall and made a bold statement inviting the co-operation of other minorities to form a Coalition Ministry. But now it was the turn of the Sikhs and Hindus. They turned down the proposal immediately. Master Tara Singh has raised his war cry against the installation of a Ministry dominated by the communal elements.

Who will come out successful in this race for power? Sikhs and Hindus or Muslims? Time alone can tell. Whatever be the outcome of this, the happenings in the Punjab give no credit either to the Sikhs and Hindus or to the Muslims. They will only make a fools of ourselves in the eyes of the world and arm the anti-Indian elements with good weapons to fight the Socialist Government of Britain and postpone the hour fixed by them to quit this land. The resolution of the Congress Working Committee endorsing the demand for the partition of the Punjab has come at the right moment. Perhaps it is the answer of the Congress to Jinnah's Pakistan cry all these years. The Punjab incidents provide the political and communal parties with an opportunity to face realities. After all, Hindus, Sikhs and Muslims have to live together side by side. "Let us build together and prepare ourselves for the great things to come"—to put it in the words of Nehru.

R. RAJAGOPALAN.

Arts College For Kurnool

In spite of the public agitation for the immediate location of one Government Arts College at Kurnool, it is regrettable that no action has yet been so far taken. There are 15 high schools in the district and nearly 400 students appear for the School Final examination every year. Out of them some 200 students get through the examination.

Even though there are 4 colleges in Rayalaseema, due to the great rush from this district, many a student finds no admission. It is the duty of the Government to make education easily available to the masses so that they may advance literally and politically.

The great rush of the students and the limited accommodation in colleges show the urgent need for the location of an Arts College at Kurnool. Among all the districts of Rayalaseema, Kurnool is very backward both economically and culturally.

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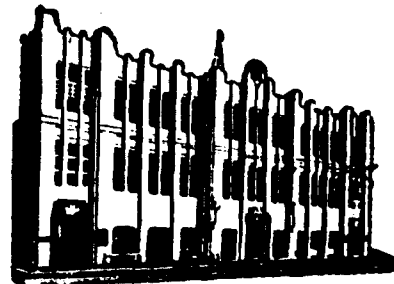
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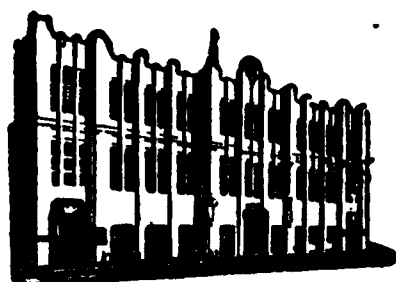
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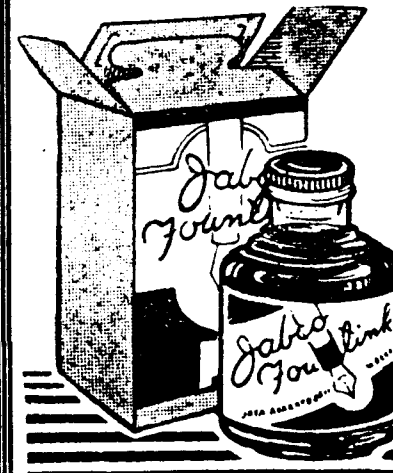
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SWATANTRA

VOL. II
No. 9

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1947.

ISSUED
WEEKLY

WRECK OF DEMOCRACY

THE letters to the Editor published this week reflect the chaotic condition of mind to which the people of this province have been reduced by recent developments culminating in the establishment of the Omandur Ministry. From the correspondence received by us, not all of which could be published, it is evident that an overwhelming section of opinion bewails the exit of Sri Prakasam from the Ministry as a national calamity. Public endorsement of the point of view of *Swatantra* over the ministerial crisis has in this sense been complete and unequivocal. As however we have always stuck to a policy of giving preferential treatment, in the matter of publicity through the Letters Section, to opinions adverse to our own, a disproportionate impression is apt to be engendered about the backing enjoyed by the new Ministry, out of all relation to the actuality. There are people always ready to discern virtues in the possessors of administrative power in a position to confer favours and patronage. Even foreign power which was a degradation to the nation did not suffer for want of henchmen. The tradition of burning incense before the throne has passed on from the jo-hukums of old to the pseudo-nationalists of today who, exchanging the Justice garb for the tricolour, perceive in Dr. Subbaroyan an inspiring embodiment of Gandhism, and in Omandur an incar-

nation of national greatness throwing Moulana Abul Kalam Azad into the shade.

These now rant of democracy. They harp on the legislators' right to depose no less than elect a leader. In ordinary circumstances, legislators being representatives of the people, the choice of the legislators as to who should be their leader, ought finally to dispose of the matter, and may be taken as the equivalent of the wish of the people. What removes the defeat of the ex-Premier from the purview of such a finality is the utter aversion of people in general to the result that has been brought about. It is no exaggeration to say that today none in the whole of South India is so much an idol of the masses as Sri Prakasam. Crowds gather round him wherever he goes, lovingly shouting cries of "Andhra Kesari Ki Jai," and in his recent visit to East Godavari, people waited for hours in their thousands to demonstrate their affection for him. None of this finds its way into the daily papers, whereas the new Ministers who can boast of nothing similar by way of popular homage, have their minutest proceedings recorded with magnified importance and vigilant industry. "The essence of a popular Government", said Sardar Patel at Nadiad this week, "was whole-hearted support of the people." Quite unexceptionable. But anyone that is not

blind can see that the whole-hearted support of the people in Madras belongs not to Omandur, not to Dr. Subbaroyan or Gopala Reddi or Kala Venkata Rao, but to the ex-Premier whose all these have combined to supplant. The essence of a popular Government is therefore absent in the Omandur Ministry.

Democracy as a system of government honouring the will of the people has established itself in the world in two alternative forms. One is the American form under which the people choose directly their own leader. Under such a method, in the circumstances of the present, Sri Prakasam would be the only obvious choice for the leadership of this province, and Omandur whose name even has been hitherto unknown to the bulk of the people, would not have had a ghost of a chance. The second form of democracy is the one prevalent in Britain by which legislators choose the nation's leader, but its most characteristic feature is the right of the leader chosen to appeal to the people direct, in the event of being thrown out by the legislators after having been once elected. As from practically the whole province vigorous protests have been voiced forth against the treatment meted out to Sri Prakasam by the legislators, there can be little doubt that the verdict of the polls, if it could now be taken, would pronounce him victor and result in the rout of his opponents. This is clear from the fact that he relies on the people and is ever ready to face them, whereas it is his opponents that dread an election and dare not face the electorates. Armed with the might of the support of a virtually idolising public, Sri Prakasam could have beaten down all opponents, but the Congress High Command have stepped in as a buffer between the people and the defiant legislators who have ceased to represent the people, to the detriment of true democracy.

Sardar Patel is the strong man of the Congress High Command, and to do the Sardar justice, he makes no bones about the plight to which the Congress has fallen. At Ahmedabad last week he said that "within the Congress organisation groups had been formed to capture power" and "there was discontent against the Congress." But what has the Sardar done to discourage the organisation of groups in the Congress in a province like Madras where the Premier had actually warned the High Command about the dangerous demoralisation bound up with the group system and appealed for timely action to stem the rot? It is the greed of the groups for the capture of power that has culminated in the concerted move blessed by the High Command for driving Sri Prakasam out. Entrusted as Rajaji was with responsible work as a member of the Interim Government, calling for all his time and energies, he should have been content to devote himself wholly to that work. But he outstripped his responsibility by continuing to act as the leader of a group in the Congress Legislature Party, embarrassing a Premier whom he was bound by virtue of his official position to help, solely bent evidently on helping his own followers to key positions in the Ministry. Rajaji, with a group of 30, wanted first two Ministerships for his group, then three and then four! Sri Kamaraj Nadar, with a group of some 45, having already bagged four posts, insists on having a say about a fifth pertaining to Malabar. And the Gopala Reddi group of 37 would have nothing less than three posts in the Ministry. All the clamour of the groups has led to a nice balancing of greeds with a figurehead adorning the apex while the biggest single section of the whole party comprising not less than 73 is wholly shut out and reduced to a cipher so far as the Ministry is concerned. How can decent people accept as binding so

shameless a perversion of service into spoils and so crude an appropriation of the spoils for the delectation of opportunists and the elimination of one of the biggest figures in South Indian Congress history? Sri Omandur, a pious and estimable gentleman, would seem to have misjudged his measure when he allowed himself to be put up as a pawn in the political game for the unseating of the ex-Premier. A leader whom his supporters themselves insulted by not wishing to have as Premier, and who further insulted himself by relegating the most important tasks of leadership to others, reducing himself to a dummy status thereby, is neither a cheerful nor a dignified sight, and the emergence of Sri Omandur as Premier is not a thing to be proud of for the people of the province who have not the same motives as the ruthless aspirants for ministerial posts in the Congress Legislature Party to see a joke embodied in the trappings of supreme control over their affairs. On behalf of an outraged public we appeal to the Congress High Command to see to the end of the monstrosity which with their sufferance has assumed the form of a Government in Madras, and devise measures before it is too late to save both democracy and Congress prestige from total wreck.

The Asian Conference

THE SUCCESS of the Asian Conference which recently concluded its session at New Delhi, has been manifest. This fact should have been gratifying to Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, who has unwearingly extolled the benefits of international contacts. His withers were unwrung by the abstention of the Muslim League which came to the remarkable conclusion that a conference, attended for the most part by delegates from Muslim countries, was an attempt to aggrandise the "Hindu Congress." The blindness of

vision, produced by rank communalism, is astounding.

The Conference which heard a great deal of eloquent orations, has decided to set up a permanent organisation. It has also been arranged that the next session of the Conference should be held in China two years later. Thus, the substantial benefits derived by the Delhi session, are to be stabilised.

That the Conference did confer some benefits, at least as far as any can be conferred by people of different traditions and tongues coming together and talking together, is evident. It has demonstrated that the downtrodden nations of this great Continent can stand up for their rights. It has also proved that it is within the capacity of an Indian Government to scheme and bring to fruition an international assemblage. These two facts should be gratifying to all Asians.

No insult was offered to the departing European regimes, no war cry raised, and no blood-curdling threats made. The delegates, on the contrary, realised that the world has had enough of war, and that it should decide, as one unit, to settle down to the no less arduous tasks of peace. This conception of one world, though it derives its inspiration from the United States, is raised in stature with its acceptance by the peoples of Asia. The parallel pictures of disunity and hatred in Europe should serve to hearten the friends of this Continent and to cast dismay into its contemners.

It would perhaps be more consistent with the spirit of the Conference to point out the need for the East and the West to unite, in that it is time to realise that the one cannot any longer be the hewer of wood and drawer of water for the other. Then can the poet's dream of "oarless sea, snakeless meadow, and summers of ease" be realised.

Future of Germany

THE PRESENT SESSION of the Foreign Ministers at Moscow is dragging on a weary and quarrelsome existence. The radical differences of opinion among the four representatives is, no doubt, responsible for its signal failure to agree on any one point of importance. The result has been that Germany, after about two years of her unconditional surrender, continues to maintain a tortured and perplexed life. Her arbiters have had before them for a fairly long time questions such as the form of her future government, the "level of the industry" to be permitted to her, and the status of such vital provinces as the Ruhr, the Rhineland and the Saar.

While the august wranglings go on at Moscow, a thoroughly discredited body, the Allied Control Council, continues to mismanage the country not so much because of inefficiency as because of a lack of a definite and unified policy.

It should be admitted that the problem is not an easy one. Germany's disease is, indeed, not merely physical, but perhaps even metaphysical. Thrice in seventy years has she pounced upon her fair and teeming neighbour, France, with all the ferocity of a barbarian. Many Frenchmen have never forgotten that it was in their Hall of Mirrors that the German Empire was proclaimed. Consequently, they found no harshness when, in *their* hour of victory, they imposed the Treaty of Versailles, a document admittedly full of injustice and legalised hatred. The recent occupation of her country by the traditional foe was only calculated to add fuel to the smouldering fires of vengeance.

Therefore, M. Bidault has been the most implacable foe of a "soft peace" for Germany. He would have been unfaithful to the tradition of "Tiger" Clemenceau, had he adopted a different attitude. He has

been particularly insistent upon detaching the Ruhr, described as Germany's arsenal, from the control of Germany. He has demanded that this process of detaching should not merely be economic but also political and administrative, similar, in fact, to what was done with the Saar after Versailles.

It is not always clear what the demands have been of the three other Powers of occupation. As far as can be made out from published statements, the British plan would avoid the evils of too intense a centralisation and of too lax a decentralisation. Germany would maintain her economic unity, now sundered by her arbitrary division into four zones, and would be allowed to produce the controlled amount of eleven million tons of steel every year. The basic industries of the Ruhr would be "socialised"; that is to say, the area would continue to remain German, but the industries would be conducted under international supervision.

The Americans do not appear to have determined views on the subject, but may be said to agree with the British in the main. On the other hand, the Russians are emphatic that Germany could survive only under a Centralised Government, and would go to ruin if a Federation were imposed.

Even this brief summary is sufficient to indicate that a greater, a far greater, spirit of compromise is necessary if the Ministers are to agree on any point of importance. Actually, so far, they have decided that an Advisory Council should be formed after the formation of a Provisional Government. But what is to be the shape of this provisional arrangement, and such like more important details, have yet to be decided.

The complex problem is not rendered easier of solution by the fact that many smaller nations, equally

the victims of German militarism, loudly demand to be consulted in the matter. Their views are as much varied as those of their greater colleagues are. Nor should the perpetual Soviet suspicion of the Western bloc be forgotten as another element of discord. While the talks for the revision of the Anglo-Soviet Treaty are proceeding with astounding slowness, an accidental visit by M. Leon Blum, while he was the Prime Minister of France, resulted in the signing of a treaty between Britain and France at the appropriate site of Dunkirk. This agreement, following upon the Anglo-Saxon support for the detachment of the Ruhr from Germany, appears to the Russians to be an attempt to wrest the control of that arsenal for the special behoof of the Western Powers.

These are some of the main constituents of that notable diplomatic devil's cauldron, called Germany. How a peace that should at once be fair, firm, and just, is to be evolved by the four politicians now in session at Moscow, remains a matter of doubt.

A Dangerous Crusade

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S move for bolstering up the Right-Wing Governments of Greece and Turkey constitutes, along with American monopoly of the atomic bomb, the most serious threat to the peace of a world that has already suffered the ravages of two World Wars within half a century. Preluded earlier by Dean Acheson's charge of 'expansionism' against Russia, the latest American policy is one of unilateral action embarked upon in utter disregard of the United Nations' Organisation. Senator Harry Byrd's suggestion that the U. N. O. should be "reorganised without Russia" is only a logical extension of the President's policy. The dan-

ger of eventual war between America and Russia has therefore become real.

The pious expressions of solicitude for democracy which accompanied the declaration of intervention are not likely to deceive anyone. American soldiers and businessmen cannot pass convincingly for knight-errants in the cause of democracy in distress. It is a patent case of America taking over from Britain the task of keeping in power the present Greek Government, composed of Monarchists and ex-Fascist collaborators. The pro-Anglo-Saxon clique of Turkey is similarly sought to be maintained in power. The mantle of the chief imperialist power has descended on America from Britain and the former, with her enormous monetary and natural resources, hopes to do the job with even greater thoroughness. Having already perfected the technique of suppressing democratic forces through military aid to the "established" Government in China, America is now playing the game on a vaster arena. It is significant that Truman's policy has received the support of both Republican and Democratic Senators and of the entire Big Business newspaper chains. The only protests made are by the late President Roosevelt's son and by the former Secretary for Commerce, Mr. Henry Wallace. Both represent a political tradition that has been discarded by the present rulers of America who have decided that they are the chosen deputies of Destiny, entrusted with the mission of making the world safe for capitalist democracy.

The U. N. O. must immediately take steps to curb this dangerous crusading fervour if the Organisation is not to become just another farce like the League of Nations. The grant of 400 million dollars, and the projected dispatch of military and civil personnel to make of Greece and Turkey two pistols

pointed at the head of the Soviet Union, are flagrant violations of the principle of collective security. They are comparable only to the intervention in Russia by the capitalist nations after the 1917 Revolution, and to the intervention in Spain by Italy and Germany which resulted in the overthrow of the Spanish Republic and the rise of General Franco to dictatorial power. At that time Britain "kept aloof" from the civil war, and thereby helped the Fascist powers to acquire that strength with which they later tried to conquer Europe and the world. Similar indifference to a similar situation to-day will end just as disastrously. Truman must be stopped from repeating the expansionist activities of Hitler and Mussolini under the worn out banner of anti-Communism.

India has a special responsibility in this matter. If hostility towards Russia is undertaken as part of the bargain with Britain during the present negotiations for transfer of power, or if our growing capitalist class is dazzled by the alluring prospects of profitable deals with American industrialists into entering an anti-Soviet alliance, India would become a party to the betrayal of world peace and international co-operation. The independence that was displayed by our representatives in the U. N. O. while dealing with the South African issue must be maintained in our future foreign policy if India is to live up to the 'one world' ideal that was solemnly affirmed at the Inter-Asian Conference.

A Prize Distribution Ceremony
A REMARKABLE function was organized by the owners of the Madras City Motor Service Limited on April 6. Dr. T. S. S. Rajan was present and was, incidentally, addressing the first workers' meeting after assuming office as Minister for Labour. He congratulated the

workers of the Service on having kept their buses moving on March 31 when there was a general strike in the city as an expression of sympathy with the B. & C. Mills workers who are on strike. The Minister did not, however, stop with mere verbal expression of praise and gratitude; the 'loyal' workers were rewarded by the management with something very much more concrete. Dr. Rajan handed over Rs. 100 each to nine workers for especial loyalty, and also announced the grant of a week's salary to all other workers. The Minister could not understand why workers in transport should bother about the fate of workers in the textile industry, and declared that they had "nothing in common except that they were all labourers." Being "all labourers" is presumably "nothing" to Dr. Rajan, but it signifies a great deal to the politically awakened workers who know that they are the common victims of the same economic system of exploitation. And if textile and motor workers have nothing in common, what have Mr. N. Sundaram and Mr. L. N. Govindarajan (professors in a local college both) in common with the Labour Minister?

Church and State in U. S.

The Reverend G. E. Hopkins was among the observers at the Inter-Asian Relations Conference. He represented the United States Churches' Committee on International Affairs. Expressing his joy at what he describes as the loss of their initial influence which the delegations of the Soviet Republics suffered, he explains it as due to the "screening of a film demonstrating Russian military power." Obviously the Church dignitary had forgotten, or at least expected Indians to have forgotten, all about certain atomic bombs being stocked by his own country. This is what President Truman—the self-appointed protector of world democracy—has to say on the subject: "No matter how

great our military potential may be, military potential alone is not enough. It is necessary that we maintain sufficient military strength to convince the world that we intend to meet our responsibilities." So if Russia is sinning, she is no lone sinner and the Rev. Hopkins was, at best, merely illustrating the legend of the pot and the kettle. Even more interesting is the concluding part of his impressions of the Conference, in which he throws out dark hints about the fears of "many of the Asian countries" (he does not specify what these countries are) about Indian or Chinese domination. We should perhaps shortly expect President Truman to send out money and troops to "aid" Asian countries in their struggle against domination by India.

Prophecy by a French General

General de Gaulle, being a militarist with the ambition of becoming a Rightist dictator, naturally turns to America for support. He

can try his luck and face consequences. But it is difficult to understand why he should deliver himself of such a strange reading of history as this: "Similarity of ideals of the American and French people has created between them a sort of moral link which no vicissitude has been able to break." One wonders what was the moral link which united France of the Popular Front with isolationist America, or which to-day unites the French Government led by Communists and Socialists with the American administration under Truman. The French General has a habit of speaking in terms of France when he is actually thinking of himself and his friends. Only this can explain his oracular statement that the United States and France would together oppose any new tyranny (a transparent abusive epithet for Russia). It is somewhat too early, whatever might be his hopes regarding his political venture, for the General to indulge in such prophecies.

Sotto Voce

The Twilight Of The Gods



IT would need the pen of a Voltaire to chronicle the happenings of the week in which the March hare and the April fool met and held high revel on the floor of the Madras Legislature. The unquiet spirit of Vichy, having done his best to abolish God from Christendom, must rejoice at the discovery in far away Madras of kindred spirits whose zeal for iconoclasm is unquestioned. True, he might not think much of their understanding. But, then, he was never more pleased than when

he could make butts of his special friends.

Dr. T. S. S. Rajan stayed in England for some years and he possibly attended some of the revivalist meetings that erupt in that country from time to time. At any rate, in sponsoring the Temple-Entry Bill he played to perfection the part of the 'converted' sinner who stands up and loudly proclaims his fall from grace and late repentance. He called upon all his caste fellows

to do likewise and make amends to their Harijan brethren. What for, however, was not very clear; for Dr. Rajan complained in the same breath that there was no "healthy criticism" of the measure he commended to the Legislature.

His grouse reminds me of the predicament in which Dundubhi the mighty buffalo found himself. He challenged the Himalaya to single combat, it will be remembered, as he could not find a foe-man worthy of his battering ram. Dundubhi in due course met his Waterloo in Valli. But that kind of nemesis rarely overtakes legislators bitten by the bug of reform. It is so easy to abolish opposition by shutting your eyes to it or locking it up when it proves troublesome. Dundubhi, for all his brawn, cannot hold a candle to the modern State with its myriad engines of coercion.

Dr. Rajan complacently assumes that the entire Hindudom is rapturously ranged behind him. Proofs? Why, temple after temple has thrown open its doors to the lowly children of God in the past few months. And has a single voice been raised in protest? Dr. Rajan is magnanimous enough to concede that in the tremendous din of applause that has greeted this inspiring spectacle of Hinduism resurgent, a puling squeak here and there may have been drowned. But what does it matter? In any case the Congress Hercules was vowed to strangle the serpent of obscurantism.

It was but proper that at this solemn hour the apostles of uplift should have raised up their hearts to heaven and rendered thanks for C. Rajagopalachariar. It was his superb intellect, they remember with gratitude, that made black look like white by the magic power of Ordinance-making. What might otherwise have been a sordid crime, trespass into the Minakshi temple—perpetrated with the surreptitious irreverence of the small boy who puts out his tongue at his betters, acquired

by *ex-post-facto* validation the mystic hue of a God-given sign. Appropriately enough it was an exercise of just that arbitrary power which the Congress had never wearied of denouncing in the British oppressor.

As a piece of accomplished political chicanery this was but a curtain-raiser to the masterly tactics that paved the way for the ultimate triumph. Temples were to be thrown open if local opinion favoured the course. The trustee was to be treated for this purpose as the sole exponent of local opinion. And the Government took care to appoint the trustee. After swallowing this camel, was it not unreasonable. Dr. Subbarayan sweetly asked, to strain at the gnat of legislation even if it was by a motley crowd?

The legislature, almost comically aware of its own importance, gave a multitude of counsel. The Muslims congratulated the backward Hindu on taking a step that would bring him nearer to Islam. The Christians exhorted him to persevere in well-doing by abolishing caste next. A modern representative of "the ancient Kings of India" demanded that backsliders should be punished by having their electricity cut off. Another Harijan member was unrepentant enough to prefer food and drink to spiritual consolation; one hopes he was comforted by Dr. Rajan's disarming reply that food and drink cost money, which the Government could not afford.

Sir A. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar asked whether it was safe to set a precedent which might encourage atheists, for instance, if they were in power, to ban all worship. Apparently he does not know the antecedents of many of the hierophants of temple-entry. The resourceful and much experienced Dr. Subbarayan replied that if democracy decided thus its will must prevail; but with his unfailing optimism he refused to think that God could ever

be banished from the hearts of Indians. Would it not be best to leave God out of the argument? Democracy, as our Congress elite understands it, has the morals of the termite world. The ferocity with

which the crusaders would enforce the Tactile Imperative—"You must touch me"—is pure sadism. The twilight of the gods is the twilight of reason.

VIGHNESWARA.

DEMOCRATIC SOCIALIST PARTY OF CHINA

by V. G. NAIR

AMONG the twelve delegates representing China at the Asiatic Relations Conference at New Delhi was Mr. Mao Yee Hang, Personal Representative of Mr. Carson Chang, Leader of the Democratic Socialist Party of China.



Mr. Mao, who was educated in England, France and Germany is one of the outstanding Socialist leaders of China. He took active part in the Chinese Revolution of 1917, and was Consul-General for Siberia under the Peking Government for a few years.

In an interview at the Constitution House, Mr. Mao explained to me the aims and objectives of the Chinese Socialist Party, which he said stood for a Democratic Socialist State for China. The aim of Democratic Socialism is to achieve (1) full development of the individual, (2) full social division of labour and co-operation, (3) economic planning and protection by the State and (4) international co-operation leading to the establishment of the World State. His party, Mr. Mao said, is now working in collaboration with the present Government with the object of carrying into effect the new constitution adopted at the National Assembly which was held in Nanking during November 1946. The new constitution which was formally promulgated in January 1947 will come into force only from December 1947. This new constitution is the

result of China's 52 years of revolutionary history since the birth of the Republic in 1911. It ends China's political tutelage under the Kuomintang acting through the National Government and places the administration of China directly under representative institutions as in Western parliamentary democracies.

About the system of future Government, Mr. Mao said that his party's aim is to keep the judiciary independent of the army and political parties. Civil and military problems are to be separated and men in military service will be strictly forbidden from taking part in politics.

"The Chinese people," said Mr. Mao, "desire peace. For over twenty years, our party had stood by legal and constitutional means in effecting political and economic reforms for China. We promote peaceful methods and we are not in sympathy with class struggle and bloody revolutions. If our peaceful means fail, we will follow the Gandhian method of non-violent non-co-operation and passive resistance. We have great faith in the political weapons of Gandhi and Nehru. Our people, in spite of the civil war, are hopeful for a Coalition Government including the Communists." Until this objective is realised, Mr. Mao concluded, his party would co-operate with the existing National Government.

Mr. Mao has been sent to India by his leader, Mr. Carson Chang, at the special invitation of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru.

SIDELIGHTS : :

Responsibility walks hand in hand with capacity and power.
—J. G. HOLLAND.

A dummy status comes into being when men of inferior calibre occupy positions of superior power and importance, for which they are not fitted by ability, character or equipment. Half the heart-burning in the world is due to the enthronement of dummies, over the heads of their betters, in coveted posts on grounds unconnected with the question of their aptitude for filling them. When there is harmony between position and capacity, nobody feels a sense of injury. An impression of propriety pervades the atmosphere. All are content. Irrelevant considerations do not usurp the limelight. Nor are people harassed by forebodings of mishap to come.

Pandit Nehru while Congress President—or Abul Kalam Azad—adorned a role to which none could take exception, because few could be found qualified so well as they to adorn it. Congress Presidentship not merely confers honour, but it is itself honoured and its prestige is in every way enhanced, when a leader of the calibre of Nehru occupies it. No excuses were ever made by anybody in justification of Nehru for any of the posts filled by him, and he took all the honours that came in his way with ease and grace, offending none with any sense of enormity. Kripalani's Presidentship is of a different order. He falls short of the nation's front-rankers in stature. He was an admirable Secretary—so admirable that his transition to the title of supreme leadership in the Congress has produced somehow the impression of an elevation brought about with special effort. Those responsible for this transition, have not served either Congress or Kripalani well. We have a measure of their folly in Lord Mountbatten's choice of leaders for confabulation. The new Viceroy found no difficulty in sizing up Mr.

Jinnah as the man that counted for representing the Muslim League. Who can blame him for coming to a different conclusion in the case of the Congress President? Or for bypassing Kripalani in favour of more important Congressmen for getting at the Congress point of view? Cripps would not have dreamed of ignoring Azad in any negotiations meant to be with the Congress.

Sri Kripalani is intelligent and clever. He is brave. But he is not a man of stature. In a democratic age political stature is inseparable from influence with people as measured with the size and character of one's following. Kripalani is conspicuous for lack of stature in this sense. This was why his mission to Madras for settlement of the ministerial crisis ended so ineffectively. In the minds of the refractory legislators whom he counselled to unite, there was always in the background the formidable figure of Sardar Patel, and it was Sardar Patel who counted and not Kripalani. As a fighter Sardar Patel is nonpareil, but as the fight with foreign power has got relaxed through progressive victory, he has made the Congress itself a battleground for personal ascendancy, giving short shrift to one and all daring to question his authority. His overbearing figure dominates the Congress—and round his neck he wears a garland of skulls from the carcasses of victims politically done to death by him. The lobbies were thick with rumours that implacable Patel had been bluntly spoken to by foolhardy Prakasam; that the Sardar had taken grave offence and had vowed vengeance; that the dice were well loaded against the ex-Premier; and that victory was therefore certain for whoever rebelled. After all this, was it to be wondered at if the legislators treated with scant courtesy every attempt of Sri Kripalani to bring about a compromise? The indignity to the office of Congress President became complete when

even an appeal to take one more day for thought before electing a leader was contemptuously spurned by the anti-Prakasamites in their impatience to supplant Sri Prakasam.

In the case of the Congress President, we have an example of the titular head of a great national organisation not actually exercising the supremacy that pertains to his status, but himself controlled by other more powerful masters from behind. This divorce of power from responsibility at the top is being reproduced lower down, and the Omandur Ministry in Madras is a characteristic specimen of one such

example of reproduction. How far the infection of it will spread, none can say. If the top Congress bosses care to tour the province, they will have no difficulty whatever in sizing up the comparative holds of the new and the supplanted Premiers on the regard and affections of the people. An idolised hero of the populace has been ousted to make way for a comparatively obscure substitute with no broad-based popular support to boast of. People therefore feel cheated by the new arrangements ushered in for the sharing of power, and for their part in promoting them, the High Command come in for a liberal share of the general resentment.—SAKA.



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

THE MADRAS MINISTERIAL CRISIS

by S. S. RAJAN

A PARTY gets a leader it deserves. The Congress manikins who have entered the Legislature to add volume to their puny figures have succeeded in pulling down Sri Prakasam who overtops them all in moral stature, dignity, experience of affairs and service to the people. Sri Prakasam is a born leader of men, made by Nature in one of her generous moods, with a courage of heart, iron will, stead-fast self-respect and high-hearted endeavour for the public weal. But our legislators do not want tall poppies to grow in their garden. They want a leader who can be led.

The blunt truth is that our legislators, with a few honourable exceptions, are not fitted to fill the big roles which are thrust upon them. They are at the tender mercies of the power-mad wire-pullers of the party, who have made the party a seething cauldron of petty intrigues, hates and personal vendettas.

Some years ago, Mr. A. L. Rouse, a brilliant Oxford don and a Left-wing intellectual, deploring the pitiful inadequacy of the leadership of the Labour Party in England wrote, "Last year the Labour Party had the opportunity of making Mr. Morrison its treasurer, a most important post which might have given him some chance of putting the party in order and giving it a new spirit. The party, with its eyes wide open, chose Arthur Greenwood. The truth must be said by some one, that the Labour Party has nothing to expect from Mr. Greenwood, neither a new impulse nor a new spirit. And the worst of all signs of demoralisation is that it knows perfectly, and goes on to exchange a Morrison for a Greenwood. A party that does that sort of thing does not mean business and is certainly unfit for power."

How painfully true all this is of the Madras Congress Legislature Party! The genesis of the crisis and the events that have led up to the

election of the new leader cannot be passed over by enlightened public opinion as merely the domestic troubles of a party in power. The issues involved ought to be considered in the wider context of public morality and constitutional propriety. To take a facile view of the developments as mere jockeying for positions by the so-called group leaders, licit in the working of a democratic party which need not interest the lay public uninitiated in the mysteries of party manipulations, is to betray an attitude of flatulent complacency and ungracious cynicism.

The Prime Minister of a province is the first citizen and servant of the people. He is not merely the leader of the party in power but the accredited representative of the people of the province as a whole, irrespective of party alignments. He is the visible symbol of their new-won political dignity and power. The Premiership of a province is the highest gift in the hands of the people to be bestowed on their chosen leader. Such an exalted office should not be made a pawn in the game of power politics. The Premier should hold office on no "servile tenure" but only on condition of being unrestricted by any obligations other than those affecting the public interest.

No irreverent hands should be laid on him so long as he carries out the broad aims of his party. Periodical and canvassed no-confidence motions inspired by disappointed or petulant mediocrity will result in the relaxation of the solidarity of the Cabinet and reduction of the authority of the Prime Minister and ultimately bring the office into ridicule, contempt and futility. Watchful public opinion should assert itself and see that parliamentary conventions and standards are not broken and the high office reduced to a position of subjection

to the High Command doing their behests with vigorous promptitude.

Our Legislators owe an explanation to the public as to how they came to throw over-board the leader chosen by them hardly eleven months ago. What are their ideological differences with their leader? The Congress President has said with refreshing candour, that he could not understand what they were fighting about. It is a scramble for ministerial flesh pots. Are the people of the province to be helpless witnesses of the unedifying spectacle of our Legislators openly bargaining for ministerships and threatening them with impossible demands? Should we not call them to account for tampering with weights and measures in public life?

The crisis has shown up some of our top-rank Congressmen in a lurid light. Their public conduct is an insult to the awakened political conscience of the people. Dr. Rajan's alliance with Sri Kamaraj is a portent. What do they have in common except perhaps an identical hatred for Sri Prakasam? Dr. Rajan's group refused to join the Prakasam Ministry last year, giving the ostensible reason that they could not work under a rebel leader who had dared to defy the High Command and fallen from their grace. They were full of protestations of loyalty to the High Command and stood out as men of superior morality, uninterested in ministry-making, assuming the role of disinterested mentors of the party. But what had happened to change their attitude or tactics? Why are they now worshipping strange gods? Why do they philander with Sri Kamaraj, who had also flouted the High Command, and who was solely responsible for Sri C. Rajagopalachari's exile in New Delhi? The answer is simple. The high-falutin attitude adopted by the party at the instance of Sri Vaidyanatha Iyer did not suit the "realists" of the party like Dr. Rajan. Sri Vaidyanatha Iyer is too good for human nature's daily food, and the leadership of the group gravitated to Dr. Rajan. The group had sat so long astride on the fence, and the iron had entered into their

soul. They felt that they were left in the cold. They fondly believed for some time that the Ministry would collapse and they could rise to office on the ruins of the Prakasam Ministry. But to their chagrin the Ministry was getting stabilised and winning golden opinions from quarters close to Gandhiji. Realist as he is, Dr. Rajan changed his tactics, and acting on the prudential maxim that discretion is the better part of valour, opened negotiations with Sri Prakasam for places in the Ministry for his group. The bargain was struck and even the time for swearing in the new Minister was fixed. But Dr. Rajan had counted without the host. The communalists in his own group over-ruled the arrangements and upset the applicant. To cover up the defeat inflicted by his own friends and resurrect his pride so rudely shaken by his henchmen he had to walk into the trap so cleverly prepared by Sri Kamaraj and appear in the ridiculous and ironic role of the mover of the no-confidence motion against the Premier under whom he had pledged to serve a couple of days before. Motions of confidence or no-confidence lose all their significance and validity, when they are so blatantly made the bargaining counters for ministerial seats. Dr. Rajan is an unconscious victim of circumstances whom fate has played false, and he emerges out of this sorry and sordid business as a bustling figure of pathetic futility and inconsequence. It is a misfortune that our political struggle has lost fire, and the leadership of a great party has fallen into the hands of third-line leaders whose puny hates and petty intrigues degrade public life. Public opinion should not submit to this deliberate and deplorable lowering of public conduct.

The Congress High Command cannot be wholly absolved of their share of responsibility for the moral anarchy that has seized the Congress Party. The High Command cold-shouldered Sri C. Rajagopalachari at the time of the general election and the selection of Congress candidates for the Legislature

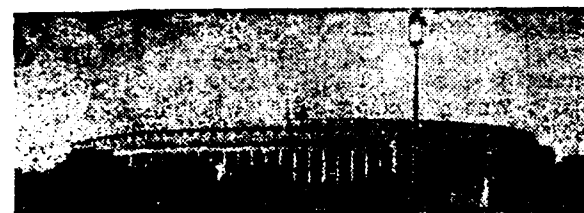
was left in the hands of a communal Junta, with the result that many undesirable persons have got into the Assembly. No wonder, the party consisting of such men of doubtful loyalty to the Congress, rejected the High Command's advice to elect Sri C. Rajagopalachari as their leader. The second blunder they committed was their refusal to help Sri Prakasam to form a stable Ministry. It chose to place him under an interdiction, and treated him as an outcaste, in spite of Sri Prakasam's well-known fidelity to the principles of the movement which placed the Congress in power. The Congress President now harps upon "democratic solution". Does he really mean it? Or, are they mere fig-leaves to Democracy? Why, then, did the High Command refuse to countenance last year Sri Prakasam, the democratically elected leader, and treat him with calculated hostility? The High Command seem to reserve all their courtesy, good-will and tender solicitude to their political opponents. Their studied non-co-operation with Sri Prakasam only shows that even the high-ranking leaders do not err on the side of excess in their charity and are not above personal prejudices, preferences and exclusions. Their attitude encouraged trouble-makers in the party to foment disaffection against their leader, carry tales against him to them, start a whispering campaign of hatred against Sri Prakasam, produce a poisonous atmosphere of underground intrigue and competition and promote indiscipline in the party. The most surprising part of the story is their reaction towards the so-called no-confidence motion. If they really

did not want to interfere in the Madras affairs as they professed to do, they should have treated the no-confidence motion as a scrap of paper and left the whole thing to be settled by the leader. But the High Command in the plenitude of their wisdom chose to give up their attitude of non-intervention, clutched at the motion, gave a directive to the leader to convene the party meeting and sent their emissary to watch the proceedings of the meeting. This abrupt change in their attitude is rather mystifying. One is led to guess that the much-advertised no-confidence motion gave a handle to the High Command to unseat Sri Prakasam and give vent to their spleen against him. To say the least, their handling of the Madras ministerial affairs is not marked by that judicious fairness and scrupulous sense of justice and fairplay, which the people have a right to expect from such an exalted body, shaping the destiny of this country. Unfortunately they have given the impression that they were rather anxious to get rid of Sri Prakasam, who had been too much of a Tartar for them.

Sri Prakasam comes out of the tangled episode of intrigue, treason and sabotage with his reputation for courage, self-respect and equanimity, undimmed. He had striven hard to maintain the dignity of his high office and the proprieties of public life expected of a leader of his stature. No man is a statesman who lacks these qualities and endowments, but often enough they are only the martyr's crown of a statesmanship which is worthier than themselves.

At first, knowledge is sought only for the things it will buy—the daily bread indispensable to life, and those trinkets of body and mind which vanity demands. Yet those low demands do not always possess the human soul. Wisdom is like the heiress of the novel who is at first courted only for her wealth, but whom the fortune-hunter learns afterwards to love for herself alone.—Winwood Reade in his book "Martyrdom of Man".

NEW DELHI DIARY



by V. V. PRASAD

SUTAN SHARIAR is very much like Mahatma Gandhi for the interviewer. He obviously shares with Tolstoy the belief that the most important person is the one with whom you are at any particular moment. (Let me explain the allusion to Tolstoy. In one of his stories Tolstoy poses the three questions: Who are the most important people? What is the best time to do things? And what is the best work to do? A King wants to find out the replies. Some say that the best people are the Generals, some say that they are the astrologers. The best work is declaring wars or giving alms to the poor and so on. The best time is early in the morning or Fridays or Wednesdays or whatever it may be. The King is not satisfied with these answers. He goes to a hermit. The latter is digging the ground. He stays with the hermit for the night. The next day the hermit says the questions are already answered. For the previous night there would have been an attempt on the King's life had he not stayed with the hermit. The man who lay in wait for the King is wounded by the King's men and he comes running to the hermitage. The King nurses him and the man confesses his guilt and swears loyalty to the King. The replies: The best man is the one with whom you are at the time. The best time is Now. The best work is to do good to him).

That is why, I think, Shariar spent a very long time talking to a Sikh gentleman just before our interview with him. Our interview was fixed for 9-30 in the morning but the Sikh gentleman was, we felt, taking our time. He was with Shariar until 9-45. The Sikh gen-

tleman's son had gone to Indonesia in 1945, and has been missing. He asked Shariar whether he had seen his son. Shariar promised to try and find out about him, and requested that a photograph be sent to him. We were not eaves-dropping, of course. We came to know of the circumstances because the Sikh gentleman came out into the Common Room in Dr. John Matthai's residence, where we were waiting. Madame Shariar was also there. He then narrated the gist of the conversation to Madame Maria Shariar. But the Sikh gentleman had a genuine difficulty, because, he said, his son might have shaved off his beard. In that case it would be practically impossible to recognise him with the help of a photograph. Madame Shariar promised she too would do her best.

I think that only a man of Gandhian proportion can take such sympathetic interest in the personal problems of ordinary men and women. Gandhi is known to spend days and days trying to help out the intensely personal affairs of Harijans. I know of one great Indian leader, who, if he were Shariar, would have shouted at the Sikh gentleman as follows: "I have to sign a treaty with the Dutch. I have to attend to the blockade that is going on over there. Millions of Indonesians have to be attended to. Am I to attend to all these things or to your son? I have no time to waste. All right, we will do our best. Send one photograph of your son to me." Interview terminado.

Prof. K. Swaminathan once explained that the existence of Mahatma Gandhi in our midst is having a curious effect on some people. If a man tells a lie or cheats

somebody, and is found out, he reports, "I am not a Mahatma." That excuse is readily accepted because it is a true statement. Similarly in leadership, many members of the Congress Working Committee are perhaps convinced that they are incapable of developing certain qualities for the simple reason that Gandhiji possesses them. And they know that the Mahatma is infinitely their superior. Their humility in this case is acting as a deterrent to their rising to further heights. This humility is not true humility because it is confined only to their attitude towards the Mahatma. It has resulted only in complacency. They are convinced of their own superiority over the common people and have always known that Gandhiji is their superior. This has led them to assume that the common people are as inferior to them, as they are to the Mahatma. That puts the common people pretty low. (I am not forgetting that the Congress Working Committee possesses

at least one Member who is convinced that he is cleverer than Gandhi).

To these people who are encouraged to inaction by the example of Gandhi, I would commend the example of Sutan Shariar. They do not worship Sutan Shariar, therefore they may be able to learn from him better. If the Members of the Working Committee had treated Gandhiji as an equal, then they would have been obliged to become his equals. Only Rajaji treats Gandhi as an equal, and is therefore respected by Gandhi more than any other colleague, although Rajaji has his own defects too. He has a contempt for his colleagues and the common people, which is surprising, in view of his being so great a scholar of 'Bhagavat Gita.'

A journalist here put it aptly when he said "C. R. knows the shallowness of people but he does not know their depths."

Shariar truly has many qualities which are not to be found in any Indian leader except Gandhi.



Dr. and Mrs. Sutan Shariar photographed at the Delhi aerodrome with Pandit Nehru. Mrs. Shariar joined her husband at Delhi after a separation of twelve years.

IN LONDON...



2:48 a.m.



IN LUCKNOW...



8:18 a.m.

Top: The Dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. Lower picture gives an artist's impression of King George's Medical College at Lucknow.

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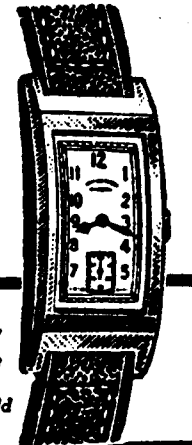
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Spotlight On The World

by Prof. M. VENKATARANGAIYA, M.A.

THE United States Senate Committee on Foreign Relations gave its approval to President Truman's plan to aid Greece and Turkey and there is every prospect of similar action being taken by the House of Representatives and the Bill to aid the two countries becoming law without much delay as everyone in the United States seems to recognize that if aid is to be given at all it should be given immediately. The President's policy therefore of waging war against the forcible spread of Communism into countries which are for the present outside its field has thus become the national policy of the United States accepted by both the political parties. All the same the American public is agitated over two of the issues that the President's plan has brought to the forefront. One is that it has led to the ignoring of the United Nations Organisation and reducing it to a position of insignificance and the other is that it has widened the cleavage between the United States and Soviet Russia and has brought nearer the outbreak of a third world war. It was because of this that the Senate Committee has come forward with an amendment that the President may withdraw his aid to Greece and Turkey if the United Nations furnishes such aid. This does not go very far as the United Nations has no financial or military resources of its own with which it can help the countries in need of such help. There is therefore no exaggeration in the observation made by Mr. Elliott Roosevelt that "Our Government leaders by their actions have undermined the future of the United Nations." Of course Mr. Truman tried to justify his policy by stating in his address to the Democratic Party's annual dinner that the United States should supplement the activities of the

United Nations and that the aid to be given to Greece and Turkey is of this character. As regards the second issue there is no doubt whatever that the President's policy has widened the breach between the United States and Soviet Russia. It is shown by the recall of the Soviet envoy and his staff from Greece. That the action of the United States has wider repercussions is also illustrated by a disclosure that she is planning to sell to Persia a limited quantity of military supplies for preserving internal order. The complete destruction of Communism in the countries of the Middle East, the securing for the advantage of the United States of the oil supplies of that area and the arrest of the spread of Soviet influence into it have thus become an integral part of American foreign policy.

JAPAN

For nearly a year the question of reparations from Japan has been a source of contention among the Allied powers. As there was no prospect of its being settled in the near future the United States Government have directed General MacArthur to make immediately available 30 per cent of all Japanese industrial equipment which can be removed as reparations to China, the Philippines, the Netherlands Indies, Burma, Malaya and Hongkong. This course of action is defended on the ground that these States are in extreme need of industrial equipment for the immediate relief of their economies, that delay in removing this equipment is deteriorating the machinery and that it is also interfering with the Supreme Commander's occupation programme. All this may be true. But it ignores completely the needs of countries like India which have a claim to reparations and it also bypasses the Far Eastern Commission which is

the only representative body that can be expected to deal fairly with the claims of all the Allies.

ENDING OF COLONIALISM

Although the Asian Inter-Relations Conference has not passed any resolutions or discussed questions of a purely political character it gave an opportunity for the delegates from different countries and especially those coming from South East Asia to come to some kind of understanding on the action that they should take in concert if colonialism is to come to an end in Asia. The leaders of the Viet Nam and Indonesian delegations issued a statement which contained five proposals as the first step for joint action in this matter. They called on the Asian Nations who are members of the United Nations Organisation to put the question of colonial people in general and of Viet Nam in particular on the agenda of the Security Council; they also called on all Asian Nations to recognise the Governments of Viet Nam and Indonesia, to withdraw their troops from the areas where people are struggling for freedom, and send medical and other kinds of aid to them. This is a necessary and desirable move and all Asian countries including India should adhere to the statement issued by the two delegations. The fact that even in the backward island of Madagascar in Africa there is now a revolt against French domination shows clearly that not only the people of Asia but also of Africa are determined on obtaining freedom and it is best that they should be helped to achieve their liberation without recourse to war. The sooner the European Nations recognise that the days of colonialism are over and that they can never be brought back the greater are the chances of the world enjoying peace and security.

PALESTINE

It has now been decided to call a special meeting of the General Assembly of the United Nations sometime at the end of April or early in May to discuss the Palestine Problem. But already controversies have arisen regarding the subjects that will have to be discussed at the

special session and the binding nature of any decisions that may be arrived at. It is the view of the British that the Assembly should merely set up a fact-finding committee on Palestine and that a detailed discussion of the problem should be postponed to the next session when the Committee's report will become ready. But there is also the view that unless the problem is discussed at the special session no case can be established for the appointment of a fact-finding committee. The other question has also been raised whether Britain is legally bound to follow the recommendations of the Assembly if these are not acceptable to the British Parliament. Commonsense however tells us that unless such recommendations are followed there is no meaning in convening a special session of the Assembly. In all these controversies it is quite clear that there are some in the world today who have faith in the United Nations Organisation and who wish to strengthen it while there are others who either want to sabotage it or use it merely as a cloak for pursuing their selfish policies. The failure of the League of Nations has not produced any real effect on the so-called advanced countries now represented on the United Nations.

SPAIN

The Spanish problem is as elusive and enigmatic today as it was at the time of the last meeting of the United Nations Assembly when it decided that all member nations should withdraw their ambassadors from Spain as a protest against the continuance of Franco's regime. Ambassadors have been withdrawn by most countries but Franco's regime continues. The two other alternatives are the establishment of a genuine republic or of a monarchy. It is not however possible to bring about the establishment of either of these regimes by a peaceful process. The Spanish people are terribly afraid of a civil war. In the Fascist regime of Franco where the military are supreme and no kind of freedom is permitted there is no room for constitutional action. It is in a situation like this that

Franco wanted to befool the world by announcing that Spain is to be proclaimed a monarchy, the condition being that he should continue to be the head of the State as long as he is alive, that he should have the power to nominate his successor and that the Regency Council might nominate a person of Royal blood to be the head of the State if he fails to nominate his successor. Nothing therefore is to happen now. Franco's proclamation has been rejected by Don Juan, the claimant to the Spanish throne. The head of the Spanish Republican Government in exile in London has also repudiated it. No foreign State is hopeful of anything coming out of it. The fact is that the United States is not keen on overthrowing his regime and the Soviet is not strong enough to do it. And without foreign help the Spanish people find it impossible to get rid of him. The economic and the political situation in Spain is as bad as it is in Greece. The difference however is that while the United States is willing to aid the "democratic" regime in Greece it is not willing to do so in Spain.

FRANCE

The internal situation in France is becoming more and more disturbed. General de Gaulle who stood for French freedom in the darkest days of the war against Hitler but who has been forced by the rise of the Communist and the more radical parties to retire from politics has once more come forward to express his views on the internal political situation. He is suspected of trying to become a sort of dictator and he has hitherto been denied freedom to express his views. He does not like the present constitution of the Fourth Republic. In the last few days however he came before the public and delivered two speeches which attracted wide attention. The Communists have protested against the freedom given to him to make political speeches. The Socialist Government of the

country is now in a dilemma. The situation is tense. General de Gaulle emphasised the need for French-American collaboration in putting an end to the new tyranny menacing the world. He meant by it the Communistic tyranny. Whether this will ultimately result in a close alliance between a new French Government headed by him and the United States which is also determined on carrying on a crusade against Communism is thus a question of importance.

ENGLAND

The second reading of the National Service Bill which provides for compulsory military service for 18 months was passed in the House of Commons under peculiar circumstances. While the Conservative Party in opposition voted with the Labour Cabinet some Labour members voted against it and some others remained neutral. If the Conservatives had not voted for the Government the Labour Cabinet would have had such a small majority that it would have been forced to resign. Its position all the same has become uncomfortable as it is contrary to the spirit of the Constitution that a Government should remain in office with the support of the party in opposition. So a compromise has been arrived at between the Government and the rebel Labour members. The period of conscription is to be reduced from 18 to 12 months. Naturally this concession is disliked by Mr. Churchill and his party. The situation has thus become very intriguing. Whether the Conservatives will vote for the Bill in its amended form and whether the rebel Labourites will be satisfied with the present compromise or whether they will press for other compromises not merely in respect of this Bill but also of the whole foreign policy of the Labour Government—these are the questions for which the British public are anxiously waiting for an answer.

PAKISTAN TRENDS IN SIND

(From A Special Correspondent)

(After forty-four days, the Sind Assembly concluded its budget session in the first week of April. Using its brute majority in the House, the League Party clamped down bill after bill of a distinctly communal nature.)

The following is a survey of the trends in Sind, written by an impartial observer who has watched the lopsided progress of Sind from the days it was separated from Bombay.

The only non-communal spell of life which Sind had was during the brief and brilliant Premiership of the late Mr. Allah Baksh.)

SIND, India's youngest province, is in the throes of a great upheaval. It is more economic and cultural than political. The province where life was held so cheap that hardly a day passed without a murder is to-day enjoying comparative peace. We are spared the horrors of Noakhali, the bloodshed of Bihar and the massacre that is the Punjab. But beneath the apparent surface calm, forces are at work which are calculated to reduce the

Hindus who form the intellectual and business aristocracy of this corner of India, into helots of an Islamic theocracy which is being fashioned under the protecting wings of the Assembly.

It was a bad day in Sind's political annals when the province was subjected to a splinter election resulting in an absolute majority for the Muslim League. From the thirty-four Muslim constituencies, the Leaguers were able to capture



Father and son in the Sind Assembly. Mr. Anwar Hussain Hidayatullah and his father, Premier Chulani Hussain Hidayatullah.



Mr. M. A. Jinnah with members of the Sind Cabinet.

thirty-three seats and the Labour Party candidate who stood on a non-party ticket subsequently succumbed to the blandishments of the League leaders. Thus, in a house of sixty, The Leaguers have an unshakable majority of thirty-four. The Congress Party sported candidates for all the twenty-two Hindu seats and had cent per cent victory but in the seat for the landholders' constituency, which is under a joint electorate, it lost its sitting member, who was defeated in a three-cornered fight, the two winning candidates being Mr. Ghulam Hussain Hidayatullah, the present Premier and Haja Moula Baksh, brother of the late Mr. Allah Baksh who, standing on the Nationalist Muslim Party ticket romped home to victory against heavy odds. The only other non-Leaguer in the Muslim bloc is one Sardar Khan Khoso who has the reputation of being the boneless wonder of the Assembly, as he had flitted from party to party previously.

The general elections were a glorified farce. There was impersonation on a mass scale and ballot boxes were stuffed with bogus votes on

the eve of the polling day. An avalanche of propaganda was let loose in the constituency of the League's public enemy number one, Mr. G. M. Syed, the idealist and dreamer, who has been trying for nearly a decade to rear a new Jerusalem in this corruption-soaked province. Students from Aligarh and League hotheads from the Punjab carried on a raging, tearing campaign in Mr. Syed's constituency, with the result that he was heavily beaten. All the candidates set up by him shared the same fate. Some of the elections were the most fiercely contested in the whole of India.

Mr. Jinnah who wanted to capture the Sind citadel was suddenly called to England on the election eve but he was back at Karachi to see the birth of the new Assembly. At the outset, there was some trouble about the leadership of the party and the personnel of the Ministry but these hurdles were conquered, both the Governor of Sind and Mr. Jinnah playing a leading part in the drama which preceded the enthronement of Mr. Ghulam Hussain as the Premier, with practically his whole team

intact. There were only a few reshuffles of portfolios.

The Leaguers outlined what they called an eight-point programme, aimed mainly to ameliorate the lot of the peasants. Prior to the meeting of the Assembly proper, Mr. Jinnah exhorted his followers to stand united and carry out in practice some of his concepts of Pakistan. The first trial of strength between the League and the Congress Party took place over the election of the Deputy Speaker, a post previously held by Miss Jethi Sipahimalani, belonging to the Congress Party. This time, however, the Leaguers were out to bag all the seats and put forth their own nominee for the Deputy Speakership, one Agha Badruddin, who makes up in fanaticism what he lacks in scholarship and equipment for the post. In the voting that took place, the League candidate defeated Miss Jethi Sipahimalani who was put up by the Congress Party. Since then for a month and a half, the League Ministry was using its brute majority in the House to carry out bill after bill of a rabidly communal nature, which has completely shattered the confidence of the Hindus.

One of the ugliest exhibitions of rank communalism was in evidence during the piloting of the controversial Sind University Bill. The Bill, conceived in 1945, was defaced by the Select Committee and re-presented to the Assembly in March, 1946, which reappointed a new Select Committee. This Committee held several sittings but so communal was the outlook of the Muslim members that the Congress Party members refused to participate in its proceedings and staged a walk-out. The Bill, as transformed by the Select Committee and further communalised by the Sind Government, was again introduced in the new Assembly. Eightyfour amendments were moved by the leader and other members of the Congress Party to rid the Bill of its communal character. But for minor changes, all of them were rejected. It will bring into being a minor Aligarh in Sind. Professor N. R. Malkani holds the view that it incorporates

the worst features of the Utkal University. During the third reading of the Bill, the Congress Party members staged a walk-out. It was hoped that in view of the fierce criticism which the Bill provoked on the floor of the Assembly, the Sind Governor would withhold his assent to the Sind University Act. He has however not done so. On the other hand, he has set his seal of approval and the new University will be launched into being from June this year.

Another Bill of a rankly communal nature was the one fixing the ratio in Government services, which gives the Muslims who form seventy per cent of the population of the province 73 per cent representation in services, while the rest get only 27 per cent. This Bill was sponsored by the Deputy speaker, Agha Badruddin. In vain did the Congress Party members oppose it on the ground that there was no meaning in fixing weightage for the majority community in the services. The motion was pressed to division and carried by the majority party in the Legislature.

The last straw on the back of the Hindus is what has been called the Sind Mortgages Bill, which is a monstrous piece of legislation, worthy only of medieval monarchs who dispossessed individuals and communities at their sweet will and pleasure. The Bill is aimed at expropriating the Hindus and devouring lands in their possession. Member after member in the Congress Party drew attention to its Draconian nature, but it was of no avail. Finding protests of no consequence, the Congress Party members staged a final walk out from the Assembly, never again to participate in its proceedings.

Prior to the walk-out Professor Ganshyam, leader of the Congress Party, made a statement, charging the League Ministry with an attempt to set up a dictatorship in Sind, in utter disregard of the minority rights and interests. He said that the actions of the "Pakistan Government" in Sind gave a lie direct to the protestations of Mr. Jinnah

that in League-governed provinces, the interests of the minorities were safe.

Apart from the floor of the Assembly where communalism ran riot, there is a subtle and well-planned move on the part of the Moslems to jockey Hindus from every position of vantage they had occupied so far. There is a bloodless massacre of their culture, the ground is being cut beneath their feet in the realm of trade and commerce. The Ministry encourages slow infiltration of Moslems here from Bihar and the Punjab. Muslim business magnates from Bombay and Kathiawar are invited to come and settle down in Sind.

Fear is gripping the Hindus who are asking what their future will be in Sind. The League Assembly Party passed a resolution to the effect that Sind will be a "sovereign republic" after June, 1948. A political Secretariat has been set up with a view to framing the constitution for the independent State of Sind.

Mr. Jinnah does not make any hiding of the fact that Sind will be the spearhead of his Pakistan. Moslem boys are drilled and regimented in the Hitlerite fashion here. The League Party is shortly launching a first class English daily

newspaper with a view to educating public opinion. In the services, the claims of Hindus are being superseded without rhyme or reason. The Moslems are holding all the key jobs in Karachi and in the province of Sind. There is not a single Hindu District Magistrate. The handful of Hindu I.C.S. officers whose lot was cast in Sind are scurrying post-haste to Bombay or Delhi. The present Governor of Sind is distinctly pro-League in his outlook. He both governs and rules. It was rumoured that Sir G. S. Bajpai would succeed Sir Francis Mudie, but the Leaguers have made a representation that they do not want a Hindu Governor for Sind.

It is Pakistan without its name in Sind. Rich Hindu and Marwari business magnates are leaving the province while the going is good. Some of the factories owned by the Hindus will shortly be shifted to the neighbouring States or to other provinces.

Whatever happens to the rest of India, the League will never lose its whiphand over Sind. Followers of the League already see the distant gleam of a new heaven with the shining star of the Crescent glittering over the political horizon of the province which has given birth to Mr. Jinnah.

THE NATIONS, 1946.

I muse upon the nations of the earth,
And in my heart a long and hollow moan
Echoes the voice of sorrow and of dearth.
The rich enjoy the music of their mirth,
And bear in their unfeeling hearts of stone
Small pity for the child of lowly birth.
And too, the nations are a tangled skein
That ever while you would unwind it more
Slips from your grasp and ravel up again.
But Oh, I would not for a moment feign
To sever Gordian knots by strife and war,
For sure the heart and not the sword must reign.
As men are brothers, and their blood is one,
It is by love these ravels are undone.

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SARDAR AJIT SINGH'S HOME-COMING

by K. SRINIVASAN

WITH the coming to power of the Interim Government and the assumption of office by Pandit Nehru in the External Affairs Department, many a hero of India's freedom's battle whose lot it has been to remain exiled from the mother country is returning to India. Foremost among such is the grey-haired, bespectacled Sardar Ajit Singh, now in his sixty-sixth year.

Sardar Ajit Singh had been invited to the Asian Relations Conference specially. He was born in 1881 in Khatkar (Jullundur District) and is the uncle of Bhagat Singh. He attended his village primary school and later went to the Anglo-Sanskrit School in Jullundur. At one stage, he thought of running away to Benares due to his love of Sanskrit studies. Later, he went to Davi College where fate brought him into close contact with the late Lala Lajpat Rai.

Ajit Singh found that conditions in the Punjab were becoming impossible for the kisans due to the oppressive agrarian laws. The Government were saying that in the event of there being no son to inherit the landed property of a father, the property would go to the Government and not to the daughter. Ajit Singh organised a campaign and hundreds of mammoth gatherings were held all over the province, among them the historic Lyallpur meeting to which every village sent its representatives. The response of the people was so great and so complete that the Government came to terms with the people. Thus ended successfully the very first campaign of Ajit Singh. But it had a different result also. Ajit Singh and Lala Lajpat Rai were deported to Mandalay and detained there without trial. They were however released and returned to attend the famous Surat session of the Congress in 1907.

Ajit Singh got busy organising the extreme elements when he learnt that the Punjab Government was trying to fabricate a case against him. Before the Government could act against him, Ajit Singh entrusted his work to others and left India for Persia with one Amba Prasad and three others. He preferred to continue his mission abroad to being entombed in prison cells unknown to the world.

The Persian tribal chiefs gave him protection. Ajit Singh warmed up when he described how a young Persian befriended him in exile and was very sympathetic to him. That young Persian had grown up with age and experience, and was now His Excellency Ali Asgar Hekmat, the leader of the Iranian Delegation to the Asian Conference.

While in Teheran, the Persian Government in an effort to oblige the British Indian authorities arrested Ajit Singh but at the intervention of His Excellency Zia Uddin, who was a great revolutionary and who was then Prime Minister in the Persian Government, he was set free and decided to leave Iran. Ajit Singh finished the Iran episode with a lump in his throat. That great friend of his, Zia Uddin, was now placed in solitary confinement by the present Iranian Prime Minister as Zia Uddin had after the Revolution arrested Ghavam E Sultan and all anti-nationalists and put them in jail. He paid a tribute to the great statesmanship and talents of Zia Uddin and said that he was the first to recognise the Russian Government after the Revolution and as a gesture of their goodwill, the Russian Government gave back all the concessions they had extracted from the former Persian Government and made a present of the Russo-Persian Bank to Iran.

From Persia, Ajit Singh went to Russia, thence to Tukey where he spent six weeks. He then reached

France through Bulgaria, Austria and Germany.

Ajit Singh went to Brazil in 1914 when World War I started. He was approached by the German Government to assist them, and he sent his man to study the situation but no report was received as Brazil also had joined the war against Germany.

During World War II, Sardar Ajit Singh was in Rome. It was there that Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose met him. Netaji had come from Persia to Rome through Russia, thanks to the good offices of M. Molotov who provided him safe passage through Russia. From Rome, Bose went to Germany, and from Germany he returned to the East to organise the last monumental task of his life, the creation of the I.N.A.

Ajit Singh was arrested in Milan and taken to a concentration camp in Germany. He was later released but had to confine himself to the municipal limits. While in the

Italian prison, Ajit Singh's personal belongings, (110,000 Italian lire and two gold and silver watches) were kept in safe custody by the Americans and handed over to him, but these were appropriated by the Indian Military Mission. He was still in correspondence with the Mission people about his gold watch which he prizes highly.

When, thanks to the intervention of Pandit Nehru, Ajit Singh was released, Lt.-Col. Gill of the Indian Military Mission told Ajit Singh that he had been away from India for long and had therefore ceased to be an Indian. Ajit Singh retorted: "Ask Gandhi and Nehru whether they think I am an Indian or not."

Ajit Singh is at present engaged in writing a book which he proposes to call "BURIED ALIVE." It will be a biography of himself and will give highlights of his career in relation to the struggle for India's independence.



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

STYLE AND RUNS

by N. S. RAMASWAMI

I SEE that persistent statistician, Mr. E. L. Roberts, has compiled a pamphlet giving all the scores and methods of dismissal of Don Bradman over his career of thirteen years. The booklet makes fascinating reading; it is probably only in cricket or in a favourable bank balance that figures attain the stage of fascination. Briefly, they indicate that this wondrous batsman, during the years between 1927 and 1941 (except in 1934-35 when, owing to illness, he did not play) averaged over 90 runs in each innings.

This average is in itself astounding, but it is not to this aspect that I would refer now. "In literature, as in finance, much paper and much poverty may co-exist", says Washington Irving. It is equally indisputable that in cricket, many runs and ugliness and lack of style may be found in the same batsman.

It is true that this distinction little troubles many honest souls, who hold that the end sanctifies the means. These Philistines are convinced that the beginning and the end of a batsman's duty is to make runs, and that it matters little or nothing how they are made. But this view is highly uncritical and should be rejected.

While, of course, it remains that matches are won by the number of runs made and not by the manner of their production, it behoves great batsmen not only to make the runs but also to set about this necessary task with crispness, attractiveness, in a fine style.

The centuries of Spooner are forgotten, but the famous loveliness of his off-drive can die only with the game. The time is not far off when the great hundreds of Hammond will have relapsed into oblivion, while the crash and thunder of his cover-drive will reverberate in memory for ever. Is it likely that his famous compeer and rival, the object of Mr. Roberts' statistical solicitude, will go down in history as a stylist?

This question may appear impertinent, but not if correctly regarded. I do not and cannot mean that Bradman is nothing more than an ordinary player of the average State or County standard. A batsman who, as I have already said, has averaged 90 runs, against Tate, Larwood, Verity, Parker, Freeman, Allen, and Farnes among Englishmen, and Grimmett, Wall, O'Reilly, and Oxenham among Australians, is obviously a portent. Naturally enough, Neville Cardus, in his latest book, *English Cricket*, has named his epoch after him, and writes, "The advent of Bradman was inevitable, the logical consequence of Hobbs' accumulation of skill; or if I may use so strong a term in a book about cricket, the Hobbs synthesis". But, is it not, despite the panoply of figures or even because of them, doubtful that he will go down in history as a stylist?

His methods have been analysed many times. In brief, he seldom plays forward in the normal sense. When he is not playing back, he is out of his ground entirely. But though most of his strokes are played backward, he is always attacking. He plays to perfection every stroke, except possibly the straight drive. But perhaps his finest production is the cut, both square and late. He is remorseless in hooking anything short. His capacity for "placing" the ball is uncanny.

As to general attributes, he united to immense natural skill, an enthusiasm to learn and a great capacity for concentration of mind. A cool and equal temperament completes the work of a perfect body. Such, I find in many an eulogy on this great batsman, is the general dissection of his methods. Do they not bear out Neville Cardus's verdict that compared with Victor Trumper, "the difference is as that between the flight of the aeroplane and the flight of an eagle?"

The crux of the problem lies in this point. Bradman, and in a lesser way, George Headley, have

proved that forward play is not necessary for high scoring. But, from time immemorial, the beauty of the game has been indelibly associated with forward strokes. The masters were not deterred by the alleged "blind spot" which modern casuists have discovered in this ancient art. It is regrettable to find Mr. Jardine making fun of it. He quotes with approval from an unnamed but great "self-made cricketer", "In the old books you will see pictures of the stroke (the forward one), with text to suit, showing the batsman flattened out at the end of a prodigious stride, with his chin almost touching his left knee and his arms extended far in front of his left leg (or face), the bat inclined at an angle utterly to ensure the ball not only being kept down, but dug down." This may be funny, but it is not correct, for it is a parody. Some fanatics may have carried the principle to a ludicrous extreme, but the stroke cannot be condemned on that account.

The truth is that the avoidance of the forward stroke, so distressingly common in modern styles, is an unwise avoidance of beauty for the sake of a non-existent, or at the best a paltry, gain. That Bradman should have religiously adopted this principle is the measure of his failure.

This is the point I would make. Nobody in his senses will deny to Bradman the ability to make any stroke he pleases. That, nevertheless, he refuses to enchant millions with a cover-drive that crashes into the railings with the speed of thought, indicates his complete surrender to the belief that runs matter more than method. As Mr. Robertson Glasgow writes in a foreword to Mr. Roberts' book, "To him, fifty was just playing himself towards a century, which, in turn, was just a start". Prolificness is a weakness with him only because he could have lent his incomparable art to making an innings a true banquet of delights, but has carefully refrained from so doing except in a partial manner. Who can estimate what cricket has lost by this immortal batsman refusing to concern himself with forward strokes?

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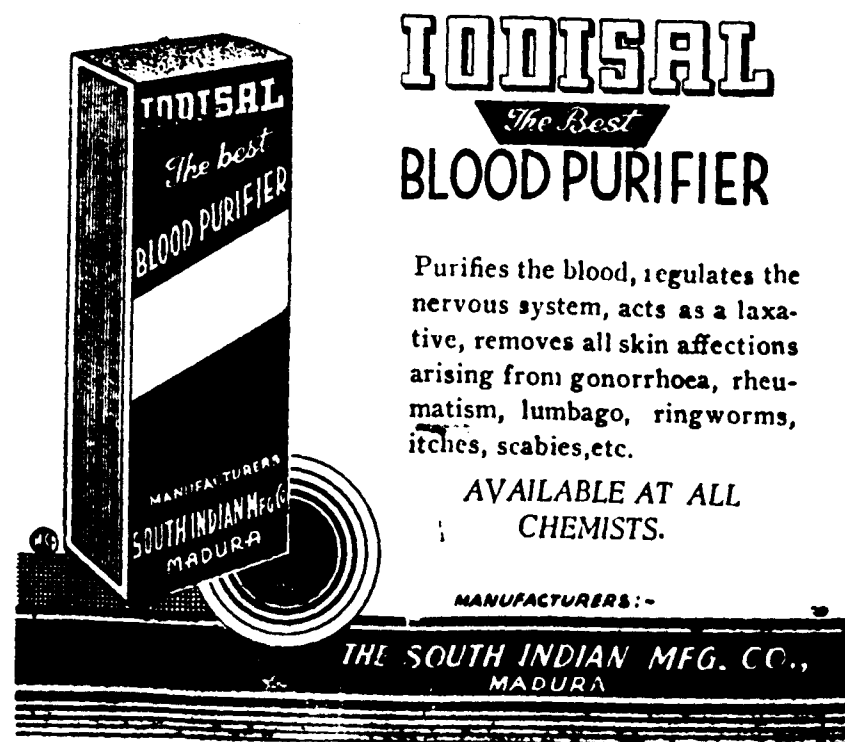
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Stones on the line

by C. R. Singanna

I

V—puram. The night of the 9th August 1942.

From the platform of the railway station the town appeared a gigantic mass against the sky strewn with stars, and the cold, lifeless light from the hundreds of lamps shining through the windows of the houses only deepened the great blackness, like glow-worms on a hedge.

A queer but distinct tension filled the air which said not that something was about to happen but that something had already happened. It was not the vibrant tension of anticipation that draws a crowd when two men roll up their sleeves at a street corner. It was the limp tension of stupor that sends it slinking away when one of them is knocked out. Only it was greater in proportion.

For that was what had happened. Till yesterday the town of V—puram meant just thirty thousand individuals. But at the receipt of a message a Mighty Being had risen from it that contained within itself all the thirty thousand, a strange, terrible, formless Being. And this Being, called the People, had fought with another Mighty Being called the Government, and had been struck down. And now, in the darkness of the night, it was feeling its wounds, and thinking.

The clock on the College tower struck nine-thirty.

Pointsman Govindan came out of the station-master's room with a bullseye in his hand. He put down the bullseye against the wall of the room. Then he fished out a half-smoked cheroot from his pockets, walked to the platform edge, and looked out. There was half an hour more for the mail to pass through. Govindan started to smoke.

The platform was bare, and four armed policemen, pacing its length in pairs, seemed to make it more so. The students from the College hostel, the

more restless ones, generally appeared there about this time and loitered about till a chord-line passenger train came stumbling along at midnight, after the mail, and the man who kept the tea-shop did a roaring trade in tea and cigarettes. Govindan saw him putting up the shutters. There was no custom. All the students seemed to be in their rooms to-night. Only a barbed wire fence and some acres of playground lay between the platform and the hostel, a long, rambling house with a gable roof. Govindan saw that there was a light from every window.

Govindan had gone one evening a week back to the big *maidan* opposite the market where the students generally held public meetings. A number of them had made very violent speeches, most of which he could not follow, when a dark, handsome young man had mounted the platform. This young student had spoken calmly, not screaming like the others. Govindan had understood every word he said, and when the young man came round selling flags at the end of the meeting, had shyly dropped an anna into the slotted box and bought a small red-white-and-green flag. The Union said nothing about these things. And so he had worn it on his left breast all these days, even on duty, and he wore it now.

It had been a terrible day. The students started everything by taking out the pictures of the imprisoned national leaders in procession defying the order of the Police, and when Inspector Naidu stopped them with a posse of constables and asked them to disperse, they refused. Instead they marched to the Board School and dragged out all the school-boys, and the school-boys began throwing stones at the Police. Soon everybody was throwing stones at everybody else.

Inspector Naidu was equal to most occasions but he never liked meeting political processions. You never knew where you were with them. Soon all

joined in the fray, even the men in the streets. By the time Inspector Naidu realised that reinforcements were absolutely necessary, all the telegraph posts were pulled down and all the telephone wires cut so that he could not contact Headquarters.

The situation became worse by the minute. The mob stopped the motor-buses and slashed their tyres to pieces, they raided the local Revenue office and burnt the records, and they looted the grain in the shops. They guarded all the approaches to the town. But Inspector Naidu was a brave man, and a man of resource, and he slipped through.

It was evening when the reinforcements came. They saw the wreck, but the wreckers had disappeared. So the armed men took it out in various frightful ways on the innocent people, and the orgy of revenge went on till merciful night came.

Govindan consoled himself, well, nothing had happened to the railway station so far. He had heard that at M—— Junction, where the Police had arrested a student-leader that very evening as he was boarding a train, a howling mob had burnt down half the station.

The clock on the College tower struck nine-forty-five.

Immediately all the lights in the hostel went off. Govindan threw away the cheroot. Fifteen minutes more for the mail. He went towards the station-master's room, lit the bullseye, and went into the darkness for a last check-up of the points.

The points were all right. The air seemed to carry the slightest sounds. He heard the faint creak of the barbed wire, as though something was pushing against the fence, and passed the spot of light from the bullseye along it. Something had really pushed against it, and pushed hard, for it hung between two alternate palings, wrenched from the one in the middle. He went near and examined the fence. It must be attended to in the morning. He ran the bullseye over the thick bushes on the other side. Nothing there. Perhaps a stray buffalo had tried the fence and gone away. Buffaloes had a sort of affinity for railway lines.

He put the lantern down. Then he went over his pockets and brought out a plug of tobacco and a few crushed betel-leaves. The pin which held the small flag to his pocket scratched his finger as he buttoned on the flap. He

passed the finger over the three pieces of cloth stitched together. Red, white and green. Red and green. It made him think of the signals. He looked at the signals. Signal down. Green. After the train passes, signal up. Red. He picked up the bullseye and walked aimlessly towards the signal-post.

Then, all of a sudden, his heart was beating like anything, and he went hot and cold, as the swinging beam from the bullseye in his hand caught something on the track, and then started shivering in his hand.

Right under the signal-post stones were piled on the line.

Govindan wanted to shout for help, but though his mouth opened no sound seemed to come out of it. And then, as he turned to run towards the platform, somebody caught him from behind and a hand was clapped over his mouth. . .

The clock on the College tower started striking ten, and through the air came the distant whistle of the approaching train. The station-master came out of his room and stood on the platform. The train took the last curve beyond the signal-post. It was a straight track now and the station-master watched the dim cone of light from the shaded lamp in front of the locomotive come nearer and nearer. Then suddenly the stones on the line came into the cone. He heard a distant grinding of brakes, and the cow-catcher hit the pile. A cold sweat broke from his face, and he started screaming, "Police! Police!"

The patrolman came running towards him. He pointed a shaking hand towards the train and they rushed into the darkness. As they went near it, loud groans and shrieks went up from the train. Immediately two of them left the other two and flew towards the town for help.

The students had surrounded the train.

Inspector Naidu came at breakneck speed, cursing and swearing, with a couple of truck-loads of armed men. He had bungled everything once already by getting the reinforcements too late and then being unable to prevent them setting upon harmless people. He had had enough of it.

He was at the scene in five minutes. But he had nothing to do. Something had happened in those crucial five minutes, twisting violently the sequence of things.

Govindan did not struggle. He knew he was in an iron grip. But as the train came nearer

and nearer it slowed down and Govindan felt somewhat relieved. Whatever happened, the train would stop and not derail. There was not much freedom of movement, but as far as he could see some hundred men were squatting on their heels in a line in the darkness. As soon as the train stopped the person holding him whispered to the one next, "Quick! Get him out as fast and silently as possible!" The whisper went down the line, and silently, like cats, the crouching men leapt into the carriages.

The passengers in the train were all shouting and screaming now. But the one who was holding Govindan didn't speak a word.

"I say, somebody is running towards us. Armed!" whispered the other one, suddenly looking towards the platform.

"Don't do anything to provoke them now. The thing is to get our man and get out of this place."

"We have got him. He's here!" said somebody.

The man who was holding Govindan let him go. It didn't matter now, in all this hubbub. A muffled figure came forward.

"Mr. Ismail?"

"Yes. Mr. Chandrasekharan? Thank you very much."

"Let us get out of here before the Police arrive. Otherwise . . . fins."

"There are already two of them there, armed," said the muffled figure. "And I think I hear the approach of Police trucks," he went on, with a fatal calmness, as over the clamour and confusion came the roar of motors.

"Good God! Each man for himself now! Towards the bushes!" somebody said in a low voice.

The two armed men had all along been standing there stock-still, as though stunned. The whole thing was too big for them. But now, as soon as they heard the trucks coming, they suddenly came to life and one of them fired a round into the air.

Then a most amazing thing happened. A couple of wild-looking fellows jumped down from the train and answered the fire.

Every man turned round and stood still, and Govindan went ice-cold with stark fear as the two men came ploughing through the crowd in the darkness.

At that moment the police-trucks rounded the bend of the road outside, and the powerful beams from two pairs

of headlamps swept the scene. There was a split-second of dazzling light, and then the blanket of darkness was upon everything and a voice of steel said, "Don't stand there gaping, you fools! Run for your lives! Run!" But in that split second Govindan saw the faces of the ruffians with frightful clarity.

And then in the stampede somebody knocked him down

He woke up in a cell in the morning.

His khaki dress would have saved him from trouble, the thing which he always wore on duty, but there was the incriminating flag, pinned over his pocket.

They gave him something to eat and then took him into the Inspector's room for two hours of inquisition.

It was conducted by two officers of the C.I.D. who disagreed violently among themselves. One was an advocate of the third degree, but, not having his own way, he carried on his part of the questioning in third-degree language. The other, who believed in "taking his man off his guard," tried an approach so intellectual that he stopped being intelligent. Govindan learnt more from the man than he told him. He learnt the two officers had arrested a student-leader at M—— Junction the evening before, that the name of the student was Ismail, that they tried to get him into an evening train and were almost done for by an angry mob, that they boarded the mail-train with him later, that the fact somehow became known to the students at V——puram, and that these students planned and carried out successfully the rescue of their friend with only the element of surprise on their side.

There was something else that happened which they could not fit into the picture.

"You say you saw the faces of the men who fired from the train," one of the officers said. "Can you describe them?"

"No, sir. But I could recognise them anywhere," said Govindan.

"You saw the weapons in their hands?"

"Yes, sir."

The officer passed towards him a rusty old shot-gun.

"Is this the one? It was found on the ground by your side."

"I can't say, sir. There was light for only one moment."

"But you could see their faces!" the officer snapped. Two hours of questioning had taken him nowhere.

When an innocent man is grilled like that sooner or later must come a time when he doesn't care what happens but wants to speak his mind.

"There may be a thousand pieces that look exactly like this one, sir, but no two men look alike," said Govindan as calmly as possible, but his eyes glared at the two officers and then at the Inspector who sat between them.

Inspector Naidu's face was impassive, and he was idly stroking the barrel of the weapon on the table with his hands. These two men had lost their prisoner without even a struggle (the inspector found them bound and gagged on the floor of their carriage) and they were so sore about it that their reason was somewhat dimmed. The inspector had tried to tell them that it was useless to try to connect the rescue by the students with the escape of the armed ruffians.

"Why do you think that they have something to do with the rescue business?" he asked. "Those two fellows may be anybody."

"Who do you think they are, then? Train bandits?" they growled.

"Perhaps. Why not?"

"What, in this part of the country?"

"You never can tell. About ten days back when the Up Mail was pulling out of T—— station a fellow jumped into the mail-van and was promptly pushed out by a plucky mail-clerk inside. A clumsy attempt, no doubt. But it just shows."

"Do you believe in coincidence?" they asked.

"I believe what my reason tells me. Perhaps those two were up to something. But when they saw the train stopped and the armed police come on the scene they got scared and made a desperate escape."

They released Govindan, but they took away the flag. "You must report here every morning and evening for a week," they told him. Then one of them turned to the inspector and said, "I am sure, though I can't prove it, that this fellow at least had something to do with the stopping of the train."

Inspector Naidu said nothing.

When Govindan returned from the Police headquarters in the evening it was quite dark. A few people were squatting on the platform under the peripatetic vigilance of the armed

guards. An old man with a great beard lay curled up against the wall of the station-master's room with his head on a small bag, asleep. They were all waiting for the Up passenger-train.

Govindan's hand shook as he picked up the bullseye and walked out towards the darkness. Too many things had happened in one day.

The clock on the College tower struck seven-thirty when he returned. He gave an audible sigh of relief. Those ten minutes out in the darkness had been an ordeal. Where the eyes could not see, the mind remembered with awful detail.

The platform with its cold, cheerless, yellow lights seemed a haven of peace. He sat down on some luggage, fished out a cheroot from his pockets and lit it. The smoke seemed to soothe his nerves a little. He looked about him. The people on the platform were waiting expectantly for the train. The old man was bestirring himself. The train would arrive in half an hour.

The armed guards passed him. He had not minded them till yesterday, but they seemed to be watching him now, and their silent, monotonous pacing seemed to get on his nerves. He got up and walked slowly behind them.

"Will you give me your cheroot a little, son? I want to light mine," said somebody in a weak, shaky voice. Govindan turned round.

It was the old man. Govindan went up to him. The man was having a small stub in his mouth, but he made no effort to take the cheroot which Govindan offered.

"Can't you bend a little for an old man, son?" he asked in the same tremulous voice, a little irritably.

Govindan bent down. And then he sprang back.

"What happened at the Police Station?" asked the other one. It was not the weak shaky voice of an old man that spoke. It was a voice of steel. It was the voice of the young man who had spoken at the meeting and who had sold him the flag.

Govindan looked at the guards. They were far away, at the other end of the platform.

"Don't be afraid," said the man in disguise, "I am your friend. Tell me what happened."

"Nothing much, sir. They asked me all the questions they could think of. But I didn't know anything to tell them. They took away the flag, and

asked me to report there twice a day," Govindan said.

"It's all right," said the other one. "Taking away your flag is nothing beside taking away your job. Though that is not so unlikely. A serious affair like this cannot go without somebody being punished for it."

Both were silent for a minute.

"Putting stones on the line, sir, it is a . . ." began Govindan slowly.

"It was not dangerous in this case," the man interrupted. "We counted on the train slowing down near the station. But I don't like the whole business, now coming to think of it. Too many risks, and not at all the way to get what we want."

"Your friend is safe, sir?" asked Govindan.

"Very safe. I am also going away to be safe somewhere. This place has become too dangerous for me."

Govindan looked up the platform. The guards were coming towards them.

"If you are so nervous, just go round the platform and come back in ten minutes," said the man, smiling. "The guards will be away then."

When Govindan came back the man was writing something on a piece of paper. He folded the paper and gave it to Govindan, "If you are in trouble at any time, take this letter to my people." He gave an address. "Ask for Chandrasekharan. They will tell you my whereabouts. I will help you as much as in my power."

"The guards are coming this way again, sir," said Govindan.

He walked about the platform aimlessly. He was strangely excited, but the bearded one seemed to go into a peaceful doze, till the train came. Then, calmly, without even a glance at Govindan, he hobbled up to a carriage and got in, and the train went away.

Three weeks later Govindan received a communication from the Railway company which said that they no longer required his services.

He folded the sheet of paper, put it in his pocket, and lighted a cheroot. Could he go back to the village? No, things weren't so happy there. The overworked land gave precious little and he didn't want to go in for a share on that, even if he could work for it. So he went to a certain street in the town and searched out a certain house.

An old gentleman came to the door when he knocked.

"Is this the house of Mr. Chandrasekharan, sir?" asked Govindan.



"He folded the paper and gave it to Govindan."

The old man stood for about ten seconds without saying anything. Then

he asked slowly, "What do you want? Who are you?"

Govindan pulled out a letter from his pocket and gave it to him. The old gentleman screwed up his eyes and went over it. Then he put on a pair of spectacles and went over it again. It all took five minutes.

"Come inside," he said at last and Govindan went in with him. The old gentleman shut the door.

"I got a letter about three days back," he said. "He writes that he has joined the Army. The letter came from Lahore." He went to a table, put his hand deep into one of the drawers, and took out a book. He copied something from it on a small piece of paper. "This is his address. You can write to him if you like," he said.

Govindan looked at the address. It was a jumble of letters and numbers.

He thanked the old gentleman and came out. He didn't know which way to go. Mechanically he walked up the street.

He came to the Police-station and stopped. Coming here twice a day for a week had made a habit of it. The Post Office was across the street. Could he write to Chandrasekharan? Govindan took out the small piece of paper from his pocket and gazed at the letters and the numbers for a minute. Then he shook his head, smiled to himself, and entered the Police-station.

A young fellow was idly polishing his boots on the verandah with a piece of patti cloth. Govindan went up to him and asked, "How does one give his name to join the Army, brother?"

The young fellow didn't look up but went on polishing. "Ask the station-writer," he said. "He will tell you."

(To be continued)



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

BOOKS

The Use Of The Drama. By Harley Granville-Barker. (Princeton University publication, available from the Oxford University Press. Price, Rs. 5-4.)

The inclusion of the arts in education is indirect but pervasive in its influence. It helps to refine a man's faculties and make him keenly critical, fully appreciative. Some understanding of the arts will, at any rate ought to, make an individual a better man "as President or Premier, doctor, lawyer or banker." In these lectures delivered at Princeton University in 1944, Granville-Barker discusses the proper approach and method for the study of one of the arts—the drama—by groups of students. Drawing upon his rich experience as actor, playwright, producer and critic, he has discussed the subject in the simplest possible terms in this his last publication before he was lost to the world.

A brief survey of the fortunes of the other arts in England, their fallow periods and revivals, precedes the study of drama proper. It is true of all the arts that patronage has passed from the private individual—king or lord—to the public during the last few centuries. "We have not yet demonstrated that appeal to the many brings a better quality than dependence on the few. And the artist's concern is with quality." The public must, therefore, possess and exercise a discriminating taste if its patronage is not to become the cause for a "levelling down" of artistic standards. And such critical perception can easily be acquired through a process of education. With regard to the study of drama, the difference between the actor's and the student's way of work has to be realized. The actor loses himself in the play and identifies himself with his particular part in it; his approach is devotional. Students, on the other hand, try rather to equip themselves as the ideal audience of the play, sensitive, appreciative, but knowledgeable and critical; their view is more detached. Granville-Barker's argument is that "it is to more than play-acting that its principles can be made to apply." Play-acting involves

self-expression in clear and rhythmic speech (as distinct from the modern trick of mumbling); it also involves self-suppression, receptivity and "good manners" generally; above all it asks for, and its success depends upon, the imaginative co-operation of individuals. Delivered during the war period, the lectures are full of applications of these principles to the art of healthy public life in a democratic society.

"Three boards and a passion" has been offered as the definition of a play. But it can also be the product of the most delicate collaboration between dramatist, actor and audience. The commercialization of the drama in the West naturally provokes protest from the critic: "More and more it looks as if the drama were forfeiting its independence, losing its peculiar quality, and might sink into place as one of the pettier parts of a gigantic entertainment industry, to the demands of which it must obediently adapt itself." The drama can survive as an art only with the co-operation of a public which recognizes its educational value and understands the elements of its art.

Rare And Recent Writings, 1946. Edited by Dr. P. V. Pathy, Mrs. Marcella Hardy and Jag Mohan. Published by Mrs. Hardy at 16, Brandsons Gardens, Kilpauk, Madras 10. Price, Rs. 3.

The contributions to the first number of this new magazine venture provide varied and interesting reading. Sihnarayan Ray's 'Essay in amorism' is a thought-provoking discussion of intuitive or immediate experience, "when all consciousness of value, mediacy or purpose melts away." He calls this the bush-state, the outbush being the common world of values, disciplines and ambitions. "While in abstraction the bush and the outbush are absolutes with no points of contact between them, in the lives of actual individuals they cross," and there is a consequent conflict between the loyalties to the two varieties of experience. While defending the bushman from the charge of escapism and the suggestion of a soft

brain as the explanation for his 'funny' experiences, the writer admits that since the bushman is for most of the time a denizen of the outbush world, he has no right to be irresponsible to its claims and codes. Knowledge of a more practical nature is exhibited in the essays on such subjects as the need for the introduction of basic agricultural machinery on our farms, and on the problem of aiding the 35 million aborigines of the country to take their due place in the nation's economic and cultural life. P. V. Pathy pleads for the production and large-scale exhibition of films for the instruction and entertainment of children, to aid "the wee people in their search for wee wisdom." The beneficial effects of the comparatively friendly contact between the first Aryan settlers and the native Dravidians, and the important part played by Jainism in the course of South Indian cultural development are surveyed by Professor Chakravarti. This novel presentation of ancient Indian history is a highlight among the prose contributions.

The level of the pieces of poetry that have been selected is less uniform. The poem on Hiroshima contains exquisite touches along with here and there lapses into grotesqueness. Much more truly poetical in its effect is Manjeri S. Iswaran's "Gipsy Maiden"—a rhapsody in the form of a dialogue that unites musical diction with beautiful thought. Besides miscellaneous pieces, there are short stories, one of them dealing effectively with the results of economic helplessness which are often misunderstood as mere symptoms of Hindu-Muslim strife.

The volume is well got up and is brightened with some fine paintings and photographs. We look forward to further collections of "Rare and Recent Writings."

India's Charter of Freedom. (Published by the Director of Publicity, Constituent Assembly of India, Council House, New Delhi. Price As. 8.)

This handsome volume is a reprint of the Declaration of Objectives that was unanimously adopted by the Constituent Assembly and of the two speeches in which Pandit Nehru commended it for acceptance by that body and by the country at large. The historic significance of the "pledge" is self-evident. To its legalistic formality and somewhat quaint phraseology, Pandit Nehru's speeches add the warmth, the accent of human emotion and imagination. Articulating the determination, the fears and the aspiration of a whole nation,

they are couched in that realistic, yet lofty and dignified style that is characteristic of Pandit Nehru. He was frankly impatient at the delay of six weeks which elapsed before the final adoption of the resolution on Objectives. The continued abstention of the Muslim League and the States' representatives will now make many echo his own words: "How long are we to wait? And if we, some of us, who are more prosperous, can afford to wait, what about the waiting of the hungry or the starving?"

Pandit Nehru's insistence on the sovereignty of the people in free India, both in the Provinces and the States, and on the principles of social justice and equality, have an enduring value both for the framers of our constitution and for the people of the country. We should like to see similar reprints brought out in the Indian languages so that the message can reach the hands and enter into the hearts of the largest number.

The Anglo-Indian Manifesto. By H. G. Reynolds. (Published by Lion Press, Lahore. Price, Re. 1.)

This pamphlet begins and ends with the affirmation "I am Indian." It is in the main an appeal to the members of his own community to "think and act Indian," to look to the future that awaits them in common with the rest of India's population, rather than to their own past origin and history. He asks them to shed false notions of superiority over the rest of the 'natives' as well as the inferiority complex which many suffer from. Though the Anglo-Indians are an almost wholly literate community, very few among them acquire higher education, and their outlook on life is therefore superficial. But with advanced education and with a new spirit of fellowship, says the writer, they could rise to an important position in society, being a hard-working group with no religious or class differences. The author also has some strictures to pass on Mr. Frank Anthony for his habit of interviewing members of Parliament and "issuing memoranda from the presidential chair" in preference to intensive work inside the community itself.

Though the 'manifesto' is written in slipshod style and is further spoilt by printer's errors, it is interesting as a sign of the change that is taking place in the consciousness of a small but peculiarly situated section of Indian society. It indicates a bold and fresh attitude whose extension would be most welcome.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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

Brute Majority

When Mr. Jinnah talked of 'brute majority,' several political pundits with jaundiced vision and various publicists with their whimsical pens criticised and even made fun of the great leader's conception of majority.

Will you please admit without any mental reservation that the recent Madras Ministry scandal is a clear instance of 'brute majority'?

Kurnool.

N. R. MOORTHY.

Madras Held Up To Ridicule

In pulling down Sri Prakasam, C.R., perhaps returned an old score against his political opponent. But in suggesting Omandur's name, he had a deeper design. It was to teach the communally inclined electorate in Madras that good government could not be run on communal lines. He has held up Madras Province, its electorate and legislators to the ridicule of the rest of India. The limit to which communalism could go has been reached today. The electorate cannot but become wiser.

By a curious irony of fate, it was left to a Muslim Leaguer in the Assembly to taunt the Congress Legislature Party on its having to bring an outsider to be the leader of the Assembly. Was it because there was none within the party with enough brains, he asked. The painful truth, in that question must have hurt every Congress legislator in the House.

It is not a bad policy either, to allow ignoramuses to indulge in their fancies because it will open their eyes to realities. Because this is certainly not the time when fifth-rate men can play the game of Premiership. They cannot manage the explosive situation even for a day. When the very peace of the land is threatened by labour strikes, communalism and Communism, we re-

quire men at the head of the administration who can be firm, fearless and far-sighted.

When the first crucial situation arises, I presume that the Premier would be the first person to offer the Premiership to his betters.

POLITICUS.

"Wind Up The Congress"

Your suggestion in the editorial comments in the issue of *Swatantra* of April 5, 1947, for the liquidation of the Congress with the achievement of independence by India commends itself to me. Now that we are on the threshold of independence, it is high time that we seriously thought of winding up the Congress organisation. The Congress, as we see it today, is filled with communal and group factions scheming against each other for snatching away power. The leadership has fallen into the hands of self-seeking men with only mediocre abilities, who use their positions of influence for self-aggrandisement. They have neglected the masses by whose support they rose to these positions of influence and authority. The High Command which is supposed to take a dispassionate view of the internal affairs in the Congress, has been seen to take sides and encourage toadies as against stalwart, battle-scarred veterans who have found a place in the hearts of the masses.

This surely is a sign of decay and an indication that the Congress has outlived its purpose.

The medley of conflicting interests ranged within the Congress is sure to make it ineffective in the matter of solving the larger economic problems of an independent India. Only parties with sound economic programmes for the amelioration of the masses can justify their existence in the future India. Hence I endorse your view that

it will be patriotic and expedient that our leaders should think seriously of winding up the Congress before it falls into disfavour and contempt with the masses of India. A hatchet may be used only for hewing wood; but not as a substitute for a pen.

Quillon.

P. M. ISAAC.

The Real Day Of Mourning

The leading article in the issue of *Swatantra* dated 23rd March under the heading "Loaded Dice" is full of abuse and vilification of those who have opposed Mr. Prakasam.

Even though the Congress President wished that once the election of a new leader was over, everyone should work in a spirit of comradeship, Mr. Prakasam, by his long statement in the Assembly and his supporters, by articles like the one mentioned above, have again set the ball of controversy rolling.

Mr. Prakasam and his supporters make much of the alleged illegality of the proceedings that took place on February 28. But the public expected that when Mr. Prakasam got scent of an expression of no-confidence in him, he would straight face all the members of his party and demand a vote of confidence. Instead, his ruling that the no-confidence motion was out of order gave room for the suspicion that he was sheltering behind some excuse and playing for time (to gather support). Even the Congress President was accused of not understanding the situation, because, according to the ex-Premier, he was no lawyer!

The Congress High Command has not been spared by the ex-Premier or his friends. But Mr. Prakasam himself has admitted that that body gave only advice which the Party had every right to accept or reject. And when the Party rejected the advice and elected its own leader, the High Command did not interfere. Only when it was approached by some members afterwards, it took notice of the situation and settled the affair by the most democratic procedure possible.

Let us assume, as Mr. Prakasam's supporters say, that the present Ministry will be no match to the previous Ministry. But democracy rules by numbers and therein lie both its weakness and strength. The new leader—whatever his disqualifications—has been elected by a majority.

The aspersions cast against certain members of the Congress High Command are born out of hatred and des-

pair arising from defeat. It was open to Mr. Prakasam to report to the Congress Working Committee and through it even to the A.I.C.C.—if he so desired—about the alleged misdeeds of C.R. and Sardar Patel. But that was not done.

The public will not easily forget how Mr. Prakasam and his friends wanted to exclude C.R. even from being admitted into the fold of the Congress. It is all fine rhetoric to compliment "the valiant 73 who voted not for Mr. Prakasam, but for the Congress" and to sympathise with the poor—alas, misled 116! The day of mourning was not 21st March '47. Madras certainly mourns the day when the "wise men" of our Assembly, including Mr. Prakasam and his "valiant 73," rejected the advice of the Congress High Command and of Gandhiji asking them to elect C.R.

Mettur.

T. S. SUBBA RAO.

Dr. T. S. S. Rajan

Your appreciation of Dr. Rajan in 'Sidelights' in the issue dated March 29, 1947 is fair and square up to a degree. That Dr. Rajan is a man of ability has been proved by the record of his work. That he has been overbearing and somewhat harsh in gaining his ground can also be recorded. But how on earth did you come to think that he was a man lacking in spiritual depth and insight? If you had read some of his articles in 'Kalaimagal' and other magazines, it would not have been difficult for a person of your literary qualifications to discern in the writings of Dr. Rajan that spiritual insight and those deeper loyalties to the things of the spirit which have endeared him to some of us.

L. S. BALASUBRAMANIAM.
Madras.

"How Dare You Accuse C.R."

The latest issue of *Swatantra* shows clearly that you are a person without a principle. Overcome by grief and boiling with impotent rage at the fall of your beloved leader, Prakasam, you seem to have lost control over your senses and are frantically abusing and throwing mud at all and sundry. You have said that the part played by C.R. from his high and mighty seat at the Centre to dislodge the Prakasam Ministry is neither noble nor honourable. How dare you accuse C.R. of such base motives? You who have in the past admired and worshipped him for his integrity and character, have now

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changed your voice because your leader has been thrown out. C.R. is too pre-occupied with more important matters of national importance to care for this petty scramble for office in Madras politics. I hope it will not be necessary for me to remind you that journalism is not wishful conjecture and wilful misrepresentation but honest dissemination of truthful news.

The term "C.R. group" is a misnomer. The group is now not guided or advised by C.R. It is because this group voted in favour of the High Command's recommendation to elect C.R. as leader that it derived its name which it still retains. C.R. is in no way responsible for the conduct of these so-called followers of his.

I am sorry that the political death of your Andhra Kesari has blinded you and blunted your judgment. From being a first rank journalist you have suddenly descended to the lowest rank. Please bear in mind that moderation in language and restraint in expression are the first requisites of your profession.

I know for certain that this letter will not find the light of day, because you dare not publish it (just as you dare not refute the allegation made on the floor of the Legislative Assembly that you received a large subsidy from the Prakasam Government). But I do not care. I have done my duty and shall feel glad if it stings your conscience and sets you in the right path at least in future.

K. ANANDATHEERTHAN.
Madras.

"Examinations"

The outstanding defect of our university system of education is that more emphasis is laid on written examinations than on *viva voce* examinations. Hence the students turned out by our universities tend to be bookish and lack a practical bent of mind. Consequently they become misfits in life. Hence in any scheme of examination adequate representation must also be given to oral tests which give the student an opportunity to express himself in speech without fear.

The students of the present day are obsessed a good deal by the thought of examinations. The lecturers blindly believe in pumping too much into the student's mind. A well-trained memory, is, no doubt, an asset in life. But students 'cram' for examination's sake and thereby they are rendered slaves to their knowledge rather than masters of it.

The recent incidents in the University of Madras bring into bold relief the tragedy of our present day education and examinations. All the S.S.L.C. public examination question papers and some of the Intermediate examination papers have leaked out and the University has been constrained to postpone the examinations. Examination, in itself, throws students into a mood of suspense. Postponement further intensifies this suspense.

Some opponents of examinations argue that this is the disadvantage of the examination system. It is indeed wrong to blame examinations on this score. The students—and certainly not the examinations—are to blame for this. It is to be deeply deplored that students fail to take the correct approach to examinations. As was rightly stressed in a recent editorial of the *Hindu* (21st March 1947) students must not take examinations in a much too serious manner or look upon them as a life and death problem. They must take failures in the examination in a true sportsman spirit.

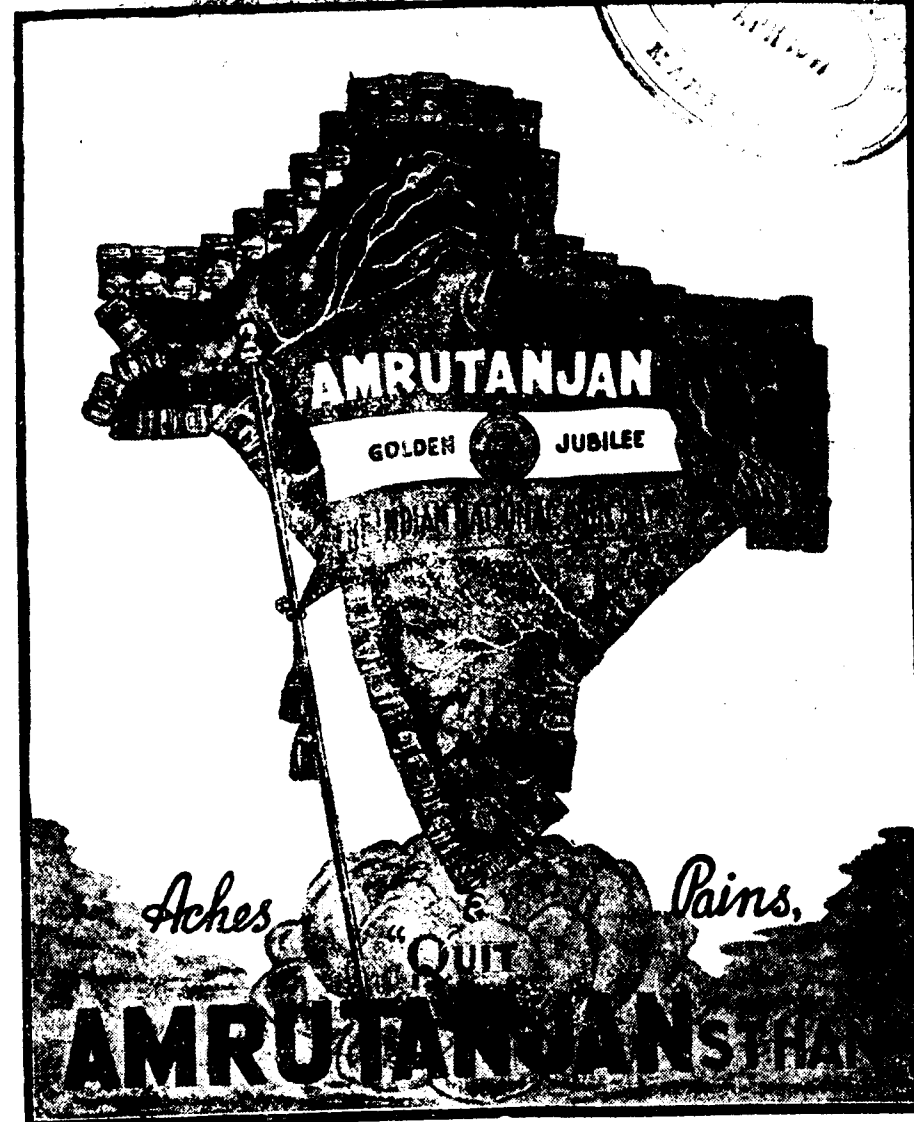
To ensure success in examinations students must not resort to crooked and unwholesome methods. They must deal with examinations fairly. If there were to be cent per cent passes, where is the need for examinations? Students must constantly bear in mind that the very mechanism of examination involves failures and they must study hard unmindful of the final result.

It is a commonplace observation that examinations are not reliable measuring rods of the student's standard of intelligence. But it is idle to deny that the examination results in general are dependable, even if there be a few individual exceptions.

The schools and colleges are certainly not the places for extraordinary people. A genius will find the cribbed, crumbed and confined atmosphere of the class room too much to bear. A Shakespeare or a Tagore can never spring out of the soil of the University. They may not get through examinations. What if? They supply subject-matter for examinations. Their works are prescribed for study and examination papers are set on them.

It may sound rather strange that if Shakespeare were to answer a question paper based on a play of his, he might not 'pass'. Such is the quantum of criticism that surrounds his plays. And it is no joke for the examinee to wade through so many books. Well, that is the amusing aspect of examinations.

C. R. K. RAO.



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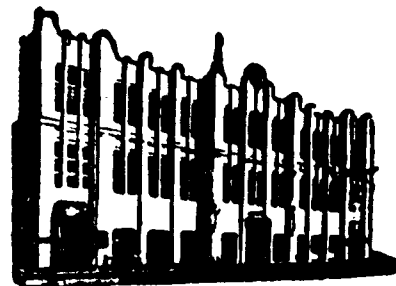
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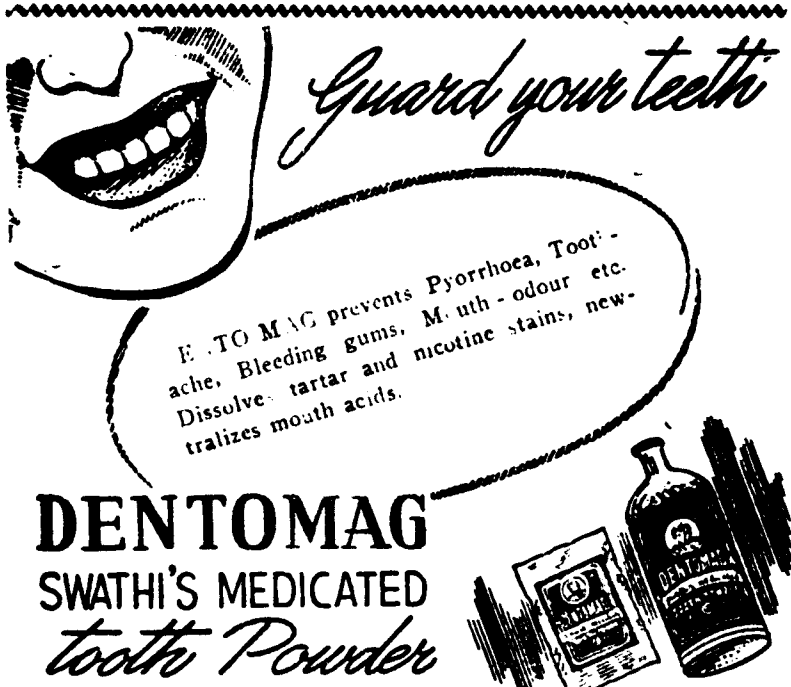
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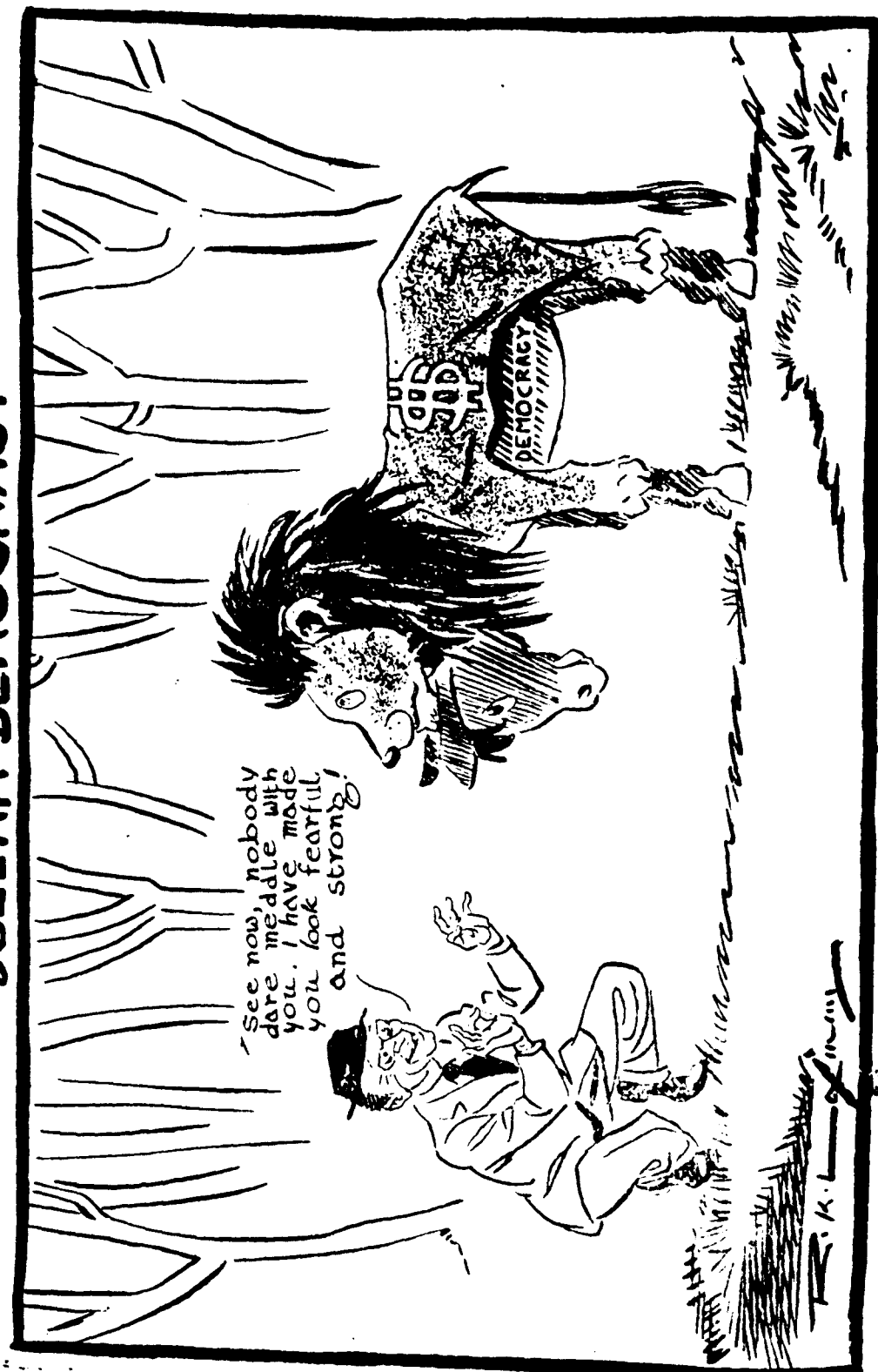
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SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1947.

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DOLLAR DEMOCRACY



SWATANTRA

VOL. II
No. 10

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1947.

ISSUED
WEEKLY

THE NEXT PHASE

IN A SPEECH in Bombay this week Sardar Patel made an appeal to Congress Socialists to "sink their differences with the Congress at this critical juncture and unite with the Congress in its task of eliminating foreign rule from this country." In the same speech Sardar Patel declared that "Now there could be no doubt about the decision of the British Government to hand over power this time to Indians by June 1948 whether Hindus and Muslims settle their differences or not." In view of this so confident a faith of the Sardar that the British would hand over power on the appointed date, where is the task of eliminating foreign rule for the Socialists to unite on with the Congress? Apparently all that has got to be done is to wait till June 30, 1948. It is the proximate fruition of the objective of eliminating foreign rule—or at least what is anticipated as such—that is now acting as a cause for division between forces held together hitherto in loyalty to the Congress as an organisation pledged to strive for the attainment of national freedom. The desire for freedom united, under the banner of the Congress, mutually antagonistic social and economic elements who had no other cementing bond except their desire to see the end of foreign rule. With the attainment of the common objective of otherwise dissimilar elements, the dissimilarity between them is bound to become pronounced and manifest itself in forms conducive to their individual deve-

lopments on independent lines, superseding arrangements of a makeshift nature brought about for temporary co-operation for the sake of the common objective. No cajolery on any leader's part can impede this inexorable result, nor can it succeed in transferring to the dominant section in the Congress, whichever it may be, that looks forward to assume the power consequential on the elimination of foreign rule, the continued loyalty of other sections that are apt to be excluded from such power. Nor would it be fair, since all have contributed to the power that seems within reach, that only one section should feel itself entitled to grasp it, excluding the rest. The concept of sovereignty of the people, which is the only workable basis for any system of freedom, requires that direct responsibility should be established between the people acting politically as electorates, and their representatives entrusted on their behalf with administrative functions through the Legislature and the Executive. No body of persons should act as a buffer between the two, abusing, for the purpose, the glamour and the influence acquired in the past in the various stages of the struggle for attainment of freedom.

It is not unlikely that Sardar Patel's faith in the integrity of the British offer to quit on June 30 may come to be challenged by events in the interregnum. There may be fluctuations in the nation's political fortunes instead of the anticipated

glory. But through all possibilities, the one thing to be taken into account and not to be evaded, is the need for other alignments of a constructive economic and social type to replace the purely political and nationalist movement that has served its purpose so far for aggressive anti-imperialist tasks. The capitalist content of Congress leadership will not be tolerated by the new forces that are becoming powerful throughout the country in the endeavour to convert political opportunities into popular welfare, especially if it persists in exhibitions of the sort recently witnessed in Madras Province.

New Ministry At Work

ALTHOUGH the new Ministry has not yet been long enough in the saddle to do much, it has shown a surprising celerity in undoing things with a petulance and puerility which are deplorable. It is one of the unspoken conventions of democratic government that repealing activity should be reduced to a minimum. Otherwise every Ministry will only be engaged in undoing the things done by its predecessor in office. The labours of Sisyphus might by contrast be deemed more productive and inspiring!

The new Ministry's first act was to grant increased scales of pay to the police out of a craven fear of that body, and the consequences of direct action they might have indulged in after the infectious example of our Bihari brethren. These increases granted to them stand in painful contrast to the shameful niggardliness which marks their treatment of teachers. A strike by teachers is thought of as an amusing possibility which the community is supposed capable of standing more robustly and without any loss! But the police (we do not grudge them the increase; we only wish the same paternal solicitude

had taken note of other neglected children of the State) have been successful in getting black-mail, understood in its original sense of payment for ensuring safety for oneself. After all, the law of self-preservation is the first law of men as well as of ministries.

The question of separating the judiciary from the executive has again been shelved to the immense relief of countless lesser limbs of the Revenue department who found their occupation and influence threatened with extinction when the reform was first mooted. One fruitful source of corruption in public life instead of being eliminated is intended to be entrenched more firmly than ever.

The zamindari and land reform questions have again gone into the melting pot. The prodigy of the new Cabinet is undoubtedly Mr. Kala Venkata Rao. His pronouncements on the question of zamindari legislation have a naivette which would be charming in a School Final candidate. He has conferred with newspaper editors as to how to dispose of the zamindari question! He has, he says, many alternative schemes like rabbits which are hidden in the conjuror's hat, and only wants the public to tell him what he should do and hey, presto! he will go and do it. This is throwing dust in the eyes of the public. This Ministry is no more going to tackle the zamindari problem than it intends to show us all the shortest way to become immortal.

And then, Mr. Venkata Rao made another delightful statement. He says he is going to introduce a uniform rate of land revenue throughout the country. Nothing could be more Gilbertian. The fertile area of the Cauvery or of the Periyar, and the dry famine-ridden parts of Rayalaseema to pay the same rate of kist to the Government! Such is the portentous suggestion of this genius who has

been hiding his fiscal fancies till now under a bushel.

Dr. Rajan is known to be a hard-headed, shrewd man of the world in addition of course to being many other things. To him we owe the announcement that the prices of paddy at procurement levels will be raised by half a rupee per bag, and that the consumers won't have to pay more! A miracle here! But the astute doctor did not tell us that the Government has decided to pay a subsidy of half a rupee more to producers. That is the inwardness of not raising the prices to the public. Why this diplomacy in hiding a disagreeable fact? Famine conditions have imposed an enormous strain on the machinery of the State. We have been feeding the masses but at a prohibitive cost; for the Government losses in trading on account of food run to crores, and nobody knows the details of it. Here is another source of corruption which goes on not only unchecked, but in reality, pampered at every turn.

Dr. Rajan is also responsible for declaring certain factories and companies public utilities. This has been done to knock the bottom out of organised labour. But the results are likely to be far more disastrous to the well-being of the community. If you declare the tramways for instance one of the public utilities, it follows that you must operate them as a public utility, under State auspices. If you don't do so, you lay yourself open to the charge of encouraging capital to run amok with the guarantee of all the State's resources to support it in its anti-social machinations. Even on the question of textile policy, the new Ministry has not yet made up its mind, because it will be the biggest show-down of its true inwardness; hence a statement on it is being postponed under one pretext or other.

Last but by no means the least of the reversals of policy by the new Ministry touches the institution of producer-cum-co-operatives. A senior member of the service has been deputed to enquire into the working of it; this is doubtless due to the vigorous stand taken by Sri Prakasam in favour of retaining them and also of extending them further. The bias of the present Ministry being in favour of normal trade channels, it is the clearest indication of its leaning in favour of the *status quo*, which means in favour of all sorts and types of exploiters.

Pay And Status of Pandits

A brochure published by the Upadhyaya Pandita Parishat of Andhra pleads for equality of treatment in regard to status and salary of pandits and munshis in high schools with the L.T. assistants. We give below the main arguments advanced:

If L.T. assistants hold university degrees, pandits also possess university titles in the Faculty of Oriental Learning. As for teachers' training, it is not required of pandits according to the existing rules, and if training colleges are started by the Government for that purpose the pandits will certainly acquire the additional qualification.

The importance of Indian languages from the point of view of the S.S.L.C. is not a whit less than that of English or general subjects inasmuch as failure in the Indian language also amounts to failure in the whole examination.

No doubt L.T. assistants teach English besides a special subject, but in practice not all of them do so; and pandits work for as many hours as the others. Again, the L.T. assistants have spent larger sums of money on their own education, but it is wrong to take that and not work done as the criterion for determining the salary.

As for the wider knowledge and culture supposed to be possessed by L.T. assistants, it depends on what we mean by culture; and if university authorities feel the need, they can institute an additional course in general knowledge as part of the Oriental Title Examinations. It is therefore time, now that we are thinking of a more truly national education, that the designation of "pandit" ceased to be a token of low status and lower salary.

Sotto Voce

The Elder Brother



THERE is an old rule which says that relations who meet for the first time after thirty years should take a purificatory bath. The accumulated dust of many years of estrangement must be washed away before the deep underlying affinity can quicken into active feeling and throw out tendrils of attachment. The historic gathering of Asian nations at Purana Quila had apparently lost the key to this ancient truth; and from all accounts the delegates, in spite of their resolute bonhomie, felt uncomfortable and *distract*. It was certainly strange that an Asian reunion after these many centuries should have failed to remember God or dip its hands in the waters of Everlasting Mercy: "Aapo Va Idagm Sarvam."

When one thinks of Asia one thinks of the stately elephant. Gajendra the lordly leader of the herd struggled for a thousand years to free itself from the fangs of the unrelenting crocodile before it remembered "Narayana, the Bhagavan, the father of all." We like to feel that the shackles of Asia are falling one by one. But crueller far than crocodile-fang was the fetter of nescience from which only the touch of the Divine could bring release. Asia's preoccupation with its political bondage has inspired in the minds of its millions an excessive reverence for the arts and achievements of the oppressor and a corresponding forgetfulness of, if not positive disdain for their own cultural heritage. They have fallen for science.

One hopes the atom bomb may prove a godsend by jolting us out

of our petrified reverence for brute power. It is good that the delegates assembled at New Delhi should have declared their abhorrence of war and their refusal to harbour resentment or ill-will against Europe. But pious decisions not backed by a positive *Weltanschauung* will not carry us far. Asia must first strive to recapture the secret of her vitality. From time immemorial she has anchored her faith in three things which in the end are one—Rta, Satya and Para Brahma: the Eternal Order, the Unfailing Truth and the Totality of Being.

The cultural history of India, which is par excellence the Asiatic country, is a rich variation on this theme. The Dharma, Achara and Avatara of the Brahmanic ideal, like the trinity of Buddha, Sanga and Dharma which established sway over the minds of the millions of China and the Far East, represent a triumph of synthesis. Man, the shuttle-cock of time and space, is also the child of immortality. The Avatara, which links up the higher and the lower self, shows that perfection can be practised only in harmony with changeless Law. But perfection is by its very nature a state of infinite variety in Grace; and it may be attained in many ways.

There lies the relevance of Order, the spiral of ascent to higher and higher modes of being. The shining company of the seers have gone before the weary climber. They have lighted beacons that comfort him and laid railings on which he may lean for support. Many are the alternative routes offered and he

can have the guide of his choice. All that is required is that he shall keep faith and not rest before the goal is reached. All roads lead to the City of God. One may travel by bullock-cart, another by motor car and a third by aeroplane, but all shall arrive at the end—if in the meanwhile they have not got into each other's way.

The doctrine of *adhikari bheda* is the very antithesis of arithmetical democracy. Even so, the One without a second of the Upanishads is denied and caricatured by the concept of Personality, of God made by man in his own blurred image. The boasted freedom of choice, which includes the much-valued right to go to hell in your own way, may leave you at best a non-starter in the race for liberation. The odds are that, kicking over the traces, you

may also entangle and bring to grief others who are perforce your fellow-travellers. Egalitarian stupidity and totalitarian intolerance are the obverse and the reverse of the medal.

Asia has waked up; and presently she will go forth into the world. The elephant-image recurs to memory. The magic of Valmiki's art has hallowed for us the gait of the elephant. Sri Rama's gait was as stately, when he set forth on his "dharma vijaya;" and Lakshmana moved by his side like the lion ready to spring. Asia and Europe hand in hand; Asia as in days gone by conquering by love, preaching the gospel of fulfilment by self-naughting; and Europe weary of strife, attaining at long last like Lakshmana certitude of faith and the inward bliss of solitude and silence.

VIGNESWARA.

THE MOST GENEROUS MAN

The most generous man I have ever known gave not so much of money—though his hand was quick to go into his pocket when there was need—but of his time and interest.

He was fiction editor of a large newspaper and not content to merely select the best manuscripts that came into his office, he burned the midnight oil regularly in order to return each story with a personal note telling why it was not acceptable. Many of today's top writers say that his taking time to give them concrete criticism started them on the road to success.

Besides helping beginning authors, he had another hobby—giving criminals a worthwhile interest. He conducted yearly contests for the best story written inside penitentiary walls. He visited penal institutions and told the men how to go about writing stories for publication. Because of their limited facilities, he allowed them to submit their stories hand-written—something most modern editors would protest.

Many "inmates" sold stories to him and the first thing they did when they got out of prison was to buy a typewriter and really go to work.

Aspiring journalism students also held a place in his heart. Not only did he lecture to their classes and criticize their efforts, but his office door was always open to them for a chat and a glimpse of real newspaper atmosphere.

During the depression so many printers who were working only a few hours a week requested loans, that often he literally didn't have his carfare home. At such times he would put on his hat and coat and walk slowly through the composing room. Inevitably, without his asking, someone would hail him with, "Here's something I owe you."

One time the writer was with him when this happened and he turned and said: "You're always asking me where I get my faith in human nature. How can I help having it, when people never fail me?"—In *Christian Science Monitor*.

SIDELIGHTS : :

The Press could be great and useful if it were the product of trained and independent editors, but when these specialised craftsmen become the captives of richmen-in-a-panic, rich-men-with-a-fad, rich-men-with-a-blonde, party-made peers and the 'advertisers,' the result is an odious brew.—DOUGLAS REED.

TO a politician a newspaper presents itself as a hoarding: as a contrivance providing space on which the placards of his party can be perennially plastered. To a trader, a newspaper is a branch of commerce—a means for making money. The influence of traders and politicians has been deleterious to the integrity of journalism. The phenomenon now being witnessed, of parties and political bosses on the one hand and commercial magnates on the other, concerning themselves with the promotion of newspapers, is neither healthy nor desirable from the standpoint of the dignity or independence of the Press.

Politicians can be divided into two classes: those stepping towards power, or at any rate striving towards it, and those already in possession of power, seeking to keep it, but inevitably in the natural order of things tending to lose it, progressing from power to wilderness. As politicians as individuals have no chance of getting or keeping power, they work in party formations. Solidarity is all in all for a party. The essence of solidarity is the discouragement of diversity of opinion—right or wrong people should be got to think alike and act alike.

Party journals, and papers devoted to the great political leaders are apt to get regimented, and if they resist influences forcing them towards regimentation, their patrons and supporters take them to task as though they had been guilty of some gross breach of propriety. The greater the reverence in which the leaders are held, the worse it is

for the Press. Agreement is exacted as the price of reverence and criticism is condemned as a misdemeanour. The Letters Section of *Swatantra* illustrates how easy it is for people to resent criticism of the great, and say, How dare you differ from such and such or so great a man? That the winds of criticism should be tempered even by admiration is intellectually an iniquity, though what passes as practical wisdom in the field of journalism is commonly indistinguishable from facile complaisance with the fallacies of the powerful for the sake of favours to be gained or dangerous displeasures to be avoided. The greater part of the Press is thus content to be browbeaten by its own fears of the consequences of exercising its own independent judgment too freely.

The advent of commercial magnates in the field of journalism has given a fillip to chain newspapers and the whole of the daily Press is in process of being converted into fiercely competitive systems of chain newspapers run by immensely rich owners of unlimited spending power. Rates of payment for trained journalists are going up by leaps and bounds, and four figure salaries, unheard of a decade ago, are becoming the order of the day now. The heightened prosperity of the profession of journalism has not however recorded any corresponding elevation in its power and prestige. Just the contrary. Rich men have taken most of the top men of the profession captive, and the resulting enslavement of journalistic talent to commercial masters is not pleasing to lovers of Press freedom. Lord Northcliffe, meaning to be very generous, presented Wickham Steed on one occasion with a cheque for a hundred thousand pounds. That veteran editor's pride and not gratitude was touched by the act. He framed the cheque and hung it up in his study as a memento of unpurchasable qualities in the craftsmanship of journalism beyond the

power of any rich man or any law of economics to overcome or subdue. Pothan Joseph gazed at the exhibit in wonder when he visited Steed, and it is to him that the present writer owes the story. A similar great journalist with a soul above money is Sri M. Chalapathi Rau whom all the blandishments of Big Finance have failed so far to tempt from the editorial chair of the *National Herald*.—SAKA.

IN MEMORY OF SASTRIAR

by R. VENKATARAMAN, B.Sc.

APRIL 1947 marks the first anniversary of the demise of V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, our great Liberal statesman and orator. It is fitting to call to mind a few of his varied services and brilliant accomplishments.

"Once a schoolmaster, always a schoolmaster." Sastriar never forgot that he began his life as a teacher and later as the headmaster of one of the best high schools in the Presidency. Throughout his life he showed deep love and affection for all his students, and helped many of them financially. It is marvellous how, unaided except by his natural talents, he rose from the position of a humble schoolmaster to membership of His Majesty's Privy Council.

As Vice-Chancellor of the Annamalai University, he minimised the work of the professors of English; he lectured on grammar, poetry, essay-writing, and sometimes politics. He would take a passage from a text, analyse it, and make us understand why the author chose particular expressions or words. He would also point out the fallacies, if any, in construction. His lectures were looked forward to with confident anticipation of delight. The classes were so cheerful and homely that none got the impression that a world-famous statesman was addressing us. It was his endeavour to inculcate in us freedom of thought and speech, the freedom to develop and express ourselves.

Endowed by Nature with a silvery voice, he mastered the English lan-

guage, its niceties of meaning and its beauties, and acquired the difficult art of public speaking by assiduous practice. To a batch of about twenty final year students, he taught elocution and pronunciation. We were able to appreciate his art all the better when he demonstrated to us how to pronounce each word and its derivatives distinctly. There was another informal class of his, held at his residence every Wednesday morning, where he used to express his opinions freely on all matters—political, social and personal. This, for example, on Gandhiji: "He is the one man who keeps a conscientious watch over his power . . . in spite of his vigilance power shows its effect in some cases . . . as good as Buddha and Christ . . . a man who does not change his confirmed ideas . . . adamant like a stone." Or this on C.R.: "A man who believes in his own righteousness . . . very clever in passing Bills in the Assembly in hot haste."

Prof. T. N. Jagadisan, whose heart swells with pride when one calls him "Sastriar's friend, admirer and devoted follower," is, I believe, busy collecting materials for writing a biography. I know that he was powerfully attracted by the beauty of Sastriar's life ever since he began to breathe "the ampler ether, the divine air" of his presence. Other friends and admirers of Sastriar in India and in the Commonwealth may, therefore, furnish Prof. Jagadisan with all particulars they might possess, and thus aid the work of this earnest biographer.

We must not complain that roses have thorns but rather be grateful that thorns bear flowers.—Lord Avebury

UNWANTED, WOULD-BE MINISTER PALLAM RAJU

by "C. S."

THE intense indignation aroused by the activities of the anti-Prakasam group found expression the other day when Sri Jai Prakash Narain, the Socialist leader, came to Cocanada. Two public meetings were arranged for him. One was to have been presided over by Pyda Venkata Narayana and the other by M. Pallam Raju. These two gentlemen were active members of the anti-Prakasam group. Pamphlets were distributed in the city taking strong objection to the presidents and making it clear that the people would not have them at any cost.

Sensing the hostile attitude of the people, Pallam Raju was reported to have sought police aid for conducting the meeting. Consequently, the police were in full strength on the scene. Venkata Narayana wisely went to the meeting late and avoided presiding over it and averted trouble. The result was that that meeting went off peacefully. At the other meeting, it was different. A vast gathering was present. When someone sang poems in praise of Prakasam, and one or two followers of Pallam Raju took objection to them, there was a small fight.

Into this excitement, Pallam Raju came. No sooner had he mounted the dais than the whole gathering stood up and demanded that he should vacate the chair. It was one continuous uproar. Some people mounted the dais and requested him not to preside in view of the temper of the people. He would not listen. Somebody aimed a shoe at him. People near the dais hurled vulgar abuses at him. He was unmoved.

The police officer, apprehending trouble, requisitioned reinforcements of armed police. The efforts of the police to calm the crowd proved fruitless.

When Jai Prakash, accompanied by his wife Prabhavati Devi, and Madduri Annapurniah arrived on the scene, he saw a police officer

using violence against a boy. He jumped from the dais and drove away the police. He next plunged into the crowd asking people to sit down. They told him that as long as Pallam Raju was in the chair they would not listen to him.

Meanwhile, Annapurniah argued with Pallam Raju that he should vacate the chair because the people were against him. Pallam Raju replied that he would not. He obstinately maintained that if a meeting was to be held there, he must be the president.

Unable to restore calm, Jai Prakash returned to the dais and announced that he would not address the meeting and left accompanied by his wife and Annapurniah.

Even after his departure, Pallam Raju continued to occupy the chair. The people also did not leave and continued their hostile demonstration. The police were at their wits' end. The personal assistant to the District Superintendent of Police intervened and pleaded with Pallam Raju to leave the meeting. He refused. Thereupon the personal assistant is reported to have given ten minutes' time after the expiry of which he threatened to take action against Pallam Raju whose presence imperilled peace.

Pallam Raju consented to leave, if given a police escort. This was done and he left the meeting accompanied by police and by the shouts of the people.

As soon as he left, complete order was restored and the whole audience waited in perfect calm for one hour in the expectation that Jai Prakash would return to address the meeting. But he was too indignant to return and the people left in complete order.

Thus ended in a fiasco Jai Prakash's visit, for no fault of his own. One man stood between order and disorder, law and lawlessness; but that man proved obstinate.

PEOPLE WANT PRAKASAM

by Dr. K. B. MENON

NERO fiddled when Rome was burning. Madras is wallowing in petty power politics when India is in the death grip of a ferocious fratricidal war.

There were very serious charges hurled against our last Ministry—charges that needed careful investigation and correction. The Congress constitution provides satisfactory machinery for setting right such kinds of mistakes. Power politics which is no respecter of ideals, however, crept into ministry-making and has wrecked the fair name of the institution. It has replaced the popular Prakasam with the unpopular Subbarayan. It has substituted an experienced, learned, scholarly parliamentarian with an inexperienced, untutored country politician. It is attempting to multiply the number of Ministers in order to make up quality with quantity. It has resuscitated from the limbo of oblivion discarded and despised public men and raised them to seats of power and prestige. It has challenged and thwarted public opinion to an extent never witnessed before in this Presidency.

What has been the net result? Despondency and despair. People are losing faith in parliamentary democracy. Their man has been rudely thrown out and they feel helpless about it. If a plebiscite is taken, Prakasam is sure to be returned with an overwhelming majority. Who are those hundred and odd members of the Legislature, people ask, who voted against Prakasam? Did they try to find out the feelings of the people or their opinions on the subject? "Can we do anything about it now?" they ask. "Are we in a position to set things right? Is this all that a vote means? What is the use of a system of government where the people cannot influence decisions at such vital moments?"

After all that is said and done, Prakasam still holds the imagination of the common man. This is true not only of Andhra where one

can hardly find any to say an unkind word against him. That Kerala also feels deeply on the Prakasam issue is evident from the barrage of questions that Acharya Kripalani, the Congress President, had to face during his recent tour. A Tamilnad youth could not contain himself as he sat in the Visitors' Gallery in the Assembly and saw Subbarayan carry on. He gave vent to his feelings in very sharp unpleasant words which are not worth quoting. When questioned by the authorities he excused himself by saying that he was so deeply moved that he lost all control over himself. It was young Tamilnad that spoke.

Why is Prakasam the peoples' man? Let us not discuss his past services to the country. That may seem sentimental. As Premier every measure of legislation he sponsored was in the interests of the common man. With an intuition which only a man who feels can have, he picked up those very problems that harass people the most. There is hardly a system that is so mediaeval, so out of tune with modern conditions of life and living than the zamindari system. His bill makes short shrift of the whole institution. The new Ministry which is one of vested interests, is attempting to water down the irksome clauses in the bill.

No sane citizen will question the urgency for reorganising and re-inforcing the corporation movement in this country. Prakasam attempted to do this through his producers-cum-consumers co-operatives. One of the short-cuts to relieve the economic distress of the working-class is to transfer the production and distribution of their daily needs to co-operatives. Two hundred and fifty Gujarati merchants control sixty-two crores of rupees worth of business of the Malabar coast. They were in tantrums when the Prakasam Ministry took away one business after another from them. They are happy now. But the people are very unhappy.

DR. SUTAN SJAHRIR

by K. SRINIVASAN

TENS of thousands of Indians had assembled on the last day of the session of the Asian Relations Conference to see Dr. Sjahrir and hear him address the gathering. It was something extraordinary.

I saw Dr. Sjahrir the day he arrived in Delhi. He is a fair and short man of stocky build with mongoloid features and a very prominent nose, dressed in spotless white tennis uniform. He is 37 and an aggressive tennis player.

Dr. Sjahrir was born in Padang Pandjang in Sumatra. His father was a judge of the civil court. After receiving his education in a Dutch high school, he went to Bandoeng College in Java. Later, he went to Holland to further his studies in law. There he began to take active part in politics through the Indonesian Students' Organisation called PERTIMPURAN INDONESIA. He met his present wife there and returned to Indonesia with her.

Politics claimed him on his return to his country and he joined Dr. Soekarno's political party 'PARTAI NASIONAL INDONESIA.' Dr. Soekarno was President of the party and Dr. Hatta Vice-President. Dr. Sjahrir, incidentally, was the first to organise labour unions in Indonesia. Dr. Sjahrir's political career was short-lived as he was exiled by the Dutch and was sent to Bandanera Island with Dr. Hatta. His wife was not allowed to share his exile. She has only now joined him, on Indian soil, after 12 long years.

The war came and the Dutch brought Dr. Sjahrir back to Java. The Dutch resistance did not last long and the Japanese took possession of Indonesia. Dr. Sjahrir refused to co-operate with the Japanese regime, and strengthened the underground resistance movement in collaboration with Dr. Hatta

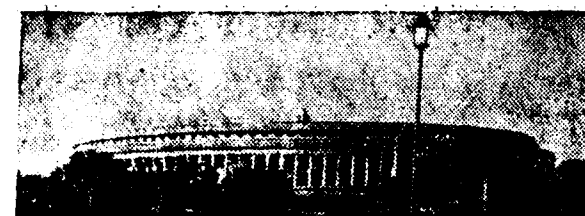
and Soekarno. The fortunes of the war changed. The Japanese surrendered and Dr. Soekarno proclaimed the independence of Indonesia. But Dr. Soekarno's first Cabinet was unacceptable to the world at large as it contains some 'collaborators.' Dr. Sjahrir stepped in and formed his Cabinet which has carried on until to-day.

When I saw the Indonesian Delegation to the Asian Conference at close quarters and talked to the various delegates most of whom were in the 25-35 age group, I realised the supreme need of India giving opportunity to her youth to come to the forefront instead of facing the critical situation ahead with a vacuum in leadership when the present old leaders pass out. When I suggested to Dr. Salim, the Indonesian Vice-Minister for Foreign Affairs, that his entire team consisted of youngsters, the other delegates protested and said that age had nothing to do with service to the country and attainment of independence.

Mr. Mochtar Loeblis, a youth of about 28, who represented the Press on the Delegation said that Indonesian economy was primarily agricultural and that she would exchange her rice and spices for Indian textiles and medicines. The Dutch blockade of over 2 years plus the war which lasted 4 long years had impoverished the country and with India's co-operation, his country was looking forward to a restoration of the normal economy. Indonesia comprises Java, Sumatra and Borneo and she was hoping to make the islands of Celebes and Moluccos also free in the very near future. It was really an education to talk to the fiery youths who had been in the vanguard of Indonesia's freedom fight and disabuse one's mind of doubts about youths' capacity to lead.

A complete artist not only creates fine forms, but fills his life with fine thoughts, fine feelings and fine actions.

NEW DELHI DIARY



by V. V. PRASAD

MOUNTBATTEN is reported to have asked one of those whom he had invited for an interview whether the Muslim League would insist on two separate armies, one for Hindusthan and one for Pakistan, in the event of a division of the country. He is also said to have asked Jinnah: "You have already got your League Governments in Bengal and Sind. What more do you expect to benefit by Pakistan?" The quotations, in the nature of things, cannot boast to be word perfect, and may even be wide of the mark. But what has been attributed to Mountbatten does not seem to be out of character, having in view our own reading of the world situation.

The philosopher Radhakrishnan wisely remarked when he last visited India that the British had originally come to India to trade; they stayed and ruled the country to trade; and they were now leaving the country in order to be able to trade. It seems, to my mind, that there is another vital consideration which is engaging the attention of the British Government during the negotiations for the transference of power to Indian hands. That is Defence. It will be easily argued that Defence is defence of British commercial interests and trade; and therefore that it really falls under Trade. But the explanation is too Marxian, and leaves out of account the cult of Power.

The trouble is that Britain is not altogether resigned to the prospect of becoming a third rate power in terms of military strength. They are therefore now talking about their looking to the American Navy for their defences in the Pacific. They would like Australia and India to prowl the Indian Ocean and be

responsible for the defences from Singapore to the Eastern Mediterranean. A friend remarked: "It looks as though in the next war Britain will herself keep neutral and involve India in it." British forces will not withdraw from Palestine for a long time to come, because the Suez Canal is more important to them than the port of Bombay. And Bombay will be defended by the Indian Government in any case!

It is this that makes the British extremely anxious that there should be one India. Major-General Strettell writing in the *Daily Telegraph* has advocated that power should be transferred to the Constituent Assembly. Mr. Grady has been harping on the unity of India—a procedure which is rather strange for an Ambassador-designate. The Congress themselves are quite prepared for division of certain Provinces, whereas the Muslim League wants division of the country. Who can say that Britain will not ultimately prevail?

One of the greatest statesmen of the world outside India is reported to have said that Mr. Jinnah is still thinking that the British will not quit India, and that his every move is made on that assumption. He believes that Churchill will come back as British Prime Minister in 1950, and that he himself has to mark time until then. But since the great statesman's views were expressed, Mr. Jinnah had six interviews with the Viceroy and it is gathered that now he is plumping for some truncated Pakistan. Jinnah's lieutenants who come from the so-called Pakistan areas are stated to be completely dissatisfied with such a Pakistan.



Stones on the Line

by C.R. Singanna

THE STORY SO FAR:

Govindan, a pointsman attached to V—puram railway station was unwittingly involved in a train-stoppage organised by local students to rescue their leader from police custody on the night of 9th August, 1942. In the ensuing melee, both Inspector Naidu and Govindan saw two wild-looking ruffians but were unable to trace them. On suspicion of complicity Govindan was dismissed from service. Chandrasekharan, leader of the students' rescue squad, promised help to Govindan in case of need. Both, however, joined the army.

II

M—— Junction. August 1946.

It was a bright night outside, and the brightly-lighted platform was teeming with people. The big electric clock showed eight-thirty. The Down Mail had just arrived.

Govindan leapt out of a carriage-window (you couldn't open the door—it was so crowded) and looked round. He was dressed in battle-green and had two stripes on his arm.

There was a refreshment stall at one end of the platform, and the passengers were crushing round it, literally fighting for their food. Govindan looked at the struggle, but he was famished, and so he picked up his issue plate and mug from the carriage and plunged into the crowd.

Like a whirlpool it spun towards the centre and then spun him out again. He came staggering out with something on his plate and coffee in his mug, and a muffled oath escaped his lips as he swayed back, missing a passing luggage-trolley by inches.

"Sambhalo, Naik," said somebody from behind, gripping his sides and steadying him. "Take it easy." He turned, and almost dropped what was in his hands.

"You, sir . . . ?"

The other one, who was wearing a lieutenant's uniform, smiled.

"Hello, it's you," he said, "remember me?" He took out an anti-gas ointment tin from his pocket and opened it. Its roomy interior was filled with cigarettes. He took one and extended his hand towards Govindan.

"Come on, take one," he said.

Govindan took one gingerly. He always liked commissioned officers at a distance. But the other one soon put him at his ease.

"Do you have a box of matches with you, son?" he asked, mimicking the voice of an old man. Govindan stared at him for a couple of seconds. Then both roared with laughter, and the ice was broken.

"Going home on leave?" asked Chandrasekharan, still searching his pockets.

"Yes, sir," said Govindan.

"So am I. Well, then, have your food, while I go back to my compartment and fetch my cigarette-lighter."

"Are you not eating anything, sir," asked Govindan.

"No. My people expect me home to-night and will have prepared all sorts of nice things to which I must do justice. Haven't tasted a real homely meal for years. Now you finish eating before I come back," he said, and went off.

Govindan felt a little annoyed. V—puram, and home, were just twelve miles off, which the train would do in about twenty-five minutes, and yet here it must stop for one whole hour for the convenience of through passengers. Govindan looked at the clock, and suddenly felt more homesick than ever.

He finished his coffee, but still Chandrasekharan didn't come. Govindan placed his plate and mug in his carriage and went along the train searching for him. He found the lieutenant

standing outside a first-class compartment.

"Hullo?" said Chandrasekharan, "finished your coffee? I am standing guard over the carriage. Now, what do I find when I come here? A fellow just getting out of the compartment. A particularly suspicious-looking fellow. I asked him what he wanted, but he just walked away without saying anything, as cool as you please. I am sure he poked around, expecting to find something."

"I hope nothing was lost, sir?" said Govindan.

"I haven't much of anything to lose. But there is another person travelling in the other berth. I don't know what he has. Both of us were away, and our friend, who no doubt watched us go, took a chance. Ah, there he is," he said, pointing his hand.

Govindan looked. The man was with his back towards them, and he was talking with another man dressed like himself. As Govindan stepped forward to get a nearer view, the man turned a little. Govindan saw him, and also his companion, whose hawk-eyed northern features were enclosed by a great, bushy beard. Immediately he stepped back and said something in Chandrasekharan's ear in an excited whisper.

"What?" said Chandrasekharan, turning round, "you don't mean—Good God!" He stood staring at those two for a minute, tapping his heel on the ground. Then he whispered something in Govindan's ear, and raced down the platform.

"This is for V—puram," said the man at the entrance, looking at the ticket which Chandrasekharan gave him.

"I know," said Chandrasekharan, "but I've got to get down here. Urgent business. Can you tell me the nearest place where I can get a taxi?"

"Right across the street," said the ticket-collector.

Chandrasekharan looked at the booking office clock as he went rushing out. It showed eight-fortyfive.

"How far have we come?" asked Chandrasekharan, throwing away his cigarette and leaning forward in his seat.

"We'll be there in five minutes, sir," said the driver cheerfully. He had not been so very cheerful when Chandrasekharan burst into his garage as he was finishing his supper. He had grumbled that it was night, that the road to V—puram was bad, et cetera. But now

the spirit of the hunt had entered into him. And the ten-year old Ford, which did not look so encouraging in the garage, seemed to rise to the occasion. It hummed a lullaby which would have put a more leisurely passenger to sleep.

"Only two miles more, sir," said the driver, as he swung the car over a sharp bend, and they went over a level-crossing.

They were going through thick jungle now. The railway track was running alongside, to their left. The brilliant moonlight turned it into a magic ribbon which unwound itself before them and disappeared into the blue haze behind, and it wove through the trees that fringed the jungle to their right like silver thread through black lace.

Suddenly the car slowed down.

"What is that?" asked the driver, pointing his hand before them towards the track.

"Don't stop, whatever it is," said Chandrasekharan. "Go a little slowly while I take a look at it."

It was a heap of stones piled on the line.

"Now do your maximum," said Chandrasekharan.

Inspector Naidu was reclining in an easy chair in the verandah of his house reading a newspaper, naked to the waist and with a post-prandial cigar between his lips.

He stood up as the taxi screeched to a stop and Chandrasekharan tore up the steps.

"What can I do for you?"

"You don't remember me, Mr. Naidu?" Chandrasekharan asked.

The Inspector's face didn't register recognition.

"I was studying here once. You actually came after me with a lathi in 1942."

Inspector Naidu's eyes went over his visitor's spruce uniform and came to rest on the twin stars on the shoulder.

"There is a great change in your dress," he said.

"But the man is the same for all that, Mr. Naidu," said Chandrasekharan, and then leaned forward and said something in a low voice.

The inspector jumped as though something had exploded under his feet. Before Chandrasekharan could say anything more he rushed inside, and two minutes later appeared in his professional ligaments

Chandrasekharan noted the big bulge in the inspector's right pocket. "A Mauser, my private weapon," Inspector Naidu explained, "How much time have we got?"

Chandrasekharan looked at his watch. "About twenty-five minutes. The Mail will be leaving M—— Junction now."

The inspector bellowed, and a couple of policemen who were about came running. He bellowed again, and they went and fetched some others. He shot them all a few instructions, and then turned to Chandrasekharan and said, "Come on, let's go."

They started in the taxi, and the policemen loaded themselves and followed them in another ancient vehicle. "Even my old tin-can has its day," said the inspector.

They were approaching the woods.

"We must be very near the place now," said the inspector.

"About a couple of hundred yards," said Chandrasekharan.

The inspector leaned forward and said something into the driver's ear. The driver switched off his headlights and switched them on again.

Immediately the car behind dropped off and turned into the darkness of the trees.

Chandrasekharan looked questioningly at the inspector.

"We'll have to surprise them by hiding ourselves," said Inspector Naidu.

"Here we are," said Chandrasekharan, and the inspector took a good look at it as they passed the pile of stones on the line.

They drove on for another hundred yards till they came to an exceptionally dark patch of road. Then Inspector Naidu told the driver, "Slow down as we jump out, but don't stop the car. Then go up the road for a mile or so, wait for half an hour, and come back."

"That'll keep them thinking that some stray car has passed," he said, turning to Chandrasekharan, as they stood in the darkness and watched the taxi disappear up the road. He pulled out a small torch from his pocket and flashed it on his wrist. Chandrasekharan looked at the time.

"We have exactly ten minutes," he said.

"Here it comes!" the inspector bent low over Chandrasekharan's shoulder and whispered.

They had crawled like leopards through the darkness, and the pile of stones on the line was right in front of them now. They heard the puff and the clang of the locomotive become louder and louder.

The train was not fifty yards away now. Then the powerful light from the head of the locomotive, pale in the bright moonlight, picked out the obstacle on the line. The engine gave two shrill whistles, but whatever was on the track didn't move, and the train screeched to a halt.

For five seconds there was an awful stillness, and many people were putting their heads out through the windows of the carriages to know why the train had stopped. Then a long whoop rent the air, and from the darkness on both sides of the line a couple of dozen men broke out into the moonlight, brandishing crowbars, hatchets and staves.

The inspector did nothing till the gang was very near the carriages. Then he pulled out his Mauser and fired into the air.

Immediately an answering crack came from the darkness, and a second group detached itself from the jungle and made for the train. It was the police.

The inspector grasped Chandrasekharan's arm, and they both rose up from behind the trees.

The passengers were all in a wild uproar. There was slamming of doors and banging down of shutters, as each carriage tried to seal itself hermetically from the danger outside.

Suddenly the cry was stifled in every throat, and a dreadful silence fell over the whole scene, as the carriage behind the mail-van opened its door and two tall figures jumped out.

"There! Those two!" shouted Chandrasekharan as he and the inspector ran up the slope of the embankment.

The inspector saw one of the two holding something in his hand, but there was no doubt what it was when he saw him raise it to his shoulder. He threw himself flat on the ground, and aimed his Mauser low at the man's legs.

But before he could fire a third figure appeared at the door of the carriage and shouted:

"Apne banduk zamin par dal do! Pulla tum ko gher liye hain. Aur hain hathiyar-band!"

It was the voice of Govindan.

"Drop your gun down! The police have surrounded you. And they are armed!"

The two men stood for a couple of seconds irresolutely. Then the gun that was in the hands of one of them slid out of his hand and fell on the ground.

And so came to an end, far away from their homes, the amazing criminal career of Ajodhya Ram and Abdur Rahman, known to the police of five northern provinces by their notorious aliases, Guruji and Tes Talwar.

"Woof! What a day! But then, what a haul!" said the inspector, unbuttoning his shirt, loosening his belt, and, in general, relaxing. "And now, will you tell me why you came to me?"

Chandrasekharan looked at the two men sitting in the front seat beside the driver and staring gloomily into the moonlight. They were rushing back to the town. The inspector had sent the others in the train itself, heavily guarded, but the principals were experiencing the honour of travelling with the officer of the law.

He took out the anti-gas ointment tin from his pocket. "If you want to know why I didn't tell the first policeman I came across after knowing who they were, but came rushing along all this distance," he said, as the inspector helped himself to a cigarette, "I'll have to do a little explaining.

"Well, firstly, look at the crazy coincidence of it all. Why should Govindan and I run into these two, after four years, in almost the same place? The thing started off a train of thought in my mind, that these two were trying to pull off a job, and that they were having accomplices in it. There was absolutely nothing to prove all this. But then, there you are. I couldn't get rid of the idea.

"Then, there was another thing. Suppose I was right, suppose these two had really something up their sleeves, to whom should I tell this?

"I suppose you understand my position. This incident, as far as I am concerned, is not complete by itself. It is a sequel, a sort of post-script, to something that happened in 1942. I couldn't tell anybody about this without telling them about the other one; it wouldn't be intelligible to them. And I didn't want to talk of all those things if I could help it, things that either side will take a long time to forget, without our refreshing their memories.

"There was only one thing I could do, come to you. You know everything, and I knew you would understand. So I asked Govindan to watch the men, and came rushing here. Actually when I saw the stones on the line, I was shocked. I didn't expect them to go so far. But I was also relieved, in a way. My wild conjectures weren't so wild after all. In fact, we may say, they weren't wild enough."

"Wild?" the inspector said, throwing away his stub outside the car window, "you don't realise what exactly this round-up means. Apart from the two star performers, the local criminal genius was also well-represented in the gang. This sort of thing doesn't happen every day."

"Congratulations," said Chandrasekharan, offering him a second cigarette, "if you mean that the powers that be are sure to take notice."

Inspector Naidu laughed. They smoked for a while in silence. The taxi hummed along. They were nearing the town.

"I wonder what I can do for you," the inspector said, rather uncomfortably.

"Don't feel so embarrassed, Mr. Naidu. One good turn deserves another, doesn't it? Well, there's something you can do right now."

"What is that?"

"Pay this taxi for me."

Inspector Naidu bellowed with laughter. "Sure, sure. The car was used for Police work. That can be arranged. Anything else I can do?"

"Not for me. But I want you to do something for Govindan. You see, unlike me, he may be released any moment now. He came to the Army because he lost his job, and he lost his job unjustly. He suffered for something that somebody else did. And he had nobody to defend him then."

"I am sorry," said Inspector Naidu, "but I suppose you know what my position was then."

"Of course, of course," said Chandrasekharan, "that of a rope in a tug-of-war. Only the rope is better off. It feels nothing."

"If Govindan comes to me after he is released, I'll do my best to wangle him a place in the Force," the inspector said.

"Wangle?" said Chandrasekharan, "wangle nothing! I should think he has earned it."

"As you please," the inspector smiled faintly.

They were inside the town now, and going up the main road.

"Here comes my street, Mr. Naidu," said Chandrasekharan, "and I will get down and go home, if you stop for a minute. Govindan will take care of my luggage, and I'll take it in the morning."

"Why get down here? Let's go on. I'll leave you at your house," said Inspector Naidu.

"Leave me at my house?" smiled Chandrasekharan. "Thank you, Mr. Naidu, but I think I need a good night's rest. If I get down here and walk up, nobody will know. In our country an Army man is still a shiftless vagabond wearing a uniform. But the Inspector seen at that hour! No, no, Mr. Naidu, you'll keep the people awake for the rest of the night."

The taxi stopped and he got down.

"See you to-morrow, Mr. Naidu. I think I shall leave you now with your new guests." He turned to the driver. "The inspector will pay your fare," he said and walked away.

The car started again. Inspector Naidu sat back in his seat and took a pull at the cigarette between his lips. He looked at the two fellows in the front seat.

Damn it, he said to himself, the fellow understands everything, though he seems to be making fun of you all the time. . . . I must do something for that fellow, Govindan. . . .

His mind was seeing official visions.

He took another long pull at the fag. Then he muttered to himself, audibly. "I like his brass, anyway," and threw the stub into the moonlight outside the window.



Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru seen with Dr. & Mrs. Sutan Sjahrir at the Constitution House, Delhi, at a dinner given in honour of the Indonesian Leader.

See

VAUHINI'S
yogi
Vemana
A colossal cine classic.

BEZWADA . . . SARASWATI
RAJAHMUNDY . . . JAVA
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Spotlight On The World

by Prof. M. VENKATARANGAIYA, M.A.

A typical and representative American passed away when Henry Ford died last week at the age of 84. America is today the home of machine civilisation, and Henry Ford was one of the greatest products of that civilisation and was also a remarkable contributor to its extraordinary growth during the past half a century. When he joined the Detroit Automobile Company as part owner and chief engineer and began to manufacture the automobile it was his ambition to make it cheap so that it might be within the reach of almost every American. This could be achieved only by the introduction of standardization and mass production into the motor-car industry just as it was already introduced into several other industries like the manufacture of shoes, clothing, telephones, bicycles, typewriters and precision tools. But in the case of cars, models were changing from year to year and it was a problem how to introduce standardization in such a case. He therefore made up his mind not to change the model of his car, even though every other shareholder in the Company was opposed to this. He then selected a single popular model, perfected it within the limits of low cost production, standardized the separate parts and their assembly and brought it within the reach of most Americans. Referring to the revolution which his cheap car produced in the United States one writer observes: "It created a vast industry, with dozens of subsidiary industries, employing millions of workers. It turned rutted country roads into high ways, high ways into trans-continental boulevards, uniting cities, integrating States.... It brought the city and the countryside near to one another.... The cheap car was a great purveyor of democratic education, a notable agency of standardization of clothes,

houses, customs, thought; and so a great unifier." Ford was also the first among the manufacturers to conceive the idea of high wages for labourers and to put it into effect. Labourers well-paid not only worked better but became consumers of larger quantities of manufactured commodities and helped mass and cheap production. There are so many other aspects in the life of Henry Ford which deserve to be carefully studied. To understand him is to understand the United States and an understanding of the United States is of supreme importance at the present day when American influence is spreading over almost every part of the globe.

PARAGUAY

In recent weeks there have been reports of an insurgent movement in Paraguay which is one of the Republics of South America. Little is generally known about these republics. They constitute one of the darker regions of the world. And whenever reports come, it is reports about rebellions or wars between one republic and another. There are twenty republics in South America. Till about 130 years ago they were all of them dependencies of Spain. Brazil is the only republic which was previously under the control of Portugal. They rebelled against Spain in the early part of the nineteenth century and declared themselves independent. They would have been conquered by France or some other European power had it not been for the Monroe Doctrine enunciated by the United States. In most of these republics political conditions are quite unstable. The large majority of population consists of Indians. The pure European element is small and there is a small element of mixed blood. Political consciousness exists only among these smaller elements. The majority are citizens only in name.

knowing nothing and caring nothing of what passes in the sphere of government. Superficially these republics have democratic forms of government modelled more or less on that of the United States with an elected President and a bicameral legislature. There is however little respect for law. Chronic revolution is therefore what characterises them. It is through military force and not so much through election that persons become Presidents. They rule more or less like despots. They control the elections to the legislature. The law courts are their creatures. The great bulk of the people are generally indifferent. The recurring revolutions scarcely affect them for better or worse. Politics is entirely in the hands of knots of intriguers and adventurers in the capitals and a few other towns. Every political leader has a small army behind him. The revolt therefore against the Government of Paraguay is the outcome of conditions like these. There is a talk that among the insurgents there are some Communists and this has brought together all the anti-Communist elements in the country. But it is not really a fight between Communism and anti-Communism. It is an episode in the struggle for power among rival leaders. Commenting on conditions like these the late Lord Bryce, one of the acutest observers of the working of political institutions, remarked that it is unsafe to give to a people institutions for which they are not ripe in the simple faith that the tool would give skill to the workman's hand.

A NEW DEAL FOR THE WORLD

A strong condemnation of Truman's proposal to give aid to Greece and Turkey has come from a prominent American citizen and publicist, Mr. Henry Wallace. For nearly a year he has been a consistent critic of Truman's foreign policy and he resigned from Truman's Cabinet on this issue. He has now been on a visit to England and he has been speaking to English audiences on this subject. He is strongly of opinion that the aid that is given to Greece and Turkey on

the ground that it is necessary to destroy Communism will not at all serve the purpose for which it is being granted. It will only weaken the United Nations, intensify the hostility towards Soviet Russia and precipitate a third world war. More important than this general line of criticism is his reference to a "New Deal for the world". The late President Roosevelt restored conditions of stability, peace and prosperity to the United States through his policy of the New Deal. The promotion of the well-being of the common man was at the root of this policy. In the world today there are many backward areas like Greece, Turkey and the Middle East where people are poor. It is their poverty that is the real cause of unrest in these areas and that provides a favourable atmosphere for the growth of Communism and for the oppressed sections of the people to look to the Soviet for help. If therefore Communism has to be fought in these areas it is not by spending American money on guns and tanks but by investing the money on projects which will lead to the material improvement of the common people. This is what Wallace means by the New Deal for the world. The power that the United States possesses at present should be used not to get more political power but to create world prosperity and increase abundance. Such a policy, if pursued in Palestine, Iraq, Iran and other countries of the Middle East, will not only bring to the United States the oil of which she is in need but also secure for her the co-operation of Soviet Russia. It is not known whether this message of Henry Wallace will produce any effect on the policy-makers in that country. If it does it will bring world peace and security much nearer than where it is at present.

THE WORLD TRADE CHARTER

It is in this context that we have to understand the importance of the proceedings of the International Trade Conference now going on in Geneva. Eighteen nations including India are represented on it. It has already met twice—once in London and later in New York. In this session at Geneva it has to draft a

World Trade Charter for consideration and acceptance later by the United Nations Organisation. This Conference is based on the idea that war is caused in many cases by economic rivalries and that if it is to be eliminated there should be economic co-operation among nations with the object of preventing and removing economic and social maladjustments. Tariff barriers, exchange controls and trade preferences and discriminations are standing in the way of such co-operation and it is expected that the Conference will come to some agreement in regard to the general principles which should guide all nations in the matter of regulating their foreign trade. It has been assumed in the discussions so far held that the purpose of the Charter should be full employment in all countries in the world, and the raising of the standard of living of all peoples—backward as well as advanced. It is in giving a concrete shape to these principles that differences have arisen among the several nations represented at the Conference. There are countries like India and China which cannot expect to have a high standard of living for their peoples unless they are industrialised. It is necessary that the more advanced nations like Britain and the United States should not demand a lowering of tariffs on imports into these countries with a view to dumping their articles on them as they have been

doing all along. On the other hand they should be ready to lend them a larger and larger amount of capital and import into them, not consumers' goods but machinery, tools and other forms of capital and expert technical skill. It means that while there is a case for the expansion of world trade the articles that should pass from country to country should undergo a change. The same thing applies to raw materials. In the past backward countries were called on to send their raw materials to the industrialised countries. This impoverished them a great deal and lowered the level of employment in them. This policy should now be abandoned. Raw materials should be utilised in the countries of their origin to start with and it is only the surplus that should be exported. The prosperity of the world as a whole should be promoted and there should be an honest attempt to reconcile national economic interests with the needs of the world. Then there is the question of the system of imperial preference within the British Empire. The British delegates are not prepared to abandon this policy unless they are sure of getting concessions in several respects from the United States. These and other problems are sure to come up for consideration at this international conference, and statesmanship freed from prejudice is required if they are to be solved to the satisfaction of all the nations concerned.

CANNY SCOT

A Scotsman entered a bank and asked if he could borrow a dollar for a year; the bank official thought the request unusual but agreed provided that he furnish some security. The Scotsman said all he had was a \$1,000 savings bond. So the transaction was made. At the end of the year our friend the Scotsman returned and paid back the dollar, also seven cents interest on the loan, receiving his savings bond in exchange. After the business was completed the bank official, pent up with curiosity, asked why the man insisted on such a strange transaction.

"Sir," said the Scotsman, "I have visited all the banks in your city and each one asked five dollars a year rent for a safety deposit box in which to keep my savings bond—this way I had it taken care of for a mere seven cents."

COMMUNISM: WHAT DOES IT MEAN ?

SRI AUROBINDO'S VIEWS

(We have been favoured with an advance copy of an editorial on "Communism" from the office of Advent, a quarterly devoted to the exposition of Sri Aurobindo's vision of the future. Readers will notice that the editorial is in spirit and substance quite in accord with the point of view expressed in Swatantra on the same subject and we reproduce it with pleasure.)—Ed. S.)

COMMUNISM, in India at least, has come to mean things which it was not the original or the main purpose of the word to imply. Communism meant "holding in common," that is to say, there is no private property, one can claim nothing as exclusively as one's own—things are distributed, work as well as necessities, and one receives them, each in his turn, according to his need and desert, as determined by a general planning. Let alone property, there are types of Communism that speak of holding in common women and children even. In any case, whatever one is given one possesses and enjoys only for the moment, there is nothing like permanent possession. All have equal right to all things. This is an ideal which I do not think many would care to adopt and follow. In India it appears the word "Communism" has been taken in the sense of the regime of the common man. Not that there is any harm in this deviation of the meaning. If it is a convenient label or a battle-cry for the common man's right to exist, to have his just *lebensraum*, well, none can object and all should sympathise and help towards that end. But the mischief is that the common man adopted by Communism has a restrictive denotation, it takes in only a section of the common man: it is used mostly, if not exclusively, in connection with wage-earners and that too only of the category of peasants and workmen. A large section of the common man, even of wage-earners in a sense, is left out in the Communist scheme, at least not given the same importance as the other. School teachers, especially primary school teachers, small office-clerks, for example, are not less "common" or less unfortunate or worthy of succour. These form a genuine proletariat: only they have not yet been called upon to take part in the Dictatorship.

Apart from this restrictive denotation, Communism, in practice, has been given a restrictive connotation too which is more ominous and unhelpful. The Communist movement has become dynamic in so far as it is a movement for redressing grievances (although the methods employed at times, it is alleged, are not as they should be, worthy of the civilised human being), in other words, it has been more or less negative in its work and outlook. The whole stress has been laid upon two items: (1) less hours of work and (2) more wages. When workers were considered as no more than slaves under the yoke of the blind and brutal exploiter, these demands had a meaning; but they have lost much of their point in the changed circumstances of to-day.

Whatever the immediate necessity of such drastic negative procedure, true and abiding social welfare depends upon a deeper and wider planning. The aim should be not merely to look for grievances and deal with them piecemeal, but to create conditions in which such grievances do not arise at all or are reduced to a minimum. For the economic well-being of society, a just and equitable distribution of wealth

is a sound policy, no doubt, but before that one must have wealth and enough of it. The stress should therefore be upon increased production, "grow-more-food." The workers must consider themselves ministers to the Goddess Lakshmi. To bring prosperity to the commonwealth, to discover and marshal the resources, increase the output and thus help to raise the standard of life—that is the true role of loyal workers. But as it is, in the way they behave and act at present, they are consumers more than producers. To concentrate all attention and energy upon solely decreasing the hours of work and increasing the wages can have no other meaning. Leisure, rest, recreation are necessary, but that should not mean laziness, unwillingness to work, dissipation. One should be decently paid for one's labour, one must not be overworked, yes, but one must look to the other side, also one must bear in mind the capacity of the payer and the needs of the others in the society. Necessity is one thing, greed or selfishness is another. The greed to possess all the golden eggs at once sometimes leads to a disastrous procedure.

The farmer proprietor, the bourgeois, the capitalist in a modern society, whatever charge of exploitation may be brought against them, are, each in his own way, precisely centres of production, of wealth increment. They are not merely and not always blood-suckers and heartless profiteers. One need not rob, burn, kill them in a mad rush;

they too can be utilised, their services placed at the disposal of the commonwealth. These are names which we may not like because of unhappy associations in the past, but the realities, the types of forces they represent are, many of them, permanent features of Nature's economy. They come up in other forms and names. They have suppressed bourgeois bureaucracy in Russia, but it has re-appeared in what is termed nowadays the managerial system.

Be that as it may. If one demands a fair share of the riches of the commonwealth one must lend one's hand honestly and wholeheartedly to its production. That is the line of true Communism. Above all, one must cultivate the civic sense, the very primary thing one must have for a harmoniously prosperous collective life—we have to learn again the first lessons of civilised living in these days when the brute and the vampire are seated in human hearts. We must not always clamour for selfish gains, gains for oneself, for one's class or community, or even for one's country. We must have a global view of the human society which is a complex and multifoliate organism. Many interests have to be served, many lines of growth have to be encouraged, liberty for contraries, all in the frame of a wide harmony. The ancient Rishis invoked the aid of the gods Mitra and Varuna for the establishment of that wide harmony, the builders of the new age too can do no better.

The white man goes to India and is revolted by the cruelty, filth and obscenity. The Indian who goes to Europe is disgusted by our materialism, crudeness and lack of spirituality. Each according to his own scale of values, is right. Each, according to the other's scale of values, is wrong. Neither is any better for passing judgment on the other, but each could learn from the other. The Indian would be happier with a healthier and a more practical way of life, and we should be happier with some of his disregard for those pleasures and amenities which never seem to satisfy us anyway.—Lions Hagen in "Indian Route March"

HENRY FORD

THE phenomenal success of Henry Ford forms an important and most interesting chapter in the history of American industry. The story of his life is like that of many an-



other self-made man—humble origin, patient and hard work coupled with a keen and inventive brain, and final triumph. The remarkable thing about Ford is not so much the magnitude of the triumph which he achieved as the continued efforts which he made until his recent death at the age of 84 to keep on extending that triumph. This wide-reaching ambition which always inspired him can be gathered from the fact that during the course of his career, he operated his own lines of steamers, built his own railroads, acquired forests and lumber plants, conducted a huge experimental farm, opened iron and coal mines, manufactured glass and cement, started a publishing house and even bought up a large hospital which he ran on "factory lines" in spite of protests from the medical profession. Ford's main interest was, of course, in the cars which have made his name familiar in

every corner of the globe. The growth of the automotive industry in America, which is now estimated to provide the means of livelihood to one family out of every eight in the United States, was parallel to the growth of Ford's motor production. He never lost the pre-eminence which he achieved as the first mass producer of cars.

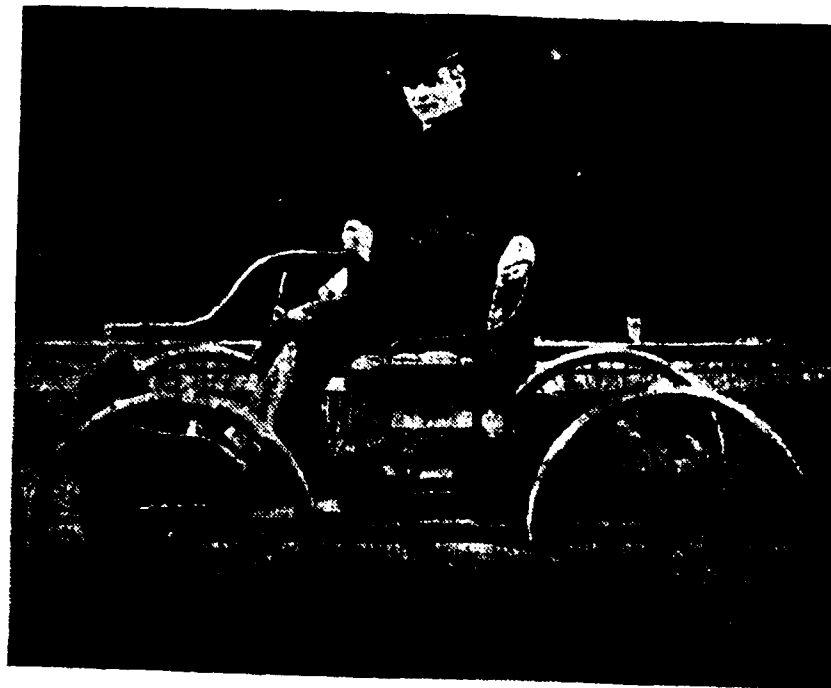
Born and brought up on a farm, Ford took part in its management before he became a watch mechanic. His practical and critical temper made him feel that horses were uneconomical for employment on farms. They were costly to buy and to maintain and required too much attention. He used to say: "the horse is one of the crudest machines in the world." A horseless machine (our modern tractor), he thought, would be a better instrument to pull loads and to plough. His first efforts, therefore, were in this direction and not towards the invention of a vehicle to facilitate human travel. Experiments had already been made in America and elsewhere with the steam engine. But the few cars which appeared in America damaged the roads and met with public opposition. Heavy taxes were imposed on the cars; a law was passed requiring a crew of three to operate such a machine while another man had to walk in front of it waving a red flag, the speed limit being fixed at four miles an hour! This was the state of affairs when Ford entered the field. He soon turned his attention from the tractor to the idea of a passenger vehicle and, what was equally important, began thinking of a gas engine, with whose construction he familiarised himself. With this new orientation given to his project, he busied himself in his own workshop, forgoing all manner of recreation, during the spare hours left after he had put in his regular daily work as a mechanic in the Edison Electric Company. At last in 1893, in the early hours of a rainy morning, he took his first ride in his first car. He had put his great idea on wheels, and it moved.

Ford did this in the face of discouragement from all quarters. His friends and neighbours thought he was wasting his time and energy on a foolish idea and there were many who feared that he was not sound in mind. During these years Ford found in his wife a sympathetic and enthusiastic spirit, sustaining him during the period of patient and apparently profitless toil. This success was followed by others and in fact, the rest of his life might fairly be described as a succession of successes. The farm boy became one of the wealthiest men in the world.

What Ford did with his money was even more significant than the fact that he made so much. Contrary to the traditional drawing in and accumulation of profits by the owner, Ford consistently put his money back into his works. "Cheaper cars and more of them" was his central aim. Unlike his fellow multimillionaire John D. Rockefeller, Ford gave no donations to public charities. Any "philanthropy" that he initiated was strictly related to production. He would offer jobs to the unemployed, the ex-convicts,

the blind and the maimed, but never any charity. Writers of begging letters just wasted their paper and postage on him. Even the minimum daily wage of 5 dollars which he introduced in 1914 for all classes of workers, and the profit-sharing schemes which he worked out, resulted in the increase of his net profits. If Henry Ford 'helped his fellow-men', he never lost in the process; on the contrary.

In his attitude to his employees, Ford made himself popular with his men through his democratic ways. But this was only during the early years of his career. There is a story told of a workman who slapped him on the back and said: "Hello, Henry! I tell you you are the boy that's always doing the big thing." to the astonishment of the visitor whom Ford was showing round. Another worker, who had twenty roomers in his house which had space for ten, and whose wife was consequently over-worked, was called up by Ford and told, "I am paying you enough to live on decently. Now you get rid of your lodgers and give



Henry Ford in his first car.

your wife a chance to have more rest, or I will cut off your share of the profits. He also instituted close scrutiny into the private life and problems of his workers but this parental type of inquisition was not to the men's liking. These early attempts to establish the 'human touch' with the workers were gradually given up and Ford's attitude became quite cold-blooded and impersonal. With the growth of trade unionism, Ford was confronted with a problem which worried all employers of the older generation, and which continues to annoy many of this generation too. He obstinately refused to allow his workers to form unions and strained all his resources in resisting the principle of collective bargaining. When his tool makers organised their union, Ford closed down that department and 'fired' the entire lot.

The factories were 'his own' and nobody was going to dictate terms to him. The same 'individualism' which made Ford oppose the formation of trade unions led him to oppose President Roosevelt's New Deal. State regulation of 'his own' factories and their production was an unwarranted interference with his right to do what he liked with

his private property. This line of thinking is familiar. It is also evident that it is outdated and is doomed to failure in the present day. No individual, however powerful, can resist measures that have become essential for the well-being of society. When the social and political destiny of every nation is inextricably ravelled up with the organisation of its economy, all talk of the rights of the individual capitalist becomes hypocritical and dishonest so long as the individual can, at his discretion, render thousands of men jobless or blackmail the nation through control of strategic and vital industries. Ford had finally to capitulate both with respect to collective bargaining and with respect to the New Deal. This must have damped the hopes of many adherents of "free enterprise" who saw in Ford's success the final answer to socialism. That Ford was compelled to alter his methods under Roosevelt's administration in the larger interests of society only shows that the days of capitalist individual monopoly are drawing to an end. The technical achievements of Ford remain as our heritage, though his social philosophy needs modification.

THE FUNCTION OF GOVERNMENT

Compromise becomes the true rule of politics. No interest can be absolutely denied, no victory can be absolutely complete. All majorities become temporary, all reforms become conditional upon the survival of active opposition, and, by the nature of the case, all government comes to be concerned with the details of the relationships among institutions.

The road to social peace is the balance of the social institutions, and a wise statesman would strengthen those institutions that seemed to be losing ground, even if he were not addicted to them; for the only way to peace in this world of fallible human nature is to keep all human institutions relatively strong, but none too strong, relatively weak, but not so weak as to despair of their survival.

For this purpose, democracy is the natural vehicle, for it is essentially a process rather than a doctrine. It is the way of evaluating human experience and bringing it to bear upon the issues at hand. The sense of meaning and insight each man's life represents reflects a unique view of the universe. The sum of these views becomes the source determining government policy. The fact that the individual experiences are frequently contradictory and their sense of meaning incompatible with that derived from other experiences gives the democratic process its proper role . . .

The chief function of government is to help keep the balance. At best, it would be a neutral instrumentality representing all of the institutions and their total impact upon society. It would effectuate a daily compromise between them.

—FRANK TANNENBAUM in "Political Science Quarterly."

SARAT CHANDRA'S MESSAGE

by AMARENDRA CHATURVEDI, M.A.

SARAT CHANDRA CHATTERJI was not one of the idle singers of an empty day. He was a highly self-conscious and purposive novelist. His work is charged with a unique social consciousness. And consequently his work abounds in significant messages to humanity.

As Professor Humayun Kabir points out Sarat's works can be divided into three groups. In the first group the art carries away the reader. He is hardly conscious of any social purpose in the novel. The unimpeded flow enthral him. The powerful characterisation enchants him. Only a very discerning reader can detect the existence of any social purpose. To this group belong the artistic triumphs of "Barididi" and "Ramer Sumati." In the second group the purpose and the message become more prominent. Any casual reader can feel the impact of Sarat's social purpose. But consummate art rescues this group of novels from the charge of dry didacticism. The choicest work of this group is "Grihadaha" which has been successfully filmed under the title of "Manzil." In the last group the message is all important and art is a mere pretence. Even Sarat's sparkling dialogue cannot cover the artistic flagging. The social purpose sounds shrill and dominant. To this group belong Sarat's last novels—"Shesh Prasna" and "Bipradas."

But Sarat never sinks to the level of deliberate preaching. He never indulges in minute analysis and lengthy comments. His main concern is to carry away the reader with his brisk narrative and human characters. The best part of Sarat's message is conveyed to the reader when his heart is held captive by the theme and the characters. While the reader is engaged in the novel the message is delivered even without his knowing. On finishing the novel the reader finds himself enriched with a new vision of life. Sarat achieves this miracle hiding behind the events and the

characters all the time. He drives home his message into the reader's heart as a nightingale veiled behind the foliage enchants the listener's heart.

The very first lesson which Sarat is never tired of preaching is the need for sympathy and understanding in our day to day life. We forget our frailties when we take up cudgels against others. We do not stop to think that we are erring mortals. We concentrate all our energies upon the slips and mistakes of our fellow beings. But we do not, even for a moment, turn the searchlight into our own self. We arrogate to ourselves the right to sit in judgment over the follies of others. We assume that we are the custodians of morality. It is this callous attitude to life which Sarat vehemently attacks. He urges us to stop for a moment before rushing on to pass judgment over others and turn the searchlight within. He tells us it is not our business to judge. All that we should do is to enlarge our sympathy and understanding. We should rise above the petty prejudices of society in judging human conduct. Our business is to understand, sympathise and forgive if possible and never to bother ourselves with judgment.

Sarat could arrive at this truth through a purely emotional attitude to life. Through stress and suffering his heart has been softened and mellowed. He could view and portray types of characters which would have shocked the narrow moralists. He could cultivate that penetrating vision which pierces through the exterior crusts of respectability and perceive the hidden human dignity. Sarat excels in perceiving and exhibiting this dormant human goodness in the hearts of the condemned, the oppressed and the disreputable. It is here that the artist's humanity runs counter to the prejudiced and blind verdict of society. The marvellous characters of Chandramukhi in

'Devdas,' of Savitri in 'Charitrahn' are the products of Sarat's rebellion against the stifling rules of social conduct. From the very mire of the condemned class Sarat could see the sprouting up of such exquisite flowers of humanity. It is this perception of a deeper reality that distinguishes Sarat's rebellion from mere iconoclasm and bestows upon it all the charm of idealism.

Sarat urges his readers to cultivate width of vision and breadth of sympathy. If the reader is able to imbibe even a measure of this humanity he will react to life in an altogether different way. He will not be blinded by social judgment. He will not be daunted by traditional prejudices. Even in a villain he will begin to search for the hidden germ of goodness. He will cease to regard men as either gods or devils. He will begin to realise the complex texture of the human personality where good and evil are inextricably woven together. This will reconcile him to many things hitherto repellant. This will temper his criticism of life and men with a measure of sympathy. And this sympathy will impart the artistic vision which perceives, understands and forgives.

This naturally leads to the question whether we can forgive all the evil, misery and depravity that confront us. Is it possible? To this question Sarat replies in the positive. He proclaims that there is nothing in the world which man cannot forgive. One who forgives evil is at peace with the world. He tastes the bliss of life as does the poor old father Kedar Babu in 'Grihadaha' who forgives his daughter Achala who deserts her husband and runs away with the friend Suresh. The moment he forgives her the load of grief is lifted suddenly. At once he finds himself happy. He gets reconciled to life and breathes freely. It is in this connection that Sarat says that forgiveness delights both the forgiver and the forgiven. It is this delight which Sarat promises us when we imbibe his lesson of sympathy and forgiveness.

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PRESS, PUBLIC AND THE GOVERNMENT

by "D.V.R."

THE recent sorry events that ultimately led to the unseating of the popular Prakasam Ministry have raised many a fundamental issue with regard to the spirit and practice of democracy. Thus, for instance, it has been pointed out that, if popular sentiment and opinion counted at all, it was not so much a case of the Ministry losing the confidence of either the legislature or the electorate as that of the dissenting or disgruntled members of the Congress Party forfeiting the confidence of the electorate and that the only democratic solution was to face the electorate on the ministerial issue. During the ministerial crisis and after, it was Prakasam and his loyal colleagues that rose in public estimation while the Congress High Command came out only second best.

Congratulations are due to Prakasam and his colleagues for the dignified manner eschewing all rancour in which they conducted themselves and preserved the prestige of the Congress and the High Command without detracting from the spirit of democracy. All honour to the gallant band of disciplined patriots, and the province and the country have reason to long remember the consummate skill displayed and the noble example set by these in upholding democracy, party loyalty and higher discipline in the cause of the country. Whatever might have happened, one should not forget that it is still the Congress Party that is running the Government and it is to be earnestly hoped that no unnecessary embarrassment would be caused to the new Ministry that has assumed governmental responsibility. Let us hope, too, that the popular policies and programmes initiated by the Prakasam Ministry would be dutifully carried out by the present Ministry.

In all this strange drama the part played by the daily Press of the province generally remains puzzling and even disquieting. Has the Madras Press served the public dutifully and truly, and has the reputed democratic tradition of South Indian journalism emerged from out of the recent fiasco without blemish? Is it not strange that each section of the daily 'nationalist' Press, instead of supporting or opposing policies on their merits, should have shown greater zeal in backing up, however subtly, leaders of its own pet group? Each journal may have its own hero, but as a public service institution, which the Press undoubtedly should be, both in the presentation of news and views it has a public duty to be impersonal and to be responsive to trends of public opinion. How was it that articles in commendation of the Prakasam Ministry's schemes appearing in Gandhiji's *Harijan* were never published by the Madras Press? Was not the same Press hitherto reproducing most of the important articles from the *Harijan*? How was it then that the Press kept so silent with regard to such important issues concerning the destinies of the millions of the province?

The Press could have given publicity to Gandhiji's views and if it honestly differed could have boldly rejected them but instead of taking up such a bold and straight policy it appeared as if it tried to side-track public issues either by indulging in unfair, and not unoften, misleading criticism, or by keeping a conspiracy-like silence whenever it suited it. This was neither serving the public nor even reflecting public opinion which cannot be gauged unless all shades of opinion on important issues are given due publicity. Surely, the way the Madras Press played with the public during these momentous times has not enhanced its prestige.

In refreshing contrast, the periodicals generally displayed a much better sense of public duty and democratic spirit. This ought to make the reading public reflect whether they can always rely on the daily Press to any considerable extent for the true and impartial reflection of public opinion. If the daily Press forfeits the confidence of the public, newspapers will be read more for their news than for their views. And, indeed, there is already a

distinct indication that for views periodicals are more favoured than the daily Press. While each of the influential and rich sections of the daily Press pulled its full weight in support of its own group heroes, it was the less influential and less rich periodical Press that strove to uphold public decorum and political decency as against the forces represented by personalities and party cliques.

UNDER-WATER WORLD NOISIER THAN CITY LIFE

U. S. Scientists' Discoveries

THE FINDINGS recorded during the recent war, and published early this year in a United States scientific magazine, are probably the most accurate data so far on natural under-water noise and its production. Intensity and pitch of fish sounds were measured and tabulated; the feeding cries and love songs of fish were put on phonograph discs.

Among the most prolific noise makers are certain fish for which no inkling of sound production could be discovered anywhere in literature. Leading in this class are the garibaldi, most frequently found off the Southern California coast; the coral-reef fish, and some species of catfish. Some fish change voice in much the way young men do in their teens: as the fish grows longer, the resonant vibration of its body becomes lower in pitch. Others, like the bastard trout, remain sopranos, since they do not grow much larger than 3 inches. Peak noise at night proved to coincide with feeding activity at the bottom. Seasonal variation might possibly prove to depend on mating activity.

In all observations, under-water microphones—so-called hydrophones—were used. They were placed in open water, in bays, or in chicken wire cages where individual species were auditioned. The noises were measured in terms of normal noise perceivable by the human ear. Since

sound carries 15 times as well under water, fish need only a fraction of above-water energy to become audible; but some categories roared like high-powered airplane engines with open throttles.

The most common drum fish in the estuarine waters of the United States East Coast, the croaker, is responsible for the greatest part of the noise. It produces rapid drum rolls twice as loud as a busy city street and resembling in pitch and rhythm a drill being driven into asphalt. The sound is produced by the action of special drumming muscles against the fish's air bladder. In captivity, croakers turned listless; the vibrant trill, heard in open water, changed to a few deep drum beats, usually only two or three at a time.

Rather insignificant, compared to the croaker, are the hog fish and the spot. The hog fish got its name from the characteristic grunting produced, when taken from the water, by the gnashing of its pharyngeal teeth—that is, popularly speaking, the teeth in the fish's throat. Consequently, the voice has a harsh, grinding quality; it comes in rapid bursts of four or five rasps, sounding under water louder than the loudest city traffic. The spot, a close relative of the croaker, is also a prolific noise maker, but of a different timbre. Its voice is much weaker, hardly rising above the

hum of a normally busy city street. With the series of raucous honks it manages to utter, the spot plays a poor second in the submarine orchestra. Moreover, the spot prefers to live in solitary, rather than gregarious, fashion and rarely joins a school of fish.

Quite to the contrary, the sea robin appeared so fond of social life that it was virtually impossible to segregate its voice; it had to be filtered from that of the company the fish kept, mostly croakers and other sonic species. The sea robin's voice, however, is so characteristic that it hardly can be missed: its modulated, rhythmic squawk, or squeal or crackle, described by the observers as ordinarily resembling the noises in a barn-yard, reach the intensity of a lion's roar at close quarters.

The most remarkable of the noise makers were the common sea catfish and the toadfish. The sea cat-

fish, to the surprise of observers, turned in a perfect performance as the drum section of the fish orchestra. Its drumming sounds like the beating of a tom-tom, differing from the small drum of the croaker in that it comes not in rolls, but in rapid, evenly spaced beats.

The sluggish, ill-tempered toadfish is a nest-building bottom dweller, who utterly dislikes to be disturbed. Sometimes, the toadfish doesn't move for days, its only diversion being the loudest voice ever registered under water. At its peak, it well out-roads an unmuffled airplane engine, heard from close-by. The sound is an intermittent, low-pitched musical blast of about one-half-second duration, produced by a special set of muscles acting against the air bladder. Most appropriately, it resembles the deep-throated whistle of the boats which constantly cruise above the oceanic cacophony—USIS.

We get from life what we give to it. To the unimaginative and self-centred person, life has nothing to give but sorrow and suffering. Oscar Wilde has a beautiful thought: "Life," he says, "is a comedy to those who think, and a tragedy to those who feel." According to Hazlitt, "the art of living is the art of being well deceived." Whether it is deception or not, living is essentially an art. Let us all try to become good artists of life, and like the Lady of Shallot, help to weave the web of life into a beautiful and pleasing pattern.—K.J.

My study of vaccination has convinced me that it is an ignorant delusion, and its imposition often a shocking tyranny; but many writers who have the same opportunities as I of finding out all about it are persuaded that the nation will be wiped out by confluent smallpox if vaccination be not enforced on everyone at frequent intervals.—George Bernard Shaw in his "Everybody's Political What Is What".

A noted novelist was discussing with a friend the personal qualities of two of his distinguished countrymen. He agreed that both men were great. One man's greatness, he said, was made manifest by the fact that he made the men around him look small. But the other man's conduct showed the world that he was the greater personage.

"In what manner?" the novelist was asked.

"By his making every other man feel great." was the reply.

MOST POWERFUL MAN IN GERMANY TODAY

WILHELM PIECK

Pastor Niemoller, the man that stood up to Hitler, addressing an Evangelical Congregation in the Church of Grossmunster, Zurich, said: "The individual German is not a murderer nor a betrayer. And yet he was a willing spectator of the horrors and cruelties that were perpetrated in his country and in his name; and before God he is guilty of both. It was the duty of every German to have protested in 1935 against the persecution of the Communists. Before God, the German Christians, more than the Nazis who have denied Him, have to answer for that. The German Social Democrats were then jubilant, little realising that the wolf that ate the goats, would not spare the lambs. If only the Social Democrats and the Communists were united in 1917 and 1933!—"

After an interregnum of thirteen years, the two parties have been resurrected. Consistent with their policy of encouraging the growth of separatist and particularist tendencies, and of thwarting the formation of a strong unitary Central Government for Germany, the Western Powers have scotched all attempts at unifying the two Socialist parties in their zones. The Social Democratic Party became the chosen favourite of the British, and its leader, Dr. Kurt Schumacher, was invited to London with the greatest gusto and formality and was recognised as their Show Boy Number One. No Socialist leader of the resistance movements of France, Belgium, Holland, Norway or Czechoslovakia, have been so honoured by the British. No wonder that the obvious conclusions are being drawn in Europe that the SPD (Social demokratische Partei Deutschlands) is dancing to the British tune and playing at politics faithfully toeing the British line in utter disregard of the French and Russian interests. And yet the Western Powers have not allowed the SPD or the CDU (Christian Democratic Union) or the Liberal Democratic Party (LDP) any measure of participation even in matters of purely local administration.

The story is quite different in the Soviet occupied zone of Germany. The Soviet authorities have actively encouraged the fusion of the two Socialist parties. At the Unity Conference held in Eastern Germany last April, delegates representing 650,000 Socialists and 630,000 Communists decided to form one single working-class party. Today the Socialist Unity Party (SUP) has become the party of the people. It has taken a severely realistic line and has wisely refrained from playing at politics. The party-men enjoy great influence with the Soviet authorities and they are being increasingly associated in the administration. And who is the leader of this Socialist Unity Party?

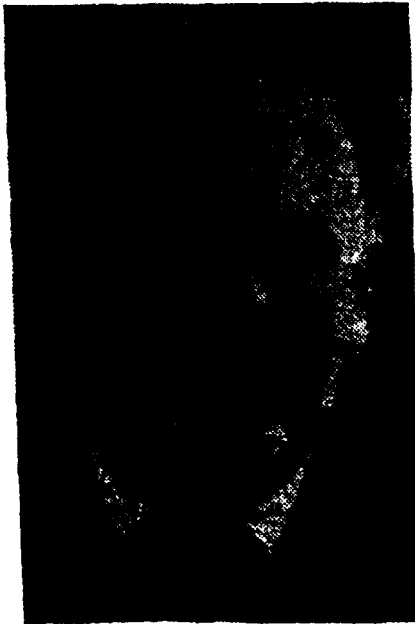
He is Wilhelm Pieck and we give below an English translation of an article on Wilhelm Pieck by Curt Riess which appeared recently in the Swiss weekly SIE UND ER.—Melly Zollinger and W. Lakshmana Rao.

IF you happen to see Wilhelm Pieck in the streets of Berlin, in the concert hall, or in a theatre, you would scarcely regard him as the most powerful man in the Germany of today. This white-haired, paunchy man of three score and ten, with a jovial face ready to burst out into a guffaw any moment—he looks like a rich businessman, or a successful fashionable lawyer. As you talk to him, you would hardly get a

glimpse of what lies hidden in him—his great knowledge of men and his shrewd insight into human character, the extraordinary capacity for work and to get things done, and more than all his flair to tell the Germans what they want to be told, and to get them on the move. You would have hardly thought that this man with the cherubic countenance lived the most adventurous life—full of escapes, years

of illegal and underground activity, cheating death by a hair's breadth.

Wilhelm was not intended by his working-class parents to lead such a dangerous life. Born in 1870 in Guben,



Wilhelm Pieck.

in Lower Lousitz, he was brought up in a strict religious atmosphere. There was no question of Socialism—it was not born yet. Young Pieck heard of it for the first time when he was eighteen. Having become by now a skilled carpenter, he became a journeyman and began his wanderings. One day on the road he met a working man who asked him whether he was "organised." Pieck answered in wonder "Organised? What does it mean?" That led him on the road to Socialism and when he reached Marburg, he joined the ranks of the Social Democratic Party of that town. And thence to Bremen, where he succeeded Friederic Ebert (the first Socialist President of the German Republic), as the full-time secretary of the party.

A day in 1907—a big day for Wilhelm Pieck; it was his first visit to Berlin and his first acquaintance with the leaders of the Left—Karl Liebknecht, Rosa Luxemburg and Clara Zetkin. And then came 1914—outbreak of World War I. The Socialists voted solidly for the war credits—with the solitary exception of Liebknecht. Pieck, who was by this time a member of the Central Executive of the party, resolved to throw in his

lot with the small Left Opposition group—with the result that he was promptly expelled from the party. From now on, he joined the ranks of the anti-war campaign. In 1915, as he was leading an anti-war demonstration, he was arrested, and sentenced to serve—at the front! A few months later, recovering from wounds, he was again sent to the front. This time refusal meant facing the firing squad. Pieck—a confirmed Leftist—refused, and was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. But owing to some technical defect in the trial, he was released and again "sentenced" to serve at the front. This time Pieck deserted, and promptly went underground. Reaching Berlin, he joined his comrades, and founded the illegal newspaper "International," and started the "Spartacusbund" (named after the leader of the Roman slave revolt), the forerunner of the German Communist Party. From Berlin he went to Holland accompanied by his son who also refused to join the army.

In October 1918, the Kaiser's Government, in deference to the growing pressure of public opinion, was forced to release Liebknecht from prison. It was the suitable moment for Pieck to return to Germany. On 15 January 1919, Karl Liebknecht, Rosa Luxemburg and Wilhelm Pieck were rounded up and brought to the Eden Hotel in Berlin by murderous crowds, under the leadership of the notorious Major Papst (and the equally notorious Police Superintendent Noske). There Liebknecht and Luxemburg were "liquidated." Pieck was to receive the same fate. But luckily and with the greatest presence of mind, and with the help of false papers of identity that he had in his possession, he persuaded Major Papst that he was not the Wilhelm Pieck that they wanted. The policeman on duty was more amiable and with the judicious tip of a five-mark piece, Pieck once again became a free man.

The next ten years Pieck devoted to the building up of the Communist Party. Three days before the Reichstag fire, addressing the last mass meeting under the auspices of the Communist Party, in the Berlin Sports Palace, he warned his audience about the growing danger of the Hitler movement. After the Reichstag fire which was so cleverly engineered by Hitler and for which he blamed the Communists, the Berlin police began to comb out the whole city to get hold of Pieck. They got hold of Thaelmann, the President of the Party. Pieck promptly went underground, and from there directed the activities of the party. The Gestapo,

baulked of their prey, ran amuck and began to arrest all the leading members of the party, put them in concentration camps and beat them up. But still Pieck eluded them. In June 1933 as the Nazi terror was mounting up, it was decided in the interests of the party, that Pieck should get away from Germany, so that the party could escape total annihilation and keep itself intact.

Pieck escaped to Paris and spent the next few years there. During this period he visited Russia several times and had talks with Stalin and other Soviet leaders. At the outbreak of World War II, he escaped from France in one of the last Soviet ships that left the French ports, to Murmansk and from thence reached Moscow. From here, he kept himself in close contact with his party's activities in Germany. Shortly after Hitler's attack on Russia, Pieck founded the "Free Germany Committee" in USSR. These were strenuous years for Pieck. He was always to be found broadcasting to his countrymen in Germany—exhorting them to sabotage the war effort, appealing to the German soldier to throw away his arms and put an end to the purposeless shedding of blood and destruction. In vain.... In July 1945, two months after the occupation of Berlin by the Soviet troops, Pieck returned once again to Germany.

There was work, a terrible amount of work waiting to be done. He completely reorganised the Communist Party of Germany (KPD) and six months later he formed the United Socialist Party (SED) by uniting the Communist and the Social Democratic parties in the Soviet zone. He is now the Chairman of the United Socialist Party.

There was plenty of work, not only for him alone, but also for the whole family. His eldest daughter Elli acts as his secretary. The youngest Lore is the manager of the economic section of the party. His son Arthur is Councillor for Labour Affairs of the Berlin City Magistracy. Pieck's working day begins at six in the morning—getting the latest radio broadcasts from London; then exercises in the Gym, followed by breakfast and reading the morning's papers. Punctually at nine, he is at the office desk—conferences, committees, correspondence and writing for the press. And so on, till seven in the evening. The evening itself is occupied with dictating important letters and preparation of reports on labour problems, attending public meetings. And somehow or other, he manages to round off the day with a visit to the theatre,

or to the concert. And Sunday is no different to the week-days.

Pieck considers that the most important problem before Germany today is "Peace."

Pieck thinks that the sine qua non for the drawing up of a peace treaty was the establishment of a Central Government for Germany; and a necessary and indispensable pre-condition for that again was the fusion of the different zones. Pieck holds that the Central Government should be formed by a coalition of all the four parties: Socialist Unity Party, the Christian Democratic Party, the Liberal Democratic Party, and of course the Social Democratic Party.

What is his attitude to the occupying powers? "The worst effect of the occupation of Germany," according to him, is the never ending campaign of rumour about the quarrels between the Allies. This whispering campaign is being conducted by the erstwhile Nazis and other reactionaries with the object of sabotaging the work of recovery and rehabilitation. Unfortunately they are achieving their object. It is clear that a German who believes that his home is destined once again to be destroyed, in a coming American-Russian war, would scarcely take the trouble of setting his house in order. And that applies to all work of reconstruction and rehabilitation." Pieck denies vigorously the accusation that the Socialist Unity Party (SED) was working solely in the interests of Russia. He asserted that the one aim of the SED is to support the cause of Germany. "I am convinced" he said, "that the interests of Soviet Russia and Germany are to a great extent mutual. Both countries are vitally interested in the establishment of a lasting peace, so that they can get along the road to recovery. And even though the interests of both are to a great extent identical, still they are not always and everywhere the same."

A week before the speech of Byrnes at Stuttgart, (6th November, 1946) Pieck said: "Take, for instance, the Niesse Oder line. We are not convinced that the Eastern frontier of Germany can be fixed where it stands to-day. But we take the view that as things stand to-day, it is utterly senseless to start a wild campaign for an alteration of the frontier, for that would only be inviting the suspicions of the world. Let us first strive for the establishment of trust and confidence in Germany, and surely then, at a later stage and under better and altered circumstances, it would be possible for us to secure a correction of the frontier."

Asked how it was that the SED, since its formation, had been carrying on such a flood nationalist propaganda—(when you read the election posters and speeches, it seemed as if you were reading once again the familiar propaganda of the Third Reich!). Pieck smiled and said: "It was the greatest mistake of the Socialists and the Communists that after the end of World War I they did not pay any attention to German nationalist sentiment. The nationalist-minded people were left to be exploited and to be absorbed by the reactionaries and the imperialists. We must not commit the mistake over again."

It is Pieck's view that "A nation, to avoid destruction, must possess a sound nationalist sentiment. The new nationalism of the Left is not only the means to an end, but also a genuine aspiration and a real ideal. Moscow has understood this—that certain problems could no longer be solved on an international basis but only on a national basis. That is why Moscow has dissolved the Comintern."

Pieck receives an enormous mail every morning. Letters from former Nazis requesting his help to get back their jobs, persons begging for the return of their confiscated properties amassed during the Nazi regime, women demanding the release of their menfolk. The most popular man in Germany to-day, his seventieth birthday was recently celebrated with great enthusiasm by his many friends. Among the many good wishes and tokens of esteem that he received, was an address from a small village council in Silesia—a beautiful specimen of calligraphy and hand-painting, announcing the gift of a cow!

Is Wilhelm Pieck destined to play a new role, besides being the President of the biggest party in Germany? Will he take over one of the ministries of the future German Central Government—or even become its Prime Minister? Are there people in the SED sufficiently capable of fulfilling the tasks of leadership that might be demanded of it in the near future? Pieck's own answer to the question is: "If the task is to be fulfilled, the men will be there!"

GABLE 'LUCKY' at \$1,000 A YEAR

Clark Gable, who gets a six figure salary as a movie heart-breaker, disclosed recently that it was a lucky year when he cleared more than \$1,000 for himself. He said he had not made that much in the last five years. "With everything going up, taxes, expenses and my age, I don't expect to make that much again," he said. Gable is still referred to as the king on the Metro-Goldwyn Mayer lot, where his pictures have grossed \$83,000,000. He understands he is paid \$6,000 a week for his second post-war picture, "The Hucksters". But he is not keeping it. "Single man pays 90% of it for taxes right off the bat," he explained. "My agent gets 10%. My business manager gets 2½%. I have to pay for a housekeeper and a secretary." He figured it out on the back of his script and came out minus. Gable wanted to make it clear that he was not complaining. "I know I am still a lucky guy," he said. "But people have the wrong idea about movie salaries. They think anybody who works in Hollywood is rolling in dough. That used to be true. The old-time stars made their money before taxes were high and some of them, like Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd, hung on to it."

There's one thing about dictators. They know that their power can't stand up against ideas, so they lose no time in drying up the sources of free thought.

Beware the self-appointed saviours of their country who label as "subversive" that freedom of analysis and appraisal which is the buoyant native air of democracy.

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BOOKS

The Budget And After. By "Academicus." (Hind Kitabs, Hornby Road, Bombay. Price Rs. 3).

This book deals not merely with the latest Central budget but also with other matters such as Indian war finance, the control of the stock exchanges, nationalisation of banking, regional vs. national planning, and the study of economics in India. "Academicus" first of all points out that in India the war was financed in quite a wrong way. The money required for the war was raised mainly by inflation, which imposed great suffering on the masses and brought enormous profits to a few businessmen. Taxation was not high enough and not progressive enough. The Archibald Rowlands budget of 1945-46 made things worse, as it removed much of the tax burden on businessmen without giving substantial relief to the poor. Rowlands was so frightened of deflation that he did not realize the continued existence of the inflationary danger.

"Academicus" is most interesting when he deals with the latest Central budget. The abolition of the salt tax and the raising of the exemption limit for income-tax are passed over as unexceptionable. Criticism has been concentrated on the business profits tax and the capital gains tax. The author recognises that at the present stage, when inflation has not been overcome, heavy taxation is necessary. It would be suicidal to resort to deficit budgeting now; budget deficits are justified only in times of slump. But granted the need to balance the budget, there is the further question whether the taxes proposed by the Finance Member are the best possible ones. The business profits

tax is inequitable because it discriminates against large businesses. Firms making large profits with small capital, gain as against those making moderate profits with large capital. "Academicus" suggests various devices to make the tax less objectionable—for instance, a fraction of gross profits might be taken as the exemption level. In any case, it is thoroughly wrong to impose a business profits tax as a temporary measure to meet a casual deficit; it involves too much disturbance of capital values. As regards the capital gains tax, Government's motive in levying it deserves sympathy. In so far as it induces investors to hold securities for long periods it will have beneficial results. Keynes once suggested that it would be a good thing if investors were required to buy capital assets and not allowed to part with those assets at all! Perhaps the rate of the capital gains tax could be adjusted so as to diminish in proportion to the period over which the taxpayer has held the capital asset. In any case, these two taxes need to be supplemented by death duties. It is surprising that death duties have not been introduced in the latest budget.

"Academicus" admits the need for stock exchange regulation, and considers various measures such as closure of the forward market, enforcement of margins, and shorter period of settlement. He thinks that the best cure for unhealthy speculation is administration of the stock exchanges by public officials along with adequate publicity.

As for nationalisation of banking, the Central Bank must in any case be completely under Government control. Whether there is *de jure* nationalisation or not hardly matters. As for the commercial banks,

the main argument in favour of nationalisation is that the Central Bank cannot otherwise properly control them. On the other side it can be said that State banks would be too cautious. The author thinks that in India, State regulation is preferable to outright nationalisation.

The Finance Member in his Budget speech advocated regional as against national planning. It is clear that though regional plans have their importance, they must be fitted into an over-all national plan.

"Academicus" is rightly severe on professional economists in India. Though there are large numbers of professors of economics in this country, very few outstanding works on the subject have been written.

On the whole "Academicus" has produced a book well worth reading.—(V. K. R.).

I Saw Yugoslavia. By Gautam Chattopadhyaya. (People's Publishing House, Sandhurst Road, Bombay 4. Price, As. 8).

The young writer of this booklet is one of the leading organisers of the All India Students' Federation. After taking part in the World Students' Congress as the representative of the Federation he made an extensive tour through Yugoslavia during September 1946. This is the record of his experiences and impressions.

When Mr. Chattopadhyaya and his group met Marshal Tito, he said to them: "When you go back to your own country, tell them the truth about Yugoslavia. Do not exaggerate our achievements, do not spread calumny against us—that is my one request to you." India hears little of the achievements and much of the calumny—chiefly from American publicists—against that country as one of the "police-States of Eastern Europe dominated by Russia." This first-hand account gives valuable information about conditions in that land. In the past Yugoslavia had been a typical Balkan State, torn by internal conflicts between various national

minorities—Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Mussalmans, etc. The divided people were kept in an extremely backward state by local landlords and foreign exploiters. The most remarkable achievement of the movement for liberation from the Fascists which was led by Tito was the unification of these warring elements. Each nationality now enjoys cultural protection and privileges, and has the right of self-determination. It is on this basis that they united during the resistance movement and the unity has grown stronger during the present efforts to repair the ravages of war. Yugoslavia paid heavily for her freedom. The Education Minister of the Republic of Bosnia told the visitors: "There were 3 million people in Bosnia. And to liberate the native land 7,00,000 gave their lives. . . We who are not dead must carry on their work and make this land worthy of them." This is the spirit which animates all sections of the people in their work, and which accounts for the miracles of constructive effort. The 'Youth Railway', for example, covering a length of 100 miles between two economically vital areas, was built entirely by student volunteers with the aid of a few skilled workers. The students did not give up their education either. Their teachers accompanied them and instructed the students for 4 hours after the latter had worked for 6 hours on the railway. Having fought shoulder to shoulder against the common oppressors, the teachers and students are not separated by the gulf which stands between them so often in other countries. Students carry on an equally strenuous campaign to liquidate illiteracy. Among workers and peasants the shock-worker is honoured as the hero of labour, and one of them said: "To us work has become a song now. Everything we do is for our land, and our land belongs to us."

The author also passed through Trieste, the subject of much international dispute. The Italians and Slovenes have built up a strong united trade union movement, and they want the Allied Military Government to make way for an elected

people's Government, which should decide the future of Trieste. But the Western Allies have been encouraging former Fascists and Italian chauvinists. The story of Ukmar, the workers' leader, illustrates this. He had fought for the Abyssinians, later for Republican Spain, then he became a commander of the Maquis in South France, and was decorated in 1944 by General Mark Clark for action in North Italy. But this distinguished anti-Fascist fighter is now being hunted by the Allied Military Government which has issued a warrant for his arrest. The information conveyed in this pamphlet will be of value to those interested in the far-reaching changes that are taking place in Eastern Europe.

India and U. N. O. By Mohan Kumaramangalam. (People's Publishing House, Bombay. Price, As. 8).

Out of the mass of procedural and political discussion that took place at the second session of the General Assembly of the United Nations, Mr. Kumaramangalam has summarized in this low-priced and neatly-printed book the main issues that were raised there. From the attitude adopted by the various countries towards these issues, he comes to the conclusion that the friends of India at the General Assembly meeting are also the true friends of democracy and that India should continue to work in co-operation with those nations. The cover page which shows Mrs. Pandit in conversation with Manuisky, the Soviet Ukrainian delegate, pictures the main theme of the book.

India's complaint against South Africa became a test case and "the line between the democratic and reactionary elements was made sharp and clear for everyone to see." The Soviet Union, and all the States of Eastern Europe voted for India. America, Britain and all the Empire countries (except New Zealand which was neutral) voted against India. Also, with the exception of France, all the West European States—considered by Churchill, Truman and

their friends to be "candidates for the crusade of the Western Bloc to save Christian civilisation"—were ranged against India. Again on the question of setting up a Trusteeship Council for colonies, the Anglo-American group tried to keep the Soviet Union and China out of it. The trusteeship agreements which were submitted by the imperial powers, far from providing for the advance of the colonies to freedom, were aimed at retaining and stabilizing their control over the colonies. Yet these agreements were carried. "It is clear," says the author, "that inside the U. N. O. it is yet the reactionaries who are the most powerful and not the democrats. It is the former who by virtue of their numerous satellites command an overwhelming majority and thus on any major issue affecting them, can push their decisions through." The veto power that is insisted upon by the Soviet Union is therefore an indispensable safeguard to ensure that a majority vote is not used to lend the prestige of the United Nations to anti-democratic measures. It was Australia that led the campaign against the veto power, and she was secretly backed by Britain and America. The profuse expressions of sympathy for the 'small nations' and for democracy which the Australian delegate tirelessly repeated, contrast strangely with his country's plans for her colony New Guinea. He said: "Twenty, perhaps a hundred years from now, Australia will still be engaged in the task of fostering welfare and political and social development in New Guinea." The "Western democracies" also succeeded in watering down Molotov's demand for the immediate disclosure by each country of the number of its troops and military bases in foreign territory. From the unfailing alignment of the various countries over these issues, the author argues that India should not and cannot be neutral: "India must be no passive spectator in this titanic struggle; she has to fight as a part of the world democratic army."

LETTERS

TO THE EDITOR

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

"Fresh Elections Should Be Conducted"

It was more than a bolt from the blue to all lovers of democracy to see Sri Prakasam being unseated and power-mongers taking the reins of the administration. The 116 legislators who voted against the leadership of Prakasam stand guilty of acting against the legitimate will of the people by whom they were elected. It is imperative that fresh elections should be conducted.

Tuticorin.

M.P.K.

Scurrilous

Swatantra has degraded itself. Your editorial in the last issue, making a scurrilous and ungentlemanly attack on a leader of the eminence of Rajaji, without producing any tangible proof for the volte face, is most revolting to one's sense of justice.

I hold no brief for the new Ministry nor do I defend the circumstances leading to the unfortunate eclipse of the Prakasam Ministry. But I am emphatic in asserting that Swatantra, torch-bearer of truth in the singularly dark atmosphere of the province, should remain unsullied by the influence of power-mad and faction-ridden politicians. Let it not stoop to indecency and intolerance. As your earnest well-wisher, I request you either to withdraw your remarks about the leaders or to substantiate your charges.

Madras.

R. N.

New Leader's Ability To Lead

Swatantra dated 29th March, under the heading "Loaded Dice" writes a leader casting severe aspersions on the present Premier of Madras, and also on the members of the Congress Work-

ing Committee. It contains several insinuations and mis-statements of facts which provoke criticism. Justice and fairplay require that such baseless and incorrect statements should be contradicted.

This journal has been, of late, staunchly supporting the ex-Premier's cause. There is nothing wrong in supporting the ex-Premier's cause on merits. But the attack on Mr. Prakasam's rival, Mr. Reddiar, as 'so outrageous a choice' and calling him "obscure and inconsequential" is not only unparliamentary but unfair journalism. It should be remembered that Mr. Reddiar was elected deputy leader of the Congress Legislature Party while Mr. Prakasam was its leader. There is nothing untoward or extraordinary in a deputy leader being elected leader subsequently. It is neither undemocratic nor anti-democratic.

The subject of qualities and qualifications for leadership is purely a matter of choice always left to the electors, and in this case, to the members of the Legislature. Both Mr. Prakasam and Mr. Reddiar seriously contested for leadership this year. When educated and responsible members like legislators elected a leader, one should take the decision as final, and if aggrieved, await patiently for the turn of events to convert the present minority into a majority in due course. No amount of mud-slinging on the successful rival would serve any useful purpose, except estranging the sympathy and support of all right-minded persons. Baseless and false attacks on the Working Committee, particularly on reputed and respected leaders like Mr. C. Rajagopalachari and Sardar Patel and imputing personal motives to them, will not advance the cause of Mr. Prakasam a whit nor does it help the growth of healthy democratic conventions.

To institute comparisons between Mr. Prakasam and Mr. Reddiar with regard to their antecedents and capacities is neither fair nor just. It is certainly most undemocratic. The Premier's choice of his colleagues in forming the present Ministry is in itself proof positive of Mr. Reddiar's capacity, political sagacity and ability to lead. In the present team of 13 Ministers 7 are ex-Congress Ministers and one of them, the Leader of the Assembly, was Chief Minister for four years and also a Congress Minister for 2 years. The rest of the team are as tried and seasoned Congressmen and workers as any other Ministers.

I request the talented editor of Swatantra to rise above personal loyalties, attachments and other considerations and join hands with all progressive elements in the country for the common weal.

D. KRISHNAMURTHI, M.L.C.

Effects Of The Change

In a letter to the Editor published recently in Swatantra, I said that the elimination of Sri Prakasam would bring in disastrous effects over the Congress. In support of what I prophesied I wish to cite one instance where the public defied the Congress when Mr. Madduri Annappurnayya, President of the Town Congress Committee, refused to concede their request for passing a no-confidence resolution against the new Ministry.

Mr. Annappurnayya convened a public meeting at Bradhananda Ghat on 30th March, which over 5,000 people attended. He began to explain at great length his attempts to bring the groups in the Legislature Party to a compromise and the circumstances that led to Prakasam's resignation. He concluded his speech with an appeal for support to the new Ministry because, though it was not a Prakasam Ministry it was a Congress Ministry. Immediately a youth stood up and said "You have all along been saying that the Congress is the people and the people the Congress. Why then do you not allow us to pass a no-confidence resolution which is nothing but the expression of public opinion?" Mr. Annappurnayya said that he could not do it unless there was a directive from the Andhra P.C.C., whereupon the audience urged him to leave so that they could hold another meeting at the same place. As soon as Mr. Annappurnayya left the place, the public proposed Mr. M. V. Somasundaram, President of the District Youth Congress to the Chair and unanimously passed a

resolution to this effect: As the Omandur Government, which was formed against the wishes of the people is not a People's Government, we hereby declare that we have absolutely no confidence in either the leadership of Mr. Omandur Ramaswamy Reddiar or in his Cabinet and we urge upon the Governor to dissolve the Legislature in order to afford an opportunity for the public to express their opinion on the ministerial crisis."

K. S. SUBRAHMANYAM.

Rajahmundry.

Politics And Personalities

It is distressing to find that power-mad careerists in our province have successfully turned the apple cart of the Madras Cabinet turtle by sabotaging the Prakasam Ministry; and that there are vicious circles ('clique' is an unpalatable term for them) within the great provincial organisation itself. A caucus of half-educated and ambitious party leaders and those who smarted under their failure to grace the high office of ministership have planned the overthrow of Sri Prakasam—one who strove in the teeth of strong opposition to carry out boldly and fearlessly some of the key policies of the Congress creed like the Khadi policy. In no other way can we satisfactorily explain the need for the changes in the Ministry. Even the Congress President went home a much sadder and a wiser man, bewildered and baffled as to what it was that the Partymen had been quarrelling about.

In a province like ours riddled with party politics and with Andhra vs. Tamil controversy for leadership, it is not so much ability, merit and character that count as the ability to sway and to win over members of the party with tempting baits of ministership. Anyway, history has repeated itself with a vengeance in the South. The Frankenstein monster that Sri Prakasam had created in his anti-C. R. campaign has not only helped him to tumble into power but also to tumble out of it.

It is high time that members of the Congress Party in general and those of this province in particular realise that principles and not personalities should really count and that office is not a fool's paradise for the ambitious groups to exploit for their own selfish ends.

M. A. SALAM.

Omandur Compared To Akbar

I am a regular reader of your paper ever since its inception. I used to admire your editorials as I was always

concurring with your views. But for the past few months I don't find your editorials reasonable and impartial. Ever since the dethroning of Prakasam from the Madras Ministry, you have started making propaganda against the present Ministry and your journal now-a-days contains nothing but accusations against it from cover to cover.

Your argument that Mr. Omandur Reddiar is ignorant of English and as such he would not be able to carry on the administration of the province does not sound alright. For the management of a Government literary knowledge of English is not a necessity. It is enough if a person possesses sound administrative knowledge. Hyder, Akbar and Shivaji are well-known examples of illiterate persons who had administered kingdoms. But Omandur is not an illiterate person but he is literate though not in English. He has enough practical knowledge of administration. But for that he would not have been elected as the leader by his satellites who are well-versed in English.

Further you say that Mr. Patel and C. R. were responsible for the failure of the Prakasam Ministry. This is nothing but a sweeping statement. I do not think by your present propaganda, you will be able to bring back Mr. Prakasam to the Ministry. If, as you say, he has so much hold on the people of Madras, why was not there any agitation for a fresh election?

Madras was an example to the other provinces during C.R.'s time and people in other provinces were holding this province in high esteem. Now it has become a scandal. When the people of Madras did not want Mr. Prakasam to be the Premier, he ought to have voluntarily resigned instead of allowing himself to be dethroned.

Anyway, what has happened has happened and when every effort is being made to patch up cleavages among Congressmen, it is really unfortunate that you should write such editorials, which will certainly widen the gulf.

Calcutta.

K. SRINIVASAN.

"Iconoclasm"

From your fluctuating loyalties to personalities I am led to doubt whether you would say the same rosy things about Pandit Nehru, as you did in your "Sidelights" in the 12th April issue, if he should say to-morrow that your latest idol could not have committed a bigger blunder than when he fought shy of the Party meeting on February 28.

Comparisons are odious. But if you should have them, you should be more just. Acharya Kripalani may not reach the heights of a Nehru or an Asad, but he can be credited with the same measure of political earnestness and integrity and with possessing at least the minimum, if not more, of the requisites that make a Congress President. If nothing else, his long association at least must have given him that training necessary for the position.

Because the late President Roosevelt was considered a greater personality, President Truman is not necessarily a dummy "embodied in the trappings of supreme control over the affairs" of one of the "Big Three" nations.

From the short shrift you have given to your erstwhile heroes like C. R. and Sardar Patel, in your defence of a lost cause, I suspect that Pandit Nehru has no better fate in store for him if he dares to differ from the pontifical pronouncements of Swatantra.

S. V. R.

Teachers' Salaries

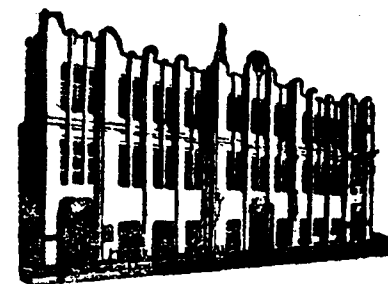
It is surprising that the Salaries Sub-Committee should have completely ignored and failed to tackle the question of the Provident Fund contribution of teachers serving in aided institutions. The present rate of contribution—two annas in the rupee—is so pitifully low that after a period of 25 or 30 years of service, the teacher, particularly one who occupies the lower rungs of the ladder, gets nothing substantial for his long and hard service. It is high time that the rules are immediately changed and revised so as to make the Provident Fund contribution at least twice that of what it is, that is, two annas as the teacher's share and one anna each of the Government and the Management.

Again, before 1934, the Inter-trained teachers were given a separate scale of pay but somehow the Sub-Committee has completely forgotten even the very existence of such a class of teachers. So much so, it happens that an S.S.L.C. lower division clerk gets more than an Inter-trained teacher, who, in addition to his higher general educational qualification, has undergone the necessary teacher's training course.

Is it too much to hope that the new Ministry will rectify these two cases of glaring injustice and do the needful in the matter?

P. T. K. IYENGAR.

Ambur.



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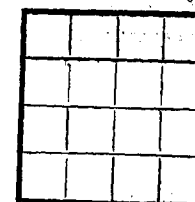
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SWATANTRA

Vol. II, No. 11.
SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1947.

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It is regretted that owing to Saka's illness, the usual feature Sidelines is not appearing in this week's Swatantra.

DRESS REHEARSAL



SWATANTRA

VOL. II
No. 11

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1947.

ISSUED
WEEKLY

STATES AND THE CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY

ADDRESSING the All-India States Peoples' Conference, Pandit Nehru has once more stressed the need for the States to enter the Constituent Assembly at once. The British Cabinet Mission clearly laid down in their statement that the future constitution of India should be drawn up by a Constitution Assembly which should contain representatives not only of British India but also of the States. The manner of selection of the States' representatives and the distribution of seats among individual States were left to be determined by consultation between Negotiating Committees to be appointed by the British India portion of the Assembly and by the Princes. These Negotiating Committees have been set up and after discussion they have arrived at some agreement. Unfortunately, however, very few States have made up their minds to enter the Constituent Assembly. Baroda, Cochin, Gwalior, Jaipur and Bikaner are the only States of any importance which have come in. Most of the princes are adopting a policy of "wait and see." They think they can get better terms by standing out for some time longer. They even dream of becoming independent monarchs after June 1948. Hyderabad, it appears, may establish itself as a sovereign State. Sir C. P. Ramaswami Iyer insists that Travancore can negotiate only on the basis of

complete independence. He even suggests that his State is less dependent on the rest of India than the rest of India is on it.

Many of the princes do not realise that it is fantastic for small States to claim absolute sovereign rights in the modern world. Even if the princes were given sovereign powers, they could scarcely hope to retain those powers. They cannot after June 1948 rely on British troops to prop them up against their own subjects. Indian nationalism will not tolerate the retention of British soldiers in the States; nor will public opinion in Britain permit the use of armed force to bolster up autocrats in India. The only solution is for the States to enter an All India Federation. They must co-operate with the rest of India in the Constituent Assembly to draw up the constitution of such a Federation. Congress has gone as far as it could—perhaps farther than it should—to allay the fears of the princes and induce them to join in the task of constitution-making. Pandit Nehru has persuaded the States' peoples to agree that 50% of the States' representatives should be nominees of the princes and that even the popularly elected delegates should be formally nominated by the rulers. If in spite of all concessions the princes refuse to enter the Constituent Assembly they will only forfeit whatever loyalty they still in-

spire in their subjects. Pandit Nehru has warned the States that if any of them still keep out, they will be regarded as hostile States. Will the rulers heed the warning in time?

Fresh Start

THE joint statement of Gandhiji and Mr. Jinnah on the violent outbreaks of inter-communal conflict has not come a minute too early. It was, in fact, long overdue. Ever since the disastrous series of riots started, Pandit Nehru and Gandhiji have unhesitatingly condemned violence wherever and by whosoever practised and, in Bihar, they were unsparing in their strictures on the conduct of the Hindu majority. On the other hand Mr. Jinnah, until the time of this joint appeal, had contented himself with occasional and somewhat laconic statements to the press. We therefore wholeheartedly welcome his affixing his signature to a denunciation "for all time" of "the use of force to achieve political ends." But the appeal should not be allowed to remain as a mere pious document issued in formal fulfilment of a pressing request from the new Viceroy. Its practical benefit will depend on strict adherence to the policy of peaceful political activity, and its actual application to the deadlock which is at present holding up the task of the Constituent Assembly. The logical implication of the Gandhi-Jinnah appeal is that the League must forthwith accept the invitation of the Congress for joint consultations so as to reach an agreement on the shape of India's future constitution. The long-delayed entry of the League representatives into the Constituent Assembly has to take place at once. This will, in its turn, help in making the doubting princes and princelings choose the safer side of the fence on which they have been trying to maintain a

precarious balance. Once the Muslim League and the States enter the Assembly, that body will at last be able to frame a constitution whether along the lines suggested by the British Cabinet or on the basis of any new agreement that might be arrived at by the Congress and the League.

The atmosphere for such an agreement has now been eased with regard to the question of division. Four years ago in his 'formula' Mr. C. Rajagopalachari realistically and with foresight expressed the need for accepting the division of the country if the Muslims should insist on it. Now, after the gruesome experiences of Bengal, Bihar and Punjab, the principle of division then advocated by C. R. has met with the recognition, though belated and reluctant, of many other Congress leaders. Far from registering a horrified emotional response to proposals for 'vivisection,' the Hindu and Sikh leaders of Bengal and Punjab are to-day demanding the division of the respective provinces. Only the limits which the partition of Muslim majority areas should follow remains to be settled. And it is here that Mr. Jinnah's dreams of a viable Pakistan remain as impossible of realisation now as ever before. The League leader must agree to the modification of his picture of the Pakistan areas if he is going to act in the spirit of the declaration which he has issued along with Gandhiji. The path of violence has led to nothing but disaster. The Gandhi-Jinnah appeal can be the starting point on the other and more fruitful path of mutual agreement and co-operation.

New Status Of The Rupee

THE new political status of India has made possible certain changes in the monetary field. In this sphere also we have become less dependent on Britain. A re-

cent Act of the Central Legislature removes the statutory obligation laid on the Reserve Bank of India to give rupees in unlimited quantities in exchange for sterling tendered to it. This value of the Rupee is to be expressed in future not in terms of sterling but in terms of gold. The exchange value of the Rupee is thus no longer dependent on the policies of the British Treasury and the Bank of England. Our monetary affairs are to be controlled from Delhi and not from the City of London.

This Act does thus something to restore our national self-respect. Its practical effect must not however be exaggerated. For some years to come the change can only be formal. We have expressed the value of our currency in terms of gold because under the Bretton Woods Agreements we are bound to do so. It is an irony of fate that the long over-due delinking of the Rupee from sterling should be the result not entirely of our own independent decision but of an international agreement. We are not in a position to give our currency a multi-lateral orientation all at once. Whatever the *de jure* position, we must *de facto* remain dependent on Britain in the monetary sphere for some time to come. We cannot offer gold to all comers at the official exchange rate; we will have to take advantage of the transitional provisions of the International Monetary Fund Agreement. Most of our currency reserve is in sterling. But though in practice the Rupee must remain largely dependent on sterling for some time, we cannot help feeling immensely gratified that formal delinking has taken place. Britain has all along refused to permit the acquisition by the Rupee of an independent status. During the war the sterling

link was used by Britain to obtain unlimited supplies of Indian currency. Because the Reserve Bank was bound to give rupees in exchange for sterling, inflation was avoided in Britain and exported to India. Thus the sterling connection operated disastrously for India. Worst of all, the linking of the Rupee to sterling was a symbol of our bondage. The delinking of the Rupee is an assertion of autonomy in the monetary sphere. In time we shall be able to make our monetary autonomy a reality. We can develop our trade with the U.S.A. and other countries, and lessen our dependence on the sterling area. We can hold our monetary reserves not only in sterling but also in U. S. dollars and other 'hard currencies.' The Rupee will ultimately become a leading currency of the world, having the same status as even the Almighty Dollar.

Control The Police

TO COMMEMORATE the memory of the late V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, the Lakshmipuram Young Men's Association organised a public meeting on the evening of April 16. Special permission had been granted by the Police Commissioner, in spite of Section 144 being in force. The Sheriff of Madras arrived in order to preside over the meeting, and among those who were to speak were Justice Chandrasekhara Iyer, Mr. T. R. Venkatarama Sastri and the Hon'ble Daniel Thomas, Minister. But just as the proceedings were about to commence a constable arrived on the scene with an order cancelling the permission to hold the meeting which was therefore abandoned. It is difficult to conceive why the police should impose a last minute ban on an assembly to be addressed by law-abiding citizens who could not conceivably have made any revolutionary or subversive speeches.

Sotto Voce

The Wind That Bloweth



THE LATE Bishop Whitehead was a familiar figure in Madras in the early years of the century. Thanks largely to the initiative of his accomplished wife who survives him, he achieved an intimacy with Indians of status which in those days was so rare as to provoke comment. Mrs. Whitehead, unlike her more quiet husband, was seized with an ardent desire to shake the people of this country out of their lethargy. She had the surprise of her life when, at a meeting presided over by V. Krishnaswami Iyer, she held forth in her wonted style. Instead of saying the usual polite nothings expected of chairmen, that extraordinary man preferred to be his own torrential self. The philosophy of quiescence, which he expounded with a noble eloquence, could have hardly had a more dynamic admirer.

Bishop Whitehead's death reminds me of another interesting fact—that talent is apt to run in families. The Bishop's brother is A. N. Whitehead, the distinguished mathematical philosopher, whose son is a scientist who has won the Nobel Prize. The Thompsons, the Huxleys, the de Broglies, the Braggs and a host of others more or less well known in the world of science are there to show that science is something of a craft, though inspiration has its part in it too. The scientist's young son grows up in the laboratory as in the old days, when carpentry was a craft, the carpenter's young son grew up at his father's bench. The

scientific method, like the use of the chisel, is best learnt by watching an older hand at work.

In literature and the fine arts the persistence of special gifts in the same family does not seem so common. Possibly there is less of it to-day than there used to be a generation or two ago. It may be that the part played by craftsmanship in literature is less important and that it is strictly subordinated to the creative impulse. And craftsmanship itself has a thin time in these days of the slick machine-made magazine which keeps the vast army of the journeymen of letters going.

The old distinction between talent and genius may be no longer tenable in an age when conditioned reflexes are held to account for everything. I wonder. It seems to me that in every work of excellence that comes from men's hands two elements may be discerned in varying proportions. One is the application of native intelligence aided by long and conscientious preparation. The other is something given to the human agent, something that seems to happen without his volition, and yet is expected and welcome like "the stars that still sojourn and still move onward."

Genius is the wise passivity that beguiles inspiration. To the Hindu it is, like all valuable things, an end-product of many births. And for that reason it might be expected to run in families, other conditions being not unfavourable. Bana

the son could brilliantly finish the Kadambari which Bana the father had left a magnificent torso. If that kind of succession is not frequent these days that may be due to the modern heresy which holds that one may be an authentic poet or a painter of genius and yet may be something less than a man in his family life and social relations.

The great writer should have achieved a much larger measure of inner harmony than his compeer in the realm of science or in other spheres of activity which engage only part of a man's being. All creative work is indeed spiritual in that it moves and transforms the minds which come into contact with it. But the profoundest intuitions are those of the poet; for his knowledge has liberated him. His contribution is *sui generis*; he may be the product of his age, but he transcends it. Science, on the other

hand, is a corporate activity; it grows like the coral reef. Einstein supersedes Newton and is cheerfully prepared to be superseded in his turn.

All knowledge acquired by the discursive reason is tentative, fallible and limited in its usefulness. The fitful flicker of the torch lights up a few feet round about the man who holds it aloft, but deceitful shadows dance on the periphery and the encompassing darkness ever threatens. Not thus are discovered the truths that abide with us. They are delivered in the quietness of Spirit which is audible when the mind is stilled. The Vedic seers who knew this stillness in their hearts were not only poets themselves: they propagated poets. Out of fullness comes the full.

VIGHNESWARA.



Mr. T. Prakasam addressing a large gathering at the Gymkhana Club, Berwada during the National Week Celebrations.

A SCHOOL FOR CIVILIANS

by "P. M."

THE I.C.S. is dead: Long Live the Indian Civil Service!—Such in effect was the burden of the speech with which Sardar Patel inaugurated the new training course for probationers to All India Services in the Free India to be. One could have wished for a more sympathetic voice than that of the redoubtable Sardar to pronounce the epitaph on the dying order; but it is altogether appropriate that the 'Iron-man' of our time should be entrusted with the task of making the steel-frame supplier and stronger than ever to serve the needs of a more complicated, uncertain and strenuous future than we can yet visualise. Falstaff, it will be remembered, exhorted the Prince to abolish the gallows on his accession to the throne. Instead, we know how the reprobate, old sinner was himself sent to Coventry to prove to an apprehensive world that the new King was fully aware of his first duty, which was to govern. A free, self-governing India would require the services of an efficient but subordinate bureaucracy to distribute the goods of self-rule in the widest commonalty, and in a continuous stream.

Now that the I.C.S. is about to be wound up, let me praise it on the principle: *'de mortui, nil nisi bonum.'* There are more competent persons, both within and without the pale of that service, to undertake and fulfil this task to better purpose than I; but mine shall at least be reasonable. In the first place, it can look back with complacency, if not pride, on a brilliant galaxy of versatile genius that has shed lustre on it during its brief but memorable career. It has produced men of action, no less than men of words and of thought. Soldiers, statesmen, law-givers, engineers, poets, pundits, polyglot scholars have variegated the task of government with cultural explorations which have enriched Anglo-Indian history. Like journalism at its best,

the traditions of the Indian Civil Service have favoured anonymity without blighting originality or stunting free growth. Consider the vast mass of first-rate writing that lies unheeded, except by the curious, in District Gazetteers and departmental manuals. Historians, elegant stylists, patient students of the *genius loci*, archaeologists and even mystics have contented themselves with the dingy immortality which these reference books ensure. In the early days, the civilians were the pioneers of Sanskrit revival; to-day many of them fade out in British Universities as Readers in Indian languages! After all, it was a minority that was engaged in shaking the Pagoda Tree or suffering from liver complaints! The best of them gave of their best to our country in days when such a gift was unheedingly accepted.

The Old-order Civilian lived in a closed world. It had a few well-defined landmarks like the Flag, the Court, the Club and Camp. These cardinal points encircled a universe which was called the 'Raj.' The Civilian was at once impersonal, self-effacing and intensely egotistic! His sense of superiority over the world which he surveyed was so fixed that he acted with a detachment which made him the concretisation of Justice itself. As Shaw put it, he was so impartial because he didn't care a d—n for either side of the case! As man on the spot, he had a vogue which was encouraged by geographical factors like distance, and prestige which capitalised distance. The man on the spot gathered a mystical veneration, as he also represented the legal principle that possession is nine points of the Law. *Dilli dur ust*—is not only a tribute to the might of a centralised government, functioning like the gods of Olympus from behind inaccessible and distant clouds, but also a confession of the hopelessness of securing quick redress for grievances which through chro-

nic persistence became part of the *status quo*! These two concepts together gave a field-day to the man on the spot which he exploited in the interests of the Sircar and its mounting prestige. The civilian was the true *Karma-Yogin* for his times!

But the I.C.S. had its blind spots also. A classical jibe about it (I heard it first uttered by the late Mr. Arundale acting as a *super* to Dr. Besant in the course of her hectic propaganda in favour of Indian Home Rule) was that it was neither Indian in personnel, nor civil in its manners, nor servants of the people! It looks as if the title was devised on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*! Refusal to open its portals to Indians was inspired by the fear not so much of losing the empire as by that of the natives discovering the scaffolding which supported the edifice which looked so impressive from the outside. When necessity first forced and later hastened the tempo of native infiltration into its ranks, Nemesis so worked that newcomers out-heroded Herod in their general ideology and outlook. Instead of the environment being destroyed, the newcomers were led to adapt themselves to it by a process of their own intellectual and spiritual attrition until they became safe and dependable and—sterile!

It is sometimes said that the old traditions of the I.C.S. at least made for efficient government. This is an unfounded assertion. Nepotism and corruption were as much the rule under Civilian sway as under more democratic conditions. The only difference is that the quantum of corruption under the old order was very much less than under the new. In the old days, a man first wangled a contract, next

used it to get a title, and then used the title to get more contracts! But now there are more claimants for patronage, and so the thing comes out into the open. There are many stories, not all of them apocryphal, of promotions of deputy collectors and other lesser limbs of the bureaucracy on the strength of seasonable attentions to the inner man or judicious incense burnt before the pedestal on which the memsahib was installed. Caligula's classic appointment of his favourite horse as one of the pro-consuls of the empire has a human appeal which all empire-makers and keepers have always capitalised in different ways.

By way of conclusion, let me refer to one of the parables of C. R. as premier which landed him in very hot water. Explaining why the all-India services were not included for salary cuts, he put forward the provocative comparison that European members of the I.C.S. were bound to be more costly like English vegetables, whereas Indian members were like the homely Indian vegetables which could be had in plenty, and so were cheaper. I can only express the hope that the new members of the all-India services will so build up their traditions as to make us all acknowledge that brinjals have greater nutritive value than Brussels sprouts, that tapioca has more virtue than turnips and tomatoes, that lady's fingers are more bland and unctuous than lettuce, and that coriander can give points and beat the cabbage! The future Indian Officer, no less than the average Indian, must prove his fitness to govern himself and his country; and may neither of them be found wanting in the moment of need!



CHURCHILL PROVED WRONG BY HISTORY

Broadcasting on January 20, 1940, Mr. Churchill said: "The service rendered by Finland to mankind is magnificent. They have exposed for all the world to see the military incapacity of the Red Army and of the Red Air Force.... Everyone can see how Communism rots the soul of a nation; how it makes it abject and hungry in peace, and proves it base and abominable in war."

THE NEXT STEP

by K. S. VENKATARAMANI

RUBBING his hands with glee Lord Minto sowed the wind years ago and Lord Mountbatten, the last of the Viceroys, is now reaping the whirlwind. The harvest seems perennial. But British statesmanship which has been sobered and made more honest by World War II stands puzzled and embarrassed by its own imperial adroitness in the past. The only way out is to plough back courageously these wild weeds of communal politics which were so sedulously cultivated in the past.

June 1948. The sands are sinking in the hour glass. End these interminable interviews with leaders of the endless minorities of India. Interviews solve no problems. They are the eddies which paralyse the will-power, especially the Viceregal. Stern thinking in solitude is the need of the hour both for the Viceroy and the Congress. The essentials of a solution lie on the following lines for a peaceful transfer of power.

(1) The transfer of sovereign power in June 1948 should be to India as a whole. This is inescapable and implicit in the geography of India and the Time spirit. By transferring to Provinces, you sow again the wind—the seeds of hate.

(2) As the New Constitution will not be ready by June 1948, the Interim National Government should be declared a sovereign body and must have, at least during the transitional period till the final evolution of a new constitution, concurrent powers and responsibilities for law and order over all the Provinces and States of India.

(3) A New Interim Government should be again constituted for such sovereign purpose on the broadest basis taking in all parties and minorities giving them each a just share of representation including the Indian States. Paramountcy like Sovereignty will inevitably

crystallise in the Federal Centre, however much you may resist the idea.

The solution should be on the basis of (a) outstanding capacity for leadership and administrative ability, (b) the possession of a committee mind as against a single track mind, which means a clear gift for compromise and tact and a capacity to take in all view points, (c) specific genius for organisation, constructive work and team spirit, (d) mere political record should not be the sole test.

(4) The Interim National Government should function as a Cabinet with full collective responsibility. It may be enlarged to 20 or as many as necessary and should represent both British and Indian India.

(5) No good will come out of the existing Constitutional Assembly even if it functions for a decade. No workable three-decker constitution can be framed on the fantastic Mission Plan. It must be scrapped forthwith.

The New Interim Government may be charged with the framing of a New Constitution through any democratic machinery of its own choice.

In this atmosphere of realism the moment power is really transferred to a representative government as a whole all communal conflicts will disappear. It is my firm conviction that no solution by agreement between the Hindus and the Muslims is possible *at this stage* for two reasons: (1) British Policy was bent for a long time on dividing us for gains of their own, though just now they are trying to reverse that policy. (2) The Congress policy of political concessions and appeasement based on no principle or justice and without any organisation of Hindu and Muslim masses on a programme of real constructive work encouraged the anti-social

values and elements and discouraged the real worker for unity.

After the real transfer of power in June 1948 such agreement is bound to come contributing vastly to the unity and strength of India.

The tragedy is that there was a break in the evolution of Indian Renaissance due to causes beyond the vision of man. The Gandhian epoch was over practically by 1933. It ceased to be thereafter a vitalising, progressive and shaping influence for all its priceless gift of a new approach and vision, courage and sentiment, humanism and idealism. It canalised no more the mass energy it still continued to release but allowed it increasingly to stagnate into swamps festooned with slogans, statements and mere speeches which led to no action and which were unrelated to the throbs and aches of real life. The fortune up-to-date of the emergence of a new type of constructive leadership based on action, organisation, discipline and stern enforcement of the day's work is responsible directly for two decades of misery, suffering and chaos in renaissance India and indirectly for World War II.

Such a practical leadership with the two eyes of realism and gift for action should emerge now or never. India's destiny trembles in the balance. India is the axis of awakened Asia.

Had Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru been the real rebel leader of free India 15 years ago by virtue of a choice blend of qualities and circumstances our history would have

been different; our citizenship would be richer with the qualities of courage, discipline and team work which a real struggle and victory always mean. But the parental tenderness of Bapuji caressed into mere jail-going the impetuous rebel leader and delayed the emergence of a New Leadership. But who can fall to succumb to the compassionate philosophy of Mahatmaji uttered in accents of love. So Pandit Jawaharlal hesitated in the critical hour and still the hesitation continues in the inner core of his mind enfeebling resolute action and firm decision. But thanks to Mr. Jinnah's extreme politics. Mr. Jinnah is beginning to act as a homeopathic dose of medicine. He is a product of Congress weakness. He will also prove to be its cure. But only if Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru resurrects his own real qualities, if necessary, by a week's vow of silence, solitude and stern thinking away from files. In close comradeship with Sri Jai Prakash Narain and kindred spirits not yet harnessed to real work, who reflect the urges and longings of renaissance Indian life the miracle might still be achieved of a peaceful devolution of power and the building up of a free and powerful New India.

Lord Mountbatten by his integrity, his sense of justice, daring and prompt action can make an equal contribution to the peaceful transference of power. It requires courage to see the folly and mischief implicit in the Cabinet Mission's Plan and the present Constituent Assembly, devised with no view for immediate transference of power.



We must educate our children not only to make a success in life as competitive individuals—but also, and even more important, to work together in the service of the general welfare. In recent years, education has placed so much emphasis on the individual, and so little on the general welfare, that both government and business have become more and more a battleground of selfish pressure groups. The essence of education is striking a balance between these two ends. We want the maximum of the general welfare compatible with the blessings of liberty—Henry A. Wallace in "Sixty Million Jobs."



THIRU V. KALYANASUNDARA MUDALIAR.

B. & C. MILLS STRIKE

THIRU V. K. INTERVIEWED

(We are glad to publish this interview of Swatantra's representative with Sri Thiru V. Kalyanasundara Mudaliar, the great Tamil scholar who is also one of the foremost followers of the Gandhian way of life in South India. Having given up the teaching profession over thirty years ago in order to join the national movement, Thiru V. K. has participated in the various struggles launched by the Congress. He was one of the founders of the trade union movement in Madras and initiated the Madras Labour Union in 1918. To-day, in spite of advanced age and failing health, he has taken up the burden of leading the B. & C. Mills workers in their struggle for better conditions. Under his leadership the strike of the workers has been remarkable for its absolutely peaceful and non-violent character, in spite of provocative police raids and bandobust. In the worst tradition of British autocratic rule, the police searched his residence in his absence, while he was addressing a meeting on the beach, without a search warrant. Writing to him from prison, Mr. Antony Pillai expressed the sentiment of the common people in these words "It is with pity and pride that the working class expects its retired leader to take the field again... I am sure that you will succeed where many a younger man has failed, and therefore I have no regrets and no worries since the situation is in your capable and experienced hands.")

At the outset Thiru V. K. told me that the Madras Government's action in arresting Mr. Antony Pillai, President of the Madras Labour Union, was unjust, hasty and indefensible. Mr. Pillai and himself had met the Labour Minister Dr. Rajan on 25th March; the Minister asked them to discuss the terms of settlement with the management and report back to him on the 28th. Mr. Pillai was to have met Dr. Rajan at 11 a.m. on that date, but

he was arrested at 4 a.m. and taken away to Vellore Jail. Since it was Mr. Pillai who was engaged in talks with the management of the Mills, the workers are unanimously firm in their demand that he should be released forthwith and enabled to resume his efforts to effect an honourable agreement. Thiru V. K. expressed his agreement with Mr. Antony Pillai's stand as indicated in this extract from his letter from Vellore: "I am writing a letter to Dr. Rajan, pointing out that my detention is improper since he had requested us to report in person on the 28th on the state of the negotiations, and since he promised to do his best to mediate a settlement in the event of failure of the direct negotiations. The arrest has taken place even before I submitted a report as to how we had bargained, or as to how near or far we were from a settlement. I have requested him to summon me to enable me to make that report, if there is any sincerity in his statement that he is interested in mediating a settlement."

On my drawing his attention to the report in a certain section of the daily press about the presence of black-shirt volunteers (of the Dravidastan movement) at one of the workers' meetings, Thiru V. K. warmly protested against the misleading report that had been put out. The men in black shirts formed an insignificant part of the gathering of about 50,000. And those men, who were themselves members of the Union, had donned that uniform in the expectation that the meeting would be addressed among others by Mr. Annadurai, one of the Dravidian leaders, who, however, failed to turn up. Explaining that the workers' movement was entirely non-communal in character, Thiru V. K. said: "During the whole course of my public life I have always stood against communal divisions, espe-

cially so in the field of trade union work, where the interests of the workers, whatever their community, are identical."

"Congress has always proclaimed the ideals of freedom and liberty, but it is surprising," he said, "to find the Congress ministry employing the old bureaucratic police measures like the banning of meetings, in spite of scrupulous adherence by the workers to non-violent methods during all these 36 days of their struggle. Such bans prevent even right guidance being given to the workers. It appears as if the police want to provoke disturbance

by stationing themselves in unnecessarily large numbers. I am pained that these things should happen with such a Vedantic-minded and saintly character as our present Premier at the helm of affairs."

Thiru V. K. concluded with these words: "Government's refusal even to transfer Mr. Antony Pilla to Madras from jail elsewhere shows that they are standing on false notions of prestige. They appear, unfortunately, to be bent on crushing the workers. This is at variance with the ideals and the election pledges of the Congress."

SCIENTIFIC VISION NEEDED

by ALLADI RAMAKRISHNAN

The problem of India is a problem of poverty, of feeding and clothing the swaying and semi-naked millions. It now seems insoluble after a hundred and fifty years of British rule. In a country based on a simple rural economy that neither knew exploitation nor prosperity, there grew crowded towns, those ugly emblems of a capitalist economy, with millions leading a squalid and squalid existence for the sake of the prosperity of a few. There was reared a canorous official class enjoying privileges and emoluments unexampled in even the most prosperous countries of the world, and a parasitic merchant class with no incentive to creative enterprise but intent on making vast accumulation of easy money. Elsewhere, in England and in America, scientific and technological development had changed a dull, drab world into a wonderland of science. In India, the humble millions dragged on a miserable existence, insensible to the magic touch of science. The intellectual classes were mainly concerned with amassing fortunes and they were impervious to the scientific spirit.

Then came World War II. The total war made enormous drafts on the

knowledge and inventiveness of scientific workers. Improvements in aviation, radio-communication, in agricultural science and the healing art of medicine, made the world of to-day a different one from the pre-war world. But we in India, have not contributed a little to this amazing advance, not benefited in the least by it. On the contrary, we broke loose from our moral moorings. Dishonesty and an insatiable appetite for profit were the parting gifts of World War II. The gulf between the rich and the poor is now greater than ever before.

Grave diseases require stern remedies. Increased production with the aid of scientific knowledge and proper distribution, based on a planned economy can alone solve this insoluble problem. A resolute Government, with a scientific vision, is the prime need of the moment.

Science has achieved many triumphs. It can spin the sands into silken threads and transmute the tenuous air into milk and honey. It can solve the insoluble problem of our poverty, our malnutrition, our hunger and our disease.

"The playground is a workshop for moulding a youth's character. Such elements as Fear, Worry, Impatience, Irritability and Depression are unknown to a sportsman or a sportswoman—The most enviable disposition in the world is of one who can laugh at small annoyances—and that is the royal road to beauty."—Norma Shearer.

HENRY WALLACE: TRAITOR OR WORLD CITIZEN?

by G. N. S.

"Civilization, emerging from this war, has won its right to one more chance for permanent peace. It may not have another."—WALLACE.

FEARLESS adherence to the view quoted above has cost Wallace dearly. He had to give up his office as U. S. Secretary of Commerce in September 1946. Now he is being branded by a considerable section of the American Congress and press as a near-traitor who has chosen to conduct a campaign against his country's foreign policy on the other side of the Atlantic. It is the present fashion in America to dub every labour leader, administrator or politician who might happen to differ from the dominant anti-Russian feeling as a "Red," which is a term of condemnation strong enough to damn the victim in the eyes of a society that is peculiarly susceptible to the bogey. The big newspaper and magazine chains like the Hearst, Scripps-Howard and McCormick with their circulation measured in millions, unparalleled lavishness in get-up and subtle publicity technique, have played the largest part in bringing about the present mood through regular and venomous anti-Russian propaganda. Lillenthal of the TVA, Philip Murray of the Congress of Industrial Organizations and now Henry Wallace have been the victims of this organised campaign of vilification. **People's Peace of Full**

Employment

Wallace himself is far from being an ideological ally of the Soviet system. He believes in capitalism, in "democratic free enterprise." He is pre-eminently the spokesman of the small businessmen and of those workers who have no political ambitions beyond securing permanent employment on good wages. In his plan for "Sixty Million Jobs" Wallace says: "Frankly, I am one of those who believe that we survived the depression of the thirties only because the courageous action of

the Roosevelt New Deal restored the people's confidence in themselves and in their free institutions..... We must now pick up where we left off then, consolidate the gains, and develop a practical means of preventing mass unemployment." In order to do this the doctrines of scarcity would have to be given up—the doctrines of those who seek safe profits by maintaining low prices and lean levels of production, all at the expense of the unemployed; for this is monopoly in action "and monopoly has always been the worst enemy of free enterprise." Mass production for mass consumption aided by the minimum necessary aid from Government, and constructive use of American monetary and technical resources in the backward areas of the world for the mutual benefit of these areas and of America—this is his plan for American economy. And the problem is "how to work out methods by which an ounce of government stimulation, or an ounce of government participation, would result in a pound of private initiative and enterprise." Nationalisation of basic industries, which lies at the root of European socialist thought, forms no part of his plan. Politically, his plea for the export of butter and tractors instead of guns and bombs to the European and Middle East countries is offered by him as the most effective way of checking the spread of Communism. There is nothing un-American about these ideas, unless willing submission to the financial oligarchy of the cartels and hysterical hatred of Russia are to be considered as the exclusive and authentic American virtues.

Internal Politics of America

The remarkable feature of the Wallace episode is that both Republican and Democratic leaders have joined in the chorus of horrified disapproval. This curious development has to be understood against

the background of the recent fortunes of American political parties. Ever since Roosevelt's death the New Dealers who represent the Liberal force in American political life have been steadily ousted from official positions. This has been accompanied by an efficient process of redbaiting ominously similar to Hitler's anti-Comintern crusade. Some Republicans nicknamed the late President 'Franklin Stalino Roosevelt' and called for the combing out of "red fascists, commies and borderline pinkos." This campaign brought great success to the Republican party in the 1946 Congressional elections. In Montana the Democratic candidate Erickson lost because a photograph (alleged to be forged) was circulated which showed him buying a copy of the communist *Daily Worker*. Before the elections, one of the Democrats wrote: "The Republicans have beclouded the basic issues of the campaign by dealing solely in fears and fantasies.....they have worked themselves up to a fever pitch with hysterical cries about meat and Communism with the deliberate purpose of turning this campaign away from the basic issues. But the American people will not be fooled." Apparently they were. The Democrats drew their lesson from the landslide which gave the Republicans the majority, and decided to outsmart the latter in the game of red-baiting, thus hoping to steal the Republican thunder during the 1948 Presidential election. Hence the present Administration's "Get tough with Russia" policy which has culminated in Truman's aid to the anti-Soviet Governments of Greece and Turkey. This race for power inside America has led to an unexpected alliance of the two main parties on a foreign policy fraught with the most serious consequences. Wallace as a responsible citizen of America and an equally responsible citizen of the world, and as the outstanding figure in the rapidly dwindling group of New Dealers, has been telling the world of the threat to world peace that is inherent in recent American policy towards Russia.

In his letter to Truman in July 1946, Wallace wrote: "Up to now, despite all our outcry against it, their (the Russians') efforts to develop a security zone in Eastern Europe and in the Middle East are small change from the point of view of military power as compared with our air bases in Greenland, Okinawa and many other places thousands of miles from our shores." Referring to the waste of American finance involved in the huge expenditure on armaments and the military services, and the suspicion and hostility which it will inevitably create in the minds of Russians, Wallace made the point that "in a world of atomic bombs, and other revolutionary new weapons such as radioactive poison gases and biological warfare, a peace maintained by a predominance of force is no longer possible." A 'preventive war' against Russia is not only immoral but stupid for the simple reason that it would lay waste the greater part of the globe. Wallace therefore urges the surrender of American monopoly of atomic bombs and their technical secrets, and the institution of international control over further development of atomic energy. The grant of a loan to Russia on the lines of that given to Britain, and closer mutual trade relations with countries in and around the Soviet Union are also advocated by him as the best means of fostering friendly relations now during peace with America's war-time allies.

Position of Britain

In his speeches and broadcasts in England, Wallace has laid great stress on the vast potentialities of atomic energy in the field of constructive production, especially in Britain. A misunderstanding of his earlier warnings against an Anglo-American imperial alliance had created hostility against Wallace in certain circles of the British Labour party. Dispelling this misunderstanding, Wallace told the British people that on their attitude would depend the actual realisation of present American policies. For if Britain firmly refused to line up

with America, the latter would take a more sober view of affairs and think twice before launching on any heady scheme for ushering in the 'American century' all over the world. In fact, Wallace's campaign in Britain is significant as it condemns, by implication, Bevin's unbroken record of ready and even subservient support to the American lead inside the U. N. O. and at meetings of the Big Power representatives. As a visitor anxious not to give offence, Wallace has been keeping his listeners in good humour by expressions of his belief that "Britain is not finished" and similar things in a complimentary strain. But just as Wallace has had to come out against the drive towards a war with Russia that is being encouraged by the conservative majority

in his own Democratic party, the 'rebels' of the British Labour party have been criticising Bevin's continuation of Conservative anti-Russian policy with regard to the Soviet Union and the smaller nations of Europe. The whole struggle is, in the ultimate analysis, between the aggressive anti-Russian policy of certain politicians (among both Republicans and Democrats) in America which is supported by their counterparts in Britain (among both Conservatives and Labourites), and the One-World policy of peace which is common to the American Liberals headed by Wallace and the left-wing of the British Labour party. The prospects of peace depend upon the success of these latter in decisively influencing public opinion in America and Britain.



A group photograph of the Mayors and Deputy Mayors who participated in the All-India Mayors' Conference held recently at Karachi.



WHAT HAD come over Anandalakshmi that she should put away her jewels—all of them of pure twenty-four carat gold and mellowed purer by daily wear; why, even the proud, pearl-set ring that did never leave her little finger, the ring that held such tender remembrances of a vanished bloom? Really, what had come over her that she should give up putting the *kumkum* on her brow, the turmeric to her cheeks—auspicious symbols of a Wife Regnant? Why didn't she wear flowers in her hair? Why didn't she eat betel? Only she seemed desperately to spare herself the ultimate touch—of wearing white. Her husband was alive, earnestly alive.

And so Curiosity bestirred itself, lifting its long nose and scenting the air.

Anandalakshmi was not a pretty woman, nor was she plain. But the grace particular to a type in the fair sex which may be called spontaneous egotists was hers. Beneath it there is no true emotional anchor; nevertheless, there is a molten gentleness, for the moment at least, in its demonstrativeness, the sentiment to cherish and revere; its ambience (in the sequestered area of the home) can both inspire and irritate. It depends on the degree in which the ego feeds on its own ambience.

In her present condition, Anandalakshmi in her home was an irritant, physically and spiritually. Never did hair look more unkempt, hair which without the gloss of oil showed the full gray and graying strands glaringly; never did pale lips, pale and withered-seeming because of the absence of the betel's reddening touch, draw together into a sharper line; never did nose jut out more peaked, nor forehead lower more darkly. Was she conscious that she was rapidly fading into the wall, as most women are, who, afraid of their

approaching climacteric and failing to save themselves from the inevitable decay in their personal charms, find resignation in making themselves and those that are attached to them miserable? Her husband looked at her, her appearance cut him to the heart; he then thought of his daughter—what a contrast!

Gomati was a dazzling forest flower made flesh and blood. At seventeen her beauty claimed distinction—big black eyes smiling and brooding, and the smiles delving a lovely little dimple constantly in her left cheek; a midsummer madness of tresses sweeping sombrely over a high, broad brow; a nose smartly *retrousee*; the mouth of a baby; and a clear, cool voice which when breaking into laughter kindled the eyes to mischievous merriment. She inherited the faultless features and the fine, fair complexion of her father; she had little in common with her mother who doted on her for her superior beauty and intelligence. She had an eclectic mind which could analyse the mind of a hermit and appraise a film star. Her father was proud of her intellectual brilliance which, he said, was what distinguished his father, an eminent lawyer of his times; and while this quality of the brain had by-passed him, he was proud and glad that what generally tended to hold back for generations had come swiftly to the third, to his own daughter.

Gomati at seventeen was an exquisite vision of the past to indulge in reverie; and while her father was thus engaged, she herself entered his presence to break his dream and to affirm that seventeen will not come again and that at twenty she was a widow. The year after her leaving the high school had seen her happily married; throughout the next her husband lay ill of an incurable disease; and the third, like fate, had struck the blow. Now she was in her

first year at college, pursuing her studies, the second best in a life which was deprived of the best—matrimonial bliss.

And Curiosity lifting its long nose and scenting the air, said:—

One can understand it. Gomati is a widow and must be restrained in her behaviour. She wears minimum ornaments, she doesn't dress loud. She knows her place, she is a widow. But why should her mother play at being one?

And Curiosity heard Anandalakshmi answer sadly:—

It's a cruel world, devoid of sympathy, dead to understanding. Me putting on the appearance of a widow! There's no need for it. When my child is denied the pleasures of life, why should I care for them? Her anguish is my anguish.

Another voice now broke in stridently, and Curiosity recognized it as that of her husband:—

You've no respect for my feelings. It's Gomati's fate that has made her what she is. She has realized it and the way she has disciplined herself is admirable. Vicarious grief has also its limit. And you've overstepped the mark. The other day you insulted me most blatantly. You remember the scene, don't you? My friend's son was getting married, and when the elderly lady in the party that had come to invite us lifted her hand to apply the *kumkum* to your forehead, you recoiled as if under a blow, crying No! No! Recollection of it is awful, the intense surprise and bewilderment of the lady and of all the members of the party, and your own wild alarm and vulgar exhibition. I felt like killing myself then and there, you could have taken to widowhood like a duck to water. God, how have I borne with patience this strange perversity of yours!

Then suddenly, one day, Curiosity got the shock of its life. It saw Anandalakshmi in full fig, resplendent in all

her jewels of gold and precious gems, the *kumkum* mark on her brow blazing with the splendour of the Morning Star, her hair neatly combed and braided and bright with blossoms, her lips incarnadined with the juice of betel. It saw her smiling tenderly at her husband who appeared to be in the sulks.

And Curiosity, sniffing the air and rubbing the tip of its long nose, discovered:—

Clever girl, Gomati. She has found a husband for herself. Her history teacher is not a bad choice. He's young and unconventional and destined to go far. Their marriage at the Registry Office promises to be the sensation of the year, for while the bride comes from a rich family of high social status which can wink at widowhood, the groom has nothing in the way of worldly goods except his brains to recommend him to her.

After the first hubbub amid which the conservatives and the reactionaries gawped the soun of scandal, Society's opinion of the affair was not unavourable. It proclaimed pontifically:—

For heaven's sake let us stop blabbering the Glory that was Ind. Advance is an unmistakable phenomenon of social life. In the shaping of the country's destinies, in the cohesion of its peoples, in its progress towards full nationhood, if it is a subject-country...

But this peroration of the Social Voice which threw its *cliches* like bad coins when the mint closes down for want of bullion, this peroration of the Social Voice did not reach the ears of Anandalakshmi; even if it did she was not any the more exalted. She was happy in her daughter's happiness, and she cared for nothing more, praise or blame, compliment or censure.

But her husband went into periodical sulks. He had another skeleton now to keep in the family cupboard. The first was his sister, also a widow. But that's another story.

Poetry is not thought and philosophy; but philosophy and thought exert a perpetual influence on poetry and knock on its door and are welcomed by it, their voices time after time becoming modulated in poetry, in new poetry. In the continuous transformation of morals into politics, which still remains politics, lies the real ethical progress of mankind, just as in the transformation of thought into poetry lies the perfecting of an ever more rich and profound poetry—Benedetto Croce in "Politics and Morals."

Spotlight On The World

by Prof. M. VENKATARAMAIA, M.A.

TWO great explosions took place in the course of last week, one as the result of an accident and the other as the result of a premeditated plan on which the British navy was working for nearly two years. The similarity between them lay in the destruction which they brought about. The city of Texas in the United States was the scene of the accidental explosion and the island of Heligoland at the entrance to the Kiel Canal in Germany the result of the premeditated plan. A French Cargo steamer filled with explosives and lying in the harbour of Texas suddenly caught fire. It spread into the oil plants and the chemical factories inside the city. Several thousands of men were killed and many more thousands were injured and the sympathy of the whole world naturally goes to the people of this city. The tragedy which has overtaken it is said to have been the worst in the United States since the San Francisco earthquake of 1906 and the ruin which it had to face is much more grievous than that from which London suffered during the German Blitz of 1940. In the case of Heligoland heaps of money were formerly spent by the German Government in fortifying it. And last week 7,000 tons of explosives were used by the British to literally destroy the island fortress. How much waste of human effort!

COMBATING COMMUNISM

The United States is now determined on a foreign policy which is definitely aimed at combating Communism and therefore against Soviet Russia its strongest protagonist. A regular crusade is being carried on in the American papers against Henry Wallace who has been

attacking this policy in his speeches in England and other countries in Europe. Some of the journalists and leading politicians have even gone to the extent of saying that he should be prosecuted and brought to trial for delivering such 'un-American' speeches; and all this comes from prominent men in a country which calls itself democratic and which regards freedom of speech as one of the fundamental rights of man. It is now stated that with the passage next week of the bill to aid Greece and Turkey the President will intensify his campaign against Communism by making a large loan to Korea. The public have made up their mind to demonstrate to Russia that the United States means business and that she will not stop with mere words. Although Russia is now prepared to settle her lend-lease accounts with the United States and has already begun negotiations for that purpose Senator Vandenberg, the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee is determined on opposing the delivery to Russia of even those non-military materials regarding which an agreement was entered into nearly twenty months ago. Of the same character is the proposal of President Truman that there should be a repeal of the American Neutrality Act under which the Secretary of State has to grant a license for the export of arms to countries not unfriendly. It is his argument that the granting of such licenses would enable a country (like Russia) which is now not unfriendly to accumulate arms and later on use the same arms against the United States. In Britain also it is found that Mr. Wallace's speeches have not produced the kind of favourable reaction which he expected. Except

a few Left wingers who are always pro-Soviet, the rest of the people don't seem to have been very much impressed by the speeches. There is therefore a possibility and even a certainty that the average Britisher will continue to give his support to the pro-American foreign policy pursued by Mr. Bevin and the Labour Cabinet. Thus the gulf separating the United States from Russia is becoming wider.

STALEMATE AT MOSCOW

It is therefore no wonder that no progress has been made this week in the matter of settling the terms of peace with Germany. Mr. Marshall's proposal that a four-power pact between the United States, Russia, Britain and France should be concluded with a view to take action against German aggression in future was severely attacked by Molotov and the proposal had to be abandoned mainly because Molotov wanted to include in it many matters like de-militarisation, de-nazification and land reform which had no direct connection with the pact and which have to be settled by the Allied Control Council at Berlin. There was also no agreement on the question of reparations or frontiers, or the levelling up of German industry or the export of coal to France from the Ruhr area. There was also no agreement on the part that should be allotted to the smaller powers in the settlement of peace terms with Germany. Here again the opposition is in the main from Russia. She is not prepared to give up her old argument that the great powers had sacrificed most in defeating Germany and that is upon them that the responsibility of preventing Germany from becoming aggressive in future falls. This is however a weak and unconvincing argument. The great powers could not have won the war without the small powers. The latter had to sacrifice their all in the course of the campaigns. Moreover it is the follies committed by the great powers that have brought the world war and if the big powers are left to themselves there is every

danger that they will pursue power-seeking policy as they are actually doing at present and create conditions under which another war becomes inevitable. All the same Russia is not prepared to submit the small States to the Peace Conference table on terms of equality and this has become one of the important factors leading to the present stalemate. The deadlock is found not only in discussions on the treaty with Germany but also on the Austrian Treaty. On all major questions like the frontiers of Austria, the definition of German assets in that country and the reparations to be collected from her no understanding has been arrived at. There are it is true some who think that in spite of all this the Soviet will ultimately come round and agree to a compromise draft. They are optimistic because that was just what happened in New York when the Council of Foreign Ministers met last year to draft the peace treaties with the German satellites. Russia they say cannot afford to break completely with western democracies. She needs financial help from the United States in her work of reconstruction and rehabilitation. Let us hope that the optimists are right although the discussions of the last seven weeks give very little ground for such a hope.

THE FLIGHT OF FRANCE

Conditions continue to be unstable in France. The internal as well as the external problems she has to face are complicated. Internally difficulties have arisen in consequence of her having relapsed into a form of government where the prime minister has to perform the impossible task of keeping together in his Cabinet several parties and groups that disagree with each other on every single issue of importance. The situation is really more complicated when each minister belonging to one party or group gets an Under-Secretary belonging to a diametrically opposite party which is the case under the existing constitutional conventions and when

there is a deeprooted suspicion that the Communist party which is the biggest party in the legislature is looking always to Moscow for leadership and inspiration. De Gaulle is now organising a new party, a "Rally Of The People" with a view to do away with these multiple parties and form a nation-wide all-comprehensive party and creating an executive which derives its authority, not from the legislature as under the existing constitution, but from the people directly as in the United States. This has created confusion as he is accused of trying to set up a dictatorship. Externally France has to face a revolt in many parts of her colonial empire. She has not been able to suppress the revolt in Indo-China. For the last four weeks she is having trouble in Madagascar where there is a strong nationalist movement. More reinforcements are being sent there; more bombs are being used. The High Commissioner has been given more powers to restore order. But the revolt continues. There are also alarming reports from Morocco, Tunisia and Algeria in North Africa which are all parts of the French colonial empire. There is a Pan-Arab movement in these areas and an intense desire to secure freedom from French yoke. The Communist Party in France is sympathetic towards them but so far they have not been able to get any practical benefits from this sympathy. Left to herself France will not be in a position to suppress the rebellions but De Gaulle and all the non-Communist parties in the country are

trying to secure American and British help in this matter. Anti-Communism seems to become the connecting bond among them all.

BRITISH BUDGET

The British public are generally satisfied with the Budget presented last week by Dr. Dalton the chancellor of the exchequer. First because it is a surplus budget, secondly it has lessened the expenditure on defence, thirdly it has provided for more expenditure on social services, education and children's allowances and lastly because it has raised the exemption limit in regard to income-tax. One feature of it that has attracted the largest amount of attention is the heavy tax on imports of tobacco. The price of cigarettes and cigars are bound to go up. But people have become reconciled to this. This was done by Dr Dalton as he wanted that the dollars which Britain has borrowed from the United States should not be utilised to purchase a luxury like American tobacco. As a matter of fact it is said that 40 per cent of the dollars were used last year to purchase American tobacco and films. Dr. Dalton and the British public are anxious to conserve the American loan for the purchase of more productive articles. The Budget is also based on the view that on the whole the British people should for some time to come import less from abroad, export more, and be satisfied with a lower standard of living.

With the contraction of the British Empire there would be left such a huge vacuum, featured by critical strategic areas including Palestine, Iran, the Dardanelles, India, Egypt, and so forth, that the United States must stand prepared to fill the breach pending a more effective set-up of the United Nations. This would impose tremendous responsibility upon this country for world leadership as well as for additional military commitments.—First National Bank of Boston in its *New England Letter*.

FREE FILIPPINOS

by K. SRINIVASAN

AMONG the very few delegates to the Asian Relations Conference who were exceptionally jovial and frank in their utterances were the Filippinos. When I read about the U. S. Ambassador, Mr. McNutt's Press Conference in which he had protested against the belief that the freedom which the Filippinos were enjoying was only in name and that the big hand of American capitalism was directing the Filippinos' day-to-day administration, etc., I wanted to meet one of the Filippino delegates to the Conference and fortunately ran into Mr. and Mrs. Mauro Mendez who were both delegates to the Conference. Mr. Mendez is a veteran journalist and has been editor of several newspapers. He is at present Professor and Head of the Department of Journalism, University of Santo Tomas. His wife is a prominent Filippino woman worker and is Dean, College of Education, Centro Escular University.

I was given a stencilled copy of Mr. Mendez's statement at the Press Conference and was told that the Filippinos were as free as the bee and there was absolutely no question of any American overlordship. The statement he gave me ended with

nership might well be the pattern for our brothers of Asia. The birth of a new State in the Far East, namely the Philippine Republic.

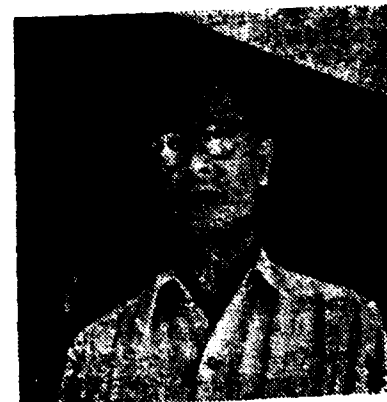


Mrs. Mendez.

should lend moral force to the movement for emancipation of the yet dependent peoples of this part of the globe."

When I wanted an elaboration of his statement about the Philippine Constitution, Mr. Mendez said that it was exactly on the American model. There was a President, a Senate and a House of Representatives. The Senate had twenty-four elected members and the House of Representatives about one hundred. The Senate was the Upper House. The Provinces sent members to the House of Representatives proportionate to their size. Members of the Senate had to be over 35 years of age and those of the House of Representatives over 25.

The fact that a Trade Treaty for a 28-year period existed between the U.S.A. and the Philippines, said Mr. Mendez, should not be construed to mean that the Americans had an economic stranglehold over the Philippines. Philippines was the greater beneficiary by the Trade Treaty. She could export to America copra, hemp and sugar without an American Import Duty and in turn, America was given the right



Mr. Mendez.

the following: "The Filippino-American experiment in human part-

of investing freely in Philippines and this was only too welcome for the development of the Philippines.

The people have greatly been influenced by the American way of life. The medium of expression is English but Philippine language has its own place in society.

The Filipino economy is an agricultural one and Philippines does not produce enough rice for her population. Only one crop of rice could be raised and her additional requirements were obtained from Burma and other neighbouring countries.

Mrs. Mendez was also taking part in the conversation and occasionally correcting her husband in figures, etc. Philippines, they said, produces a lot of sugar but it could not stand competition with Java sugar due to considerations of production costs. Labour in Java is cheap.

The Paso is the Philippine unit of coinage. It is the equivalent of 50 U. S. Cents. Mr. Mendez said that the Indian coinage was a complicated one and was a terror for a man weak in mathematics.

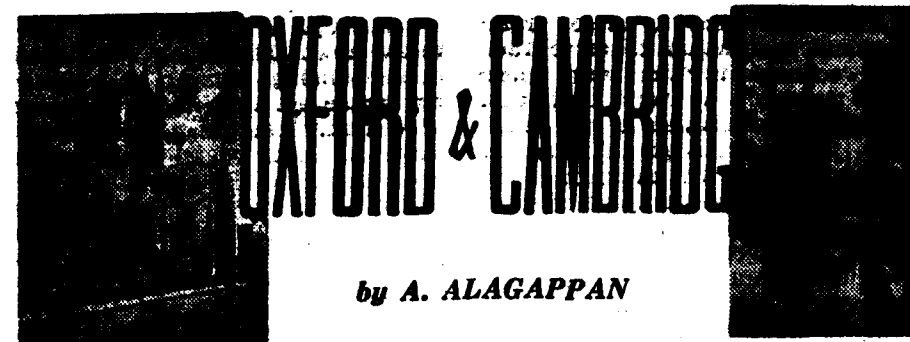
When the Filipino delegates started for India, General Romulu told them that they were not going to a strange country. He gave a

letter to Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit. Mr. Mendez explained to me that General Romulu played no small part in taking the case of India against South Africa to the U. N. O. Council.

The Mendezes were very amazed that when the world was moving towards oneness, there should be plans and demands in India for breaking the country into so many bits as if the country were a piece of chinaware. Fortunately for them there was no such complicated communal question in the Philippines. The entire population consists of Christians except 2% who are Muslims known as Moros. Over 60% of the population are literates.

Before I departed I gave a helpful tip to the Filipinos, of course in a piece of dietary. The delegates were complaining about the poor quality of coffee served in Delhi. Filipinos are coffee addicts like South Indians. I told Mr. Mendez that the India Coffee House serves good coffee as it is run by the Coffee Marketing Expansion Board and aims at popularising coffee in the north. Mr. Mendez accepted my tip with the reservation that Indian coffee, however good, could not be better than his country's coffee. Patriotism in coffee too!

Within the last few years the West has become acquainted with an extraordinary woman, Madame Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit. As the daughter of a great Indian family, and as a sister of Jawaharlal Nehru, Head of the present Interim Government of India, she is distinguished. But she has won supreme distinction in her own right, to-day, because of her firm declaration for the freedom of dependent peoples. India stands as the leader of Asia and of the world on this important issue. This combination of beauty, intelligence and wit can be confounding and not a few men and women have felt it so. General Smuts among them. Madame Pandit, without being conceited, is quite ready to use her full equipment upon occasion. She can be very gentle and merciful to those who deserve mercy; She can be the very spirit of grace and courtesy. But there are times when she uses both beauty and wit as weapons and then in a duel she is likely to be the winner. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit personifies today the new India, grounded in an ancient civilization and educated in the culture of the West. She speaks fearlessly upon the great moral issues, chief among them the right of all peoples to independence. Her profound concern with public health and education for the peoples will lead her to consider these as world responsibilities, and her life is destined to become still more significant for our times.—Mrs. Pearl S. Buck, the American author and Nobel Prize Winner.



A VISIT to Oxford proves that it is possible to travel back in time. Many of the buildings in this city date back to previous centuries, particularly to the years of Sir Christopher Wren. The colleges are housed in very ancient massive structures with perilous staircases. This love of the ancient is just what goes to make the charm of Oxford. Old customs which are meaningless in modern times are still adhered to in Oxford. The quaint academic robes worn in medieval centuries hold the fashion there even now. Traditions are very scrupulously maintained. Anything that is new is looked upon with suspicion. Even in the realm of ideas the same conservatism grips the University. That is why it has gained the reputation of being the home of lost causes. This conservative tendency of hugging to the past has provided a continuity and steadying influence.

The attractions of Oxford are inexhaustible. The famous Bodleian Library built in the years around 1450, refitted and restored by Sir Thomas Bodley in 1612, contains 1,500,000 bound volumes and 42,000 volumes of manuscripts and rich literary treasures. There are many manuscripts from the fifth to sixteenth centuries including the Anglo-Saxon chronicle of the twelfth century. The Shelley collection consisting of autographed poems and portraits and the personal relics of Milton are very carefully preserved. The priceless treasure of the first folio of Shakespeare is also in the library. The library

enjoys the right of securing a free copy of every book published in the United Kingdom. The new building of the Bodleian Library opened recently by the King was built at a cost of £1,000,000, a great part of which was provided by the Rockefeller Trust.

There are more than twenty-five colleges in Oxford. A few of them do not admit foreigners. A college is a residential place; it has many comfortable rooms round a quadrangle. A chapel is attached to every college. There was a time when students were admitted to the University only if they belonged to the Church of England. The impress of religion is even to-day deeply felt. The dining hall of each college is an impressive place. Portraits of distinguished students and patrons adorn the walls. The resident staff and students take their food together. Each college has its own playing fields and common rooms. The most spacious of quadrangles is that of Christ Church in Oxford measuring 264 feet by 261. It is second only to the great court of Trinity College in Cambridge.

The Indian Institute in Oxford owes its origin mainly to the exertions of the late Professor of Sanskrit Sir M. Monier Williams, K.C.I.E., who described its objects as "the work of making Englishmen and even Indians themselves appreciate better than they have done before the languages, literature and industries of India; the work of qualifying young Englishmen for Indian careers and of qualifying young

Indians who come to us for training and instruction to serve their own country in the most effective manner." A very up-to-date library is maintained in the Institute. Some rare books in Tamil are in the shelves. The museum of the Institute is exceedingly interesting. Various kinds of musical instruments, headgear, dress and footwear are exhibited in it. Replicas of some of our famous mosques and temples are kept in glass cases. The silk stockings and the slippers worn by Warren Hastings are also in the collection. On a brass tablet in the entrance lobby there is a Sanskrit inscription of which the following is the translation: "This building dedicated to the Eastern sciences was founded for the use of Aryans (Indians and Englishmen) by excellent and benevolent men desirous of encouraging knowledge. The high-minded heir-apparent, named Albert Edward, son of the Empress of India, performed the act of inauguration. The ceremony of laying the memorial stone took place Wednesday the 18th lunar day of the dark half of the month of Vaisakha in the Samvrat year 1939 (May 2, 1883). By the favour of God may the learning and literature of India be ever held in honour and the mutual friendship of India and England constantly grow."

With the growth of industries near Oxford, the town has lost its special characteristics of being a university town. The High Street in Oxford or the streets near Carfax are as busy as London streets. The market place is very congested. In Oxford the restaurants that are very popular are not those with the greatest comforts but those which claim seniority of establishment. Prof. K. K. Pillai, my former Professor in Presidency College, Madras, who was good enough to show me round Oxford, took me through a lane to the Scholar's Restaurant also known as the Chinese Restaurant. The furniture there was worse than that found in some of our Triplicane restaurants. Yet people flock to it and long queues are formed as distinguished scholars are in the habit of visiting it.

Cambridge is a much neater university town. The yellow stone used in the buildings is much more pleasing to the eye than the grey stones of Oxford. The small river which flings its arms round the colleges adds greatly to the charm of Cambridge. The backs of the colleges greatly enhance the beauty of the place. Thanks to Dr. T. H. Somerwell, (who was formerly in the London Mission Hospital, Neyyoor) and his car I was able to see much of this centre of learning within a short time.

Seven hundred years of history lie behind the Cambridge University. We have evidence of the existence of a body of students in the early thirteenth century. Cambridge started as a rival to Oxford. In 1209 there was an upheaval in the other university which led to the migration of a considerable number of scholars to Cambridge. Oxford claims seniority of foundation. But the Cambridge people say that there would have been no migration if there had not been schools already in existence on the bank of the river Cam. In early days Cambridge University was loosely held together as the medieval student was essentially a wanderer, but with the passage of time discipline improved and organisation was strengthened.

Peterhouse, the first college of Cambridge, was established in 1284. Very many colleges were founded in the early part of the fourteenth century. The University Hall was started in 1326. In 1338 the Countess of Clare founded a college named in her honour as the Clare College. In the same year Edward III started the King's Hall. Pembroke College, Cronville College, Corpus Christi College were founded in 1347, 1348 and 1352 respectively. Henry VI established the King's College in 1441. Margaret of Anjou's patronage led to the foundation of the Queen's College in 1448. St. Catharines started its useful career in 1473. Jesus College was established in 1496. The very famous Trinity College was established by Henry VIII in 1546. Emmanuel College

was constructed in 1584. Downing College was established in 1800. The two colleges for women, Girton College and Newnham College, were established in 1869 and 1873. Even though the women students are admitted to the lectures and allowed to appear for the examinations they are not even to-day accepted as matriculated members of the University. Selwyn College was founded for poor students in 1882. All these colleges have their distinguished students who have made a mark. Pembroke College boasts of Edmund Spenser, Gray and the younger Pitt. Oliver Cromwell was a student of Sidney Sussex College built in 1598. The list of the innumerable distinguished figures who had studied in Trinity College is headed by Sir Isaac Newton whose telescope and collection of books are treasured in the college library.

Most of the students in these universities are not course-tasters. They do not fool about in the first two terms and then cram selected topics and appear for the examinations. They concentrate on their subjects. Their tutors, with whom they discuss their work, are very helpful. They are subject to the control of the tutors who guide them. Guiding them does not mean bossing over them. The students and teachers move on a footing of equality strengthened by sincere friendship. Studying does not mean knowing the lecturer's notes by heart. Lectures are few. Students

do their work in libraries or laboratories like the famous Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge where the atomic theory was developed. The students are only guided and not drilled or enslaved by the teachers. The lecturers do not frown or put on a long face if students do not attend their lectures. The professors do not do the thinking for the students. They do not think that they are above learning. As they have only a few lectures to deliver they have a lot of time to study or pursue their research. In both the universities as in other British universities very great emphasis is placed on research work. All Souls College at Oxford has only research students on its rolls. To-day the students in these universities as all over Britain are in their tender thirties. Ninety per cent. of the students are ex-servicemen. They have taken to study with the same seriousness they evinced in fighting the enemy.

The scholars assembled at Oxford and Cambridge carry on steady silent study and are furthering the frontiers of knowledge in many a subject. Spared from the speed of the life in the metropolis they are blessed with an inspiring academic atmosphere. The healthy rivalry between the two universities has been conducive to the march of knowledge. This type of university, as distinguished from the type that manufactures graduates who are unsaleable, must grow.

There is no doubt that we are surrounded in our adult life with a wealth of humbugs: fame humbugs, wealth humbugs, patriotic humbugs, humbug poets, humbug dictators and humbug psychologists. When a psycho-analyst tells us that the performing of the functions of the bowels during childhood has a definite connection with ambition and aggressiveness and sense of duty in one's later life, or that constipation leads to stinginess of character, all that a man with taste can do is to feel amused. When a man is wrong, he is wrong and there is no need for one to be impressed and overawed by a great name or by the number of books that he has read and we haven't—Lin Yutang in "The importance of living."

NEW DELHI DIARY



by V. V. PRASAD

I ASKED Rajen Babu the other day whether the Congress demand that the Muslim League should go out of the Interim Government if they do not enter the Constituent Assembly still stood, and how much longer will they wait to let the League enter the Constituent Assembly. Rajen Babu was somewhat amused by the rather impatient question, and said: "That demand is still there. But we do not wish to embarrass anybody now. We are moreover not anxious that the League should be removed, because we would prefer them to join the Constituent Assembly."

Rajen Babu was sitting in the lawn behind his house, and he was about to move into his office because, he said, we might want to take notes. I knew Rajen Babu likes to sit in the dark because it is restful to the eye and to the mind, for I had gone to see him at Birla House to obtain his views soon after the landslide victory of the Labour Party at the last General Elections. On that occasion lights had to be turned on because I wished to take down his views in shorthand. But nowadays we rarely took notes; so we could dispense with them altogether. We therefore sat with him in the dark, for the evenings are still cool in Delhi, and it is pleasant to sit under the sky—especially when the lawns are wetted with water.

Rajen Babu's grandchildren were making the house lively by playing under the distant electric light. He explained that the eldest of them is eleven years old while the youngest is only a few months old. He

snatches a few moments every now and then to play with his grandchildren.

It was because the Congress wanted to void an imposed decision by a third party, that the Congress had invited the Muslim League to nominate its representatives to hold discussions with the Congress. The Congress wants to discuss matters with the League on the basis of the only two possible alternatives. First, that the League do come into the Constituent Assembly and into the Union Centre. Second, that the League do agree to the division of the Provinces of Punjab and Bengal, which is a logical consequence to the demand of Pakistan.

Rajen Babu pointed out that Muslims in the whole of India numbered 24 per cent., and in British India 26 per cent. In the so-called Pakistan areas the proportion of non-Muslims was very much higher than 26 per cent. In the north-west it was 37 per cent. and in the east 48 and odd per cent. If the Muslims in the whole of India were entitled to Pakistan, there was no reason why the 37 and 48 per cent. non-Muslims in those areas could not keep away from Pakistan and remain in Hindusthan.

The author of *India Divided* made it quite clear that there were no two opinions in the Congress Working Committee on the question of the final stand taken by the Congress. Some people had interpreted the frequent appeals in the past week by Rajen Babu, Sardar Patel and Pandit Nehru asking the League to start negotiations with Congress as weakness on the part of the Con-

gress. They said that the Congress was preparing its followers in the country for a compromise with the League on the basis of compulsory grouping. Kailash Narayan Sharma of the coming newspaper *Asian Times* (Delhi) asked Rajen Babu whether this was so.

Rajen Babu pointed out that originally the Congress had held that according to the Cabinet Mission's Plan the Provinces were free either to form groups or not. They therefore took the position that the Provinces could keep out of the groups if they liked. But the December 6 interpretation of the British Cabinet stated that the Sections were the units and that they should decide about Groups by a majority vote in the Section. The Section as a whole could then frame the Group Constitution. The Congress accepted that position. But the Congress maintains that the Province, being an autonomous unit, would then be free either to accept or reject the Group Constitution for itself. The Congress could not accept compulsory Grouping. (It stands to reason that compulsion could never be a principle).

Mahatma Gandhi had long ago advised Assam to defy even the Congress Working Committee if the latter yielded to compulsion. Fortunately the Working Committee has shown that they were fully conscious of the interests of every section of the people of India. One had the impression that the Working Committee of the Indian National Congress was a body of men who had grown old in the service of the nation, and in their preoccupation with the fight with the occupying power, had forgotten everything else including the trick of coming to quick decisions. But during the past week or two they have perhaps proved that they deferred decisions so long because the time was not ripe. With the declaration of February 20, the time had come for doing things quickly.

None better than it



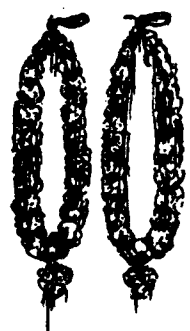
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Garlands

by M. Krishnamoorti

THE whole village was agog with excitement; the Collector was coming. An unsuspected army of sweepers had cleaned the streets, the gutters had been dried with fresh sand, the excreta of cows and children were hastily removed, the pial school was assembled in force, and even the temple priest deigned to do his duties. The village panchayat had met in solemn conclave more than once, shifting its sessions from one pial to another, to consider the details of the reception to be accorded to the great man, and more than one snuff box and betel leaves box had been emptied during the course of the deliberations. The village elders were swollen with importance, and the village urchins were happy with expectation. Even the village women were nattier than usual and went about their work with a consciousness of their new dresses.

It was inevitable that the question of garlands should come up sooner or later. It was unanimously decided that young Seenu should be despatched on his bike to get some garlands from the neighbouring town, about six or seven miles away. "How many shall I buy?" he asked.

Again the discussions started. Some said "Get four; one for the Collector, the other for his wife, and one each for the Deputy Collector and the Thasildar." Some said: "What! garlands for the Thasildar! Three will do." And yet others, wishing to arrive at a compromise, said that two garlands were enough, one each for the Collector and his wife; they proposed to ignore the other officials. They pointed out

that the Deputy Superintendent of Police might decide to come along; in which case they could not send him off without a garland while presenting one to the Deputy Collector! And who on earth was to pay for innumerable garlands? Thus it was decided that two would do: Two rose garlands, of the best variety, made by Muhammad Akbar, the finest garland-maker thereabouts. Seenu set out on his bike to get them.

When the Collector arrived next day, three people were observed descending from his car; he, his wife, and a third, a lovely lady. This raised a problem. The two leading land-owners of the village were ready with the garlands; but now they hesitated. What was to be done with the other lady? Obviously she was a person of importance, a relative or a friend of the Collector's. Should she not be garlanded? If they ignored her in this respect it was quite probable that the Great Man might be offended. What were they to do? A muttered colloquy solved no problems. The Revenue Inspector murmured that the lady was a very good friend of the Collector's, and the way he stressed the words 'very' and 'friend' were significant! The Collector was very much interested in her; at least that much was certain. Still, there was no time to lose, and the two gentlemen looked at each other silently, and proceeded to present the garlands to the Collector and his wife, in accordance with their original plan. They were, however, extrapolute to the other lady and assiduous in looking after her requirements. Their embarrassment was evident to the lady who smiled an

understanding smile, so charming and gracious, at them and quite captivated their hearts. The Collector had come to declare open a rural dispensary that had been built and equipped and presented to the village by its richest land-owner who hoped to be at least a Rao Bahadur in the next Honours List. The function was a success and the Collector had paid a glowing tribute to the charitable inclinations of Mr. Mudaliar, the latest instance of whose munificence was that dispensary. The Collector and the two ladies then got into their car and left for the traveller's bungalow where they were staying for the day.

"It was quite a nice affair, I think," said Leela, the Collector's wife.

"Yes," he answered, shortly. "What lovely garlands they gave us!" exclaimed his wife.

He said nothing.

"Where's yours?" asked Leela.

"I left it on the table there," answered her husband.

"Why? That's not good manners, you know. You yourself told me that one should carry home the garland one is given," expostulated Leela.

"Oh, shut up," he snapped.

"Why, you are angry!" said Leela, in pretended surprise. "What has upset you?"

Her husband said nothing.

"Sumati, what happened to your garland?" asked Leela, turning to her companion.

"My garland? Oh, they never gave me one."

"What a shame! I wonder why they ignored you?"

"Ignored nothing," said the Collector, "How could they know Sumati would be coming with us?"

"How indeed!" agreed Leela, with significant emphasis, "They must have been expecting only husband and wife, Mr. Laxman and Mrs. Laxman." And, turning to Sumati, she added, "I am sorry, my dear,

those people have no idea of your importance."

"Importance!" snapped Sumati. "Who am I that they should bother themselves about me? Am I a Collector's wife?"

"Of course not," agreed Leela smugly. "But, you know how much the Collector is interested in you."

There was a heavy silence in the car for some time and Raman, who was driving, concentrated grimly on the road ahead.

"It's very queer," said Leela, after a short while, "people never pay much attention to a man's, a great man's mistress. They seem to have an old-fashioned idea that a man should be interested only in his wife. After all, you know, a man is but human and there are hundreds of pretty women willing to throw themselves at him, especially if he is rich and a person of importance."

"What do you mean?" asked Laxman, his anger rising.

"Oh, nothing, nothing, my dear," his wife answered, "Nothing in particular. I was feeling rather sorry poor Sumati did not get any garland to-day."

"Will you shut up?" shouted Sumati, unable to bear this baiting, her anger rising fast.

"Why should I?" shouted Leela back at her, "You come into my house. You steal my husband away from me. You insult me in my own house; you ignore my very existence. You flaunt your power over him in my face, and all the while I have to sit quiet, because I do not wish to raise a scandal."

"Steal your husband indeed," cried Sumati, "What have you given him? Your love? No. You married him because you wanted money and a position. Have you given him peace of mind? No. Nag, nag, nag, nag from the morning till night. I steal him from you! No, you drove him to me. You deliberately brought us together; you encouraged us and all the while you bled him white of his money to buy

you more fineries and support your innumerable relatives. What's there you will not do for money?" Leela was speechless with anger. At last she burst out.

"How dare you talk to me like that?"

"Oh, what's the good of all this?" wailed Sumati. "You hate me and I hate you. But I'll never give him up so long as I'm alive. I love him, do you hear? I love him, I love him."

And all the while the man sat silent, his thoughts in a mad whirl. This was nothing unexpected. Matters had to come to a head sometime or other. In his heart there was no room for Leela. Sumati filled it so completely. His life was one huge mess, an insoluble problem, like one of Ibsen's plays. He blamed nobody for all this, certainly not his wife. There had been a certain inevitability about his meeting Sumati and the great love that had come to pass between them. At first Leela had made brave efforts not to be jealous but soon human nature asserted itself. He was so kind and considerate towards her but she knew he loved her no longer. Her rage against Sumati knew no bounds. The thin veneer of western civilization disappeared and here were two women struggling to possess the same man, an incident with thousands of parallels in the history of mankind.

His life would be but one scene after another, one outburst after another, an unceasing draught of bitterness. It was strange, he thought, that a thing of beauty, like that garland, should have given him no joy but, on the contrary, should have set him on the road to misery and pain. When he thought of that he laughed a strange, mirthless laugh. And the women were frightened of that laughter and held their peace.

They reached the bungalow in a thunderous silence.

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THE GREATEST BOWLER

by N. S. RAMASWAMI

CRICKET has always in its long history inspired a fanatical spirit of devotion in its votaries. No less a person than Walter Hammond has confessed in the title of his autobiography that cricket is his destiny. A more recent book elevates this spirit of fervour. Mr. L. B. Duckworth, a Yorkshireman by birth and a journalist by profession, will have it that the game is his 'love.'

Certainly this warmth of appreciation can have come appropriately from that other Duckworth, the famous Lancashire and England wicket-keeper. It is certainly not the author's fault that his name should be that of the great player, but some inconvenience is undoubtedly caused by this identity. An autobiography from the pen of the well-known wicket-keeper will have been vastly different in value from a collection of some essays on the game by a journalist of some local reputation. This confusion, however, should not be allowed to detract from the value of the existent book. There are observations of great penetration, some pieces of fine writing, and a great feeling of love for the game.

But I observe that Herbert Sutcliffe, who writes a preface to the book, disagrees with the author that S. F. Barnes has been the greatest bowler of all time. This dispute raises an interesting controversy. The great England batsman is convinced that Maurice Tate and William O'Reilly were better bowlers.

In one sense, this controversy must remain idle. The technique of the game has varied so often and so much in its history that it will be invalid to weigh on the same scale the players of different epochs. There are many old players and followers who affirm that Spofforth, the "demon," was unrivalled even though he appeared in the early period of the game. Certainly, there is ample evidence that he was much dreaded by his opponents. He

deliberately cultivated an intimidating manner so as to overawe the timid. Many a book has remarked on his "Mephistophelean" cast of countenance. He ran through the opposition like wind against leaves many a time. Obviously, to face this fearsome bowler on the atrocious wickets of these days could not at all have been pleasant.

Equally obviously, however, his technique was limited. The most notable of the technical developments which have occurred since his day is the swerve. Though perfected by George Hirst, the well-known Yorkshire all-rounder, it was utilised very cleverly by Barnes. This bowler has had a curious history. He played in Tests without having participated in County fixtures. His opening attack with Foster, the fast left-hander, created a great impression in Australia, and this pair has been called the most efficient in all history.

The secret of his success was the remarkable length he could keep, always Attewell-like in its remorselessness. On this sound foundation, he built up a varied and difficult technique composed of the ball which broke back, that which came from the leg, and those that swung both ways. When it is considered that all these balls could be bowled at will and with the most perfect accuracy, it is easy to imagine his quality.

Barnes was a reticent man. A player of imperious will, he used to terrorise half the umpires in the League games, which he always preferred to the more exalted County fixtures. But, Mr. Duckworth says Bradman gave the palm to O'Reilly because he could bowl the googly and Barnes admittedly could not.

It will be unfair to Barnes to decide this question of superiority on this point. Though the googly had been invented by Bosanquet during the career of Barnes, it would have been unnatural to expect him, a fast-medium bowler, to take kindly

to an innovation, which had not been completely vindicated then, and which, in addition, has always been a favourite device of slow bowlers.

This fact serves to remind one of the fact that there can be no valid

comparison in this sphere. An acceptable compromise will be to admit that Spofforth, Barnes, Tate and O'Reilly were the "masters of those who know" in their respective epochs. To set them in opposition would be no less an invidious task than it is an ungraceful one.

HINDUISM AND MONOGAMY

by S. SRINIVASA IYER

THE PROPOSED Bill of the Congress Party in the Madras Legislature to enforce monogamy on Hindus requires deep and dispassionate consideration.

When there is a disparity between the number of males and females in a society and females exceed the males in number, polygamy is the natural and only solution unless the females are allowed to be killed off, by the ancient custom of infanticide.

For the vast majority of Hindus belonging to the poorer classes in the villages, a second wife is an asset. She works for her husband in the fields and does not become an additional economic burden on him. She is looked on with respect as a wife.

Usually it is only a girl who cannot get a bachelor as husband that will stoop to marry a man already saddled with a wife. Why should such a poor girl be penalised, the girl who has been forced by social necessity to marry a married man? She has become a second wife as the result of the law of supply and demand of males and females. If she could not become a second wife she would be compelled to remain unmarried all her life or to become the mistress of some married man. Is it justice or regard for womanhood to prevent a girl from attaining the status of a wife, merely because a handful of our half-educated girls suffer unduly from the pangs of jealousy and cannot suffer

rivals? Whose case is more tragic, that of a person having half a loaf or that of another having none? Compulsory monogamy is a weapon of the married woman against the unmarried woman and not so much against man, who is at liberty to keep mistresses and produce illegitimate children towards whom he has no legal responsibilities or responsibilities of a very limited kind.

If there is scarcity of girls in any country, polygamy cannot work. It will become too costly, and burdensome and impracticable.

It is the law of supply and demand that determines monogamy and polygamy in the large majority of cases. To penalise polygamy will only mean driving the excess girls in a society to a life of extra matrimonial satisfactions and to encourage the birth of illegitimate children, innocents punished for no fault of their own by pedants of social purity.

There are hundreds of Hindu wives who will prefer to remain with their husbands even though the latter re-marry. Why do you compel the first wife to be kicked out of the home and lose her status as a wife? The chances of re-marriage for an elderly divorced Hindu woman are remote in the extreme. It is unmitigated cruelty to insist upon divorce when the first wife does not want a divorce and would tolerate a second wife. The passion for off-spring is so overwhelming in the Hindu mind that unless the right

of re-marriage is conceded, at least for this purpose, the law will surely fail. The Hindu who believes in his culture, religion, tradition and civilization and in the Hindu view of life is thus sought to be prevented from re-marrying for the sake of begetting a son so ardently desired by all true and pious Hindus. On the other hand, a Hindu who has lost all respect for his tradition and religion is free to re-marry any number of times for any or no reason whatsoever, provided he embraces Islam. This is indeed reforming Hindu society with a vengeance.

With Muslims multiplying through polygamy and through conversion of polygamous-minded Hindus, the population of India will be predominantly Muslim in a couple of generations and the new Hindu Law of monogamy may get the credit of having converted the whole of India into a vast Pakistan where the surviving Hindus will be treated as strangers in their own fatherland. Suicidal folly cannot go further—you cannot enforce monogamy on Hindus so long as there is a rival society which permits polygamy.

A man bent on possessing a girl will get her whatever the new Hindu Law may dictate. Is it possible to prevent by legislation, a man keeping a woman as his mistress? If not, why prevent him from giving her the status of a wife?

Polygamy is the rule among the Jews. It is permitted in Japan and China, and is the rule in all Islamic countries from Morocco to Java. America is virtually polygamous, as divorce there is so easy. Thinkers like Bertrand Russell are for the abolition of marriage itself as an institution. With the slaughter of millions of males in this war, monogamy will become a mockery in

Europe. At this juncture Congressmen are planning to fashion our society in the discarded shibboleths of medieval Christianity without reference to the lessons of psychology, biology and the law of supply and demand and the strength and explosive character of the sexual instinct.

It is part of wisdom to allow the law to remain elastic. Let us not forget that Hindu society consists of people at different levels of culture and progress. From the uncivilized forest tribes to the highly civilised metropolitans all are Hindus. It will be foolish to generalise on the basis of the small minority of so-called educated classes. It is impossible to impose uniformity on such divergent elements.

What are the evils that are supposed to exist in Hindu society as the result of having permitted polygamy? Nobody in the upper classes marries except for overwhelming reasons during the lifetime of the first wife. The number of instances are very few. Why should a wholesome exception be abolished while reasons against strict monogamy are numerous and grave?

The only healthy solution is to permit polygamy as it stands at present but to give those women the option of divorce who do not want to live with a co-wife.

Allow a couple to separate, if they must, peacefully without the necessity of having to throw mud on each other in a divorce court. A system of granting divorce on the mere application of either party without adducing evidence of misconduct may well be adopted. All reforms should be in the direction of giving woman the freedom that man enjoys instead of imposing on man the fetters which man has imposed on woman.

ABBOT TAI HSU

by V. G. NAIR

THE BUDDHIST world has sustained an irreparable loss in the death of His Holiness Abbot Tai Hsu of China. The Abbot died of cerebral hemorrhage on the 17th March, 1947, at the age of fifty-nine. One of the most learned and renowned Buddhist monks in China, Abbot Tai Hsu was held in high esteem throughout the Buddhist world.

In 1939, His Holiness took a successful tour to Burma, India, Ceylon and the Malay States. He visited all centres of Buddhist interest and worship and exchanged views with Buddhists regarding the propagation of Buddhism. His winning manners, his persuasive voice, his inspiring sermons and his profound knowledge of Buddhism won him immense popularity wherever he went. While in India, he presented a silver pagoda to the historic Mahabodhi temple at Buddha Gaya on behalf of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek. To the Buddhists of Ceylon, he presented a dagoba-shaped casket as a token of China's regard for Ceylon Buddhists. Together with Professor Tan Yun Shan, Director of Visvabharati Cheenabhavana, who accompanied the Abbot during his tour, His Holiness visited Santiniketan and stayed there for over a fortnight.

In 1925, His Holiness organised the All-China Buddhist Dharma Samgha, and led a Chinese Buddhist delegation to attend the Buddhist Conference of the Far Eastern countries held in Japan. In 1927, he was elected member of the Oriental Institute of the Berlin University, Germany, and in the following year he visited Europe and America on a lecture tour.

On return from his European tour, he founded the Buddhist International University and established the Sino-Tibetan Buddhist

Institute in China. Two of his favourite disciples, Rev. Fa Fang and Rev. Pai Wei are now studying Pali and Sanskrit Buddhism at the Cheenabhavana in Santiniketan.



Known as the 'revolutionary monk' in China, he undertook the task of reforming Chinese Buddhism and reorganising the Chinese Samgha. Besides a great Buddhist scholar, he was also a poet and author of several popular books on Buddhism.

Of this celebrated Chinese monk, Prof. Radhakrishnan, in his book "India and China" says: "The most outstanding representative of Buddhism in China is Abbot Tai Hsu, who is learned, religious and energetic. In a few hours which I was privileged to spend with him at his monastery he made me realise his feeling of the urgency of reform and the need to get back the inspiring example of the Founder of Buddhism. If his programme for the revival of Mahayana Buddhism is successful, the spread of scepticism and materialism in China will be checked."

BOOKS

India To-day. By R. Palme Dutt. People's Publishing House, Bombay. Pp. 532. Price, Rs. 7-8).

India to-day is on the march. Her people, fully conscious of their free and creative status, are determined to shape their destiny as a great and growing nation leading the world to the ideal of stable peace of which so many of us despair to-day. The brilliant part played by the representatives of India in the deliberations of the General Assembly of the U.N.O. last year and the historic Inter-Asian Relations Conference held recently in New Delhi on the initiative and invitation of India, have put this country on the map of the world as an independent nation. The statement of the British Government on the 20th of February unequivocally committing themselves to quit India before June 1948 has imparted a sense of urgency to the problem of India and quickened the pace of the march of her people. In spite of the mutual killing that is going on in various parts of the country to-day, the future of India is already assured, because her mind is clear, the goal is straight in front. Unfortunately, Mr. Dutt's "India To-day" which covers the developments in India upto July 1946 does not even indicate the possibility of, much less does it foresee, these mighty events that have taken place during the past year, drawing India far closer to her freedom.

As the author himself says in his preface to this edition "India To-day" was originally published in England in 1940 and was banned in India. The entire stock in England was destroyed in the blitz and owing to war conditions the manuscript never reached America for an

American edition. Paper shortage prevented reprinting. This is the first Indian edition of the book that has been revised to carry forward the development to 1946, including the new constitution proposals announced by the British Cabinet Mission. As "all the problems of modern India can only be understood against the background of historical development and especially against the background of two centuries of imperialist domination," much of the matter of the book is historical. The "manifold and complex problems of India to-day—economic, social, political and multi-national—" are dealt with in this book with considerable power and logic. With a mine of figures and mass of materials,—an indication of the labours the author has undertaken in writing this book—Mr. Dutt traces the manifold ruin that the British rule had meant to India and emphasises the painful fact that "India presents a spectacle of squalid poverty and misery of the people without equal in the world" and "on every side of Indian economy the same picture is revealed of limitless potential wealth and actual neglect and failure of development" under the imperialist regime. After narrating the steps taken by British Imperialism to strangle and stifle all the native industries in the country, to obstruct and prevent the growth of new industries in India, Mr. Dutt with considerable warmth condemns the attitude of the Government towards the industrialisation of India even during war-time and comes to the inescapable conclusion that "rather than have an industrial growth, during this whole period India has suffered exploitation on a scale unprecedented in the history of British rule."

According to Mr. Dutt the basic problem of India is the agrarian problem. After referring to the present position of agriculture with special regard to the ridiculously low production, disproportionate dependence of the people on agriculture and the enormous burdens to which the poor peasants have been subjected, he establishes with eloquent figures and splendid logic the fact that "this extreme, exaggerated, disproportionate and wasteful dependence on agriculture as the sole occupation for three-fourths of the people, is not an inherited characteristic of the old, primitive Indian society surviving into the modern period, but is on the contrary, in its present scale a modern phenomenon and the direct consequence of imperialist rule. The disproportionate dependence on agriculture has progressively increased under British rule. This is the expression of the destruction of the old balance of industry and agriculture and the relegation of India to the role of an agricultural appendage of imperialism." The heavier and heavier overcrowding of agriculture, with the increasing emphasis on non-food crops for export is the direct consequence of British capitalist policy, which has required India as a market and source of raw materials. The British land revenue system in India which establishes fixed revenue assessments in cash, at a uniform figure for thirty year periods, spells ruin to the country men who have to pay the uniform figure from a wildly fluctuating income and inevitably drives them into the hands of the moneylender "who is the indispensable lower cog, at the point of production of the entire mechanism of finance—capitalist exploitation. The triple burden of the claims of the Government for land revenue which fall upon all, the claims of the landlord for rent which fall on the majority and the claims of the moneylender for interest which fall on the overwhelming majority has driven many a peasant into the ranks of the landless proletariat. The entire agrarian problem can be solved only by abolishing the zamindari system,

increasing the size of the agricultural holding and introducing collective farming. This will inevitably drive many who are engaged to-day in the unprofitable agricultural operations away from that occupation. For such men work must be found in other industries and "hence the unity of the tasks of agricultural and industrial development." But Mr. Dutt agrees with others that the political independence of India is the condition precedent for the success and accomplishment of any such undertaking.

It is in his treatment of the rise of Nationalism and Labour movement in this country that many people will find themselves forced to disagree with Mr. Palme Dutt. His unconcealed prejudice against the Indian National Congress, Gandhi and the whole trend of Indian nationalism has not helped him to maintain that attitude of scrupulous fairness and unerring logic which he has so admirably displayed in dealing with the other aspects of the problem in this particular sphere and has led to a few contradictions also. It is difficult for one to comprehend how, if the rising of 1857 which "was in its essential character and dominant leadership the revolt of the old conservative and feudal forces and dethroned potentates for their rights and privileges which they saw in process of destruction" according to Mr. Dutt, and which consequently did not receive wide measure of popular support and was doomed to failure, it could have laid bare "the depth of mass discontent and unrest beneath the surface." Again, it is difficult to comprehend how it was possible for Gandhi who according to Mr. Dutt is a reactionary and bourgeois, who is "alarmed" everytime there is a mass awakening and applies the brake to the national movement, to extract again and again magnificent response from the masses of the country whenever he issued a call for the struggle. To Mr. Dutt, Gandhi was—it is worthwhile quoting this sentence in spite of its length—"the most subtle and experienced politician of the older Group, with unrivalled mass prestige which world

publicity had now enhanced as the greatest Indian figure; the ascetic defender of property in the name of the most religious and idealist principles of humility and love of poverty; the invincible metaphysical-theological casuist who could justify and reconcile anything and everything in an astounding tangle of explanations and arguments which in a man of common clay might have been called dishonest quibbling, but in the great ones of the earth like MacDonald or Gandhi is recognised as a higher plane of spiritual reasoning; the prophet who by his personal saintliness and selflessness could unlock the door to the hearts of the masses where the moderate bourgeois leaders could not hope for a hearing—and the best guarantee of the shipwreck of any mass movement which had the blessing of his association. This Jonah of revolution, this general of unbroken disasters was the mascot of the bourgeois in each wave of the developing Indian struggle." (P. 295) If Mr. Dutt makes such an estimate of Gandhiji, then it will surprise nobody if he holds that the dynamic and creative non-violence of Gandhiji "is revealed as only in reality a cover, conscious or unconscious, for class interests and the maintenance of class exploitation" and it was only "an element alien to the mass struggle, an element of petty-bourgeois moralising speculations and reformist pacifism, that found its chosen expression in the innocent-seeming term 'non-violent' and this "seemingly innocent humanitarian or expedient term contained concealed within it, not only the refusal of the final struggle, but the thwarting also of the immediate struggle by the attempt to conciliate the interests of the masses with the big bourgeois and landlord interests which were inevitably opposed to the mass struggle."

Mr. Dutt holds that the Indian National movement was to some extent influenced even in its early stages by events outside India particularly in Russia. The agitation against the partition of Bengal and the non-co-operation movement of

1919-22 were considerably influenced by the Russian Revolutions in 1905 and 1917. He bitterly criticises Gandhi for calling off the Civil Disobedience movement in 1922 on the ground of the outbreak of violence. He holds that Gandhi was alarmed at the mass awakening and a reactionary as he was, he called off the struggle and "the entire movement, which had been organised on the basis of complete discouragement of any spontaneous mass activity and mechanical subordination to the will of one man, was inevitably thrown into helpless confusion and demoralisation by the Bardoli decision." Again Gandhi comes in for scathing criticism for the attitude he adopted towards the "complete Independence" resolution of the Congress. "Phrases were poured out, by Gandhi on one side as by MacDonald on the other, to confuse the plain aim of independence as proclaimed at Lahore in a width of legal interpretation and theological casuistry, until it was difficult to know whether to award the palm to Gandhi or to MacDonald, both masters of the art of the bewildering phrase and the higher spiritual appeal to conceal the realities of capitulation and slavery." Holding such a view of Gandhi, Mr. Dutt describes the Gandhi-Irwin Pact as a settlement entered into between the reactionary forces against the people of India and interprets the observations of Gandhi in his letter to the Viceroy dated March 2, 1930: "The party of violence is gaining ground and making itself felt . . . It is my purpose to set in motion that force (non-violence) as well against the organised violence force of the British rule as the unorganised violence force of the growing party of violence. To sit still would be to give rein to both the forces above mentioned," as the openly expressed conception of the struggle of the bourgeois leadership as a fight on two fronts, as much against a mass uprising from below as against imperialism.

In his attack on Gandhi Mr. Dutt does not even hesitate to quote Gandhiji's observations after mutilating, distorting and tearing them out of

context. In this he commits the identical crime which the British Press and the B.B.C. did in September 1939. When Gandhiji declared after his first interview with Lord Linlithgow, "I am not therefore just now thinking of India's deliverance. It will come, but what will it be worth if England and France fall, or if they come out victorious over Germany ruined and humbled?" the British quoted it for their propaganda purposes omitting the italicised clause. Mr. Dutt emulates the example of the British Imperialism which he criticises so much in quoting Gandhi omitting the identical clause (P. 460) to interpret the attitude of the Congress to the Second World War. Again on page 516 Mr. Dutt quotes Gandhi as follows: "It has been suggested to me by a Congressman wielding great influence that as soon as I declared civil disobedience I would find a staggering response this time. The whole labour world and the kisans in many parts of India will, he assures me, declare a simultaneous strike. I told him that if that happened I should be most embarrassed and all my plans would be upset . . . I hope I am not expected knowingly to undertake a fight that must end in anarchy and red ruin." In this Mr. Dutt has taken sentences occurring in different paragraphs of a closely reasoned article of Gandhiji in the *Harijan* dated 20th Jan., 1940 under the caption "The Dissentients" and put them together to prove his own thesis that Gandhi was the representative of conservative reaction and the national bourgeoisie which had so much in common with imperialism.

The attitude of the Communist Party of India towards the war, the Quit India Resolution of the Congress, the August movement and the subsequent developments up-to-date are well known and Mr. Dutt adds nothing new on the subject. He criticises the attitude of the Congress Socialist party, insinuates against Gandhiji by remarking that he "was separately imprisoned in Aga Khan palace, not indeed in conditions of personal discomfort" and accuses the British Government of

trying to strengthen its hold on India by the introduction of finance—capital even under the cabinet plan of May 1946 and asserts that "the maintenance, defence and strengthening of British vested interests in India has hitherto always formed the basis of all constitutional reforms offered by the British rulers." He seriously doubts the sincerity of the British Government and comes to the conclusion that there could be no greater illusion than to imagine as a result of the valedictory statements now in fashion with the more diplomatic apologists of British rule, that imperialism has abdicated without a struggle, and is intent on committing hara-kiri in India.

Much has happened to change the face of the Indian political situation since Mr. Dutt revised his book. The situation has been completely altered by the recent events and Mr. Dutt's pessimism seems to be thoroughly unwarranted under the existing circumstances. Indian freedom is at hand and nobody can take it back. But that does not mean the solution of the problem of India. Freedom is only the key to open the door of the house which has so long been under hostile occupation. As the author himself says, "The deeper problems of the backwardness of India, of the task to clear away the dirt and filth of ages of subjection, arrested development and conservative social custom, will not reach their solution in the moment of national liberation, but will only then reach their full amplitude and the first approach to the conditions of their solution."

In spite of the fact that the book contains a number of things doctrinaire, prejudiced and biased, with which many will not agree, it is a remarkably well-documented and powerfully argued treatise. It is characterised by the thoroughness, exhaustiveness and elaborateness that one associates with the work of Mr. Palme Dutt. "India Today" will prove to be a very useful reference book whose value cannot be exaggerated—"Mimi".

LETTERS

TO THE EDITOR

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

Dr. Pattabhi On Ex-Premier

It is very surprising that, in criticising ex-Premier Prakasam's policy with regard to producer-cum-consumer co-operative societies, Dr. Pattabhi should have directed his attack more against the author than against his policy. He termed the scheme a "wild-cat scheme" and went to the extent of declaring that the author of the policy was unfit even to "lip the word co-operation." One feels that Dr. Pattabhi has come out with his advice and allegations rather late. The bitterness and the venom which the criticism carries gives room to the doubt as to whether it is not deliberately calculated to discredit the ex-Premier and his team in the eyes of the public.

A. RAMACHANDRAN.

Nellore.

Dr. Pattabhi's Antics

Dr. Pattabhi's rather belated and ill-timed outburst against Prakasam's producer-cum-consumers co-operative societies scheme betrays a perverted mind. To those of us who were watching with some amusement the learned doctor's antics in the press and on the platform performed at periodical intervals, it was increasingly becoming clear that like a rudderless boat in a stormy sea he was being tossed here and there in the hurricane of power politics. His statements regarding the application of violence against Communists, nationalisation of motor transport and States-politics evoked a good deal of criticism and left a trail of odium and bitterness behind it. His latest on this laudable scheme of Prakasam is but one more of such a series. His insinuations against Ministers are uncharitable to them and unpalatable for us too.

Further in his statements he says that nowhere in the election manifesto is there any mention about the elimination of middlemen. The manifesto

clearly speaks of the abolition of absentee landlordism and that the fruits of the soil should be enjoyed by the man who actually sweats and tills the soil. If it is not the elimination of middleman what else is? Nationalisation also, in the ultimate analysis means much the same.

Dr. Pattabhi could do well to remember that Andhras are tired of his 'wild cat' statements which are, nothing short of an unseemly and unbecoming exhibition of bad taste. Pattabhi's ailing mind can find relief in writing handbooks over money-making and by keeping himself scrupulously aloof from the domain of controversy.

VADARI VENKATARAMANA.

Nellore.

Madras Ministry

Acharya Kripalani need not have taken all the trouble to go over to Madras just to announce that the real voting power in the election of a leader lies in the hands of the M.L.As and not in the electorate. He should realise that the electorate is deeply regretting having given their votes to all Toms and Dicks because they wore the Congress garb. If the voice of the electorate is choked by such rulings of the Congress President, then Democracy is dead. The electorate desires a thorough investigation into the causes that led to this ministerial crisis. Is it due to differences in policies or due to a sense of frustration that some could not get ministerships, or a feeling of Brahmin versus Non-Brahmin or a revengeful attitude that O. R. was not allowed the Premiership? These are the questions into which the Congress President should have gone. If the rot is not cured, we demand the immediate dissolution of the Assembly and ordering of fresh elections.

V. NANNARAO, B.A.

Anakapalle.



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Oh, Madras!

Through the same machinations which lost us RAJAJI, we now lose PRAKASAM, the only man who could, at tremendous odds gather the courage to fight the vested interests and implement the pledges of the Congress in practice without fear or favour. Technically it is all correct, the majority voted against him, but still if one had witnessed with one's own eyes the cheer raised by the audience every time Prakasam's name was mentioned, it was a fraud on the electorate. Why, for God's sake, should not the elected representatives who are there for our good, refer back the question to the electorate as it should rightly be done?

P. V. RANGACHARI,
Vice-President,
Harijan Sevak Sangh.

Guntakal.

Increase in Paddy Prices

The Madras Government's recent decision to make a slight increase in the delivery price of paddy to facilitate maximum procurement is a policy fraught with danger and is deeply resented by the majority of producers who have willingly surrendered their stock in the past. It was only two months back that the Prakasam Ministry made several public statements positively denying all suggestion for increased rates and warned the ryots that any delay on their part to surrender their surplus paddy would necessitate compulsory procurement at lower rates. Well-meaning and law abiding ryots considered this announcement as final and immediately sold out their stocks.

But the New Ministry, by their recent declaration has clearly departed from this gentleman's agreement much to the disappointment of the conscientious producers. The tendency on the part of the ryots to wait and see further and further is indirectly encouraged. Several village food committees and efficient procuring officials who have so long done their best to help procurement will not in future be assisted by the producers.

Government must realise that the fall in procurement is more due to the failure of crops in the surplus districts than due to reluctance of the producers. They must also realise that to instil confidence in the minds of the disappointed producers who form the majority, they should give retrospective effect to the enhanced rates, as *The Hindu* has rightly suggested.

T. S. VENKATARAMAN, B.A.,
Member, Taluk Food Committee.
Thiruthuraipundi.

Food Crisis in Guntur District

The food position in Guntur District has now turned very critical. Alarming reports are being received regarding the scarcity of rice in the Ration Depots, and the starving of thousands of people for days together, even in the statutory rationing areas. The position as regards the non-rationing areas is worse. It is most astonishing that famine has broken out in this district, though it is a surplus area. No useful purpose will be served by platform lectures or press communiques. The concerned Ministers must move from Madras and tour the affected areas. Unless the authorities bring to book the rich Mirasidars and the ryots, who have stocked hundreds of candles of paddy and are selling them in black market at Rs. 30 to 40 per bag, ignoring the food problem, the procurement is bound to fail.

Government ought to assume stern measures in regard to the ryots in dry areas who are raising out and out commercial crops like tobacco and profiting by high prices disregarding the food position. It is these ryots that are encouraging the black market as they are purchasing the paddy at abnormal prices, that is Rs. 300 to 400 per candy (putty). Unless the Government adopts suitable measures and restricts tobacco plantation the food position can never be improved.

N. PURUSHOTHAM.

Sandrapet.

Rationing Anamolies

Plague has been prevalent here for the past three months and almost the whole town was evacuated. It is just in the course of this week that people are coming back to this place only to find that the tiles of their houses have been removed. They have to fork out a good bit to bring their houses back to habitable conditions. Added to this, in the ration shops, they are supplied with the worst kind of paddy instead of rice. Apart from its bad quality, the question of hulling it is a supreme problem to those who are already down-hearted at the desolate appearance of their houses. Not even during the Adviser's Regime of six long years of war, had we the good fortune to go in for paddy in the place of rice. It is under the benign government of our Congress Ministry that we are put to such unbearable, inhuman and heart-breaking tests! It is high time that the Congress Ministry comes to our rescue.

P. T. K. IYENGAR.

Ambur.

People Versus Legislators

The entire constitution should be so changed that the final power would rest with the people, and not with the High Command which seems to be oblivious to the real problems and conditions obtaining in this province, much less with the present type of legislators who view their party leader as a mere toy. If the groups in the Congress Legislature Party had a little common-sense and cared for the good of the people and the prestige of their own party, they would not have dared to bring in an unnecessary and hasty change in the Ministry. The real apprehension of the people is as to how far the Congress legislators will stand behind their own Ministry and do good to the people with whose votes they have been able to occupy the positions they now hold, and as to how the legislators can be pulled up when they run amok. It is necessary that an impartial committee should be set up to look into the question of the several groups in the Madras Congress Legislature Party and their effect on the solidarity of the party itself and the interests of the people, taking into consideration the recent events. Will the Congress High Command have the wisdom of doing so, even now?

V. L. NARASIMHACHARYULU.
Masulipatam.

Duties Of Freedom

Now that the wished-for political freedom is within our reach we cannot say we are not frightened a little. We can no longer complacently pat ourselves on our back and point the finger of scorn at a third party. Whatever we do or refrain from doing will recoil on us. No one else will share the blame or bear the responsibility. The end of alien rule is only the beginning of our task, and what a tremendous task it is! We have to revise our outlook. Having had to play the role of underdog for so long we have become more critical than constructive, we have developed the faculty of fault-finding to the detriment of self-inspection and improvement. Not having been in a position to determine bigger issues we have allowed ourselves to engage in and wrangle over trivialities. All this will have to be changed. We have to get rid of our inertia. Right and duty go together, we cannot exercise the one if we are not prepared to do the other. Each one of us will have to feel and act as if the self-respect and greatness of the country is in his hands. The State will, no doubt, be our State but its power to do good will be measured

by the active support it receives from its citizens in the fulfilment of its plans. We should not forget this aspect in our joy at the coming event. It behoves each one of us, in his own sphere, to think and act from now on in a manner which will conduce to the retention of power, when it comes, for the security, freedom and growth of all.
Ootacamund. K. N.

Barbarous Customs

Hinduism has in the course of the hundreds of years of its existence shed many of the customs that were found to be unreasonable or against the canons of civilised society. Suthee has disappeared; untouchability is fast disappearing from temples and society; but some sects go on hugging certain primitive customs like animal sacrifice.

Animal sacrifice is a blot that is tarnishing many of the Tamil Nad districts, especially Tinnevely. It is impossible on certain holy days to go out without seeing the procession of carcasses of sheep tied over long lines of slow moving bullock carts. It is a harrowing spectacle even to a regular flesh eater.

It is the imperative duty of all enlightened Governments to do their utmost to abolish such barbarous customs that defile our country. There will be opposition against such a move, for people do not want to change time-honoured practices, especially in religious matters. We have only to remember that there was great opposition against abolition of slavery, against temple entry, and against so many other necessary reforms.

Progressive States like Travancore have abolished these bestial customs long ago.

S. RAMAKRISHNAN.
Palamcottah.

Abolish The Mutts

In olden days the mutts in South India were established only to propagate the gospel of Hindu religion and funds were raised to fulfil the purpose satisfactorily. But it is lamentable that the Thambirans of these mutts, the sole authorities, lavishly and extravagantly spend the income for their own pleasure. It is high time that the popular Government took steps to abolish these mutts and to utilise the income to establish educational institutions and to start cottage industries so as to furnish employment to the street beggars and provide them at least with the bare necessities of life, food and shelter.

M. P. KRISHNAN, Sec.
Tuticorin.

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