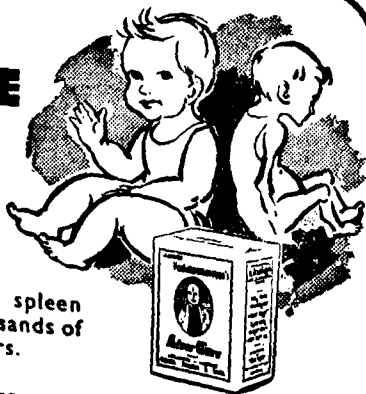


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in the Government General Hospital. It was then 10-45 a.m. There was no rush. I went to the doctor and said I had a rat-bite. Without properly listening to me he directed me to a nurse nearby, murmuring something. She gave me an intramuscular injection and directed me to the doctor. As soon as he saw me, he asked "Is it a mad dog?" To my utter surprise and disappointment at the complete indifference of the doctor, I replied, "Sir, it is a rat-bite." He entered my name in the register and asked me to go away, without hearing me any further. I wonder if I was given injection for rat-bite or for dog-bite.

How anxiously patients go to a hospital and how indifferently do the doctors dispose them off! The so-called popular Government is too big to look to these trifles.

R. NAGARAJA RAO

Madras, Nov. 19.

A Curious Order

By a curious order the Civil Veterinary Department has denied promotions to many officers on the ground that they are above 50 years of age. This eccentricity was brought to the notice of the Government by many fair-minded M.L.As. through interpellations. Our popular Ministry unfortunately has not considered or has no time to consider this question broadly.

The head of the department seems to think that promotion at a later age is a loss to the Government. This funny view is not applied to other departments. Retired officers of the Veterinary department are being reappointed denying promotions to a large number of officers who had served the department faithfully, only to retire disappointed. Another view held by the Minister for Development is that newly promoted district veterinary officers will take a year to learn their work. This view is incorrect. The district veterinary officer has no hospital duty. From experience I can say that any veterinary officer of 20 to 25 years' service will begin to fill the post of district veterinary officer efficiently within a few days. It is hoped that the Ministry will reconsider the cases of those unfortunate veterinary surgeons for whom age and experience have become strangely a bar for promotion and give these officers a lift before they retire.

T. V. RAO
Veterinary Officer (Retd.)

Madura.

Division, Unwise

The demand for the division of the Madras Province into Andhra and Tamil is not in the interests of the common man or the nation. There are two million Andhras domiciled in Tamil Nad whom it will be difficult to distinguish from the Tamils. Our Premier Mr. O. P. Ramaswamy Reddiar is an Andhra settled in Tamil Nad, holding his position as a nominee of Tamil Nad in the Cabinet and more loyal to Tamil interests than the Tamilians themselves. Dr. P. Varadarajulu Naidu is another well-known leader of Tamil Nad and of Tamils whose mother-tongue is Telugu. By race and religion, Tamils and Andhras are one. We have lived in peace and amity for centuries and apart from the bickerings of a few rival job-hunters and Ministry-mongers, there have never been any conflicts whatsoever, between these two branches of the Hindu race.

If Andhras have any special interests or grievances they can be provided for and remedied by constitutional adjustments without an outright division into separate provinces.

S. SRINIVASA IYER

No Cloth For Kosgi Villages

It is extremely regrettable that no supply of cloth has been made to the villages of Kosgi Firka. Poor people are undergoing immense hardship for want of cloth. Telegrams were sent to the Minister for Industries and the Premier as on 20th October. But nothing has been heard from them.

K. B. RANGANATH

Tungabhadra.

Student Leaders

It is most deplorable that the Andhra Provincial Students' Congress, which has done invaluable service to the student community as well as the nation, has been split up into two rival groups, one blaming the other. Some differences arose between the President, Mr. K. Krishna Reddy and the General Secretary Mr. A. S. R. Krishna, as a result of which the President and the Secretary arranged to hold the annual conference at two different places, Bezwada and Guntur. The language used in the pamphlets which both the groups published is most unbecoming. If those who aspire for leadership of students indulge in a nasty race for power, what social or educational lead can they give to those whom they profess to lead?

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SWATANTRA

VOL. II, No. 34.

(SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1947)

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SWATANTRA

SWATANTRA
Is published every Saturday at 156, Lloyds Road, Royapettah, Madras (India). Single copy, six annas. Subscription: Inland, Rs. 20 per year and Rs. 10 per half-year. Foreign, £1 16sh. or 8 dollars (U.S.A.) per year. If return of manuscripts is desired, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must be enclosed.



—by Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury
MISS SLIM

SWATANTRA

VOL. II
No. 34

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1947.

ISSUED
WEEKLY

EDUCATIONAL SPRING-CLEANING

THOUGH it is more than a year since the Congress Ministry began functioning, it is a matter for regret that no attempt has yet been made to reorganize provincial education in all its stages on a national footing. Our Education Minister is undoubtedly better fitted for his portfolio by virtue of attainments no less than of native aptitudes than many others in the Cabinet for theirs; and yet nothing has yet emerged in any concrete shape calculated to kindle popular enthusiasm or give the country a right lead in matters educational. We shall refer briefly to some of the errors of omission and commission which, in our view, should be rectified without delay if high-sounding generalities which have been too long indulged in are to lead to fruitful results in the most important nation-building sphere.

The Education Minister is a keen enthusiast and believes greatly in the basic system of education. But acting for the Government, he has not been able to initiate any extension of the basic system on any scale adequate to the requirements of the province. To secure a few teachers for special training and to post them in a few corners is a homeopathic process which would involve endless toil before adequate results could be assessed in tangible forms. Are we committed to the basic scheme or not? On this question, it is desirable that the public should be given an unambiguous answer. If we are, how many of the existing schools have been converted to basic schools, at what rate

should the conversion be maintained, and how many new schools should be started and on what general plans?

The Minister very properly enunciated a theory in regard to the medium of instruction in the regional language, which in spite of a few awkward corners, is the best solution of a difficult problem so long as the province as a whole remains a composite aggregation of four linguistic areas. But there is just room for apprehension that the new theory might be exploited exclusively to the advantage of one linguistic area and to the comparative neglect of others. The Education Minister has not hidden his natural devotion to his own mother-tongue. He has shown commendable zeal in pleading for a living study of Tamil from the earliest stages of education. He has recently sponsored a movement which has for its aim the publication, under Government patronage, of an encyclopædia in Tamil. But he must remember that he is not only the Education Minister for the Tamil area but also for the Telugu, Canarese and Malayalam areas. He must make it clear that as custodian of the educational interests of the province as a whole, he will equally interest himself in the direction of similar movements in the sister languages. In other words, he must be willing to sponsor such movements and use his influence to collect funds for them from the other linguistic areas also. His aim should be to make progress in the production of encyclopædias in all the languages at the same

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SWATANTRA

EDITOR: KHASA SUBBA RA



time. This is the sort of provision that has to be made to see that enthusiasm does not outrun discretion.

As for the place of English in the curriculum, it is by common consent bound to be contentious for many years to come. But we would suggest that while there will be no need for the Minister to sacrifice his convictions on this question, he must not lend himself to any kind of obscurantist policy which would prevent the teaching of children even in the elementary stages in what may be called a bi-lingual medium. It is a fallacy (which can easily be exposed) to say that if a child's education is given *pari passu* in English and in its mother-tongue from the beginning, it will stunt the growth of the child. It must be remembered that a whole generation of Indians from Ram Mohan Roy to the Right Hon'ble Sastri were the products of a bi-lingual system. Neither their patriotism nor their devotion to the mother-tongue to which they gave striking expression both by their life and their works was ever questioned. The spirit of compulsion that is now manifested in preventing infant and secondary schools from giving instruction in English below the age of ten is not conceived in the best interests of either education in general or the growing mind of children in particular. We wish this matter is further explored and a more intelligent policy devised at least as an experimental measure for an interim period.

Another idea which has been thrown out and which is likely to be implemented before long is the decision to bifurcate the course at the end of the third form, giving one section a predominantly craft emphasis and another a predominantly art emphasis. This is a far-reaching decision which is likely to be strongly resisted by large bodies of parents with the result

that it will defeat itself within a year or two of its introduction. The plain truth of this matter is that we must go back to a conception of the secondary course as a minimum which would be adequate enough and well balanced enough to be an end in itself, as well as to provide a starting point for higher professional and technical courses. The present bias in favour of a degree as a pre-requisite for everything from a clerk's place to that of an officer of the Central services is irrational and ludicrous. If at the secondary stage, we provide openings as in England and America, for a large percentage of our young men to be absorbed in the arts and crafts which a free nation can easily multiply in a short time, we can solve a number of problems at one stroke. The productive capacity of the country will be multiplied. More schools may be established. Colleges and higher education will attract only the right type of men and there need be no kind of artificial restriction of communities or groups to enable other communities and groups to register a parallel progress which is illusory or of no value to the nation at large. This is a subject of very far-reaching importance, and there is no indication yet that the syllabuses and the courses of studies for the high schools are likely to be modified in the directions above indicated.

Coming to the part played by the Government in shaping higher education, there is a certain amount of concern in the public mind as to whether the Government and the university authorities which are autonomous have ever come together on a common platform in a spirit of cordial understanding and mutual respect. Our own view is that the fault in this matter is not entirely on the side of the Ministry. The universities still continue to live in a world which has been outmoded

by the rapid march of events. They are still catering to a public which ceased to exist at least five years ago. They have blown hot and cold by speaking in one breath of maintaining high standards or even raising them, while watering them in actual practice. Many of the courses of our universities have been lengthened out, burdened or made to overlap, and yet during the war, engineering, medical and other courses were abridged in most surprising ways in order to provide easy recruitment to the Army. Now that peace has come, it is thought that there is no urgency comparable to that of the war, and so there is a tendency to fall back upon leisurely methods. To give one illustration, the target figures mentioned in the Bhor Committee Report of qualified personnel required for medical and public health services cannot be produced at the present rate of progress for another century at least. Are we to wait for such an unconscionable period to arrive at a minimum which is only apologetically indicated even in that report?

Recently, there has been a good deal of fanfare in the Press concerning the benefactions of individuals and associations which come forward to start new colleges. It is the blunt truth today that education even in the collegiate stage is a very paying proposition! The urgency of the problem today is not so much the multiplication of new colleges as the provision of a sieve or a filter which would give trade and industries, Government departments and private educational agencies, an adequate percentage of qualified workers who would keep these departments functioning. The idea that everyone who goes through a college course is an asset to the nation must be given up, the sooner the better. If a study of the statistics of those who come into a college at one end and go out of

it at the other after a period of four or five years were made, the public would be staggered at the amount of economic and man-power wastage which has gone on and bids fair to go on unnoticed and unchecked.

The Acts under which the various universities flourish have to be amended and while academic freedom is made more and more a reality, and academic atmosphere is fostered without reservations, the Government must also take care to see that university courses have a direct bearing upon national regeneration. In this connection we wish to draw pointed attention to the extravagant lengths to which the elective principle has been made to subserve communal and sub-communal clamour even in the field of academic research and study. It is a question for very serious consideration whether the academic spirit will survive at all the onslaughts which present cupidities are making on it.

It is a matter for reconsideration whether the Government should sponsor or be directly responsible for running such a large number of first grade and professional colleges. We raise the question because these colleges exist side by side with those which are organized by private agencies and there is a certain overlapping which interferes with a proper integration as between official, non official, sectarian, secular, communal and other types of institutions, all under the nominal control of the universities. There has been some agitation over the special consideration shown to the Muslim community, inasmuch as it has had the barren honour of having a college for its men and another for its women. The effect of conceding such a principle would be for the Government to be hoist with its own petard and forced to concede it for every other clamorous sub-group which might find favour with the

Government for any or no reason at all. We wish the Minister sticks to his guns and either abolishes unremunerative institutions or hands them over to private management as the case may be. The argument of the deputationists who waited on him that education is a subject in which finance should be no consideration at all, and that therefore a Muslim college for women should be maintained is untenable because this sublime principle of indifference to financial implications is commended to the Government by a microscopic minority, which in effect wishes to get a superfluous benefit at the cost of a majority which has itself to undergo many privations.

We understand that the numbers likely to seek admission in the colleges in the coming years will register increases in geometrical ratios. The solution for them in our opinion is not the opening of more colleges but rather the diversion of students to alternative course in the Intermediate stage which must be deemed adequate for degree training in many departments of nation-building activities. For instance, overseers, nurses, apothecaries, sanitarians, surveyors, carpenters, mechanical and electrical engineers are required in plenty and for most of them a barren B.A. or B.Sc. is a time-wasting superfluity.

The new scales of salaries as laid down by the Central Pay Commission ensure minimum standards which may provide convenient starting points for the bulk of our people belonging to the middle class, and with the conversion of district headquarters hospitals and engineering offices and technical institutes to suitable training centres, we will find that we can divert large numbers of young men who now get into colleges and who merely waste their time there. We trust that the committees and advisory bodies which have been convened from time to time by the Education

Minister will endeavour to co-ordinate the entire system of educational activity from top to toe with a view to saving money while multiplying trained man-power in the shortest possible time.

A Test Case

THE infant Republic of France had to contend with a multiplicity of hostile forces both inside and abroad, during the most critical period of its existence. It is customary to date the liberation of France from the fall of the Bastille. But many years had to elapse before the Republic could be said to have been firmly based on the loyalty, affections and strength of the people. Similar ordeals seem to lie in wait to arrest the progress of the Free India of today. As we have repeatedly been pointing out in these columns, the circumstances under which partition and freedom have come to the country synchronously leave just room for doubt as to whether, while partition becomes more and more of a reality, freedom will not become less and less of a fact. The Indian Union of today has nothing to commend it except the vague and unco-ordinated goodwill of the masses at large; but in all other respects, it is like a frail bark tossed in terrific storms in mid-ocean, and called upon to strain its last ounce of energy to keep itself from sinking.

The problems of the various units of the Indian Union, although still unresolved, are happily not all of them equally urgent. But when we contemplate the relations between this political entity which is the successor Government to the British Government in British India and the scattered and numerous islands known as the Native States, there is ample room for grave anxiety. While we must admit that the new Home Department of the Government of the Indian Union has shown commendable forbearance and tact

in handling the question of the accession of the States to the Indian Union, it cannot be said that the problem has been finally and satisfactorily disposed of. Indeed one of the danger spots which the Indian Union has to watch with unwinking eye is these Native States themselves. We need not labour the obvious connection between geographical factors and political relations. It is where these are either circumvented or defied that there is danger to the Indian Union. Hyderabad among the major powers carries disruptive potentialities which might spell the ruin of the Indian Union itself if allowed to develop unchecked; and yet it is difficult to point out at the moment what course of action by the Government of India will serve the purpose of both the parties impartially. An unconditional or unbridled notion of sovereignty as coming from the ruler of Hyderabad can have no reality attached to it. The Indian Union cannot force Hyderabad to accede to it except by a show of *force majeure* which would be inconsistent with peaceful intentions and impracticable in present conditions. While we may trust that time would be in favour of the Union, we cannot at the same time shut our eyes to the possibilities of counter-action being initiated by or in Hyderabad which may carry the war to our doors. For in a somewhat long-range view of the immediate problem we must acknowledge the very portentous part which Hyderabad is likely to play in any alignment of forces as between Hindustan and Pakistan.

The considerations apply with suitable modifications as between any other unit and the Indian Union. The State of Junagadh furnishes a case in point. Its ruler is a Moslem, while its people are overwhelmingly Hindu. Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan says that the ruler of Junagadh is perfectly within his

rights in acceding to Pakistan since the instrument of transfer left freedom of choice to the Native States individually.

Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan forgets in this context the inclinations and sentiments if not the wishes or rights of the people of Junagadh. It is a peculiar feature of the dialectics of the Muslim League apologists that while they cite the rights of a majority only where the Muslims are in a majority, they are unwilling to recognize the rights of the majority when they happen to be Hindu. The basis of the demand for Pakistan which has now been conceded was that the Muslims were unwilling to be ruled over by Hindus; but the benefit of this proposition is not made available to the majority of the people of Hyderabad or Junagadh. Fortunately for the qualified peace of the country, Muslim pockets like these two are very few and far between. On the other hand the nationalist and even the Hindu communalists are prepared to subscribe without hesitation to the proposition that self-determination must be conceded to the people, whether Hindu or Muslim, on the basis of the simple majority principle. They are prepared to liquidate Kashmir provided that, in return, the Nizam follows or even precedes the Maharajah of Kashmir. They recognise that the time spirit is against making much of dynastic or plutocratic interests. They care more for the emergence of a social order conforming to modern conditions and providing the maximum of free play for the people themselves to rise to the full stature of their being. Therefore we find here as elsewhere that the spokesmen of the new Pakistan Dominion have no scruple in claiming that *they* should win if it is heads, but that *we* should lose if it is tails.

Junagadh therefore becomes a test case, and we are glad that the

Indian Government has adopted the correct attitude by inviting the Nabob to secure the majority decision of his people in favour of any course of action which he might be inclined to pursue. It is to be devoutly hoped that the situation will not be allowed to deteriorate, and that moderation would still prevail at least so far as the Indian Government is concerned to enable it to set its own house in order, to restore normalcy in Delhi and to see that its energies are not dissipated and its strength impaired by diversionary adventures elsewhere. But at the same time, it is as well for us to remember that the situation is fraught with great danger, since any disturbance of the *status quo* in the rest of India, and notably in the predominantly Hindu areas, will inevitably have calamitous consequences which would dwarf the present disturbance into insignificance. It may even be worthwhile to allow Junagadh to live in a temporary fool's paradise for the sake of gaining time which is what the infant State desperately needs. For short of overt acts, Junagadh's accession to Pakistan constitutes a pompous and hollow gesture and no more.

Tammany Triumphant

THE announcement that the elections to the City Corporation have been postponed for another indefinite period has added to the revulsion of popular feeling against the present Ministry. It has had the effect of focussing attention on another vulnerable joint in the ministerial armoury. The salient fact is that the last general elections to the City Council were held about 10 years ago, and by a fortuitous combination of circumstances mostly engineered by clever people, the normal procedure in regard to periodical elections has been successfully evaded for an unconscionable period of time.

The war covered a multitude of sins. The postponement of municipal elections was a minor irrelevancy which was thrust upon the citizens of the metropolis by the Advisers' regime aping their betters elsewhere. The result has been that the city has been handed over to a gang of collaborators which has subverted every interest except that of the people. All the worst features of Tammany Hall have been brought into play without any single redeeming feature. A succession of Commissioners have been running the administration with the passive support of a soulless brute majority with results which are writ large on the face of the city in many lamentable aspects of civil inefficiency.

In addition to water-supply being far from satisfactory from the point of view of quality and quantity, the citizens have been denied drinking water for over 36 hours on one occasion without any explanations or apologies being tendered by those responsible for such gross negligence. As regards the drainage system, we may couple it with the Coom improvements, and say that both stink in our nostrils.

There are other directions in which the City Corporation has been tinkering with vital problems often, flouting public opinion, and not infrequently feathering private nests. Town planning schemes are being improvised in a slap-dash manner and lakhs are sunk in enterprises ostensibly in the name of civil improvements but really to strengthen vested interests.

Such is the record of the Rump which through over a decade has managed to get a death-grip on the civic life of the city. It is such a Council that has been given another lease of pernicious life by an executive dose of artificial respiration. Can it be seriously contended that this is in the public interest?

Let us examine the grounds on which the Government have decided on such a course. It is stated that

great changes and migrations in the population of the city have taken place during the last ten years. This is a very disingenuous plea. Because, if the Corporation had been at all functioning properly, there must have been maintained a register of all wage-earning and property-owning or literate sections of the population who alone are concerned in the preparation of electoral rolls. If there is no register showing these classes of people, we ask how it comes about that the Corporation is suffering an undetermined amount of revenue losses, arising from failure to collect taxes, professional, property and otherwise, from these classes of people? If, on the other hand, taxes of all kinds are properly collected, why should the roll be kept defective?

It is next urged that the old list of voters contains the names of a large number of dead people. Deaths are reported to the registrar concerned within a minimum period, failing which prosecutions inevitably follow. When such records are made by the registrar all that the Corporation has to do is to get a copy of them and tick off all the names of electors who are reported dead so that the lists might be kept uptodate on any given day by a simple discharge of routine duty. Granting even that this was not done, we might draw attention to the fact that the last announcement that elections would be held this year was made in good time. What use was made of the interval between then and now in connection with the preparation of a proper, correct and exhaustive list of voters? Who were responsible for the dereliction of duty in this matter? What action, if any, has been taken by the competent authority? If a popular Ministry is at all solicitous for its own reputation on such a fundamental matter, we suggest that it is high time an enquiry is ordered into the subject, and the concerned delinquents

brought publicly to book. It is because individual isolated venalities are winked at that corruption and inefficiency assume the property of a snowball, and gathering size and speed overwhelm the best men and the best machinery.

It was with some concern that we noticed that the approval of Government's action in postponing these elections came from rather dubious quarters. We have also noted with concern the present Council's anxiety to cover its nakedness, so to speak, and distract public attention from its own infirmities by indulging in an orgy of civic receptions and addresses to national leaders. The latest of these tamashas is to be in honour of C. R. and Sarojini Devi. We respectfully suggest to these two leaders to decline the proposed honour without even the customary formal thanks. For it is a stunt of the present Council devised not so much to honour them as to rehabilitate itself in public opinion; for, the honour issues tainted from the worst entrenched conglomeration of exploiters the moving figures of which had not long ago disgraced themselves by hauling down the tri-colour flag from the Ripon Buildings.

We may also denounce the mischievous insinuation of one of the members in the Assembly who tried to make capital out of a caucus decision to drive a wedge between Andhra and Tamil by suggesting that the postponement was inspired by a desire to gain time for an alleged mass invasion of Madras by Andhras. We are aghast at the depths of political unscrupulousness to which people can descend in playing with passions in this callous and irresponsible manner, specially now when we are witnessing ghastly proofs of the disasters arising from such policies elsewhere in our country. Such acts of the present Ministry alienate decent middle opinion without bringing any immediate advantage to itself.

Sotto Voce

The Cock-Fancier



Poor Mr. Churchill's heart bleeds for misguided India. But his jeremiad links itself up in my perverse mind with a pathetic letter I read in a British journal the other day. The writer, who confessed himself a lover of turtle soup, registered a horrified protest at the way these succulent creatures were treated during their prolonged transit from their breeding grounds in the antipodes to the gourmet's table. They were crammed into narrow crates, with their flippers trussed, and piled up in dark basements for weeks on end without food and water till the cook's knife put them out of misery.

The British are a notoriously humane people. But would our friend have still felt the same deep stirrings of pity if the *chef* of his fashionable restaurant had told him that it was the penance enforced on the turtle that made it a delicacy? I have no means of knowing. But I know, with millions of other newspaper readers, that Mr. Churchill was part author of the bombing of Hiroshima. And yet, out of the copious supply of blood, tears, toil and sweat that he has on tap he could not spare a drop of pity for the wretched Japanese who were blasted, burnt and charred at his command. His fastidious soul is revolted by the cannibalism in the Punjab. In Hiroshima and Nagasaki he was of course saving civilisation by blasting away at the last bastions of the Yellow Peril.

"We are of course only at the beginning of these horrors and butcheries," says Mr. Churchill with

the happy omniscience of the juvenile patron of the Grand Guignol who knows he will get his money's worth. Not being in the counsels of those who conduct the throat-cutting competition, I do not presume to question the prophecy. But I have a recollection that after a long and bitter struggle Mr. Churchill dramatically withdrew his opposition to Indian freedom in June last. Did the gift of second sight desert him at that particular moment? Or did he, like the hero of Greek tragedy, simply bow his head to fate?

There are those who will say that it was neither fate nor failure of inspiration that led Mr. Churchill to accept, even to welcome Pakistan, but a shrewd and shrewish desire to see Mr. Attlee dished. And he certainly seems to derive a sombre satisfaction from the thought that the withdrawal of Britain's police *raj* has turned the Punjab into a shambles. But I am surprised that Winston's cuteness should have deserted him when he put on the robes of prophecy. He waxed eloquent over the peace that India had enjoyed for generations "under the broad, tolerant and impartial rule of the British Crown and Parliament." A more percipient man might have hesitated, seeing how brittle that peace has proved to be, which Mr. Churchill himself has with notable reserve described as "general."

Has not Britain's historic role in India been that of the cock-fancier who keeps his gaming cocks in different hen-coops but within sight and sound of each other, the

more to whet their appetite for fight? The attributes that Mr. Churchill claims for Pax Britannica have all their justification, but hardly in the sense he intends. British rule was broad in that it comfortably balanced itself on a state of perpetual skirmish which just stopped short of war. It was tolerant where its own interests were not affected and its prestige stood to gain. And it was impartial in humiliating first the one and then the other; the man who held the ring was also the circus master.

Great is Mr. Churchill's condescension in allowing that the 'races' which are now behaving with the ferocity of cannibals are "gifted with capacities for the highest culture." How comes it, then, that these capacities still remain dormant, as he would seem to imply, that they have not flowered in the sun of British beneficence? The answer, though Mr. Churchill could not be expected to see it, is that Britain was concerned to promote just those elements of culture which would serve her own purposes and

not to encourage India to recover her soul. It was pedigree cocks she wanted, not the swans of Manasa.

Let Mr. Churchill brush up his history. Hindus and Muslims had lived side by side "in general peace" for half a millennium before Britain came bearing the gift of the Greek. And I have no doubt that when the present madness has passed they will live so again, forgetting Churchill and, let us hope, by Churchill forgot. The gentle Hindu and his transcendent philosophy sent Warren Hastings and his impeacher alike into raptures. After the Mutiny no words were too hard for Muslim 'treachery'. Then, with a shift of expediency, they were all falling over the neck of the "virile Muslim" and contrasting his democracy, monotheism and modernity with the caste-ridden decadence of the worshippers of stocks and stones. The ark that has stood secure in the changing and chopping seas of British policy is the national devotion to five per cent.

VIGNESWARA.

HOW LONG, THIS MISERY?

by V. L. NAGARAJ

Ever since the commencement of war we have been undergoing untold sufferings in almost all things, *viz.*, food, clothing, accommodation, conveyance, etc. The fond hopes of the people for an early end of their miseries with the end of the war have been shattered. Every day that passes makes life more complex.

True, Ministers, economists and other experts are very busy working out great schemes for a greater and prosperous India. But the common man is bewildered and wonders whether he could hold out till the experts' schemes materialise.

We can settle at leisure our disputes of territorial adjustments, formation of linguistic provinces, the *lingua franca* and the like. The country is on the verge of starvation. The food experts have not so far succeeded even in maintaining a reasonable standard of rations.

The present system of rationing cannot be said to be perfect inasmuch as

there is the 'black market' in existence. Man does not live by rice alone. Not only rice and sugar, but all other essential commodities too should be strictly controlled, as otherwise fancy prices are claimed for them, which only the rich could afford to give. Since almost all the essential cereals are produced in our country, there certainly cannot be any unsurmountable difficulty—except of course that of selfish profiteering—about adopting this course. One cannot expect the producers or the businessmen to be magnanimous. It behoves the Government to take stringent measures to control the prices of all commodities from the bottom.

It is high time that the Government directly took to cultivation with paid labour and created an elaborate machinery to dig wells where necessary and bring more lands under the plough. No sacrifice or expenditure should be considered too great for this purpose. It is highly dangerous to bank upon outside help.

SIDELIGHTS :

The great men of the earth are but marking stones on the road of humanity.—MAZZINI.

MILLIONS of people revere Mahatma Gandhi and his birthday has become a festival. In the days past, the regard of the multitude for him proved to be a valuable national asset. On it was based the whole organisation of the national struggle for political freedom. The problem was how to evolve out of an impoverished, emasculated, disorganised and demoralised mass of humanity enough of power of resistance to the organised might of the mightiest empire known to the world, to be able to overcome it and liquidate it eventually? The happy combination of two different sorts of endeavour has led to the triumphant culmination of "Quit India" thrown at the British. He made heroes out of clay. He transferred the struggle to a terrain at which guns and similar other instruments of brute coercion forming the most imposing part of imperialist equipment, did not count.

Looking back, it is clear that the moderateness of the Mahatma's endowments at the start of his life has turned out to be the most favourable aid for the spread of his influence on the widest scale. In the monarchical era, the more remote a leader from the common mass of people, the greater his power of winning allegiance. Awe and loyalty were fed by distance and aloofness and behind ramparts of pomp rulers cultivated many a pretence to superiority which quite sufficed for the needs of the age, as citizenship for the governed meant then only conformity with the moods and dictates of the sovereign. Democracy and republicanism have since that time brought on a complete revolution of the entire technique of leadership. Every democratic Government now has a recognised opposition which is its incipient supplanter aspiring to

take its place one day. Leadership has ceased to be confined to pre-ordained channels. It has become a prize to be snatched by the winner among many rivals, fierce competition replacing the old order of protected privilege. All the time the rivalry is for the support of a larger number of people than is secured by anyone else bent on the same aim.

Nobody likes to feel inferior in the process of accepting another as leader. The intellectual giants of our age are left high and dry in a blaze of splendid isolation with no means of bridging the gulf between their own brilliance and the *amor propre* of the common man. With Gandhi it is different. No part of his greatness springs from any remarkable disparity between his innate gifts and the average endowments of the common man. He made himself great with an iron will that fought with his failings every inch of the way to increasing perfection. Mastery over the will is a thing that can belong to all, and no one need feel shut out of it hopelessly. Gandhi provided a democratic basis for popular aspirations with abundant self-confessions of errors and defects that established his kinship with lesser men and saved them from the sense of smallness which is a common affliction associated with contemplation of the great. Emulation is generally discounted by admiration and the admired in the world occupy a pedestal of which the value is measured in terms of its unapproachableness. But the speciality of Gandhi's greatness lay in that he made it possible for his admirers to seek to imitate him, and this he did with a virtually unmerciful exposition of deficiencies in himself of a sort which few leaders care to bring to the open from the privacy of their own hidden misery. One such example of ruthless self-revelation is given in the story of his Experiments with Truth. He writes;

"I was a coward. I used to be haunted by the fear of thieves, ghosts, and serpents. I did not dare to stir out of doors at night. Darkness was a terror to me. It was almost impossible for me to sleep in the dark, as I would imagine ghosts coming from one direction, thieves from another, and serpents from a third. I could not therefore bear to sleep without a light in the room. How could I disclose my fears to my wife, no child, but already at the threshold of youth, sleeping by my side? I knew that she had more courage than I, and I felt ashamed of myself. She knew no fear of serpents and ghosts. She could go out anywhere in the dark

sensational results into so short a compass.

It is the Mahatma's misfortune to have outlived the period of his optimum influence in the country. Social and political standards change with the changing times and new situations call for new capabilities in the leaders confronted with them. Saintliness stands squeezed of its last drop of political efficacy in the mad mess of power politics that has emerged out of independence in India. The Mahatma's lieutenants are themselves caught in the orgies of a revulsion against the many inhibitions bound up with Gandhism, and as administrators, they have failed to stand up to the level of their pledges as patriots. Every tenet of Gandhism is applauded in theory and violated in practice. It shows that the high tempo of ascetic abstinence of the Satyagrahic era so vitally valuable for anti-imperialist objectives is not quite so suitable for the successful fulfilment of administrative tasks.—SAKA

Today the Mahatma has won renown as one of the world's bravest men. The disparity between his initial condition and later distinction provided the aptest of inspiration for turning the mass cowardice of an enslaved people into the sacrifice and heroism that got stamped on the Satyagraha movement under his lead. No one differently constituted could have achieved such a feat or packed such

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distribution, he asked the Government to send more. He said that he had not received any reply so far. Unless the quantity of ration is doubled and medical aid is given, there is serious danger of the diseases arising from starvation becoming the source of an epidemic.

"Coming nearer home, there is the trouble brewing in Guntur district on account of bad administration. For weeks together now, we have been hearing through press reports stories of poor men and women being forcibly deprived of the small bundles of rice which they bring from the blackmarketeers after payment—this is due to the scarcity of rice which prevails in spite of the rationing system. Until yesterday I had only been reading the press reports. Yesterday I saw people at different stations rushing into the train with small bundles of rice. They were not obstructed while getting into the train; at one particular station, the police forces with loaded guns seized these bundles from men and women—among them there were both Hindus and Muslims—some of whom attempted to escape without surrendering the tiny bundles, and others pathetically begged the police to let them keep some of the rice desperately needed for consumption. But the police were obeying orders, and it was a merciless business which they had

to do. One girl, of 15 or 16, had one small bundle with which she tried to escape; but the police pounced on her. She threw the bundle upon the floor and sat upon it and refused to move. Then the policemen lost their temper and they began to beat her. When I looked through the window of my carriage, the beating was going on. I got down and asked the policemen to stop beating her. But the train, already delayed, had to proceed; and I had to leave the poor girl and the policemen to themselves. This is the tragic position within a stonethrow, as it were, of the seat of Government. No attempt has been made by the police officials and other officers to find out the real blackmarketeers who are behind the whole thing. Somebody is shielding them. It should be so easy for the police, if they wanted, to find out from the wretched people who are forced to buy rice in the blackmarket the real culprits. But this method has not been followed by any official.

"I promised to the people that I would go to Madras and make these things known to the Government, and then go back to them and advise them. But what advice can satisfy the hungry? The indifference of the Government and the legislature to these hungry people is a disgrace to all concerned."

PRUDENCE

In the realm of Government, prudence is paramount and its importance cannot be exaggerated. Government, if it should be enduring, just and prolific of good to the common weal, must be laid on foundations of prudence and circumspection. Prudence is the hallmark of statesmanship and statesmanship has been defined by W. R. Alger as "the art of changing a nation from what it is into what it ought to be." Prudence in a statesman enables him to face the uncertain events of the future with ingenious inventions, improvisations and adjustments. Prudence associated with realism is the greatest desideratum of the hour. Let prudence guide our mutual relations. Prudence and the fearless action, quick and decisive, that flows from it, are the only panacea to India's poverty and want.

—S. JAYARAMAN.

There is no one philosophy to which all philosophers agree, as there is, for example, one multiplication table to which all mathematicians agree, while many of the disputes of philosophers are at bottom disputes about what exactly it is that they are disputing about. Hence arises the gibe, beloved of all who sneer at thinking, that a philosopher is like a blind man looking in a dark room for a black cat that isn't there.—C. E. M. JOAD.



"SHE is not good enough for our Suri" said his relatives when he married her. "She is not fair, her features are not pretty; indeed, she may be even called very homely", they sneered. They could not understand why he had selected her from among the many girls offered in marriage to him. She was not even of wealthy parentage.

Fresh from college, with half-baked ideas of culture and civilization and with a passionate desire to lead a stylish life, Suri had looked for only two qualities in his wife. He wanted her to be well educated and a good singer. Those two qualities he found in Gowri, and he married her, in spite of the half-hearted remonstrances of his father and mother. They were willing to yield on this point if only he would get married soon!

Having married Gowri he gave her books to read, books on sex and books on etiquette. He wanted her to learn all that a successful hostess should know. From books she knew all that was to be known of sex and motherhood. He encouraged her to write articles to the papers and she had a natural aptitude for writing. When her stories and articles appeared in the magazines he showed them to his envious friends. When the radio became popular and his friend Babu's wife gave a nice performance over the air he badgered her into singing and was pleased with the chorus of approval that met her performance.

They did a lot of entertaining and the way she behaved gladdened him, and like most males he hugged the delusion that he was moulding her into an admirable woman and an admirable wife. He just never troubled to think that there could ever be even a streak of individualism in her. He never imagined even for a moment that she thought her own thoughts and that she wanted certain things; that she wanted freedom of action. He took it for granted that his was to order and hers to obey without a murmur. In return

he gave her a comfortable home and a respected name. And he thought: "What more can a woman need?"

The books he had given to Gowri told her that the primary desire of all women was to have a child of their own. The child was not forthcoming in their case, and the void in Gowri's heart, though well hidden from all others including her husband, was immense.

And then Suri's sister died and left a small baby behind. There being nobody else to look after it, Suri had to bring it into his house and watch over its growth. That child provoked a crisis in the life of husband and wife.

The boy grew up under the doting care of his aunt. She, her desire for a child thus fulfilled, lavished upon it a care and a love that seemed preposterous to the snobbish, pleasure-loving Suri. To him Gowri existed only to play up to his moods, to be gay when he was gay and to be sad when he was sad. She would not go with him to the pictures as often as they used to, and the teas and dinners they gave now diminished in numbers. She no longer wrote for the papers, and, as for singing at parties and on the radio, she just would not do so now. Her excuse was always the boy, she had to attend to him, give him his food at the proper times, look after his clothes, send him to school at the proper hours, well fed and well dressed.

Between the child and Suri there grew up an antagonism which, however, was entirely one-sided. He grew to dislike the boy and even to loathe his very presence in the same room with him. Suri was as jealous of him as if he were a lover who had stolen entirely the love of his wife. Indeed, but for his fear of public opinion, he would very easily have got rid of the boy by getting him admitted to a home for foundlings. Like most of us who are essentially selfish, Suri was a man of no noble impulses, and when he did the correct thing he did so only out of a policy of least resistance. Therefore he





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FAMINE CONDITIONS IN EAST GODAVARI

PRAKASAM'S DISCLOSURES AFTER FIRST-HAND ENQUIRY

(Pointed attention was drawn to the famine conditions prevailing in some parts of the Madras Presidency when Mr. T. Prakasam, former Premier, made a statement on the floor of the Provincial Legislature, mentioning specific cases of death due to starvation. The Food Minister Dr. Rajan issued a statement denying that the deaths were due to starvation, and attributing them to various diseases. We give below the remarks of Mr. Prakasam on this subject, as well as some of his experiences during his 3-day tour of Rampa Chodavaram, East Godavari district. This is what Mr. Prakasam told Swatantra's staff correspondent during an interview on September 29.)

"IN the list of 14 persons whose names I read out in the Legislative Assembly as having died of starvation, there was an error in respect of one name. Due to a mistake in the report which I received, I gave the name of a particular man whose daughter it was, in fact, that had died of starvation. There is no reason for anybody to imagine or suggest that the report was totally false because, due to an error, a living man was reported as dead.

"When I started the enquiry at the dak bangalow of Chodavaram, the Deputy Tahsildar was present for some time with me, as also Dr. Krishnamurthi, M.B.B.S. The men and women who came there stated one after another that they had not been getting rations regularly or adequately each week. They were therefore living for a good part of the time on broken tamarind seeds, palmyra fruits, the bark of the *jeelugu* tree and similar stuff boiled into *kanji*. The stomach, face and the rest of the body of such people became bloated, and diarrhoea set in, death following soon after. There was absolutely no question of malaria or influenza. It was malnutrition leading to diarrhoea and death. Dr. Krishnamurthi, in charge of the small dispensary in that village, treats only people who come to the hospital—

it is not his duty to go into the villages to treat people. When I asked him for the cause of the diarrhoea cases that he had treated, he too gave gross malnutrition as the reason.

"The stories of suffering that were related to me were painful to hear. One woman said that she had gone out, just for a day, to fetch a chicken (not for eating it, of course), leaving behind her husband and two children. Before she could return, her husband had collapsed; she discovered his dead body on the field.

"I asked the people whether anybody named in the list of 14 persons which I gave had died after delivering a child (as that was reported in Dr. Rajan's statement, to be the circumstance in which one of the women named by me had died). I was told that the woman referred to was never pregnant during recent years, and that she had died not because of the troubles of childbirth, but because of the 'food' she had been eating.

"During the enquiry, we saw before us living skeletons of skin and bone merely similar to the ones seen during the Bengal famine. The Deputy Tahsildar told me that he had taken charge only 2 months ago, and that soon after he noticed the quantity of ration received for

suffered the young boy to stay on with him; and day by day he watched his wife spend most of her time and energy on the little brat.

All the ideas he had carefully instilled into her by means of suitable books, advice on which she had acted all along, seemed now to be forgotten. The book had told her that the first duty of every wife was to appear beautiful in the eyes of her husband if she wished to hold him. Every day a wife should allow herself to be wooed afresh by her husband as if they were still in the courting stage. When the husband came home tired from his work the wife should present a picture of cool femininity that would refresh and bring happiness and a sense of well-being to him. The wife was to be a companion not only of his sorrows but also of his happiness and his interests in life. What was sauce for the gander had to be sauce for the goose too! This principal factor had to be recognized by the young wife. The husband, of course, had his own code of conduct; what it was Suri never gave Gowri a chance of knowing. He was so selfish he thought he had merely to order Gowri to do a thing and she would do it!

Like many men who are not in the habit of playing outdoor games in the evenings, Suri was a radio enthusiast and would spend hours with the instrument deriving utmost satisfaction from fiddling with its various knobs and producing different sorts of weird noises. And all the while his wife had to sit by and admire the deftness of her husband's fingers! What he liked she had to listen to and when there was any programme that interested her Suri would pooh-pooh its merits and switch on to some other station. He failed to see that more often than not the programme bored her almost to tears, but realized that only to look at her seated there, beautifully dressed and oozing wifeliness, was a pleasant relief to his usual occupation of fiddling with the knobs of the radio set!

It happened one night.

For once he had left undisturbed for a few minutes some programme that interested her. Then he made to switch off that station.

"Why don't you leave it on for some time?" she asked.

"Ha", he grunted, "I didn't know your ladyship was interested in music".

"What do you mean", she demanded.

"You know very well", he answered shortly.

"I don't".

"Well, how long is it since you sang to me?"

There was no answer.

"How long is it" he continued, his anger mounting, "since we did anything pleasant?"

"Why? Not so long," and she tried to smile away his anger.

"Not long," he roared, "what the devil do you mean? Do you know when last we went together to the pictures, when we last gave a dinner? They are beginning to laugh at my stinginess at the office. What can I do when you refuse to co-operate with me?"

She sat silent.

"Why don't you say something?" he cried, "Why do you sit there glum and get on my nerves?"

"I have nothing to say", she answered shortly.

"Nothing! I like that! Here I am sweating away at the office and coming home dog-tired and what do you do? Nothing, simply nothing! Good heavens, don't you realize that the first duty of a wife is to be nice to a husband who returns home from the office dead beat."

At that last sentence, taken almost word for word from a book he had presented to her, Gowri was stung into a reply.

"You and your books!" she sneered.

"Anyhow", he went on quickly, as if he would brook no opposition, "I am giving a dinner to my colleagues at the office, and after dinner you are going to sing to them. Babu so wanted to hear you sing."

"Did he?" she answered, "Very well, I am not going to sing".

"Not going to sing", he screamed in anger, almost getting out of his seat in his excitement.

"Yes. NOT GOING TO SING", she repeated slowly and firmly.

At that moment the boy entered the room. He heard the word "sing" and going slowly up to Gowri, he said in his pleasant childish fashion: "I am so afraid of the dark, auntie, to-day. I wish you would come and tell me a story. Or will you sing me to sleep?"

"Of course I will, darling", cooed Gowri, and rose to go with the child to his bed-room.

Stung at this partiality shown to the child, feeling that he had been insulted by her, all the suppressed fury of his against his nephew came out in a volcanic eruption. With a bellow of rage he left out of his seat and knocked the

boy down with a blow. The child was so absolutely surprised at this sudden, causeless anger of his uncle that he failed even to weep.

"Oh! How dare you, how dare you?" she said in a low voice that vibrated with wrath. "You beast, you thorough brute, I hate you, I do."

This new aspect of his usually meek wife simply astounded Suri. To see her standing before him like an avenging

fury, to hear her talk like that to him was something of which he had never even dreamed. He was so amazed that words failed him.

"You unmitigated cad, call yourself a gentleman! The poor child! Treating it like that!"

She picked up the boy and went out of the room.

Downstairs he heard the door bang shut

A PLEA FOR ENGLISH AS NATIONAL LANGUAGE

by RAGHAVENDRA RAO

SOMETIMES bad advocacy spoils one's case. Recently Dr. Rajendra Prasad pleaded for Hindi on the ground that if the constitution of the land were written in English then we would be thrown at the mercy of British constitutional lawyers for its interpretation! Any and every stick is not always good enough to beat the enemy with. The multitude, those whose mother-tongue is Hindi, occasionally betray a sort of a frenzy when, impatient with unfavourable opinion, they maintain that if the British could impose English on India there is no reason why they (the Hindi people) should not force Hindi on India. Thomas Hardy says that creed-madness like drink-madness, takes away the nobler vision. Quite true.

Hindi is backward in comparison with some of the Dravidian languages like Tamil, Telugu and Kanarese. Its poverty is due to its dissociation from the development of modern knowledge and thought. For a language to occupy the status of the national language of a country like India with continental proportions, it must not only make available to us the literature, history and philosophy of the various peoples of the world, but it must also possess, here and now, scope for research in modern science and engineering. From this point of view Hindi's utility value is almost next to nothing and to replace English with such a backward language overnight would amount to putting

the clock back by centuries. Could we afford to be thrown back in a progressing world?

The other day a very enthusiastic member of the Constituent Assembly was arguing that a period of six months was more than ample to have all English works translated into Hindi! But the gallant man does not seem to have realised that literature is not a commodity to be manufactured in a workhouse. Due to science and scientific methods knowledge is growing so wide and fast every day that translation, especially into a language like Hindi with a poor vocabulary, will not keep us abreast of the modern world. With due deference to its zeal, I must say that the Osmania University's venture in translation met with miserable failure. English overcomes all these difficulties. Reuter tells us that in Russia, naval officers are being encouraged to learn foreign languages, especially English:

"Regular English language evenings are being held in the Sevastopol Officers' Club and are attracting large audiences. The sailors make short speeches and read stories and poetry in English. The valuable initiative of the Sevastopol Officers deserves all encouragement. It is hardly necessary to mention the importance of studying foreign language. Even the best translation cannot replace the original. Many of the books which a navy officer should know have not so far been translated into Russian. Every naval

officer should find time to study foreign languages or to perfect his knowledge of them". (*Indian News Chronicle*, July 30, 1947.)

If, despite the fact that the Russian language is much richer than the Indian languages, the use of English was found so important and useful, how much more it is needed in a country like India may easily be imagined. English, by its uniqueness has transcended national boundaries and become the common treasure of humanity. We are fortunate in that it is by no means foreign to us. It has taken deep roots in us and our own contribution to the wealth of English knowledge is not inconsiderable. We have proved that we can take to English with extraordinary ease and freedom. There is no reason why it should not be allowed to stay on where it is. Language is after all a vehicle for thought and ideas. It is enough if we have one good language both for our national and international purposes and English eminently suits the role. Language need not always be the chief cementing force in nationhood. The Swiss are a nation in spite of four languages while the British and Americans are two different nations in spite of a common lingual heritage.

If Hindi were to be imposed as the all-India language the plight of a South Indian child can better be imagined than described. Firstly he has his own mother language—as dear to him as Hindi is to the North Indian—which, in any case, he will never allow to be intruded upon. Secondly he has Hindi, the so-called national language,—in both Devanagiri and Persian, and thirdly English which, in view of the role it has to play in the development of our own languages and the growing spirit of internationalism, cannot be neglected outright. So we would be dumping on the poor child's head three languages and four scripts. Would any father with

commonsense impose on his child a burden of this kind?

If a language is to be discarded for being foreign, Hindi is as much foreign to the South Indian as English and much less useful. If the function of a national language is to hold the mirror up to the national life, then Hindi makes a very poor show at it. At a time when all the provincial languages are simultaneously developing new forms, another poor language like Hindi with all the patronage and strength of the State behind it, is bound to act as a burden and impediment whatever may be the pious professions of its apologists. Imposition of Hindi is bound to result in cultural domination of the South by the North sowing in its turn seeds of suspicion, discontent and bitterness. The South desires complete lingual autonomy and nothing should stand in the way of the unfettered growth of our provincial languages. A non-Hindi Indian would any day prefer to devote his time and energy to the development of his own mother-tongue with the help of the ocean of knowledge that English is. For this purpose English will continue at our universities for a long time to come. What justification is there for us to ask the South Indian child to bother his head with Hindi? It would therefore be better for Hindi to develop as a provincial language. We wish it godspeed. The only practical solution is to recognise complete lingual autonomy on the basis of linguistic provinces and make English the official and parliamentary language at the Centre.

This is an age of ideas and science. If we allow morbid sentiments, fads, prejudices, false prestige, idolatry and parasitic hanging on the dead past to blind our vision, we will fall behind. Neither flogging dead horses nor digging bones from graves will take us anywhere near progress.

MARK TWAIN once said: "When I was a boy of 14, my father was so ignorant I could hardly stand to have the old man around. But when I got to be 21, I was astonished at how much the old man had learned in seven years."

A DAY AT PORT SAID

by D. RAMASWAMI

HALF a century ago, Port Said was unknown, except to its meagre residents and neighbours and a few others whose trade the small town promoted. To-day, quite a city has grown out of it enabling at least a thousand times the original population to work, eat and sleep. It was the bright idea of a visionary engineer that gave the world the tiny waterway called the Suez Canal. A grateful generation has erected in Port Said a magnificent monument to Ferdinand de Lesseps, an eloquent testimony to his unique contribution to the advancement of inter-country communications. This grand statue, standing in the water at a distance from the city, in a striking pose with outstretched arms is the first thing that meets a ship as it enters Port Said. All its present prosperity, the city owes to this great Frenchman.

Water almost surrounds the city and the area just near where the canal meets the Mediterranean is crisscrossed of steam boats and native watercraft plying ceaselessly. Much money flows into the city through ships. They take fuel, coal or oil, and pure water while the crews and the passengers meantime take a look round the city. Stores and restaurants have a merry time charging exorbitant prices for their wares. (A little rice and curry cost 21 piastres equal to Rs. 3). A distinctive community are the young alert Arabs who are allowed a free hand to deal as they please with visitors. Tourists visit Port Said to buy leather goods which are very cheap and have a look at the Suez Canal Company office, a magnificent building.

Ten ships a day pass through the Suez Canal bringing to the Suez Canal Company an average daily revenue of Rs. 4 lakhs, at the rate

of Rs. 40,000 from every ship that passes of 16,000 average tonnage. The ownership and control of the canal is to-day in alien hands. Egypt is itching for the control of the canal. *Port Said looks out wistfully for the day the last British garrison will leave her shores.*

Between the workers of Port Said and the millions in India there is no difference. Inadequate nourishment has robbed them of their vitality and meagre wages allow them only rags to wear and shabby abodes to live in. The black veil shuts the fair women of the city off from the world of light and knowledge. On top of the working men and women various nationalities abound—Abyssinians, Arabs, French, English, Italians, Greeks and Indians. French is more commonly spoken than English.

Egyptians are staunch nationalists and the slogan "Quit Egypt" has more serious intention behind it than our own "Quit India" slogan. There is a general dislike of the whites. Our guide, a lay Egyptian, happened to tell us something of his politics. They intend taking a leaf from their neighbour India and force the English out of their country. It is just the same everywhere. The whites are welcome except when they interfere in the affairs of others. A sad incident brought home to us how very virulent the anti-white feeling is. A white pedestrian was assaulted in broad daylight by two Arabs. In the melee that ensued, the police interfered only to arrest ultimately the poor victim of the assault. Forced by the police to walk to the station, he kept shouting pathetically, "You are insulting me" while irrepressible Arab passers-by hit him on his head with their palms. Later we learnt he was a Jew and the Arabs bore a grudge against him.

A new mink coat can sometimes be made out of an old goat.—*Digest of Digests.*

SPOTLIGHT ON THE



"A GRAND Consolidated Union of Paupers, extending collectively a single, outsize hat for American doles"—this description of the 16 West European countries that gathered at Paris might sound unkind; but it correctly describes the state to which the dollar famine has reduced them. For the people of Britain and France who, only two years back, emerged from their dearly won military victory over Fascism with proud records of effort, endurance and resistance and with the hope of a new life based on a Socialist organisation of the community, this is a sorry state to be in. The set-back in Europe is due in considerable measure to the tendency of the British Labour Party and of the French Socialist Party to depend exclusively on the friendship and economic aid of capitalist America, with the inevitable consequence of weakening political and economic ties with the Soviet Union.

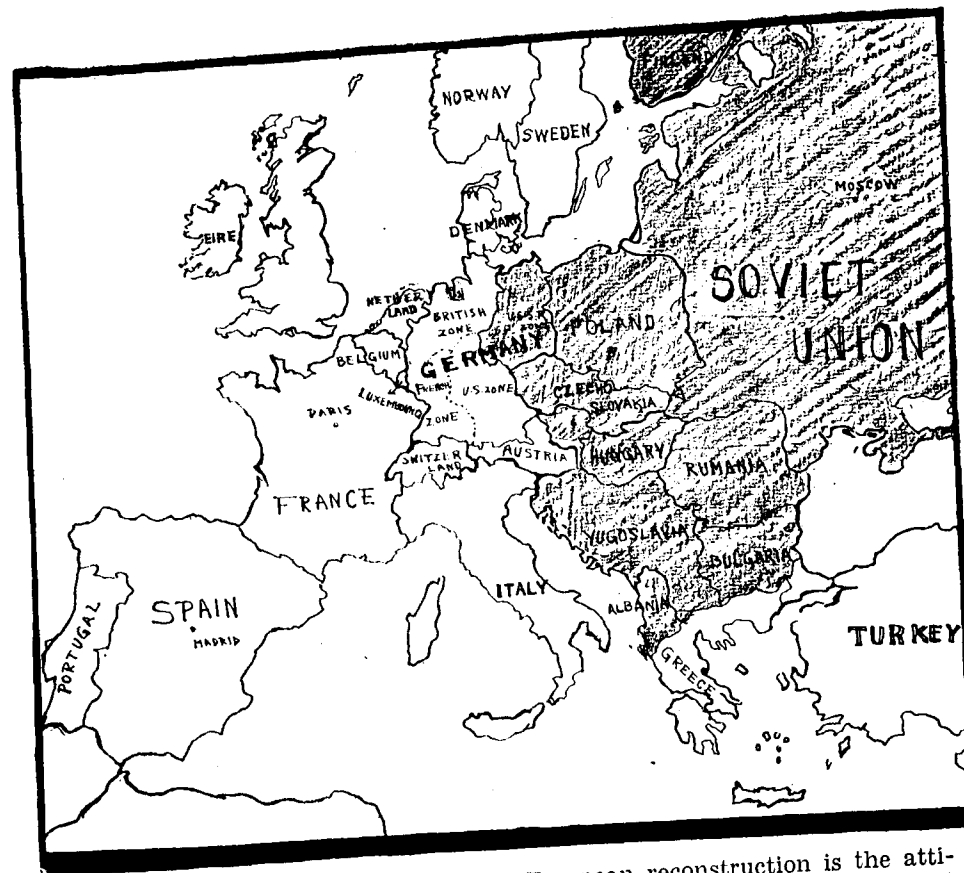
MARSHALLING WESTERN EUROPE

The process of trimming Western Europe for the purpose of making it a pro-American bloc included the removal of Communists (who had played the leading part in the anti-Fascist Resistance movement on the Continent) from the Governments of France and Italy—with no resulting benefit to the people of either country who are finding themselves in an economic crisis that deepens day by day. The gravity of this crisis was sharply illustrated by the decision of the French National Assembly, as a result of France having run out of dollars, to use gold valued at 12,000 million francs for essential imports. Britain has had to make a similar dip

into her gold reserves, after having been compelled, as a result of dollar shortage, to refuse the 72,000 tons of grain which she could have purchased from the U.S. during September.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the estimated needs of the 'Little Sixteen' who participated in the Paris Conference on the Marshall offer should total up to 22,440 million dollars. This amount, together with a further 3,000 million dollars needed to stabilise internally the currencies of certain participating countries, is expected to enable the American-aided countries to "put Europe back on its feet by 1951."

The plans that have been drawn up for increasing production in each of the 16 countries and for economic collaboration between all of them, depend for their success on a number of factors. Not the least of those factors will be the attitude of the workers, especially of Britain and France, towards the projected endeavour. The recent wave of strikes in France in protest against reduced rations and increasing prices point to a state of affairs the continuance of which will seriously jeopardize any plan for reconstruction. Premier Paul Ramadier of France has been severely criticized by a large section of his own (Socialist) Party for failing to curtail profits and to keep prices from soaring up. Workers' discontent is not so great in Britain, but there appears to be a feeling that the Labour Government has yielded to the forces of the old order. Thus Ian Mikardo, Labour M.P., writes: "The workers are tensed for a supreme effort in support of their Government—but they won't make that



effort so long as company after company pays record dividends, so long as speculation is more profitable than work, and so long as hard-won wages are taxed and easily-gotten capital gains go scotfree. The only cure for the crisis is more Socialism."

The second important factor that will determine the success of the Paris plans is the future level of American prices. A 10 per cent. jump in prices of grain in the Chicago market was announced on September 11. A high food official commented on it: "this inflation—it is the second upward swing. Unless some sort of controls are imposed, this will have the same effect on the Marshall Plan as the first upward swing had on the loan to Britain." Europe will not benefit much from a dollar loan if the real purchasing power of the dollar should continue to decrease.

MARSHALL PROPOSES—BUT CONGRESS?

The third and hardly the least important factor that will govern

European reconstruction is the attitude of the American Congress (at present dominated by a Republican majority) towards the offer made by the U.S. Secretary of State. The chances of Congressional approval for aid to Europe have been thrown into doubt as a result of the spread of what has been called 'the new isolationism'. A writer in the *New York Times* describes the new trend thus: "In substance it is an unwillingness, in greatly varying degree, to expend more of U.S. solitudes, effort or dollars in the redemption of Europe or the rest of the world. The 'new isolationism' apparently has economic rather than geographical roots. It is postulated on the pessimistic assumption that Europe probably can't be saved anyway, and that our efforts to do so are but a recrudescence of that futile and wasteful doctrine of 'do-goodism' which is distastefully identified in many Republican minds with the New Deal. But simple though this

formula might appear, it can be rationalized with all the evangelical vigour that characterized the military isolationism of 1940... Most significantly of all, Representative Clarence Brown, widely regarded as one of the strongest supporters of the leadership of his fellow Ohian, Senator Robert A. Taft (the Republican notable who is part-author of the recently passed anti-labour bill), has announced his advocacy of a program of 'no tax relief, no European relief.' In other words, Representative Brown has served notice that the President's veto on the tax-reduction bill will automatically bar any further appropriations for aid abroad."

FEAR OF A SLUMP

But against this trend towards isolationism should be set the growing fear of a slump following the present post-war boom. No doubt, to the average American citizen, the immediate fear is inflation, not deflation. For instance, the *New York Times* of July 27 prominently carries articles with such headlines as "Prosperity continues despite the prophets, Production reaches new peak along with income and employment," etc. But it is much too early to call the prophets false. Henry Wallace, one among the many prophets, wrote recently in his *New Republic*: "I can see none of the evidences of solidity in the present 'boom'. Prices are out of reach for millions of our citizens and for many of the nations with whom we should enjoy healthy trade relations. Profits have gone beyond the bounds of managements' and stockholders' needs. Many billions of dollars are being stored up, out of use. The loss of dollar power abroad presents a grave threat to our still prosperous capital-goods industries... I don't say that there will be a depression in 1948. The present indications of a boom may even expand. Economic prophecy is a hazardous business but I shall stand by the prediction made in *Sixty Million Jobs* (written by Wallace in 1946) that we shall have a major depression in the early 1950's unless we act to avert it." Economists and the more enlighten-

ed and farseeing among the businessmen in America know very well that the prolonged American boom is based on the prosperity of the American farmer which in turn is based on the world demand for American food. If the American farmer does not have an unlimited export market, he would be ruined. If an American slump is to come it will be because the world cannot or will not buy American food. Britain's inability to purchase her September allotment of grain from America is the first and significant expression of the slump that is coming. It is obvious that the only way to prevent it is to lend dollars to countries like Britain, thereby preventing shrinkage of America's export market. The *Wall Street Journal* said in June 1947: "Public arguments for this foreign aid program of many billions have been on the basis of halting Communism. But underlying these arguments is the economists' theory that the U.S. must keep foreign trade bookings to maintain prosperity within." Neither the Republican Party leaders nor the Administration in the U.S. will relish having a slump on their hands before November 1948, when the Presidential election is due. Because, if the beginnings of a second great depression are felt by the people before the elections, they will rally in support of Henry Wallace and other Liberals whose programme for fighting the depression would be to resurrect the New Deal, limit profits, control prices, increase the real purchasing power of the mass of consumers and to promote stable international trade through the advance of dollar credits to promote production in all countries instead of subsidizing reactionary Governments. Such a programme would be equally repugnant to American Big Business, to the Republican Party, and to the present Right-wing leadership of the Democratic Party. It is, therefore, likely that the request for aid from Paris will be recommended to the American Congress by both the parties, if only to fight the Presidential election without the awkward questions of social policy

which an immediate impact of depression would raise.

The dollar slump that is now afflicting the old world has been admirably summed up by R. W. G. Mackay, writing in the *New Statesman and Nation*: "Apart from the war period the world has never fully recovered from the slump of 1929-31; production, trade and investment have never reached the 1929 figure. The primary cause of that slump was a shortage of purchasing power, which, although removed during the war by Lend-Lease and UNRRA, returned when they came to an end. The shortage of purchasing power is aggravated today by the economic consequences of the war in Europe and Asia and the enormous increased productivity in North America. All this when added up means a dollar famine despite the world's needs, an inability on the part of most countries to buy, and finally a world slump in 1948, the beginnings of which are with us now."

EUROPEAN TRADE AND THE 'IRON CURTAIN'

Western Europe is therefore gambling for its economic survival and restoration on a loan of fluctuating real value—if the loan is granted at all—from a country the instability of whose economy (arising from the huge export surplus) might conceivably lead to a slump affecting the economy of the whole world. And since the prospect of Wallace being installed in the White House and leading the U.S. on the path of stable prosperity is so remote as to be invisible, many of the countries which participated in the Paris talks took the precaution of reserving for themselves the right to continue their trade relations with the planned economy countries on the other side of the 'iron curtain.' Switzerland, Sweden and Norway—who are already trading with Russia and Eastern Europe—stated explicitly, while accepting the invitations to the Paris talks, that their participation in the proposed West European economic union would in no way interfere with their right "to make

trade agreements with those States not taking part in the Conference." The position taken by these three countries of Western Europe reflects their realisation that the Western and Eastern parts of Europe constitute a single economic entity which can be broken only at peril to both parts. The West European countries cannot afford to deny themselves Polish coal, Russian timber, Yugoslav food products, etc. Nor can the East European countries deny themselves the industrial products and machinery which they can get from Britain and other countries of Western Europe. The countries of Eastern Europe and Russia have already concluded a large number of mutual trade agreements both on the basis of barter trade, and in the orthodox style of extending credit lines. It is interesting to note that between June 5 (the day on which Marshall announced the offer of American aid to Europe) and July 16, Czechoslovakia concluded trade agreements with Bulgaria, Poland, Hungary and Russia. In the same period, Bulgaria signed trade pacts with Rumania, Hungary, Finland and Russia. This made the *New York Times* comment on July 20: "The 'Molotov Plan' is in operation, while the 'Marshall Plan' is still in the planning stage." The countries working out the 'Molotov Plan' will eagerly conclude similar trade arrangements with whoever is willing, especially with the U.S. But it will be remembered that the 40 million dollar credit granted to Poland by the Export-Import Bank (controlled by the U.S.) was cancelled shortly after its grant, because, in the opinion of America, Poland had violated the political terms of the credit by its failure to hold 'free elections.' The same bank was reported, shortly after the end of the war, to be considering the Russian request for a credit of 6 billion dollars and was stated to have actually been willing to extend credit to Russia to the extent of one billion dollars. This, however, is a matter of purely historical interest. Today, "Ice cream would have a better chance of surviving in hell than a big credit plan which

includes the Russians, would have in the U.S. Congress."

The countries of Western Europe could considerably reduce their economic dependence on the dollar, and their consequent helplessness in the face of American political pressure, by maintaining strong trade relations with Russia and with the East European countries. One of the foremost advantages of such trade would be that price-levels in countries that have planned their economies on a broad Socialist basis can be trusted to remain stable—in contrast to the price fluctuations inside the 'free' American market. Ever since price controls were removed by the Republican-dominated Congress, prices have been soaring up in America. John R. Steelman, U.S. Director of War Mobilization and Reconversion, reported as early as October 1, 1946, that "prices have already risen further in the 3 months since the original Price Control Act expired than they did in the previous 38 months." And Herbert Morrison, leader of the House of Commons, complained in July 1947 that "the purchasing power (of the 3,750 million dollar loan to Britain) was reduced by a rise which we estimate to be 40 per cent in U.S. prices."

ANGLO-SOVIET RELATIONS

It is therefore most unfortunate that the Anglo-Soviet trade negotiations which started in June this year should have broken down. If the trade agreement had been signed, Britain would have obtained from the 1947 Russian harvest a million tons of foodgrains immediately, and greater quantities in the coming years, at prices more profitable to Britain than what she has been paying to Argentina. Britain would also have obtained 53,000 standards of timber, sorely needed in Britain (as everywhere in Europe) for house construction. In return Britain would have supplied Russia with rails, pipes, locomotives, trucks, etc. The statement made by Sir Stafford Cripps in the House of Commons on the failure of the talks gave the lie to the story that had been somewhat persistently circulated that Russia was demanding

an 'exorbitant price' for her grain. Cripps said that full agreement had been reached on "all matters within the trade field, including quantities, prices and terms and conditions of shipment," and that the only issue on which they failed to agree was "the terms of repayment of the 1941 credit." On this question of modifying the terms of the 1941 Civil Supplies Agreement between Britain and Russia, all that Russia demanded was that she should be treated by Britain with the same consideration as France had been. In the words of Joe Reeves, M.P., member of the British Labour Party Executive: "We were prepared to make considerable concessions which would have reduced Russia's liability by the sum of £26 millions. If the terms of the agreement are to be as beneficial to Russia as our recent agreement was to France, we would have had to make a further concession of £8 millions by spreading repayments over a period of 12 instead of 4 years. This does not mean that we would have sacrificed this sum but would have had to wait for repayment over a longer period. For my part, I am convinced that if we can afford to make a loan to Greece of £130 millions, the repayment of which is indeed most problematical, this small gap which separates the negotiators is one which could easily be bridged." Cripps attempted to justify Britain's refusal to grant this concession by referring to Britain's grave foreign exchange position. This was a most curious explanation. For, if the agreement had been made, Britain might have had to pay in dollars a certain balance, the net difference between what Russia sent Britain and what Britain sent Russia each year. But, due to rejection of the agreement, Britain will now have to import the grain from dollar countries and pay for the whole of it in dollars.

Considering the broader significance of an Anglo-Soviet trade agreement, Joe Reeves adds (*Reynolds News*, August 10, 1947): "At this moment in the history of

man, when there appears to be an almost fatalistic division of the world into two hostile ideological camps, an agreement between Great Britain and the Soviet Union would have profound repercussions on the world. That is why it is imperative that the talks should be resumed at the earliest possible moment. At least a trade pact with Russia is practical politics, whereas, no matter how high our hopes may be on what is now incorrectly termed 'the Marshall Plan', we cannot be sure as to what will materialise and what the ultimate price will be in terms of forfeited freedom.... Moreover, it (a trade agreement with Russia) will help us to obtain a more healthy relationship with the U.S., who will then realise that there are others to whom we can turn for both imports and exports.... It is so vital to our peoples that I do not think it will be long before talks are resumed."

Commenting from Prague, Prof. Owen Lattimore sums up the prospects of inter-European trade in these words: "In Europe today the variation between capitalism and communism runs from socialist countries which are near-communist to countries with managed economies which are near-capitalist. The need of these countries to trade in and out and back and forth among themselves is as important as the need for capital equipment from America and food and raw materials from Russia. Some of these countries are at Paris and some aren't. The most important of those at Paris is Britain, but in the exact proportion as Britain's dollar hunger grows, it will become more difficult for the Government of Britain, in its search for dollars from America, to refuse to the British people the alleviations that can be had by trading with Eastern Europe and Russia.... They (the nations of Europe, both Western and Eastern) may not meet at Paris. They may not all meet at once. But they will all meet." This prediction is very likely to prove correct, Marshall Plan or no Marshall Plan.

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LIFE IN THE PUNJAB TO-DAY

by BAROO

Ferozepur: It is impossible to get at the truth behind the medley of reports and counter-reports that are coming in from sources east and west of the boundary line. Radio Pakistan and the *Pakistan Times* are just now screaming their heads off with self-piteous accounts of what they describe as the massacre of Muslims in the East Punjab—of what is happening in Lahore, Montgomery and Lyallpur, there is not a word in their statements. So also with the pronouncements of the Quaid-i-Azam and his lieutenants—always they bemoan the wrongs done to the Millat, never do they chide their own community for the unspeakable atrocities they have committed, and are still committing, on Hindus and Sikhs. On the other hand, the *Hindustan Times*, which is the nearest Hindu paper (for neither the *Tribune* nor any of the vernacular papers of Lahore have appeared for many days now or are likely to reappear ever again) has very little to say about what is happening east of the Sutlej today; nor is A. I. R. very helpful about the matter.

In these circumstances, one has to report what one has seen with one's own eyes—and I, for one, have seen more than I ever wished to. First of all, an empty refugee special steaming into Ferozepore Station late one afternoon. The driver was incoherent with terror, the guard was lying dead in his van, and the stoker was missing. I walked down the platform—all but two of the eight bogies were bespattered with blood inside and out; three dead bodies lay in pools of blood in a third class carriage. An armed Muslim mob had stopped the train between Lahore and Ferozepore and done this neat job of butchery in broad daylight.

There is another sight I am not likely to easily forget. A five-mile long caravan of Muslim refugees crawling at a snail's pace into Pakistan over the Sutlej Bridge. Bullock-carts piled high with pitiful chattels,

cattle being driven alongside. Women with babies in their arms and wretched little tin-trunks on their heads. Twenty thousand men, women and children trekking into the promised land—not because it is the promised land, but because bands of Hindus and Sikhs in Faridkot State and the interior of Ferozepore district had hacked hundreds of Muslims to death and made life impossible for the rest. Tears rolled down their eyes as two of them told me how they had been on the road for the last three days, warding off repeated flank attacks on the way, and losing men in the process.

One other sight. A young Muslim girl lying in hospital with three stab wounds. She had been refused admission into two hospitals before this one accepted her. She did not know what had happened to her family after she had lost consciousness from loss of blood and shock—possibly they are still alive somewhere, possibly they have all been butchered. She lay there on the white sheets, whispering the one sentence repeatedly to herself, "They could have taken everything we had, but spared our lives." I wonder what will become of her, or where she will go to when she gets well.

Let there be no doubt about it—the most terrible things are happening all over the Punjab today. The total number of casualties is not known—probably never will be—but it will certainly be a four-figure affair before this carnage is over. I do not know what civil war is like, but it cannot be very much different from the organised killing that is going on on either side of the frontier just now. Complete chaos prevails over the whole of what was the Punjab till yesterday. The postal system has been out of order since 12th August, now even the rail links have been sundered by continued incidents on either side. It is impossible to communicate with any body on the other side of the border—it is almost 2°

if the two dominions were at war with each other.

In Lahore itself, there are no non-Muslims left to be murdered. But the looting of this richest of towns has begun on systematic lines. Houses and shops are being broken open by mobs and the loot carted away openly for the benefit of the hundred thousand refugees that have found their way into Lahore to date. And now the West Punjab Government has begun to officially settle refugees in houses belonging to departed Hindus and Sikhs. An assurance has been given that this does not imply any encroachment on the rights of private property, but non-Muslim refugees are naturally very sceptical about the value of such assurances.

It is not easy to foresee how things will shape in the near future. There is a possibility, however remote, of the unprecedented travail that the Punjab is suffering, resulting in a revulsion against the gospel of hate on which both the Sikh and Muslim leaders have thus far thrived. Such a thing has happened in Calcutta; it is not inconceivable that it should happen in Lahore. But I, for one, do not believe that it will happen here. The Quaid-i-Azam has seized the present opportunity to still criticism and silence the voice of opposition on the plea of an unprecedented emergency created by the influx of refugees into Pakistan. His antecedents point to further progress in the same direction—the creation of

a highly centralised State, I would say a Fascist State, by the Hitlerian method of harping on ever-increasing dangers to the community. The fear of encirclement and external conspiracy is closely allied to persecution-mania such as the Muslims already suffer from in so glaring a manner—and Mr. Jinnah has deftly played upon both sentiments in his latest statement.

I do not wish to sound alarming, and I hate to say it, but there is only one attitude that a responsible Indian Government can take in the present circumstances. **IT SHOULD PREPARE FOR THE WORST—EVEN FOR WAR.** I say this not because I think that Mr. Jinnah consciously desires war, but because it is not possible for him, any more than it is for any other man, to escape the inevitable consequences of the methods and the ideology he has employed to gain his ends. He who sows the wind must reap the whirlwind. I can see His Excellency continue to gather power round him by continued cultivation of the fear complex. And I can also see Deputy Premier Patel emerging as Jinnah's inevitable counterpart in case of a struggle. Those who are unduly elated over the achievement of "independence" would do well not to ignore this aspect of the situation—it is time we realised that things like independence cannot be acquired through the juggler's trick of a Mountbatten, but only through limitless self-discipline and the development of national character.



WITH ENDEARMENT

"May I have this cheque cashed, please?" asked the young woman of the paying teller.

"Of course, madam," the teller replied, "Just endorse it please."

"Must I endorse it?" she asked, apparently puzzled. "I'm Mrs. Smith, you know. My husband is out of the city and mailed the cheque to me."

"Yet, it must be endorsed. Sign it on the back, please, and Mr. Smith will know we paid it to you."

Mrs. Smith took her pen from her purse and passed the cheque back to the teller endorsed: "Your devoted wife, Ethel."

PROS AND CONS OF ZAMINDARI LEGISLATION

by T. R. VENKATRAMA SASTRI

IN the issue of *Swatantra* to hand today (September 29, 1947) there is a Note on the Abolition of Zamindaris Bill and an article on the subject. I crave the hospitality of your columns for some comments on them.

Both contributions suggest the exclusion of inams from this legislation. Having expounded the radical difference between inams and zamindaris in connection with the vicious legislation of 1934-36, I cordially agree with your suggestion. Mr. Prakasam, I expect, will agree as he has recognised the difference between zamins and inams. The Revenue Minister seems to think that the legislation of 1936 compels him to deal with both alike.

To enforce the suggestion of exclusion of inams, let me give in illustration the case of the village of Vaddiparru that I gave to Lord Erskine. In that village there were 700 inamdars and 1016 acres of land. 25 inamdars had between them 350 acres. The remaining 675 inamdars had 666 acres with less than an acre apiece, some having less than half an acre each. The village was cultivated by a dozen or so cultivators on contractual terms. The Act made these few cultivating tenants occupancy tenants. This village was typical of many another village in the north as I was told.

Religious and charitable institutions have inams not liable to this minute sub-division from the nature of the case. Permanent endowments in the form of land grants have been justly considered in this country to be the best form of provision for these institutions. These lands cannot be cultivated otherwise than by tenants. The Revenue Minister says that these also must be acquired and the Government which will take them over will provide for them in *deserving* cases. This promise is a slippery one in that it reserves the right to discri-

minate on what the Government might deem deserving cases. And the institutions will be at the mercy of the Governments of the day with their iconoclastic ideas as to the utility of institutions intended for the benefit of the faithful among us, perhaps a dwindling class. Nothing proves the wisdom of these permanent endowments so much as these proposals to make their support uncertain and precarious.

I therefore agree that these inams should go out of the legislation. In any future scheme it will be found that in many cases it is the inamdar, not the unjustly advanced and more substantial tenant, that ought to be made the ryotwari holder of the land.

When I turn to the suggestion as to zamindaris, I do not find the same sense of justice. I find judgment clouded by prejudice and partisan feeling.

In the Note I come upon this passage:

"Whatever proprietary right the zamindar claimed after 1802 was mere usurpation and has no support in law or equity or social justice. And it is this usurpation that has all along been responsible for the zamindars growing rich at the expense of their tenants. In their historical origin the zamindars are only rent collectors, a class of Government employees. The abolition of zamindaris means only one thing, viz., that the Government today has considered it desirable to employ other agents . . ."

I admire the self-assurance of the writer who does not however write in utter ignorance. The words "In their historical origin" betray knowledge of the error in the statement of the case. Origins do not destroy the rights later acquired by legitimate means. If people could be driven back to their origin some

may rejoice and others may set up a wail over injustice done.

Later I come upon a passage that is intended to clinch the argument:

"No I.C.S. Collector of a district has claimed as compensation a multiple of the revenue collected by him."

Have the sons and grandsons and remote collateral heirs of any I.C.S. Collector ever claimed to succeed him in his office of Collector? Have they ever appropriated the revenue collected by him? Have the revenues in his hands or the districts administered been pursued for his debts? The revenue collected by the Collectors was never theirs and no case for compensation can arise as regards them.

Now let me add that not all the estates arose out of agency for collection of revenue for the Government. Many of them, certainly the bigger ones, were ancient rulers or chieftains. If only they could go back to their origins they would bloom into rulers. 90 per cent was levied as peishcush from the quondam agents. From the ruling groups 66 2/3 per cent was taken. While there was this difference in the quantum of peishcush in recognition of their diverse origin, the Permanent Settlement Regulation made them all alike permanent proprietors. The words of the Regulation are these:

"The British Government . . . has resolved . . . to grant to the zamindars and other landholders, *their heirs and successors, a permanent property* in their lands for all time to come and to fix for ever a moderate assessment of public revenue on such lands *the amount of which shall never be liable to be increased under any circumstances.*"

Can words be clearer? It is stated that the zamindars have grown rich at the expense of the ryots. I am not sure of their riches but it is

irrelevant to my argument whether some of them are rich or not. They collected the rent that your legislature allowed on lands which the legislature confirmed them in, and your courts decreed. High Courts in the concerned provinces and the Privy Council sustained their claim. If any one can be blamed, you must arraign not the old regulation only but the legislatures during over a hundred years in many of which eminent elected representatives took part.

It is said that the Prakasam Committee has established that these zamindars were only agents. I have set down the words of the Regulation. I do not refer to the later Acts which have followed in its wake. To accept the conclusion of the Committee one requires infinite faith in its infallibility and not a little temerity to put aside the decision of very numerous participants in legislative and judicial activities in the land including the Privy Council.

The bill is honest in its language. It proposes to acquire the proprietary rights of the zamindar. It realises that the Permanent Settlement Regulation whose words I have quoted constitutes an impediment which must be removed by its repeal. It is idle to talk of zamindar as agent just like any Collector of a district.

"Proprietary right . . . was usurpation and has no support in law or equity or social justice." The Regulation is not law nor equity! What the courts have decided is not law or equity! It is not language that any one can understand. As for social justice it is a phrase into which any one is free to include anything he pleases. As has been well said, crimes have been committed in the sacred name of religion; crimes have been committed in the name of liberty; and I doubt not that injustices will be perpetrated in pursuit of the alluring phrase "social justice".

A DEFINITION

Baby: An alimentary canal with a loud voice at one end and no responsibility at the other.—Comic Dictionary.

POLITICAL LANDSCAPE OF TAMILNAD

by "CHANAKYA"

THE fight against an alien imperialism, which had rallied together diverse forces in a common cause, and demanded the concentration of all energies, is now over. With the disappearance of the one common, compelling bond, political life in the country has lost its balance, and has become subject to violent disturbances. While this lamentable state of affairs is true of our country as a whole, never before had the political panorama of Tamilnad been so woeful and chaotic as it is today. A brief survey of the major political parties in Tamilnad, their stand and their strength, is therefore bound to be instructive as well as interesting.

THE CONGRESS

The Congress, till now the champion of the country's cause, has sunk into a fit of physical and moral exhaustion. Power has sadly drained its fighting spirit and stamina. It has been caught in a mad race for cashing in on all the past sacrifices and services. With the prospect of rich harvests, there has been a great influx of opportunist elements and professional speculators. Communists and capitalists have put on the garb of the Congressman and donned the Gandhi cap. One feels like crying out in agony, "O, that Gandhiji may be saved from these Gandhians!" Congressmen still swear by the constructive programme; but as far as the average Congress worker is concerned, the constructive programme, as Srimathi Aruna Asaf Ali said, is yet to be constructed.

It has always been said that the Congress was not a mere party; but a platform. As such, it has outlived its need. The Congress has realised that what is immediately called for, is a radical overhauling of the machinery and a re-orientation of its policy. But no amount of re-organisation will do it any good, until it frees itself, firmly and per-

manently, from the ascendancy of the moneyed classes.

Apart from the crisis which is facing the Congress as a whole, a great blow to the prestige and strength of the Congress in Tamilnad has been dealt by internal feuds and factions inside the Congress. It has become impossible for a person to be just a Congressman. He must belong to some one of the groups that have grown in recent years, not on any ideological basis, but around a personal allegiance to a particular leader. Each group calls the other by the odious name of 'clique'. There are the Kamaraj group and the C. R. group. A third group is anti-C. R. but not pro-Kamaraj. The large body of workers who have loyally answered every call of the Congress are indignant at the organisation, built on their sacrifice, being torn asunder by power politics. They crave for a new healthy leadership, with a truly progressive outlook. This feeling, in turn, is sought to be exploited by some who are always standing by to fish in troubled waters.

THE SOCIALIST PARTY

The average Congressman who finds himself sadly disillusioned with the Congress has a natural inclination to turn to the Socialist Party (no longer the Congress Socialist Party). But the party, at least in Tamilnad, has failed to mobilise the abundant reserves of goodwill, sympathy and support that had been created. Lack of proper leadership is the chief cause for this failure. It is no doubt true that Dr. K. B. Menon, to whom the task of organising the party in Tamilnad has been entrusted, is an intellectual of a high order and a brave fighter at his age. But he has no mass following as such or any intimate contact with the workers of Tamilnad. This inevitably restricts the scope for organisational

development. His lack of familiarity with the field workers makes it necessary for him to rely on the opinions of those around him. Among the lesser ranks, there is the inevitable rivalry. S. R. Subramaniam who has for a long time had contact with the North Indian Socialist leaders is the central figure in a group which refuses to accept some of the younger elements who came into the party fold after the 1942 movement as true Socialists. Hopelessly split at the top as it is, it lacks the power to spread among the people. The absence of a dominating personality is the chief reason for the failure of the Socialist Party in Tamilnad to take advantage of a psychologically suitable opportunity and give a correct lead to the people.

Besides these isolated factors, there is the fundamental reason that the All-India Socialist Party has itself failed to give a positive lead to the country. Its wobbling over fundamental issues, its wooing of the Congress rightist leadership, and its latest pose of neutrality, are bitterly resented by the rank-and-file workers among whom splits have occurred over ideological differences.

THE COMMUNIST PARTY

Meanwhile the one party that has been steadily growing in numerical as well as moral strength, is the Communist Party. It has by dint of selfless work lived down the odium it brought upon itself due to the role it played during the days of the August movement. Its organisational efficiency is perfect to a fault; its discipline is rigid, to the point of ruthlessness. Its heroic fight against anti-social activities like black-marketing and corruption, against bureaucratic officialdom and police repression, has earned for it the unstinted admiration of even those who have political differences with it. The pet argument of parrot politicians, that the Communist Party places Russia before India, is now too stale to carry conviction. The party depends for its very existence on its mass-contact. With courage of conviction and a keen political sense, the

party takes up issues which affect the people immediately and tackles them in a way which appeals to them directly. It has perfected its strategy of fight and can no longer be by-passed or beaten by political bluff. In Tamilnad, it is bound to become increasingly powerful, unless of course it changes overnight its party line, for which sudden somersaults it has a notorious weakness. It should also remember that the interests of the workers and peasants are a sacred trust. The common man who can easily be misled should not be used as fodder for the party-cannon.

THE DRAVIDIAN LEAGUE

Another organisation that has in recent years had a rapid growth is the Dravidian League. Any movement based on the gospel of hatred is bound to spread quickly; the flames of frenzy and fanaticism can easily be fanned into a fierce fire. Social justice and equality between all communities are laudable ideals indeed; but the way to achieve them would be to fight on principle against all forms of exploitation, be they in the name of caste or class, rather than to stir up communal hatred. The Dravidian League of which Mr. E. V. Ramaswami is the leader stood in the words of its leader for "political freedom from the Britisher, economic freedom from the Bania, and spiritual freedom from the Brahmin." If the first freedom has been achieved today no thanks are due to this party. Even for the achievement of the other two, the soundness of the principles apart, the party has no course of action. The Dravidian League has mass-appeal but it has no mass programme. It claims to be a people's party, but has no popular policy. It has no lead to give the people; it only spits fire and brimstone.

While the political bankruptcy of the party is thus glaring it has done a distinct social service by fighting against the tyranny of blind superstitions, the evils of caste distinctions and the sins against man being committed in the name of God. It has thus done a lot to awaken the social conscience that

had for long been doped into submission.

Politically it stands for the separation of Dravidanad which is to include the Tamil, Andhra, Kerala and Karnataka provinces. The basis for this is to be the unity of Dravidian race and culture, as opposed to the Aryan. Apart from the fact that racialism in modern politics is an evil anachronism, the party refuses to realise the objective reality that in the Andhra, Kerala and Karnataka areas there is absolutely no such consciousness of or craving for Pan-Dravidianism.

The Dravidian League separated itself from the orthodox Justice Party a few years ago on the ground that the latter was a reactionary organisation of moneyed interests. Of late, however, there has been an infiltration of the conservative elements, people like Dr. A. Krishnaswami, S. Muthiah Mudaliar and others having joined hands with E. V. R. This invasion of conservatism is resented by a progressive group inside the League. This group, under the leadership of C. N. Annadurai, till now Number Two to E. V. R., has virtually seceded from the League, though it has not come out in active opposition. Politically, this secession will have no effect, for many reasons. For one

thing, the group, even when in disagreement, is not prepared to take an alternative stand. C. N. A. is a brilliant speaker and a powerful writer; his oratorical abilities and polemic powers will always find him a platform but no more than that. A poor political organiser with an almost aristocratic disinclination for active field work, he can never get a political following or build up a party as opposed to E. V. R. who is a man and a leader of the masses.

TAMIL ARASU KAZHAGAM

Striking a different note from the Dravidian League, but broadly accepting its two essential principles of economic freedom from the domination of the north, and the principles of social equality and communal justice, is the Tamil Arasu Kazhagam (Tamil Rule League) which has been founded by a veteran Congressman, M. P. Sivagnana Gramani. Though of recent origin it has had a promising record of growth. It stands for the establishment of a Tamilnad Socialist Republic. Tamilnad is claimed by the party to extend from the Cape to the Tirupathi Hills and the party's immediate programme is to stir up Tamil consciousness among the people, so that they may agitate on constitutional lines to assert their claims at the time of the separation of the province on a linguistic basis.

DEVELOPMENT OF NATIONAL SHIPPING

by P. S. NAIR

THE recent abortive attempt made by the Walchand Hirachand delegation to negotiate with British shipping representatives should open the eyes of the Government of India to the fact that they cannot any more afford to carry on a policy of *laissez faire* in the matter of the development of Indian shipping. The explanation of the British delegation that they are prepared to negotiate with individual companies as distinct from the Walchand delegation, is an affront to India. Refusal to accept the principle of formal division of trade between

flags would stultify the entire mercantile marine of this country. The very basis of Britain's economic prosperity is the policy of imperial preference which is nothing but a reservation of trade for a particular flag.

Before the advent of the British, India had a prosperous mercantile marine and a brisk carrying trade with the different parts of the world. India was then the queen of the eastern seas and there was plenty of evidence to show that for thirty centuries India stood as the centre of the commercial world

having trade relations with the Phoenicians, Jews, Assyrians, Greeks, Egyptians and Romans and in modern times with Turks, Venetians, Portuguese, Dutch and the English. As far back as 75 A.D. a band of Hindu adventurers sailed from Kalinga on the eastern coast and planted a colony at Java, building towns and cities and establishing commercial relations with India for centuries. All these enterprises show that India possessed a strong sea-sense which can be maintained only by a thriving ship-building industry. True that the ships of those days were not the steam-propelled giants of modern times. But the great work, "Yuktikalpataru" by Bhoja reveals the high level of skill and technical accuracy that the Hindus of those days had attained in ship-construction. It is a historical fact that Alexander's passage of the Indus was effected by means of boats and according to Ptolemy, the return of Nearchus was effected by the requisition of two thousand Indian boats. Magasthenes who lived during the time of Chandragupta writes elaborately about the Board of Admiralty of the Emperor and indicates that ship-building was the monopoly of the State. According to Pliny the tonnage of the ancient Indian vessels was about 3000 amphora, the amphora being one-fourteenth of a ton. Ayeen Akbari throws a flood of light on the sea-sense of the people of the Punjab and says that the inhabitants of the circar of Tatta in Sindh possessed 40,000 vessels of various types of construction.

Marco Polo gives a vivid description of Indian ships in the thirteenth century. "They were so large as to require a crew of 300 men. These ships could carry 5 to 6 thousand baskets of pepper, a fact which indicates the extent of the tonnage." Nicola Conti wrote in the 15th century: "The natives of India built ships larger than ours, capable of containing 2,000 butts and with five sails and as many masts. . . . Indian merchants are very rich, so much so that some carry on their business in forty of their own ships, each of which is valued at 15,000 gold pieces."

It is clear from the remarks of Nicola Conti that in the 15th century Indian ships were superior to those of Europeans. It will therefore be interesting to know the various steps taken by the Governments of European countries to build up their mercantile marines. In England, this was accomplished by a series of Government Regulations dating as far back as the time of Richard II. The first of them, the Navigation Act, passed in 1646 to oust the Dutch from the American colonies of Britain, enacted that the goods of those colonies should not be carried to foreign ports except in English ships. Within a few years, another Act was passed which prohibited any foreign ship from trading with the American colonies unless she was furnished with a licence. The system of mercantilism or policy of power reached its high water mark during the time of Cromwell in 1651 when he passed his great Navigation Act which declared that no goods or commodities whatever grown or produced in Asia, Africa or America should be imported into England, Ireland or into the British Plantations except in British-built ships, owned by British subjects and of which the captain and not less than 75 per cent of the crew were British subjects. How much these Acts were helpful for the growth of British shipping can be inferred from the fact that they enabled it to defeat first Dutch and then the French competition and to become the undisputed mistress of the seas in the nineteenth century. But by 1847 these Navigation Acts were repealed mainly due to the fact that by then they had become a hindrance to Britain's further growth. Similarly, U.S.A., the strongest maritime power of the present day, threw open the foreign trade of the Union in 1849, but reserved the coastal trade of the country for the benefit of American bottoms. All the great nations of Europe like France, Germany, etc., strengthened their mercantile marines through energetic State aid.

India's great maritime activity began to decline when the more enterprising Europeans entered the field with the full backing of their

States. This decline was made speedier when steam-propelled ships of greater tonnage came into use. The East India Company in the beginning showed some interest in Indian shipping and encouraged the industry in Bombay and Calcutta. Lord Wellesley, the Governor-General of India, wrote in 1800 that the port of Calcutta "will always be able to furnish tonnage to whatever extent we may require for carrying to the port of London the trade of the private British merchants of Bengal." But when India was taken over by the Crown, the British Government adopted a policy of helping British shipping at the expense of India and killed the indigenous activity altogether, so that the whole coastal trade of India fell into the hands of big British shipping magnates. India's present tonnage is only about 2½ lakhs with 70 per cent of the coastal trade and 95.6 per cent of the foreign trade in British hands.

The loss India suffers from want of adequate mercantile marine is incalculable. To depend upon foreign ships for importation and exportation of commodities, passenger traffic and postal services and to incur the drain of our wealth in crores yearly is an intolerable state of affairs which we cannot brook any longer. In these days of famine India is spending 8 to 10 crores of rupees yearly for the importation of food-stuffs. This means that while our people are starving, our Government is hunting after foreign shipping companies to help to carry food materials. On the other hand, if we could spend these 10 crores for the development of our shipping industry, we could be independent of foreign ships in the near future. Whereas, during the war, U.S.A. shipping increased from 8,672,090 to 27,959,000 tons and Canada from 654,786 to 892,000 tons, India was not able to increase her tonnage by even one lakh in spite of the Vizagapatam ship-building project.

Now that we have a National Government consisting of our own leaders, it is imperative that we should take up a more active shipping policy. No more can we de-

pend upon the British ship-building industries for our requirements, as they are not in a position to accept outside orders. India has such a long coast line spotted with excellent harbours that the ship-building industry can be developed easily. But Government initiative is indispensable in the beginning. The establishment of a Ministry of Shipping with the sole purpose of carrying out a forward policy in this respect cannot be postponed any longer. As in England, the Maritime Acts and Regulations, administered by the Board of Trade which is charged with a number of important duties connected with ships should be established in India as speedily as possible. Marine schools should be established to impart scientific knowledge of this profession and certified sailors only should be allowed to take up this work.

The importance of a great mercantile marine for defence cannot be overestimated. That has been the first line of defence in the case of Britain. When Britain was blockaded during the time of Napoleon and recently during the two world wars, it was the British mercantile marine, assisted by the Navy, that successfully ran through the blockade and brought food-stuffs and other essentials of life from far off colonies. If our north eastern and north western parts, already separated from India, are controlled by a hostile power, the line of communications and route for commerce during war will be only through our great oceanic frontier and it is vital that it should be safeguarded and protected by our Navy. The Indian Ocean should be turned into "India's Ocean" when only our country will be safe. Our ships should be so constructed that they can be easily converted into fighting crafts during war, as otherwise they will not be able to fulfil their role in war time. At the present stage of growth India cannot afford to act up fully to the free trade policy of the International Maritime Conference. Let us first develop our shipping by a policy of protection before attempting to compete on equal terms with such big powers as U.S.A. and Britain.

PORTRAIT OF MR. AND MRS. AMERICA

What does the "average" American look like? What are his tastes? These and other characteristics of the average man and woman in the United States are portrayed by Dr. George Gallup, famous for his polls, in a composite picture, the result of 11 years of poll-taking.

A portrait of Mr. and Mrs. America, revealed from 11 years of poll-taking about the species *homo Americanus*, was recently made public by Dr. George Gallup, head of the American Institute of Public Opinion. This is the picture that emerges:

Typical Citizen: Six out of 10 Americans smoke, drink, and say their health is good. Two-thirds wear glasses, have a cold in winter-time, would like to own their own business. One-third complain their feet hurt. One-quarter play the piano. One-fifth cannot hear well and cannot whistle. One-tenth are lefthanded. Half have brown hair, one-quarter gray or white, only one-tenth blonde. Two-fifths have brown eyes, one-third blue. Ninety-six per cent believe in God, 76 per cent in life after death, half go to church, and one-third say grace before meals.

Men: The average American male is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 158 pounds, spends 15 minutes travelling two miles to work, gambles occasionally, and says he loses more than he wins.

Six-tenths prefer brunette women, only three-tenths blondes, the rest red-heads. The typical male thinks married men are happier than bachelors. To him a wife's most important qualities are not beauty, but good companionship, intelligence and homemaking talent. He thinks women nag too much, and opposes the idea of a woman President.

Women: The typical American female is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 132 pounds, swims and walks for exercise, plays cards for fun, thinks

she eats too much for her health, wants to be her husband's partner in household finances, and prefers marriage to a career. She would excise the word "obey" from the marriage ceremony, but wants deferential courtesies from men.

To her a husband's most important qualities are kindness, good temper and consideration. She also hopes her husband will help take care of the three children the average family wants.

Families: The American public is convinced that men should be 25 and women 21 years old before they marry, and that they should not get married on less than \$50 a week. It believes in long engagements and premarital blood tests. It does not want divorce laws made easier, thinks high schools should teach sex education, says most family arguments are about money, jealousy, or children, likes pets, but prefers dogs to cats.

Most American families believe that parents are more to blame than children in juvenile delinquency. They do not want their children to go into politics but would rather see their sons become doctors, engineers, lawyers, farmers, ministers, businessmen, and teachers. They go to bed at 10 p.m. on week nights and 11 p.m. on Saturdays, fall asleep easily, and get up at 6-30 a.m. on week days and 8 a.m. on Sundays.

If American families could travel anywhere, they would prefer, in order, England, France, Germany, Russia, Italy, Switzerland, Ireland and Norway. But if they could live anywhere, they would like first California, then Florida, New York, and Texas—USIS.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR ALL CHILDREN

BRITAIN'S FAMOUS PUBLIC SCHOOLS ADMIT PUPILS FROM ALL CLASSES

by H. J. UXLEN

WE have all seen pictures of Eton boys in their top hats and white collars, and regarded them as symbols of a high tradition generally connected with the rich. All over the world the British public schools, known paradoxically in England as such, although they are the most exclusive and most expensive of private schools, have been looked up to as the supreme achievement of educationalists in the formation of character and intellect. Yet these schools have frequently been subject to attacks, particularly in Britain, because in the past they held the richest fruits of education for those families alone who were able to pay more for a single term's tuition than many working-class families could earn in a whole year.

In this respect a new era has begun. Public schools are to open their doors to all levels of society—they have indeed done so already to quite an extent.

The public schools have a long and eventful history. The oldest of them were founded in the Middle Ages as monastery schools for the training of priests. They still retain many marks of their origin, even those schools which were founded much later. Each school is subdivided into a so-called House in which the pupils live under the supervision of an experienced teacher, their "Housemaster". Each House is a small community, a little state on its own with quite comprehensive self-administration. The maintenance of discipline and the organisation of competitive sports is in the hands of the pupils themselves. Each House has its own teams for games and its own *esprit de corps*. In this way the public schools develop a high standard of character and self-reliance in their

pupils. The formative effect of this type of school is so strong that it is often possible to recognise a public school man by his appearance alone.

This was the main point of the criticism of the public schools which the left wing in Britain has proclaimed with such constant energy: that they trained the ruling class; that the social advantages to parents whose children went to schools like Eton were far more important than the education they got there, and that the "old school tie" became a symbol of class domination.

In the middle of World War II, however, Britain's Government set up a committee of investigation, usually referred to as the Fleming Committee with the object of seeing what ways and means were found to open the public schools to wider circles and co-ordinate them, without destroying their independence, into the general development of education in Britain, which at that time was being subjected to far-reaching reforms by the new Education Bill.

The report rendered by this committee, which has become known as the Fleming Report, contained the proposal that in future a quarter of all vacancies in public schools should be open to children who would be chosen from ordinary secondary schools on account of special ability. The authorities would pay for the schooling of these scholars. But the public schools themselves would continue to exercise complete independence as to the choice of their masters, their methods and their curricula.

Many of the public schools did not wait for official confirmation of these proposals, and immediately

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.

"Brahminish To Take Of Merit"

I have been reading *Swatantra* for the last few months and I have found it to be excellent. It compares very well with some of the best American journals. It is a real pleasure to read your editorials and Madras can well be proud of *Swatantra*.

In recent months you have devoted much space to condemn the present Madras Ministry. Being away from the province for a long time, I cannot venture to form any hasty impressions. However I do not doubt your sincerity. In the issue of July 26 you vehemently denounced the anti-Brahmin sentiment of our Ministry. Even assuming that your allegations are true, your criticisms will serve no other purpose than rouse passions in one group or the other. What we need is prevention and not cure. Caste is the cancer of our progress. Cancer has no cure so far! In a society where a small minority (Brahmins) have unscrupulously maintained their fictitious superiority for centuries, is it too early for the others to assert their equality? It is too Brahminish to talk of merit, shelving the existing barriers of caste. For some years it may be necessary that the privileged castes should make some sacrifices for their unfortunate brothers. Then only merit can be found among all groups. Let the Brahmins first dine, work and play with the Non-Brahmins (including Harijans). Then caste will die and merit will rule.

Stanford University,
California.

V. BALIAH.

Premier's Hospitality To Refugees

I have read with interest the letter of Sri. T. C. Sankaralingam published in *Swatantra* dated September 20, condemning the action of our Premier, Omandur, in agreeing to harbour 10,000 refugees from the Punjab. It is a pity that there is a general chorus of condemnation of the one laudable act of our Premier. I ask of you and every sensible man in this province, excepting this little gesture of sympathy, what is it Madras as a part of the Indian Union has done to help those of our countrymen who have suffered and are suffering untold miseries at the hands of religious fanatics? If the arrival of refugees into Madras and the personal

narration of their woeful tales will lead to trouble, let us get prepared to face it rather than shun it.

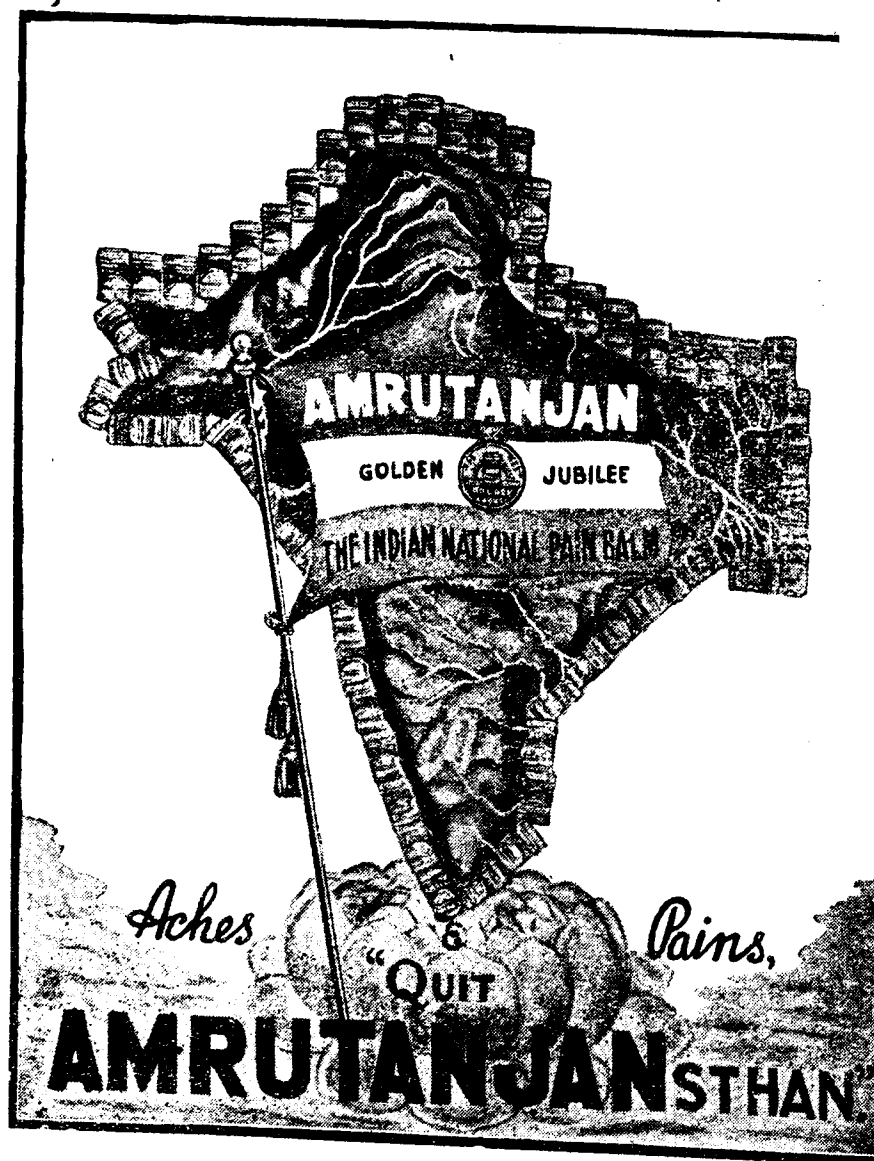
Let it be remembered that when there was communal trouble in Bihar (which admittedly helped greatly to make the fire in Noakhali subside) the Muslim League Ministry in Bengal harboured 1,50,000 Muslim refugee families from Bihar.

Vizianagram.

C. S. RAM.

Ministry's Responsibility for Food Position

The present weekly ration of rice at the rate of 8 ounces is hardly sufficient for more than 4 days in the week even for an average poor eater, after it is chaffed and rid of its foreign element and made fit for cooking. The rice supplied is of the worst variety. It is admitted by all, including the Ministers of the Government, that enough stocks of paddy and rice are available with the producers and the merchants, sufficient to supply the people with full rations. Various reasons are given for the failure of procurement. But the Ministers do not mention one of the reasons, namely, the change in the Ministry. Procurement began to fall as soon as there was talk of the fall of the previous Ministry due to the bickerings in the Congress Party. After its fall, procurement fell much more, especially in the Andhra districts where the public do not like the fall of the Prakasam Ministry. People and the services, at any rate in Andhra, lost much of their confidence in the Government owing to its ever changing policies in the wake of change in the personnel of the Ministry. If policies laid down by the Government are so easily liable to be scrapped and changed, with what sincerity can the trusted servants of Government implement them? A sort of apathy has grown in them. They cannot be blamed for it. The present Ministry did not pay attention at first to maintaining the previous vigorous procurement. The producers kept the stocks and began selling it in the black market. Having got accustomed to this practice, they are now reluctant to part with their stocks. The present Ministers claim that the masses and the public have confidence in them and that they



The Hub of Asia
and eventually of
The One World

after the publication of the Fleming Report offered the local education authorities a number of vacancies for talented pupils from poorer social backgrounds. Many voices gave warning of the possible consequences of such a policy, fearing snobbery on the part of children of rich families towards their poorer class-mates, and also that a public school education might alienate working-class children from their own parents. The problem became

the subject of a play called "The Guinea Pig" which ran on the London stage for several months. Experience, meanwhile, has not justified these fears.

A new chapter in the ancient history of the public schools has been opened. It will lead to their complete democratisation, so that the benefits of this wonderful system of education will not be reserved for the richest, but for the most talented.

GEMINI'S MISS MALINI

"Worth Any Number of Leading Articles"

MISS MALINI, the new Gemini picture, provides fine entertainment. Malini is a poor girl who finds herself in sore straits when her father falls ill. A sympathetic friend, an artiste in a theatre, introduces her to the director who engages Malini on the spot. She makes a great hit and becomes the rage of the town. A society shark weans her from steady work and loyalty. Her heed is turned and she takes to the races and irresponsible ways. Soon she is sent out of the theatre. Her evil genius the shark runs an-

other theatre starring her, but the venture crashes leaving Malini in debt and ruin. At this moment of grave crisis, the sympathetic friend comes on the scene like a guardian angel with a message of forgiveness and reinstatement from the original theatre-director. A pretty thin plot, no doubt, but sensationalism is not the strong point of *Miss Malini*. Its attractiveness lies in the parodies on life worked into it with just the touch of exaggeration required to impart comic relief without spoiling



Sundari Bai and Pushpavalli in *Miss Malini*

the picture's felicitous faithfulness to reality. Rationing and the exasperations of city life come in for vigorous pictorial trouncing in the picture. It is worth any number of denunciatory leading articles in the dailies.

There are of course better productions than *Miss Malini*. It does not reach the topmost reach of producer perfection. But a very high order of negative excellence in the matter of being free from blemishes of any kind, belongs to it. The acting of the artistes is uniformly of a high level. There are no howlers anywhere. Pushpavalli as the heroine, Sundari Bai as her faithful friend, Sitaraman as the theatre-director are singularly convincing and true to the roles of their choice. Pushpavalli's acting is

remarkable for its exquisite combination of power and glamour; Sundari Bai's for its gesticulatory rusticity and simplicity; and Sitaraman for its taciturn dignity. Artistically the most expert performance of all is that of Kothamangalam Subbu as Sampat the cheat. He practically lives the part. The technique of the cinema drops out and it is as if we are brought face to face with an actual scoundrel in flesh and blood.

Miss Malini is a carefully planned picture, neatly executed with perfect synchronisation of sound and gesture. Its camera work and lighting effects combine delicacy with boldness. Its music will please the most fastidious ears. It bids fair to be a roaring box office success.

"Is this the Fidelity Insurance Company?"

"Yes, ma'am. What can we do for you?"

"My husband's fidelity insured."



A scene from the picture *Miss Malini*.

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are their chosen leaders to guide their destinies. If that is so, it is up to the Ministers, especially the Andhra Ministers, to tour the Circars from village to village and induce their followers to part with the stocks for so laudable a purpose as averting famine. If they fail in their efforts and the public (whose confidence they claim) fail to listen to them, it is their plain duty to refuse to shoulder the responsibility of guiding their destinies and governing them. They should give place to others who can try their hand at it. The Andhras feel they are under foreign rule. The duty of the Ministers is plain. If they fail to feed the people and at the same time cling to power, if a famine were to occur, the responsibility for it will be that of the present Ministry and the vested interests that had a hand in the change of the Ministry, including the Congress bigwigs who played from behind. The Government advertises the steps taken for the grow more food campaign. But it fails even to prohibit the growing of leaf tobacco in huge tracts of fertile land in which hitherto food crops had been grown. For the sake of allowing some already rich ryots to grow more rich by raising tobacco in their lands instead of food crops, the Government should not hesitate to prohibit the cultivation of tobacco in lands where food crops can be raised. People in every district should be told that they cannot grow commercial crops and demand food from other so-called surplus districts.

A. BHOOMESWARA RAO, C. V. KRISHNA RAO, B. SUBBARAYA SASTRY, P. SITAPATI RAO, J. SOMASEKHARAI AH, T. SURYANARAYANAMURTHI, T. V. S. RAMAKRISHNA RAO, V. NAGARAJU, N. SESHAGIRI RAO, K. SATYANARAYANA and P. SREERAMAMURTHY (Rajahmundry).

Humanity on Trial

D. R. L. in his letter in *Swatantra* of 13th instant drew a correct picture of the conditions prevailing under Congress Raj. But while he penned the picture, I fear he never turned his eyes beyond the borders of India. Had he turned to Britain for a second, he would have found her condition nothing enviable. Not only luxuries like Hollywood pictures but even necessities to a certain extent are stopped from being imported, so that every dollar may be saved to stabilise the economy of post-war Britain. Regarding America, the most economically stabilised country in

the world at present, the prices of all commodities are soaring day by day due to the inflationary tendencies prevailing there. When such is the case even with countries like Britain and America, to expect milk and honey to flow through every house under Congress Raj in India is rather ridiculous; especially at a time when it is preoccupied with many other important problems.

G. NARAYANASWAMI.

Kumbakonam.

How They Test Candidates

Some time back I read an interesting article in *Swatantra* on the new All-India Administrative Service. Candidates for this service are called for an interview at Delhi carrying 300 marks. Stereotyped questions like "Do you read Shakespeare?" "Who invented the telephone?" etc., are asked. From answers to these questions the candidate's "initiative, potential qualities of leadership, etc., are claimed to be assessed. Needless to say, the system wholly fails in its purpose.

The better method would be to let the candidates for the Diplomatic, Administrative, Railway, Police, Income-Tax and other public services be assembled together for two or three days. Foreign consuls, Ministers, Congress members, Press reporters and eminent men of the public should visit them and mingle freely with them. From the behaviour and deportment of the candidates their fitness or otherwise for the various services could be assessed. This method is so obviously fair that any doubts of unsuccessful candidates as well as the public will be set at rest by it.

S. G. KRISHNAN.

Rajalaseema Public Opinion

The people of Rajalaseema are interested neither in the formation of the Andhra Province right and now, nor can they subscribe to the cry for a separate Rajalaseema Province raised by certain disgruntled politicians. As a matter of fact the man in the street does not understand the complications of the problem. It is desirable, in the fitness of things, to hold a conference representing all sections specially for this purpose. Until then no useful purpose will be served by indulging in heated arguments.

V. KRISHNAMOORTHY.

Rayachoti. Y. VEERARAH GUPTA.
G. S. SASTRY.

Mahatma's Responsibility For Partition

In his article on "The Future of Gandhi", which appeared in the

Swatantra of 15th August, Mr. G. Ramachandran, says: "Till the last moment Gandhi wanted to resist the division of India but the Working Committee not only agreed to the division of India but asked further for the division of Bengal and the Punjab." I think Mr. Ramachandran forgets the fact that the very same Gandhi in one of his prayer meetings appealed to the A.I.C.C. members to accept what their leaders had decided upon.

Bombay.
J. S. MANI.

Origin Of Fort St. George

A letter by Sri S. S. Anandam published in *The Hindu* on August 18 states that Chinnappa Naik of Poona-malle gave the place now called Fort St.-George (F.S.G.) to the East India Company (E.I. Co.). It can be proved with historical evidence that the Raja of Chandragiri gave the place to the E.I.Co.

On page 136 of "A History of India," written by E. Marsden and Sir Henry Sharp (Publishers-Macmillan) under the heading, "English Factories," you will find that in 1640 (for 1639) they (East India Company) bought some

land from the Raja of Chandragiri and built the factory which afterwards became the city of Madras.

In the Tri-centenary celebrations conducted in Madras in 1939, you will find it stated in the first para that the piece of land called F.S.G. was given by the Raja of Chandragiri to Mr. Day of the E.I.Co. in 1639.

In the time-tables published by the M. & S. M. Railway in pre-war years, you will find under the main head "Historical Places" that the piece of land now called FS. SG. was given by the Raja of Chandragiri to Mr. Day, the Superintendent of the E.I.Co. in 1639, the first land ever possessed by the British in India.

In "Indian Information" (Delhi) details are given showing that the Naiks at Madras working under the Raja of Chandragiri brought Mr. Day, the Superintendent of the E.I.Co. to Chandragiri and got the land for them in 1639. This is translated and published in "Padi Pantalu," which is a Telugu monthly agricultural journal distributed free to ryots, published by the Omandur Government.

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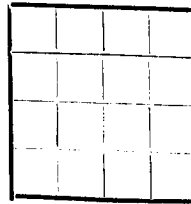
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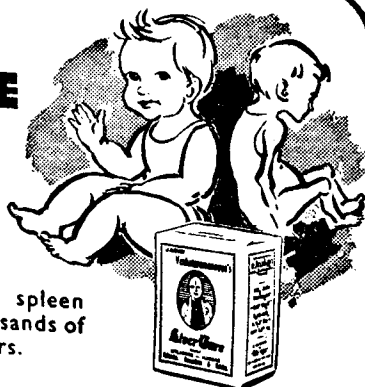
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SWATANTRA

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1947

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SWATANTRA

SWATANTRA is published every Saturday at 156, Lloyds Road, Royapettah, Madras (India). Single copy, six annas. Subscription: Inland, Rs. 20 per year and Rs. 10 per half-year. Foreign, £1 16sh. or 8 dollars (U.S.A.) per year. If return of manuscripts is desired, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must be enclosed.



—by Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury
 Bust of ANNIE BESANT
 (See *Sidelights*, page 14)

SWATANTRA

VOL. II
 No. 35

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1947.

ISSUED
 WEEKLY

A HINDU STATE

PANDIT Nehru's asseverations, backed by the Mahatma's mournful approval, that he will not be a party to the establishment of a Hindu State in India, were either uncalled for, or in excess of the requirements of the situation he has been called upon to tackle. If he sincerely believes in such a view, it was unseasonable to express it at the present juncture. But now that the matter has been raised, it is as well for the public to understand the pros and cons of the remark so that the materials on which a judgment may be based are made available to the public at large.

The remark was presumably made to allay the apprehensions of the Muslims who are in India in much larger numbers than even in Pakistan itself. For, the Muslim, arguing from his own subjective level, wonders if he will not be squeezed out of India even as the Hindus and Sikhs are being squeezed out of Pakistan. To assure him of full citizenship rights and of his legitimate share in the perquisites of government, in return for his undivided loyalty to the State sounds hollow to him, for all the promises made to him steer clear of the contentious doctrine on the strength of which alone he has succeeded in establishing his Pakistan. It is in short the religious label which had brought him all his dividends so far; and therefore, is it practicable to hope that he will suddenly forget that which has made him a political and explosive figure in international

politics? The psalmist sang: "If I forget thee, Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning!". It is even more difficult to imagine a Muslim forgetting his religion in his social and political activities, specially in a divided India.

The consequence of this rigidity in his outlook is that it would be impossible for him to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's. Since his God is also his Cæsar, his earthly Cæsar will in effect become his God; and he will obey him with a fanatical obedience which would embarrass Cæsar himself, even though he might be labelled Quaid-e-Azam for the time being.

It is a mercy that our leaders, in promising the Muslim minority safety with honour, have not forgotten to claim in return a secular loyalty to the State on their part without which neither the State, nor they nor even we can hope to survive. It has been authoritatively said that divided loyalties will not be tolerated. If Muslims agree to the terms thus offered to them, and stay where they are, the *question of the complexion of the State does not at all arise*. But if they insist on trekking over to Pakistan, the Indian Government has no option but to oblige them. It will however not automatically follow that the State would thereafter become Hindu. For we must remember that there would still be other minorities in India who have always filled the picture in ancillary or accessory

roles without dishonour to themselves and with profit to the country as a whole.

The truth is that the impulses behind the cries for communal States are partly mixed, and partly mysterious.

The progressive outlook, in statecraft no less than in other spheres of human activity, is the result of a continuous process of trial and error. The more the foundations are submerged, the sturdier the superstructure that is either reared on it or that may be added to it from time to time. At bottom the character of a State is derived from the temper, spirit and the intangible configuration of a people who have come to live together through long periods of time. Man, it has been well said, does not live by bread alone. After a certain level of economic security has been reached, the way is made clear for the emergence of ideological desiderata.

There have been States with names which have been misnomers; while there have also been realities without a name. Labels have been made out of territorial, linguistic, cultural, ethnic and religious entities which, in course of time, became hospitable and catholic, though in their origins they might have been intolerantly exclusive out of an ignorant fear of extinction through promiscuity. The Athenian empire was run by an exclusive aristocracy which ultimately suffered enervation through surfeit and slavery. The Roman empire was held together by a succession of rulers, all Roman by law and but few by birth. There was nothing holy about the later manifestation of it under Teutonic control; but the epithet was a historical reminder of the struggle against paganism on the one hand and against the Saracen infidel on the other! The Islamic world is ruled according to the Shariat without a word of protest or surprise from the rest of the world. When it is

claimed on behalf of an Islamic State that it would be proud to offer asylum to all, it is held as a tribute to the virtue of Islam. When however a devout believer in Ram Rajya makes a similar claim on behalf of his Utopia, he is greeted with mild scepticism or derisive laughter. In theory however a Hindu State should be conceded to be no more absurd than any other State reared on religion.

The British Empire is a political arrangement, the dominant parts of which have always claimed to be Christian States. Lord Halifax, as Britain's Ambassador at large during the last war, was never tired of indulging in the claim that it was a Christian civilization that had to be salvaged from the attacks of the new pagans of Central Europe. He enlisted successfully the enthusiastic co-operation of Hindus, Buddhists and Muslims, in the task of re-establishing Christian civilization in the West, and by implication in the East also. Why should an appeal for the establishment of a Hindu civilization or a Hindu State provoke such untoward reactions as those to which the Prime Minister gave expression?

England is a Christian country—but it is inflexible that the English King should be an Anglican worshipping in (while being the head of) the Church of England! No Catholic can be the Archbishop of Canterbury. There are numerous other taboos which are quietly efficacious without detracting from the secular virtues of the British Commonwealth.

Jew and Gentile have enriched the British aristocracy, and have served the British Crown in the highest offices, transmuting their diverse contributions to enriching what has come to be compendiously termed the British way of life. The Mughal Empire was a secular system which succeeded in direct proportion to the care with which the

brains of one community and the brawn of another were impartially exploited in the interests of a common heritage. The Venetian State enjoyed fabulous wealth and prestige, though it hired all its servants from non-Venetian sources. The prophetic aura that still faintly clings to the Agha Khan was not tarnished or dissipated by his kneeling (purely ceremonially) to the British Emperor; but His Highness would get purple in the face, if it is suggested that he should pay similar court to some other potentate who has not yet 'arrived'!

Pandit Nehru is certainly deadly in earnest when he denounced the idea of a Hindu State, because what he denounced was the enthronement of Chauvinism or Xenophobia as an article of the constitution as it were. But the Government which is now functioning from Delhi and extends over the areas of the Indian Union will continue to be equated in the emotions and imagination of the people to the idea of a Hindu State. Pandit Nehru suffered himself to accord to Hindu sentiment and tradition when he acquiesced in religious ceremonies of immemorial antiquity and indescribable appeal on the eve of the transfer of power on the night of August 14-15. He did not go to an Idgah to attend a similar or analogous function, he did not go to a church—Protestant or Catholic—to receive communion or sing *Te Deum*. Why? Not because he was a Hindu, but because the State that he was consecrating was the concretion of the hopes and longings of millions of Hindus.

The world's major stocks have all of them their own States. Christians have many Christian States; Muslims have their Islamic States, so far existing in competitive indolence, but hereafter bidding fair to become dynamic and dreaded. Is it such a great enormity after all for the Hindus in their own immemorial homelands to fashion a secular State to suit their needs?

A Technique Of Evasion

DR. RAJAN'S handling of the food problem is far from satisfactory. When Mr. Prakasam brought to light in the Assembly cases of death by starvation in Rampa Chodavaram that had come to his knowledge, the Minister countered the disclosure with denials from the district officials. The occurrence of deaths by starvation in any district does not redound to the credit of the officials in the area who themselves deserve to be deemed culpable for having permitted such deaths to take place. When things come to such a pass that people die of starvation, the district officials concerned occupy much the position of accused responsible for the deaths. They are therefore not likely to furnish a disinterested picture of developments within their jurisdiction casting an obvious slur on their own administrative capacities. No sane man will dream of making an accused person the final judge in situations which in their very nature tend to place him in the dock. But this is precisely what the Food Minister has done, borrowing from the favourite technique of his bureaucratic predecessors in office of the Adviser regime. It is never likely that district officials will telegraph straightway self-condemnatory admissions placing their own administrative worth in jeopardy when appealed to for information after things are reported to have gone wrong. Dr. Rajan's refutation of Mr. Prakasam's charge is therefore virtually worthless. Its implication unfortunately is not limited to mere ineffectiveness. The Food Minister is a seasoned Congressman who is no stranger to the ways of the police and the district officials. Congressmen in their pre-office days were subjected to the worst of persecution at the hands of the very officials whom Dr. Rajan now seeks to endow with an august status of ultimate authority entitled with a

word to undo all the labour of personal investigation of a leader of the stamp of Mr. Prakasam. It is an insult to the ordinary decencies of public life that a serious charge vitally connected with public welfare by a leader in the towering position of the ex-Premier, should have been weighed in the balance as against a perfunctory refutation of a subordinate official and summarily disposed of as of inferior account. Nothing less than an enquiry at the highest level would have met the needs of the situation. The occasion called for personal investigation on the spot by the Minister, indeed by the Premier himself. But in the atmosphere now prevailing, duty is sacrificed to spite, local officialdom is enthroned as the supreme arbiter; power is handed over to elements with a notorious anti-freedom record in pre-independence days. In this way "independence" is defrauded of its right content and the integrity of Congress objectives, in terms of popular redemption from bureaucratic misrule, deplorably sabotaged on the very morrow of the seeming victory of the Congress against foreign imperialists, in the political field.

In a grave crisis calling for remedial action Dr. Rajan has taken refuge in a mere technique of evasion, bestowing on the white-washing of the administration a higher value than on the safeguarding of public welfare. In ostentatious disproof of the starvation alleged, he has given a regular catalogue of diseases as the real cause of the deaths reported. That a doctor should fall into this pitfall is amazing. Starvation is not a disease but a condition precedent to disease eventually leading to death. Starving people are more susceptible to diseases that kill them than those that are properly fed. It is no proof of the absence of starvation to say that dropsy or diarrhoea was the cause of death, since either may

itself be the result of starvation. There is little to choose between starvation and disease as a thing to boast of, and instead of seeking shelter in the one as against the other, we would plead with the Government for a little less of complacency and a little more of active concern for promoting the welfare of the people in effective ways. As it is, there is far too much of tenderness in the administration to corrupt officials and to vested interests given to blackmarketing. Penal measures pompously undertaken to relieve the situation are found only to aggravate it, since their burden falls unevenly on the victims while the culprits remain unaffected. For example, the full weight of the police on watch over railway stations on the east coast falls on the thousands of poor caught with little bundles of rice bought at high cost from the black-market, while the real offenders, the small number of rich hoarders in hiding from whom the rice is bought, go scotfree and carry on their nefarious trade as merrily as before. Abject dependence on the political support of vested interests given to anti-social methods of trade and commerce is apparently dragging the Ministry into a morass of irretrievable uselessness from the standpoint of public good, and if the process continues, the public goodwill that brought the Congress to office and power will not survive for long.

Procurement Debacle

IMAGINE a 'drive' for food procurement during which a tahsildar collects only twenty bags of paddy from a village which could have yielded twice that amount—for lack of gunny bags! Yet this is what has actually happened in some instances brought to our notice. It illustrates how the machinery of provincial administration continues to be the rusty and

utterly inadequate thing which it has been, although a people's Government is now supposed to be directing it in a battle against famine.

The formation of village co-operative societies, entrusted with the task of procuring food grains as well as of distributing essential supplies, was an imaginative scheme which was initiated by Mr. Prakasam with the object of bringing the primary producer into a direct and healthy relationship with the Government. By holding proper elections for membership of the managing committees of these societies; by providing them with storage and transport facilities; and, where necessary, by advancing credits to the co-operative societies for the purchase of local food stocks, the Government could have worked the scheme successfully. The bigger merchants and the middlemen who corner the rice and sell it in the blackmarket could have been effectively barred from the opportunity of thriving on their anti-social practices. But one of the first acts of the Omandur Ministry was to relieve the producer-cum-consumer co-operative societies of the procurement function and hand it over to the millers. The consequences of this action have been disastrous.

With the village munsif and karnam, more often than not, conniving at the hoarding and secret disposal of undisclosed stocks by the bigger landholders, there is at present no local agency to estimate correctly and collect promptly the surplus paddy from the producers. Though the Government offers three annas for the transport of each bag of paddy, the villager with a surplus

to sell cannot be expected to take the trouble of carting it—when his bullocks are perhaps needed for work on his fields—to the miller who lives miles away. He naturally prefers to sell his stock on the spot to whoever gives him a better price than the Government does. The immediate gain offered by the blackmarketeer more than offsets the attraction of the bonus offered by the Government. Half of this bonus is now to be distributed in the shape of manure, to be collected from the offices of the agricultural demonstrators. The idea of supplying the cultivators with manure is an excellent one. But it has to be remembered that at present each agricultural demonstrator's centre has to serve anything from a hundred to three hundred villages. Not infrequently, the peasant finds, after making the trek, that the stock of manure has run out, or that some snag or other in his papers disqualifies him from collecting his share.

The only way of eliminating the profiteering middlemen, and of establishing a direct link between the producer and the food administration, is to have elected bodies in each village that will buy up the available surplus *on the spot* on behalf of the Government. These bodies must be actively aided by the district and taluk officers. Unless such a co-operative endeavour by the people themselves is encouraged by the State, the masses of consumers will continue to be the helpless victims of unscrupulous and profit-mad traders. No Ministry has the right to exist which is unable, or unwilling, to ensure the collection and equitable distribution of available food.

According to unofficial sources, a new simplified income-tax form contains only four lines: (1) What was your income for the year? (2) What were your expenses? (3) How much have you left? (4) Send it in.

Sotto Voce

The Cuckoo Of Tamil Land



ETTAYAPURAM is a small place but a big name in the cultural history of the South. In the long night that followed the sunset of the splendour that was Vijayanagar, it was the Zamindars of Udayarpalayam and Ettayapuram along with the Rajas of Tanjore and the Setupathis of Ramnad that kept the torch burning. In their courts flourished the poets of the Silver Age of Sanskrit. Telugu in the North and Tamil in the South felt the stirrings of a new birth. If the greatest and most elusive of our traditional arts, music, has been preserved almost intact amidst all the changes and chances of three centuries of unsettlement it is to the enlightened rulers of these principalities that we owe that supreme good fortune.

It was at Ettayapuram that the great Muthuswami Dikshitar found a haven of peace in the last years of a hard uncomplaining life. That superb *kriti* "Meenakshi me mudam" stands for all time as a reminder of the ultimate sacrifice that genius is capable of out of a divine pity such as the stars in their courses must feel for suffering man. The land that was thus the home of heroism and the sounding board of genius was fittingly the birthplace of Subrahmanya Bharati.

Those who look upon Bharati as a rebel, a poet of Revolution, are apt to forget his roots in tradition. In his early youth he was the protégé of the then Raja. Though Ettayapuram could not long hold his tempestuous spirit he never lost his regard for the idea that the

place symbolised. No doubt remembering Kamban, before whom the penitent Chola had humbled himself in order to win him back, Bharati told the Raja in his memorable verse messages that the Raj should live up to its great name by honouring its poet whom all the world had praised. Well, his home-coming has been late; but it would have pleased the democrat in him.

Not that he loved Demos; his feeling for beauty and his sense of *rta* made him supremely contemptuous of the chaotic little minds that mistake license for liberty. It is one of life's little ironies that he, the most sensitive and independent of men, should have posthumously attracted the vociferous allegiance of many spiteful, self-regarding people who would have wilted in the sun of his honesty. And for most of the time he is praised for the wrong reasons even by those who ought to know better; so compulsive is the power of thick-skinned purposeful mediocrity. His mordant spirit would have found a rare amusement in the motley crowd of atheists, free-lovers and chauvinists who now sport his effigy on their standard.

One or two of his songs of freedom will find a place in any anthology. Many of them are spirited poetry. Others are just verse journalism. His Vedantic poetry, again, is unequal. His was a profoundly religious impulse; but he had no theology. And his philosophy was that a poet; it was innocent of any system. Though he sought

gurus assiduously no personal revelation seems to have come his way. The "Everlasting Yea" was for him not the fruit of patient wrestling and endless vigil but a call of the blood.

In this as in his cheerful pragmatism and simple ethic he seems to me to resemble Milton most, of all the English poets. He has none of Shakespeare's subtlety, none either of his universality or his knowledge of evil. His prescription for the world's ills is far too simple. But one feels that he was so happily dowered that what he counselled others to do came easily to him; in a life which, short in terms of years, was long in its toll of suffering he never lost for a moment his essential sunniness. The secret of his happiness was that he lived as in a dream and kept his eye fixed on the future. Nature for him was an explicit theophany and

he felt in his bones that the crown of life is immortality.

His genius is essentially lyrical. *Panchali Sapatam* is a noble fragment, but it is no more characteristic than *Hyperion*. Milton's "simple, sensuous, impassioned" perfectly describes the song-sequence inspired by Kannan, the Divine child, and the lovely "Kuyil". There is about that last poem a chiselled perfection, a jewel-like purity and a contented acceptance of the seemliness of Nature which could only proceed from a poet who had achieved centrality. And it shows a glorious capacity for laughter. For those who would look deeper there is abiding significance too. The Monkey, the Ox and the Man, like all great images, speak to us from many levels of reference. In "Kuyil" the Spirit of Beauty has found a Tamil voice, the voice of running water.

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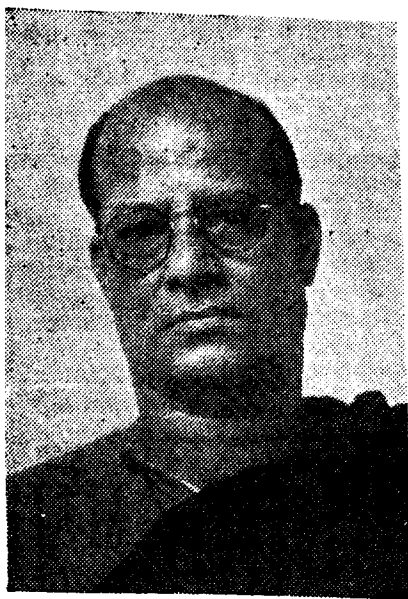
SIDELIGHTS :

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat,
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,

Nor ruin make accusers great.

—Sir H. WOTTON.

THE photograph of Annie Besant printed in this issue is that of a sculptured bust done by D. P. Roy Chowdhuri, Principal of the Madras School of Arts, no stranger here. When the bust was made Dr. Besant had passed away. The sculptor reconstructed her face in clay with the aid of a photograph. A small feat this. Only a master-sculptor could attempt such a feat without mishap. In painting, the



D. P. Roy Chowdhuri

artist is concerned with just a plane surface. The skill needed is one-dimensional. He has a whole world of colours to choose from to charm the eye. But the blandishments of colour are inaccessible to sculpture. It calls for a type of skill that is concerned not with producing an illusion of reality but with capturing out of the ever-

changing forms of reality one actual moment, and freezing it into an inescapable structure. Into that one moment of the intensest perception the whole soul of the sculptor is squeezed as through a crucible. Experience and execution synchronise. You become aware of a terrible moment as of child-birth, of the strain of a seer stretched tight, the magic fingers are thrown into a spasm of labour, and the next thing seen is a master piece.

The finishing touches of sculpture are by the real master of the art executed with sanguine approach and a lightning swiftness. Ruggedness is here more dynamic than a polished effect. For dynamism in sculpture there is none now that can hold a candle to Chowdhuri in the whole country, and even in the wide world outside few can be ranked as his peers. Those who wish to commemorate the nation's great by erecting statues in their honour should realise that posterity for whom the statues are meant deserves to be saved from the infliction of the second-rate on its attention. Karachi's monument erected last year in honour of the Mahatma was not a work of art but an outrage and a caricature. Chowdhuri if given the chance would have worked wonders.

The centenary celebrations in honour of Dr. Besant reflect in a considerable measure the characteristics which she strove to impart to all she came across. She has left behind thousands of admirers whose lives were revolutionised by the influence she exerted on them. Her great service to India lay in the pattern of citizen she worked to create through precept and example. Apparently contradictory qualities were by her harmonised in practical life. She combined western conceptions of discipline and efficiency with an Oriental philosophic outlook. Rigid in the pursuit of duty, she avoided with ease and skill the

besetting bane of intolerance to which the puritanic are ordinarily given. While imposing exacting standards on herself, she was capable of extreme gentleness to smaller individuals on lower levels. She was a democrat in political theory and also in her gift of facile fraternisation with all and sundry. But she was an irrepressible aristocrat in niceties of breeding and behaviour that kept her in all situations at a great distance culturally from the ways of crowds and common multitudes. Economics, art, journalism, spirituality, social reform, cosmopolitanism, patriotism, public spirit were all blended by her into a grand amalgam for the inspiration of the young. She blessed the country of her adoption by enriching its life at innumerable points with magnificent achievements and institutions rendered possible by her phenomenal energy and the unique versatility of her genius.

The centenary celebrations belong to a week packed with great events. Now for the first time after attaining Governor's rank, C. R. is coming on a visit to the South. It is being heralded by Doctors Rajan and Subbarayan with wistful utterances canvassing his restoration to administrative power in the province. C. R. doesn't fit in easily with the pomp and circumstance that pertain to a Governor's role. A title like His Excellency juts out refusing to fall into position and sound smooth and proper in any mode of address attached to his name, however dexterously manipulated. We do not honour the Mahatma if we were to call him His Excellency the Mahatma. The plain truth of the matter is that C. R. has outgrown the stage of finding reward through elevation to a Governor's office,

coming as it now does, through patronage of the High Command. When one who should or could have himself belonged to the High Command dispensing gifts like Governorships to others is reduced to the



C. R. in chancellor's robes

position of a recipient of one such gift, it is difficult for honest well-wishers to congratulate him on the change, and C. R. at Calcutta to make way for Mr. Shanmukham Chetti at Delhi symbolises an incongruity over which I for one cannot rejoice. It has to be heavily atoned for by the perpetrators.—SAKA.

An official conducting a Government quiz called on Mrs. Jones and asked her what she did with herself all day.

"I keep the house clean, cook all the meals, wash the dishes, do all the laundry, mend, the clothes and queue for food," she replied.

The official thanked her and made an entry in his notebook. It read:

Mrs. Jones—Housewife—no occupation.—London Tit-Bits.

EX-ARMY MEDICAL MAN: IS HE PATRIOT OR HIRELING?

by AN EX-ARMY MEDICAL MAN

THE ex-army medical man! What is he? Is he a patriot, an anti-national, a hireling, a human being, what is he?

Demobilisation started from the latter half of 1945 and is still proceeding. The then Government in power, while recruiting men, promised many things for them. Rules for the employment of ex-service-men were put on the statute. But even today hundreds of medical men all over the province are wasting their time and hard-earned money for the Government to make a decision. Let us take the criticisms against these men one by one.

Are they hirelings? Who are the Indian I.C.S.'s, the I.P.'s, the vast army of provincial service men, N.G.O.'s? Whom did they serve? What part have they played in the nation's struggle for freedom? Are they also not hirelings? Why brand a man who served in the army for a short time as 'hireling' but not those who pledged their whole lives to the service of then Government?

Are they anti-national? Who is a nationalist? Only those who were members of the Congress, only those who went to jail, or only the newly converted four-anna members who hold Cabinet rank now? Does the public know that the tremendous spirit of the educated Indian element in the army contributed not a little to convincing the English men of the futility of holding on to India? Do they realise that the educated Indian army man was the biggest propagandist for India's claim to independence from Algiers to Bali, from Scotland to New Zealand? In these troubled times, who is the backbone of law and order? The Indian army. The much abused Indian army, which overnight has become a great nationalist organisation.

The I.N.A. after its initial big boom seems to have slumped again.

What is the I.N.A.? Was it not that part of the Indian army which was captured by the Japs? In what way is the ex-army man different from the I.N.A. man?

I wish to ask the Madras Government on behalf of hundreds of ex-army men who are anxiously waiting to know their future, what reason there is for still holding in abeyance the announcement of the Public Services Commission with regard to the ex-army applicants whom they interviewed and tested?

Let us look at the public health programme of our Ministers. The Bhoré Committee report has had its day. On and off it serves as an authority to quote from. They use it, say, like Shakespeare or the Puranas. When they are well, they prattle about indigenous systems of medicine; when cornered they plead lack of funds; when sick they rush to the nearest Allopath or hospital; when planning their children's education, they send them to the medical college; when they want a doctor as son-in-law, they choose an Allopath! Is all this possible in any land except India? With the public health services so poorly organised, when other countries are advancing by leaps and bounds in scientific medicine, we are still having newer and newer medical reorganisation committees with retired or retiring people but no young blood. They meet once a month probably, and Tom calls Dick a jolly great man and *vice versa* and wind up with another report.

Meanwhile the trained doctor, the ex-serviceman, who has done preventive and curative work, who has specialised, who has travelled widely and seen and studied how things are done, who has returned full of ideas and with a desire to do his bit for his country, is despised, abused and kept in suspense. Will justice be done to them?

Short Story

Biter Bit

by Yeji

SEKHAR and Leela left their laboratory and were caught in the press of the evening crowd that was promenading the Marina.

"It is wretched walking on this pavement at this hour" complained Leela. "We have to halt at every fifth step either to make way for others or to avoid somebody dashing against you."

Sekhar took the hint.

"Let us leave this crowd, Leel. We will walk by the Lovers' Path. I was only afraid the sand there might get into your shoes. Come along."

The Lovers' Path was comparatively quiet and Sekhar and Leela walked faster and undisturbed.

"It has been a tiring day" she said.

"Yes. And I see you overworking yourself nowadays, Leela. You look so exhausted."

"It is because I want to finish my thesis before Professor Rajan leaves for the States."

"Why? What has Rajan's foreign tour to do with your thesis?" he asked her jokingly.

"I have known Professor Rajan for some months now and do not hesitate to go to him to get points cleared up. He is quite considerate. I don't know what sort of man the new-comer will be?"

"But I am sure anybody will welcome such chances of rendering service to a charmer like you!"

"Oh Sekhar!" and she blushed.

They walked in silence and it was Leela who broke the silence.

"When is your train tonight?" she asked.

"At half-past ten. Practically the last train to leave the station."

"You will be away just for a fortnight but I.....think I will miss you very much."

"And you know how eager I will be to get back. In fact, it is so difficult tearing myself away from you. There is no point in postponing the journey when I am keen on settling matters with uncle."

"Sekhar!" Leela pleaded. "I don't want you to do anything impulsively and in a hurry. I want you to think it over."

"Well, dear, I have thought it all out and I have made up my mind."

"Suppose your uncle is not agreeable?"

"Not agreeable!.....you are putting it very mildly, Leela. He will be positively against our marriage because...."

"Because he hates inter-caste marriages?"

"Not only that."

"What else is it, then?" asked Leela quite bewildered.

"You see, he has more or less made up his mind that I should marry Nirmala."

"Nirmala! Who is she?"

"She is my cousin. My uncle's only daughter."

"Oh! You have never told me about her. How old is she? Is she educated?"

"She is doing her B. A."

Sekhar was again silent.

"So you are in a fix now." That was a very clever feeler but Sekhar was cleverer.

"Not at all" he said. "I am determined to marry you and nothing will make me change."

Leela looked quite satisfied.

"But Sekhar," she said appealingly. "I don't want you to ruin yourself for my sake. I can't forgive myself if you are to incur your uncle's wrath. You say he has done so much for you. I am afraid you will be tactless and rude...."

"Leela, dear," Sekhar interrupted. "Don't get excited. You should not worry your pretty little head with these things. Leave them to me."

They were near the rickshaw stand by now and they halted there.

"So, Sekhar, let me wish you a pleasant journey and a happy holiday."

"Thank you, Leel. I'll write to you from Trichy and you must reply to me. Please don't overwork yourself. Good night."

"Bye-Bye."

Sekhar received a warm welcome at his uncle's house early next morning. After his coffee he was talking to his uncle answering his many affectionate enquiries.

"There, Nirmala is coming down" said his uncle and Sekhar looked up to find his cousin half down the stairs. For a moment he doubted if it was not some goddess descending. He was captivated by her beauty. He got up and smiled as she came near.

"Hullo" she said shyly.

"Hullo" he repeated.

It was his aunt who came to his rescue.

"Nirmal was telling me only yesterday that she has not seen Sekhar for two years now" she said.

"Yes" echoed his uncle, "whenever Sekhar was here for the holidays, it happened that Nirmala was enjoying hers with her aunt in Tinnevely."

Sekhar was pleasantly thrilled. Tall, slim and fair, Nirmala was positively alluring. There was a conflict of desires in him. The prospect of a happy house with Nirmala, a comfortable and luxurious life, was quite attractive. He remembered Leela. "After all, in the long run....." he hesitated; "Leela has known me only for a few months and may be able to forget me. Poor girl!" His sympathy oozed out. "I can't go on like this. I must write to her. Hasn't she herself asked me to reconsider the whole affair?" Next second he felt his conscience pricking him and he realised he was remembering her advice only to excuse his callousness. He was being thoroughly selfish, he knew. He wanted to be clever and tactful and did not know how to break with Leela. He was quite confused..... Although a week went by since he had left Leela, he did not write to her.

His uncle had a talk with him one day. I have spoken to the Manager of Dimmy & Co. about you and he has promised to take you in April next. So, that is fixed up. And, if you have no objection we can arrange to have the wedding a week after your appointment." He was one of those who were particular about having the bridegroom's status advertised in the invitation cards.

"But, uncle....." started Sekhar but could not proceed.

"What is it, boy?" fondly asked his uncle. "I have already consulted Nirmal, if that is what is troubling you."

"No...." It was impossible for Sekhar to speak. How could he tell him that while he wanted Nirmala, he could not quite make up his mind to give up Leela. He looked up at his uncle, tears welled up in his eyes and he just managed to mumble "Thank you." "It is all right, my son" said his uncle and patted him on the back. That night Sekhar wrote to Leela.

Life in his uncle's home was so pleasant that Sekhar did not feel time slipping by. He was plunged in thoughts and day-dreams of a happy and bright future.

He had gone to the swimming pool with his uncle that morning when the post was brought in. Nirmala who happened to be by, glanced at a cover addressed to Sekhar while picking up the newspapers to read. She was interested. Surely, she felt it was in a lady's hand; the writing had the feminine flourishes. Prompted by curiosity and strengthened by a possessive instinct, she opened the cover. It contained an endearingly autographed photograph of Sekhar and a long letter from Leela. Nirmala read the letter. Returning the picture, Leela had made biting references to Sekhar's breach of promise. She did not exactly call him a cad but was eloquent enough. However, she added, she would not interfere in his life.

Nirmala got all hot and bothered as she read the letter. On hearing the sound of footsteps she hurriedly tucked the letter and the picture under the cushion of her chair and opened the newspapers to read. She could not read; her thoughts were elsewhere. When Sekhar and his uncle returned home, the uncle went straight to his room to attend to his letters.

"Any letters for me?" asked Sekhar as he approached Nirmala.

"Were you expecting any?"

"Not particularly. But it is just possible some of my friends may write a few lines, you see."

"You have to be disappointed then, because no friend has written."

She held the newspaper in front of her and avoided looking at him while Sekhar went inside to change his dress.

The next night Sekhar left for Madras to resume his work at the laboratory. When the train steamed into the Chingleput Station he bought a newspaper and was surprised to find the announcement of the engagement of Professor Rajan and Miss Leela.

"Mine!" he exclaimed. All the same he heaved a sigh of relief.

"Probably she was fonder of Rajan," he consoled himself.

His colleagues cast wistful glances at him when he went to the lab. One was bold enough to remark "The bird has flown!"

"I can see it!" answered Sekhar quite good-humouredly. He joined them in cracking jokes and wanted them to realise that he did not really require their sympathy.

He bought expensive notepaper to write to Nirmala. They were engaged now and Sekhar could not resist the urge to write to her. Just as he was

setting down to do so, the postman knocked at his door and handed him a bulky letter.

Sekhar knew it was from his uncle. He opened it and out fell his photograph and Leela's letter. His head reeled; he understood everything. A curt and angry letter from his uncle was also enclosed. His uncle called him a viper. "Nirmala does not want to marry one who is so fickle in his affections and I don't want you to set foot in my house hereafter."

Sekhar knew very well that when his uncle said something he meant nothing else.

"These women....." he clenched his teeth.

THE PUNJAB MARTYRS

by S. SRINIVASA IYER

IT has been remarked that the Provincial Government committed a blunder in offering to receive in Madras ten thousand refugees from the Punjab. This view entirely ignores our duty to our own people. For a true Indian patriot, there is neither north nor south, Tamil or Andhra, Gujarat or Maharashtra. The Hindu nation is one single family from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin and thus alone can we survive. But who are these so-called refugees? And why have they left their homes? They are Hindus and Sikhs, owners, from the days of Alexander and Porus, of the rich lands of the West Punjab, the richest in all Asia. They love their homes and their native hills and dales as ardently as any other people. No ordinary calamity would have induced them to leave their native land, their houses and estates, their sacred temples and Gurudwaras, the holy places wherein lie the ashes of their forefathers, watered by the mighty Indus and its five perennial tributaries. They are famous for their courage and they have proved their martial qualities in the battle-fields of the world. There must be overwhelming reasons for this mass exodus of millions. When the apparatus of Government passed into the hands of the Muslim Leaguers, who are backed

by the Muslim soldiery, the unarmed and disarmed Hindus and Sikhs had no chance against Muslim fanaticism which never tolerates the existence in its midst of a non-Muslim minority. The alternative before these Hindus and Sikhs was either conversion or death according to the law of the Shariat. The Hindu-Sikh minority could have remained in Pakistan in the full enjoyment of all their possessions, in perfect security, if only they had chosen to embrace Islam. They would have remained as leaders of Pakistan, like Mr. Jinnah himself who is the son of a recent Hindu convert to Islam. But they chose the path of suffering, the loss of every earthly possession and sacrificed their all for the religion of their fathers, for our common Hindu culture and civilization. They are martyrs for their faith, who have crossed the horrors of hell to reach the friendly borders of Hindustan and we should be proud of them. Are we to tell them that they are unwelcome and that their presence would displease the Muslim Leaguers of Madras?

Hindu hospitality is proverbial. Are we to confine it to the fugitive and hunted Parsi who sought shelter amongst us in the 8th century or to the Syrian Christian who was welcomed to our shores a 1,000 years ago by a Hindu Maharajah?

love of Hindu kith and kin a time in the eyes of nationalists? The Government of Madras would have failed in their duty if they had not extended this elementary hospitality to our Punjab martyrs. It shows that in spite of our petty differences and selfish quarrels, if one part of Hindudom bleeds, the agony is felt through every limb and fibre of the body from the Indus to the Seas. The so-called refugees are entitled to priority in food, housing, employment, education, and in everything else that we possess. Let us remember that for long centuries, we in the south have been able to enjoy comparative freedom and security, because the mighty dam built by the martyred Guru to stem Muslim terror proved safe and sound and the Sikhs held their ground in the Punjab with resounding glory and success. Had the Hindus and Sikhs of the Punjab failed, the Muslim avalanche would have swept over us also and the Hindu name would have been wiped out long ago from the face of the earth. These Punjab refugees have suffered more than any saint or mahatma living or dead under the sky. The very air they breathe is sacred, the dust of their feet is holy and their presence in Madras will add to the purity and sanctity of our part of India and will be a blessing to our land. Thousands of Andhras are pouring into Bezawada from Hyderabad, refugees from Muslim terror, let loose by the Turkish Nizam, more alien to us than the British. Are we to tell them that they have no place in our midst? Should we not rather try to assuage their sufferings and if possible to destroy the menace that made them flee from the security of their homes in Warangal. The Punjab martyrs deserve no discrimination at our hands. They have suffered, not for their birth or race, like the Jews of Europe but for their faith which they could have donned or doffed at their pleasure, if they had been weak-minded or cared only to survive somehow or other.

The Muslim Leaguers of Madras, comrades of the Punjab Leaguers, have put out the false propaganda that the peace of Madras will be disturbed by the influx of the refugees. It is ever the part of the Muslim game to attribute to their opponents in advance, the intention to commit atrocities which they have themselves planned to commit. If, as they loudly proclaim, there is comparative peace in Madras, the credit goes to the Hindus who are 93 per cent of the population and not to the 7 per cent Muslims who have done their worst to disturb the peace under the shadow of British patronage. Had the position been reversed and had Muslims been a majority of 93 per cent as in North West Frontier Province, will a single Hindu be allowed to enjoy his rights here as a citizen? Though they are a minority of 7 per cent, they have succeeded in disturbing the peace here in a remarkable degree, as Malabar, Vellore, Nellore, Guntur, Madura, Vaniambadi, Raichur and Kurnool can show. There has been one incident for each day of the year in this province if one follows events carefully, in all of which, without exception, the first blow has come from the Muslim.

Let us not swallow and repeat this Muslim League propaganda against the Punjab martyrs. Why do not these Leaguers of Madras protest against the entry into Hyderabad of Muslim refugees from the Punjab? The Muslim Leaguers of Madras, following the example of Choudhury Kalikuzamman and Suhrawardi are repeating rather late in the day Gandhi-sahasranamams, in order to throw dust in the eyes of Hindu statesmen, after they have done all they could to disrupt the country and ruin millions of innocent people. The Leaguers have been tossed into places of power on a tidal wave of hatred, bloodshed, rape and loot, foreign to the pacific culture of this ancient land whose toleration, hospitality and forgiving spirit they have exploited and abused to their hearts' content. Let us not be misled by them any longer.

RIGHT CAPITAL FOR FREE INDIA

by V. SUBRAMANIAN

SWATANTRA is not the first to have pleaded for "a swift and supreme decision of scrapping Delhi as our capital". The matter is being discussed in various journals and societies and as it is of first class importance it is worthwhile to deal with it at some length.

As regards the historic capitals of India, Indraprastha and Hasthinapura are said to have been near the site of Delhi, but this is not established. The wide Mourya Empire under Chandragupta, Asoka and his successors had Pataliputra (Patna) as capital. Kanishka had his capital at Purushapura (Peshawar) when the Frontier Province was a fertile and populous tract. The capital of the Gupta Empire during India's golden age was Ujjain and that of Harsha was alternately Sthaneshwar (west of Delhi) and Prayag (Allahabad). Delhi, as Vincent Smith has pointed out, is the youngest of India's capitals and was founded by Anangpal. After Gori's conquests it became the capital of the Slave dynasty, the Khiljies, the Tuglaks and the Lodies, successively. Babar chose Agra as his capital and Akbar built his own capital at Fatehpur Sikri. Shajahan built his capital at Delhi again, calling it Shajahanabad. Delhi was the Moghul capital till Bhausaheb Peshwa stormed it, melted down the gold canopy of Diwanikhas and shattered the imperial throne to pieces. The Marhatta Empire was a confederacy and each of its five units had its own capital. The English had Calcutta as their capital till 1911 when during the viceroyalty of Hardinge it was shifted to Delhi just to spite the Hindu Bengali babus for their anti-partition agitation and to pander to the sentiment of Muslims who had by then become the Empire's pet-boys.

From a brief historical survey it is clear that Delhi was not India's capital from pre-historic times; it was not the capital of any Hindu empire nor of all Muslim empires continuously and became British

India's capital only recently in 1911. No empire of Delhi lasted for long. Each change of dynasty or ruler brought untold miseries on its inhabitants. It has been the scene of bloody massacres, by Mongoles, Tamerlane, Nadir Shah and Ahmedsha Abdali. Delhi may as well be called the city of misery and massacre. All empires of Delhi were easily invaded from the north-west and were unable to control rebellious viceroys in the south relying on the axiom Delhi is distant. During the British regime Delhi officialdom developed an exclusiveness and lack of realism which still seems to infest it. Apart from bad traditions, Delhi is even now too non-central, too far north, too vulnerable and its hot summer necessitates a costly exodus to Simla. Delhi as capital is undesirable from all view-points and we must choose some other city as India's capital and assign to Delhi a proper place in our set-up.

The qualifications of a good capital may be taken to be (1) a central position from the strategic, administrative and military points of view, (2) invulnerability and a natural situation good for natural defence, (3) inspiring cultural and historic traditions, (4) equable climate, ample water supply and good living conditions. Taking some of the world's capitals, London is non-central but England being an island, a strategic land capital is unnecessary. London's tradition and its prosperity weigh against everything else. Paris and Rome are ideal capitals. From the defence view-point, Berlin situated at the edge of a forest is quite ideal. Moscow, if not geographically central, is central from the population point of view, Russia's population being mainly in the west, though Moscow's vulnerability has caused concern. Defence being a secondary consideration for isolated America, Washington was chosen, away from commercial cities, mainly to keep

away the influence of the money bosses. We must take the best from each of these and build a really great capital.

Taking into account all historical capitals and other sites in India, we have Patna, Allahabad, Thaneshwar, Calcutta, Ujjain, Nagpur and Wardha, of which all except the last three are strategically too far north or east. Nagpur is central, invulnerable, equable in climate but its traditions are only of the recent past. Wardha is central with a vengeance, invulnerable, but has a hot and dusty climate and has no traditions as a capital. One will have to start from scratch to build a big city there. But Ujjain is central enough and invulnerable and has an equable climate, good water supply and beautiful scenery all round. Its traditions are next only to Rome in the world's history. It was the capital of the imperial Guptas during India's golden age. It was the city of Kalidasa and other great poets and dramatists, of the grammarians Panini and Vararuchi and of astronomers like Bhaskara, the city which Fahien called heaven on earth. Besides this, it was in eastern geography the zero degree meridian of the world, accepted by nations like Chinese and Arabs and referred to as such by the Arab scholar, Alberuni himself. The Indian astronomer Bhaskara was the first to discover that the world was round as also the method of mapping it out by latitude and longitude. We must revive the tradition again if not for sentiment at least to stop the ridiculous pedantry of calling Arabia

and Egypt as the Middle East and Japan and China as the Far East. I would very strongly urge the claims of Ujjain to be the capital of India. It is in Indore State and can be acquired easily and from there you can keep watch over Hyderabad, Bhopal and Jhunagadh. But whatever site is chosen for our capital we must build a city truly worthy of our great traditions as also incorporating the best in modern scientific improvements. It must be built without delay, but after due deliberation and survey and not in a Toulakian manner.

As to the future of Delhi, *Swatantra* is right in assigning it to the care of Sikhs, a decision appropriate for more than one reason. Delhi is an ideal site for India's North Western Army Command, and the Sikhs with their martial traditions and local affiliations are its natural trustees. Secondly, Delhi is the real birth place of modern Sikhism which is as different from Guru Nanak's peace loving Sikhism as Calvinism from Catholicism. It was the martyrdom of the 9th Guru Teg Bahadur at the hands of Aurangzeb in Delhi that made the Sikhs the terror of Muslim imperialists and the sword arm of nascent Hinduism. Thirdly, the Jat Mahasabha as well as the Sikhs, have for long been asking for the creation of a province with Delhi as capital to be the home of the Khalsa. If this is done it may relieve the local exasperation created by the haphazard provincial boundaries drawn by the British.

DONATION TO BHARATI MEMORIAL FUND

The members of the Civil Supplies Recreation Club staged a Tamil drama "Mythili" on Sunday, 5th October '47 in aid of the Ettayapuram Bharati Memorial Fund. The Hon'ble Mr. T. S. Avinashilingam Chettiar, Minister for Education, presided.

At the request of the Secretary of the Club, the Minister presented to Mr. R. Krishnamurthi, Editor, "Kalki", a sum of Rs. 3,500, being the proceeds of the drama. The Minister appreciated the splendid performance of the actors.

Mr. R. Krishnamurthi said that it was a unique thing that the Civil Supplies Club should have presented so large a sum to the Bharati Memorial Fund.

FAMINE IN RAMPA CHODAVARAM

by M. V. SOMASUNDARAM

(President, E. Godavari Youth Congress)

RAMPA CHODAVARAM Agency tract in East Godavari has a population of 35,000. The weekly ration for the area is fixed at 260 bags only. Even that quota is not adhered to. The Government accounts show that only 649 bags were supplied in July and 598 bags in August. Families of 10 to 12 persons were being given only one-eighth to a half measure of rice per week. The ration is generally supplied only once in 15 or 20 days, and the quota of the non-supplying weeks is not carried over. Thousands of families did not receive any quota for the past 2 or 3 months. They took to eating palmyra fruits, tamarind seeds kanji, roots and barks of trees, which resulted in diarrhoea, swelling of the body and death in many cases.

The Youth Congress organised some meetings to bring to the notice of the authorities this pitiable state of affairs. But the authorities prohibited such meetings. They sent a contingent of reserve police and victimised youth Congress workers in several ways. The District Youth Congress reported this matter to Andhra Kesari Prakasam and Sri K. Lingaraju and supplied them with a list of 14 persons reported dead as a result of starvation. The point was raised in the Legislative Assembly. Dr. Rajan denied death by starvation and attributed various diseases to the several deceased person. The death of one in the list was also denied.

On 27th September Andhra Kesari, accompanied by Sri K. Lingaraju and the President of the District Youth Congress, toured the area and interviewed thousands of people.

Several witnesses including very near relatives of the deceased persons gave written statements. They all deposed that the total number of deaths is in hundreds, that all are pure cases of starvation deaths, that all the deceased were quite hale and healthy till a few days back, that all of them died on account of motions or swelling of the body as a result of unhealthy and improvised unnatural diet. Very near relatives of the two women in the list deposed that the deceased were not pregnant at all and that the Food Minister's allegation that they died of abnormal delivery was ridiculous and false. In the original list of 14, one Chinna Reddi was mentioned by mistake. In fact, it was his daughter aged about 8 years that died. In addition to these 14, the witnesses supplied the names and other particulars of 17 others who died. All these 31 died within the past 15 or 20 days and all died of starvation. The Government doctor, Rampa Chodavaram, stated that he was treating every day people with unhealthy symptoms as a result of unnatural diet.

Starvation is written large over every one we saw. The people are sinking down. The heroics of our Food and Revenue Ministers that they will personally atone for every starvation death will help nobody. It is ironical to allege that East Godavari is a surplus area and drain it to the last drop. Unless exports from this district are immediately stopped and food supplies are rushed in to the Rampa Chodavaram area, the consequences will be terrible.

Billy's parents had a visitor, a man with whom his father had gone to college. When the parents were out of the room, Billy asked the guest, "Haven't you got a wife?"

"No, I haven't," was the answer.

"Well, then", asked Billy, "who tells you what to do?"

SPOTLIGHT ON THE



JUST as in Shakespeare's play the spirit of Julius Caesar continues to influence men and events even after the death of Caesar, Germany, even after her defeat in World War II, continues to worry and divide the victorious Allies. The Council of Foreign Ministers is scheduled to meet in November this year to make what most observers believe will be the final attempt to achieve agreement on the long-delayed peace treaty with Germany. The alternative to inter-Allied agreement will inevitably be the conclusion of separate treaties with Germany by the Big Powers. The fireworks that are sure to be let off at the forthcoming Foreign Ministers' Conference will be more significant and less amusing than the usual disagreements, because the prospects of reaching an agreement on the future of Germany have been seriously damaged by the failure of the occupying Powers (America, Britain, France and Russia) to treat Germany as a single economic unit, and by the recent decision of the chiefs of the combined Anglo-American zone to revive German industry and to make the Ruhr the hub of the proposed West European economic bloc.

REBUILDING THE RUHR

The importance of the Ruhr, which is in the British zone, in any scheme of European reconstruction, will be evident from the fact that, before the war, it was in this giant industrial region of the Reich that Germans mined 70 per cent of their bituminous coal, which formed the foundation of Germany's heavy industry and warmaking capacity. The high-grade coking coals of the Ruhr made possible the development of Germany's mighty steel industry (second only to that of the

U.S. before the war), two-thirds of which was located in the Ruhr. The restoration of coal and steel production in the Ruhr is therefore an obvious method of overcoming the coal and steel famine from which post-war Europe has been suffering. But the solution is not so simple as it might sound, because the rebuilding of the Ruhr on the old basis that existed in Hitler Germany would be the surest way of letting the Nazis stage a come-back. It was the coal and steel barons, the chemical kings and the financial moghuls of Germany who formed the backbone of Hitler's Nazi State. The revival of heavy industries in the Ruhr by German private enterprise, as at present advocated by the U.S., would therefore be a most dangerous development.

Rebuilding the Ruhr has not always been the policy of either the U.S. or the other Allied Powers. Expert surveys at the end of the war revealed that, in spite of the impressive visible effects of bombing, 50% of the plants in the Ruhr region remained capable of immediate production and 70% of eventual restoration. The Kilgore Committee reported to the U.S. Senate in July 1945 that this potential would enable "Germany in defeat (to) remain a major threat to the peace of the world." Henry Morgenthau therefore advised President Roosevelt that "the Ruhr should not only be stripped of all presently existing industries but so weakened and controlled that it cannot in the foreseeable future become an industrial area." This drastic advice was embodied in the policy directive issued in April 1945 by the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff to General Dwight D. Eisenhower, then American military chief in Germany.

This directive envisaged a future Germany in which agriculture would be emphasized, industry minimized. In March 1946 the Allied Control Council in Berlin announced its "Plan for Reparations and the Level of Post-War German Economy." This plan reduced the total level of German industry to about 50 or 55 per cent of what it had been in 1938, and divided German industries into 3 categories—prohibited, restricted and unrestricted. Finally, it set steel production at 7.5 million ingot tons—whereas pre-war steel production in Germany was 19 million tons per year.

A highly industrialized country cannot make ends meet through the export of "pots and pans, toys and textiles." Before the war, in 1936 for instance, the export surplus of the Ruhr region enabled Germany to earn between 1.5 and 2 billion Reichsmarks, with which she financed her essential imports. It is easy to realise how the March 1946 plan left Germany with a completely unbalanced economy, with the consequence that the occupation costs became a burden to the occupying Powers. It is estimated that payments for imported essential supplies for the British occupied zones of Germany and Austria cost the British Government, in other words the British taxpayer, about 320 million dollars during 1946-47. Similar support of their zone is estimated to cost the Americans 200 million dollars a year. Even now, coal and steel production figures in the Ruhr have not attained levels permitted by the 1946 Allied plan. This is due to various reasons such as food shortages, transport dislocation, etc. The situation has been rendered worse due to the failure of the occupying Powers to evolve unified administration for Germany, though one of the requirements of the oft-invoked Potsdam Agreement was that Germany should be administered as one economic unit. This failure has meant that the relatively agricultural surplus region of Eastern Germany (occupied by Russia) has been cut off from the highly industrialised and food deficit regions of Western Germany

(occupied by America, Britain and France.) Since Britain has to purchase a considerable part of her own food requirements from the U.S. with dollars, she has found it extremely difficult (what with her acute dollar shortage) to carry the burden of feeding the Germans in the British zone. Hence Britain plumped for the American offer of merger when Mr. Byrnes announced, on July 11, 1946, that pending agreement among the four Powers, the U.S. would join with any other occupying Power for unified economic management of their respective zones. Since then, American policy with regard to German industry has been gradually reversed. On May 8, 1947, Dean Acheson declared that one of the main aims of American policy must be "to push ahead with the reconstruction of those two great workshops of Europe and Asia—Germany and Japan—upon which the ultimate recovery of the two continents so largely depends. . . ." The U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff early in July 1947 issued a new policy directive, superseding their earlier directive, to General Lucius D. Clay, now American military commander in Berlin. This new directive was in effect a "green light" for Clay to go ahead with steps necessary to restore German industry. On August 29, 1947, the chiefs of the combined Anglo-American zone decided to raise the level of almost all industries; the level of steel, in particular, was raised to the target of 10.7 million tons per year. This brought prompt protests from both France and Russia.

FRENCH FEARS

Historically, the Ruhr (as the arsenal of the German war machine) has always been a menace to the security of France. The last war was, for France, the third and most disastrous war with Germany since 1870. The French demand since the end of World War II has therefore been that the Ruhr should be treated as "a political entity independent of Germany and placed under a regime of internationalization both political and economic." But such an amputation of Germany

is unanimously opposed by all German parties, from conservatives to Communists. Britain opposed the French plan because its implementation would create serious discontent among the German people. Russia also opposed the French plan. Molotov said at the July 1946 Conference of Foreign Ministers that "without the Ruhr Germany cannot exist as an independent and viable State." However, in order to allay the legitimate fears of France, Britain proposed that the Ruhr should be occupied "for many years" and—what was more important—guaranteed that virtually all industries of the Ruhr should be socialized and placed in the hands of public corporations controlled by the interested Allied Powers.

But socialization of industries, at home or abroad, is anathema to the U.S. And Britain, at present, is hopelessly dependent on the dollar and is powerless to do anything that the U.S. dislikes. Hence the 'postponement' of nationalisation of the Ruhr coal mines in the British zone, despite Mr. Bevin's year-old promise. It is an open secret that the Anglo-American understanding on boosting German industrial production includes an undertaking by the U.S. that she will meet the dollar expenditure on Germany at present borne by Britain, *provided* the cry for nationalisation is given up.

ANTI-RUSSIAN BASTION-BUILDING

France is as much dependent on the dollar as Britain is. It was reported from Paris on September 12 that the Americans were, in fact, implicitly making a new loan to France conditional on her adopting a more 'pliant' attitude on the German issue—that is, on France merging her zone of Germany with the Anglo-American zone. In spite of the pro-Western slant of the present French Government, Bidault has till now refused to oblige the Americans, presumably waiting for the November meeting of the Foreign Ministers where Russia might join hands with France in opposing the Anglo-American scheme for rebuilding German industry without ade-

quate safeguards for the security of Germany's neighbours.

Russia has already denounced the Anglo-American scheme of increased industrial production in Germany as a unilateral decision in violation equally of the principles underlying the Potsdam Agreement and of the specific clauses of the March 1946 plan unanimously adopted by the occupying Powers. American insistence that German private enterprise should be given a free hand in rebuilding the Ruhr is bound to meet with opposition not merely from Russia, but from the Left-wing Socialists all over Europe, as well as from every person who cares to remember the role played, before the outbreak of World War II, by German capitalists (actively aided by foreign, among them American, monopolies) in building up Nazi Germany as a 'bastion' for attack on Soviet Russia. Today, private enterprise in Germany will inevitably mean uncontrolled American investments. In the present atmosphere of the anti-Russian campaign launched by the U.S. and acquiesced in by the British Government, there is real danger of the Ruhr which was once the 'arsenal of the Wehrmacht' being revived so as to be the arsenal of American capitalism in a possible war against Russia. British Socialists have already recognized this danger and sounded the warning. Harold J. Laski writes: "A ruined Europe is with some probability to be restored by America on its western side. But the condition of its restoration will be its subordination to the new world role of U.S. capitalism. That is bound to have political consequences of a momentous kind.... We ought not to be driven to a choice we need not make. Unless we are very careful, the price for American aid will be the rebuilding of the very same class under whose sponsorship Hitler came to power. That does not mean peace but war." The *New Statesman and Nation* similarly wrote editorially: "If the Americans intend to establish firmly in the Ruhr an interim regime based on the substantial restoration of private German ownership without

international control.... Wall Street's conceptions would triumph regardless of Europe's demand for security. Acceptance of such a plan by the British Government, after Mr. Bevin's repeated declarations to the contrary, would be regarded

throughout Western Europe as a complete sell-out of Social-democracy." Democratic opinion is apprehensive precisely because Social-democracy has unfortunately been "sold out" many times within living memory.

EXODUS OF C. P. MUSLIMS TO HYDERABAD

by O. V. RANGA RAO

EVER since September 21, there has been a large-scale exodus of Muslims from Nagpur and other places in the Central Provinces and Berar. There are still hundreds of Muslims, mostly women and children, waiting at the Nagpur station with their belongings heaped on the platform. Reports that are reaching Nagpur speak of thousands of Muslim passengers flocking to the railway stations between Nagpur and Ballarash, and waiting for days together for entraining to Hyderabad. The Grand Trunk Express coming from Delhi is being virtually monopolised by these men, women and children from Nagpur onwards. At Wardha the passenger train which starts daily for Hyderabad is packed with Muslims going to Hyderabad.

Nothing has happened in the Central Provinces and Berar to warrant such a wholesale migration of the minority and in such haste. Panic is ascribed as the reason for this exodus. Mere searches of a few houses of suspects and the recovery of some arms and ammunition could not have caused so great a panic as to make mass exodus the order of the day.

And so people are asking the question: "Who is behind this move, and what makes the Muslims living peacefully so far, change their minds overnight?" The answer has so far been vague. But now it is being conclusively established that the Nizam is behind this exodus. Reports current in the Press indicate that the Government of Hyderabad has made arrangements to receive Muslims from other pro-

vinces and States in the Indian Union, and to camp them at Yerragutta near Hyderabad temporarily. The reports add that thousands are pouring into Hyderabad from every incoming train day after day.

Reports have just reached Nagpur from Wardha that the Wardha District Police have arrested two Muslims at Hinghanghat town and it is said that certain incriminatory documents have been recovered from the arrested persons. The documents, it appears, suggested to the Muslims of Central Provinces and Berar that all facilities for rehabilitation and resettlement will be given to Muslims by the Hyderabad State and that therefore they should now migrate in thousands to Hyderabad.

Some time back many Muslims were arrested in Berar who proved later to be spies from the Hyderabad State. It is clear that the agents of Hyderabad State have been very active in the Central Provinces and Berar for some time past, and there is every reason to believe that they are active in other provinces also. A gigantic espionage system is now at work reared up and maintained by the Hyderabad State to lure all the Muslims in the Indian Union to Hyderabad, disrupt the Indian Union, and to strengthen the State administration as against the rising of the progressive forces within Hyderabad.

It is needless to remind the Muslims—ignorant and mostly illiterate—at present migrating to Hyderabad, that the State's population is over 85 per cent non-Muslim, and that

by his absence. Mr. Purushottamdas Tandon, a most independent-minded gentleman, heroically opposed the resolution. It must be confessed that one was disappointed to find the Mahatma unwilling to cast off the Old Guard and take on new colleagues to work with—which would have been the consequence of a defeat of the Working Committee in the A.I.C.C. Mr. Krishnalal Shridharani sees in the Mahatma's recent reference to Churchill's services to Britain and his subsequent overthrow, and the Mahatma's approval of that overthrow, a hint that the present Government had its day, and they should make place for others. This reading however seems to be too good to be true.

The saying about being wise after the event comes to one's mind. But perhaps it is better to be wise at some time at least. The contribution of Lord Mountbatten to all this confusion and killings cannot be ignored either. As Phanindra Bajpai said, it is all right for the Governor-General to be a man with drive and things of that kind, but what about those who are being driven? There was needless hurry in the British decision to divide and quit. If they wanted to quit, they should have quit and left the dividing to others. If, on the contrary, they wanted to divide and quit, then they should have seen the division through. Transfer of population was a necessary corollary to division. That should have been attended to. There was no point in not announcing the award of the Boundary

Commission until after August 15, except, if the British wished to shirk the responsibility for what followed after the Radcliffe pronouncement. When things went wrong, poor Maj.-General Rees, who was in command of the boundary forces, was dismissed or recalled, or, as is the British custom, kicked upstairs. (We meet this genial figure almost everyday in the corridors of the upstairs of Government House.) Lord Mountbatten deserves to be congratulated because he caught hold of somebody before somebody else pointed to him as the man responsible. A good lot of political success depends upon the ability to find a suitable scapegoat.

The decent thing for Pandit Nehru to do is to announce the failure of the present Cabinet to deliver the goods. They have signally failed to maintain law and order. Nehru should therefore submit his Cabinet's resignation to the Governor-General. He would then be called upon to form a Government again, and he should come out with a team which is not divided against itself—as the present Cabinet certainly is. Some of the appointments in the Cabinet—like that of Bhabha and Shanmukham Chetty—are scandalous. There are other appointments in the diplomatic service and in the Secretariat which are inexcusable. Setting these right is a matter for the next Cabinet, not this one. Prof. Laski suggested that there should be a Minister in charge of all appointments. There is a good deal in that.



"The event to which the citizens of Junagadh look forward to most is the annual 'marriage' of a favourite dog of the Nawab Sahib with some chieftain's bitch, or 'vice versa'. The event is observed as a public holiday. The 'bridegroom's' party headed by the Nawab Sahib leaves for the 'bride's' house in a procession of elephants, horses, carriages and cars. The whole day is spent in festivities, and the nuptials are celebrated with due form and ritual. The Nawab proudly asserts that since the days of Nawab Wajid Ali Shah of Oudh this ceremony has not been performed under the aegis of any ruler in this world."—
J. N. Sahni.

BACKGROUND OF THE DOLLAR LOANS

by PRATHAPA RAMASUBBIAH

IT is a strange irony that the United States, the richest country in the world, is facing the gravest economic disaster the world has ever known. How has this come about?

The entire American economy today is controlled by giant business monopolists whose relentless hunt for profits has driven America to the verge of a crisis bringing in its wake dangerous problems for the peoples of the world including our own country.

America was the one country whose productive capacity during the war was twice over the pre-war level. One would have expected this to lead to a rising standard of living for the American people. But the monopoly control of American production produced a totally different picture. Consumers' Purchasing Power is steadily on the decline and one therefore hears increasing warnings of a slump.

When war production was at its peak, American big business, through its profitable war orders, was able not only to maintain but raise its profits even after the boom period by getting Truman to lift all price controls. This naturally resulted in the rise of the wholesale price index from 113 in July 1946 to 150 in July this year. The policy of unlimited rise in prices to maintain colossal profits is fraught with grave dangers. The millions of American masses to whom American goods must be sold are forced to buy less and less. This all-out fleecing of the people through price-rises and wage-falls deprived them of their savings and considerably contracted their purchasing power.

In the face of the approaching depression, the American monopolists have already armed themselves with ruthless powers through an anti-labour bill. This anti-working class policy will further lower the purchasing power of the

nation and greatly augment the crisis of over-production. American business magnates must now go in search of new markets abroad to dispose of the products that will go on incessantly piling up unsold in the U.S.A.

While the American financiers are rolling in dollars, the outside world suffers from severe dollar scarcity. America produces most of her own goods, and she defends her profits with heavy tariff duties on the few imports from outside. Consequently, the alternative before other countries that are in dire need of imports is to secure dollar loans. "This is the economic idea behind the Marshall Plan" says Prof. Varga—"to extend the sale of American production on the foreign market without importing goods." This is how American economists hope the fall in prices will be averted and the threat of crisis diminished.

With production diminishing in America, there is a strong natural tendency among businessmen not to invest any more in industrial concerns inside America. The American capitalist press outspokenly talks of finding satisfactory and profitable outlets for the vast volume of savings outside the territory of the U.S.A. American finance capital is therefore on the march for new sources of investment beyond American frontiers.

Let us not forget the fact that America's net foreign investments, so far, run into hundreds of billions of dollars.

American industrialists have been looking to India with covetous eyes. Unless our National Government solves our economic crisis in a real national way, there is the genuine threat of American capital invading India, which, in the existing state of affairs, provides a fertile field for American business. The Bombay speech of U.S. Ambassador Grady is a pointer.

there too they will remain a minority. Perhaps these emigrating Muslims have more trust in the Nizam's troops and Arabs to protect them than in the Union provincial administration. But times are changing and progressive forces are asserting themselves everywhere. What little advantages these migrating Muslims might get, at the expense of democracy and progress, will only be shortlived. The sooner they accept this truth the better for them.

This Muslim exodus to Hyderabad is not a provincial problem. It is now an all-India problem which the Government of India, however much pre-occupied with the Punjab, should look into immediately. There is more than meets the eye in the present exodus. The democratic people's movement in Hyderabad may be crushed very soon, what with the police and the troops and now the added strength of an

imported community sustaining the ruling class. Anti-Indian forces are being massed and armed in the midst of Free India under the very nose of the India Government. This bodes no good.

If Muslims want to leave the Indian Union, let them then leave by all means to Pakistan. But never should they be allowed to gather in the heart of India to prove at a later date a formidable check on the development and progress of free India, a potential danger to the security of the Union. What is therefore wanted immediately is stoppage of this exodus to Hyderabad State. Pending the final settlement of the Hyderabad issue, the Government of India could at least prevent the Nizam from further strengthening his position to the detriment of the interests of the majority of the people in the State and the security of the Indian Union itself.



SWATANTRA

1947 ANNUAL

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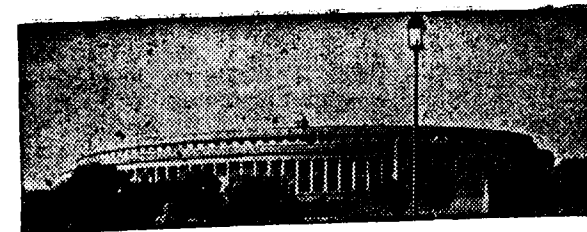
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NEW DELHI DIARY



by V. V. PRASAD

ONE of the men who presided over the Indian National Congress told me that if a stronger man than Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru was at the head of the Government, the Muslim League would not have been able to enter the Interim Government on its own terms. I do not agree with this contention. Pandit Nehru had been most democratic in this respect, because he never did a thing with reference to the Muslim League which did not meet with the approval of the Congress Working Committee. There was however a certain unwillingness on the part of the Congress Government as a whole to face the one-in-a-hundred prospect of leaving the Central Government.

What happened was that Lord Wavell in the course of conversation with Pandit Nehru mentioned that he would like to meet Mr. Jinnah. Panditji said nothing to that. Lord Wavell in the course of another conversation told his Vice-President that he would very much like to see Mr. Jinnah. Panditji did not say a word to that. Lord Wavell mentioned the Jinnah theme again and again and again. Pandit Nehru told Wavell: "If you want to meet somebody, surely I cannot prevent that." Or words to that effect. Lord Wavell invited Mr. Jinnah to meet him, and the Muslim League bloc was ushered in behind Panditji's back. Nehru asked Lord Wavell why he did that. Lord Wavell told him, "I took your permission, did I not?" It would seem the Congress Working Committee did not call upon Pandit Nehru to resign, nor did it occur to Panditji that he should. Pandit Nehru is reported to hold the definite view since then that the Congress

should never have entered the Interim Government.

Panditji's known thesis is that but for the Congress' entry into the Interim Government, the Muslim League could not have entered it. And but for the Muslim League's entry there could not have been two blocs in the Interim Government. Two blocs led to the inevitability of partition. And the inevitability led to partition itself. Q.E.D.

The Congress should have insisted on the parliamentary principle of one party rule when it commands absolute majority at the Centre. Mr. N. S. Varadachari would then have been quite glad not to raise that point of order about the peculiar position of a Muslim League Leader of the Opposition. Mr. Jai Prakash Narain alone among top-ranking Congress leaders seems to have grasped the role of the Muslim League as an unwitting tool of British Imperialism. He therefore wanted negotiations with the principals, namely the British, and not the agents. Dr. Khan Saheb, former Premier of the N.W.F.P., had stated that every Englishman in India was a Muslim Leaguer.

Now that partition is an accomplished and bloody fact, there is no sense in harping on the inevitability of One India at some distant future date. If they are so convinced of the error of partition, they should have opposed it tooth and nail. It was left to Mahatma Gandhi to oppose partition, and to ask the A.I.C.C. to accept the Working Committee's decision to accept partition. The Socialists opposed the official resolution, but remained neutral when the time for voting came. Mr. Jai Prakash Narain was conspicuous

American capital wherever it makes its inroads (as in Greece, Saudi Arabia, Turkey, Iran, Irak, Palestine, Latin America, Abyssinia) has never assisted in the building up of iron and steel, automobiles, heavy chemicals and such other industries. America is only interested in mines and raw materials which would be subservient to the highly industrialised American economy.

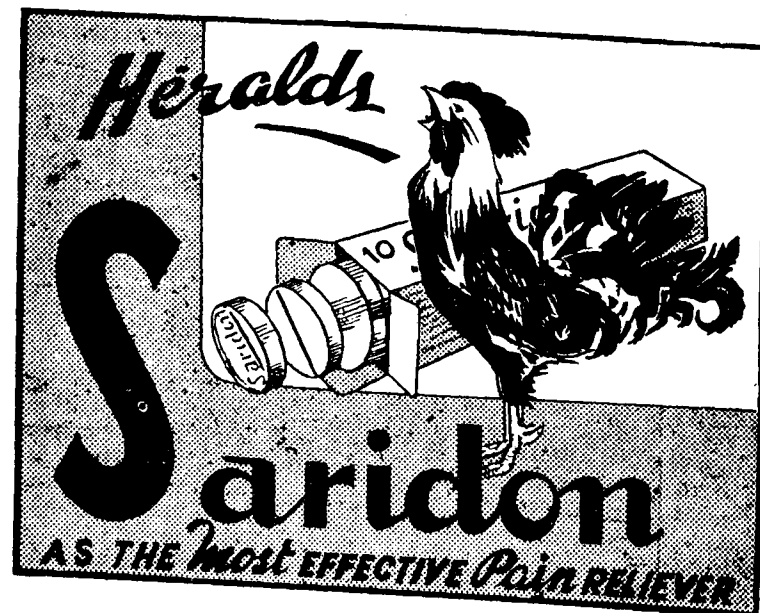
India has had experience of Indo-American and Indo-British (motor industry) joint corporations set up during the last two or three years. Apart from grabbing a very substantial share of the profits, the terms of the deals are so scandalous that American capital is in a position to dictate how fast the industry concerned is to develop. The aim of foreign capital clearly is to export to the limit and squeeze out of business existing industries in weaker countries which would be unable to compete with U.S.A.

American industrialists are determined to avert the threatening

catastrophe by granting extensive 'loans' to backward countries to make them pay for U.S. goods. In view of the imminence of the crisis, the American Government realises the urgency of granting these loans immediately rather than waiting till next year as the American Congress originally decided.

And wherefrom do these so-called loans emerge? It is again the American people through increased taxation that are required to fill the American Treasury.

But the dollar will not have an easy walk over. Opposition to the Marshall Plan is increasing among the working masses of Europe and progressive circles inside U.S.A. The economic collapse which is imminent in U.S.A. may be felt before the plan materialises. When the crisis does come, American taxpayers may oppose and prevent the granting of large new credits to Europe and other countries.



LYNCH LAW

by "P. M."

SOME recent references to this inflammatory theme in *SWATANTRA* have provoked me to essay the temerarious task of stating the case—such as it is—for the opposition. *Audi alterem partem*—hearing the other side—is a legal obligation cast on the judge; the more peremptorily he has made up his mind in advance as to the nature of the verdict, the more scrupulous should he be in going through this formality. I suspect that the ancient institution of the *Devil's Advocate* must have been devised chiefly to show up the poverty of the defence.

In the present instance, I cannot hope to counter the grim humour and relentless logic of Mr. Kingsley Martin writing on the retributive and recreational value of the American practice of lynching; nor can I match my blunted goose-quill against the burnished and scintillating stylus of versatile Vighneswara who devoted one of his recent hebdomedal meditations to this trying theme. But as both, in their very different ways, are caviare to the general, they must be content with the barren satisfaction of having appealed to the converted.

Although the term now connotes an unofficial (but none-the-less effective) extension of the American judicial system, its origins are lost in conflicting apocrypha, none of which coheres with the present signification. I need not however pursue the point further, since I am concerned with the thing itself, rather than with the name by which it has come to be misnamed.

In a short-range historical view, Lynch Law may be said to have been born in the agony of the American Civil War. The confederate State was reared on the doctrine that negroes were sub-human or at least different from the Americans, and that the two people should and could never mix. Much like our non-pareil Jinnah propounding and getting away with the two-nations theory with the emphasis on the

undeclared corollary that only one of them counts for all practical purposes. Lincoln's victory was so thorough, and his carpet-baggers made such havoc in the South that the Union became adamant. But the South has ever since been taking it back in Lynch Law and in a lion's share of the business of running the Federal administration in peace and in war.

In a long-range view, however, Lynch Law is but one manifestation of a widespread and ancient malady which has afflicted mankind with an inevitable periodicity which has not yet been fully explored. In Europe, it has long been known as 'pogroms'; Gurth, the Saxon swine-herd was as familiar with it as Goebbels the Teutonic swine-herd was. Untouchability in India, the colour bar in South Africa, and latterly the communal killings in the Punjab are other variants of the same phenomenon. Lynching is but the fine flower of a series, because it has evolved a perfect ritual out of an atavistic impulse. It is solemn, stately and spectacular. Greek tragedy is but a pinchbeck show in contrast to it.

Indeed, I am not sure if it is not rather the manifestation of a progressive impulse. For the sanction behind Lynch Law is the people's will. The latest concept of sovereignty is that it resides in the people's will. It would seem therefore as if Lynch Law is an advance intimation of the coming golden age rather than a barbaric relic of an unregenerate and oppressive past.

Birds of a feather flock together. King Arthur established his Round Table to provide common ground for the elite. The most exclusive clubs today are those which blackball the most numbers for the least valid reasons. Look at the U.N.O. The Pundit, the pharisee, the mandarin, the Brahmin, the Samurai have all been rolled into one in this new supercilious organisation, as it refuses to open its portals to ex-enemy

countries and their satellites—treating them as if they are the new pariahs, to be kept beyond the pale! An objective appraisal of such taboos is impossible. They are like the fabled Phoenix—for they rise from their own ashes, ever holding fast to a cult of inequality or a theory of master race which is proof against argument and ridicule because it is felt in the blood.

The law unaided has never been adequate to enforce justice in a growing society. It has had to work in politic association with what we loosely call public opinion. But it is a mistake to imagine that public opinion is always a progressive or liberating force. Witches were burnt at the stake according to law, as well as to soothe the rattled nerves of Mr. and Mrs. Tom, Dick and Harry until as recently as the middle of the eighteenth century. The ancient Jews stoned their malefactors—yesterday came a report from Lahore of a man being stoned to death. In either case, it is a splendid example of the administration of justice without middlemen or intermediaries. For every man becomes judge, jury and hangman, and feels exquisitely happy at vindicating the *status quo*.

One of the deepest susceptibilities of men is in regard to colour. I could never make out why white should be considered superior to black or brown, and why yellow should be dreaded by both black and white! One should rather expect a natural attraction between opposites. Perhaps that is the real truth, and it is to prevent such a catastrophe that the taboo was reared!

Varna or colour is one of the simplest tests of identity and safety, and must have been so treated in remote times. Though the Aryans were a fair-skinned people, how comes it that their chief god, Sri Vishnu, is *Neela Megha Syamala*?—to wit, blue-back! All of us may not have Lamb's quaint fancy to see in the negro the image of God cut in ebony; but there is good evidence to show that the white man has a secret attraction for the dark woman

and *vice versa*. The proof is that we have Anglo-Indians, mulattos, Octoroons, and other fractional holders of 'white blood' in their veins. Add to them the group of negro children born of British mothers which is one of the unforeseen legacies of World-War II to Britain!

The longing to preserve the white skin as white is dictated by prestige and the deeper impulse behind it—of self-preservation. But there is not only no virtue in white, there is a deal of ugliness about it. Swift used his literary microscope to describe the cutaneous horrors of Brobdingnagian belles in his most meticulous style of circumstantial narration. To read that passage is to be flooded by a feeling of nausea fit to make a misogynist of you for ever.

Woman is the most unstable kind of property; hence says the French proverb: *cherihez la femme!* She is at the bottom of everything. She is fundamental to the white civilisation of America or South Africa. If she ceased to be white, the American or South African way of life (whatever that might mean) would cease to be. The negro in America has become too numerous to be expatriated, economically too vital to be eliminated. But his presence there points to the distant Nemesis which will enable America to go the way of Assyria and Babylon.

So long as the possessive instinct is rampant in men, so long will lynching or its equivalent be connived at by the community dominated by men. When Cæsar declared that his wife should be above suspicion, he was thinking less of her chastity than of his own prestige. The cold-blooded ferocity that accompanies lynching is intended not to deter the erring female, but to paralyse the audacious out-caste male. The white man is free to lighten the darkness of Harlem; but the white woman should not darken the fair name of the ruling class. Akbar married a Rajput princess; but there is nothing on record to show that Moghul princesses were given in marriage to Hindu rulers.

Literature which is full of the tragedy of infidelity is comparatively poor of first-rate comedies on the same theme. The Restoration comic writers filled the breach; but they have since earned everlasting odium as destroyers of hearth and home. One of Shaw's unrecognized heroes treats his wife's adultery with another man as fit only for a shrug of his shoulders; but the unprepared and perhaps unsophisticated reader feels the shock of his life at such uncharacteristic response to a deeply cherished emotion.

Society and civilisation as we know them are based on the woman, because it is she who guarantees them as the indispensable unit. Hence the impressive picture of doomsday painted by the Lord in the Gita inevitably issuing from the

failure of the woman to fill her role in the concept of Dharma.

Communism is the modern Aaron's rod to swallow up the mischievous implications of race, family and the individual. For these are supplanted by a superior dogma which lumps all mankind in the proletarian mass. Hence it is that in Soviet Russia there is neither horse-breeding nor horse-racing. Because to recognize an inferior and a superior would be to subscribe to the hateful creed of Fascism. When women are free, to borrow and be borrowed, without raising male temperature, then alone perhaps will society be compact, yet free, grow and yet remain young. But then such a society will most likely not be human at all!

FOOD CRISIS WILL BE OVERCOME

RANGA REFUTES CHARGES

NEW Life of Bombay charged Professor Ranga in its issue of September 20, 1947 with having written to Dr. T. S. S. Rajan, the Madras Food Minister, "We are not growing rice to feed the idle population of Madras".

It followed up the charge with these further disclosures:

"Madras is in the grip of an unprecedented famine and this was hardly the way for a responsible leader like Ranga to act. This classic letter of the learned professor, along with a 148-page C.I.D. report of his various speeches, which did not quite favour a surrender of surplus stocks, was sent by the Madras Government to the Food Minister, Dr. Rajendra Prasad.

"Rajen Babu was annoyed by this surly attitude. He is reported to have underlined the above quoted line of Ranga and forwarded it to the Congress President, Acharya Kripalani with the remark, 'This needs stern action'.

"When the Madras Premier was acquainted with this, he took courage into his hands and boldly declared,

'If within 20 days the surplus stocks are not surrendered in the Circars, force will be employed to procure them'."

In an answer to *SWATANTRA'S* request for elucidation, Professor Ranga has sent the following telegram:

"I have never written to Dr. Rajan, Food Minister, Madras, that we are not growing rice to feed the idle population of Madras. Indeed no such letter was ever sent so far from me to Dr. Rajan. I do not know what Dr. Rajendra Prasad has written to Rashtrapati Kripalani about the alleged complaints from the Madras Ministry. My relations with Premier Reddiar are most cordial. Myself, the Andhra Congress provincial and district committees and the Kisan Congress are today in the midst of a third and most intensive self-denying procurement campaign despite unremunerative and uncontrolled official harassment. Such misguided, sensational and one-sided reports can only worsen the difficult situation. I am confident that due to all-party efforts, Madras will succeed in facing the present food crisis."

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IT was a very old prescription book, put away in a forgotten shelf with brittle leaves and faded brown writing but the faint vermilion marks of dedication to the divinity of arts and crafts are still clear. The first page repeats the invocation on its top in auspicious sign. Page after page of confections of a forgotten era follow: some long, indicating special thought whether in deference to the consequence of the individual or seriousness of the malady and others short and of an omnibus non-chalance. Illustrious aristocrats of two generations ago, judges and lawyers and officers of high degree jostle with mean clerks, petty shopmen and humble jutka drivers and even humbler menials in its yellowing pages in an unwitting democracy of aches and ailments—an undeniable heritage of a common fleshly tabernacle. But such indifferent fellowship, so much the boost of modern times, was not to be thought of then. Aristocracy even in Madras was a lordly affair—a thing of magnificent landaus, footmen and outriders, brandishing fly whisks making way for the stately horses with cries of “Hey you, red turban and you brinjal basket, make way—you pancake ayah, move your broken pot—and you, hand cart, why do you come into the middle of the road?...” On the nether extremity, there was a hierarchy of beggars led in their van by the “Somaris” (literally, loafers), aristocrats too, in their way, in that they had the freedom of the city and were outside inhibitions of any kind, beyond the reach of any evolution of events and rich with an armoury of language which was the terror of ordinary folk.

They had a technique in combine for picking pockets which was a miracle of art in diverting the attention of the victim during the process and in the celerity with which the loot disappeared. They infested the bye-lanes and dustbins during day times and lay in wait along with the dogs for gleanings from discarded food leaves. Private differences were often informally settled by hiring these ruffians and the public ways were unsafe after 9 o'clock. The twinkling kerosene lamps only deepened the gloom of dark corners and alley ways and gave cover to these nimble-fingered gentry.

Beggars and aristocrats, the prescription book goes on with cough tinctures and fever mixtures, salves for pains and balm for injuries, purgatives for the adults and syrups for children, page after page of neat rendering in the massive leather bound book. The elderly compounder with his vivid turban swimming awrily over his greying head and steel-rimmed spectacles balanced precariously on the tip of his nose sat on his tall stool behind the towering shelves of bottles and dispensed phials and pills and powders, throwing in by way of good measure for the money, handy suggestions outside the pharmacopœia, especially for the querrulous aged for alleying symptoms not adequately focussed by the doctor. He had a ready peppermint and weeding baby talk for countering the taste of nauseous stuffs for children, a smile for the young and a word of cheer for all.

There were no ‘injections’, leastways none were attempted by the ordinary practitioners of medicine who were largely of the ‘hospital

assistant' class in those days who mixed 'Alopathy' with Ayurveda and Unani and Siddha and a good bit of spiritualistic treatment in a conglomeration of good intentions and profitable hopes. Even simple surgery was a thing for hospitals. The great men of the services and the lawyers mostly died of diabetic carbuncles tended in the last stages by the European surgeons from the hospitals, whose subsequent stiff bills cut substantially into the inheritance of the next of kin. When the European surgeon was called in it was as good as having given up all earthly hopes and the old women of the house prepared overtly for the last rituals.

Those were spacious times when telephones were abnormal curiosities and telegrams things portending evil. When in later days the dear old man behind the counter had also charge of the telephone, he could never dissociate the visual from the auditory in human parleys. He invariably put on his turban and his hand went up in salutation when he responded to a call.

But the rupee was full weight and of authentic silver and fetched a whole lot of goods for its value. Coin by coin, in copper and silver—there was no dubious nickel in those days—came rolling into the till behind the counter emblazoned

with big blue and red bottles of ornate shape, across the coudunged court and festooned doorstep. Bye and bye it raised the modest tiled-roofed facade into a terraced one and as the years passed, altered it into an imposing structure with cars tooting impatient horns at each other for access to the porch. The old man with his kindly garrulous talk and neat script in the prescription book has been gathered to his fathers and his grandson is now at the marbled counter, a cheeky beggar with crisp talk, a facile way with the telephone, glib excuses and a scribble for handwriting. The brilliant blue and red shapely flasks over the counter are gone. So are the array of bottles and phials in their long imposing rows. Injections, sulphanyl drugs and 'penicilin' have attenuated pharmacy. And the rupee is no more of silver of price and good satisfying value. It is debased—a plebian coin bandied about for mean things meanly. Singly it raises no grateful response or welcoming smile even from men of low degree and it never more can purchase whether singly or in numbers that kindness and loyalty that sweetened life whilst yet it built fortunes in its own calm slow sure way in the old palmy days. The old compounder was of a lost mellow era.

PAKISTAN POT-POURRI

by BAROO

FEROZPORE Communal frenzy seems at last to be spending itself out. After all there is such a thing as satiation even in matters like mass murder. But then two hundred thousand dead (or very nearly so) is no small price to pay for a stale-mate in civil war—not for peace, mark you, or even a truce, but a mere stale-mate.

When will this stale-mate end? Will it end in war or in peace? One man, and one man alone, makes this last question necessary. The Mahatma is the only man today striving for peace. But for him,

war would be a mathematical certainty, a mere question of time.

Not that either Government wants war, but that the present League leadership will soon have no other recourse left to keep itself in power. Carnage and destruction on a scale unparalleled perhaps even in Indian history have hit Pakistan as hard as, if not harder than, India, and the spirit of scepticism and questioning is abroad. Was all this suffering necessary, or did the League leaders blunder? Twice daily recitations from the Holy Qoran exhorting the faithful to fortitude in the

hour of trial, go down rather well with the unsophisticated among the listeners-in to Pakistan Radio, but a vastly more dangerous propaganda line is being followed with regard to what must, for want of a suitable word, be called the Muslim intelligentsia. Some sort of explanation must be given to these latter by way of exonerating the leadership from all blame, and what better excuse than the story of victimisation at the hands of wily Hindus and Sikhs?

Thus it is that Liaquat Ali Khan and Mohd. Zafrullah have the temerity to openly accuse the Indian Government of complicity in an imagined conspiracy against Pakistan, the while Ghaznafar Ali tells bare-faced lies in regard to casualities and Noon pleads for universal military training and increased armaments. The Muslim mind is being sought to be diverted from thinking about short-comings in League leadership by being fed increasingly on a diet of hatred and fear. That is why the threat of war is so grave and real.

Will Gandhiji be able to avert this threat? It is still too early to say, but there is no doubt that despite appearances, powerful forces are working for a restoration of peace. The realisation that war would imply foreign intervention and an inevitable relapse into slavery is fairly common among people who matter, while the propertied classes, or rather what has been left of them on either side of the frontier, are becoming increasingly concerned about the difficulty of curbing lawless elements, now that they do not have victims of the opposite communities to feed upon. For both East and West Punjab are now largely cleared of Muslims and Hindus respectively, and cases have recently occurred of armed gangs falling upon their own co-religionists.

But the main hope of peace lies in the fact that the people have

suffered and have been disillusioned about politicians and their doings, and that they long for peace and a quiet spot to rest their weary bones in. And, above all, in the fact that the Mahatma can make exactly the kind of psychological and sentimental approach to their problems as is likely to restore confidence. Thus did Calcutta find peace, and thus may the Punjab find peace. Blood-letting during the recent war of attrition has enfeebled and wearied both parties and secretly each side would be only too glad to make peace if that could be done without an undue loss of face. The meditation of the Mahatma might perform the miracle in these circumstances.

But what of the other parts of India, parts which are still quiet today? Are we to treat every Muslim as a potential fifth column or as a potentially loyal citizen? I do not imagine there can be two opinions regarding this matter. I am convinced that the Indian Muslim has been sincerely and genuinely alarmed at the prospect of enforced emigration from the land of his birth to a land alien to him in all respects except that of religion. Especially when emigration implies destitution of a very real sort and miserable mass refugee-hood—a state one cannot easily imagine unless one has been through it. I think that he will be loyal to the Union if the alternatives are placed clearly before him, and placed firmly.

Without accepting them at their face-value and without forgetting their context, one can still appreciate the sentiments expressed recently by a man like Khaliquzzaman. That he should find so much good in Gandhiji's utterances and so much danger in Noon's outbursts is a sign of changing times and an omen of good cheer. This holocaust will not have been in vain if it results in a real re-orientation of Muslim Indian thought.

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BOOKS & AUTHORS



The Cross And The Arrow. A Novel by Albert Maltz. (Published by George Harrap & Co., London. Available from People's Publishing House, Sandhurst Road, Bombay 4. Price, 9 sh. 6 d.)

Back in 1928, when Willi Wegler was a gay good fellow known among his friends as Willi the Whistler, he had firmly resisted the efforts made by his friend Karl—a Communist—to interest him in politics. He had told Karl: "You are the kind who want to make the world a better place to live in. Fine! And perhaps all your hard work will accomplish things. Believe me, if you make your revolution I won't stand in your way. But we're a different kind. I can't eat my heart out working for a world I'll never see.... No, Karl, I'm just a little bug, and I want to live in my own little nest in my own little way. I leave politics to the politicians." But in August, 1942—when the action of the novel opens—Willi Wegler was lying on his death-bed, paying the ultimate price for revolutionary political action. He had seen the mutilated body of his wife who was killed by a British bomb, and yet he, a German born of German parents, had lighted an arrow of hay to betray to the British bombers the location of the skilfully camouflaged armament factory in which he worked. Willi lay on the hospital bed waiting for death, and thinking. Thinking of the death of his friend Karl—the Nazis had seen to that; and thinking back over his whole life.

The 372 pages of Albert Maltz's novel derive their absorbing interest as much from the thoughts and feelings of Willi and those with whom he worked, as from the situations in which they live and act. The supreme merit of this story of Hitler's Germany is that the author—though a Marxist and a profound believer in all that the Nazi system desecrates—is able to view and portray the characters, most of whom are either active or passive Nazis, with an imaginative sympathy usually absent from 'political' novels. Julius Baumer, for instance, who is the Labour Front leader of Willi Wegler's factory, is depicted as anything but a repellent

monster. Baumer had come to 'the Party' through idealism, not routine osmosis. The self-sacrificing devotion with which he fulfils his duties through all the strain imposed by war cannot but draw the sympathy of the reader, much as he might wish that Baumer's devotion had been given to a better cause.

The novel under review deals with politics, of course, but with politics as it affects and is affected by convincingly real men and women of flesh and blood, mind and spirit. Pastor Jakob Frisch, for instance. His personality is interpreted with the utmost tenderness, yet with the novel's essential realism left unimpaired. The pastor once had to make a choice, not between different political doctrines but, as he thought, between God and all else. With a momentary acquisition of courage, he had preached a defiant sermon right in front of a congregation that included Storm Troopers. They made him pay for it—they humiliated him, shaved his head, and dragged him to the railway station where he was made to walk round and round in a circle on his hands and knees. At that time the young pastor was not yet ready for the role he had assumed. "He had raised his own soul up to pulpit size; he had given one moment and his full strength to his God, and now he was an empty sack." It was only after he had suffered—and learnt in a concentration camp that he acquired the calm that comes of conviction. We are tempted to quote at length from the pastor's words to his friend Dr. Zoder, to indicate the atmosphere of the moral struggles portrayed in the novel: "Evil must be understood; it is not of the air or the wind, it has a source and a growth, a reason and a being.... one cannot understand God if one is blind to Man. When I was in the theological seminary, I had a purpose: to understand God. I thought I did. But there came a night when I understood nothing. You remember? It was when the Brown Shirts walked me to the railway station. I ask you, Zoder, what does a man feel when he has been beaten by God's creatures, humiliated, forced to behave like an animal before others—who stand by in silence? He

feels despair.... But then I went to a concentration camp. And slowly I perceived how irrelevant to living man had been the ethics of my seminary. 'Good and Evil,' we used to say. 'Man must be virtuous.' What did we know of the source of Good or Evil? I tell you morality has nothing to do with the pulpit or the church. The church is a meeting-place where morality may be discussed, wisely or foolishly. Morality comes from the way people live, Zoder. Their virtue and evil are like fruits, growing in the soil of their existence. It is never the rich man who steals bread. He has no need. His morality is to steal empire, if he can. And what is the virtue of a father who looks upon his starving child? As a pastor I answer that it must be to steal. This is beyond censure, because it is inevitable. And what is the morality of a Russian whose home is invaded? It is to kill. And what is the morality that a pastor learns who has been in a concentration camp? I answer categorically, Zoder, without humility: it is to hate living Evil—it is to hate the men who use their power for Evil; and to hate the creeds that breed Evil." Shortly after his talk with Dr. Zoder, the pastor secretly writes out little handbills proclaiming the innocence of a Polish slave worker who has been falsely charged, deliberately, with sabotage. The pastor laughed as he wrote, "His laughter, which was pure hysteria, came from an irony—that to write a truth in the year of our Lord 1942 it was necessary for a man to hide in a latrine."

It is the consideration of politics at the deep level of its basis in morality which gives comprehensiveness and significance to the novel under review. The technical skill displayed in the construction of the novel is superb. Albert Maltz plays about with time as an accomplished juggler does with a ball. The 'flash-back' method is a dangerous one to use frequently in a novel. But Maltz never flounders, in spite of the fact that each one of his characters is presented at the moment of crisis, and then interpreted in terms of the individual character's past. The writing is always sensitive, yet loses nothing in its power to excite curiosity and convince the mind. 'The Cross and the Arrow' is an admirable example of the type of art which the author describes in an article contributed to *New Masses*: "We have in America today the opportunity for a flowering of a profound art, one that will deeply enrich the great tradition we inherit. . .

Such an art, being realistic, will be socially critical; this follows as night follows day. But, by being tied to life as the source of true artistic inspiration, it will not substitute slogans for rich events, or substitute mechanical selectivity for a description of real mutual relations in society. Marxism will be the interpretative guide; the raw material will be the facts of life, faced absolutely, with burning honesty."

To summate the experiences of a whole community during a significant period of history, and to do it in terms of a plausible and artistically conceived story—this is a difficult task. Ilya Ehrenburg successfully attempted something very similar in his novel 'Fall of Paris.' Albert Maltz's achievement is equal to Ehrenburg's, if not greater. This is the first full-length novel by Maltz to be published outside America. There is no doubt that his future work will be awaited with interest.

Pastime. Edited by K. A. Padmanabhan (Published by Ch. R. Reddy, 164, Govindappa Naick St., Madras 1. Price As. 4.)

We have received some issues of *Pastime*, which is described as a "topical weekly for the common man—his amenities." It is edited by Mr. K. A. Padmanabhan, but the frequent 'Guest Editorials' would suggest that the editorial columns can be availed of by 'a chosen few'. In an editorial on the guest editorial for the issue dated September 3, the editor (the permanent one), says: "Presenting an honoured contributor as writer of the guest editorial is a rare privilege, accorded to a chosen few. In the present instance, it is the other way about, and the privilege is ours. Sri B. Narayaniah graces the place of honour, which is the Editor's Royal Prerogative, with particular appropriateness and distinction. . . ." The distinctive feature of Mr. Narayaniah's style is the great length of his sentences.

The major part of the journal, is usually taken up with discussion of films, illustrated by pictures obviously meant to make the reader laugh. One of the articles on "The aim of the film" begins with this sentence: "The end and aim of the film industry should be diverted from its present suicidal track and focussed to the task of reviving our ideals of home-life, bereft of the ramshackle disruptions in domestic felicities." (sic) Reading *Pastime* is roaring fun.

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.

A Grave Injustice.

Smuggling rice into the city and other urban areas in small quantities which has lately manifested itself is but a symptom of the deep distress that prevails. It is easy enough for the Government to ask the people to tighten their belts but it is altogether impossible to be put into practice. Elders may, to a certain extent, succeed in reducing the quantity of food that they take but when we come to children, there is no question of any regulation or control. We simply have to feed them sumptuously and as many times as they want to be fed. The Government might neglect its duty to the people without impairing its stability but the people cannot do the same towards their children. Children between the ages of 2 and 12 are given a ration of 4 oz. People who have a number of children know how difficult it is to manage with this quantity. It is necessary that in the case of children the ration should be fixed as 1½ units instead of one.

There is, therefore, no use in bringing to book the people who smuggle small quantities of foodgrains. The remedy lies rather in procuring the necessary quantity of foodgrains and enhancing the ration to 12 ounces at least. Again, there is great disparity between the purchase price and the selling price of rice as illustrated below:

One Putti of 96 Madras measures of paddy is procured at Rs. 18. This yields 48 Madras measures of rice of the variety sold in ration shops. It would appear that the authorities insist that for every 100 maunds of paddy given to the millers for pounding, they should return 70 maunds of rice. Assuming that the cost of bran defrays the milling charges, the cost of 48 Madras measures of rice comes to Rs 18, whereas the selling price of this quantity of rice comes to about Rs. 27-12 (Rs. 0-9-3 per Madras measure). On the one hand the price of foodgrain to the consumer is 50 per cent above the purchase price and on the other it is three times the pre-war price. To say the least this is a grave injustice perpetrated on the consumers who form the bulk of the population. To sacrifice the interests of this vast majority for the benefit of an insignificant if powerful section of vested interests is

nothing but a grave injustice. The Government owe an explanation to the public for the wide disparity between the purchase and selling price of rice. If the Government do not see their way to lower the price of foodgrains substantially and to restore the cut in the ration, people cannot be blamed if they are obliged to defy the law in order to satisfy their hunger. The case of the consumer cannot be allowed to be drowned in the crocodile tears of the landholder.

K. NARASIMHAN.

Tirupati.

Deaths From Starvation.

The report of deaths from starvation in East Godavari cannot but attract the attention of one and all at this critical period when the province is passing through a grave food crisis. The Food Minister's denial of these deaths on the floor of the Assembly is confined only to the reading of the telephonic communication received by him from the Collector of that district on an urgent enquiry. But everyone acquainted with the medical profession easily realises the difficulty of pronouncing the exact cause of death without a detailed autopsy.

It is essential also to note that mortality registers in the villages are maintained by Karnams who, among the multifarious duties allotted to them, can neither find the time, nor have the requisite training needed to record deaths correctly according to causes. Since the official list of causes finds no place for deaths due to starvation, any such deaths, even if recognised, have to be shown under some other cause. As such, deaths from starvation will never exist in official registers and can only be ascertained by conducting a separate enquiry.

The telephone enquiry of the Food Minister called for information only on two specific points, namely, whether the alleged deaths were true, and if so, whether they were due to starvation. The Collector, while confirming 13 out of the 14 alleged deaths, must have specified the causes as recorded in the official registers as he could have had no time to conduct a separate enquiry. Even here most of the diseases like tuberculosis, beri beri, etc., mentioned as causes of death can easily be the

tackle civil and judicial questions, and often actuated by factious spirit.

If the administration should be handed over to such units as is now proposed to be done, it will be the blackest day in the none too bright history of this province.

R. RAMACHENDRA REDDI.
Chittoor.

Premier's Noble Act

The Madras Premier has agreed to give shelter to ten thousand refugees from the north but this noble action of his is being condemned by you and is being discussed in your weekly. If we do not help the innocent refugees now, why should we be united in a Centre?

K. T. PALPANDIAN.

The Punjab Refugees

Your comparison of the Punjab refugees to the victims of plague is certainly an original point of view which requires serious consideration from those who are in charge of our affairs. The Punjab refugees could well have been distributed in the North Indian provinces without much difficulty and this province saved from the risk of a possible communal conflagration. In fact, the settlement of the Punjab refugees in provinces like U. P. and West Bengal would be a stroke of political genius in that in these provinces the Muslim element would thereby be reduced to a weak minority incapable of mischief. This is what Mr. Jinnah is aiming at,—with success. In West Punjab, the Hindu and Sikh minority is now practically negligible.

M. S. V. CHARI.

Truth About Mysore

Mysore bids fair to beat Hyderabad in respect of repression. When after protracted and patient negotiation the State Congress was obliged to start Satyagraha on Sept. 1, Sir A. Ramaswami Mudaliar's Government resorted to a regime of repression unparalleled in the annals of the State. This once 'model' State which led the rest of India in setting up a Representative Assembly in the eighties of the last century and which has passed through decades of industrial expansion under such statesmen as Sir K. Seshadri Iyer, Sir M. Visweswarayya and Sir Mirza Ismail, has suddenly slid back.

Close on the heels of the arrest and detention of Congress leaders and workers came the Government's muzzling of public opinion through the press and platform. The feeling of the people in the State—numbering not less than

8 millions—expressed itself in defiance of the various prohibitory and restrictive orders promulgated under normal and abnormal powers alike.

It is no exaggeration to say that men, women and children of all strata of society threw themselves into the fray in the entire State of Mysore where the people have all along been considered to be comparatively complacent. Mysoreans cannot put up with being choked while their brethren in the adjoining provinces of Madras and Bombay breathe the fresh air of freedom.

The cure for Mysore's malady is immediate removal of Sir Arcot, release of the leaders and detenus, establishment of a popular interim government and formation of a Constituent Assembly to frame a scheme of real responsible government.

Bangalore.

V. RAMANATHAN.

Free India's Capital

Swatantra has done well in pointing out the early need for shifting the capital of the Indian Union from Delhi to a central and invulnerable place like Wardha which has also earned special importance by virtue of its close association with the Mahatma. Allahabad, Patna, Jubbulpore, Nagpur and Wardha may each have a presentable case to claim the honour. C. P., however, has an additional advantage in that it is the bridge and cementing force between North and South India. Among the three cities of C.P., Jubbulpore, Nagpur and Wardha, Jubbulpore besides being located on the banks of the Narmada also enjoys a fairly good climate and a fairly high altitude, but it belongs more to the north than to the south. Nagpur and Wardha, however, can be said to have equal affinities with the north and the south. Whichever city may ultimately be selected, C.P. undoubtedly has better claims for the honour of having the capital of the Indian Union than any other province for more than one reason. Besides being in the heart of the Indian Union it is one of the sparsely populated provinces with beautiful forests. C.P. seems to have a bright future, but care should be taken to see that it is not slowly denuded of its rich forests, with the consequent extinction of its simple primitive forest folk. As Verrier Elwin, the distinguished anthropologist and friend of the Gond and the Baiga has suggested, the C.P. forests should be maintained as the national home of the simple primitive folk.

WAYFARER.

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outcome of malnutrition and starvation. In these circumstances, when the responsibility of conducting a detailed investigation rests with the Government. Dr. Rajan contented himself with reading the Collector's report from his ministerial gadi. Repeated assertions on the floor of the Assembly that he is prepared to give his life if there are deaths due to starvation, cannot convince the public when he, instead of conducting a detailed enquiry on such a report, brushed it aside as a bit of information engineered for the food debate. It is the avowed duty of the Food Minister to tour the areas from which this report has emanated, conduct a detailed investigation and rectify every defect in the system of distribution of foodstuffs instead of relying on the reports of official henchmen.

V. RAMAN.

Right Way To Deal With Food Crisis.

Twelve deaths due to starvation are reported to have occurred in Chodavaram, which is 30 miles from Rajahmundry. People there have not been provided with rations since a fortnight and they have been reduced to a pitiable state.

The root cause for this grave food crisis is the unpopularity of the present Ministry. Added to the unpopularity, the Ministry has pursued a preposterous and tactless procurement policy. The first unpardonable blunder of the Ministry was the cancellation of the procurement licences of the P.C.C. societies and the subsequent bestowal of the same upon millers. Secondly it did not grant bonus at a time when it ought to have done so. When the Ministry did decide to grant bonus, the procedure for the assessment and payment of bonus was so irrationally and embarrassingly framed that it marred the benefits of the grant. Meanwhile the despondent ryots, unable to wait any longer for the dubious Governmental help, sold their surplus rice at prices profitable to them. The black-marketeers made the best use of this state of affairs by purchasing rice from the ryots. The Premier's threat of police force against Andhra ryots has, instead of having a beneficial effect on procurement, only raised a storm of protest.

Two things alone can really save the province from starvation. One is an attractive and reasonable price for rice and the second is an iron hand in dealing with hoarders and black-marketeers. The Ministry could not muster up courage to defy the Central

Government on the first issue nor could it implement the second course since it is itself maintained in position by black-marketeers and other men of vested interests.

K. S. SUBRAHMANYAM.

Rajahmundry.

Rich Should Pay More.

In the case of firewood which the Government is procuring and selling, the Government recently passed a rule that persons in the higher income groups should pay a higher price. Similarly I suggest that the Government should make a rule that persons in the higher income groups, say Rs. 100 and upwards, should pay a higher price for the rice supplied to them. This will get a good revenue to the Government, which can be utilised for payment of a permanent bonus to the producer of at least Rs. 2 a maund. Why should the rich not pay a higher price for food?

V. VIYYANNA,

Secretary, Madras Provincial
Co-operative Union.

Minister Preparing For A "Black" Day

The Minister for Local Self-Government broadcast through the All India Radio a picture of the village panchayats that he proposes to create under the Village Panchayats Act. No one familiar with the conditions now prevailing in the villages can look on this picture with satisfaction. The illiteracy and ignorance prevalent among the masses, the insanitary conditions and epidemics which are claiming a heavy toll of human life, the lack of medical aid and the absence of road and other communications in the rural areas, the absence of any balanced rural economy, the non-existence of proper irrigation facilities and scientific methods of agriculture, the difficulties due to lack of maternity, child welfare and housing schemes, are stupendous problems which require careful national planning and must be tackled effectively and swiftly by the State on a wide national basis. These are the primary responsibilities of any modern State worth the name. No Government can afford to divest itself of these responsibilities. It is astounding that the Government should propose to shift on these responsibilities to small and uneconomic units without any thought of national or even provincial scientific planning. These units as proposed will mostly consist of ill educated if not illiterate persons with no notions of modern scientific developments or progressive ideas, ill fitted to



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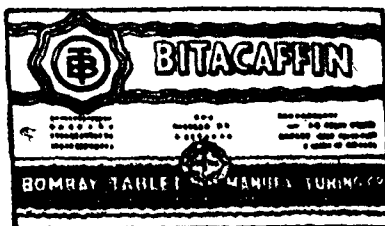
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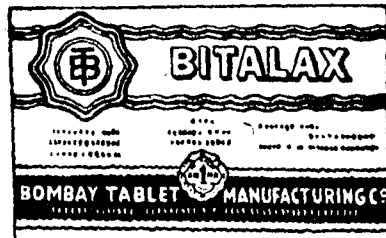


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VOL. II, No. 36.

(SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1947)

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POVERTY —by H. V. Ram Gopal

SWATANTRA

VOL. II
No. 36

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1947.

ISSUED
WEEKLY

PALESTINE ISSUE

ALL indications point to the imminence of a show-down between Arab and Jew in Palestine, under international auspices. The hectoring of the former which had been discreetly vetted by British diplomacy during the last thirty years for imperialist reasons has now reached a degree of intolerable insolence which challenges, not so much the prestige, as the moral basis of the U.N.O. To make open preparations for war, to mobilise troops and plan a concerted attack on the Jews—all under the nose, as it were, of the big powers might be treated as a comic diversion, but for the existence of sinister forces at work interested in widening the rift between the already opposed groups of Western and Eastern powers. We shall endeavour to indicate briefly the factors that have contributed to make the Palestine question full of explosive possibilities destructive of international good-will.

The *fons et origo* of the Palestine problem is Britain. During the last thirty years, British statesmen have been speaking with two voices, while their deputies abroad—the architects of empire, have been engaged in the more perilous, if also fascinating, experiment of riding two horses at the same time. The grand aim was to cheat the Arab and the Jew by turns for as long as possible, by promising them rewards which were mutually contradictory and cumulatively illusory. A point was reached

when it was found that Britain could no more succeed in gulling all the people all the time. This was signalled by the public announcement, more in sorrow than in anger, of Britain's decision to quit the country altogether. Like Pontius Pilate, Mr. Ernest Bevin symbolically washed his hands of Palestine, and offered the mandate back to the U.N.O. as the successor to the defunct League of Nations which originally vested it in Britain.

Meanwhile, immigration into Palestine of the westernised Jews had been sponsored at such a pace that in less than a generation, parts of Palestine have come up with prosperous and busy areas like those of Manchester and Sheffield in developing local industries and manufactures, and even making a bid to enter the international export trade. If this colonisation had been uninterfered with, Palestine would have become transformed beyond recognition from a latifundia of a lazy and anachronistic feudal junta to a hive of economy and industry. But the Arab was jolted out of his lotos-eating by the hustling methods of the immigrant native, returning after a lapse of a couple of thousand years with an emotional and spiritual predisposition to make a success of his return which is better imagined than described. He had no other reply to the modernity of the immigrant's methods than an appeal to religious fanaticism which

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is so infallible and deadly, specially with communities which have no other principle of cohesion to keep them together. He had, besides, a plausible case, since the best of his arguments was that he was in possession. The result was a deadlock, of the kind with which we in this land are still familiar; a conflict of interests which, whatever their abstract justice, has assumed malignant proportions and has become a threat to peace.

It was in that situation that the suggestion of partitioning the country was put forward by those who had themselves sown the wind. Exactly as in India. In the years before the war, the Arab was apathetic, and the chances of an uncontested partition were far greater. But, whether for that very reason or for some more inscrutable ones, the plan was not then put through. Now after the second world war, with the world centre of gravity oscillating uncomfortably between New York and Moscow, those whose genius is suited to fishing in troubled waters have seen in the Arab States a fertile field of operations. They have been fanning the embers of religious fanaticism, and rendering the chances of an agreed solution impossible. Wherefore, the present solution of dividing Palestine is finding much noisy opposition from the Arabs. Emboldened by their successes, they are now adopting an extremely stiff attitude, and refuse to consider partition in any form.

But it needed the maladroit advocacy of Pakistan's spokesman at the U.N.O. session to expose the hollowness of the Arab case for a return to an impossible status quo. We have no time, just now, to enjoy the appalling simplicity of Sir M. Zafrullah Khan in urging a series of puerilities as arguments in favour of his thesis. His analogical excursions into current Indian politics hoist him with his own petard, with out his being aware of it! He began

by asking the delegates, with oblique reference to America, whether they would agree to absorb displaced persons from the Punjab in any of the States. Punjab's displaced personnel *do not want to go to America*, or indeed to any other part of the world; they want to go to their own half of the Punjab. Likewise, Jews do not wish to go anywhere else in the world, except to Palestine, for historical reasons which all of us know, and which even Sir M. Zafrullah can't deny. His next idea is that the Arab would be reduced to a minority in his own land. In the first place, it is not his own land; in the second place, if the condition of his existence is only as a majority by the artificial process of closing the door, then he won't live, however much he might try. The majority and minority have always been there, as also in India. It is with a view to allay the apprehensions of political or economic extinction that the solution of partition has been suggested. After all, the so-called Arab States are more numerous and more powerfully organised; their existence cannot be threatened by a small colony which is what the Jewish area would be when compared to the rest of the Arab world.

But it is when Sir M. Zafrullah is faced with the division of India that he trots out the most untenable of his arguments. He says that Pakistan is merely a statutory recognition of majority areas being separated. If the Government of Pakistan areas were merely at the municipal level, or even provincial level, there might have been some validity in the plea. But Pakistan is ambitious of strutting forth with all the paraphernalia of sovereignty and independence, flaunting before the unconvinced gaze of the curious the dubious distinction of being the fifth largest independent State in the world.

His last argument shows how supercilious he is in his attitude to-

wards the claims of others for the liberties and rights which he craves for himself. For he says, that the only solution of the Palestine problem is to dragoon the Jews and encourage the Arab to run amuck with the benevolent approval of international authority.

There are also independent indications of a subtle change of front on the part of Britain, the aims of which are not yet wholly clear. But that Britain is not willing to play second fiddle to America in this matter has been made abundantly plain. In some recent issues of the *New Statesman and Nation*, articles and letters have appeared complaining of the extent to which anti-Semitism is being exploited by groups which have been associated with fascist tendencies in Britain and how a Labour Government is taking no action to curb the tendencies.

Britain is a waning entity in the concept of the post-war triumvirate, otherwise known as Big Three. It has now become, for all practical purposes, reduced to the Big Two. The Marshall Plan, the revival of the Comintern, and the parlous state of Europe in universal and chronic short supply of all necessities indicate a state of chaos arising from the cleavage of outlook between America and Russia. Britain's relegation to a back-seat by the force of events cannot be arrested; but she can provide pin-pricks to America as the latter embarks on the thankless task of carrying the white man's burden on her shoulders. Queering the pitch in Palestine is very likely to be her contribution to keep the situation in the Middle East simmering. It is up to America to call the bluff—whether indulged in by Arabs unaided or with the secret encouragement of Britain. Russia by virtue of her ideology may be expected to sympathise with the Jewish case for a home in Palestine. Palestine must

be partitioned, if for no other reason, at least for the sake of curbing the vaulting ambitions of the Arab world secretly nursing dreams of a pan-Islamic revival.

Mrs. Pandit to the Rescue!

A summary of Mrs. Pandit's contribution to the debate on Palestine has been published. We are constrained to remark that small powers and new-comers are rushing in where the big ones are unwilling to tread. We have not yet been favoured with the views of Russia on the vexed question of Arab vs. Jew in Palestine. Mrs. Pandit's advocacy of the Arab side is neither statesmanlike, nor seasonable, nor even in accord with facts. She professed to be fair and impartial but has not a word to say against the blatant bellicosities of the Arab League; it is mobilising armies, and posting them at strategic points with intent to hold a pistol at the heads of Palestine Jewry. Since Mrs. Pandit is officially speaking for India, we think it in the public interest to repudiate her views as calculated to embarrass our freedom of action in an entirely gratuitous fashion.

She draws a red herring across the path of all those interested in a pacific solution of the problem by dragging in the question of finding a home for the displaced Jews of Europe. The number of Jews who, today, are in domicile in Palestine—the result of twenty years of a vacillating policy—is nearly a million, certainly more than three quarters of it. The population of Palestine today is almost half and half, Arab and Jew.

Possession is nine points of the law; it was the trump card which enabled the Pakistan areas in India to achieve through force and fraud—not by agreement as still repeated by many—their sovereignty and independence. They were not content with 'wide powers of autonomy'

—a delightful phrase which shows how Mrs. Pandit is fast learning to lisp in the language of diplomacy. It is worthy of note that the Arab League is also making hay by sponsoring the immigration of so-called Arabs from the backwaters of the Islamic Middle East.

To echo the intransigence of the Arab and denounce partition as a sin against the Arab nationals may be theoretically correct; but the proposed partition does not liquidate a single Arab culturally, economically or religiously. What the Arab is angling for is to get international support for a 'dog in the manger policy'.

If the Muslim minority in India was unwilling to accept a 'wide measure of autonomy' with less reasons, why should a more enlightened and progressive Jewish enclave agree to it as against an anachronistic feudal regime which will boss the entire country?

The theory of two nations which was ridden to death here is conveniently dropped there, for both Jew and Arab are from the same semitic stock, and have a good deal of their religion and social customs in common.

The real motive of cleavage is power politics and religious fanaticism. The Arab is a survival of an exploiting and imperialistic caste which has been making the best of both the worlds from the days of Turkish autocracy to the days of British *divide et impera*. It is the liquidation of the Arab as the moving figure in the Middle East that is the real solution for the peace and progress of 'Islamic countries' along modern lines.

For the Arab is to the Islamic world what the Junker was and is to the Teutonic world, the Samurai to the Japs, the Mandarin to the Chinese and Col. Blimp to the British Empire! He is the embodi-

ment of privilege, reaction and obscurantism. Not for nothing did a speaker galvanise the U.N.O. proceedings by an indictment of the Mufti of Jerusalem as a spiritual collaborator of Hitler and his evil gang.

This simple fact is obscured by the tendentious propaganda of Arab spokesmen, and the pre-arranged hospitality accorded to them in important channels of world publicity. There is not going to be peace in the Middle or Near East until the old order is swept away from Damascus to Delhi. Here is a potential political vacuum into which dynamic currents of thought and feeling are preparing to rush from the North and East rather than from West and South.

Supporting the Arab case is not of course a crime; but it is a first class blunder which may well embarrass us in an unpredictable future.

Bharati

IT was a memorable demonstration that was witnessed at Ettayapuram at the beginning of this week. The occasion was the formal opening of a memorial to Bharati, Tamil Nad's greatest modern poet, in the place of his birth. What has been reared to commemorate the poet is a blend of a chatram and a mantap which is likely to remain untenanted in the course of the years. But there is no doubt that it will endure, and vindicate the old truth that the poet who begged for bread in his life-time is now offered stone after death!

It is *de rigueur* among Tamils to refer to the poet only in superlatives; but we would suggest that advantage might be taken of the prevailing Bharati cult to lay the foundations of modern Tamil literature by doing such essential and preliminary work as the preparation of a complete bibliography of Bharati, of a definitive edition of his works

in prose and verse, of an authoritative biography of the poet, and not least a sifted and select collection of his poems with English renderings on the opposite page after the

manner of the Læb classics. Bharati will make a brave show in judicious selection and faithful translation; and will add to the prestige of Tamils beyond Tamilnad.

Sotto Voce

The Decay Of Reverence



I Have had, for my sins, to read many University Convocation addresses in my time. I must say that I have rarely found one so little self-conscious or so wholehearted as that which Mr. Omandur Ramaswami Reddiar delivered at Annamalainagar the other day. It was not so much an exhortation as a credo. And like all good affirmations of faith it was not very original. Indeed the sophisticated might have found it naive; did it not elaborately catalogue the sixty-four traditional arts and the thirty-two virtues? But Mr. Reddiar had a shrewd thrust at such critics when he said that he was setting down these lists because he had a suspicion that even the names of these arts were not known to most people!

Mr. Reddiar is not only not afraid of being old-fashioned. He does not seem to have heard of the Aryan-Dravidian controversy at all. He considers himself—and you and me—lawful heir, as much to the mystic wealth of Patanjali and Vyaghrapada, as to the wit of Avvai and the wisdom of Tiruvalluvar. For the prototype of all Convocation addresses he goes, as any Brahman might, to the Taittiriya. He has with admirable taste and understanding translated the famous passage from the Siksha Valli—a fact which few even of his Brahman auditors may have suspected.

But, if the address as a whole made little impression on its young audience, I should not be surprised or wholly inclined to blame them. Mr. Reddiar, following the Vedic rishi, adjured them not to run away from the duties of the householder, not to immerse themselves wholly in their books, oblivious of the world's claims upon them. There is little danger of that happening these days, since the modern child imbibes its politics with the mother's milk and the "ivory tower" appears to our pushful youth as undesirable a habitation as the Tower of London. It is not lack of applicants that is the trouble; it is lack of work. And a Prime Minister who seems to have so little considered this obvious fact can hardly be surprised if his remarks on the subject are construed ironically.

He did make a stray reference to the matter. He said that under a system of education which had been fashioned to produce clerks the hunt for Government jobs had inevitably alienated man from man and bred class antagonisms. But is the fixing of communal quotas for admission to colleges the way of remedying these evils? So long as the Government proceeds on the assumption that all men are fit for all jobs and that what is called communal justice is more important than the ascertaining of natural aptitude and inherited skill, this dog-fight will go

on and we shall be governed at the lowest common level of intelligence.

Mr. Ramaswami Reddiar drew an idyllic picture of our ancient 'gurukulas'. But he seemed unaware of the fact that teaching was a specialised function, the vocation of a class. There were many grades of teachers, hierarchically arranged. And the highest was the teacher of Brahmanvidya for which indeed all the others were a preparation. And, though it may be impolitic to insist on the point just now, birth and breeding counted at least as much as mere intelligence and formal education in settling this the highest of all vocations.

This has been roundly denounced as a Brahmanical conspiracy by our neo-egalitarians. In the good old days of the Upanishads, these argue, the Brahman had no monopoly of knowledge. He sat at the feet of great Kshatriyas who were masters of the Supreme Wisdom; and he often had to eat humble pie. Dripta Baalaki and Ajatasatru, Uddalaka Aruni and Aswapathi, Suka and Janaka are cited in support of the thesis. Would that their modern exalters had a fraction of the humility of those

Rajarshis; or that the modern Brahman who prides himself on his ancestry remembered the self-forgetting absorption of Suka and the magnanimity of Vyasa. Reverence was the root of all the virtues; and the Brahman was esteemed because he excelled in it.

Speaking of the post-war 'intellectuals' who invaded the famous Corridor (editorial wing) of *The Manchester Guardian*, Neville Cardus observes in his Autobiography, "They did not show to the elders of the newspaper the deference due to pedigree". This drying up of reverence is what we have mistaken for democratic equality. And it is responsible for the present confusion and bickering in our social scene. In my boyhood's days the higher Hindu classes aped the Brahman from an obscure feeling that it was the external discipline—the ritual and way of life—that had given him his superiority. No wonder that the resentment remains and the rivalry, because it was wrongly inspired, has with a later generation turned into destructive zeal. It is a desperate flight from values that we are witnessing—and here, again, the Brahman leads!

VIGNESWARA.



The brothers, Cecil and William DeMille, as many movie fans will remember, were famous picture directors for many years. William specialized in quiet domestic dramas, while Cecil went in for great film spectacles.

One day an effusive lady encountered Cecil's young daughter at a Hollywood tea, and asked the child if she were related to the "great DeMille."

"And did you say he was your father?" asked Cecil proudly, when she told him of the incident.

"Oh, no," replied his daughter; "I said he was my uncle."



A recent study of automobile use in America shows that 55 per cent of the mileage is for business; the rest is social and recreational driving.

American cities own about one motor vehicle for every 700 people; they range from dog-catcher wagons to fire trucks.

SIDELIGHTS :

Kind hearts are more than coronets.
—TENNYSON.

THE Governor of Madras made a very moving speech at the tenth anniversary celebration of the Lakshmipuram Young Men's Association last week. Of oratorical brilliance of the torrential variety for which Sir S. Radhakrishnan, for example, is famous, he had none. Nor had he the polish and flair for chiselled words which used to make the speeches of the late Srinivasa Sastri so captivating. There was no declamation anywhere in the speech. No playing down to the gallery. No catering to the heat and passion of the day, no trucking to popular sentiment for applause, no pretension to solemnity for the sake of effect. What lent power to the speech was its colloquialness, a certain casualness and absence of pomposity, an exploratory freedom like that of the wind to roam at will, which made every part of it bright and sparkling as a gem picked on the spot from life's experience.

He made platitudes look fresh. Between a great truth and a hackneyed platitude there is little difference in content. Truth is what comes straight out of one's experience. The same thing, mechanically repeated, second-hand, without the thrill of discovery, becomes a platitude. Polonius is a classic example in literature of a perennial reeler of platitudes. He packed an enormous amount of wisdom into aphorisms that were true but fell flat. Words that might have come out of a prophet's lips made him when they came from his, a bore. This is the common fate of all who assimilate others' wisdom at the language level, making their own speech thereby a mere trick of words and not the expression of a conviction from within. All except the uneducated move on stilts supplied by thinkers that have gone before, and originality as such tends to diminish as time advances from century to century. It is when inherited wisdom is rediscovered in one's own

experience that it gets stamped with conviction and acquires the power to influence others. Otherwise it passes hearers by like a chant of mere sound. "To thine own self be true, thou canst not then be false to any man"—the essence of all philosophies seems distilled into



H. E. Sir Archibald Nye

these words, though, emanating from Polonius, they symbolise a perversion of the grand into the comic. With the stuff of a derided commonplace of Shakespeare's monumental bore, Sir Archibald Nye brought out the finest appeal of his whole speech. The vulgarisation of truth by hypocrites and its rescue for social benefit by the sincere is an eternal process spread out over time without end—it accounts for the immense variety of effect that much the same words produce when they come from different persons. Between the sharper's merchandise and the magic wand with which good men seek to bring the kingdom of heaven down to our earth, there is an amazing verbal identity.

The words in use are common to all, but power is imparted to speech in accordance with the character of

PUNJAB NEWSLETTER

by BAROO

the speaker. The value of speech as an instrument of social service is enhanced by the power that the user is able to put into it through qualities that command respect. It is diminished when such qualities are found lacking. Exaggeration under-writes the worth of speech. Malice destroys its efficacy. Forensic brilliance gives it a stage quality, as of a thing meant for exhibition. It is when public speech on the platform is of the same pattern as informal talk at home that it will ring most genuine and prove serviceable as an integral expression of the whole force of one's personality. Informality means absence of pose—the power to be oneself in all com-

panies. It sounds easy and simple but it is hard to attain. Only a balanced nature redeemed from all the complexes of superiority and inferiority can act informally, and informality is not a light trick of manner but a rare condition unattainable without considerable preliminary struggle and discipline. The charm of informality is the source of the present Governor's immense social effectiveness, the secret of his hold on the affections of people and the attentiveness with which he is listened to everywhere. Within a very brief period, he has built for himself a reservoir of goodwill among all classes which any elected Minister might envy.—SAKA.



Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit and her daughters Tara, Lekha and Rita, meet Brigadier General Carlos P. Ramulu at the Delegates Lounge, Flushing Meadows. The Brigadier General and his wife are seen at the extreme right.

WHEN the history of the Punjab Communal War comes to be written, it will be recorded that the ultimate factor that tipped the balance on the side of peace was the calamity that visited the province in the shape of flood waters from the Five Rivers. No amount of propaganda by any number of Mahatmas or Quad-i-Azams (assuming for the moment that Jinnah genuinely desires peace) could have convinced the masses on both sides of the frontier that it is a sinful thing to destroy life; as it is, one wrathful gesture by nature has wrought a change in men's hearts and brought a consciousness of guilt to minds that might well be superstitious but are certainly not thoughtless.

Now that the worst is over (we hope!) one can turn back to contemplate, in a comparatively calmer atmosphere, some of the more ludicrous aspects of the communal madness that is at last showing signs of abatement. I was intrigued, when I saw them first, by the patches of bright red that many men wore on their shirt sleeves, high up near the shoulders. Patient enquiry told me that this was a distinguishing sign for Hindus, and very necessary for their safety when they reached territory where a Muslim's life was worth less than a dog's. Patches of green were sported by Muslim refugees when they entered Pakistan for an identical reason—for to be mistaken for a Hindu west of the Sutlej amounted to a sentence of death without right of appeal. It is needless to point out that neither of these expedients would have been necessary if there had been any truth in the two nation theory.

But if it is not possible to make out a Punjabi Hindu from a Punjabi Muslim without the help of distinguishing badges, it is harder still to tell a Punjabi Christian from either. And so it is that the red cross came into vogue during the disturbances as the mark of the Church. Mistaken identity claimed a few Chris-

tian victims quite early in the holocaust and a red crucifix varying in size from a couple of inches either way to a foot across was soon adopted as a religious symbol no less than a guarantee of safety. The crucifix is painted or stitched on the upper garment of the wearer on the front or back and sometimes on the sleeves.

Incidentally, the Communal War has been a windfall for the Church in a double sense. Untouchables in North India have always identified themselves with the residents of the particular area they live and serve in, so that it would not be entirely wrong to speak of Muslim Untouchables and Hindu Untouchables in describing members of the depressed classes who serve the one community or the other. Now, during these killings, a danger developed of these people being slaughtered in company with their masters, wherever these latter were in a minority. Flight was difficult and hazardous, but above all it was not sufficiently attractive, there being so little at stake or to lose. So the "Muslim Untouchables" of the East Punjab, as well as the "Hindu Untouchables" of the West stay put, only they gave up their dubious scheduled status in favour of a religion that at least told them how to keep out of the fray. It is an index of the intolerance that is creeping into our society, however, that in many cases, these poor folk have been asked to prove their bona fides by furnishing baptismal certificates from local padres!

All of which, as also what I saw in Delhi immediately after the riots there, convinces me that things just now cannot be very much different from the state of affairs in Germany during the days when every Jew had to wear a bright yellow badge to advertise his inferior status. Muslim shops in Delhi have been looted and despoiled—in the general confusion, a few Hindu and Sikh shops were looted too. To avoid a recurrence of this tragedy, most shopkeepers have now stated their reli-

gion on boards and hoardings. Signboards such as "HINDU SHOP" or "THIS SHOP BELONGS TO A SIKH" greet the eye as one takes an inevitable stroll round Connaught Circus.

One other thing—the oft-repeated phrase that things have returned to normal in this place or that. I wonder how many in the South know what this harmless phrase means in the context of communal conflict. For what the communiques

call normalcy returns to a town or area only when there are no more men and women of the minority community left to kill. Thus did Lahore "return to normal" when the last Hindu had been killed or pulled to flight—thus did Jullundhar or Ludhiana "return to normal" when the fury had to come to a stop for want of victims. Thus, too, will the two Punjabs regain their normalcy when each has been completely purged of people it cannot stomach.

NATIONALISE MEDICAL SERVICES

by J. P. SANGHRAJKA

ALREADY there has been considerable deterioration in public health on account of war, famine, deficiency in food supplies and various other reasons. It was revealed by Dr. Chatterji, the Director of Public Health, Government of Bengal the other day that at the present moment no more than 10 per cent of Bengalees, according to military standards, are considered physically fit. This is more or less the condition of the other provinces too. An over-all efficient health programme is therefore an immediate necessity and it would be the primary duty of the Government to see that an Indian nation that is physically strong is built up before long.

Thousands of people die every year of malaria, cholera, plague, typhoid, etc. These are preventable diseases and thousands of lives can be saved if necessary care is taken by the Government which fortunately is now our own Government.

People die in villages for want of even basic medical aid. Even in cities, it is not easy to obtain medical help for the poor and middle classes who hardly make both ends meet under the present heavy cost of living, as both the fees of the medical practitioners and the charges for the medicines are unduly high.

The question of providing medical aid to every ailing person is of vital importance and this could be done

by posting for every unit of 4,000 to 5,000 people one medical officer who will also work as a health officer and ensure good sanitary conditions which in most of the villages are unfortunately conspicuous by their absence. For every 4 or 5 such units, i.e., for a population of 20,000 to 25,000 people, there should be a chief medical officer of a higher grade.

Medical officers of the type that these units would be requiring could be trained in no more than two years' time as against the long course of five years that they have to go through now and it would be quite possible within 5 years for every unit of 4,000 to 5,000 persons to have a medical officer who would also act as a health officer. This scheme would bring a change for the better in the public health and ensure a robust nation. National efficiency is bound to go up and the better health of the people would necessarily mean more outturn and ultimately more revenue for the Government compared to what the physically unfit could bring.

Nationalisation of medical services would not be supported by the private medical practitioners but in the best interests of the general public and the State itself it is high time that the necessary legislation was passed and all private medical practitioners absorbed by the Government in their services.

Short Story

The Godsend-Alibi

by M. S. Kalyanasundaram

"SOMETHING in your line, Nagalingam," suggested his brother-in-law, Ratnaswami, with a questioning smile, when Veerappan finished his tale.

"Really! But I am on a holiday, you know. Recharging the gray cells."

"As you like. But I thought that you would be interested." He knew how to tackle the quixotic proprietor of

mentally re-cast it, and that suggested to him something to go on with.

"Well!" he contemplated. "It is at times like this that I keenly feel how backward our country is. Compared to Europe and America, our cities are bad enough, but our remote hamlets are deplorable beyond repair. We are so low in the scale of civilisation that I often wonder whether we deserve Swaraj!"

"Coming from the general to the particular, . . . " cut in Ratnaswami. He knew his relative-in-law.

"You are right. . . . Suppose we had good roads, that is, highways for a minimum speed of sixty miles, a network of reliable telegraph and telephone services, dictaphones and recording machines, up-to-date finger-print outfits and indexed records in all the police-stations, trained sleuth-hounds, standard types of clothing, houses, mode of life, etc., sharp, omnipresent witnesses with sound time-sense (and watches), analysts and departmental experts and all the other amenities of civilised life, this mystery will no longer be one, say, two hours hence."

"So I suppose, we had better drop the matter till better times dawn," yawned Ratnaswami, mischievously.

"I suppose so," agreed Nagalingam.

But he acted differently. He got in touch with the police. They were at first apathetic, but a note from Ratnaswami served as a lubricant. He had a good look at Mayandi and took some measurements. Next, he took a sample of the stolen chillies which had been deposited in the Police Station, and which were to be used as exhibit 1 in the trial.

From there he went to Narayana Servai's house and introduced himself as Ratnaswami's relative. They had a long, wandering chat on

**Bulls and fights and murd'rous axe,
And capsciums and jails.**

Before leaving, he got a sample of Servai's 'renowned chillies' "to compare with a new strain received by my brother-in-law from the Agricultural Department."

The sample from the Police Station did not tally with the sample from Servai's stock.

NAGALINGAM, M. A.,
minds your business

who had earned a name for being a solace to the suffering, terror to the wicked, and a joke to the flippant.

"What's the trouble anyway?" asked Nagalingam.

"Well, it seems Veerappan's sister's husband, Mayandi, is in the hands of the police for stealing chilli. The charge is that he was caught red-handed in Narayana Servai's godown. The whole village knows that Servai and Mayandi are at daggers drawn due to some silly Jallikkattu dispute, and that Servai is on the look-out for a chance to have M. booked. We also know that Mayandi has always tried to give a wide berth to Servai. It is unlikely that he would have committed a petty theft in his enemy's house just now. But the strange part of it is that M. is pleading guilty to the charge docilely."

Nagalingam seemed to relapse into his indifference. "Temporary insanity! Why interfere!" he remarked drily.

"I shall tell you. Veerappan swears that his brother-in-law was not here at all at the alleged time of the alleged theft, but miles away somewhere in the West."

"That's easy to verify," said Nagalingam casually. It seemed to hurt him to have to enunciate such elementary principles.

"A child knows that," shot back Ratnaswami, with a trace of annoyance. "Suppose we collect evidence and establish the alibi, how, then, shall we deal with M.'s gratuitous admission of guilt?"

Now, Nagalingam sat up. He felt that his brother-in-law had put a clinching question, but the wrong way about. He

So, he had to work on the policeman, Arumugam, who arrested and led Mayandi to the Station. But Arumugam assumed "Who-the-h . . . l-are-you-to-question-ME?" attitude.

Nagalingam explained indifferently, "Never mind, mate, if you don't like the shape of my nose. But the defence lawyer's nose may be less of a beauty, and he may catapult ugly questions at you in the open court."

"There will be no defence lawyer," he muttered. A climb-down was evident in the tone.

"Let us hope so. I am in ignoramus in these matters, but I have heard it mentioned that crankly judges sometimes order a vakil to defend an undefended criminal—and at Government expense."

"I was not born yesterday. I can answer his questions."

"Quite so. After the usual swearing-in, he will ask you if you led the thief from Servai's house to the Station. He will further ask:—

Did you track and apprehend the thief, or was the cake ready for your eating?

Did the chillis accompany the thief, or did they come up later?

Who carried them?

Did you stop anywhere on the way or talk to anybody?

What did Mayandi's people do at the time?

What were his statements at the time of his arrest and at the Station?

Who first mentioned the absence of Mayandi from the village at the time of the alleged theft? . . .

"What? None has spoken of this, and it is not true."

"I hope it is not. Otherwise, you will get into trouble. . . . I wish to clear up some points. Will you help?"

"No, not without my Head's permission."

"Will you ask him for a permission?"

"No."

"As you like."

Nagalingam next made some enquiries about Arumugam. (Detectives in civilised countries have to make 'discrete' enquiries. In Indian villages, it is unnecessary to be discrete, round-about and so on. Huts have no walls, and tongues have no locks.) . . . Arumugam was always short of money; his wife frequently shouted that no article was ever bought in time, that she was

tired of borrowing salt and tamarind day after day, and that the tradesmen were beginning to get cheeky; she came of a proud and well-to-do family at Madura; and, so on . . . Nagalingam asked his sister if she could get into a chat with the lady and fish out some information.

But his sister told him, "I hear that she left for Madura this morning after a tiff. It seems she used up some provisions which her husband had got into the house for some other purpose, and he fell foul of her and roared that she would one day cost him his job, and so on."

"I see," he replied, and moved another piece on his mental chess-board.

He went to Madura. With the help of a friend, he ascertained that Arumugam's wife had been worrying her husband for chillis (among other things) for some days, that she saw a small sackful in the house, that she, naturally, took it into the kitchen and fried it and powdered it, that her husband flew into a rage in a most unreasonable manner, roared that she would lose him his job one day, and that he brought a fresh lot from the bazaar but was not appeased even then. Nagalingam noted the time and other circumstances and returned to the villages, saying, "So, that is that!"—which perhaps is not very explanatory.

Ratnaswami critically went through Nagalingam's reconstruction of the case and said, "That's okay, so far. We shall establish that the stolen portion does not tally with stock (If Arumugam throws away the bazaar stuff and tries to get some more from Servai—as you are probably prodding him to do—the matter will get more complicated, and at the same time more interesting). We shall also state the motive. We shall advance proofs. We shall establish the alibi. But what about Mayandi swearing that he is guilty?"

"Why did he go to Karadipatti for? That is where he was absent," asked Nagalingam casually.

"God knows!"

"Or is it the Devil?"

Ratnaswami lifted his brows. "You don't mean to say . . ."

"That is the only possibility that I could think of just now."

"So that he prefers this minor prosecution to its counter-alibi—a regular God-send—"

"Or, a Devil's plan?"

Nagalingam wished to know who among the permanent residents of

Karadipatti and the neighbouring hamlets were away for the preceding few days, where they had gone and why, who among them had any serious quarrel with Mayandi, if there was a shadow of a whisper of murder or any other major crime, and kindred matters. Ratnaswami despatched a trustworthy servant for the purpose.

A day or two passed without any news and Nagalingam muttered, "If the chap we are looking for was a stranger to these parts, there would be a complication. We may have to try shock tactics on Mayandi and make him blurt out some useful points."

But the need did not arise. One Irulappan of Karadipatti answered to Nagalingam's specifications. But the body was not found.

Now, Nagalingam had himself to go out and search for the body. He tried all the pits, wells, tanks, stream-beds, crevices between crags, the awe-inspiring Chamundi grove itself, and all other likely-looking places. Naturally, he looked for fresh disturbances in the soil, slight humping of soft earth due to the intestinal gasses bloating up the belly, nosing done by hungry jackals, scouting by hungry eagles and vultures, greasy discolouration in the water, any putrid stink in the air, and similar subjective and objective evidence. His method was always one of 10% inspiration and 90% perspiration—to quote Edison. He searched in vain for two days. He felt that the time had come to risk open enquiries.

After a hurried visit to Madura, he went back to Karadipatti with a boxful of powders, lotions and ointments for the eye, and an assortment of spectacles. An eye-doctor is always welcome and popular in our villages—why, even in towns—if his services are free.

Now, Nagalingam could put any question safely.

"Once, I cured one Irulappan, while at Cumbam, and he told me that he belonged to . . . Kalladipatti of Karadipatti, I don't remember exactly."

"We have one Irulappan here, in that lone house, there,—an unpopular fellow, but he has gone somewhere," said a by-stander.

"Really, Mama, where has he gone?" asked a youngster.

"What do I know? I am not an astrologer!" came the dry reply.

"Sannasi too is dead," said the youngster, reminiscentially.

"Yes. His time was up, poor fellow."

Nagalingam got interested. "Who was Sannasi?" he asked, coolly treating an advanced case of cataract with three drops of distilled water.

"He was the Kodangi-man here (sooth-sayer, witch-doctor, etc.) He died last week."

"Was he burnt or buried?"

"Burial is the custom in their caste."

And Nagalingam went on setting eyes right.

When it grew dark, he set out on his gruesome toil. He worked with a muffled torch, and dug up Sannasi's grave. First, Sannasi's body came up. He dug further. The mangled body of Irulappan, presumably, lay in front of him. He fixed up the mound as it was, cleaned himself in a stream, spent the rest of the night at Karadipatti, played the ophthalmist a little more the next morning, and returned to his brother-in-law.

How Nagalingam attended the trial of Mayandi, the alleged chilli thief, how he pulled some wires and made Servai and Arumugam look small (and liable for prosecution for deliberate and malicious fabrication of a theft case against poor Mayandi), how he galvanised the court by demanding the re-arrest of villainous Mayandi for the cold-blooded murder of Irulappan of Karadipatti and how, later, he supplied the police and the lawyers with all the clues which he had 'un-earthed', would please me very much to tell in detail, and perhaps you to hear. But it would be a crime with the paper famine on.

And enough unto the day are the crimes thereof, don't you think.



SWATANTRA

156, Lloyds Road,
Royapettah, Madras.

SWATANTRA is published every Saturday at 156, Lloyds Road, Royapettah, Madras (India). Single copy, six annas. Subscription: Inland, Rs. 20 per year and Rs. 10 per half-year. Foreign, £1 16sh. or 8 dollars (U.S.A.) per year. If return of manuscripts is desired, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must be enclosed.

KASHMIR AND HYDERABAD

by V. SUBRAMANIAM, M.A.

I was surprised to find *Swatantra* indirectly subscribing to the popular view that Hyderabad and Kashmir balance each other in the communal scale, in the article "A Test Case" about Junagadh. It is high time that such a dangerous half-truth is refuted by a statement of bare facts.

To start with a few figures, Hyderabad and Kashmir are roughly equal in area (85,000 sq. miles), but Hyderabad has a large population of 16½ millions and a big yearly revenue, while Kashmir has a population of only 4 millions and a comparatively small revenue. On a simple percentage basis, Hindus form a larger percentage of the population in Kashmir (30 per cent) than Muslims in Hyderabad (12 per cent). But this percentage alone does not tell the whole story. The Nizam would have to settle at least 12 million Muslims to make it at least a 50 per cent Muslim area, a number which (as Dr. Rajendra Prasad has pointed out) not all the Muslims south of the Vindhyas can make up. But if the Kashmir Maharaja had a mind to pay back in similar coin, he has to bring in only 1½ million Hindus into the State, which he can do with ease and impunity, with the lakhs of refugees in East Punjab, to which he has easy access. The Muslims will have to travel to Hyderabad over wide stretches of Indian territory, in large masses, and their movements can be watched and checked if necessary. This is neither an incitement or threat, but just a statement of facts and a warning to the Congress and the League alike.

As regards history, the dynasty of the Nizams has managed to survive by sheer continuous kowtowing to the dominant power, first to the Marathas by paying *chauth*, and then to the English by cession of territory and slavish subservience. It escaped extinction very narrowly twice, once from the Marathas after the humiliation of Kardla, and the

second time from Dalhousie's insatiable rapacity for annexing States. But Kashmir was gained by the Hindus and Sikhs during their period of resurgence and reconquest by Ranjit Singh. That Kashmir consists mainly of Muslims is a monument alike to Hindu folly and blindness, for when the Muslims there most willingly offered themselves for reconversion to Hinduism, the pundits refused to accept them except at prohibitive black market rates for *prayaschitt*, and Nehru has rightly called them bandits instead of pandits. The present dynasty of course came to the throne as a result of shady transactions during the Second Sikh War, and by agreeing to pay part of the imposed indemnity. Whereas the Hyderabad army from the time of Asaf Jah has such a continuous record of defeats and such uncontrollable lust for pillage and massacre as no other army in the world, the Dogra regiments of Kashmir have writ their heroic name on all the world's battlefields.

As regards geography, Kashmir is accessible only from the Punjab and not from any place outside India. That is why it was left unconquered for a long time by Muslim invaders from the north-west, though they overran all north India. Kashmir was invaded and conquered only from the Punjab, by Muslims, as well as by Sikhs later. Its strategic importance lies mainly in its airfields from which air raids can be launched on India, Pakistan, Afghanistan and Russia. It can however communicate easily both with India and Pakistan, with both of whom it has a long common border. But Hyderabad lies at the very heart of the Indian Union, athwart her north to south and east to west, and can easily threaten the communications of the Union in a crisis. Thus the strategic importance of Hyderabad for India is greater than that of Kashmir for either India or Pakistan. The only saving factor is that while Kashmir can easily communicate with the Indian Union, Hyderabad

is surrounded on all sides by Indian territory, a fact which should be utilized to full advantage by the Indian Government in preventing import and export of arms into and outside the State. While Kashmir by its isolation is racially and linguistically homogeneous, Hyderabad is an incubus and a festering sore whose existence prevents a redistribution of provincial boundaries on a natural linguistic basis.

To say that Kashmir will or must join Pakistan while Hyderabad accedes to the Indian Dominion is to betray ignorance and lack of judgment. If we are to go by the principle that the will of the people must prevail in the matter of a State's accession, then both States will have to join India, for thanks to the support wisely extended to the National Conference by the Congress, the majority there are not Pakistan-minded. Of course the Maharaja must be not only induced to make wise and timely concessions to popular sentiment but must also be properly supported against the minority tactics of Pakistan and its agents in the State. Fortunately, Pandit Nehru seems to have realized this at last and his cautious attitude of late, with the appointment of Mr. N. Gopalaswami Iyengar to the Cabinet, may be taken as a very good augury. After having sold the most solid block of nationalist Muslims in N.-W.F.P. for a song to British treachery and League bullying the Indian Government cannot afford to commit a similar blunder in Kashmir, without lowering its already diminished prestige; especially in the face of Pakistan's rapacity to annex the maximum territory without principle or scruple.

The case of Hyderabad is very important because of the innumerable

possibilities of mischief therefrom, threatening the very existence of the Indian Union. While the necessity of the Indian Government strengthening itself politically and militarily before taking any hasty steps has to be admitted, it is also fairly clear that time is not entirely in favour of the Indian Union. Time is just in favour of those who make the fullest and most intelligent use of it. This cannot be said of the Indian Government's policy of drift towards Hyderabad. That arms should be smuggled out of Hyderabad to Muslims of Berar and C.P. is bad enough. But that modern arms and ammunition should be smuggled into Hyderabad from C.P.'s arsenals is intolerable, and the late discovery of it does not in the least excuse the lack of necessary and timely vigilance. That border stations on Indian territory should be violated and Hindus have to flee from Hyderabad is not very creditable to the Indian Government's vigilance. The provincial Government's helplessness in the matter is also pitiable at the present juncture. Unfortunately the Tamil-Andhra controversy has at a critical moment turned people's attention away from this vital danger to South India. What shall it profit the Andhras if they gain Madras but lose Telingana? If the Tamils gain Madras but the Nizam waxes strong at the expense of Andhras, can the Tamils hope to escape the evil consequences of the Nizam's expanding ambitions? If the Tamil and Andhra leaders devote a little of the energy they spend now in hurling abuses and threats at each other, in rousing the people's consciousness to this common danger and organizing them, they would have done a real and immediately necessary service to their country.

Three ways to end a dinner conversation:—

1. Ask the lady on your right if she's married. Should she say "Yes," ask her if she has any children. If she says "No," ask her how she does it.
2. Ask the lady on your left if she is married. If she says "No," ask her if she has any children.
3. Ask the lady across from you if she has any children. If she says "Yes," ask her if she's married.—Journal A.M.A.

ANDHRA PROVINCE: THE REAL PROBLEM

by K. SRIRAMULU

IN the abundance of claims and counter claims put forward on behalf of and against the integration of the Andhra areas into a province, there appears a singular lack of appreciation of the real problem of the Andhras. A good deal of storm rages over the disposal of the border districts. In particular the inclusion of Madras in the Andhra area has given rise to a storm of protest. Ardent advocates of the Andhra territorial integrity claim that Madras, by the logic of ancient history, be assigned to the Andhra province. The last ignoble incident of the sale of Madras (then a fishing village) to the East India Company by an Andhra who treated his principality as his property and his subjects as so many chattels that could be bartered away for his convenience, is cited as claim incontrovertible for the inclusion of Madras in the Andhra province. On the other side, the leaders of Tamilnad are positive that they are prepared to shed their blood to establish their claim for the incorporation of the city into the Tamil province.

Now-a-days huge exchange of populations are taking place to subserve a political motive in complete disregard of the facts of history, ancient or even the more immediate, minorities are being planted where they never existed to provide national homes, geographical boundaries are being cut across to iron out mal-adjustments and small nationalities traditionally living at peace with their bigger neighbours are being violently torn asunder in the name of self-determination. In this colossal welter of kalidoscopic changes, where does the simple sale of a fishing village or the cession of a few districts by a party who had no right to sell or cede come in for any consideration? And what does it matter if a few are positive that they are prepared

to shed their blood—fortunately their own?

Throughout the verbal battle for Madras one sorely misses on the part of the contending parties any consideration for the wishes of the Madrasees themselves. If an Andhra from the remote north or a Tamilian from the far south has the right to determine the fate of a border district, are the people of the district themselves to have no say in the dispute? This is clearly a matter for an impartial boundary commission and it will save a lot of bad blood if both parties realise that this is a simple case of the application of the principle of self-determination on the part of the people of the border districts.

Then there is the fierce controversy between the people of the Circars and those of the Ceded Districts. The distinction between these two parts of the country is not one of language, race or culture, but is grounded in the fact that the two tracts were ceded by one party to another at different times! One wonders whether cession at one time makes such a strong unifying force and cession at different times drives a wedge in the cultural unity of a people. The Rayalus in their days of humble beginnings ruled only a small tract of the country round about Bellary and in the high tide of their achievement their empire extended far beyond the entire Telugu country. There is no more reason therefore to include Cuddapah and Kurnool in Rayalaseema than there is to include Guntur, Nellore and the Circars. But the people of the Ceded Districts would have us believe that they are the sole heirs to the glory that was the Vijayanagar Empire. One may not quarrel with them on this issue. But one may be permitted to point out that the inferiority complex that colours their vision and determines their attitude in respect of the Andhra

aspirations is hardly worthy of a people laying claim to such proud traditions. Are the descendants of the great Rayalus made of such poor stuff that they are afraid to stand competition with those whom they conquered at one time? It may be that, in recent times, for nobody's fault, they were denied the opportunities, educational and other, for fitting them for competition with others. But surely these opportunities cannot be denied to them any longer. With the completion of the Tungabhadra project their part of the country bids fair to be the granary of the Andhra Desa. The development of electricity under the project will give plenty of scope for industrial expansion and Rayalaseema (so-called) with its virgin soil and its vast mineral resources will probably be the richest part of Andhra desa. Concurrently with the rise in economic stature, the centre of gravity of the financial, cultural and even the political life of the Andhra will surely shift in their direction.

The real problem of the Andhra province does not consist either in setting the border disputes with the Tamils or in combating the apathy of the men of Rayalaseema. It consists in the unification of all the parts of the Andhra country wherein Telugu is spoken and which are contiguous to one another. Thus the part of the Nizam's Dominions in which Andhras reside has to be reclaimed and integrated into the *Greater Andhra Province*. The Andhras of the Indian Union cannot afford to leave their kinsmen and blood-brothers to the tender mercies of the Nizam with his Arab mercenaries and his extra-territorial affiliations. The leaders of the Andhra province have hitherto avoided this question either because they were preoccupied with more urgent ones or because they thought that the solution was beyond practical politics. It is increasingly coming home to every one that the Nizam of the sovereign State is a quite different individual from the Nizam under British suzerainty. The

Andhras should have one *undivided homeland* and they must be the masters of their homeland. It is an inalienable right of every nation and the Andhras cannot be content with less.

In a press communique issued by the Government of the Indian Union dated October 5, 1947, the Government state "Any decision involving the fate of large numbers of people must necessarily depend on the wishes of these people. This is the policy which the Government of India accept *in its entirety* and they are of opinion that a dispute involving the fate of any territory should be decided by a referendum or plebiscite of the people concerned. This is a method at once democratic, peaceful and just." The issue of the integration of the Andhra province should thus be decided by a plebiscite among the Andhras of the Nizam's Dominions. Do they elect to be one with their nationals across the border in one Andhra province, or are they content with being the subjects of the Nizam? If they opt for the latter course they may be helped to attain responsible government within the State. But if their free and unfettered choice is to integrate with the Andhras of the Indian Union, no historical accidents, no political exigencies, no ex-Andhra agreements should be allowed to stand in the way of their attaining their goal. If it is legitimate for a Muslim minority in India to ask to be integrated into one nation and demand the vivisection of the old country, it is undoubtedly legitimate and proper for the Andhras of the Nizam's Dominions to demand the partition of the Dominion in order to unite with their kinsmen in the Indian Union and carve out an autonomous homeland for themselves. It will be the duty of the Indian Union to help towards this consummation and it is up to the Andhras to focus the attention of the Union Government on this larger aspect of the Andhra problem. The Satyagraha movement now in full swing in Telingana should be switched on to this new purpose.

SPOTLIGHT ON THE



PAKISTAN'S reserves of incendiary grievance-mongering and political reaction appear to be so large that vast quantities of them are available for export after amply meeting home requirements. And Pakistan has naturally chosen the United Nations Organisation as its export market, since that body operates as the international clearing-house for all political wares, whether genuine or shoddy, Communist or racist.

PAKISTAN ABROAD

It is difficult to withhold admiration from Pakistan's leaders when one considers their infinite capacity for sheer and brazen exhibition of cheek. Look at the cool way in which, within a week of Pakistan's admission to membership of the U.N.O., Pakistan delegate Abdus Sattar gravely accused the Indian authorities of permitting 'genocide.' This was presumably intended as an appeal to the conscience of the world, since the earlier appeal to the conscience of the British Commonwealth (contained in the omnibus invitation to the Empire countries to come along and lend a hand in settling the communal trouble) had met with a rather cold reception.

But the most spectacular climb-up staged by Pakistan during its very short period of participation in the U. N. is its appointment to a seat on the Special Greek Border Commission. This indicates the quick progress made by Pakistan—in the wrong direction. Brought into being as a result of sustained British patronage, occupying a position of strategic importance since its territories extend very close to the Soviet frontier, and ruled by a semi-feudal and anti-democratic

clique whose political strength derives solely from the exploitation of religious fanaticism, Pakistan is marked out for the friendly attention of the Anglo-American group in the U.N.O. U.S. support for Pakistan's participation in the Greek Border Commission might well be the beginning of a lasting political line-up between Pakistan and the anti-Russian powers.

The appointment of the Commission itself marks a further stage in the development of the 'cold war' which has been going on in the Balkans between the Russian and Anglo-American groups. We have already commented in these columns on the state of civil war between the forces of the reactionary and dictatorial Government of Greece (supported by British and American men, money and arms) and the Left-wing guerilla forces. The Greek Government complained to the U.N.O. that Bulgaria, Albania and Yugoslavia were not only receiving and aiding Greek-refugees, but violating the Greek frontiers also. The report submitted by a majority of the inquiry commission sent by the Security Council said that the three northern neighbours of Greece had, in fact, given aid to Greek guerillas, but refuted the charge that there had been violations of the territorial integrity of Greece: "No evidence of probative value was introduced which tended to indicate that the frontier violations not connected with guerilla activities were deliberately provoked either by the Governments of the neighbours or by that of Greece, or that there was any policy of systematic provocation on either side, or that the incidents themselves were evidence of the aggressive intentions of either country." In spite of this,

the U.S. has been pressing, during the present session of the U.N. General Assembly, that a 'watchdog' commission should be stationed in Greece to keep an eye on the Balkan situation. On October 10, the U.N. Political Committee approved the setting up of such a commission, after an acrimonious debate during which Russia and the East European countries denounced the American move and refused to have anything to do with the commission. We think India acted wisely in abstaining from the voting on this question. Pakistan, however, supported (and, as pointed out, was supported by) the U.S. in establishing a body which is bound to be a source of continuous and bitter conflict among the powers. Commenting on this American move, the *New Statesman* said: "General Marshall at least should know, after his experience in China, that a social and class war is not ended by aiding a corrupt and unpopular Government with troops and arms."

INDIA versus THE UKRAINE

The same American policy of 'containing' Communism in Europe explains the steadfast U.S. support which India has been receiving in her tussle with the Ukraine for membership of the Security Council. With the election of Argentina and Canada to the Council, the strength of the Anglo-American group has remained unaffected. But if Poland's place is not taken by another East European country like the Ukraine, Russia would lose even the single friendly vote of which she has so far been sure in the Security Council. What is more important, if the Ukraine is defeated, the countries of Central and Eastern Europe will go without representation in the Council for two years. And it is precisely this area which is going to figure prominently in future political developments. Potentially the Balkans form one of the most explosive arenas of what is at present a 'cold' war between the Russians and the Anglo-Americans. If the third world war of our century is ever to break out, the *causus belli* might well be one or other 'incident' in Eastern Europe—the falsely alleged and

vigorously worked up question of Greek frontier violations are ominous in this connection. Already, American and British statesmen have been loud in their denunciation of the arrests and shooting of conservative Opposition leaders in countries like Hungary and Albania. In this atmosphere, it should be easy to understand Russia's firm insistence on the election of the Ukraine.

India's claim for a seat on the Security Council is based on the fact that she could thereby represent the South-East Asian region. Geography apart, India will continue to champion, to the extent that her power and influence permit her, the interests of the backward and colonial peoples of Asia. These are sound and good claims, but it will be a mistake to suppose that it is a recognition of these aims which has impelled the U.S. to support India. To American leaders, India is a candidate who (though slightly Left-tinged) is as good as any other for support as against the Ukraine. Past experience in the U.N.O. has shown that the Ukraine and India have a great deal more in common, especially on basic questions like colonial freedom and racial equality, than, say, Argentina and the Ukraine. The valuable support given by Dr. Manulisky, as Ukrainian delegate, to Mrs. Pandit at the last General Assembly session is an instance in point. When the temporary and merely expedient voting alliances break up after the election, there is no doubt that India and the Ukraine will continue to maintain their old links. Because the tussle between the two countries is more in the spirit of healthy competition, than as the representatives or 'puppets' of powerful forces pulling the strings from the background. Witness, for instance, the joint and successful action by Russia and India in the Trusteeship Committee of the U.N. for securing periodical information about non-self-governing territories from the colonial powers. This has happened despite Russia's unambiguous support of the Ukraine and India's dependence on the U.S. for gaining friendly votes from the American Continent.

HAS REPEAL OF SALT TAX BENEFITED THE PUBLIC?

by A. MASILLAMONEY PILLAI

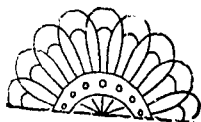
WHEN Mahatmaji pitched upon the salt tax for his attack, salt did not cost the common man more than 1½ annas per measure, and the Central Government's revenue from the tax was Rs. 9 crores. Gandhiji's epoch-making Salt Satyagraha ending in the Gandhi-Irwin Pact, gave hopes to the peasant and the poor, that if only the tax was lifted, the price of salt will not be more than half an anna a measure.

After about a quarter century of struggle, when the national leaders formed the Government at the Centre, the first budget showed the salt tax repealed. Any Government, after a devastating war, with nation-building schemes awaiting finance, would have hesitated to renounce a revenue of 9 crores. But our Government did it because it was a promise to the peasant and the poor; a duty of honour; a homage to the Father of the Nation. In such circumstances, it was but just and proper that the price of salt was brought down. It is now five months since the tax was repealed. What has exactly happened?

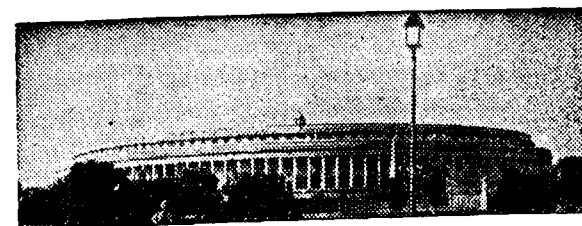
Prior to the repeal of the salt tax, the controlled price of salt per bag of two maunds, measuring 52 or 54 measures, was Rs. 5-10 in Madras and surrounding places. This price was fixed by the Government and as usual it was favourable to the producer rather than to the consumer. So much so, a Madras producer-merchant had been circulating notices offering the public a bag of salt of two maunds measuring 52 to 54 measures for Rs. 4-12-6. A difference of Rs. 0-13-6 a bag. The price of Rs. 5-10 included the manu-

facturing cost, cost of container, weighment and other attendant charges, a 6½ per cent profit and the sum of Rs. 3-2, the salt tax. When this rate was prevailing, the public were able to get salt at two annas a measure at their doors. At this rate the retail dealer was able to make, even at the high controlled rate, a profit of 14 annas per bag and an empty gunny worth about 10 annas, and on the whole he was able to make Re. 1-8 per bag. His cost price per measure was ranging from one anna six pies to one anna nine pies and he was selling at two annas a measure. After the repeal of the salt tax, a bag of salt according to the controlled rates costs but Rs. 2-12, and as per producer-merchant's rate Re. 1-14-6 only. And the cost per measure for the retail dealer will range between 7 and 10 pies only. During the past five months the price of salt had been kept steadily at two annas a measure and had been at some interior places, shooting up to four annas a measure. The public at large are being plundered at this rate by profiteers and black-marketeers, all these five months, while G.O.Ms. No. 5243, fixing up the price of salt at rates above mentioned, is in force even now.

How is it that the authorities have allowed such a state of affairs to prevail? Is it for this that the Dandi March was undertaken? Is it to swell the coffers of a few merchants and manufacturers that the Central Government renounced its revenue of 9 crores? Can all this happen when the leader of the Dandi March holds the reins of power? What are the civil supplies officials doing to arrange for regular supplies of salt at the proper price?



NEW DELHI DIARY



by V. V. PRASAD

JAWAHARLAL Nehru's peace campaign during the past week has been a courageous and magnificent performance. It did not add to his popularity locally, because some at least among the crowds that came to hear him were refugees who had harboured very violent thoughts against him. You still find in the Capital people who speak murderously against the humanitarian approach of Gandhi and Nehru. The story goes that when Gandhi and Nehru visited Hardwar, a refugee caught hold of the fringe of Indira Gandhi-Nehru's sari. Jawaharlal is said to have slapped him on the cheek. The refugee told him: "How can you advise us not to retaliate, when you yourself have thought it fit to slap me simply because I touched your daughter's sari?" It is not known what Nehru's reply to that was, but the incident seems to have left a deep impression on him. He said a month ago at a Press Conference that he very well understood that people are unhinged at the events of the Punjab, and that he was not sure he himself would not be unhinged if he was placed in similar circumstances.

We cannot but agree that the leadership of the Indian Congress has been completely unimaginative. They were unable to foresee the mass murders that took place. That might speak well of their faith in the innate goodness of man, but does little credit to their understanding of actualities. As Julian Huxley says, "the amounts of fear and anger in man's emotional make-up are greater than his needs as a civilized being, and are survivals from an earlier period of his racial history." We should try to understand man as a biological pheno-

menon as well. His pre-historic past has been full of peril and danger. It is quite true that human nature can be changed, and man who is essentially malevolent, at present can, and perhaps will, become a benevolent fellow. But to assert he is benevolent, as Tolstoy did, is to miss the bus. (And catching buses constitutes the very basis of our present day civilisation.)

When people were trying to leave Lahore, Dr. Gopichand Bhargava and others exhorted them to stay on. They did, only to be killed, or to be put to fight. Mahatma Gandhi has been asking Muslims in Delhi to return to their homes. There is obvious jubilation in their faces as they return to their homes, but in some localities as soon as they get home, they are getting killed as well. Gandhiji of course has been advising people to stick to their homes, and if necessary to get killed there, rather than flee. But unfortunately he makes some exceptions. He had been shown a wire from an ex-Minister in the Frontier Province (Shri Girdharilal Puri) to say that he and his wife were hourly in danger of their lives and should be rescued. Gandhiji mentioned this at his prayer meeting, and did not say that they should lay down their lives there. There is no point in letting innocent people die. The Congress had played its part in building up the Qaide-Azam into a Feuhrer. Having done so, the best thing is to face up to the problem of exchange of population. Sentimentally it is a rather distasteful thing for most of us: but that is the logical outcome of the Feuhrer's activities during the past seven years. Dr. D. R. Gadgil, one of the few economic philosophers of inte-

grity in this country, has pointed out that that is the only course open to us.

Thanks to Colonel Unni Nair who is the Military spokesman, we flew over Ludhiana, Jullundur, Amritsar, Lahore and the Balloki head in the Governor-General's Dakota. The tragedy that we saw down below was of epic dimensions. The fifty-mile long convoy of Hindu and Sikh refugees that were crossing the Balloki headworks was a heart-

rending spectacle. The road on which they were footing it was cut by floodwater in some places and the convoy had come to a standstill at some points. The convoy was an unending procession of bullock carts.

One cannot help reflecting that all this tragedy could have been avoided by foresight. The saying about being wise after the event comes to one's mind, but perhaps it is better to be wise at some stage at least.

ENQUIRY COMMITTEE'S REPORT ON P. C. C. SOCIETIES

by M. V. KRISHNAYYA

With a view to 'infusing new life' into the producer-cum-consumer co-operative societies, the Chettiar Committee was set up in June last. It is a notorious fact that Sri Chettiar had expressed himself against these societies even before he was dubbed President of the Committee. The recommendations now made by the Committee after a protracted and laborious enquiry do not belie the expectations of the most sanguine among those connected with the societies.

The amalgamation proposal of the Committee will not receive any support in any quarter since the present size and share-capital of each society are good enough for the work for which they are intended.

Next comes the recommendation that the present directors and secretaries should cease to function. This is conceived in a spirit of vengeance for the threat of boycott made at the commencement of the Committee's deliberations. In the name of democracy, the Committee propose to drag these societies down to the level of the other co-operative institutions under notoriously factious non-official control. To the precious minds of this expert Committee, nothing in the existing constitution of these societies seems to be sound. That is the evil of entrusting such work to second-rate people who cannot rise morally and mentally above party affiliations.

The farmers of the existing constitution of these societies must have considered all phases of the matter before giving over the control of these societies to the Government through the secreta-

ries appointed by them for safeguarding the large share capital. If such a wise provision is to be abandoned, the confidence of the generality of the shareholders in the success of these societies would be rudely shaken.

Already, the cancellation of the procurement work of these societies, contrary to the avowed declaration of the Government at the time of their formation, constitutes a breach of trust affecting the interests of tens of thousands of simple folk and if all this is owing to a change in the Ministry—a change without the consent of the people—and resulting in such far-reaching reversals of policy, no amount of propaganda by vested interests can again infuse confidence into the minds of the public, much less any 'new life' into these societies, by any innovations which enquiry committees or advisory councils under the present Government's bankrupt statesmanship can hit upon.

The secretaries are the worst hit in this bad business. Notwithstanding the guarantee of appointment for two years, the intensive training that they were given, and the experience of over nine months that they have gained so far, they are to be disbanded, according to Mr. Chettiar, and left to the tender mercies of the societies for reappointment and for undergoing fresh training too. Can there be any cleverer undoing of men and matters?

If the Government succumb to these manoeuvres and disturb the *status quo* of the societies, the result would be voluntary liquidation and not the implementation of the Chettiar Committee recommendations.

CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN

by P. N. SAMPATH

CHARLES Robert Darwin achieved fame as the protagonist of the theory of Evolution of Species which is his standing contribution to world thought. He was one of the worthies of the Victorian period.

Darwin was certainly not born into the limelight. He came to fame in one jerk, which was as unexpected as it was sensational. But, being a scion of a family of intellectuals, his rise was not so undeserving either. The noted thinker Erasmus Darwin was his grandfather.

Strange as it may seem, Darwin was little known until he was fifty years of age. As the saying goes, 'he rose one morning and found himself famous'.

When he was a mere child, Darwin interested himself with insect-collection, mostly beetles and butterflies. To call this 'precocity', or that it showed glimpses of his future genius, would be an overstatement. He was admitted into the Shrewsbury Grammar School under Headmaster Dr. Butler who publicly rebuked him "for wasting time on such useless subjects", when Darwin showed the same tendency to run after beetles and butterflies.

After his school career was over, he was sent to Edinburgh University to study medicine. He was no good in that subject. As an alternative his fond parent held out the prospect of a clergymanship for young Darwin. But, to the sad disillusionment of the father, Darwin manifested no liking either for medicine or for the Church. He did not want to tamper either with man's body or with his soul. His tastes lay elsewhere. Nature study and study of the insect world were his all-absorbing hobby, and his father's clerical ambition "died a natural death". Thus, neither school nor college did much for him, nor did his boyhood give any vivid indication of his future greatness.

After graduating Darwin joined the staff of a research ship named "The Beagle" as a voluntary naturalist, and sailed for five years,

visiting distant parts of the world. On board the ship he was busy reading books on natural science which stirred up in him "a burning zeal to add even the most humble contribution to the noble structure of natural science."

On return from his long sea voyage, Darwin was made Secretary of the Geological Society of London. But ill-health prevented him from taking part in the activities of the Society. He suffered from Carlyle's "accursed hag", dyspepsia.

Being the son of a prosperous county doctor, Darwin had no necessity to work for a living. Hence, to recoup his failing health, he went and settled down in a Kent village. He was then 33. This isolated existence in a village was a blessing in disguise for him because it enabled him to conduct the most ardent researches and to unearth the most relevant material for buttressing his theory of Evolution.

The speculation which made the theory possible was at least twenty-five centuries old. The earliest in the field were the early Greeks. We find the keynote of Evolution in the works of Heraclitus, the Greek philosopher. But the fact abides that insight, rather than experiment had ruled Greek speculation. Centuries of suspended animation, when the nepenthe of dogma drugged the reason, passed by without a bold initiative from the speculators. Advocates of novel theories were not let off scot-free in those times. Prosecution or even death awaited the 'inventors' of old.

Modern naturalists came to question the immutability of species. The evolutionary idea had been vigorously expounded by the Comte de Buffon, by Darwin's grandfather Erasmus, by Lamarck, by Saint Hilaire, by Treviranus, and by others in a smaller way. But, these people did not do it well. In fact, Huxley lamented with good reason that "the theory of Evolution had been sadly damaged by some of its supporters". It was Herbert Spencer who removed the theory from

the empirical stage of the ancient Greeks and based it on facts.

In the year 1813, an article of Dr. W. C. Wells, read before the Royal Society, contained Darwin's own hypothesis of natural selection. Darwin was then only nine years old. He did not see the article. The article itself attracted little notice.

In his Kent villa, Darwin patiently and cautiously collected evidence for twenty full years. At the end of it, outcame his marvellous work "The Origin of the Species by means of Natural Selection." It is a thoroughly documented book, and it met with immediate success. All the 1250 copies of the first edition were sold out on the day of publication. It brought about a revolution in the whole framework of contemporary philosophy. The work was translated into every European language, and even into Japanese and Hebrew.

Before the latter half of the 19th century, it was generally believed that the species of animals and plants were fixed and immutable. Scattered amidst rocks were fossilized remains of extinct plants and animals. Aristotle, the famous Greek philosopher, explained them away saying that they had germinated spontaneously where they were found.

As most of these fossils were of marine creatures, everything was attributed to the Deluge. This explanation supported the theory of the Genesis. However, this theory became untenable when more fossils were examined. Scientific research applied the searchlight on this theory. Animals and plants were dissected and examined—both intensively and extensively. Darwin's book contains all the details of such revealing experiments. The study of species during his voyage round the world in the "Beagle", yielded its fruit to the enrichment of contemporary biology. Darwin was the first man to give the theory of evolution a practical shape.

Mr. A. R. Wallace of the Moluccas, who was a contemporary of Darwin, wrote an identical theory named "Contribution to the Theory of Natural Selection". But Darwin

forestalled him by days. In spite of this eleventh-hour baulking of effort, Wallace admits "Mr. Darwin had been at work long before me". He then pays a tribute to Darwin's "untiring patience in accumulating his wonderful skill in using large masses of facts of the most intricate and varied kind, his wide and accurate physiological knowledge, his acuteness in devising and skill in carrying out experiments and his admirable style of composition, at once clear, persuasive and judicial—qualities in harmonious combination".

While proving the fact of evolution, Darwin has given the method—the hypothesis of natural selection. The hypothesis of natural selection embraces the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. The two ideas of evolution and natural selection stand or fall together. Darwin's theory thus contained not only evidence that evolution had occurred but also a plausible explanation of the occurrence. It was a tremendous feat of rationalization. Darwin substituted rational evolution for miraculous creation.

The orthodox church did not at all approve of this theory. Some of the criticisms of the clergy are interesting. Cardinal Manning declared Darwinism to be "a brute philosophy,—to wit, there is no God, and the ape is our Adam." Protestants and Catholics denounced it as an "attempt to dethrone God", as "a huge imposture", and as "turning the Creator out of doors". Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford said that the new theory "contradicted the revealed relations of creation to its creator". The contest between the bishops and biologists continued without break.

As for the reception abroad, the French savants were somewhat cosy but the Germans were enthusiastic. Darwin had, like all prophets, more honour in other countries than in his own.

Translation after translation of the work followed apace. *Punch* seized it as a subject of caricature. At last, one by one, the few sceptical scientific men who still held out, were overborne by the weight of evidence. The new theory permeated

and quickened the pulse of the entire thinking humanity. It forms the foundation of modern biology. Nevertheless, even now there are small pockets of sceptics still remaining unconvinced. Except in Soviet Russia where it has become a part of the official creed (Communism), Darwin's theory is yet to undergo a really critical test. But, as long as his hypothesis remains unquestioned, the theory will continue to hold the field. Until then, in the words of Herbert Spencer, "we have to deal with Man as a pro-

duct of Evolution, with Society as a product of Evolution, and with moral phenomena as product of Evolution."

Darwin's doctrine received further impetus and strength at the energetic hands of Huxley. "Huxley hatched the egg that Darwin laid." Huxley was the Apostle Paul of Darwinism. In more recent times, J. B. S. Haldane and R. A. Fisher in England, and S. Wright in America, have furnished more facts and figures in support of the theory.

ANOMALIES OF HINDU MARRIAGE LEGISLATION

by G. BALASUNDARA RAO

THE Prohibition of Bigamous Marriages and Divorce Bill is being considered by the Madras Legislative Assembly and is likely to be referred to a Select Committee.

Those who followed the proceedings closely cannot but feel that scanty attention has been paid by many members to this important measure. Half the House was not present. Those who participated in the debate, with a few exceptions, made it a source of amusement. Those who took it seriously, not having grasped the fundamentals of the problem, based their opinions on religious dogma and an instinctive prejudice against polygamy and divorce.

Compared with the agitation caused by the Sarda Act the present bill has not provoked any serious discussion. The mover of the bill naturally concluded that the public are in favour of this bill. It is not so. Other pressing problems are responsible for the absence of that reaction which such a measure would have otherwise produced.

It is a regrettable tendency on the part of the majority not to bother about the problems of the minority. People with frustrated marriages to whom polygamy or divorce are of supreme interest constitute a minority. There is a deep-rooted prejudice in Hindu society against polygamy and divorce. But to this and various other social and economic

reasons, even the unhappily married seek other methods of adjusting their disturbed matrimonial lives than polygamy or divorce. It is not all people that can have the patience, interest or opportunity to study this problem frankly from a correct perspective. Sincere social workers, doctors and lawyers are the only persons that have such an opportunity and it is they that should advise the Legislature.

Though polygamy is permitted by Hindu law very few people have abused that privilege and those who have taken advantage of it have done so under the stress of circumstances. Those who have committed bigamy can generally be classified into the following categories: (1) Those who have married a second time for want of children by the first wife. They do so in the later parts of their lives either with the consent or at the instigation of their first wives. (2) Those who marry very early and find their marriages unsuitable when they grow up. These cases are few. (3) Those who marry a second time when their wives begin to suffer from incurable or chronic ailments like asthma, tuberculosis, paralysis, cancer, etc. (4) Those who commit bigamy as a punitive measure against their wives. Only rich people can afford this. Others merely swallow their grief or shame and suffer in silence. (5) Those whose wives fail

to bring the wealth or position expected of them and in disappointment marry again. Society is full of commercialised marriages of this sort. (6) Those on whom bigamy is forced due to seduction by them of women, resulting in conception or scandal. (7) Those who take more than one wife just for fancy, pleasure, prestige or to keep up family tradition.

Whatever people may talk, marriage in actuality is only a working arrangement between a man and a woman to lead family life and bear children. It is a relationship resulting in physical, social and intellectual companionship. Marriage will be a failure whenever there is incompatibility between a man and his wife.

The twentieth century is a bridge between the old and the new age. Boys who are brought up in cities and girls who are brought up in villages are often forced into matrimony by dominating parents. When these couples start living together there is a great conflict. In this state of conflict, certain persons have taken to bigamy. It does not mean that polygamous nature is on the increase in men. It is mostly due to the increased number of conflicts in domestic life.

Our elders have provided polygamy as a 'fuse-wire' when life's currents are short-circuited. If it is not there, the very installation of life will be burnt out.

What are the alternatives? Either a divorce, eternal conflict, suicide or homicide or promiscuity. One of them must be there if monogamy is strictly enforced by law. This is certain, and there is no use running away from the truth. Ninety-nine out of every hundred are monogamous by instinct. The polygamous instinct is an abnormality. The one per cent remain polygamous, law or no law. It is much better to allow them to remarry and effect suitable legislation to safeguard the interests of the injured wives and children. No Government, however popular it might consider itself, can compel a reluctant man to love his wife or live with his wife. It is an impertinence on the part of the

Legislature to enact that he should do so. But the Legislature has certainly the right to provide protection to the wives and children injured by bigamy. The wife can dissolve her marriage under these conditions, taking compensation or maintenance or marry someone else.

The present bill seems to have been framed with the mistaken idea that if two people are compelled to live together they learn to love each other. Nothing can be more foolish than this. Marriage must be based on mutual attraction and consent of the man and woman. Otherwise it is bound to be a failure.

It is atrocious for a Government to punish a person for marrying the woman he loves. All that it can do is to confer on the first wife the right of dissolving her marriage and taking another husband. Mr. Kaleswararao's bill puts the cart before the horse. According to its provisions, a person must get his marriage dissolved before he marries a second time. Such an enactment results in disastrous consequences, because the grounds for permissible dissolution of marriage are few, and divorces are next to impossible to obtain. Free marriage and free divorce are both necessary in modern life. Just as many people have not abused the right of polygamy, many will not abuse the right of divorce either. It is sheer impertinence on the part of the State to compel a man or woman to enumerate in a court of law the reasons for his or her not liking the other. It is best to leave it to the married partners to decide whether they should separate or live together. The State can only provide suitable maintenance to the wife or children.

The attitude of the legislators to this bill has, therefore, to be rectified. Otherwise, it looks as if they will follow Bombay by enacting an anti-bigamous measure and dropping the question of divorce altogether. Such a measure will be highly disastrous to Hindu society. It will be much better to leave matters as they are and leave the question to a future generation than to undertake half-baked reforms. Public opinion must assert itself in time to stop the measure.

POWER DRIVE FOR REVIVAL OF COTTAGE INDUSTRIES

by K. V. KARANTHA

Chief Electrical Inspector to the Government of Madras.

THE decay of our cottage industries started with the advent of the large-scale mechanised production of consumer goods towards the latter part of the last century. As this developed, more and more of our poor artisans found their cottage industry production losing ground until they finally gave up their traditional methods of livelihood, and wandered about in the villages offering their services as labourers to the only other industry that was large

to accurately diagnose their case and plead for their uplift. He worked hard for the revival of cottage industries. More than anything else, he focussed attention on their problem. The problem is however still with us. With every addition made to the power driven rice mills, oil mills, textile mills, etc., more of such artisans are being displaced and made jobless.

The National Planning Committee found it too delicate a task to assign a clear cut and precise place to cottage industries. To-day when the time for action for our industrial revival has struck we are still without proper ideas about these cottage industries. And those who prefer to forget the 40 million jobless starving people are vociferous about more mechanisation, permits and quotas.

It is argued that the way to regain our prosperity is to not only put in more textile mills, oil mills, etc., but also to make in India itself all the goods and machinery that we are now importing, like motor cars, locomotives, ships, aeroplanes, radios, chemicals etc., and that the country will then again become fully prosperous. Yes. We should make all these in India as quickly as possible but as for its removing all unemployment, these new industries are computed to give employment to no more than about 5 lakhs of our people, while those in our waiting list are 40 millions!

It is also argued that with machines we can make things so cheap that our poor people can buy them more readily and be thus helped. Even assuming such cheapness which is not great, how does it help our 40 million jobless men, whose problem is to find the next meal? Where will they ever find the money to buy new cloth and soap and refined oil, however cheap these may become?

The only remedy seems to be to give these millions back again the work and the means of livelihood they had lost. Everything else seems quibbling.

We should try to make these unemployed independent artisans because then only can they hope to retain a good portion of their cost of production for themselves and thus get over their poverty earlier. The textile mill industry, every time it gathers 100 rupees



K. V. Karantha

enough to absorb them and that had not yet been driven to the wall, namely agriculture. Their tragic story can be seen unfolding itself in the successive census reports. The one for 1882 gave the number of these landless day labourers as 7.5 millions, the 1921 report as 21.5 millions and the 1931 report as 33 millions. The number must have stood at at least 40 millions in 1938. Then the war started and created an abnormal atmosphere which continues even now but which it would be most dangerous to take as standard.

These landless labourers find work for a few days in the year which hardly brings them one square meal a day, year in and year out. What a tragedy for men who were independent, clever and willing to work.

The heart of Mahatma Gandhi, that always bleeds for the poor, was the first

from the people, gives back only 20 rupees to the workers. Such a meagre recirculation amongst the masses can never help to increase their purchasing power and bring them prosperity. But if instead of our mills, the Rs. 100 of cloth had been made in cottage units, as under the Khadder scheme, it is found to give back to the artisans 80 per cent of the cost of production and not a mere 20 per cent. If, therefore, we really have the interests of these 40 million at heart, it seems to be futile to think of any other means of helping them than by the revival of the cottage industries in their village homes.

What sort of cottage industries? The revival of the old handicrafts that collapsed under competition with large scale mechanised manufacture would be an impossible task to perform and even if possible, by introducing very artificial conditions, these industries would again collapse as soon as our country throws open its doors to the competition of the mechanised products of the rest of the world. Such throwing open, we have to do, since we cannot always live in a hot house. So we will, this time, have to have our cottage industries with an efficiency and standard of quality quite approaching that of mill products and the more these mill products improve, as they will constantly do, our cottage units must also improve similarly. The only way to do this that I can conceive of, is to have our cottage units as far as possible in miniature forms of the large-scale factory units so that the copying and incorporation of improvements will be an easy matter.

The most important of such factors to be incorporated in our cottage units should be their power drive. Man has always disliked drudgery. He first tried to pass on such a drudgery to slaves or beasts of burden. Now he has found that he can harness natural forces for this purpose. The world will use such natural forces as steam or oil or electric power more and more and if we alone do not do so in our cottage units, we will again fail miserably in the world competition.

That such a power-driven cottage unit can very well stand the competition of large-scale manufacture has been amply proved recently by the very successful working of the electrically-driven cottage looms in the Bombay Presidency. The individual looms being costly, were hire-purchased by Government to weavers who later became their proud owners. The looms have successfully cut out the high supervision charges, commissions, fees, etc., of mill magnates, cut out loss of precious working hours

due to indifference, misunderstandings and strikes, of hired labour. I understand that the success of the cottage looms has been an eye-opener to textile mills which are greatly upset by such success. There are over 4,000 such looms in the town of Surat alone and the Bombay Government is arranging to start electric supply in some other towns also, where weavers exist in large numbers, mainly for helping such development.

The successful revival of power-driven cottage industry units demands (1) the availability of suitable cottage units, (2) the availability of electric supply and (3) perpetual vigilance to keep up their competitive efficiency.

Unfortunately, unlike in weaving, we do not have for many other cottage processes, the necessary small-scale units capable of power-drive. We, as a nation, have been notoriously backward in the matter of inventing and perfecting modern machines. Our engineers, technologists and scientists should bestir themselves now at least. Government should start administering the necessary inducements, encouragements or even the goading. Later on, Government should also arrange to make the newly evolved units in a cheap manner and in millions and distribute them. Russia has shown that one can build up a tremendous lot in a few years with determination; and that the cost of manufacture need not be a deterrent factor.

Which industries will be the most suitable for tackling thus? Obviously we cannot think of providing work for our numerous millions with any of our petty industries alone. The attempts to tinker with this problem by talks of improved mat-making, carpentry, pottery, etc., is like trying to cure thousands of patients with a few pills of medicine. Only such an industry as produces goods worth thousands of millions of rupees can be capable of giving jobs and wages to the millions of our unemployed. The textile industry is our largest industry and that alone, if made the mainstay of our cottage industry movement, can hope to put again our millions on their feet. Fortunately its weaving section can, even as it is, be cut up and converted into cottage units. The sooner this is done the better. Similarly, if only we had small spinning units capable of power drive and working in cottages our problem would have been mostly solved. But such a unit has yet to be invented and may take some time to invent. Since it was these spinning mills that caused most of the unemployment, the question of making

them support more labourers is worthy of consideration. One possible means is to have in these twice the number of workers but working for half the time. The wages will also then have to be half which would be insufficient to support the factory labour in towns like Bombay. It would also be unwise to shift the new men to be employed to towns. The solution seems to lie in shifting the existing mills to villages. The splitting of these mills to units of about 2,000 spindles and locating them in different villages round an administrative centre from which it can be supervised, seems to be a feasibility and will enable such larger employment on half shifts.

The power-driven looms could also be located in such villages since electricity has to be taken to these to serve the spinning mills. We could also then insist that the oil-seeds and sugar-cane to be crushed, paddy to be hulled, and such other processing of agricultural products are all done in these villages only and not allowed to get diverted. The local processing will give more work to the villagers and also make the products cheaper than if they had passed to distant huge 25-ton oil mills or 2,000-ton sugar factories and been then sent back after passing through the hands of a number of middle men.

We have in the electric motor a power-drive suited for cottage units *par excellence*. It is reasonably cheap, very efficient even in small sizes and easy to work. Unfortunately the current for its working requires to be pumped through long lines which are very costly. Countries interested in spreading electricity to rural areas are trying to cheapen electric lines but even then it costs some

thousands of rupees per mile. We cannot therefore spread it to each village unless there is enough work there to be done.

Then again, though electricity for cottage industries is being offered specially cheaply, hardly anybody is using it because electricity is not available in most villages and the cottage industry machines and processes as can use electricity have yet to be invented. Unless they are invented, the real revival of cottage industries is not feasible. We would however be at least preparing the ground for the same by installing the power looms which are available and, by splitting up our monster spinning mills to smaller sizes and working them in villages and by processing agricultural produce in the villages themselves. We can then, as each new type of power-driven cottage unit is invented, readily instal these in such villages.

Our cottage units, even if revived on the new basis, will not flourish for long unless there is also the continuous tireless effort necessary to improve them in the same manner as now applies to all large-scale modern industries. It is useless to rely for this work on the cottage industry owners who will never have the resources necessary for the purpose. Government will have to take over the burden.

Our population is growing every year by as much as the entire population of some of the Western countries and so also will our unemployed. There is no solution except the revival of our cottage industries and the sooner we take up the task on a vast and thorough scale the better.

(A.I.R. broadcast.)



While the abolition of zemindari is welcomed as a start, it has long been clear that its most commonly accepted alternative, the ryotwari system, is not the true answer to India's land problems—to the overcrowding, the evils of fragmentation, absentee ryots, uneconomic holdings, poor output, the injustices suffered by the landless labourer and lack of cheap finance for the cultivator and of facilities for marketing his produce. Remedies for some of these must be sought in the broader social and economic field outside the confines of land reform—in the Indian inheritance laws, for example, and absorption of a greater proportion of the rural population in industry. But over the rest, the great question arises whether the cure for India's rural ills lies in peasant proprietorship or in collective or co-operative farming.—Editorial in *The Statesman*.

VILLAGE PEOPLE NEED BIRTH CONTROL

A SUGGESTION TO THE CONGRESS GOVERNMENT

THE Congress Government, true to its pledges, is launching a campaign of village regeneration. Many ideas are already in the air in this connection such as prohibition, the Khadi scheme, etc. But there is one grave malady which has not been sufficiently stressed and one recipe which has not received official blessings—the serious problem of over-population, and the necessary practice of birth control. Too many children too frequently appearing in the family is a common sight in the villages. The mother gets weaker and weaker after each confinement till she becomes a pale, ugly, pitiful ghost with a wan babe at her breast and a bulge beneath portending the horror of the next one to be brought out. She is a wretched child-bearing drudge, whose death is hastened by consumption or cardiac disease. Enlarged liver, under-nutrition, rickets and a host of other afflictions are the lot of the children. And woe of the honest parent who struggles and fails to find food for these mouths!

Can we end this distressing situation? Among other things, birth control has to be considered. Let children before they are born have 'the right to be wanted'. Let mothers have the 'spacing' to recuperate and be ready to nurture the tender thing in the womb and not be huddled into a quick and dangerous succession of confinements.

It is urgently necessary therefore that the poor uneducated people in the villages be told that child birth is a controllable biological event, and not an inevitable consequence of the sexual act or an unwelcome but irresistible gift from an incomprehensible God. The puritan says that sex is sinful and that if you indulge you must not avoid the consequence. The orthodox also argue that birth control is "going against nature", and that the

world has been getting on without it all these ages. But these obscurantist objections, though obdurately held, can roundly be rejected as unscientific and as showing a callous disregard of the circumstances and needs of men and women today. A clean, scientific, practical outlook on sex would bring us to realise the need for popularising contraception. One can dismiss out of consideration those angels who prescribe and practise absolute abstention all through the year and every year round, as they are abnormal subjects for the proper study of phycology. Sex, in moderate measure, is a normal function of man.

It is conceivable that some might "argue still" against birth control and level the charge that it is a charter of licentiousness. Experience in the West has not disclosed any alarming increase in lascivious intemperance since human nature is basically against excesses. The erring few might exist or increase, but when we remember the case of numbers of poor village couples to whom pregnancy is willy-nilly a dreadful sequel to sex life, and to whom an additional child means an irretrievable upset of the already bankrupt budget, there is much to be said for the use of contraceptives.

Quackery and ignorant practices in these matters are dangerous. If the meaningless taboo on sex matters is banished, it is possible to teach the villager through trained doctors, the practice of birth control. A clinic for every firkha with a medical man in charge of it, is easy to establish, if the Government wills it. Conditions could be imposed. The Congress Government will enjoy the gratitude of generations of mothers, if it starts such clinics to help rear a healthy and happy race of boys and girls in our villages and towns.

AMARANTH AND MOLY

by N. S. RAMASWAMI

EPIGRAMS, like puns, have for long been laid under high literary displeasure. But, it is difficult to deny the merit of perspicacity and wit to the author who, as he observed the Indians in action at Lord's last year, was moved to exclaim in print:

"Once on a time, or so we understand,

Men took the Golden Road to Samarcand.

But now we tread a more familiar path—

And take the St. John's Wood Road to Amarnath".

Few in India will be found willing to be displeased by the graceful compliment whereby the art of the skipper of the present Indian team in Australia has been likened to the flaming splendour of James Elroy Flecker's famous lines. Indeed, poets and practitioners of verse generally have gained much by the substitution of Merchant by Amarnath as the captain. The former suffers from the lugubrious disadvantage of a witheringly commonplace and uninviting name. The possibilities of a merchant in poetry are but scant; what little there were, utilised long ago when the story of Shylock was narrated. On the other hand, the new leader's name is redolent of poetry at its highest; it serves to recall the high gods taking their ease in Olympus, Zeus quaffing nectar, surrounded by Hera, Pallas Athene, and Mercury. Did not the Lotus-Eaters themselves long to be "... propt on beds of amaranth and moly"?

Though the defection of Merchant was a calamity, it cannot be gainsaid that his substitution has opened up, visions of

"Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam

Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn".

But, Amarnath is not the only player in the Indian team which has now negotiated the perilous seas,

whose name serves to lift mankind out of the dull vapours of life. Dynastic succession is but lightly regarded in these democratic days, and our levellers look askance at the principle of family pride. But the presence of M. S. Ranvirsinhji gives rise to interesting speculations and hopes.

When K. S. Duleepsinhji enticed a century out of the dreaded Australian bowlers at Lord's in his first Test, no one was happier than his uncle, "Ranji". There is no pretence that the second nephew in this astonishing family (Ranvirsinhji, of course, bears this relation to Prince Duleepsinhji) is in direct succession to these immortals. Indeed, it has been declared that he is a "hitter". This description bears a harsh sound when considered in the light of the sorcery of the great-uncle, and the jewelled magnificence of the uncle. That a member of the Nawanagar family should obtain his runs by main physical force, instead of the customary technique of prestidigitation, probably demonstrates the spread of modern principles in the stately homes of India. There is a further assault on refined feelings when it is understood that this scion is also a "fast-medium bowler". I am aware that both "Ranji" and his nephew did condescend, while at university, to strike attitudes as of a bowler. But the vision of a toiling, perspiring hurler of balls is alien to the concept of these two great batsmen. "I like history", said Thackeray, "it is so gentlemanly". But in no wise is it "gentlemanly" or even becoming to take a long start, rush towards the wicket with a raucous noise, and aim the ball at the batsman, only to be baffled by a contemptuous twirl of the bat, which makes a mockery of all this violence. A gentleman, much more so an aristocrat, should confine himself to the graceful indolence of slow bowling which, however, as generations of batsmen can bear testimony, is far from ineffective. To revolve deep thoughts, and to entice the batsman

to his destruction, are all that can be permitted to a "gentleman".

Therefore, it may appear that, both as a "hitter" and as a "fast-medium bowler", Ranvirsinhji has violated the graceful traditions of his house. Nevertheless, blood cannot be denied, and he walks about trailing clouds of "Ranji" and

"Duleep". Great interest must necessarily attach itself to this apostolic successor to the art which once seemed to England to be "black-magic". Neither the great-uncle nor the uncle ever played for India; but they have rendered possible the presence in the great Australian fields of a player with a famous name.

MADRAS COACH'S ADVICE TO YOUNG CRICKETERS

by E. K. RAMASWAMI

THE best contribution made by the Madras Cricket Association for the improvement of the standard of the game in this Presidency is the introduction of coaching. Thanks to the efforts of Mr. C. P. Johnstone, the President of the Association and Mr. K. S. Ranga Rao, the Secretary, Madras was able to secure the services of a reputed international cricket coach, Mr. A. F. Wensley.



A. F. Wensley

Born on May 24, 1898 in Sussex, England, Wensley first played for his country where he made his mark as a great all-rounder. He has done coaching in Cambridge University, South Africa, New Zealand and India. This is his eighth visit to our country. Some of his distinguished pupils are Quinn of South Africa, Weir, Vivian, and Methusen of New

Zealand, Ranbir Singh, Indiravijaysinji and Mankad of India. He first came to India in 1932 as a coach for the Rangers Club, Calcutta. Three years later he was appointed as coach in the Nawanagar State, where he discovered and trained Vinoo Mankad, now the best all-round cricketer in India.

"When I first came to Madras, I was very much struck by the low standard of cricket here and realised that a good deal of hard work is needed for improving the game in all the departments," said Mr. Wensley in an interview with a representative of *Swatantra*, who met him last week at the Hotel Bossotto, where he is staying. Mr. Wensley stressed that young cricketers must realise that only by serious and regular practice could they improve their game. He pointed out that in England even in the month of April, before the cricket season begins, players practise for four hours every day. The value of practice, he said, could be realised from the fact that even Prince Duleepsinji once after scoring a century in a match, was not satisfied with it, and went and practised at the nets during the interval. Though he had not seen the great Ranji, yet he had heard it said that "Ranji" used to work hard at the nets, before he became the Master.

Mr. Wensley emphasised that mere coaching alone will not make first class players of ordinary men. A coach can only indicate the lines along which the player must develop his game and rectify his defects.

But those who come to get trained must have the zeal to learn, concentrate, and practise strenuously the lessons they are taught. He observed "For example, if Vinoo Mankad had not done his part and practised strenuously, no amount of my coaching would have made him the great player that he is today." Again he said those who aspire to become first class players must keep themselves physically fit.

Asked as to what he thought were the reasons for the poor standard of the game in Madras, Wensley attributed it in the first place to lack of serious practice, and secondly to the system of one day League matches. He felt that the one day matches were a great drawback because in such matches even a good batsman has neither the inclination nor necessity to settle down and master the bowling, with the result that in big three day matches they are unable to make decent scores. Again he said "Most of your grounds are on the smaller side, and this means you are killing many a potential spin bowler. He explained "In a small ground a batsman blindly hits a good length ball from a spin bowler, and the ball goes for a six, and the poor bowler is disheartened. But in a bigger ground, the same shot would cost the batsman his wicket, because he would be caught in the outfield."

Proceeding Wensley said that once a young player has been taught to execute his strokes well, he must be given a lot of match practice to gain experience. If that is not forthcoming, then there was nothing much that one could do. He revealed that a number of boys from schools and colleges who were now being coached by him in the Subramaniam nets were doing very well and were full of promise. All that they needed now was plenty of match practice.

Discussing the prospects of the Indian cricket tour to Australia

Wensley stated that he expected the Indians to do well. He had heard that the Australian wickets were not the same hard ones as they were before the war, but responsive to spin bowling. Hence he expects Amir Elahi and Vinoo Mankad to do well. Asked as to what he thought of A. G. Ram Singh, and whether he should not have been given a chance in this tour, Wensley replied, "I have not seen Ram at his top form. I first saw him only recently after he had developed knee trouble and was unable to give of his best. But from the way in which he bowls I realise that he must have been a great player and feel that he ought to have been included even in the previous Indian teams which went abroad."

In conclusion, Wensley remarked that there were a number of promising young cricketers in Madras. If only they practised systematically and strenuously he saw no reason why Madras should not reach the top of Indian cricket. He expressed the view that in Madras most of the cricketers had an aptitude for spin bowling. It was a good thing. Because in spite of a Rangachari who is an exception, they could not expect to produce fast bowlers for India, from this province. A fast bowler uses his body to get the pace, and hence he must have a good physique. They must look to North India where men have a better physique than the people of the South, for fast bowlers.

The Madras Cricket Association must be congratulated on having taken a step in the right direction for the improvement of the game. Young cricketers in this Presidency have been given a unique opportunity which men like Venkatramanujalu, Baliah, C. Ramaswami Ganapathi and Gopalan—giants of the game who rose to great heights by virtue of their sheer merit—were denied. Let us hope they will utilise the opportunity and do justice to it.

The University of California conducts an extension class for taxicab drivers who receive instruction in traffic safety and human relations.

ACQUISITION OF ESTATES

by C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

(Advocate, Bezwada)

DURING the Congress Ministry of 1937, the Zamindari Rent Bill was prepared though not published, and in the report on which the bill was drafted it was mentioned that the Zamindaries had to be acquired. The Congress Government again came to power in May, 1946. An ordinance should have been promulgated immediately for taking over the management of the estates. The present Ministry came into power in the end of March 1947. The bill for the acquisition of estates is now published. There is keen controversy whether the neighbouring ryotwari rent or the rent of 1802 shall be the basis for computing the compensation. It is admitted that on account of periodical resettlement of assessment, the ryotwari rent was enhanced at each settlement and also that there is inequality of assessment in the several parts of the Presidency. It is therefore agreed that the ryotwari assessment itself in the whole Presidency has to be revised so that the assessment may be fair and uniform. The rents in the estates prevailing in 1802 are very much lower than the neighbouring ryotwari rents. When it is intended to revise the assessment of the ryotwari rents in the whole Presidency, the rents of 1802 in the estates that will be acquired will also have to be revised for the sake of equality and uniformity, as otherwise there will be great unrest and agitation among the ryots in consequence of high and low rate of rents in different areas. If the agricultural incometax is levied the question of the rate of 1802 or of neighbouring ryotwari rate becomes pointless as the rates will only be for a short time till the introduction of such incometax. The Advisory Government prepared an agricultural incometax bill, but left its enactment to the people's Government. Again, to take away two-thirds from the income on ryotwari basis and from the remaining one-third to deduct half for expenses of management and to pay compensation on the basis of the remaining fraction is mere jugglery and is deliberately resorted to, to reduce the amount of compensation.

The argument advanced by some persons that the Zamindars are only assignees of revenue and by some others that they already enjoyed much income from their estates during the last 150 years by exploiting the ignorance of the ryots and that therefore they are not

entitled to any compensation, is not just and tenable. If the history of the origin and development of the Zamindaries is considered, it will be seen that many of them had absolute rights and exercised even sovereign powers and those few who were in the beginning only collectors of revenue asserted and exercised absolute rights in their estates when the Central Government became weak and helpless. Some Zamindars were feudal lords from the beginning. It is futile to dig into their past history, unless it be to give a bad name to hang them. At this rate, if one goes into the history of how people amassed and hoarded wealth in money and other property, one will find it all ill-gotten. On that account, their wealth cannot be acquired without adequate compensation. If a Socialistic State comes into existence which is the earnest desire of all, there will be time enough to freeze the wealth of all persons including the zamindars who may now be paid compensation at 25 or 20 times their present income.

There is no need to theories on the position of zamindars as to whether they are assignees of revenue and exploiters or proprietors of the soil. Regulation 25 of 1802 puts the matter beyond all doubt and speculation. Section 1 of the Regulation says that the zamindars and other landholders were granted permanent property in their lands and Section 2 is still more clear, where it is stated that in consequence of payment by them of fixed revenue the proprietary right of the soil shall become vested in them. As proprietors they are entitled to the market value of their lands calculated at 25 or 20 times of their annual income as per the provisions of the Land Acquisition Act and the highest judicial authorities. Properly speaking, the estates have to be acquired only under the Land Acquisition Act as the acquisition is for a public purpose, to wit, to promote the prosperity of the agricultural population. A special legislation for acquisition of estates is intended only to provide for a small compensation. This is not fair. Legislation ought not to be expropriatory. Power of legislation must be exercised fairly and justly and not oppressively. I hope that the Select Committee will do justice to the landholders.

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GANDHIAN LITERATURE

It was Acharya Kripalani who said that there is no such thing as Gandhism, but only the Gandhian way of life. Unlike other political teachers the Mahatma has not founded a cult or established a doctrinaire school. His utterances however guide mankind in all problems affecting private as well as public life. "India Of My Dreams" (compiled by R. K. Prabhu, Hind Kitabs, Bombay. Price Rs. 2.) is a collection of Gandhiji's articles, chosen and codified carefully so as to give a comprehensive picture of the India that Gandhiji visualises. His India is a country which will refuse to exploit or be exploited, where there shall be no high or low class among people, and where perfect harmony shall build a stable peace. This is the ideal for which he has been living, working and praying, all these years. As a hand-book of Gandhian thought, for easy reference, the book will be of great help.

Gandhiji is one whose teachings are the cream of his own conduct; he lives what he preaches. To follow the teacher, it is therefore necessary to understand the man. "The Man Gandhi" by G. Ramachandran (Gandhi Era Publications, Madras. Price Re. 1-4-0) gives a brief but happy glimpse of the great man. Written by one who has had the privilege of a long association with the Mahatma, his book is authentic and informative. Spiced with anecdotes, it makes interesting reading.

Interpretation of the teachings of Gandhiji should scrupulously avoid the imposition of ideas and conceptions alien to him. This remark is provoked by a perusal of the brochure "Salute The Mahatma" by Y. G. Krishnamurthy (Gandhi Era Publications, Re. 1.) The author in trying to give an erudite exposition confuses the fundamental principles and infuses too many extraneous conceptions. His heavy style is a great impediment to clarity of thought and expression. When one is caught in a web of words, it is no help or consolation to know that the web is skilfully woven.

"Gandhi or Ambedkar" by a Harijan (Gandhi Era Publications, 12 As.) gives a useful account and estimate of the great service that Gandhiji has done for the untouchables. It is an exhortation to the Harijans to follow the lead of the Mahatma, who is their true friend. If however the book is meant to be a reply to Dr. Ambedkar's scholarly work "What Gandhi has done for the untouchables", it should be said that this is a poor attempt.

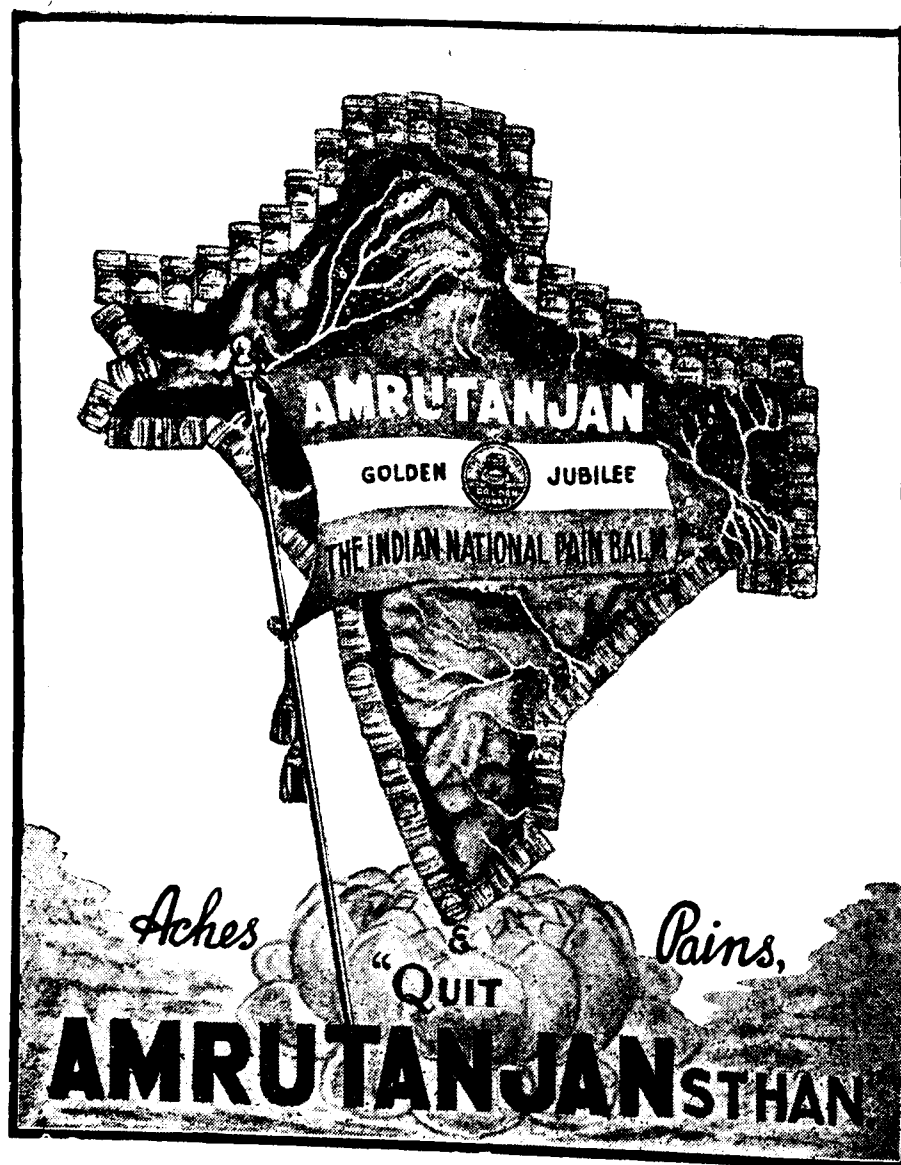
The portions of the book about Dr. Ambedkar will not be of much use or interest now, because Dr. Ambedkar has himself changed much since the book was written.

The last three books which are brought out by the Gandhi Era Publications maintain a high standard in their get-up.

Modern Business Correspondence. By S. M. Nagamia and J. C. Bahl (Hind Kitabs, 261-263, Hornby Road, Bombay. Price Rs. 6-8).

Much practical value attaches to the art of writing good business letters because, to be successful, business letters should be business-getting. The book under notice is a valuable addition to the existing, quite large pile of books on this useful art.

As is rightly pointed out in the Introduction to the book, there are two distinct methods in business correspondence—the formal, punctilious and almost hackneyed British method; and the fresh, intimate and almost impertinent American method. The authors seek an effective compromise and they adopt, in the letters which they offer as models, a style which is "neither too formal nor too intimate to a fault." The principle behind this compromise is brought out in the chapter on 'Commercial English.' Illustrations are given to show the modern trends in business language which are unmistakably for the better. Oily phrases such as "your esteemed favour", "our humble request", are servile and hypocritical and belong to the staid past. It is high time that Indian



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background that decides the ownership of a place.

K. G. RANGANATHAN

Madras.

Andhras In Orissa

The recent statement issued by the Premier of Orissa containing a warning to the Andhras of Orissa against inflammatory speeches came as a shock and a surprise. Professor Ranga, President of the Andhra Provincial Congress Committee, has given a reply to the Premier in which he says that if a warning was necessary, it should have rightly been issued to the Oriya agitators also. Andhra majority areas contiguous with Andhra territory have been included in Orissa. Andhras who have thus been transferred to Orissa have been treated as aliens and for everything a domicile certificate is demanded. They are not treated as children of the soil and discrimination has been rampant in every field. There are no facilities for them to receive education in their mother-tongue. When an Andhra was appointed public prosecutor in Berhampore, provocative demonstrations were made. When by a no-confidence motion an Oriya commissioner of the municipality was removed, a donkey procession representing Andhra councillors was taken out and most offensive slogans were raised and meetings were held and speeches were made calling for the blood of the Andhras. When Dr. Pattabhi came here in connection with the Central Assembly elections on behalf of a Congress candidate who happened to be an Andhra, he was violently attacked. It is strange that Premier Mehtab should have thought fit to issue his warning to the Andhra minority as though the majority community has to be protected against the minority community.

M. V. RAMANA RAO.

Berhampur.

National Language

Mr. Raghavendra Rao in his "Plea for English as National Language" published in *Swatantra* of last week fails to realise one important fact, namely, that no language can claim to be the *lingua franca* of a country unless it satisfies the condition of being spoken and understood by the largest number of people inhabiting that country. It cannot be gainsaid that Hindi is the one language in our country that satisfies this condition and can therefore claim to become our national language. It is for that reason that our leaders have been ad-

vocating for the past so many years the use of Hindi as the national language. Mr. Rao is therefore quite unjust to Rajen Babu and other leaders in suggesting that they are guided by mere sentiment and false prestige in this matter.

The statement that "Hindi is as much foreign to the South Indian as English" is a fallacy. A foreign language is the language of a nation outside our own. If it is accepted that Hindi is a foreign language, then it will lead to the dangerous conclusion that South Indians are a separate nation from North Indians. Apart from that, one who has a fair knowledge of both Hindi and the South Indian Languages cannot fail to see the close affinity between them. Excepting Tamil which has a peculiarity of its own, the rest of the South Indian Languages (Kannada and Telugu particularly) bear a close resemblance to Hindi because all of them are derived from the common stock which is Sanskrit. More than 50 per cent of the words in Kannada language are Hindi words. It is not difficult for a South Indian to pick up a working knowledge of Hindi within a few months.

Mr. Rao's assertion that "Hindi is a backward language in comparison with some of the Dravidian languages" is a sweeping remark which cannot be substantiated.

Those who plead for the retention of English generally ignore the fact that it is understood by a very small percentage of people living mainly in our towns. A very high percentage of literacy is needed for the development of our democratic institutions and it can be more easily attained with Hindi than with English.

K. ANANDATHEERTHAN

Hope Only In Socialism

The Indian National Congress, though it claims to be the most popular mass organization, has really become the representative of big business and vested interests in the country. The traditional goal of the Congress has been given up and in its place the division of the country has been accepted under the cloak of national emergency. Now that its bosses have tasted power they will not give it up easily. The will of the people has been over-ridden and subdued. This, in another way, has strengthened the hold of the capitalists over the country. In this dark moment Socialism shines as the only ray of hope to the distressed millions. But the weakness shown by the existing Left-wing parties is tragic. Each is

businessmen who have evolved an 'English' style of their own, made a fundamental revision of their language. This book is a useful guide for this purpose with its exhaustive illustrations and forthright corrections of the most common mistakes.

The book will be of use not only to businessmen in the narrow sense. The authors have meant their work to serve also as a text-book for college courses in commerce. We are sure it will serve that purpose quite well, and will also be of help to employees in banks, insurance and other firms which hold departmental tests. One wishes the book had been priced lower so as to reach the class of readers for whom it is intended.

Pictures And Pen Pictures. By P. V. Pathy. (Madras Premier Company. Price, Rs. 5.)

This is a very well-got-up volume the contents of which appeal to the eye and the mind in equal parts. For it a photographic roundup of India with a running commentary which brings out the hoary antiquity and unfading romance of different parts of this vast sub-continent. From well-known lions like the Taj to quaint, realistic snapshots of everyday life in remote nooks and corners, we have a panorama of the Indian scene as reflected by Nature or modified by art.

Mr. Pathy's 'letter-press' is delightful reading. It is marked by a wise economy, a firm grasp of the significant detail and an abiding sense of the brooding mystery of life which provides the undertones to history itself. Thus the educative value of the book comes in terms of unalloyed entertainment.

Vasanta, October 1947. (Published by the Besant Theosophical School, Adyar, Madras.)

The quality of the contributions by the students, which form the bulk of this Besant centenary number of **Vasanta**, is a tribute to the institution. The simple and prettily written little essays are bound to be enjoyed by all school children. There are some Tamil and Telugu pieces too. Particularly impressive are the reproductions on art paper of landscape drawings and pot paintings, all by children under 14 years. The little volume is an example of what a carefully got-up school magazine can be like. Teachers as well as school children would do well to get hold of a copy.

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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.

National Flag Not A Party Flag

Can the new National Flag with the Asoka Wheel be used as a party flag by the Congress? This question which agitates the public mind is worthy of consideration by the Congress Working Committee and a decision should be taken soon. The Congress committees use of the National Flag as a party flag in their meetings, processions and demonstrations. I think this is wrong. As a national flag, the new flag is entitled to be respected by all sections of the population, irrespective of communal affiliations or political differences. If used as a Congress party flag, it will lose its national character to that extent.

Apart from this, there is another aspect which deserves to be considered. The Congress committees in Pakistan cannot use the Indian National Flag as the Congress flag without a conflict with the authorities there, because our National Flag is to them a flag of another sovereign country.

Let us bear in mind that our Constituent Assembly is hammering out a democratic constitution under which the National Congress will be only one of the various political parties in the country.

N. S. VENKATAKRISHNAN
Sholavandan.

A New Menace

Abolition of zamindaris would have been welcome to the common man; but there is the nightmare of compensation! We have to consider (taking it for granted for the time being that the payment of compensation is justified) whether the exploitation of the common man would cease at all if the compensation is paid. The zamindar has been accustomed to live on 'unearned income'. With the Rs. 10 crores of people's money distributed gratis to the zamindars, the ex-zamindars will not sit idle at home brooding over the past and looking at the piles of currency notes distributed to them. They know very well that they can exploit the industrial worker as they exploited the agricultural worker formerly. Thus a major part of these Rs. 10 crores will be invested in industries. This will lead to the establishment of capitalist exploitation by ex-

zamindars. Thus the circle will be rounded and the cycle of exploitation kept rolling.

B. PADMANABHA RAO.

Lucknow.

Compensation at Fancy Rates

The proposed payment of compensation to zamindars to the aggregate tune of 10 crores sounds shocking in these days of Socialism. The zamindars have been living as parasites on the tillers of the soil. It is monstrous to pay them compensation at fancy rates. They are only entitled to a compassionate allowance. They may be granted pensions for life ranging from Rs. 25 to Rs. 1,000 per month according to the income of their estates. To make these pensions hereditary, or to pay fancy sums as compensation, would be a gross and unpardonable waste of public funds.

M. S. V. CHARI

Undemocratic

The proposed amendment of the Andhra University Act, by which the Ministry wish to do away with the election of 14 members to the Senate from the local boards and municipalities and fill the vacancies by means of nomination, is highly undemocratic. The Minister for Local Administration is further reported to have stated that the district boards will be abolished. If so, the municipalities alone will have to elect these 14 members to the Senate. It would be unwise for the Government to usurp the rights of the municipalities by amending the Act.

P. SITAPATI RAO.

Rajahmundry.

"Can Blindness Go Further?"

Andhra Congress leaders clamour for the possession of Madras City, and want the youth of Andhra Desa to undergo all sacrifices in attaining that object. Can blindness to facts and unreasonableness go further? At every step in Madras one meets Tamilians and hears only the Tamil language spoken. The very air smells Tamil. Even the Telugu merchants learn Tamil to help them in their business. The Marwaris, the Gujaratis and even the Europeans in the city learn Tamil for use in their every-day life. It is not the historical

trying to raise its own position by exploiting the poor workers. Sardar Patel has organized a new I.N.T.U.C. as against the existing T.U.C. He says that the latter is Communist-dominated. If it is, it means that workers in general have been impressed with the Communist's programme. The best course for Patel would have been to convince the workers of the fallacy of following the Communists. Instead of doing this, he goes about starting a new organisation, thereby creating disruption in the labour front.

The National Congress has reached its limit. To expect anything more from it is to live in a fool's paradise. Socialism alone is the hope in future. But have our Socialists realised this?

M. PATTABHIRAMAIAH.

Ellore.

Honorary Presidency Magistrates

Anent the series of letters that appeared under the above heading in your journal, may I add the following:

With my wide experience of more than 30 years as a practising advocate in the bench courts, I fully agree with Sri P. V. Srinivasa Aiyengar in his advocacy of the grant of more powers to these benches. These benches are presided over by fully qualified men who, with their wide experience and knowledge of affairs can safely be entrusted with trial of most of the offences contemplated in the Indian Penal Code and under the special and local laws, besides breaches of municipal laws. In England the bench courts deal with cases of separation, maintenance orders, eviction, issue of warrants, thefts and offences against property. Under the authorisation given by Section 261 Cr. P.C., the local Government can instruct the District Magistrate to invest these courts in India with similar powers. Any amount of platform and lip sympathy promised to the "common man" will not make him happy until he is sure of speedy disposals of cases and cheap, not ruinous litigation.

B. V. NAGESWARA AIYER.

Merit has no Caste

Mr. Baliah says in *Swatantra* of Oct. 4 that it is too Brahminish to talk of merit. What exactly is meant by this obviously vague statement, I am at a loss to know. Does he mean that merit should not be taken proper cognizance of, since it is primarily associated with Brahmins? He suggests fur-

ther that for some years the privileged castes should make some sacrifices for the uplift of their unfortunate brothers. Normally this is a wise and workable solution for the betterment of the backward communities. Now that we are on the threshold of improving the country on a large scale by means of industrialisation and other schemes, we should not be carried away by any raw emotion regarding communal disparities. It is sane and just to give merit the place it deserves in such improvements as we are now aiming at. Mr. Baliah also asserts that the Brahmins should join hands with the other castes, breaking all the barriers of caste prejudices. It is indeed a laudable suggestion. But he seems to believe that merit which is purely intellectual and not sectarian, can be brought out by a simple and mechanical mingling of all castes. He errs here a great deal. Merit has neither caste nor creed. To improve the conditions of the country is our fundamental duty whether it be by the merit of a few or by the unity and tenacity of all.

P. SURYANARAYANA MURTY
Cocanada.

S.S.L.C. Test For Madras

The formation of a separate Andhra Province may now be taken as a *fait accompli*. The question, however, as to what should be the capital has to be settled. Some suggestions have been made and, among them, the Andhras desire that Madras should go to them. The controversy as to whether Madras should go to Andhra or continue to remain as the capital of Tamil Nad is going on bitterly and a decision has to be reached without delay to avoid growing acrimony.

I would make a suggestion. The results of the last S.S.L.C. examination so far as they concern Madras City, might, I think, be helpful to arrive at a decision, however, rough and crude it might be. It will be interesting to find out how many of them in Madras City have adopted Tamil and how many Telugu as their second language. The figures will, at least, show how many of the candidates are Tamil minded and how many the other way. I suggest the S.S.L.C. examination as the number in this case furnishes, so to say, a much wider franchise than the Inter, and the Degree examinations. The candidates are drawn from all classes of people and the figures will afford a fairly correct test.

K. RAGHAVACHARI.

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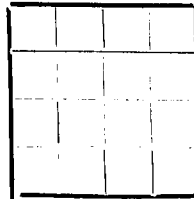
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SWATANTRA

VOL. II
No. 37

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1947.

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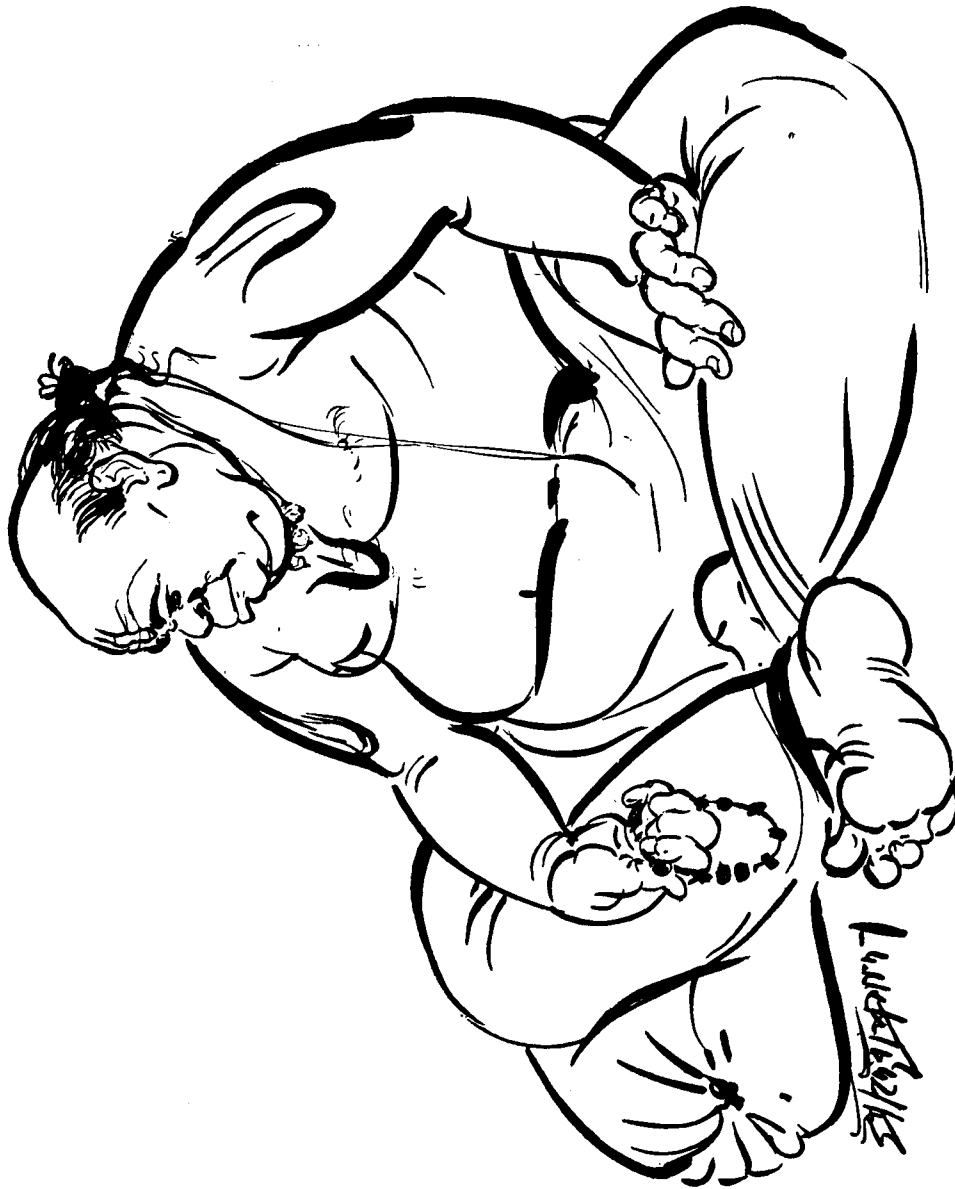
NEWS AND PROPAGANDA

ONE of the greatest public educators of today is the newspaper. Modern life, with its magnificent scopes and distances, its subtle, remote first causes, takes its revenge by binding the individual to a narrow sphere of observation. Almost everything he knows about politics, statesmanship, finance, science or any other activity, he knows from authority. His main authority is the newspaper. Those among us who lack higher education—the majority, of course—have formed their ideas of the contemporary world almost solely from the steady, lifelong reading of the news. Even those who pride themselves on their general reading usually absorb fewer words from books and periodicals in the course of a year than from the daily newspaper. This paints his picture of the world for him.

A tremendous responsibility devolves, therefore, on the Press. It can educate upward or downward. It does this through its editorial columns, through its special articles written by experts but most of all, today, through its news stories. Time was when the editorial page used to be the heart of a newspaper. But the scientific and sceptical spirit of the early twentieth century rather ushered out the editorial as the chief moulder of public opinion. Nevertheless, one may easily under-estimate its influence even in these days. It still has a power to draw circulation and sway opinion, or it would not continue to exist. Indeed, of late it seems to be recovering some of its lost ground. It is not, per-

haps, that the editorial has slipped backward, but rather that the influence of news has gone forward. The result is that the real appeal of the Press today does not reside so much in the editorial page. It does not even consist in the occasional dramatic *expose* of a leading citizen, a politician or a corporation. The long, steady education which the editor gives his readers through his selection of local and world news, through the point of view he instills into his reporters and correspondents, through the kind of news he chooses to "play up" on his main page or to "play down" under a single heading on an inside page, through his very headlines—in this lies the real power of the Press.

The vital importance of maintaining a strict sense of proportion and of integrity in the presentation of news can hardly, therefore, be over-emphasized. The editorial attempts openly to influence public opinion and is a devil which the reader knows. But the news columns are ostensibly intended only to record the events of the day or gossip about them; when these are utilized for other purposes, grave dangers lie ahead. Especially is this so today, when every nook and corner of the country is strewn with dynamite waiting to explode at the slightest provocation. Papers which strain to play upon the emotions—anger, fear, greed, fanaticism, lust—whose policy is to feed the public with "strong meat" at any cost are a menace to the nation—all the more so because they eat into its vitals



—by Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury

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SWATANTRA

VOL. II. No. 37

(SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1947)

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SWATANTRA

156, Lloyds Road,
Royapettah, Madras.

SWATANTRA

is published every Saturday at 156, Lloyds Road, Royapettah, Madras (India). Single copy, six annas. Subscription: Inland, Rs. 20 per year and Rs. 10 per half-year. Foreign, £1 16sh. or 8 dollars (U.S.A.) per year. If return of manuscripts is desired, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must be enclosed.

stealthily, imperceptibly, insidiously, and may corrode it beyond repair. Unfortunately there are too many papers of this type in our midst. Perhaps it is not solely their fault that they exist and even flourish. The public gets the newspapers it deserves, and it is up to the reading public to demand a Press which does not handle truth too carelessly.

Indeed, if only a newspaper can look beyond its nose, it is in its own long-term interests, too, to observe a minimum standard of decorum, dispassionateness and balance. Else, by gathering unto itself a bad name, it creates a reaction, first of challenge, then of distrust and finally of disgust which in course of time can only spell extinction. Observe what has happened to Government "propaganda". "Propaganda" before the first World War meant simply the means by which one spread one's opinions. Today, on account of the evil uses to which it has been put, especially by Governments, it has come to mean the next thing to lying. Then transformation in meaning was not an evolution but a mutation. Before 1914, the word "propaganda" belonged only to literate vocabularies and possessed a reputable, dignified meaning. Over the door of an ancient structure in Rome there stood—and still stands—a legend, "College of the Propaganda". For propaganda, before the first World War, meant simply the means which the adherent of a political or religious faith employed to convince the unconverted. Two years later the word stood for traffic in half-lies for selfish or dishonest ends. "It's just propaganda"—paste that label on to any fact or set of facts which your opponent advanced in argument, and you condemned it on the spot. Some of the large Government Press bureaus so busily engaged in persuading neutrals or keeping their own people friendly to "national aims" had at first called

themselves "departments of propaganda". By 1918 they had begun changing the title to "departments of counter-propaganda"—a hint that what the other side put forth was tainted or false and that their own output was the sanitary and corrective truth. Government propaganda organizations in the recent war called themselves "information bureaux", "public relations directorates", anything to avoid the sinister word.

This odd change in the emotional significance of four simple syllables meant more than a mere curiosity of philology. It was the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual change. As the word had undergone a mutation, so had the thing it represented. War is licensed immorality. The world struggles of 1914-18 and 1939-45, which saw unprecedented advances in the art of large-scale killing, saw an equally rapid advance in that of large-scale lying. Specifically, the old methods of the dishonest partisan gave way to a more effective modern method. Hitherto the special pleader in politics had employed spacious arguments or plain canards. The new propagandists, developed in the wars, learned how to go back to the very source of public opinion and slant or taint the news. They tried everything—artistic creation, plain canards, heavy argument, and finally tinkering with the news. Whether or not this method of appeal is justifiable in a Government, it certainly is not so far as the Press is concerned. If the newspaper has the right to be free, it has also the duty to be objective.

A Fishy Transaction

IN answer to a question in the Legislative Assembly as to whether it was a fact that 230 tons of iron and steel were allotted to Mr. Ramnath Goenka, Managing Editor of the *Indian Express*,

and when it was allotted and for what purpose, Mr. H. Sitarama Reddi, Industries Minister, replied that "a quantity of 256 tons had been allotted to Mr. Goenka and of this he was able to secure 239 tons. The allotment was made in March last. The materials were intended for the construction of the premises in which the printing machinery, the editorial and managerial offices of the *Indian Express*, *Dinamani* and *Andhra Prabha* were proposed to be held." Asked whether in view of the fact that Mr. Goenka had not even used a third of the materials supplied to him, the Government would consider the advisability of cancelling the licence and diverting the quota for agricultural purposes, the Minister said, "I may inform the member opposite that once a permit has been given to a person, it is for the party concerned to dispose of it. We cannot cancel the licence." Asked further whether it was not a fact that iron and steel applied for for agricultural purposes had not been supplied for many months, not even one-hundredth on the allotment made for the benefit of Mr. Goenka, the Minister stated that "this was a quota for the construction of newspaper offices and it was a quota quite distinct and separate from the quota given for agricultural purposes."

The Minister's answers to these sets of questions are worthy of being interpreted in the light of *Swatantra's* comment on the formation of the present Ministry, that Mr. Sitarama Reddi's choice as Minister was "Kamaraj's gift to Goenka...for signal services rendered through the Press and in other ways since the time of the anti-C.R. plots." It is worthy of note that the impression sought to be conveyed by the Industries Minister that the allotment to Mr. Goenka was from a quota specifically earmarked

presumably from the Centre, for the construction of newspaper offices, is wholly without any basis in actual fact. The correspondence that passed on this self-same subject at the very time when Mr. Goenka was exerting his energies to secure his allotment, between the President of the Indian and Eastern Newspaper Society and the Member for Industries and Supplies, Government of India, fully bears out our contention. Here is the text of the President's letter, dated March 8.

As the President of the Indian & Eastern Newspaper Society, I have received requests from newspaper proprietors for intervention with the Government of India for the grant of steel quotas to applicants for the construction of newspaper offices and printing presses. I am aware of the shortage in the country of steel and iron and the problem before you of rationing whatever quantity is available equitably among several classes of applicants.

The requirements of the newspaper industry, comparatively speaking, are not much; but the urgency of the matter is really great. As you know, a number of newspapers in the country have placed orders with the U.S.A. and U.K. for new printing presses the cost of each running into lakhs of rupees. These orders are likely to be executed during the course of the year. Applications from newspapers for steel quota are for the construction of premises to house these new presses. Delay, therefore, in the completion of the premises would mean great hardship to the industry. In the circumstances, may I venture to suggest that even if the full requirements of newspapers cannot be met with, Government may see their way to meet a portion of the total need immediately, making available the balance of tonnage over a reasonable period?

The Government of India's reply came a fortnight later and was couched in these terms:

The steel which is required for offices including newspaper offices can be obtained only from the Provincial Government allotments or by direct import.

As regards the printing industry and buildings for housing printing presses, it has been decided that the Iron and Steel Controller should act as the sponsoring authority for all such demands and the requirements of the printing industry will be taken into account when the quota for industrial development is being distributed. In this connection, I am to state that the demand for steel for housing the machinery for important industrial projects such as power stations, textile mills, etc., is far in excess of the steel available and it is not likely that much steel will be available for the printing industry. In these circumstances, the members of this industry would be well advised to endeavour to obtain their requirements by import.

From a comparison of the correspondence quoted above with the Industries Minister's reply in the Assembly it is clear that the latter indulged in mis-representation unwarranted by the actual facts and created out of his own inventive imagination a supposed quota of iron and steel for the construction of newspaper offices that was never in existence in actual reality. Mr. Sitarama Reddi's disclosure that this allotment of 256 tons to Mr. Goenka was made on March 19 before he took up

office does not absolve him from active complicity in the matter of giving practical effect to the allotment. In the matter of a wrong course, innocence and absolution from blame cannot be claimed by administrators unhampered by any disability for correcting it on their own initiative. We learn on enquiry from ex-Premier Prakasam that he knows nothing of any allotment having been made to Mr. Goenka during his regime. But whoever is responsible for this fishy transaction, whether it be this Minister or his predecessor, has shown himself clearly unmindful of the restraints and duties appropriate to so important a portfolio as industries. Either the Prime Minister who, with all his deficiencies we believe to be a man of rectitude, or the Central Government should take note of the situation by ordering an immediate authoritative enquiry. We are not impressed by the Minister's plea that Government have no responsibility to see to the proper utilisation by the parties concerned of valuable commodities in heavy public demand allotted under permit. To disclaim such responsibility is to encourage blackmarketing.

He was about 66—rather a picturesque old figure as he stood once more in the dock of a criminal court at Kingston-on-Thames. He had pleaded guilty to a charge of housebreaking.

The judge said: "I have before me a catalogue of your crimes—the longest I have ever seen in a long experience. You have been in and out of prison for 50 years.

"I see that before you were 10 years old you were sent to a reformatory for a trifling offence—"

"That broke me," interposed the prisoner. "I became anti-social. Foolishly, I decided to take my revenge on society, and I have been doing it all my life."

Then tears streamed down the old man's face. "It is too late to ask for a chance now, my lord?"

The judge thought hard. "I am going to give you—and perhaps everybody else in court—a shock," he said.

He bound the man over, under the supervision of a probation officer.

The prisoner gasped for joy. But that was not all.

The judge said that £5 would be given to the probation officer for the welfare of the old man, to house him and to provide for his needs until he was found a job.

This happened nearly four years ago—and in that time the man has made good. He has been in regular work and never slipped back into crime.—SUNDAY DISPATCH.

Sotto Voce

Navaratri Novelties



THIS year's Navaratri will, to me at least, be memorable for a special reason. I have been granted indubitable evidence that "our village" has risen a step, or rather I should say a whole flight, higher in the social scale. I live in one of those coy and rather genteel places which are tucked away from the main stream of traffic in the city and are typical examples of what somebody has uncharitably called "bungaloid outgrowths". Wedged in as they are between an old 'cheri' and a new slum, these enclaves of 'elegant residences' practise a rather self-conscious rusticity and like to think of themselves as little communities.

But the Spirit of Progress cannot be denied. On the eve of Navaratri a steady stream of natty little envelopes in variegated colours began to arrive, addressed to the distaff side. And these, on furtive inspection, proved to be printed invitations from most of our neighbours to attend the season's festivities in their homes. Having been taught by long experience to regard this form of bad manners as permissible only to the fabulously rich, I was curious to know whether all these people had suddenly come into money. But a mischievous little niece assured me after her round of vesper visits that this year the solitary plantain was even more diminutive and the handful of 'sundal' even less familiar with oil than usual.

Fifty years ago it would have been received as an insult if a man sent out invitations to his daughter's

wedding in cold impersonal print. A post card in crabbed writing with turmeric powder liberally applied to the corners was the minimum proof needed to establish the fact that a friendly heart beat behind the formal words. Sorrowful tidings had to be conveyed with even more punctilious regard to that established practice which was crystallised considerateness. I should have liked to hear what my grandmother, who had a forthright way of expressing herself, would have said of this new-fangled style of asking people to "manjal kun-kumam." I am sure that she would have denounced printer's ink as a bird of ill omen.

The smart ladies of my neighbourhood are happily free from such superstitions. But why should it be regarded as particularly *chic* to send out these announcements composed in a kind of Wardour Street Tamil, according to a formula obviously copied at second hand, and carrying the signatures in English, though those who own them may be innocent of even a nodding acquaintance with the language? I shall perhaps be told that it saves trouble; for people rarely like to confess themselves snobs. Modern girls, you will readily concede, can't be bothered to go about from door to door to extend personal invitations, as did their mothers and aunts, in their now long past days of youth and sylph-like loveliness, awakening nostalgic memories in crabbed age.

For one thing, the unmarried girl of today is too old to do that kind of thing with the care-free grace of

something redeemable even from the hold of gratitude.

Krishnamurthi is an advocate of right thinking by free individuals for saving the world from the menace of war. In conformity to pattern he sees mental bondage, the very reverse of right thinking. "Organised group thought becomes dangerous however good it may appear; organised group thought can be used, exploited; group thought ceases to be right thinking, it is merely repetitive." He seeks no disciples. At the point at which a disciple is born, error creeps in thwarting the freedom of thought needed for comprehension of truth. Dr. Arundale has written of him that he is "undoubtedly a remarkable man with deep insight into life and life's problems, regarding them from a highly invigorating

point of view—laceratingly destructive of all conventionalities and orthodoxies, but in his own way probing to the very roots themselves of all the causes which make for ignorance, sorrow and doubt." A man of passionate sincerity, of extraordinary courage and strength of will; one with infinite compassion for fellow beings and an established immunity from the habitual insinuations of the gross aggressive ego; a daring mariner ready to go wherever Truth will lead; a figure of vitality, charm and unique spiritual power and beauty, Krishnamurthi exemplifies a way of life leading to peace of the highest social value in these days of terrifying mass violence. Dr. Besant clung to her belief in his mission to the very end, and he has turned into a world teacher alright, though in a manner quite different from the one expected.—SAKA.



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AN ARTISTIC TRIUMPH KALAKSHETRA'S KUMARA SAMBHAVA

by JAMES H. COUSINS

THE performance of "Kumara Sambhava" by the Kalakshetra in the Adyar Theatre was in every sense a triumph. Kalidasa's long poem of the sixth century in Sanskrit, omitting poetical but non-dramatic descriptions of nature and celestial personages, had been skillfully adapted to the two and a half hours usually expected of stage representation. The action essential to dramatic presentation was retained and transformed into the traditional symbolism of gesture, posture, and individual and group movement of the ancient Bharata Natya, the classical dance of South India. For this work of literary scholarship, and artistic creativeness (a not very frequent combination) unstinted appreciation goes to Srimati Rukmini Devi, who has added another masterpiece of dance-drama to her creation of the "Kutrala Kuravanji." She it was who performed the transformation from silent and immobile verse into the exquisiteness of rhythmic delight that yet, for all its abandon to beauty of movement, never descended to mere personal bravura or exploitation of the body, but kept close to the inner meaning of one of the "saviour myths" that the spiritually wise created for the expression of the struggle between the powers of "good and evil" in human life.

For this fealty to high idealism, despite temptations to the worship of the "half gods" of so-called realism and modernism, Srimati Devi deserves the thanks of all who wish to see the Indian trinity of "Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram" (truth, goodness, beauty) re-enthroned in the imagination and true enjoyment of artists and spectators alike. With this motive animating the work of the Kalakshetra through its Directress, the stage ceases to be a platform for mere entertainment, and becomes a holy place. But appreciation

would be incomplete without a tribute to Rukmini Devi's own beautiful, expert and intelligent share in the cast of "Kumara Sambhava." Whether as Sita, once the consort of Shiva, desiring reincarnation as the daughter of the Deity of the Himalayas and his wife, Menaka; or as Uma, desiring to be united to Shiva, and seeking to win his attention through personal beauty; or as Parvati, turned to austerity with the same end in view (the highest desire of the soul, to be one with the highest life of the universe), this time with the success that, in the traditional imagination of India, devotion to the spirit attains, where the lure of the body fails; Rukmini Devi carried with her an atmosphere of distinction such as that which entered with Sara Bernhardt when, in the garb of the "sorceress," she stilled a multitude in a theatre with the simple words, "C'est moi" (It is I).

Yet there was no fissure between her interpretation (impersonation would be an inadequate term) of the three phases of the feminine aspect of the universal life in its search for the summum bonum of existence, union with its counterpart in Shiva; no fissure between her part and those of her team of chelas, from the small boy who danced the part of Kama, the Indian Cupid, with such innocent sincerity, to Shiva, the ascetic who annihilated Kama and his sensuous bow with a glance of his eye, yet yielded to the austerity of Parvati, yet remained a dramatic picture of repose and disciplined dynamism. To these must be added the group of attendants on the Goddess. Their dancing was a feast to the eye and a delight to the sense of rhythm that is inherent in humanity. Much the same may be said of the representation of the major Deities, Brahma, Vishnu, Indra, Brihaspati, though their parts were more concerned with the working out of the

childhood. She is too *blase* and cocksure in her college-bred cynicism to share any sentiment with the common crowd. As for the neighbours, she doesn't care for them—except as foils to her own made-up beauty and expensive cleverness. And at these Navaratri receptions the doll-like mothers display their dolls and the emancipated daughters display themselves. Their arid self-sufficiency has no room either for the mystery of faith or the joy of communion.

daughter, the society belle, wears at the parting of the hair—as a beauty spot. The *vatu* dressed in tweeds presides over music provided by a charmer of the silver screen. As after an awkward five minutes you slip out, dying for a drink of homely water after all that crush, you would be less than human if you did not sigh for the good old days when hostesses were less eager to figure on the invitation cards and more solicitous of their guests' creature comforts.

Vulgar display is singularly inappropriate to the spirit of Navaratri. Durga, Lakshmi and Saraswathi are not likely to be impressed by the pitiful posturings of mortal vanity. The Divine Triad come down to dwell among us for a while, but only the humble of heart detect their foot-falls. The modesty of wisdom, the charity of plenitude, the benignity of power—it is of such things that Navaratri has spoken to immemorial generations of Indian womanhood.

VIGHNESWARA.

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. BLAZING A NEW TRAIL

SIDELIGHTS : :

Put an end to the wire-pulling of passion.—MARCUS AURELIUS.

MR. J. Krishnamurthi who has returned to India after an absence of nine years, was brought up by Dr. Annie Besant and was by her trained for the role of a world teacher. Nothing was too good for him. The world's best was turned into a formative environment to subserve the cause of his "education." While she was in mid-career educating her world teacher, a bolt from the blue fell in the form of a demand for "possession" of the pupil from Narayana Iyer the father. It led to the most sensational of the legal battles that Madras ever witnessed. Exhaustive reports of the court proceedings were printed with zealous gusto in the *Hindu* and provided, for months together, hot material for excited discussion everywhere.

Mr. C. P. Ramaswami Iyer (as he then was) entered the lists as counsel for the claimant in the case and became a legal celebrity. Dr. Besant who brilliantly conducted her own defence found in him a formidable antagonist. Out of the trial of wits between the two, there arose a growing mutual respect which later developed into a deep and abiding friendship. The saving grace of all tussles between opponents worthy of each other's steel is the inevitability of eventual goodwill overcoming all temporary incentives to the contrary, whereas a good deal of the pleasant harmony between seeming friends of lesser calibre is often just a veneer charged with potential jealousy likely to break out into open war any moment. There are no friends like ex-foes and no foes like ex-friends.

Mrs. Besant eventually won and the result was, in her own words, that "the whole long struggle came to an end and we finished up where we were at the beginning, with the exception of the large amount of money wasted." At that time the

Theosophical Society was at the zenith of its popularity. The original founders of the Society were rather queer beings. They "strove to rehabilitate a kind of Spiritualism in Eastern phraseology" but their rationalist contemporaries viewed their efforts with scepticism. Most prominent among these was Charles Bradlaugh, closest of Besant's political associates in her pre-Theosophy days. He had nothing but regret with which to greet the news of her change-over to Theosophy. "I look to possible developments of her Theosophic views with the very gravest misgiving," he lamented.

From such beginnings the Theosophical Society grew under Besant's presidency into an organisation endowed with a unique variety of attractive qualities. Progressive elements of varied sorts were drawn to it as to a magnet. Art, culture, social reform, flourished under the benign care of its President, and when to it all was added the vigorous political striving of the Home Rule campaign, the Society became a sort of blend of a university, a spiritual mission, an art academy, an agitational political body and an international fellowship. A vast membership, immense estates, and worldwide organisational expansion all combined to make of the Society a key-institution of enormous power and influence. And Krishnamurthi was to be the heir to all that the Society could give.

He deliberately broke the pattern of the future meant for him by breaking away completely from the moorings set by Dr. Besant. In the vehicle of power offered for his use he found a shackle, and for the sake of his soul's freedom, he broke it with entirely unprovoked attacks on Theosophy and the Theosophical Society. Of all forms of heroism, the most difficult is to pit one's will against a beloved benefactor for a severance of ways, but it exemplifies an exalted conception of love as

plot of the play, and less lyrical than those of the attendants.

The dressing of the play, with its reminiscences of tradition adapted to the exigencies of quick movement, and its beauty of colour and composition, puts an addition to the praise of the Producer of "Kumara Sambhava," Srimati Rukmini Devi. And the impressive background of the central Himalayas, before which the optimistic myth of the coming of One who would destroy evil was enacted (with a great hope for our distracted time when demoniacal powers are again in action), gave immensity and purity to the mind.

For the vocal and instrumental accompaniment too much praise cannot be offered to its composer, the master musician and scholar, Vidwan Tigar Varadachari. Out of his rare knowledge of and experience in indigenous Indian music a dance-opera of the highest aesthetic and patriotic significance was given its authentic voice, without which the loveliness and meaning of the ancient story of Good and Evil would have been but a dumb show. In this he was well served by the singers and instrumentalists, who entered into their parts with enthusiasm and efficiency born of much rehearsing and past exercise.

The creation of such a masterpiece of religious, philosophical and artistic collaboration should not be allowed to subside into oblivion with the passing of time for want of record of the movements of the dance and the musical accompaniment. The participants will age, memories will fade; but the hunger

and need for realities expressed in high art will remain and intensify. The two-hundred year-old music of Bach is preserved for all time in "scores" and in gramophone records. But the Indian way of expression and continuity is not the same. When Bach was composing, a Tamil poet was writing his "Kut-rala Kuravanji." Bach remains; but the discovery of the Tamil dance-drama in an old manuscript would have remained a dead letter had not creative genius and patriotic love given life to it in traditional dance with appropriate music. Modern invention can now become the receptacle of artistic tradition and its transmitter to the future. Some enterprising cinema company should make a complete record of "Kumara Sambhava," and add to the repertoire of the theatre a full-night performance full of beauty, skill, and a high hope for humanity in this time of menace from evil. The traditional art of India, dramatic, pictorial, sculptural, carries the age-long message of the spiritual origin and nature of humanity, beyond the evils incidental to the limitations of the flesh and imperfect circumstances. Fifty years and more ago, William Morris wrote that "we (he spoke for himself and his fellow Britishers) can expect no general impulse towards the fine arts till civilisation has been transformed into some other condition of life, the details of which we cannot foresee." The genius of India, as expressed in her true art, could indicate the direction to the "other condition of life" out of which the details will spontaneously arise.

Mrs. Besant will always remain my inspiration in Art. Great sculptors, poets and painters have been inspired by someone who is an embodiment of Art. For me, my inspirer has been and continues to be my mother Annie Besant; while others were sceptical and were shocked at the idea of my dancing, she was pleased, and saw a future for me through it. In 1931, very near the end of her days, I gave a programme of dancing. She could not come, and many who came spoke in horror. She sent for me and said it was such a disappointment for her not to have been able to come down, and would I dance for her in her room! I did; and this inspired me never to think anything of public opinion.—Rukmini Devi.

Short Story

Fortune's Darling

by S. ROBERTS

RAMDAS burst excitedly into his brother's room but as he saw Devdas standing at the window that gave on to the Sivaji Park, gazing morosely out at the open stretch of recreation ground, his exhilaration died down within him and his pace lost its eagerness. As he heard the other's footsteps come to a pause at his doorstep, Devdas turned sullenly to his brother. Ramdas sensed gloominess in the atmosphere and began to regret his enthusiastic entry but he could not possibly retrace his steps without saying something to explain his presence at that hour. As he stood hesitantly, Devdas remarked:

"You are off rather early from office today, aren't you?"

Ramdas longed to give some plausible lie in explanation, he could have pleaded a headache, but his innate honesty prevented him from voicing an untruth and moreover, he longed too for someone to share the elation that filled him.

"You know old Sharma resigned the senior architect's post last week due to some disagreement with the directors. Well I have been promoted to the post and I thought that that sort of news could not wait the telling."

"Yes," Devdas assented dryly. "It's news that calls for a little celebration. It rather sets off the disgrace of having a brother who is unemployed and quite a failure at life, doesn't it?"

Ramdas coloured at the provocative bitterness of his younger brother's words. For a moment, he was inclined to be seriously angry. Instead of congratulating him and participating in his happiness, Dev had started on the offensive again. But his mood of indignation soon passed. Dev was such a child, peevish, moody and selfish, too painfully conscious of his lack of success, irritated by his continued dependence upon his elder. He was labouring under an inferiority complex, that was what was wrong with Dev. He had a squint that no spectacles could set right—in his mind. Pity overcame him.

"Now, now, Dev" he said tenderly. "You know I never thought of it that

way. How could you be so unkind? I love you deeply. It does not matter to me that you are without a job. That's just luck and it may be my turn tomorrow to have you support me. It's not for want of trying or ability."

His brother's good nature thawed his bitterness and Devdas became apologetic.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to hurt you. Of course I am happy to know that you have bettered yourself. But honestly, nothing could be good enough for you—you deserve it."

But Devdas's inner thoughts ran: "He's been a very good brother to me and I have repaid his kindness with ingratitude. It's not his fault that he is fortune's darling, that he is such a success as compared to me. I am cursed unlucky but I cannot visit my wrath and dissatisfaction upon him."

"Oh, you are too generous," Ramdas acknowledged the spoken words, warmed up by the kind words. "I am glad, though, it happened and Shoba will be glad too when she hears of it. I dare say we will be able to marry on the higher salary that my new appointment will fetch me. And we've been waiting so long, you know..."

A startled look fled through Devdas's eyes. His mind lost track of what the other was saying. He thought to himself: "My God, I had not thought of that... Shoba... and Ramdas... and myself... What am I to do?" Noticing the abstract look in Dev's eyes, his brother had turned off the flow of his words. He saw that Dev's face had lost colour and he seemed sunk in some deep speculation. But the look of strange preoccupation had passed so swiftly that he might have almost imagined it.

Devdas said audibly: You must tell her about it without loss of time. She will be all the gladder to have you break the glad tidings to her."

And he had told himself: "Ramdas must go away and leave me alone. I must think it over in solitude. It's so puzzling, so difficult and he must not suspect..."

Ramdas was saying, "I'll vouch she will be glad. As I said, we've waited

so long for a break such as this. We love each other so, it has not been easy to hold ourselves in leash. Now there need be no more delay. We can marry as soon as we choose."

Devdas could not bear to listen to his brother's words, he wanted to scream madly at him to go away but he contained himself. He must not lose his head, he must keep steady. Once his brother had stepped out of the room, Devdas lowered himself into the nearest chair, his forehead resting on the palm of his hand as he ruminated, deliberated.

He recalled how much he owed to his brother. His father had died further back than he could remember. The only picture he retained of him in his memory was of a tall man raising him up in his strong arms. It was a vignette that strangely survived the years, though all that had happened before and since had been forgotten. His mother had died when he was yet a boy and of her, a hundred warm memories still persisted, filling him with nostalgia for a mother's love. The burden of his upbringing had fallen on to the shoulders of his elder brother, Ramdas, employed at that time in a large engineering firm.

Willingly and affectionately had Ramdas taken charge of his growing brother, took the place of his parents and consequently, though only a few years separated them in point of fact, the difference in age seemed much more imposing to both of them. Devdas knew with what economy and scraping of resources, his brother had seen him through the school, at what great personal sacrifice he had put him to college for further studies. Devdas had tried hard and it had not been through any lack of application that he had failed in his second year. It had been one of those things that just happen for no logical reason and though Ramdas had urged him to make a second attempt, he had not continued.

He was becoming increasingly aware of the burden he constituted to his brother, all the more so because the other had been so magnanimous about it. Disgusted with himself, anxious to cease being a deadweight and to stand on his own feet, Devdas had set out in quest of employment. And the same bad luck had dogged his footsteps and several months after his abandonment of education, he still found himself unemployed.

Then the war had broken out and he had sought escape from old associations by trying for an entry into the armed forces but then again, his luck had stood in the way. He had a pronounced limp of his right leg, the result of a boyhood accident, and the recruiting authorities had not passed him. But he secured an appointment in one of the wartime establishments and clung desperately to it till the war ended and retrenchment cast him again into the ranks of the unemployed.

And meanwhile, his elder brother had been making rapid headway, winning quick promotions and substantial increments, how culminating in his responsible position in the firm of architects. There were times when bitterness, arising out of his despair, corroded Devdas's mind and made him say things that cruelly hurt both the hearer and himself, deriving some vicious satisfaction out of his words in which something of self-pity was intermingled. He had been losing friends as a result of his moodiness and even Ramdas, who was an angel of patience, had sometimes recoiled from him. In contemplative moments, Devdas realised all this but when his mood came, it was like being caught in a storm and he was helpless against it.

His thoughts turned to Shoba, the girl his brother worshipped. He remembered as clearly as if it had happened yesterday, the Saturday afternoon when Ramdas had brought the girl to the flat and introduced her to him as his future "Sister-in-law". Previously, Ramdas had regaled him with accounts of her and Devdas had been inclined to take his colorful words at a discount but the actual meeting with her had shown that Ramdas had not much exaggerated.

She was dark by his Mangalorean standards, in her late teens, well-shaped with clearly-chiseled features. It was her manner more than her appearance that had impressed Devdas. She was a synthesis of all that was best in the ancient and modern cultures, modest yet not shy, bold but not forward, modern yet not sophisticated. She left a vivid impress on his mind. He saw more of her in subsequent days and he felt himself drawn to her, resisting yet compelled.

He had not realised the trend of his emotions at the time and when perception dawned on him, it was too late. Feverishly he had tried to extricate himself from the sentimental tangle in

which he had landed but his struggles only enmeshed him more intricately. And it hurt him all the more to see how Ramdas unsuspectingly fostered the affection. How often out of sheer goodwill and innocence had Ramdas urged him to take his "sister-in-law" out for a stroll or to the movies when he found himself unable to do so due to urgent demands on his professional attention. "Sister-in-law!" He, Devdas, had tried hard to maintain his feelings on that relationship. He had felt like a criminal engaged in some terrible deceit where the victim was so guileless that he actively encouraged the villainy.

He hated himself, hated Shoba for her passive responsibility in the affair, hated Ramdas for treating him as a mere child and refusing to see how things stood. And Shoba had remarked on it one day with childlike directness that made prevarication so difficult.

"Why do you hate me?"

And he had replied passionately, "I don't hate you. I hate myself because of you."

"Why?" she had persisted, "What have I done?"

And confronted with the direct question, he had not replied but had turned his face away so that she may not read the answer on it. But she had not let the matter drop, she had turned his face to her, compelled him to look into her eyes. She had seen the perplexity in his eyes, the pain, the hate, the love and the bewilderment that tortured him and she had understood everything in a flash of comprehension.

"And I love you too," she had said softly.

Devdas had stepped back as though struck. Fury burned in his eyes.

"Do not ever say that," he had said stridently. "Don't even imagine anything so wicked. It's not true."

And when she had protested, he had clutched her shoulders so passionately that she had winced and he had hissed at her "You are not to think that, never. You know how much Ramdas loves you. You have been everything to him. He has been living and working for you. And you can't do that to him, you can't play him false. You've got to stick to him, for better or for worse, no matter how you or I feel about it."

She had looked at him silently for a moment and then her eyes had fallen before his fiery, earnest gaze . . .

All that seared through Devdas's mind as he sat in his room, asking himself again and again what he was to do without arriving any nearer the answer. Was he to continue his silence, maintain the pretence that there was nothing between him and Shoba? He knew Shoba loved him and not Ramdas. Would he be right in withholding the knowledge and allowing Ramdas to marry her? Could that vital secret be the basis of a happy conjugal life between the two he loved most in the world? Or would it be like allowing an ignorant man to build a house on the top of a simmering volcano which might burst any moment and disrupt the lives of its inmates? He was unable to make up his mind.

A couple of months slipped by and one day, Ramdas said casually to his brother:

"Dev, I am going out to Chugulpore. There's work to be done there. They are building up a hospital there and the construction has been entrusted to our firm. I have been offered the chance to take charge of the work and I have accepted."

"Chugulpore!" Devdas ejaculated. "Why, that's almost a wilderness of estates, disease-ridden, a notorious hell-spot."

"It's the first chance I have had to work on my own and prove my worth and I am not going to let it slip by. Besides, you are now in a good job, thank God, and I don't have to worry about you."

"What about Shoba, then?" Devdas queried. "I thought it was settled that you should marry early next month. This job would keep you away several months. That would hardly be right, would it?"

Ramdas shifted nervously on his feet. He looked very ill-at-ease as he said hesitantly:

"Dev, I've something to confess to you. That marriage, you know, I think I have been too impetuous about it, too fanciful. I don't think I'm the marrying kind, you know I am much too ambitious and all that. Marriage would sort of tie me down, you know and I—er—I expect I would soon regret it."

Devdas became speechless. That the brother whom he secretly idolized in his heart should have uttered a statement so cheap and selfish suddenly sickened him. Composing himself, he said—

"Have you told her that?"

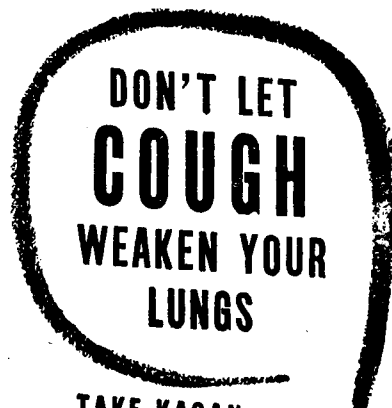
to your cause a vast majority which counts after all in politics. Considerations of expediency must have weighed with Mr. Gramani's critics. Would not some blundering Muslim Leaguer oblige? And indeed that quarter has obliged.

Granted it is only Muslem Leaguers that object, the question arises: Can Muslim fears not be genuine? We have to guess from Government press notes from U.P. and C.P. and statements issued by responsible Ministers and leaders from those provinces that they are having a tough job maintaining peace, with the refugees narrating atrocity stories and retaliation-mongers using them as the dry gun powder for beginning a war on freedom and a secular State. A C.P. Government press note dated 16th September, appeals to the refugees not to make provocative speeches and "spread the evil to this province where conditions so far are peaceful".

Mr. Srinivasa Iyer is not correct. He is *playing* politics. By calling them martyrs and more than mahatmas, heroes, and saviours of their religion he is advocating the use of these unfortunate victims of the Punjab partition to stage a Bihar in this province. I discern a sinister motive in these lines; "The Leaguers have been tossed into places of power on a tidal wave of hatred, bloodshed, rape and loot". Could it be that he advocates this short road to power, to the Hindu leaders? The people of this province have not been taking this transaction between Mr. O. P. Ramaswamy Reddiar and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru—they know it only at that—lightly. Mr. Sivagnana Gramani protested at the outset. He may be accused of chauvinism. But Mr. Srinivasa Iyer's article is no convincing reply to chauvinism. In a dispassionate and non-partisan analysis of the problem, Mr. Pothan Joseph in the *Indian Express* of the 14th September sums up the position brilliantly thus: "It is all very well to speak of the easy exchange of population and work out figures on paper.

What is missed is that they consist of rootless masses of people with no local tradition to make their habitation dear to them. They will yearn for their homelands and their present day hosts will survive the gust of charity under which they lend aid to the afflicted wanderers. Let us at least beware that exotic gangs may spring out of them and some of their tracts may become seedbeds of crime. Climate alone would make for discomfort when they are put in far away places like Bengal and South India."

And may I finally invite Mr. Srinivasa Iyer to listen to the voice of the common man; "16 ozs. rations is what they are used to, these Punjab refugees. They find our 10 ozs. inadequate. They said this to our Minister Bakthavathsalam. Didn't you see it in the papers?" I wouldn't accuse the common man. When the stomach is hit, no other part of the human being functions.



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AP 40



FOR LIFE'S LITTLE TROUBLES

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"No, not yet," the other remarked. "Dev, I wonder if you could—er—if you could tell her—after I have gone, I mean."

"You mean you feel such a villain about it that you would rather not tell yourself," Devdas had burst out in dark anger. He saw the hurt look in his brother's eyes and derived joy out of the pain he caused him.

In the days that followed, Devdas's indignation turned to cool animosity. When Ramdas left for Chugulpore a few days later, the two brothers were hardly on talking terms. For months, there was no news of Ramdas and Devdas relentlessly banished his memory from his mind. He found himself unable to forgive or forget the other's treatment of Shoba.

Ramdas lay in bed, his face drawn, very sick, Devdas and Shoba were by his bedside, tender and solicitous. Ramdas had returned a few days before, the victim of one of those tropical diseases that sap the most robust constitution with their systematic drainage of energy. His illness had increased and his condition was past hope.

Devdas sat by his bedside day and night in an endless vigil, shared by Shoba whom he had married in the interval of his brother's absence. Sleeplessness had brought dark circles round their eyes. Devdas's antagonism towards his brother for the latter's conduct to Shoba had melted in the face of the other's extremity and the old affection had crystallised again in his heart, filling him with grief and tenderness. All resentments and quarrels were buried, he remembered only how good his brother had been to him, that he owed him a debt which he could never repay. Almost in contrition for his recent illwill, he became an angel of ministration.

Together they leant over Ramdas as he stirred in his bed and the bones to which his body had become reduced thrust through the heavy red blanket that covered him. Ramdas's eyes opened, looking incongruously large in his attenuated face, Ramdas essayed a smile at his bedside attendants and

the pathetic attempt whipped up all the compassion and sorrow in Devdas.

"Brother, Brother", he cried out in agony as he dropped on his knees beside the bed and pressed his head to the other's bony chest. And Ramdas stretched forth his thin hand and let it fall on his brother's back in a touch of consolation.

"Do not grieve, dear Dev," he comforted. "I leave without regrets. What purpose could I serve, by living, now that the two mattered most to me in the world are happily set up? There is no regret in dying after one has fulfilled one's appointed purpose in life. To live further would only be to stagnate."

And for the first time, stark suspicion had flashed through Devdas's mind. He drew himself up and said accusingly:

"You did all this deliberately. You knew that Shoba and I loved each other and you went away under a purposefully-created misunderstanding so that Shoba and I would come together. What right had you to make such a tremendous sacrifice?"

Ramdas nodded in mute assent. He explained weakly:

"For years, since dear mother's death, I have brought you up with love and tenderness, deriving pleasure out of your happiness and sharing your moments of sorrow. That meant more to me than any personal issue. You became the purpose of my life, till later, Shoba came to share your place. You couldn't deceive me, dear brother, any more than you could as a child. I know you too well.

"Nor could Shoba, for once she had loved me spontaneously and warmly and no forced sentiment could ever make a passable imitation. But in my first selfishness, I tried not to see facts which in my heart I realised. But my love for you both triumphed and I went away for that was the only way of bringing you together."

It was Shoba who uttered the epitaph: "He was a true brother and lover."

MARTYRS OR REFUGEES?

by P. S. SUNDARASARMA

THE question of receiving a few thousands of the Punjab refugees in this province, discussed by Mr. S. Srinivasa Iyer in your pages, requires attention. The subject has been discussed by the writer from the purely communal point of view. We are told that these Hindu and Sikh refugees, martyrs not refugees, "are owners of the rich lands of the West Punjab", who "have left their homes and their native hills and dales" not because they could not live in West Punjab (Pakistan)—they could have remained there in the full enjoyment of all their possessions in perfect security, if only they had chosen to embrace Islam—but because they chose the path of suffering, the loss of every earthly possession sacrificing their all for the religion of their fathers, for our common Hindu culture and civilization. And the writer poses the question, "Are we to tell them that they are unwelcome and that their presence would displease the Muslim Leaguers of Madras?"

Mr. Srinivasa Iyer brings in the Muslim Leaguers' objection to throw dust on Hindu eyes, to prepare the Hindu reader to accept what he writes. The argument runs: "You, Hindu, look! the Muslim Leaguers, he means all Muslims, do not want the Punjab refugees here; they, the Muslims of Pakistan (West Punjab) have driven our brethren out and here in our land, in the land of the Hindus, you find again Muslims raising a cry; they would drive them away from here too if you and I, Hindus, do not act now". The Hindu reader readily falls in line; the fellow who had been denouncing this kind as communalist, and shouting, "Down with the communalists", "Down with Hindu Sabhites", "Hindu-Muslim Zindabad", "Hindu-Muslim Ek-Ho", whispers into your ears, "Muslims, I tell you, Sir, are fifth columnists; there is not one in them, not excluding Azad, who is loyal to India; let us get rid of these traitors, Sir", and then he shouts

aloud to you, "Look at these Muslim Leaguers of Madras. What business have they to interfere in our activities? We will give them, the Punjab martyrs, Sikhs and Hindus, priority in food, housing, employment and everything else that we possess. For here the latest recruit, the ex-"Hindu-Muslim-one" slogan shouter finds justification for his all-out-to-the-point-of — extinction help: "Let us remember that for long centuries we in the South have been able to enjoy comparative freedom and security because the mighty dam built by the martyred Guru to stem Muslim terror proved safe and sound and the Sikhs held their ground with resounding glory and success."

Having successfully roped in one element in the body politic to his side, Mr. Srinivasa Iyer turns on another key. He says, "Thousands of Andhras are pouring into Bezawada from Hyderabad, refugees from Muslim terror..... Are we to tell them that they have no place in our midst? The Punjab martyrs (not refugees, note) deserve no discrimination at our hands". So the Andhra running into Bezawada from Hyderabad is equated to the Sikh and the Hindu coming from Punjab, for "if one part of Hinduism bleeds the agony is felt through every limb and fibre of the body from the Indus to the seas". It is intelligently put. But I should think Mr. Srinivasa Iyer is on slippery grounds here. Ask the Andhra if he feels the same way about the Punjabi fleeing from West Punjab.

Notwithstanding all that Mr. Srinivasa Iyer says about Muslim League objectors, the fact is, the objection to receiving the refugees was first raised by Mr. M. P. Sivagnana Gramani, a HINDU. And Mr. Gramani was only voicing the unuttered feelings of a vast section of the Tamils, mostly Hindus. Because Mr. Gramani's words had the backing of an overwhelming majority of the people; to fight it would have meant turning hostile

THE AMERICAN WAY?

When Denis Morgan asked his young son, Stanley, why he was sulking, he was told: "I've just had a terrible scene with your wife."—Mary Charlesworth in *The Lantern*.

SPOTLIGHT ON THE



MOST members of the U.S. Congress have left Washington and gone back to their homes and private business. Others are travelling abroad, either for pleasure or as members of various investigating committees. There appears to be little probability of these people being recalled to the capital for a special session of the Congress this year. The sixteen 'Marshall Plan' countries of Europe, which are awaiting American aid for economic survival, are getting alarmed at the leisurely proceedings on the other side of the Atlantic.

FRUITS OF FREE ENTERPRISE

While no fresh supplies of dollars have been made available to the foreign buyers of American food and goods, prices are continuing to travel skywards in the U.S. Ever since the Republicans succeeded in killing price controls last year, President Truman's only contribution to the solution of the problem has been his appeal to manufacturers to hold the price line. Such appeals have always been futile in the past, and Truman achieved no miracle. Reports of the Bureau of Labour Statistics showed that the consumers' price index (cost of living) reached a new high level—157.1—on June 15, 1947. By a coincidence the Department of Commerce announced simultaneously that corporate dividends (business profits), which were already above the pre-war and war-time levels, went up by a further 16 per cent during the second quarter of 1947.

Complaining that, in spite of wage increases, the real wages of workers in terms of purchasing power were steadily going down, Emil Rieve of the Congress of Industrial Organizations said: "We urge that the Re-

publican leaders and the President agree immediately upon the reconvening of the Congress to meet these inflationary threats to our economic security by enacting legislation permitting the establishment of price and rationing controls on speculative commodities." President Truman admitted, by implication, the need for the reintroduction of controls when he denounced, on October 16, "the tremendous amount of gambling on the U.S. commodity exchanges" as the reason for soaring domestic prices and difficulty in obtaining grain for export.

But there is precious little chance of the present U.S. Congress voting for the reimposition of controls. As for the administration, key positions in it are occupied by the representatives of capitalist conservatism, not of capitalist liberalism of the New Deal variety. John Snyder, for instance. He is Truman's close pal, and is Secretary of the U.S. Treasury. Snyder never liked the New Deal, has always been a conservative, and is not an idealist but a banker. The few surviving American statesmen of the Roosevelt tradition, who tried to hold the price line last year, have said bitterly that Snyder betrayed them in that battle. One of his own colleagues is said to have described the Treasury Secretary as "the father of American inflation." It is the belief of John Wesley Snyder that "Free enterprise and the American business man's ingenuity are the most important factors in the post-war world," and that, given time, things will work out all right according to the laws of banking. At the moment, however, the American business man's ingenuity, while no doubt bringing him ample profits,

has made things tough for his customers, both at home and abroad.

FRENCH SOCIALISTS AND VIETNAM

The recently formed Little Comintern, in its very first public statement, condemned the Right-wing Socialists of Western Europe. Leon Blum, the aged veteran of the French Socialist movement, was among those specifically named by the Communists as one of the Right-wing 'betrayers'. Commenting on this accusation, Leon Blum said on October 12: "I have said many times that I do not distinguish between two kinds of Socialism, one revolutionary and the other not. That is the reason why I refuse to see any positive meaning in words such as Right-wing and Left-wing Socialists." But Ernest Bevin, also named by the Communists as a Right-wing betrayer, knows better—if only because of the hard knocks he has received during House of Commons debates on British foreign policy, from the Labour Party 'rebels'. One of the most serious and repeated charges made by these Left-wing critics of Bevin is that his policy of maintaining large armed forces abroad has been depriving Britain of desperately needed dollars. Bevin would not listen to their advice; but he was compelled to agree to cuts in the number of troops abroad when the dollar crisis forced the Cabinet to effect that economy. The Socialists of France do not seem to have learnt the lesson. If Leon Blum dismisses the distinction between Right and Left in the Socialist movement, it is perhaps because of the absence of serious criticism of the party's foreign policy by any group in the French Socialist Party. Take the case of Viet-Nam. The Premier of the non-Communist coalition which governs France today is Paul Rama-

dier—a Socialist. He has been conducting a "save the franc" campaign, appealing to the U.S. for dollar aid, making drastic cuts in food rations, and generally doing everything to economise. His latest proposals for effecting a 23 per cent reduction in State expenditure include the abandonment of electrical and railway development and of major reconstruction work. And yet he is continuing the costly militarist adventure in Viet-Nam—which is bad morality for a Socialist and bad economics for any man. In spite of the reported pressure by alleged Left-wing Socialists, Ramadier has not stopped the disastrous course of French imperialist policy in Viet-Nam. Which shows that Leon Blum is right about the non-existence of division in the ranks of Socialists—at least in his country. Only the Communists expressed themselves in favour of immediate recognition of Viet-Nameese freedom when the question was last debated by the French National Assembly.

Meanwhile the shooting war is going on. The French colonial administration is trying to create a rift among the Viet-Nameese nationalists. The pattern of the imperial plan is familiar: the 'moderates' are to be detached from the Republican movement—with pious background talk of France saving the poor misled natives from the unscrupulous Moscow-controlled Communist Ho Chi-Minh. Bao Dai, former emperor of Annam, is being trimmed for installation into power as the 'true representative' of the Viet-Nameese. Bao Dai said, when he relinquished the throne last year: "I would far rather be a common citizen in an independent State than be emperor of a subjugated nation." He appears to have changed his mind.

A man promised to bring his friend a parrot on his return from America. Back in Paris, he suddenly realised that he had forgotten his promise. He bought an owl, painted it green and presented it to his friend. After some time, the two friends met. The returned traveller slyly asked: "How is the parrot I gave you? Does he talk yet?"

His friend answered: "Talk? No. But he thinks a great deal."—Judge.

GANDHIAN ERA IN RETROSPECT

by K. S. VENKATRAMANI

IN my political reveries, which the partition of India has so much saddened, I have often wondered how Pakistan became so suddenly a 'necessity.' Till May 1947 all the front rank national leaders, except Rajaji, were against the division of India. They were fully aware of its perilous consequences. But suddenly, in June 1947, the Congress leaders in power in the Interim Cabinet, who virtually controlled the Congress Working Committee, changed their mind and voted for Pakistan. The holocaust followed.

No wonder then that thirty years of renaissance turned to ashes in the mouth on the 15th of August. Both the Congress and Mahatma Gandhi witnessed the most complete defeat of every major ideal for which they strenuously laboured for a generation.

It is idle to regret the past. But if the past teaches no lesson to the politician and thinker it becomes a waste.

Why did the Interim Cabinet arrive at this vital decision to accept Pakistan without consulting beforehand any representative body of thinkers and elder statesmen from all parties? It virtually amounted to a high-level decision of two or three in panic and haste (overawed by the Punjab riots) which was presented as a settled fact to the A.-I.C.C. and the Nation. The whole procedure on this major issue was least democratic and most deplorable and has inflicted on us a deep injury which only years of struggle and hard work can heal.

The height of the tragedy was that Mahatma Gandhi failed us at the critical hour of destiny. He was against the division of India throughout, but his voice which was once a thunder clap or a lion's roar became a feeble and emaciated whisper. His intuition was as usual very sound, but his will-power was impaired—against the quick and

panicky decision of his chosen lieutenants in power who were intimidated by the speed and commando strategy of British statesmen, the theatrical pose of Mr. Jinnah and an unprecedented orgy of violence. Had the Mahatma stood by One India and his own inner voice in the open A.-I.C.C. and led the country against his own lieutenants in power in the hour of peril, he would have saved us one of the darkest chapters in our history of which we have seen as yet only the first page.

The Gandhian epoch, though victorious in its abundant release of mass energy and emotional idealism, was poor in practical results, in the record of constructive work which goes to build up a nation. The failure is due to two great causes: Mahatmaji's own mind and his method. Fundamentally Mahatmaji's mind reflects the conflicts, aims and aspirations of a *Yogi* and a politician, he being really neither *in full*. Mahatmaji is a great, good, gentle, highly compassionate and sensitive soul, ethical to the highest degree with an intense longing to serve man realise God. He is a great *Bhaktha*, an *Alwar*, a devotee with a single-track mind to whom God is a reality and a lode-star. This is just the type which can originate a revolution if it descends to politics and action but never by itself carry it on to a victorious conclusion; especially in the peculiar conditions of India where a great ideal gives us only a thronging crowd as in our *melas* and festivals and not a disciplined army of workers. All organization not voluntary is repugnant to this type. So Mahatmaji has an instinctive dislike for organisation based on force.

Mahatmaji's intuitions have generally been sound in many matters and his will power great when fed by sentiments or his own inner

voice when clear; but he lacked the drive, power and organising skill and technique which a comprehensive, intellectual and non-mystical approach gives. So he was always a loving prisoner in the hands of his lieutenants who made the final political decisions on major issues for reasons of their own.

With regard to method, the Mahatma as a great revolutionary leader failed to discover and select the proper lieutenants to work out his own high, original mission. He preferred to select as his chief workers the leaders as he found them in the existing order of society, especially in law and big business, and tried to convert them at a late stage of their lives by his spiritual power, his alchemic touch, to his own great cause and philosophy. And he has not proved to be enough of a *Yogi* to bring about a miraculous change of character. The seeming conversion was often unreal and illusory and did not go in many cases far beyond the sartorial. This mixing up in the case of the Mahatma, of the functions and qualities of a *Yogi* and a politician is the root cause of our major defeats during the Gandhian epoch and of the failure to achieve unity and results even after 30 years of suffering and striving.

Mahatmaji's highest act of political imagination and statesmanship was in 1919 when he proclaimed the fourfold boycott; but he failed to put it through. Otherwise Swaraj would have been won 30 years back as the result of a real fight and victory. The tempo of revolution was lost years ago, and we are still wallowing in the ephemera of a sedulously cultivated doctrinaire philosophy whose border-lines are illusory and whose place in the hierarchy of primary values that guide evolution, changes with the character of the group to which it is applied. Non-violence is incapable of precise definition in terms of realism, and, as an absolute doctrine of conduct, it is incapable of application to a progressive society of uneven levels with manifold social, political and economic requirements. The most beneficent

humanitarian and ethical condition to violence or force is: if it is surgical it is welcome.

Carefully sifting a mass of evidence in terms of realism, my humble finding is that the present leadership based on slogans and sentiments and a series of negotiations and not on disciplined, and planned action, is entirely unsuited to the great task of saving and regenerating India. I hold that "Quit India" is not a Congress victory but a deliberately voluntary and selfish abdication slightly touched with a sense of revenge. In short, the great work of Indian renaissance initiated by Ramakrishna — Vivekananda, worked out by Gokhale—Tilak, suffered an abrupt break of tradition and continuity at the hands of Mahatmaji, who symbolised more the gentle feelings, failings and weaknesses and the supreme compassion of our race than its potential dynamic aspirations which the *Gita* outlines and which a Shivaji could kindle.

What are the tasks that face us?

My findings on the present political situation are:

(1) The division of India is a cruel folly; it could have been avoided by far-sighted statesmanship and real organisational strength on the part of the Congress leaders even against the eddies of Britain's strategy and the superior political tactics of Mr. Jinnah.

(2) Pakistan and Hindustan have no real frontiers. India is an indivisible unit.

(3) The present demarcation of Pakistan is unnatural and has in it the seeds of aggression. Muslims view Delhi and Agra as the two eyes of Pakistan. They are bound to covet them from Hindustan. The heart of Indian Muslims is on the banks of the Jumna river.

(4) The politics of the Middle East with its boundless oil deposits makes Britain and U.S.A. the friends and protectors of Islam. They are bound to be pro-Muslim. India (Hindustan) has no real friend in the world except for passive and inaccessible China, and

perhaps Russia in certain contingencies. We must acquire new friends by organising our real strength and importing foresight and realism into our foreign policy.

The only way to solve these difficulties is by working for the re-union of Hindustan and Pakistan under a single federal centre as one sovereign State. How to do it?

(1) Frankly I feel that Hinduism is still decadent in spite of the steer which Gandhism has given it. It must be made dynamic by organizing its vast manpower of 300 millions in disciplined work. Hindustan must thus be made to acquire the material and moral strength required to win its own self-respect and then the respect of its neighbour and 1 or the whole world.

(2) The defence of Hindustan, especially of the Jumna river—now the most strategic river for us—must be made the main issue and we should concentrate all attention on defence.

(3) We should militarise Hindustan completely, if necessary by conscription. We would greatly improve indolent Hindu citizenship and capacity for team work by this single act. With no intent of aggression let us acquire the strength of Asoka so that we might practise like Asoka non-violence and peace without any fear of attack.

(4) We should check completely infiltration of new Muslims in any guise into Hindustan till re-union takes place.

(5) All proselytising agencies and organisations should be banned.

(6) Our new constitution must envisage and work out a real *Ramrajya* based on justice and equality to all communities, and all religions, and no preference to any on any account. Goondas—Muslim or Hindu—who are disloyal to the State should be dealt with severely.

The best solvent of Pakistan is to make Hindustan a *Ramrajya*. To achieve *Ramrajya* on these lines our new constitution should be based directly on rural units, as the immortal base of our civilized life, decentralising all politics and economics. Hindustan should be redistributed into provinces on the linguistic and cultural basis, making each province a self-sufficient economic unit in all essential matters. The provincial and central constitution should be based on Socialism, inspired by the lofty tenets of our ancient Dharma. India has a definite socialist message and pattern to give to the whole world, and our thinkers should evolve it with care.

The present leadership is too tired and wholly inadequate to work out this grand change both in technique and substance of the Government of India. They must add one more real sacrifice to the long list of their sacrifices—they must retire gracefully as elder statesmen, yielding place to the emergence of a new leadership whose first and foremost task shall be to bring about the reunion of Pakistan and Hindustan into one real independent and glorious India.



The Prince of Conde, desiring to test his young son's ability to handle money, gave him fifty louis d'or to spend while he himself was absent in Paris. When the Prince returned home, the boy came to him and triumphantly announced, "Father, here is all the money; I have not touched it."

The Prince, without making any reply, took his son to the window, and quietly tossed the money into the street.

Then he said, "My son, if you have neither virtue enough to give away your money, nor the wisdom to spend it, always do this for the future, that the poor may have a chance of it."—*Christian Science Monitor*.



THE British Industries Fair which was held in May last was the first grand industrial event after the war. It was divided into three sections, two in London and one in Birmingham. Home and overseas visitors hummed busily and enthusiastically in its three thousand and odd stalls, making new contacts and renewing old ones. Machinery of all kinds was in special demand and huge orders were placed by the overseas buyers, in spite of great uncertainty about deliveries. Some manufacturers even demanded full payment in advance for such orders. A young Indian industrialist was very indignant at this.

"How can I trust you people?" he asked vehemently. "Do you know what your old man Dalton did say the other day in the House of Commons, while making a statement on India's sterling balances? Can you show me a single instance in history when a willing borrower repudiated his debt by telling his creditor that he does not deserve to be paid back? I can understand if, like an ordinary bankrupt, he pleaded inability to meet his obligation, but this is preposterous".

There was quite a scene. The Englishman, in suppressed anger, had to admit that it was a reckless and blunt speech of the Chancellor. I felt the grandeur of the mighty fair paling into the shade besides this incident.

But the fair was a success, in so far as it strengthened the morale of the British people. It was heartening to them to see that their industries could produce all that was

exhibited there. It was further demonstrated there that Britain must produce more to export more and hence must work harder. "Work or want" was inscribed on huge posters all over the country.

Slogans are nowhere so effective as in England. They act like magic on the people. "Give us tools and we shall finish the job" said one slogan.

During the blitz of June 1940, a florist put up a board saying "Business as usual". After a heavy bombing when people came out of their shelters, they saw the board and it cheered them. It conveyed a great moral and a unique challenge. It acted as a tonic. After that, the same slogan made its appearance in many places.

It is a pleasure to see the British nation at work. Undaunted by privations they go on with their duties with a robust heart and oneness of purpose. One cannot take their time unnecessarily without feeling guilty.

But an Englishman loses his time-sense on several occasions. Examples of these occasions are football matches, horse races and the drives of Royalty to and from Buckingham Palace on special days like the King's birthday. When the betrothal of Princess Elizabeth was announced, men, women and children thronged outside the Palace in pouring rain just to have a glimpse of her and wish her good luck.

Penny newspapers come out almost every hour with important news of the hour. If you buy your copy and stuff it in your overcoat pocket to read it leisurely your

penny is wasted, because by that time another edition of the paper is out, flashing a fresh story on the front page.

In many places these papers are left piled neatly. The pedestrians pick up their copies and drop a penny. The absentee vendor comes later and collects the coppers; the unsold papers are never found short at any time.

Their manners have somewhat changed after the war. Of course courtesies like "Thank you", "Sorry", "Excuse me" are as plentiful as they were at any time, but to be niggardly in their use is no longer considered socially offensive. In railway trains and in buses a seat is very rarely offered nowadays by gentlemen to ladies. This token of respect towards the fair sex was so characteristic of an Englishman formerly that in the First World War, it is said, an English spy pretending to be a German in Germany was apprehended because he exposed his nationality by promptly vacating his seat for a lady who was standing beside him in the same bus.

Renewed regard and respect for India is witnessed all over the country. Not infrequently, I was greeted by Englishmen with a hearty "Namaste". They showed their eagerness to talk and to hear about India. In many cases they were "India-returned" and had tasted Indian hospitality.

Lunching in an Indian restaurant off Piccadilly Circus, I questioned an ex-police officer who was by my side with his "Mem Sahib" how he liked India.

"Oh, wonderful", he replied with a sigh. "I wish I were there tomorrow. One could get everything there; while here . . . oh!"

"I very much miss my good servants!" said the lady who was wearing a green, tastefully cut Indian style dress. "I was very fond of . . . what are they called . . . chappati-like, thin, crisp things?"

"Pappadam, my dear" the husband suggested. When I expressed the hope that they would some day visit Free India again, the ex-officer

retorted with a grin, "But you don't want us, do you?"

"Oh yes, . . . as friends", I replied. Wishing the best of luck to Free India the couple rose to leave. "I



Mohanlal Mehta

hope you will carry home happy impressions about us, the funny old English," were the man's parting words.

And on to Paris! Undamaged in war, it looked beautiful indeed, with its magnificent ancient and modern buildings with the river Seine dividing the city in two, with its numberless historical places, wide roads and squares, parks and gardens. But it sadly lacked in neatness and orderliness. The streets did not look clean and tidy. The underground railway stations were gloomy and cheerless. Just as in India, and unlike the English, the French people walked helter-skelter on the roads, talked and argued rather noisily in trams and trains. The French policeman will smartly salute you when you approach him for some help, but would not prove to be very helpful. The London "Bobby" won't salute you, but his friendly smile, genuine sympathy and willing help will not fail to touch your heart.

Of all the European countries I visited, English is least spoken and understood in France. In Government offices, business houses, in shops and even in hotels you feel helpless if you know only English. It is surprising that the French, just a few miles off England, should have remained all these centuries even without a working knowledge of English, a language which has penetrated to distant parts of the world.

The French are emotional people. Their moods are changeable like their weather. At present they look extremely depressed and despondent. Low income and very high cost of living are sapping away their vitality. Black markets are flourishing. I was told that an international gang of black marketeers operated from France. A simple meal costs now something like 700 francs (about Rs. 27). The French franc is fast losing its value. Before the war an English pound fetched only 70 francs. Now officially you can change a £ for 470 francs but unofficially you could get 700 francs.

Five years of ruthless Nazi domination has left definite marks on the soul of this sensitive nation. The people were defeated, enslaved, humiliated, heavily taxed and looted in every conceivable way by the Nazi invaders. Many statues of French leaders which were distasteful to the Nazis were either destroyed or taken away to unknown places.

I awoke on the morning of the 14th July, to find Paris transformed overnight. It was Bastille Day, their Independence Day—This day in the year 1789, the notorious prison-fort of Bastille was stormed and completely razed to ground, and the independence of the country declared. A wave of enthusiasm swept over the ancient city. Its streets such as Champs-Elysees, Rue de Rivoli and Rue St. Honore were lavishly decorated. The humble "Latin Quarter" on the left bank of the Seine also looked cheerful. People were in a highly festive mood. They sang and danced and feasted and, of course, drank as only Frenchmen can drink. There were "street dances", open air entertainments

and fetes all over the city. Imposing monuments like the Arc de Triomphe, Medeleine and Notre Dame were flood-lit. The Place Concorde where Marie Antoinette, the Queen of France, was beheaded just four years after the fall of the Bastille appeared more magnificent and less grotesque today. French colours were prominent in the Military School in the spacious square of which Napoleon I was wont to review his crack regiments once upon a time. "La Bastille" was sung lustily at many places.

Belgium looked lively when compared with depressed France. She apparently did not suffer much in the war. Cities like Brussels and Antwerp wore a prosperous appearance. The people were nicely clad, the markets gaily decorated and illuminated by colourful neon sign lights. The shop-windows were very attractive and full of novelties of U.S.A. and English make. The food was good.

Memorials and statues are common to all countries but Brussels has a peculiar statue to boast of. It is a statue of a young boy, about five years old, standing naked and passing urine. In other words, it is a fountain; but this impudent boy is the craze of the whole country and of tourists. The story goes that in the 16th century a wealthy man's only son was lost in the streets of Brussels. After three days' anxious and vigorous search, the boy was found in a street corner standing naked and passing urine. The rich man decided to erect a statue of the son exactly where he was found to commemorate the happy event. The expression of fear and pathos on the child's face is very realistic. Belgium changed hands many times since then but none of her conquerors has interfered with this boy's statue. He has no fewer than 63 different uniforms which he dons as occasion demands. Hundreds of souvenirs like picture postcards, idols of wood, copper, bronze, silver, ash trays, inkstands, paper weights, all bearing the likeness of this fortunate boy are enthusiastically bought by the tourist. The statue is known as

Manneken-Pis, and well, you have not seen Belgium if you have not seen Manneken-Pis!



The statue Mannekin Pis.

Belgian people are very obliging. I wanted to go to a particular place in Brussels and stopped a middle-aged man on the footpath and asked him the way. He gave directions in broken English which I could not follow. Seeing this, he took me in his charge, travelled with me in a tram car, not allowing me to pay even the fare and landed me at my

destination. He said he was a professor in a technical college. He loved India and revered Gandhi. He left me with minute instructions as to my return trip and showed tender care as if I was a child of seven.

"Bon marche" meaning "cheap" is a remarkable large shopping institution in Brussels. You can buy almost everything there, book your rail or air passage to any part of the world, buy a theatre ticket, plan your excursions, send a telegram, engage a nurse, take your lunch or dinner, print your stationery; in short, it is a shop of shops and services.

Belgium's King Leopold is in exile spending his time somewhere in Switzerland. People do not want him, not because they are against Royalty but because he married a woman who was said to be a Nazi collaborator.

Belgium now is a creditor country, thanks to its milch cow, the Belgian-Congo. Its dollar position is satisfactory. The *belga* is not devalued as the French franc or the Dutch guilder or the Italian lira is. The holder of English currency, I was told, was a loser in this country as the unofficial rate of exchange of the *belga* was higher than the official one. You will find the usual slums and poverty in the Belgian industrial areas and yet a Belgian worker is better off than his counterpart in France or Holland.

The official language is French but English too is fairly well spoken and understood.



MR. J. KRISHNAMURTHI

Mr. J. Krishnamurthi will be staying in Madras for two months or more from now, and will give a series of public lectures and hold meetings for discussions and answering questions.

The lectures will be given in the compound of No. 14, Sterling Road, Nungambakkam, at 5 p.m. every Sunday.

Group meetings for discussion will be held from 7-30 a.m. to 9 a.m. on alternate days, commencing from the 24th instant. All are welcome.

9:48 pm.

8:18 a.m.
(by your 'West End' Watch!)

At top:— Impression of New York, (U. S. A).
Lower Picture shows the Assembly Buildings, New Delhi.

While you are finishing your *hazri* in New Delhi, your American friend is probably coming out of a Broadway Cinema the previous evening!

Time may vary from country to country, but the reliability of a "West End" watch remains constant! Generations of craftsmen have given the "West End" a premier place among watches, not only for reliability but for pleasing appearance and strength.

Supplies are still inadequate, but we are doing our utmost to meet customers' requirements as far as stocks permit.

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THE once sleepy Sind is stirred with a new life. A mountainous mass of humanity is on the move. Within forty-five days of the birth of Pakistan the entire social economy of this province whose prosperity had been built by a set of adventurous people who brought the riches of the world here has been transformed beyond recognition. The waving of flags, the shouts of jubilation which greeted the dawn of freedom in the biggest Islamic State in the world have given place to gloom and uncertainty.

The Hindus of Sind who form nearly a third of the population of Sind are in the grip of panic, an unknown fear which has made them scurry for shelter and safety to the Indian dominion. Quaid-e-Azam Jinnah said he wanted peace within and peace without. At a press conference at Delhi, he gave the assurance that the Hindus would not only be treated justly but also generously. Then why this hasty stampede? The answer is plain. Even when Pakistan was yet in the womb of time, the League Ministry in Sind had undertaken a series of

legislative enactments which cut at the very root of Hindus' economic interests. The Moneylenders' Bill, the Land Mortgage Bill, the bill fixing the proportion of communal ratio in the services—these afforded a foretaste of Pakistan. So even as early as June, 1946, the trek of Hindus had begun from this province. Those in the services felt that merit was no longer the criterion for advancement; the race was for those who wore a particular communal label.

This trickle of migration has now assumed the dimensions of a stream. It all started one fine morning in Quetta. In this queen of hill stations in Baluchistan, redolent with the smell of roses, where every house is a fruit garden, descended the angel of death. Relations between the two communities in Quetta were very cordial and both were jointly celebrating the Pakistan Day. Pakistan flags were fluttering in the chill mountain breeze from several Hindu houses.

Came a procession of Punjabis exhibiting some of those whose limbs had been lost in the killing

in West Punjab. Exhortations to wreak vengeance were made. Fanatic Punjabi elements began attacking Hindus all along the city; Hindu shops and houses were set on fire. This savagery had a free run for full five hours when the military came on the scene. But for the presence of a few Sikh and Hindu soldiers, the entire Hindu population of Quetta would have been exterminated. The railway line leading to Quetta had been tampered and those who wanted to fly away could do so only by planes.

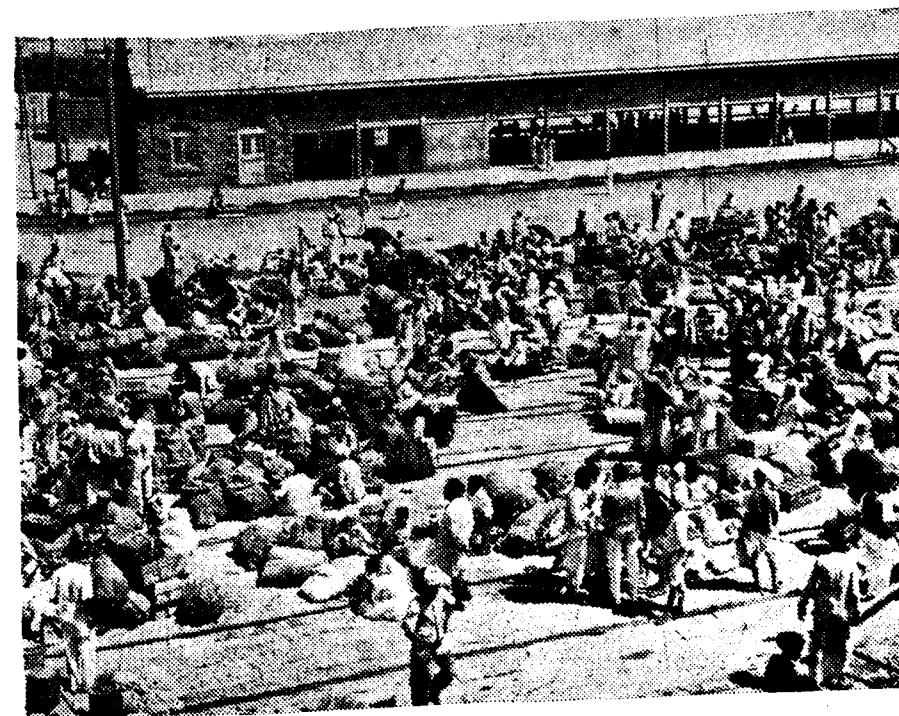
The Quetta incidents came as a rude shock to the peace-loving Hindu of this province. Though the riots broke out among Pathans with Punjabi provocateurs, the whole of Upper Sind was rudely stirred from its complacency and the flame of migration was lit. Shikarpur gave the lead which Sukkur followed.

Then followed an attack on a train in Nawabshah district. Many of the Sikhs who were travelling with their women folk were pulled out and

done to death. A few purchased their lives by agreeing to get converted. The Nawabshah killing spread a wave of consternation throughout the province. People openly began to say that Punjab would be repeated in Sind.

A ghastly murder was enacted in broad daylight in a crowded, cosmopolitan locality of Karachi which sent a shiver down the spine of the shuddering spectators who witnessed it but were not able to run down the assassin. Immediately the air became thick with rumours that a communal showdown was imminent. The authorities handled the situation tactfully. A dusk to dawn curfew was clamped down for a week. At the end of this period some more stabbings took place but the overall communal situation was not so dark.

Much more menacing than the impact of riots was the reign of lawlessness which swept the city. Refugees pouring from the Punjab took the law into their own



A colony consisting of migrant Hindus, has sprung up overnight at Karachi Harbour

hands and revelled in acts of unmitigated goondaism. Several houses in a particular locality were broken open, their inmates terrorised and thrown out at the point of the knife. Bread-winners who went to the office returned home to see their houses occupied, their furniture thrown on the wayside. This has now assumed the dimensions of an open scandal which the long arm of the law is too short to put down. It is the greatest single nightmare which weighs on the minds of the Hindus and the Sikhs who have been the greatest sufferers. This is mainly responsible for the flood tide of migration which is gathering volume in spite of assurances from leading men that people should not flee.

The Sindhi Hindu or Muslim is the most peaceful citizen in the world. Social relations between the two was the envy of entire India. Left to itself, Sind would have remained quiet even if the entire sub-continent was in flames. Today, however, the Sindhi is swamped by Punjabis who are aggressive and import to this province the horror and hatred which were responsible for the carnage which disgraced Western Pakistan. Men do not live for careers alone. They do not want to compromise their honour.

Those who go are not allowed to proceed undisturbed. Several articles are banned from export and not only the luggage but even the persons of people are subjected to intense examination. No State can grow in power or dignity by the seizure of miscellaneous, insignificant articles of personal use under fifty and odd categories. The articles seized are not returned to the owners. No receipt is passed and no regular register is kept. Railway goods waggons are searched, the seals broken and parcels confiscated in the absence of their owners. It is happenings like these that have undermined the confidence of the people in the administration. When questions are asked, some of those in authority openly reply: "Look at what has happened at Delhi and the Punjab".

Out of the twelve lakhs of Hindus originally inhabiting Sind, more than a lakh have left and it is only the bottleneck of transport which restricts the migration. One can understand Gujaratis, Maharashtrians and Madrasis leaving Sind but the infection has caught the native Hindu Sindhi also who is deserting his hearth and home. The Sindhi is the most level-headed businessman in the world. He has occupied an aisle position in the economy of the province by dint of his energy and enterprise. He has made money in Tojo's Japan, Franco's Spain and in Hitler's Germany. Today he feels he has no future in Pakistan. He fears that he will not have a fair deal in the services, trade or commerce. So he goes while the going is good, to rebuild the broken fragment of his life in more congenial surroundings.

Though there is no curfew now, life in Karachi has not resumed its normal hue. Streets are deserted at 7 p.m. Cinema houses are empty. Hindu women or such of them who remain do not leave their homes. The granaries in the countryside are deserted, cotton ginning factories are lying idle. Business is at a standstill.

The architects of Pakistan fully realise that their economic structure would crumble without Hindu brains, Hindu money and Hindu enterprise. That is why they are making frantic appeals to people to stop this migration madness. These appeals however have not created much effect. Within the next six months the bulk of the Hindu population would have moved out of Sind. This is not a fanciful picture. It is the fact. Even the minds of those who have screwed up courage to stay behind are in turmoil. They live only for the day. Ahead, reality looms darkly, a dark deepening shadow.

Sind has verily lost its moorings. It is tied to the apron strings of power politics whose initial exhibition has been unsavoury. Whether things will improve or not is more than I can say. But very few who have bidden farewell to this land will ever return.

HOMAGE TO BHARATI

(From A Special Correspondent)

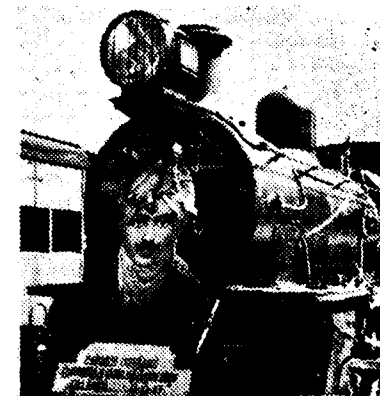
ETTAYAPURAM! This comparatively unknown hamlet, in a corner of Tamil Nad has hit the headlines in the past few days! Ettayapuram is an overgrown village, not yet fully developed into the status of a townlet, under the civic administration of a panchayat board, whose present chairman, Mr. Kandaswami is affectionately hailed by his intimate friends as "Mayor." Ettayapuram was a petty principality, in olden days under a *Zamindari*, whose head is still known as the "Rajah", (who has been unofficially elevated to a Maharajahship, by this loyal tenants and admirers). The annual income of the Ettayapuram Samasthanam is credited to be over three lakhs and the present young Rajah, who is progressive in his ideas, divides his time between the old palace, equipped with all modern conveniences as air-conditioning and a new "palace," which is one of the modern "type" bungalows, with a vast compound. The young Rajah's hobby is the radio.

Set in the dreary black-soil cotton-belt in Tirunelvely district, Ettayapuram offers no enchanting scenery nor pleasing prospects to inspire you to poetry or song; yet it was amidst such dreary and drab surroundings that a poet was born sixty-five years ago, who roused up his lethargic countrymen with his inspiring songs. The poet Bharati.

To his memory has been dedicated a temple—or *mandapam*, as it is known—at his birth-place. The idea of building a memorial at the poet's birth-place was first mooted by *Kalki*, about two years ago. The idea took shape and was vigorously sponsored by the editor and journal; the organising and marshalling side of the campaign was handled with characteristic zeal by Sadasivam, the manager of the journal. The foundation stone for the memorial was laid, two years ago, by Rajaji. From a modest little idea, it grew into a monument, and such was the success of the campaign that at one

stage, the sponsors were obliged to cry halt to enthusiastic donors as subscriptions overshot the original target amount. Finally, the present '*mandapam*,' designed by architect Chitale after traditional South Indian temple architecture, with a modern touch about it, was completed last month. It was to have been opened by another distinguished poet of the land, Srimati Sarojini Devi who however had to deny herself that honour, due to her greater material responsibilities and pre-occupations in U.P.

It was again given to Rajaji to perform the opening ceremony of



Decorated engine which hauled the Bharati Special train

the Bharati Mandapam at Ettayapuram, on the 13th of this month. The Governor of West Bengal came all the way from Calcutta, not to disappoint himself and the thousands who had eagerly gathered at the spot, not only to pay their homage to the poet, but to welcome and honour their beloved leader, whom a hapless conspiracy of circumstances and thoughtless political chicanery had exiled from his province.

Three days before the function eager crowds had begun pouring in until it swelled into a vast human sea, swamping the small place out of recognition. Ultimately over

fifty thousand visitors foregathered at Ettayapuram and it was no easy joke to accommodate such a vast assemblage in a place with such few facilities. It is no small credit to the organisers, and the reception committee that the small town was transformed into a festive camp provided with all possible comforts (in the circumstances) for the visitors. For one who had seen Ettayapuram in its normal existence, it seemed as if a magic city had sprung up overnight.

The nine-mile road from Koilpatti, the nearest railway station, had been done up for the occasion and for those three festive days it was brimming with buses and cars, all bound for Ettayapuram. Special buses were running from all directions and discharging their human cargo in hundreds, every few minutes. The reception billeting and feeding arrangements left nothing to be desired, though of course there must have been a few who might have felt disappointed at the lack of this or that, (not to mention drinking water, a rarity there), as is bound to happen on such big occasions. The energetic General Secretary S. N. Somayajulu, neither spared himself nor others in making life as comfortable to the visitors as possible; and be it said to his credit and to the credit of the reception committee that they made a good job of it.

Though the opening function itself was scheduled for the 13th, people began coming in two days ahead. On the evening of the eleventh there was a generous down-pour of rain which incidentally tested the strength and waterproof quality of the mammoth pandal which had been put up before the memorial building; fortunately the rains held off for the rest of the function and even the elements seemed to co-operate in making it a huge success. Late in the night on the eleventh a short "informal" dance-recital by Anandi and Radha, talented daughters of Kalki and Sadasivam (respectively) kept the pandal-ful audience willingly awake and fully appreciative. The "Bharati Special," by which Rajaji

arrived, brought more distinguished visitors and Ministers on the 12th.

The eve of the function, i.e. the 12th, was marked for musical entertainments. The early evening was heralded by a traditional mark of auspiciousness with a Nagaswaram recital by Kulikkarai Pichayappa and party. The star event of the evening, for which people had gathered in their thousands and tens of thousands was the music performance by M. S. Subbulakshmi. From the early hours of the afternoon crowds had gathered and the pandal, which was intended to accommodate thirty thousand was overfull with almost twice its capacity. Thousands of people who could not get accommodation in the pandal overflowed into the street and open spaces around. Thanks to perfect loud-speaker arrangements and thanks to the combined efforts of volunteers and the police, order was maintained. But in the face of even the most perfect arrangements it was impossible for that unprecedented and vast audience to maintain perfect quiet at the beginning, when almost a breakdown



M. S. Subbulakshmi singing Bharati songs

was feared due to clamorous crowds. Some one had a brain-wave and had another platform improvised over the already existing pucca one; and it was only when M.S.S. ascended

that platform and was seated in full view, that order was restored. It has been a peculiar gift of M.S.S. that she can rise to any occasion. Before she came to the Pandal, she was not in the best of health and her throat was giving her some anxious moments. But once she was on the platform and faced the vast sea of enthusiastic humanity, she forgot her ailments, as is her wont, and forgot herself and ultimately made the audience forget itself.

Later, Dandapani Desigar kept the same audience spell-bound through the major part of the night. And that left only a few hours before the chief event of the next morning. When early streaks of dawn began to light the Bharati Mandapam, the crowds kept surging into the pandal and it looked as if many had forgotten their sleep. Dawn was heralded by the blowing of conches, the trumpeting of elephants and the music of Nagaswaram. Rajaji, accompanied by the Prime Minister and other Ministers and leaders and members of the reception committee, proceeded to the mandapam and declared it open. Then, waving through the crowd, he came to the platform and took his seat. The crowd which had swelled to enormous proportions again became unmanageable for a while. The proceedings began with a few opening songs recited by M. S. Subbulakshmi. Rajaji then rose amidst shouts of 'Jai' and addressed the audience for a few minutes. In his characteristic style, he gently chastised the audience and told them how their very zeal and enthusiasm often tended to spoil the very object they had at heart; witness for instance the festoons which came between them and the platform; the camera-men who obstructed their view, the people in front rows who hid others in front and so on; if only they could just look back, they would realise how they themselves were obstructions. Then he dwelt on Bharati's greatness not only as a poet who sang patriotic songs and stirred the people but as a poet of eternity who sang of the eternal dharma and truth. He wanted every one to

understood Bharati's songs in their true light and imbibe their true spirit in their conduct and outlook.

Other speakers followed; and at 9-30 a.m. the bust of the poet was unveiled by the Premier of Madras, Sri Omandur Ramaswami Reddiar. More speeches followed; a forceful and powerful speech from Communist Jeevanandam, a thrilling exposition of Bharati's poetry by Krishnaswami Bharati; a few soul-stirring words from that revered savant of Tamil, Rasikamani T.K.C. The best one was however from Dr. Subbarayan who impressed the audience profoundly by his eloquent silence while garlanding the leaders.



Bust of Bharati unveiled by the Premier of Madras

R. Krishnamurthi (Kalki) rounded off the function with a thanksgiving speech which was resplendent with his inimitable humour and homeliness. Rajaji finally wound up the proceedings with a short speech and the function came to an end with an emotional recitation of one of Bharati's victory songs sung by the renowned stage star, T. K. Shanmugam. Tamilnad is truly proud of its poet-laureate in whose memory the monumental symbol of their belated love towards him has been raised at the place of his birth.

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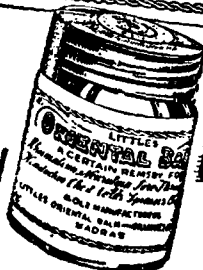
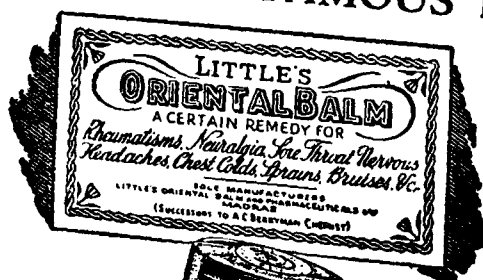
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THE PLAY OF RAMA

by MOHAN KHOKAR

'As long as mountain ranges
stand
And rivers flow upon the earth,
So long will this Ramayana
Survive upon the lips of men.'

THOUGH this prophecy was made
by the poet-author Valmiki more
than twenty centuries ago it must
have been a singularly confident
one, for, till this day, the Ramayana
remains not only the most popular
epic but also the most cherished
form of dramatic entertainment in
the entire Orient. In Java and
Bali, in Siam and Cambodia this
great drama still remains the
favourite of the people and finds for
itself adequate expression in various
forms according to the different tem-
peraments of the people—as a
dance-drama, shadow-play, court-
function or religious festival. In
India it exists as a passion play
popularly known as 'Ram Lila'—
literally, 'Play of Rama'.

As a passion play Ram Lila is
easily the most outstanding in the
Hindu repertoire. But its greatest
excellence lies in the fact that its
actual celebration partakes more
of the nature of a popular festival
than of a mere solemn
observance of events. This
festival comes about every year at
the close of the autumnal equinox
and lasts for full twelve days. It
is marked by almost all sects of
Hindus with striking and elaborate
celebrations. Nevertheless, it is
mainly in the northern part of the
country—particularly in and
around Ayodhya, the centre of
action in the play—that the play
is enacted in its full glory and
splendour.

As is obvious from the very name,
Ram Lila is an enactment, with the
customary dramatic embellish-
ments, of the exploits, hardships,
trials and tribulations of Rama as
embodied in the seven books of the
Ramayana. The story recounts how
Rama, the beloved Crown Prince of
Ayodhya, is banished to the jungle
for fourteen years; how his wife

Sita and brother Lakshmana insist
on accompanying him; how his
third brother Bharata refuses to
wear the crown which he thinks
legitimately belongs to Rama and
satisfies himself and the people by
placing Rama's wooden sandals on
the vacant throne as a token of
Rama's sovereignty; how during
the course of exile Ravana, the
Demon King of Ceylon, with a
wicked mind camouflaged in the
garb of a mendicant accosts Sita,
overpowers her and carries her off
to his island home; how then, dis-
tracted, Rama enlists the aid of
Sugriva, king of the monkeys, and
with a monkey army under the
command of its General Hanuman
advances on Ceylon, beheads
Ravana, annihilates the entire
island, regains Sita and comes



Large stages are temporarily constructed
for the purpose in every town
and village of North India

triumphantly back to Ayodhya to
rule over his people and live happi-
ly ever after, so to speak.

Ask any North Indian and see if
he doesn't tell you that Ram Lila
comes round as a veritable god-
send for him every year. Indeed
so, for this is the one time in the
year when the merchant can be
sure of customers, the itinerant
entertainer of audiences and the
people in general of meeting all
their friends and relatives. Fun
and frolic, joy and jubilation,
revelry and relaxation are simply

crammed into these twelve memorable days—days which make history once in every year!



An actor rehearsing his part for the night's performance

Preparations for the actual celebration are started at least one month prior to the scheduled time of the festival. The work is not treated cursorily but is deemed to be the immediate concern of the town, village or locality which makes itself responsible as a social unit for a proper rendering of the rituals. The workers and supporters are all actuated by a spirit of brotherhood, co-operation and religious fervour. Rarely does one hesitate to contribute whatever one can in cash or kind towards the expense of this activity. The motives for doing so are usually mixed—but what of that if the people prosper by the festival and the festival by the people?

The actors and other artistes are invariably all local amateurs and 'geniuses'. No girls are permitted to act or take any other part in the proceedings. Once a successful group of the *dramatis personae* is formed it is seldom ever changed unless, of course, a character like that of Sita outgrows 'his' effemi-

nacy and has perforce to surrender the role to a younger enthusiast.

In the matter of technique implicit submission to authority is the rule. Everything is left to tradition. The costume, decor, dialogue and dialect are all regulated as far as possible to portray the time at which the Ramayana was written. No innovation is ever proposed. Thus, though centuries old, the performance has not been allowed to dwindle in significance or excellence to this very day.

Two or three nights prior to the commencement of the performance the principal actors are taken around the city in decorated chariots probably with a view to give a foretaste of their coming work of art. Elephants often figure in this procession; banners and insignias are invariably carried and there is quite a din created by the over-exuberant drummers and cymbalists who lead the pageant. Crowds vie with each other to take a glimpse of the hero whom they are, within a day or two, to exalt to the status of a divinity. With processions at night and rehearsals during the day the workers indeed have a trying time but they ungrudgingly bear with all this—not for any personal gain or profit but simply in order to perpetuate an age-old custom hallowed by usage.

The actual play is generally enacted on large open-air stages especially constructed for the purpose. The whole play is divided into eleven parts the entire sequence being presented in an equal number of nights.

Each night the performance commences about nine and usually lasts till dawn. Every evening the people hurriedly finish their meals and can be seen rushing to the 'Ram Lila Grounds', as this centre of activity is called. The seating arrangement here is simple. Everyone is expected to bring his or her own 'seat'—be it a chair, table, cot, cloth, box or bucket. The majority, however, prefer to squat on the naked ground as it provides them with the necessary facility to relax too if need arises. Visitors

from the distant countryside usually come in their bullock-carts. These, they park on the outskirts of the arena and, sitting on top of them, view the proceedings high above the heads of others.

When all are assembled the orchestra, which incidentally is always retained within the wings, starts playing a series of fast and favourite tunes. This usually has the desired effect and silence prevails. Almost immediately a cracker explosion is heard from within the wings. This indicates commencement and the curtain rises. The first scene is presented. This is always a tableau of gaily-attired worshippers who, though they remain still, nevertheless raise their voices to the highest pitch as they sing all the praises of their lord that they can remember.

Prayer over, the curtain falls. It rises again on the next scene and thus the different sequences as indicated in the script are systematically presented. The whole play is finished in eleven nights or approximately seventy hours.

In spite of their best efforts the play on the whole remains artless—at least that is what a modern critic would say. Effects are obtained by the simplest of devices. Equipment is generally lacking; settings are incongruous. Nevertheless, knowing that the work is entirely handled by amateurs, the onlookers are always indulgent and rarely critical. This makes the actors too to respond enthusiastically to the festive spirit.

On the twelfth and final day the concluding rites are performed. These consist in setting fire to a gigantic effigy of Ravana which is previously erected in some open space. This effigy is entirely made from bamboo, pasteboard and multi-coloured paper. Its inside is closely stuffed with straw and fireworks.

Tradition holds that on the final day all ceremonies must be completed before sunset. Hence, on this day, people start collecting in

the part right from noon. At about 4 o'clock Rama and his followers enter the field. For full two hours they move around the effigy shooting fake arrows at it. The climax comes at the exact moment when the sun sinks below the rim of the horizon. It is at this precise juncture that Ravana died and to commemorate it Rama shoots a fiery arrow right into the vitals of Ravana's effigy. The whole thing instantly flares up: firewheels spin, crackers explode and rockets shoot out. Those gathered around satirically hum dirges and dance in the glow of the crackling fire. When the effigy is entirely consumed they rush to what then remains of the puissant monarch and take a pinch each of the ashes. These they regard as sovereign against every kind of disease and preserve till the next year.



Effigy of Ravana

Thus ends the play. With heavy hearts and reluctant steps, one by one, they all leave the place. They are sad. Sad not because Ravana is dead or because the play is over but at the thought that they must wait another twelve months for a recurrence of twelve such days....

"CONTROLS HAVE STAYED TOO LONG"

by N. K. VENKATESWARAN

EVERYBODY knows today that controls have had strange and unpleasant consequences. More controls have meant less goods at scheduled prices.

It is not generally known that the chief enemy of production is these controls themselves. A little reflection on the psychology of the producer and the law of supply and demand will show how it is so.

Freedom of scope is the first stimulus to effort and a free market affords the most natural and favourable field for its wholesome play. The law of supply and demand is not easily put into cold storage and the controls are more or less a modern version of King Canute's courtiers bidding the waves to stop. The toilers of the soil feel a set-back at the contemplation of imposed prices. It is the imposition and not the amount that provides the depression, especially at a time when conditions and circumstances if they had not been artificially impounded would have, so they might imagine produced a boom. Naturally, procurement becomes an up-hill task. Both producers and procurers are sadly tempted and stocks sink underground. Black markets flourish almost 'under the lee' of the regulations and the fatty degeneration of corruption assumes epidemic proportions. A few become peers with a hidden but overriding voice in the economy of the country, while the vast many for nobody's fault in particular find themselves relegated to silent endurance. Honesty becomes a risky and costly business.

It is obvious that controls cannot succeed side by side with uncontrolled trading in the same commodities. In fact, as experience has taught only too painfully, an ounce of black market is enough antidote for a ton of control. Ideological appeals fall flat in conditions of general self-aggrandisement. Every successive reduction in rations supplies a fresh

fillip to the power and prosperity of the black market. If there is a famine, lakhs will perish but not those who possess money. They no doubt will find rice to buy.

The majority have accepted abstemiousness by necessity: the minority luxury by choice. Correct officers have kept their conscience, but unconsciously dismantled the honesty of their underlings who thereby came by riches they might not have bargained for but which were nevertheless precisely what they had been dreaming of and enjoy with secret gusto. The ration-dealers who dispense the doles are themselves of the new rich among the camp-followers in this curious and primitive battle between controlled and uncontrolled prices.

The genius of national morality lies wounded and bleeding—a very serious matter and perhaps we might have had a little less social indiscipline in the recent past if these so-called controls had not familiarised the country with the bitter and whimsical phenomenon of unmerited suffering and unmerited prosperity, those labouring most suffering most.

The removal of the controls will eliminate the black market and that by itself would enable the country to breathe freely. The controls do not produce the goods but only bestow on them the quality of invisibility. It is idle to pretend that the poor will be able to get nothing if the controls were removed. There may occur a higher price level but it is patent that people in the lump would prefer paying a little more and buying a little less to paying a little less and having to be content with a few ounces, which not infrequently happen to be 'out of stock,' the less infrequently the lowlier they happen to be, to say nothing of the 'stings and arrows,' the drills and ceremonials, with which the system bristles.

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.

Needs Of The Refugees

Mr. O. P. Ramaswami Reddiar, the Madras Prime Minister, has appealed for blankets and warm clothing for the Punjab refugees now in Madras. Perhaps the Premier has a very high opinion of Madras winter and a correspondingly poor opinion of the resistance of the Punjab refugees to the South Indian winter. It was my personal experience last year after spending 17 years in North India that in the month of December when it is so cold in North India that water gets frozen, it is sultry and very uncomfortable in the South. While the spirit behind the Premier's appeal is unexceptionable, it would be better if he bestows attention on the other needs of the refugees which are indeed numerous.

K. V. GOPALA RATNAM.

Hyderabad (Dn.).

Inams Also Should Go.

There is stout opposition from influential quarters belonging to the vested interests against including inams in the Zamindari Bill on the same footing as zamindaries. Both systems are based on exploitation and the justification for the removal of the zamindari system must apply equally to the other also. Any attempt on the part of the Government to belittle the significance of the abolition of the inamdari system would be treated as having yielded to the pressure of the vested interests and therefore would be viewed with suspicion by the peasant masses. Such an attempt would amount to going back even on the Justice Party stand. The Zamindari Bill should devise means to remove the defects which gave rise to the judgment of 1945 by the High Court about the interpretation of the definition of an inam.

K. OBUL REDDI,
Secretary, Andhra P.C.C.

Congress Committee & Ministries.

Congress President Kripalani's recent directive that neither the district nor the provincial Congress committee should criticise the Congress Ministries openly, but that these committees should forward their criticisms secretly either to the Central Congress Parliamentary Board or to the leader of the Legislature Congress Party, encourages des-

potism and autocracy in the Congress Ministries.

This is the 20th century in which criticism is best allowed. A Government which allows and survives public criticism is like gold tried in fire. A Government which cannot tolerate public criticism is not a Government worth the name at all. The Congress President says on the one hand that the Congress organisation should be democratic, and on the other he objects to open criticism. These two contrary positions cannot be reconciled.

Sri Kripalani asks the Congress committees to send their criticisms to the Central Congress Parliamentary Board. The members of the Board are serving the public in many capacities, as Ministers of the Central Government, as members of the Congress Working Committee and of the A.I.C.C. as members of the Constituent Assembly, etc. It is hard to believe that they can have any time left for other work. As for the leader of the Congress Legislature Party, he is a member of the Ministry and will naturally never honour any criticism made against it. The Congress President must not forget that Congressmen gave power to the Ministry, not the Central Congress Parliamentary Board. So the people have every right to question the policies and actions of the Ministry. Sri Kripalani must amend his directive. 'KURUGANTI'.

Vindictive Educationists

On July 25, 1947 an important meeting of the Andhra University Syndicate was held to consider the proposal of the Principal, Hindu College, Masulipatam, to expel a student, G. Jagannatha Reddi, even without giving a transfer certificate. The students naturally were much agitated. They led a demonstration to the Syndicate hall, presented a memorandum to the Syndicate and made a peaceful black-flag demonstration before the Masulipatam Principal. The Syndicate directed the Principal to give the transfer certificate to the expelled student.

Everything ended well. But an untoward incident happened in between. Some enraged students, not connected with the University colleges, assaulted the Masulipatam Principal. The res-

consonants, of Hindi and Urdu, with no distortion or vulgarisation of the language; laying the basis for a common alphabet for the Indian Union and Pakistan, as also for Hindi and Urdu coming nearer together and finally merging into a single great language; and narrowing of the gulf which has hitherto unfortunately existed between the English-educated and the vernacular-educated people in this country.

DANIYAL LATIFI, M.A. (Oxon),
Secretary, B.B. & C.I. Railway-
men's Union. Bombay.

Ineffective Controls.

It is a pity the Government have not yet come to understand that the controls as at present worked are serving only to enrich the dealers. It is an open secret that very few controlled articles are within the reach of the ordinary man for less than three or four times the controlled price. It is high time the Government thought of supplying every controlled article through Government agency only. One central Government store for a district and individual stores for each taluk or so should be established for selling articles hard to obtain otherwise.

K. NARASIMHAMURTHY.
Razole.

Marriage Law And Social Conscience

There is no reason why if two or more women can live a happy married life with one man, the law should interfere. There is, indeed, no reason why polyandry should not be conceded except the difficulty of determining fatherhood in the case of polyandry.

It may be interesting to note that Swami Vivekananda was, during one of his visits to the Himalayas, surprised to find the brothers of a family sharing in common one wife and he asked how they could be so uncivilised. They, it is said, asked him in equal surprise how one could be so narrowminded and selfish as to think polyandry to be a sign of lack of civilisation. Being a great man, Vivekananda could at once realise his error in presuming to judge everyone by the standard of one's own conventional morality.

In England today, it is estimated that there are at least two million women more than men. Marriage and motherhood being fundamentally more important to woman than to man in the fulfilment of the highest instinctive purpose of life, one can easily imagine

whom monogamy affects most. Moreover, most men these days feel one wife enough burden not to court the trouble of a second one unless there are sufficiently strong reasons.

Monogamy is certainly a good ideal but the best way to bring about a reform essentially based on moral sentiment is not by recourse to legislation but by proper education and by the development of a responsive social conscience.

While customary law which has to some extent at least the sanction of traditional sentiment behind it is giving way to the impact of new forces, conventional reformism which has very often neither traditional sentiment nor any logic or rationale in its support, seems to be usurping its place.

Berhampore. D. V. RAMA RAO.

Thin end of the Wedge

Mr. T. Viswanatham, M.L.A., has given notice of a resolution urging the abolition of the "communal" Government Order regarding appointment to public services and admissions to colleges. Though this move appears on the face of it to embrace the broad principle of oneness, it will really be disastrous in its effects on many communities. The "Order of Merit," though sound in theory, will surely be the thin end of the wedge to those who are not advanced in education and "merit" now. It is authoritatively learnt that in the recently established Vivekananda College, Madras, 300 out of 325 students belong to one single community—Brahmin. In such a situation how is it possible for all sections of the people to acquire merit?

V. L. NAGARAJ.
Mangalore.

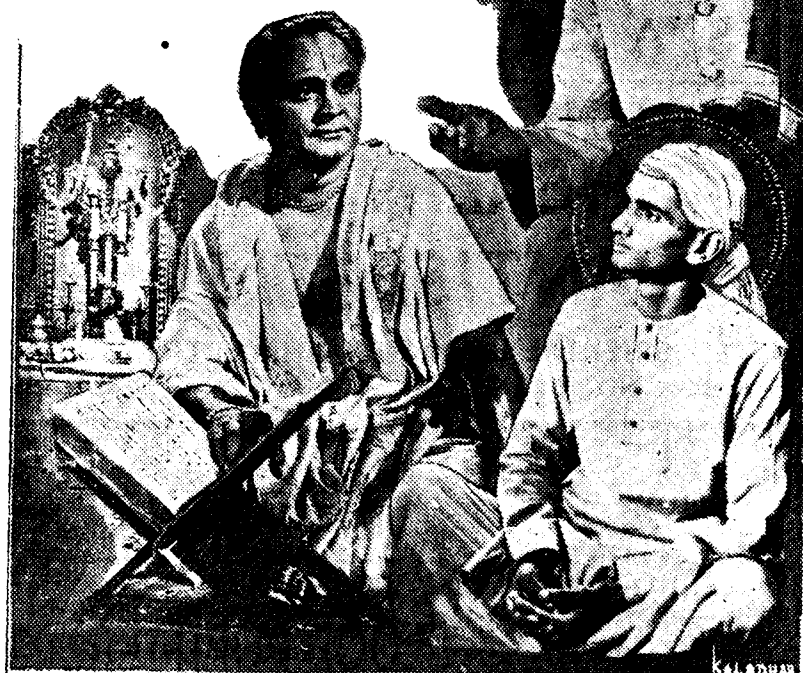
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The division of India, the existence of the autocratic States, the incorporation into the present constitution of those clauses of the India Act of 1935 which the Congress once rejected—all these make one sceptical. Do we have real independence? It is for the future to give the answer.

Amraoti. P. S. SHASTRI.

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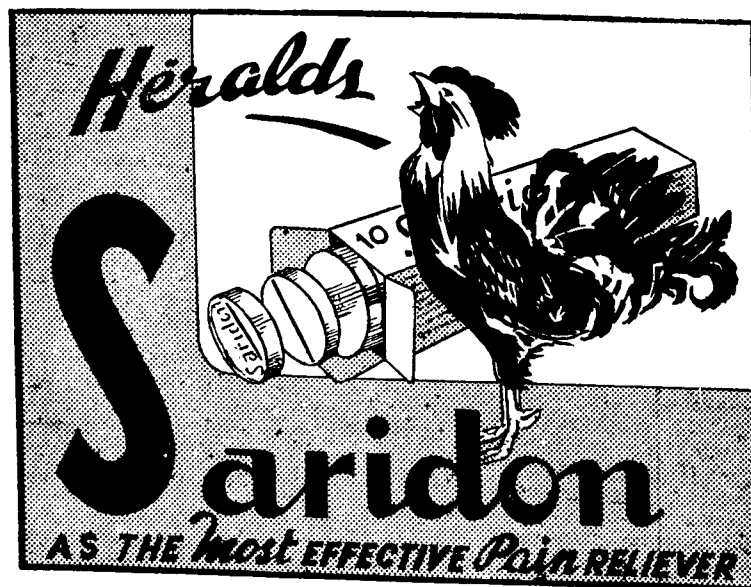
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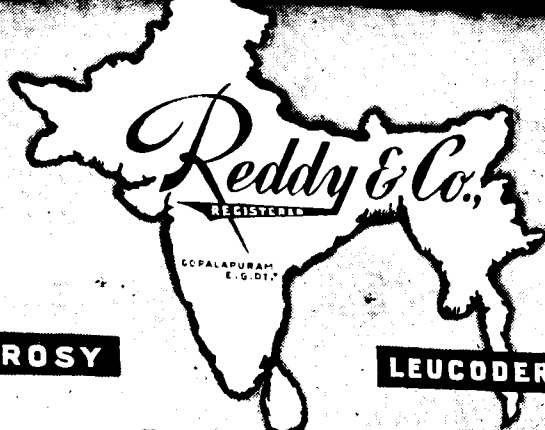
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possible student organisations immediately dissociated themselves from the incident.

But now in September, the Syndicate has decided to expel ten students from the University hostels and cancel the scholarship for all students this year, because of the supposed indiscipline among student ranks. It is reliably learnt that the Madras Ministry brought pressure upon the Syndicate and insisted on this action.

Is it not strange that an alleged popular Ministry should act in this spirit of vindictiveness even after August 15? If innocent students are made to suffer for certain acts of some 'unidentified persons', does it lead to harmonious relations between students and the authorities?

Vizagapatam.

An "OBSERVER".

Elementary Education And Village Panchayats

The Madras Government are considering the idea of making village panchayats take up all the elementary schools in the rural areas. At present elementary schools are conducted by district boards, panchayats and private bodies. This results in wasteful overlapping.

There are many defects in the panchayat schools. The distribution of panchayat schools in the various districts of the province is very irregular. The way in which the schools are conducted is not satisfactory. Many panchayats are apparently not prepared to contribute anything beyond the Government grants. Most of the panchayats employ teachers of poor qualifications. If panchayats are to be entrusted with elementary education, they should first remedy these defects.

Another difficulty is that at present the finances of the village panchayats do not permit the additional expenditure involved in taking up all the elementary schools.

The Government will have to stabilise the finances of the panchayats either by giving more grants or by giving a portion of the land revenue to the panchayats. The Provincial Government can ill afford either of these at the present juncture. It would be advisable to postpone the scheme till the financial position is stabilised.

V. M. SUNDAR RAJ.

Tellicherry.

Rayalaseema Wants Parity In Andhra Province

At a representative gathering of the people of Dharmavaram taluk, convened

by the Jai Hind Praja Sangham, the question of the proposed inclusion of Rayalaseema in the Andhra Province was discussed threadbare, and the following resolutions were passed unanimously:

"In the proposed formation of provinces on the linguistic basis, decided upon by the Central Government, Rayalaseema which has been impoverished by frequent famines and which is therefore economically backward, urges that in the execution of economic schemes and the constitution of the provincial Cabinet, it should have parity with the Northern Circars though it is not equal in extent or population to those districts. It therefore demands that the question of the formation of a separate province should be settled only after this primary and fundamental question is settled. It is prepared to resist any move to bypass its demands."

The Famine Code of the Government proves that the district of Anantapur is exposed to frequent and continuous famines. During the period of the Advisers' regime, the upper Pennar project and the Kumudavati project were decided upon for urgent and immediate execution. But the present Government has shelved those projects and is starting the most costly Ramapadasagar project for the enrichment of the already enriched districts in the Northern Circars. This is because of the insignificant representation of Rayalaseema in the provincial Cabinet. Government should immediately stop the costly projects and take up the upper Pennar and Kumudavati projects,

Y. H. SANJEEVARAO.

Dharmavaram.

Roman Alphabet For Hindustani

Many thoughtful people, including Subhas Chandra Bose, have suggested in the past the adoption of the Roman alphabet for Hindustani. The time has come for a bold and serious effort to revive this proposal. In this connection I wish to draw attention to a form of the Roman alphabet adapted for Hindustani (Hindi and Urdu) which was recently devised and which I believe to be eminently practical. It has been called the "Railwaymen's Hindustani—Roman Alphabet" because it was originally created to serve the practical needs of the B.B. & C.I. Railwaymen's Union.

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quent on**

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Measles,**

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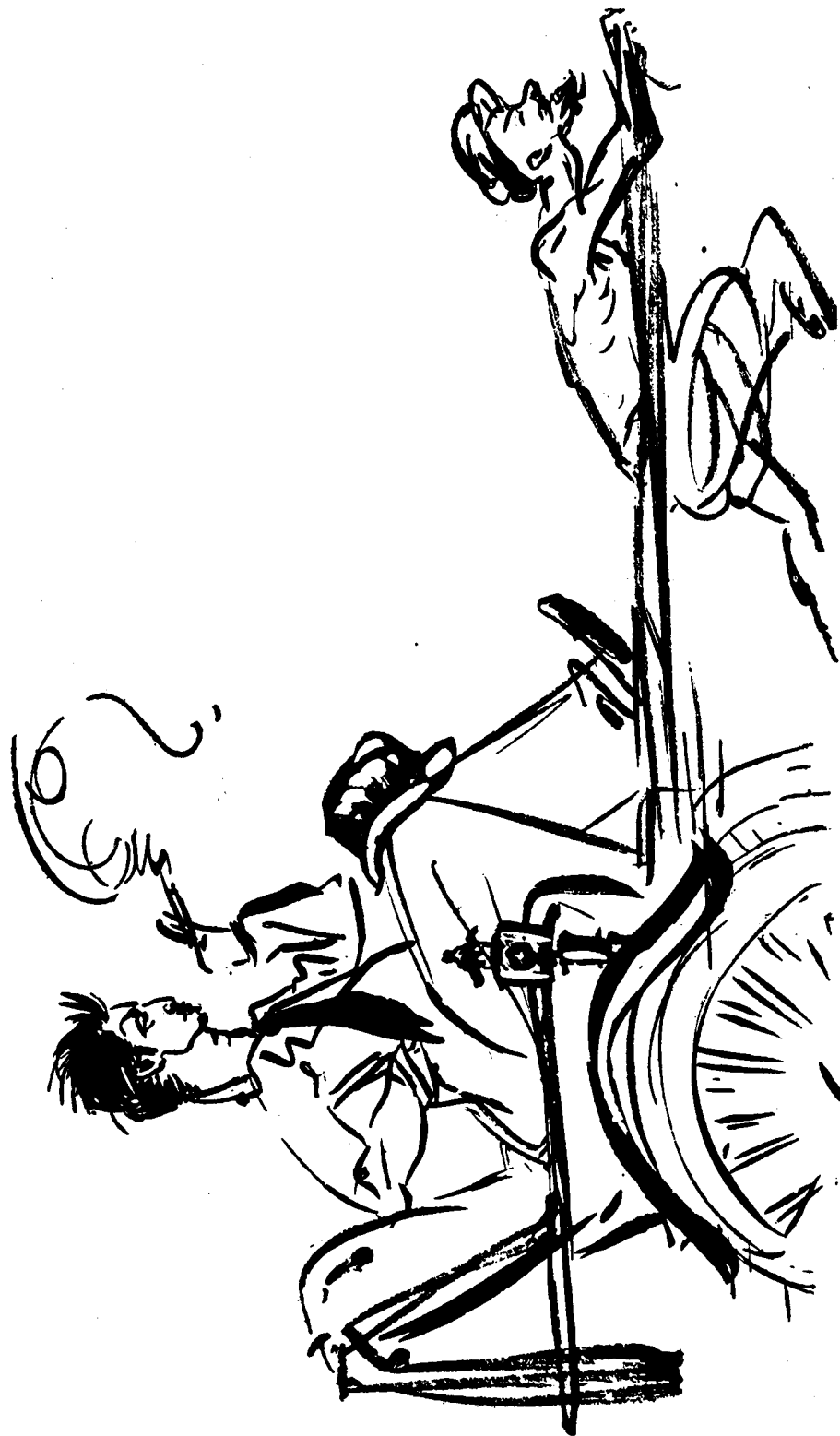
SWATANTRA

VOL. II, No. 38.

(SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1947.)

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—by H. V. Ram Gopal

DRAUGHT ANIMAL

SWATANTRA

VOL. II
No. 38

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1947.

ISSUED
WEEKLY

SHEET-ANCHOR OR BROKEN REED?

WHEN an old order is dead, and a new is struggling to take its place, there is infinite scope for mischief arising from divided counsels, distracted vision and paralysis of will. All prevailing discontents have a way of crystallising in over-simplified slogans which are then ridden to death with such monomaniac persistence as to constitute the most potent danger to the new order from within. One such instance is provided by the gathering gloom in regard to the adequacy of our present leadership to help us through the valley of the shadow where we are now unwillingly sojourning. Realising as we do the grave repercussions of such a calamity, if it is not tackled in good time, we feel impelled to draw attention to the opportunities and risks which are inherent in the present situation.

It is first of all necessary to remember that the 15th August last was a meaningless date-line; the birth-pangs of our freedom were felt not then, but since,—in the cataclysms that have convulsed West Pakistan areas. It is the repeated lesson of history that the achievement of every political objective marks at once the moment of disillusionment and the starting point for a fresh advance. We all hoped that the partition of India would mark the beginning of a new era of mutual understanding which would gather such vitality in course of time as to render the division no more than a constitutional figment.

The Congress cry was: "Quit India, and we shall then divide,—if necessary." The League demand was: "Divide and then Quit India: we shall come together again, if we felt so impelled." But what is the position as it has become patent today?

Mr. Jinnah has appealed for outside support to keep his State from dying of inanition; he speaks vaguely of enemies from abroad; he overdoes the atrocity stunt by representing the Muslims everywhere as sheep led unresistingly forth to slaughter; there is not one word of regret at the excesses of his own followers. He pays lip-service to the cause of mutual friendship, but fans with malignant assiduity the embers of communal discord. He puts the coping stone on his crazy ideology by insisting with dictatorial brusqueness that 'the two-nations' is not a theory but a fact.

What is the inwardness of this line of propaganda so closely linked with the fortunes of two infant dominions? It is obvious even to the meanest intelligence that the grand purpose underlying it is to put the Hindus with their overwhelming advantages in the dock, tar them with gratuitous labels of fanatics, murderers and fascists so that world opinion might be gulled into the chivalrous view that a small minority needs all the protection that can be given to it as against barbarian hordes.

Mr. Jinnah stigmatises the Government of the Indian Union as a

Hindu State (as though it were something monstrous and unclean) while Pandit Nehru with exasperating simplicity hastens to deny the charge, thus falling into the trap which the more astute politician has prepared for him. If, however, we concede the two-nations theory, we are undermining the very foundations of our new State, for at the appropriate moment, it would become meritorious for the minority to overthrow the State, since, as a different nation, they cannot have the same degree of patriotic and emotional attachment to it. In other words, we must emphasize with all the power we can command, that this harping on the two-nations theory is the supreme source of danger from which the Indian Union has to be saved. All the professions of loyalty which erstwhile Leaguers in India have made or may make hereafter are so much dust intended for the eyes of the gullible majority, so that they may be lulled into a sense of false security from which they would wake up one day only to be destroyed. We have therefore to take the Muslims at their face value, give them minority status and privileges, but rear a State which will be buttressed by those whose loyalties are undivided and who can be trusted in crises to think, feel and act without mental or spiritual reservations. Let us employ them ungrudgingly, wholeheartedly in all services of the State without distinction, but at the same time let their minority status be made explicit in the shaping of policy at the highest levels. We consider the somersault of Indian Muslims who now affect to denounce Mr. Jinnah as the most dangerous portent amidst us. For if we analyse their point of view, we get the most disagreeable shock of our lives. For they say in effect: "Mr. Jinnah! we laboured and sacrificed to make Pakistan a reality, and yet here we are stranded amidst

a hostile Hindu majority without hope of succour. What are you going to do about it?" It is in answer to this that Mr. Jinnah reiterates his two-nations theory at this psychological moment. For in effect, it amounts to saying: "Be patient, my friends and followers. We shall have to get things in bits. Your future will, as your past, be a matter of deep concern to me; if you are made to suffer, I shall not stand by and see it idly. I will act at the right time and bring you redemption!" This is the unspoken demand of the Indian Muslims today. It would be puerile for them to claim, as implied, that they did not realise the implications of Pakistan, and that what has happened is utterly different from their expectations. If this view has any vitality, then they must **boldly come forward not with empty professions of their loyalty to the Indian Union, but with a simple and unqualified demand for the nullification of partition.**

So long as this demand is not formulated by the Muslims of India, they must thank themselves for giving rise to the suspicion that they might function according to opportunity, as a fifth column inside the Indian Union. No more potent cause of mischief can be imagined to render the prospects of peace between the two dominions utterly bleak. We may not advocate exchange of populations and other analogous devices of the new barbarism. But we must be fully conscious of this internal handicap in the progress of our infant State.

Another element of danger in the present situation is also something of a dilemma. The Indian Government has been indiscreetly frank in acknowledging the excesses of the army and the police. No such confession having come from the other side, the impression has been gaining ground that in the Indian Union it is the tail that has been wagging

the head. Now, it is notorious that the army is the most sensitive weapon of a State to feel the shocks of political and constitutional upheavals. It has been so from the days of the Praetorian Guard to those of any contemporary South American junta or the eras of Chinese war-lords. That the Pakistan Army too has frequently got out of hand is known to all; but its misdeeds have not been publicised to the same degree of tendentious precision. The personnel of this Indian army, inherited as a legacy from the old order, is still largely indoctrinated with the ideas of a **ma bap sircar which was foreign.** It is possible to break this weapon in the process of our taking it over. That would be an unrelieved calamity, for then we would be throttling the very engine which we hope will serve us in our future needs. At the same time, discipline must be maintained with a re-orientation which is called for in the context of national needs. The old army was a strictly mercenary army—having, we may acknowledge, almost all the virtues and none of the vices of a mercenary army. The secret that kept it such was that it was composed of a minority of ruling officers and a majority of mechanical automats, held together by prestige, colour and power. The Indian army of the future must be a national army, at least for the reason that we cannot pay the same old rates in the changed conditions. All the care, tact and patience we can command are therefore needed to forge this old weapon anew.

But this change-over is being delayed, again at the instance of Pakistan authorities. The existence of a Supreme Command collating the two independent commands is proving a source of friction. The proceedings of this supreme body are wrapped in mystery. There is an iron curtain which has been reared, presumably with the con-

sent of our Ministers. We do not suggest that these should be matters of common gossip; but common gossip should not find in their silences cause for anxiety. There are scarifying news-items of the smuggling of war-materials, guns, tanks and equipment from Britain into Pakistan. For gun-running was a prelude to the swashbuckling of Ulsterites under Carson; the Confederate States of the South kept up continuous contact with British arms manufacturers though Britain was ostensibly neutral in the American Civil War. The Indian 'martial classes'—the Afridi, the Pathan and other children of the desert accord almost the first place to the rifle in their scale of mundane values. There is therefore not a little of plausibility in the stories which are featured in the daily press. If they are unfounded, the news-agencies should be silenced; if they are true, the Government must issue reassuring statements, and what is more, seal up the leaks in the transit.

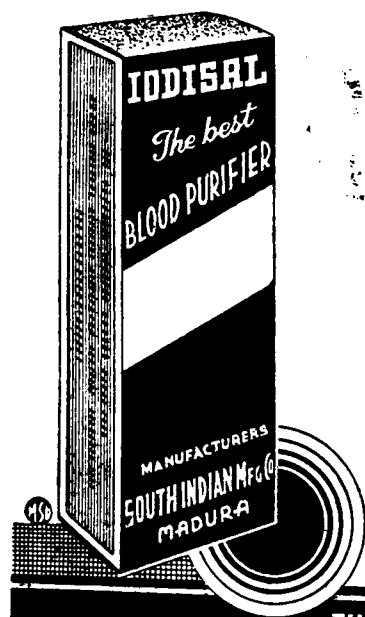
We ourselves are not inclined to attach undue importance to these alarums and excursions. But it is the duty of the Government to see that public morale is not weakened through any acts of omission or commission on their part. If there is an unholy conspiracy to dish the new-born Indian Union, all we can say is that it is too grotesque for credence. We may cheerfully grant that in any ultimate alignment of forces, there will be more friends of Pakistan outside than friends of India—precisely as Greece, Persia, Bulgaria suffer from a plethora of 'friends.' We must stand or fall by the power that we can generate out of our own vision, our own faith in our future. But we must keep our feet firmly planted in the affections of our people. It is they who in the last resort will be our sheet-anchor or our broken reed.



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The Crisis In Kashmir

FOR four months the Hindus and Sikhs of West Punjab and the Frontier Province have been victims of Mr. Jinnah's two-nations theory. The scene of slaughter, arson and loot is now being transferred to Kashmir as there is no more scope for destructive work in the Punjab and the Frontier—almost all non-Moslems there having been either driven out into India or moved to refugee camps. The Pakistan ideology is now to be put into operation in Kashmir.

Three months ago when Pandit Nehru was arguing that no Indian State should remain isolated but should accede to either India or Pakistan Mr. Jinnah put forward his doctrine that with the lapse of British paramountcy every Indian State became fully sovereign, that this sovereignty was located in the autocratic ruler and not his people and that in the exercise of his sovereignty he was free to remain independent or accede to the dominion of India or Pakistan according to his will and pleasure. The basis of the whole doctrine was the undisputed and absolute sovereignty of the ruler.

He made use of this doctrine in connection with Junagadh and got it acceded to Pakistan even though it had no geographical contiguity with Pakistan and even though the majority of the people of the State were Hindus who resented accession to a distant Muslim theocratic State. Mr. Jinnah was a party to all this even though he knew that it would create a delicate political situation and provoke a conflict with the Government of India. He did so because he was then confident and he is still confident that the Government of India would be content merely with verbal protests and that they do not possess the military strength needed to defend their interests.

Pakistan ideology assumed that Kashmir should be a part of Pakistan along with the Punjab, the North West Frontier Province, Sind and Baluchistan. Through the use of force and systematic violence the League has succeeded in partitioning the country and in bringing into Pakistan much of this area excluding Kashmir. Now it is bent on bringing Kashmir also into the Pakistan dominion. And Mr. Jinnah has now placed the political, economic and military resources of Pakistan at the disposal of those who are determined to coerce Kashmir to accede to the Pakistan dominion.

This is the real meaning of the telegram which he sent to the ruler of Kashmir a few days ago and the invasion of the State by a large contingent of Afridi soldiers of the Pakistan army who are on leave and who have moved into Kashmir territory in trucks of the Pakistan Government driven by petrol supplied by that Government. They are now reported to be very near Srinagar, the State capital, and it is quite possible that before long they would establish their supremacy over the State unless in the meanwhile good sense prevails in the Pakistan Government and unless the Government of India feel strong enough to give the ruler of Kashmir the military assistance which he has requested. The establishment of a League Government in Kashmir is undoubtedly a threat to the peace and security of India and in the special circumstances in which it is to be established, the threat will be real and not imaginary.

Mr. Jinnah is a realist. He does not care for theories or doctrines. He is guided only by expediency. And in the case of Kashmir he has completely given up his earlier theory of the sovereignty of the State ruler. For weeks his Government has subjected Kashmir to an economic blockade in spite of the stand-

still agreement concluded on August 15 and stopped supplying the State even with essentials like salt, wheat, cloth and oil although it knew that Kashmir had no other sources of supply except through West Punjab. In his telegram to the Kashmir ruler Mr. Jinnah does not deny the existence of the blockade but only explains it on the ground that it was all due to disturbances in East Punjab. To the charge that armed Moslems from Pakistan have been infiltrating into Kashmir for a number of weeks and have been engaged in committing arson, loot and murder on non-Moslems in Poonch and in other parts of the State, his reply is that the Kashmir Government itself provoked these atrocities. He is however specially angry with the ruler of Kashmir for two reasons. One is that the ruler released from prison Shaik Abdulla, the President of the State Peoples' Conference while keeping in prison the leader of the Muslim League Party in the State. The other is that the ruler had the audacity to say that he would seek the assistance of the Dominion of India if steps were not taken by the Pakistan Government to lift the economic blockade and put a stop to the infiltration into his State of armed men from Pakistan.

The real issue at present in Kashmir is whether power should pass into the hands of Shaik Abdulla or of the Muslim League. It is similar to the issue in the North West Frontier Province in August last when Mr. Jinnah mobilised all his resources to oust from authority the Khan brothers who stood for communal unity and peace and instal in office a League Ministry to put into effect the Pakistan ideology under which the State is to become purely Muslim and the minority problem solved not by conceding any rights to the minorities but by liquidating them completely. To Shaik Abdulla the question that has

to be immediately solved is that of responsible government in the State. When once such a government is established and power passes peacefully and constitutionally into the hands of the representatives of the people it will then be time to decide whether Kashmir should accede to Pakistan or India. All effort therefore should be concentrated on this. To Mr. Jinnah and the Muslim League however the establishment of the League supremacy is the issue. They are not anxious for any real responsible government and they know that with League supremacy Kashmir would automatically accede to Pakistan.

There will be no difference of opinion among reasonable people that the position taken by Shaik Abdulla is the correct one and that it is based on justice and equity. And there are also indications that the ruler of Kashmir is prepared to transfer power into the hands of popular representatives. If in these circumstances Mr. Jinnah encourages the League Party and uses force and coercion as he is actually doing the only interpretation that has to be put on his policy is that he is determined on establishing a theocratic regime in Kashmir and bringing about the extermination of the non-Moslem minorities there in the same inhuman manner in which it has been done in West Punjab and the Frontier.

Timely intervention therefore by the Government of India is needed so that the hands of Shaik Abdulla might be strengthened and a responsible form of government installed in the State which will secure to the minorities equal rights of citizenship and safeguard their honour, lives and property. All constructive forces in India have now to be directed to root out the Pakistan ideology and the Government of India on having given up their policy of vacillation and evincing readiness

to take even military measures for accomplishing this purpose.

Zamindari Legislation

THE Premier of Madras and the Revenue Minister have returned from their pilgrimage to New Delhi which they made for receiving instructions and advice from the Congress High Command in regard to some of the issues that arose on the subject of zamindari legislation now under discussion in the province. The advice given however raises serious misgivings in the minds of the general public as to whether it is safe or desirable for the Congress High Command to interfere with the details of legislation on a subject which requires on the part of those offering advice a good deal of local knowledge which the authorities at Delhi cannot be credited to possess. It may be desirable for them to interfere when any question of principle bearing an all-India character is involved. The present case however is quite different. The whole zamindari legislation contemplated by the Madras Ministry is based on the Congress election manifesto that there should be no intermediaries between the State and the tiller of the soil. This is the general principle and the Congress High Command has a right to interfere only to the extent of examining whether the proposed legislation is in broad outline in conformity with that principle. Not only has the High Command failed to examine it from this point of view but it has taken upon itself the responsibility of giving instructions on matters of detail on which it has no expert knowledge whatever. It is reported that the High Command instructed the Madras Ministry to offer compensation to the zamindars on a much more liberal basis than what the proposed bill provides for.

We argued on a previous occasion that the zamindars are not proprie-

tors of the land in the zamindari and that as mere rent collectors which is their real position they are not entitled to any compensation whatever. The Revenue Minister of Madras while accepting the premises of the above proposition refused to draw the only possible inference from it and has on the other hand provided for a compensation amounting to ten crores of rupees which is a fairly high figure. It is not known on what basis the Congress High Command proceeded when it recommended the grant of a larger amount of compensation. It has merely issued an order and the Madras Ministry and the Congress Legislature have no other alternative than to carry out this mandate however unreasonable it may appear to them. The financial condition of the province is not very encouraging. The policy of prohibition, the large increase in general administrative expenditure and the demands that Government servants are making for further increases in their salaries and allowances have added considerably to the financial difficulties. And under these circumstances to throw such a heavy additional burden on the general tax-payer and call on him to pay a larger amount of compensation to persons who have no legitimate claim to any compensation whatever is not only ruinous from an economic standpoint but has also serious political consequences.

The public has been losing confidence in the Indian National Congress and in its readiness to improve the lot of the common man. The idea has been gaining ground that it is dominated by the rich capitalist and the landlord. And this instance of the High Command recommending more liberal compensation to the zamindars ignoring the burden it will throw on the general tax-payer will further undermine the people's confidence in the Congress. There is also another point to be taken

notice of in this connection. The present Madras Ministry is being regarded merely as the creature of the High Command. And this view will be further strengthened by the instructions that were given to it by the higher authorities on a purely provincial matter. It ought to be the endeavour of the Congress High Command to make every provincial Ministry feel that it must take responsibility for purely provincial affairs. Unfortunately however the present Madras Ministry has cultivated a knack of ignoring its own responsibility for administration and taking refuge behind the mandate of the Congress High Command for its commissions and omissions. It has done so in respect of its food and procurement policy. It has done this now in connection with the differences that have arisen in its own ranks and between itself and the Congress Legislature Party on the subject of zamindari legislation. This is a most unhealthy course of

development which if unchecked will lead to the growth of fascist and dictatorial tendencies and the killing of all local initiative. It is from this larger point of view that this uncalled for interference by the Congress High Command deserves severe condemnation.

On the other hand the High Command ought to have examined the Zamindari Bill from the point of view of the extent to which it promotes the abolition of the intermediaries between the State and the tiller. As a matter of fact it has not done this. The tenants in the zamindari areas to whom ryotwari pattas will be granted are not all of them actual cultivators. And to the actual cultivator it is a matter of indifference whether he is rack-rented by a big zamindar or by some other intermediary. This defect in the proposed bill should have been remedied by the Congress High Command.

Sotto Voce

Candied Sculpture



MY earliest recollections of fairs and festivals cluster round those gay coloured candies which were fashioned after the animal kingdom. Congealed on the tips of the long sinuous ribs of cocoanut leaf, these exotic creatures at once delighted my eyes and made my tongue water. Before we returned home late in the night I had collected quite a small menagerie of green horses and mauve elephants, yellow bears and pink cheetahs. And it was with genuine regret that I broke them up bit by bit and put them into my mouth. But as they

dissolved deliciously on the tongue the conviction grew upon me that they had found their real destiny.

I hope I shall not shock the reader by confessing that the bright and profuse sculpturing on the renovated gopuram of the Kapaleeswara Temple awoke in me the same infantile emotion, something compounded of delight and greed. I feasted my eyes on the riot of colour. But if I could have done it unobserved, I might, notwithstanding my fifty odd years, have been sorely tempted to break a wee bit

out of the tip of the tail of a vermillion horse or a petal out of a full-blown rose and put it into my mouth; the illusion of sugar-candy was so complete. Just imagine anybody wishing to do the same thing with the mighty rearing horses of the Pudu Mantapam or the magnificent lotuses that bloom on the ceiling of Tirumala's Palace.

It is not the paint that is the provocation; though I heard an old lady declare that the richest fabrics of Bangalore silk available in the city's emporia were not a patch on the sarees that Parvati wore. It is the deadly prettiness which covers everything as with a pall. The Apollos with pencilled eye-brows and ruby lips, who squint good-humouredly at you in symmetrical self-satisfied poses, are as serenely untouched by their proximity to the Divinity on whom they are supposed to attend as are the devotees in lace and spangles who carry their loaded plates of offerings as if they were going to market. The numerous animals, which virtuously repudiate any kinship with the griffins and Kamadhenus of legend, are as much on their best behaviour as the humans. Coming so soon after Navaratri, the effect on the beholder's mind was that of an immense "kolu."

I heard an obviously English-educated gentleman remark, "Thank God there is no obscenity here." He was evidently thinking of what the next American tourist with a camera might say. But, alas, gone with the obscenity was the vitality of traditional imagery. It is not as if the modern craftsman was incapable of expressing the swift energy and the daemonic urge of the cosmic purpose. Some of the Dakshinamurthis and Natarajas done in the old style show understanding as well as skill. But they are lost in the crowd of trivialities.

The fault is not in the artist but in the patron. Is it conceivable that any craftsman born of a long line of *stipis* would have been guilty of

the execrable bad taste of reproducing the moustachioed gents and muscular females of Ravi Varma unless he had been told that he must satisfy a public bred on litho-prints and the garish opulence of the cinema? The eyes of a poor, bent old woman moistened as she went into raptures over the consummate way in which Gouri's drapery, worn in the Poona style, had been managed; "for that one thing the artist deserves a lakh of rupees," she lavishly proclaimed. And the fleshly naturalism of the newborn babe which Viswamitra was repudiating with exaggerated revulsion provoked many a gasp of admiration.

But a young fellow asked a friend, "Who is that man with three legs?" He was presumably referring to one of the pieces portraying the *Oordhwa Tandava*. And the companion, who looked hardly like one possessed of book-lore, replied off-hand, "Oh, it must be a Brahmarshi. The Puranas say that such folk have three legs." I was distinctly cheered—not because I have any grudge against Brahmarshis. It showed that the spark of curiosity was not completely quenched in the common man and that a piece of art which did not conform to biology did not evoke derision on that account. Art has still a chance.

The genuinely religious impulse, which has always inspired great art, is dormant, not dead. It awaits the touch of the master. A sculptor whose whole being is energised by a vision of the Virat may yet be capable of repeating the triumph of the Elephanta Trimurti. The art of every age evolves its own idiom and, not unoften, its own medium of expression. But the substance of art is eternal. Inspiration cannot be recovered by substituting cement for stucco or simulating by a liberal application of aluminium paint the white radiance of Kailasa, which in Kalidasa's tremendous line becomes "Tryambaka's mighty laughter diurnally turned into stone."

VIGNESWARA.

SIDELIGHTS :

Woman is truly less free today than ever she has been since time began: in the womanly sense of freedom.—D. H. LAWRENCE.

WHILE the intention is excellent of Sri Kaleswara Rao's bill to prohibit polygamy and provide for divorce, the debates in the legislature that have so far taken place reveal a sentimental confusion of morals with monogamy. Monogamy wherever it exists is not founded on religion or ethics, but on the simple arithmetic of a one-to-one sex ratio in the people concerned. Whenever the numerical balance between the sexes at the marriageable age is disturbed, monogamy is also disturbed. Polygamy is an offshoot of man-shortage and the correct and sure way of removing it is by rectifying such shortage. Some day science might find a way to increase at will the ratio of male children born and cut down the greater vulnerability to premature death of men over women. Then only will the efforts of the anti-polygamist cease to be an uphill battle against adverse natural forces.

Inexorable is the law of supply and demand. Woman's bargaining power as a determining factor of her social position is proportionately high where there are enough men from whom she could pick and choose. The social importance of American women is by several clear thinkers attributed to the comfortable surplus of men which existed right from the beginning of American history down to the outbreak of the last war. But because of the scarcity of marriageable men caused by the heavy casualties of the war, a very serious threat to the social status of American women has begun. Under the stress of it the romantic system of marriage which used to be the pride of American tradition, is beginning to break down. One American writer laments

that the system has fostered a "bondage to looks" in American women; that it has meant a stressing of the most transitory physical attributes in women, radically curtailing their period of eligibility; and that "it has forged shackles which has slowed the progress of many towards the altar and kept large numbers of the finest and ablest women—some of those best qualified for wifehood and motherhood—from ever marrying at all."

While the exhilaration of struggle seems to give a purpose to life, the moment of victory often brings with it the beginning of disillusionment. The reward of freedom's battles is rarely so thrilling as its enchanting promise. Success is next door to nostalgia for things foregone to attain it. Here is an apt account of what freedom has meant to American women, from which wise legislators all the world over can draw many a good lesson:

"Freedom to marry whom and when they wished has meant for a great many women no marriage at all, and freedom from cares of motherhood has meant for many women no children at all. Freedom from household drudgery has brought to many women even more drudgery in factories, shops, and mills. Freedom to earn their own living has forced more women into industrial bondage. Freedom to live their own lives, to regulate their own conduct, has imposed upon women new difficulties and risks. Freedom to compete with men has brought with it the necessity to do so and has led to the breaking down of many conventions that in part, at least, were to women's advantage. And freedom from home duties and responsibilities has set many women adrift with no satisfying outlets for their energies, ever under pressure to find something worth while to do and constantly gnawed by the fear of being considered parasites."

—SAKA.

A FADING EMBELLISHMENT

by S. SIVASUBRAHMANYAM

I HAVE always been of the opinion that man never reached the sum total of beauty without his beard. What a majestic race are the Sikhs with their long traditional beards and their immaculate turbans! Our remote ancestors had all been with their beards.

Adam, the primal man was, by tradition, created with beard. Homer's Iliad, the great Western epic, bristles with episodes about bearded warriors. Zeus, Abraham and Agamemnon were all bearded. What would Jupiter be without a beard? Who can countenance the idea of a clean-shaven Christ? Zealots from among the followers of Christ even considered that shaving was a breach of the Sabbath and a hindrance to the spreading of the Gospel. Wisdom was always associated with a full beard and Socrates, it is said, was designated "Magister Barbaratus". The Jews accepted it for law. To rudely touch it was to sport with one's feelings and cruelly assail one's dignity. I suppose only children could touch it as a sign of love. Speaking about the beard in his plays, Shakespeare has shown how its treatment interpreted the feelings—the joy, the sorrow, the pride, and the despondency of the wearer. The fact that the Prophet never let the razor reap a harvest on his chin, has made this venerable thing a part of religion with his followers. With the philosophers of Greece, the use of the razor was confined only to the head and they fondly cherished shaggy beards.

The use of the razor on the beard was an innovation of the Greeks and Romans. He who grew a beard was held up to derision and the term barbarous—beard-wearing—was applied to those who were considered beyond the pale of polite society. For more strategic reasons, Alexander the Great prohibited beards among his soldiers, which practice is still being continued in all countries. Beard-growing was discouraged by a most fierce denunciation

of a Roman Emperor. Peter the Great tampered with the holy tradition in a more violent manner by taxing all the Russian beards. But of course he was only following a precedent which was said to have once existed in England.

Coming to England, the beard, one will observe, had its varying vicissitudes in different times. Flen-dish delight was taken in burning martyrs with their beards. The age of Elizabeth saw all the courtiers and soldiers bearded; and this provided a subject for the puritan satirists. Sometimes the fashions changed and at one time under King Charles, the royal style caught hold of the public fancy and most of the gentry had their beards shaped like downward flames. In 1907, it is chronicled, when the fashion of shaving clean was still rare in France, the Parisian waiters went on a strike against the rule which deprived them of their right to grow a beard. The histories of many countries abound in instances of men who have been nicknamed for their beards. The Greek painter John Mayo whose beard trailed on the ground when he stood up and which he doubled up on his girdle, was called John the Bearded.

In our own times, I am sure G.B.S. will himself confess he owes a great deal of his reputation to his soft grizzly beard which undoubtedly is an eloquent tribute to his profound wisdom. With his imperial majestic beard, the late Dr. Tagore struck awe and respect. I am here reminded of a Jesuit father who with the air of a Charlemagne showed himself a doughty champion of beard-growing. He used to spend most of his hours in perfuming and dusting it with orris powder.

The dawn of the 18th century ushered in a beardless age and the growing of the beard has since then fallen into desuetude. It seems to have now been cursed with bell, book and candle in modern society. This self-stultification is deplorable.



Original Story in Tamil by
T. J. RANGANATHAN
Rendered by
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Translator

(One can count on one's finger-ends—including the thumb as a finger—the writers writing short stories in Tamil today. Mr. T. J. Ranganathan is one of the outstanding few. His forte is telling a story straight and telling it well. He is a purist but he has his daring moments. The following is an example of his art. In many respects the delineation of character, here, recalls that of Elena in Turgenev's "On the Eve"—a bold, unflinching analysis of her thoughts and emotions by a young girl at a turning-point in her life.—Tr.)



Author

I HAVE no brothers or sisters. I am the only child of my parents. My father is a lawyer by profession and very rich. The riches were earned by my grandfather. To use a vernacular turn of phrase, my father 'also' went to the court. If you ask the reason why, my answer is: Shouldn't there be some way out for grandfather's accumulated wealth? And so my father had his court, his club, his car, and his diamonds.

Once in a blue moon a client will visit our house. Nineteen to a dozen he will be one who must have been overwhelmed by the magnificent size of the signboard that hung at the gates. The instant the client entered, my father would initiate him into a secret; then only would he question him about the business on hand. "The success or failure of your case," he would say, "lies in the hands of god. I shall do my best in conducting it but you shouldn't hold me responsible for what turns out in the end. Do you agree?" At this most of the clients made their exit, smiling courteously, with the parting words, "I shall come again."

My father always spoke bluntly. His head was fashionably cropped, but his brow bore the mark of the sacred ashes

and the red kumkum. His boxes burst with money but he spoke with the tongue of the communist. He professed atheism yet he was punctual in going to the temple. Antithetical in many matters, his was a twilight outlook on life. "What compromise is this?" his friends would often taunt him and to them he would reply: "What is life? Isn't it a compromise between birth and death?" I don't know what my father meant by it, you must ask him to elucidate.

"In the scheme of life, falsity and glibness are a necessity," my father would say, without any attempt at varnishing. Nevertheless, I haven't heard him utter a single lie. He stunned and stupefied his clients by his brilliant epigrams of worldly wisdom, but that he did not rise in his profession was not due to any lack of intrinsic worth. Of that I am sure. No case for which he was briefed ever failed; his was a superb intellect, but then he had his oddities. And those around him knew it and understood.

My mother, in everyway, resembled a queen. To put it pleasingly, my father was the lighter shade of dark; the complexion of my mother was like the gold of the lemon. She was learned in

a way but she was not trained in music. In modern parlance, one cannot call her an 'educated' woman. But she was an ideal housewife. Our servants had the time of their lives. My mother never saddled them with the slightest work, nor would she find fault with them on any score. So is it a wonder that they were eloquent in praising her?

Having said about my father and my mother why should I speak anything specially about myself? As is the yarn so is the vesture; as is the mother so is the daughter, is an adage everyone knows. I look exactly like my mother, so they say. And what were the points of likeness? In form? Yes. I am not dark like my father, nor have I my mother's lemon-gold. My complexion is a shade below my mother's. Each one is a Rati or a Manmatha unto herself or himself. But my mother was really lovely. Taking eye-fuls of that loveliness I am speaking of it to you. I may say this much of me: I am not Rati, I am Rati's daughter. In the cast of my nose and lips I bear a slight resemblance to my father. My father's nose is aquiline, his lips are thick: both perfectly cut and chiselled. I have heard it said that there is an affinity between the nose and the brain, between the lips and the heart. A sharp nose, it seems, bespeaks a sharp intellect, and thick lips betray the highest sensitiveness. Not for my own sake do I stress on such, but with regard to these two distinct traits in my father, I have observed them to be fully true.

I am eighteen. Today our house is in a state of great excitement. The boy who is to be my partner in life and his kinsfolk have come to 'see' me. I am the darling of the house, the only child in the family. And my parents are untiring in making everything grand and auspicious for my marriage. The boy should have a good look of me, to his soulful satisfaction. His relatives too should be pleased and be made amenable. Then alone could they go ahead with the betrothal. But nobody seems anxious about my views in the matter. Why, to speak the truth, I myself am not anxious. But deep in my heart there is a strange, nameless fear. I am agitated. My two aunts and their children are present on the occasion. They will depart only after the happy event of my marriage. This season should not go amiss; it *must* see me married, if not to the present boy, to some other. Is the groom im-

portant? *Marriage* is the important factor!

Seated inside a room I am at my toilette. An elaborate toilette. The youngest of my two aunts has combed and plaited my hair, intertwining it with flowers. My eldest aunt puts the *tilak* on my forehead. The children hold the mirror before my face. Thus must Damayanti have been beautified and decked before she was led to the *swayamvara mantapa*, I think. They have dressed me in an exquisite silk sari, trailing down gracefully to cover my feet. Dressed gracefully, yes, but in such a way as to cover a foot. Yes, to cover a foot. Ah, how could Mother Earth bear the burden of that foot? What a world, tush!—what a world is this! A swindle, an atrocious swindle, an underground of intrigues and stratagems but glittering and gaudy outside!

A small crowd has collected inside the hall. I hear voices in conversation. I don't apprehend the drift of that noisy medley. I am still sitting in my room. My aunts have left me, obviously to listen to what the people in the hall are talking. For a while my mind is in the grip of a terrible confusion, then of a sudden it turns empty, desolate, drained of all emotion. Like a scrap of weed on the bosom of a choppy sea my sole feeling is that of nullity. While in this state, I hear the notes of a song come floating into my room. It's that little girl, my younger aunt's daughter, who is singing. A nursery song:

*Once a little lame bird came,
and that a feeble cat did spy;
to pounce he was not venturesome,
so he stood and blinked at the sky.*

What a song! Alas, what a song! Was that a child's voice singing it? No. It's a bodiless voice come to domineer over me. Yes, I should think so. It has raked up a whole host of memories within me, old and forgotten . . .

It happened just a couple of years ago. I was then a young girl of sixteen. Fresh as a new-born flower, drenched with the dews of dawn did I appear. Thoughts and dreams, countless and immethodical, filled my mind. My imagination soared to meet the very vault of heaven. A glorious ebullience possessed me. I saw the whole universe rich with hues and scents and gay rhapsodies. Without my being aware of it, I was thrilled; I was seized with the exuberance of a wild, forest-river. The sight of young men quickened me. I glowed. But I didn't look at them

straight in the face. I comported myself in such a way as to suggest that I looked supinely upon the entire male of the species. I don't know why I did so, and if you ask me what lay behind that attitude—feelings of positive pleasure or wistful yearning—I confess I am at a loss to explain. I was conscious of a strange excitement within me, a hectic hurry of spirits. That's all, beyond that I can't tell. Hadn't I moved with young men before in my life? Sure, I had. My education was throughout at home. I had three tutors: one who taught me English, another Tamil, and the third, music. All the three were young men. On attaining my fifteenth year my education in the three subjects was stopped. Till then I had moved freely with my tutors. But now wherefrom did this ardour overpower me, an ardour that concealed a certain coyness too? "I am a woman, I am a woman, I am a woman,—like Sita, like Damayanti, like Samyukta," chanted a voice within me with the force of an incantation. But the image of Sita did not rise in my mind, nor of Damayanti, nor of Samyukta; it was the image of Rama, of Nala, of Prithvi that held me in thrall. How curious!

It was at this period of my life that the incident happened. Directly facing ours, in the same street, was a small house. Suddenly, one day, I found it tenanted; a bustling hive of four or five boys and two little girls. I knew subsequently that they were of a family recently arrived in town for the education of the young ones. Do children know cares or sorrows? Theirs is the kingdom of heaven, said Jesus. Who has any knowledge of the kingdom of heaven that is not visible to mortal eyes? But surely this earthly paradise does belong to children. They don't know the differences and divisions that make a hell of life on this earth. They don't know to discriminate between an alien and one of their own blood. Where they find love and sympathy there they find their kinship. With strangers they familiarize themselves quickly. As the Innocents of Creation they stand on the threshold of the world. It is only after falling into the numerous traps set up by man that they will realize the iniquities and partialities of life. Without a care, without a sorrow, they grow, comely and strong, day by day; and day by day, moment by moment, mankind puts drags and shackles to their limbs. And the gods laugh, the merciless inexorable gods!

I have digressed. Was I not talking of the boys and girls of the neighbouring house? In our courtyard stood an almond tree. Soon the little boys and girls invaded it, to pick the almonds that had fallen on the ground. They made friends with me, and a few days after when our familiarity was well under way, they increased the number of their visits to learn some new songs from me. And from their house they brought me novels to read. In return they took such of the novels as I had for the perusal of someone in their house. At first I didn't care to know who wanted them; however with the exchange of two or three books I had made the discovery. It was a young man, healthy and handsome.

The youth began to sit on the veranda of the house. Till the little boys and girls left for school, as one of themselves and their equal, he chattered with them, played with them, and joined merrily in their hurly-burly. But now and again he would break off, as though conscious of his own age and superiority and sit aloof with an air of great gravity and start reading from a book. Reading! Fiddlesticks! He was just pretending.

And it was from then on that I too started to sit on the veranda of my house. No boy or girl kept me company. I didn't pretend to read, I didn't put on airs. I sat all alone, doing nothing. I was not bored.

And hardly had the young ones left when he would stare and stare at me. The thief! And in his look what dark passion! Like tongues of flames that came to scorch and swallow how hot! And in the heat what quenchless hunger, what infinite longing! I abhorred that hunger, but the dark passion, the glowing warmth soothed me like a magical embrocation. Why it soothed me so I cannot tell. Life abounds in riddles and mysteries, I am not capable of unravelling them all. This was one such.

He stared at me incessantly. I didn't look at him straight, but only with the tail of my eye. Not that I wasn't bold, I hadn't the mind. Why should I bestow my full glance on him? Like a fly drunk with honey, he swooned in the madness of his own desire, he was so wrought up. I realized it and it filled me with rapture. "I am the golden hind, the delusive golden hind," I murmured to myself and was tempted to laugh.

Every morning before he made his appearance, I was in my place in the veranda. Till he went in I would not budge an inch from my seat. Once or twice I glanced at him, rather mischievously. Ah, you should have seen his face then! It would go sheepish, awfully. My keen eyes perceived it, it made me mad with ecstasy.

So the days passed, and not once did I leave my accustomed place in the veranda before he retired. I was a bit afraid of retreating when he looked on. Afraid! O, how shall I reveal it? But reveal I must. When still a tender child . . . god, a blind god . . . O, I tremble with shame to speak of it . . . withheld all mercy . . . I was stricken . . . infantile paralysis . . . on the leg . . . it left its mark at the ankle . . . a slight twist. Only a slight twist, not much perceptible; and beyond my kith and kin none knew it. I hid it cleverly and my manner of walking was such as to make anybody think that mine was the beautiful gait of the swan. I would step up lightly, gracefully, my sari trailing its shimmering folds over the floor. But I could not walk while he looked on. I was that afraid.

The two of us—I in the veranda of my house and he in his—such was the scene. I was generally indifferent. Very rarely did I bestow on him a glance with the tail of my eye. He would catch it greedily and try to smile at me. With utter disregard I would turn my head away. Once he smiled openly at me I was pleased beyond measure but pretended to be indignant. Subsequently for upwards three days he showed himself restless, walking in and out of the house abruptly, not courageous enough to look at me, as though he had committed a crime and the sense of guilt lay heavy on him. He was afraid of even sitting in the veranda: our exchange of novels stopped in the meantime.

I hear the little girl, my aunt's daughter—no, the bodiless voice that has come to domineer over me—continuing the song:

*Once a little green bird came,
and that a famished cat did spy;
like a hermit nonattached,
but sore of heart he shut his eye.*

True. Too true. Where was this famished cat? Where were Prithvi and Samyukta? Perhaps these famished cats think that the entire womankind constitutes a happy hunting ground for their pleasure. They don't know the pure drift of the mind, its noble ambi-

tions, its ideal aspirations. I hadn't knowledge enough to apprehend these then. To me everything appeared pleasant and sportive. I had let myself unwittingly into an unknown, unplumbed sea.

I began again the game of exchanging novels with him. And gradually he grew bold, endeavouring to catch my eye, and as of old staring straight at me. I threw little smiles at him. And one day, rather audaciously, I asked something of the young ones of the house. In fact it was not audacity, I was curious to know who he was. "Who is he that sits ogling in the veranda of your house, ogling like a monkey," I asked one of the girls. I wondered how the children had conveyed my words to him. Thereafter, for well-nigh a week, he effaced himself from my sight. And again by passing on novels, I attempted to quench the hunger in him.

Did it all stop at this point? Could it stop? A novel had to be returned to him. I opened it at random and in the corner of a page scribbled two words: "My King." My heart went pit-a-pat. I shrank in fear, as if somebody had caught me in the act. I shut the book suddenly and glanced around. There was none. It was mere hallucination. With great difficulty the book was sent to the house. That night I hadn't a wink of sleep. Dreams, good and evil commingled, disturbed my rest. Was the book safe in his hands? Had he noticed the pencilled words? Had he understood their significance? Thoughts like these made a havoc of my mind.

Precisely the next day I received the fair exchange—a novel from him. Alone in my room, barring and bolting the door, I flipped through its pages eagerly, my heart aflutter. Yes, there in the corner of a leaf was the reply: "My Queen." Two words for my two! I was thrilled to the marrow, the tears crowded into my eyes, I heaved a deep sigh. The hot breath of that sigh might have burnt Kama, the god of love,—it was so hot, so profound. In a frenzy of joy I pressed the words to my eyes, I kissed them. I sang:

*Have they the camphor's cooling smell,
the scent of lotus in the dell,
do his lovely coral lips taste sweet,
with camphor and lotus replete?—O,
tell,
tell me, white conch of the sea!*

I sang. I danced. I was intoxicated, flushed as if with wine. For a few minutes I behaved like mad; then I

came to and regarded my face in the mirror on the wall. "O, you Queen!" I exclaimed at my image and tried to pinch its cheek. How crazy does it seem when I come to think of it all now!

Soon, too soon, many a stage was crossed in this exciting drama. I remember everyone of it vividly. But how painful! Gradually he commenced walking close by the veranda of my house. He strode up and down, up and down the street, as if intent on some business, all the while his steps straggling nearer and nearer to where I sat. A strange thought occurred to me then. I gathered a lot of tiny pebbles and putting them into a bag lay in wait. And while he passed and repassed me, I aimed one softly, mischievously, on his back. At which he smiled and murmured: "Even the gods have been targets for stones, how insignificant a creature am I!" And he would pick up a couple of pebbles and put them carefully into his pocket.

The pain of relating these is more than I can bear, I cannot give out the details of all that happened. Suffice it to say that, shortly after, we began to exchange letters and ended in meeting each other. He, the villain, came to me in the dark of the night, took me in his arms and kissed me. He plighted his troth, he made many a promise to me. The almond tree in our courtyard is witness to it. It was under its spreading boughs that we met. I gazed at the tree the morning after he had me, peering at it as I had never done before, imploring it as it were: "Mother, you alone should protect me!" My gaze must have been of such yearning intensity, for at that moment the dews slumbering on its leaves woke up and fell in a shower. I understand the secret of it only now. "O, my daughter!" the tree had wailed and wept its tears. It had known what the future had in store for me.

A new passion took hold of my heart and a new pain. I no longer thought of him as a stranger, beyond my reach; he and I were one; though two in body, in spirit one. There were no more trysts after the first, opportunities were scarce. And when I saw him in the light of day I was overcome with a deep shame. I would hang my head, as a mark of obeisance to him. "How funny!" he will cry, looking away and laughing.

On a certain day, he visited our house, somehow managing to befriend my father. I was sitting in the veranda.

Taken unawares I ran helter-skelter into the house. He saw! He saw me limping in desperate hurry!

O, in god's wide creation is there not room for a little defect? Is it a crime? Was I born to be a ballet-girl? Pooh! Who was he to judge and pronounce the final verdict on the beauty of features of man or woman? Was he the artist nonpareil? Pooh! A fool who did not know the greatness of the human heart. He betook himself off. He vanished. When leaving he threw at me a small slip of paper; it was a stab in my heart, and it will not cease to lacerate me. "The word plighted to a lame one can never be valid"—he had written. O, you villain, why won't it be valid? Did I not treasure your word like Sakuntala did Dushyanta's ring? How fond I was!

Months passed. Love!—Balderdash! It's all frothy talk. It's all the fantastic creation of man—love, chastity, devotion! It's a dope of the mind, mere delusion!

Time by time I tried to forget this happy episode of my life and to a certain extent I did forget it. The hard knock of fate refined and tranquillised my mind . . .

Today our house is in a state of great excitement. The boy who is to be my partner in life and his kinsfolk have come to 'see' me. There are grand goings-on for the ceremony of betrothal. A small crowd has collected inside the hall. The buzz of talk is growing louder. O, is it to lead me to the *swayamvara mantapa* that they have decked and beautified me?

I hear the little girl, my aunt's daughter—no, the bodiless voice that has come to domineer over me, singing the final stave of the song:

*A pretty crested bird once came,
and that a temple cat did spy;
swift as an arrow darted he,
and dead the crested bird did lie.*

Dead!—did I say? No, this bird will not die. That crested bird died, this bird—never! Close on the heels of the famished cat the temple cat has come. It seems he is very rich, the groom. Seems he belongs to an aristocratic family. I wonder how all this is going to end. No, emphatically no, I won't put the marital garland round the neck of any man.

My body ached excruciatingly, I was verging on delirium, but in the core of my mind a word was gathering power and clarity.

I rushed towards the hall. I don't remember whether my tresses were dishevelled, my clothes disarranged, my jewels sundered at that hour. Vaguely I was aware of people sitting in the hall, unsubstantial as shadows. I cried, "Father, I won't garland a man to call him husband. No, I won't. It is irrevocable." I cried wildly and fell down in a swoon.

My mother and my aunts lifted me from the floor. Slowly I returned to consciousness. My mind was clear.

"Why, my child, verily you were Kan-naki herself. Everybody was shocked at your behaviour. What made you do like that? What imperfection, what sense of inferiority belittles you, tell me, dear child," said my father, kindly.

"This is a lame bird, father," cried I; "it has resolved to be a virgin for life."

He didn't understand what I said—his face betrayed it; how could he, poor father!

"Don't anyone disturb the dear child. Something oppresses her badly, let her mind shake off its gloom, go away all of you," he said to those who were crowding round. Then turning to me endearingly:—

"My sweet child, my queen, sleep awhile and you will be all right. Your wishes shall be fulfilled." And from his eyes fell a few drops of tears, bright like pearls.

I couldn't endure the sight of those tears. I shut my eyes tight, pressed my teeth, and bit back what was swelling up my throat for a break.

THE RAYALASEEMA MOVEMENT

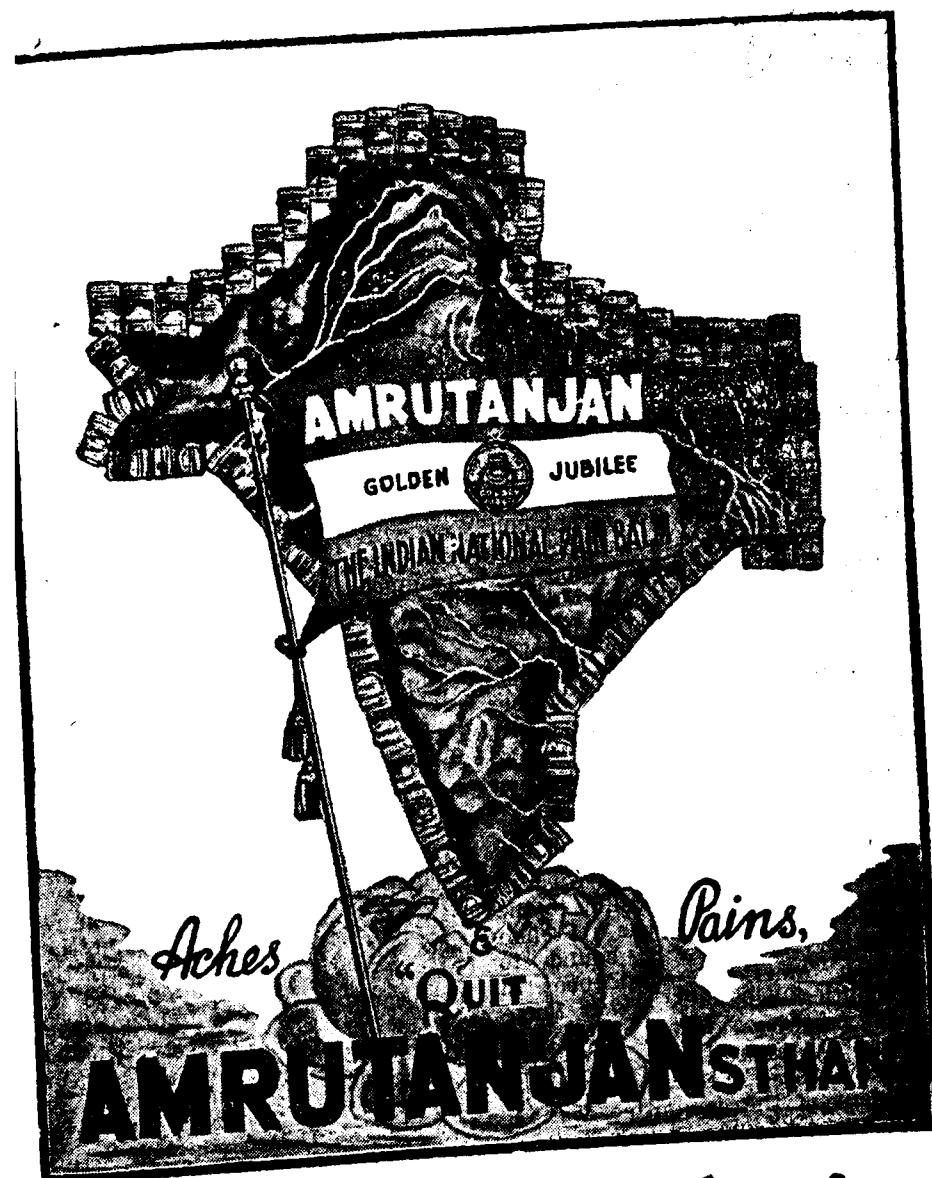
by B. BHIMA RAO, M.L.C.

I have no doubt whatsoever that with the exception of the district of Bellary which is predominantly Kanada in culture, the other districts of Rayalaseema have the same culture as that of the coastal Andhras. The contention that the culture of Rayalaseema is essentially different from the rest of Andhra Desa does not appeal to me as being correct. The main reason for the separatist movement is the fact that the Rayalaseema districts are not treated fairly and justly. When the first Congress Ministry was formed in 1937, no one from Rayalaseema was appointed Minister or even a Parliamentary Secretary. When the Prakasam Ministry was formed in the year 1946 it was urged that he should take at least two members from Rayalaseema into the Ministry but he was pleased to include only one. When his Ministry was obliged to yield place to the present Ministry, even then only one member from Rayalaseema was included in the Ministry.

Similarly with regard to the recruitment to the public services. Several appointments have been made to various services after the formation of the Congress Ministry in 1946 but the selections from the Rayalaseema districts are either nil or insignificant in number. Similarly with regard to the admissions into colleges, professional as well as non-professional. Even there students from Rayalaseema are not dealt with fairly and justly.

The Sri Bagh Pact which was entered into in the year 1937 and which was confirmed by a formal resolution in the Andhra Provincial Conference held at Thungabhadra in May 1938 is more honoured in the breach than in the observance. The essence of the pact was that Rayalaseema should be treated on an equal basis with the rest of Andhra Desa and that in the matter of economic development Rayalaseema should be given priority for a period of ten years. No doubt under the Advisers' Government, the Thungabhadra Project was inaugurated but it has got a limited beneficial value. Much was expected of the Thungabhadra Project but keen disappointment is now being felt at the limited nature of the project as it is now being executed. Other projects which are absolutely necessary for the economic development of Rayalaseema are being given the go-bye for the sake of grand schemes like the Ramapada Project in East Godavari.

The only solution to allay the apprehensions of the people of Rayalaseema is to have a conference of leading representative gentlemen from the districts of Rayalaseema on the one side and the rest of Andhra Desa on the other and enter into a fresh pact whereunder Rayalaseema will be guaranteed equal and fair treatment along with the rest of Andhra Desa, the details of which could be settled at the conference.



The Hub of Asia
and eventually of
The One World

SPOTLIGHT ON THE



PRESIDENT Truman's decision to call a special session of the U.S. Congress, to meet on November 17, has come as a surprise. Reports from Washington during the last two months had been pessimistic, and had suggested that Truman was feeling nervous about asking for large-scale foreign appropriations from a Congress in which the isolationist trend was growing. But recent political developments in Europe have distinctly improved the prospects of securing approval for the 'Marshall Plan' as well as for immediate emergency aid to certain countries. By painting the newly formed 'Cominform' as a "deadly serious challenge" to Western civilisation, as the U.S. Assistant Secretary of State has done, the Administration presumably hopes to 'sell' its foreign aid programme to a Congress to which almost anything can be sold if presented on an anti-Russian ticket. Further, the landslide to the Right revealed in the French municipal elections is bound to increase America's confidence in the political reliability of her European proteges. When the U.S. Senate Appropriations Committee visited France, Senator Bridges, president of the committee, wanted to be assured by the French Government that the Communists (who are not now represented in the Cabinet) would not be allowed to gain power. The French response satisfied the American visitors. "The general assurance we got," said Mr. Bridges "was that, with reasonable co-operation (among the non-Communists) the Communists could certainly be prevented from gaining the ascendancy." Truman is thus well armed to answer the sceptics in America who might doubt the utility of spending money on European recovery.

Another reason for calling back the Congress, Truman has said, is the need for tackling America's internal economic problems. "Prices are shooting up and though nearly every one is employed, many people cannot afford essential items... We could wait until depression caught up with us and until our standard of living sank and our people tramped the streets looking for jobs. That would be a course of defeatism and cowardice. Our other course is to take timely and forthright action... Something more than voluntary attempts to force down prices is now called for. Prompt enactment by Congress of comprehensive legislation is necessary." All of which sounds excellent, and is little different from what Henry Wallace has been saying for nearly a year now. Truman's plain speaking has represented the facts of the situation correctly enough. But there is more to it. His belated attempt to fight out the question of price controls with the Republican Party is significant, in view of the approaching Presidential election. Truman's chances of securing the Democratic ticket and winning popular support will doubtless be strengthened if he offers the electorate an economic home programme which will be as progressive as that of Liberals like Wallace. And he can steal the Republican thunder by continuing the anti-Russian foreign policy—which he has stamped with his own name.

Every time that Britain's foreign policy is discussed in the House of Commons, there is revealed a curious absence of difference

between the views of Foreign Secretary Bevin and those of the Conservative Opposition. Due to shortage of manpower the British Government has reduced the strength of Britain's home fleet. The Conservatives have criticised this step, as they are opposed to any reduction of Britain's military might. Speaking as if a new war was round the corner, Mr. Anthony Eden, deputy leader of the Opposition, said on October 21: "The whole position is one which must cause us the gravest concern. The nation cannot again afford the race against time that we had during the first years of the last war." The next day Mr. Bevin echoed: "We are going to maintain an efficient army, navy and air force. As Foreign Secretary, I will be no party to taking the chances the Chamberlain Government took, which landed us in a mess in 1939." Just another demonstration of Mr. Bevin's unique distinction; alone among members of the British Cabinet, he enjoys the confidence not only of the majority of the Labour Party, but of the Conservative Opposition as well.

LORDS AND COMMONERS

On matters nearer home—like nationalisation of industries, for instance—the Government and the Opposition do not get on so swimmingly. The proposed nationalisation of the steel industry cannot of course be defeated by the Conservatives in the Commons. But the solid Conservative majority in the House of Lords can hold up the measure by amending whatever bill the Commons might pass and sending it back for reconsideration. Since the Labour Government wishes to pass the necessary legislation for nationalising steel within its present term of office, it has decided to reduce the period of delay which Their Lordships can cause from two years to one year. The sort of vexation to which the House of Lords, that ridiculously out-of-date and undemocratic body, can subject the elected House, is succinctly described by Tom Driberg, M.P. When the bill for the nationalisa-

tion of transport was being discussed, Driberg wrote: "What we sat up all last Monday night about: *Transport Bill*—Lords amendment to Commons amendment in lieu of one of the Lords amendments and Lords amendments in lieu of certain of their amendments to which the Commons have disagreed."

FREEDOM FOR WHAT?

The United Nations Organisation is now engaged in a most interesting debate on the Russian complaint that 'war-mongering' is being permitted and encouraged by many countries, and by the U.S. in particular. As early as a month ago, Mr. Hector McNeill, Britain's Minister of State, had described the Soviet charge as "obvious nonsense." The point was not so obvious to the Russian delegate M. Vyshinsky, who proceeded to quote from a book recently published in the United States. Entitled "Speaking Frankly," it is written by Mr. James Byrnes who was U.S. Secretary of State until January 1947. In the course of his frank speaking, Mr. Byrnes has thrown out the suggestion that the U.S. should answer Russia's 'obstructionism' with "better and more atomic bombs, and a decision to drive the Red Army out of Germany by force if necessary." Replying to Vyshinsky's charge, Dr. Herbert Evatt of Australia said: "Calling Mr. Byrnes a war-monger is about as true as calling Hitler an angel of peace." Dr. Evatt proceeded to express his fear that censorship and other measures, which would be necessary for implementing the Soviet proposal for suppression of war-mongering, would seriously interfere with the "freedom of the Press." This is a new and interesting angle on the meaning of freedom. When there was a revival of openly Fascist meetings in England, the Government took no steps to stop them. An article in the *New Statesman* by Woodrow Wyatt described the way the police were giving special protection to the Fascists. The title of the article: "Well, it's a free country— isn't it?"

THE RATION OFFICE RACKET

by BHIKKU.

Scene: A Ration Office in the city.
Time: 8-30 a.m.

Three young men of the servant class sitting on the front steps; one other in front leaning on a bicycle. Two old women of the labouring class and one young woman with slips of paper in their hands standing near an outside caged-in counter. Enter an elderly man of the "respectable" class.

Elderlyman (Eld.) to the 3 young men on the steps (Y1, Y2, Y3):
When will the ration office open?

Y1: It should open at 8-30.

Y2: But they generally come leisurely.

Y3: Oh! The head clerk comes only well past 9 or 9-15 as he is living far away in P....

All wait whilst more people gather about the precincts of the office. The peon of the office comes and opens the locks but keeps the doors still shut to exclude the people from trying to take positions of vantage in front of the different enclosures. He has a chat with the women:

P: What do you want!

Old woman: My daughter and her husband have come. I want rations for them.

Old woman 2: I have come to this place from Tiruvottiyur for work. I want rations for me and my little boy.

Young woman: I came yesterday also and they told me to come and get my card today. I have left my child crying at home.

P: (covertly to the woman): Anything in an office will of course take time but I get things through easily. But it can't be done for nothing (accepts privately a coin from each and addressing the young woman): You should have come to me yesterday.

Young woman: In future I shall do so.

The clerks trickle in to their respective tables—take a leisurely 10 minutes over discarding umbrellas and extra outdoor clothes, opening of drawers and arranging papers, all the while with a running badinage with each other. One of the tables is still empty. The crowd has gathered four deep against the outside counter, craning head over shoulder to catch the eye of any one of the people within.

The applications clerk finally directs his eyes towards the waiting crowd.

Eld: Please let me know what I have to note here: the address of the place I come from or of the place where I live now.

(a) (one of the crowd): Where should I hand over this application, sir?

(b) (—do.—): When should I come for the card, sir?

(c) (—do.—): Please let me have a form, sir.

Peon takes up the forms he has prepared for the women and places them on the top of the papers. The clerk checks them up and hands them back for getting the sign of the illiterate women. He waves all the other questions to the other empty counter and asks them to await the arrival of the clerk of that counter, giving only the necessary forms to such as asked for it. Half an hour passes.

Weedy (a weedy looking man of the clerical class) to Eld: I have been regularly coming here three days and it looks as if I may have to go away without my card even today. I have to go home—have my bath and food and wait in the queue for a bus and reach my office before 10-30. These clerks are quite indifferent and callous. Last evening I specially came ten minutes before closing time by the clock in the post office but these clerks had already shut their drawers and put on their coats. They pretended that the time was up and no cajoling

on my part would melt their hearts and today this man has not turned up yet, although it is well past 9-15. But a person coming in a motor car has simply to walk up to the officer in the 1st floor and the thing is all finished quite simply and easily. There is therefore no complaint. It is only we poor folk that have to wait endlessly, go without our rations for days and walk several times to this place.

Eld: (nodding his head): It is all true, but tell me where it is any better. It takes time for these things to change.

Weedy: Will they change for the better? I don't think. The clerks are all irresponsible products of the war. The officers are mostly nominees of men of consequence in the eyes of the Government.

An old man, obviously illiterate, walks up to the application counter.

Old man: I have a marriage in my house, sir. I want a temporary ration for 20 persons.

Peon: (shoves a form outside): Go and get this filled up properly and bring it back.

Old man: (blinks and hands back the form): Please, sir, fill it for me. I shall give you all answers.

P: No. You will have to get it done outside.

Old man takes the form and retreats bewildered; he is interrupted by an alert young man hanging round. After a while the old man brings back the form filled in and presents it at the counter.

P: Oh! You have come back so soon, have you? (looks at the form). I know who has filled this form for you—as if he knows everything about it. Here, item X is wrong; item 2 is not entered in; go and get these properly corrected and don't waste our time here. I must drive that fellow away from this place.

Old Man: (beggingly): Sir, I don't know how to do it.

P: You chose to go to someone who pretended to know all about it instead of going to the proper person.

Now you go after your own man. (Old man goes with a woe-begin face).

It is now past 9-30. The empty table at the counter is still empty. The elderly man walks inside, asks his way to the officer and steps up to him. The officer is surrounded by others.

Officer: (in conversation with a young man): But this is to be done by the officer in 'X' station, not here. You want deletion of 3 names and inclusion of 4 names as temporary. You should give the names and particulars of all these persons and you should have applied 2 days in advance. But you had better go to the officer in 'Z' station. I shall telephone to him. (The young man departs. Officer takes up the telephone and rings up the officer in 'X' station): "How did it go off yesterday?" "Tomorrow is a holiday." "By the way I want you to do something for me—I am sending you now a young man, the son of He is coming by car. He wants deletion of 3 names and inclusion of 4 for temporary rations" "Enquiries and rules are alright, but if we go by them strictly in every case we can't move at all—we have to take things on trust in many cases and carry out the enquiries afterwards if we think it necessary." "Yes, thanks." "Please see that he is not made to wait . . . I shall talk to you about the other matter later."

Elderly man hands over an application—officer peruses it.

Officer: But you should have applied immediately after termination of the period and not waited for 4 days. This is the way that black-marketing thrives.

Eld.: I was ill. It is difficult to come all this way and wait for hours. It is easier to go half-starving or get things from hotels.

Officer: Rules are rules . . . Now, how am I to get your statements verified? (Signs the application). All right. I shall pass this application this time. (Hands it back). Please go and present this at the counter.

administrative efficiency. But the devotees of Red Tape have their umpteen code-words and formulas and efficacious *mantras*. "May it please your Worship!" "May it please your Excellency." And, of course, His Worship or His Excellency is *pleased* to do nothing. Lesser functionaries have their own verbal staffs for support. "Forwarded for circulation, comment, and return;" "For favour of circulation, necessary action, and return;" "For favour of information and prompt action;" and the functionary in question "has the honour to be" your "most obedient servant." Now-a-days contractions are much in evidence: "f.w.c.f.n.a." (Forwarded with compliments for necessary action). And so the papers go to and fro, with remarks and endorsements and annotations, becoming mellow and mellower, the edges crumbling more and more, till at last they rest in peaceful slumber in the arms of two red tape bands. And as generally the remarks and endorsements and annotations cancel one another out, it is ever an epic of a mountain labouring and bringing forth not even the proverbial mouse!

Years ago it occurred to the Agent of a Railway Administration that some economy must be effected somewhere to mark his successful stewardship. After a good deal of brain-work, he came to the conclusion that perhaps too much kerosene was being consumed by the lanterns in use in the railway platforms. Promptly he dictated a note to the Chief Engineer in which he suggested that experiments should be carried out in order to discover the quantity of oil actually required for keeping a lantern burning throughout the night. The note took about a week to reach the Chief Engineer's office. The C.E.'s clerk added a note that the matter

might be referred to one of the District Engineers, "for necessary and prompt action." The C.E. signed the paper in due course, and after another month it reached the D.E. in question. His clerk, an "S.S.L.C.-failed" expert, subjoined a note that this matter could safely be referred "for necessary and prompt action" to one of his Assistant Engineers. A couple of months elapsed, the process repeated itself, and the paper went from the A.E.'s office to the office of one of the Permanent Way Inspectors, and from his office it went to the hands of a wise old lascar. A whole year had passed by, and no one was the wiser for it. The lascar casually discussed the matter with his beloved spouse. She at once smelt a rat. If the correct ration were to be given, how about kerosene supply to the lascars and the smaller fry? She took an intrepid decision. She ordered her husband to inform his boss that the present ration was insufficient, that a slightly increased supply was necessary in order to keep the lanterns burning the whole night. Once again, the Red Tape machinery started to function, but now in the reverse direction. After further vicissitudes the good housewife's opinion backed by the authority of the P.W.I., the A.E., the D.E. and the C.E. reached the Agent's office in the course of only six months. The Agent looked blue, and decided to drop the matter.

Such is the glory of Red Tape. Earth has not anything pleasanter to show than a self-satisfied functionary sitting of a morning under a greenshaded lamp, fingering with relish piles of red tape, signing notes and feeling proud that, thanks to him and his craft, the world is going round and round, and we are all living in the best of all possible worlds.

Man is a gregarious animal, much more so in his mind than in his body. He may like to go alone for a walk but he hates to stand alone in his opinions.—Santayana.

EMINENT BROTHERS AND SISTERS

by V. SUBRAMANIAN

AFTER the signal failure of hereditary kingships and other hereditary offices, people now generally do not believe in inherited talent at all. Such an extreme view is neither scientific nor correct, as is proved by the family history of the Pitts, Churchills and Asquiths in politics, and the Haldanes, Huxleys, Darwins and Thomsons in scientific research. But the rare thing is the phenomenon of two brothers equally endowed in the same field, working in co-operation for the same end. A brother is rarely as gifted as another. (Many, for example, came to know of the existence of a brother of Mr. Jinnah only when his death was announced recently). Even if equally gifted, the gifts of brothers rarely lie in the same field. In the case of hereditary kingships, talented brothers are more apt to fight each other than co-operate. Only when great struggles for great ends are going on, can we see talented brothers working in co-operation, without selfishness and jealousy. No wonder in recent Indian history, we have had plenty of such examples.

Rama and Lakshmana in Hindu mythology represent not only an ideal of brotherly love but of co-operation in fighting for the same end. Remus and Romulus, the founders of Rome, hold a similar position in Europe. Harihara and Bukka, the founders of Vijayanagar, represent a shining example of brotherly co-operation in building up a citadel to withstand and throw back the onslaughts of iconoclasts. The Wellesley brothers were responsible jointly for the quick growth of British power in India, the elder as the Governor-General, by his subtle scheme of subsidiary alliances, the younger (later the Duke of Wellington) by his prowess in the field of battle. The Lawrence brothers of the Punjab were instrumental in bringing peace and pros-

perity to the Punjab after its conquest. But it is recent Indian history that offers many such examples, as the Ali brothers, the Khan brothers, the Patel brothers, and the Bose brothers, in politics; and the Ghosh brothers in journalism.

Of the Ali brothers, it was the younger Muhammed Ali, that was more intelligent and intrepid, though he had his own idiosyncrasies. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru has drawn a very understanding and sympathetic character sketch of him in his autobiography, wherein he makes fun of his constant and often irrelevant preoccupation with God and Koran. But he was far in advance of his Muslim contemporaries in moral courage and clear thinking. The elder Shaukat Ali believed implicitly in the infallibility of his brother's judgment, to which he often gave open public utterance. A corpulent figure, draped in silk and lace, he was well known for his geniality and generosity. After the early demise of his younger brother, he slowly drifted into the quagmire of communalism, but to the last, he preserved his personal charm and kindness of heart.

Of the Khan brothers again, it is the younger Abdul Ghaffar Khan that is better known for his organizing power as well as his boldness. His life is an essay in renunciation and he arrived at the same conclusions of simplicity in life, independently of Mahatma Gandhi. Recently, he distinguished himself for a disconcerting forthrightness of utterance, in exposing League and British tactics. He was responsible for dragging his father and brother into politics and public life. Dr. Khan Sahib, a talented doctor, shares his younger brother's capacity for organization and frankness of speech, but he is no ascetic like him, nor has he such an unshakable



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ZAMIN LEGISLATION AND CONGRESS PLEDGE

by R. RAMANUJAM

THE Madras Government's Bill for the abolition of zemins and inams has given rise to much controversy. The Congress Election Manifesto which contemplates the removal of all intermediaries between the State and the peasant and the acquisition of their interest by the State on payment of equitable compensation, is the trump card with which the Revenue Minister wants to play the game to success. All progressive elements would surely welcome the removal of intermediaries as a wholesome and necessary step in the direction of the reorganisation of agricultural economy. An inescapable duty is therefore cast on every thinker, be he a Minister, a legislator, the benefited peasant or the affected intermediary, to examine the bill critically and find out in what respects the election pledge is fulfilled and in what respects it is violated under its provisions.

Who are peasants and who are intermediaries? Those who engage themselves in carrying on the agricultural operations in their lands are the peasants and those who lease out their lands to others for rent or waram are the intermediaries, regardless of the designation given to them in the tenancy laws in force now. In this view all the zemindars in this province and most of the inamdars have to be classified only as intermediaries. But with the zemindars and inamdars the category of intermediaries does not get exhausted. It is a notorious fact that there are intermediaries amongst the ryots and pattadars as well. Instances are not a few where the ryots do nothing on their lands except to lease them out to others on the rent or waram basis. But this class of intermediaries go unscathed, under the bill. Not only are they saved, but they are undeservedly benefited by the reduction of rents and the other provisions of the bill.

The peasants who sweat and toil on the lands of the intermediary ryots as under-tenants get no relief whatever. Perhaps fear of opposition from the intermediary ryots amongst the legislators has induced the Minister to exempt them from the operation of the election pledge by which he solemnly swears. Should the Revenue Minister be sincere in fulfilling the election pledge, he must so amend the bill as to remove all kinds of intermediaries, whatever be the name by which they are called.

The next aspect of the election pledge is the equitable compensation promised therein. The object in awarding compensation is to enable the persons concerned to recoup the loss sustained by them in the course of giving effect to a public policy by the State. The compensation can assume more than one shape. Under a Socialistic system of Government where lands and other means of production would be vested in the community, the State gives guarantee to the subjects that they shall get all their primary needs, in return for the work they do. Such a State guarantee of economic security is itself adequate compensation for the quondam owners of property. But as the Government is constituted at present in this country, no such guarantee can be given or expected. Compensation therefore has necessarily to be in the shape of money or some other tangible property.

How is the loss sustained by the intermediaries to be estimated and what is the basis for arriving at equitable compensation? Whatever may be the form in which compensation is awarded it has to be real and not illusory. Some critics contend that the value of the property expropriated ascertained in some manner or other ought to be taken as the loss. This contention, while

THE GLORY OF RED TAPE

by K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

My friend Jupiter (I mean "Jove" of the "Social Welfare") describes the "Red Tape Army" as follows:

"Undistracted by the smiles of friends, undisturbed by the frowns of foes, the Army moves on from room to room, over chairs, tables and racks, shelves, cupboards and cabinets, over peons' shoulders, through clerks' arm-pits, over hills and dales, valleys, windowsills, and saree-frills. Unsung they shed gallons of ink on forms, firmans, reports, and recommendations. Unhonoured they drive their quills, now in the margin, now between the lines, now over the economy slip on the cover flap....."

We have probably the most numerous, the most extensive, and the most powerful Red Tape Army in the world. It was the British bureaucracy's creation, but it has flourished on Indian soil beyond the wildest dreams of its parent. "Quit India," we told the British; but we asked them to leave their Red Army behind. And the Army is growing in strength and numbers and extending its operations far and wide. It is a going concern, it is our most flourishing national industry, the only industry that has not felt the ravages of the war nor yet the post-war headaches. Our administrators from top to bottom begin their day's work with this *mantra* of the Red Tape Age:

*Government, and Government's laws, lay hid in night:
God said, "Let Red Tape be!",
and all was light.*

Let us look at the "red tape"—this omnipotent symbol of our civilization—from the outside. My dictionary defines it as "the pink ink used in filling up official documents."

gathered into weeks, as the weeks are inflated into months, as the months grow to the proportions of years, the pad too puts on weight and substance, the pile curves upwards and assumes an almost pyramidal shape, and the pink ribbons are clasped into a pregnant and sinister knot. All the mysteries of administration, all records of vacillation, obstinacy, pig-headedness, faintheartedness, Tammany Hall tantrums, embryonic schemes and miscarriages, all the complicated technique of doing nothing and yet putting on an appearance of perpetual agitation and bustle and seeming movement, all are comfortably embraced and held safe by the two small bands of Red Tape. Truly therefore can we call this age the age of the Great God Red Tape.

My lexicographer cannot apparently size up the greatness of Red Tape nor the manifold benefits conferred upon us by its disciples. Lacking finesse, the lexicographer defines Red-Tapism rather crudely as a "strict adherence to official routine often involving unnecessary delay and protraction before anything can be done." But isn't "routine" everything, aren't rules and regulations the alphabet of administrative wisdom? Banish "routine," and you banish all! Banish Red Tape, and you lose your moorings, you are adrift on the wide uncharted sea. Top-ranking officials may be occupying adjoining rooms or even the same room, each with a telephone on his table. They may take tea together, the Red Tape serves best. The telephone is all right if one wants to book a seat at the Metro or at the Universal or if one wants to make an appointment for the week-end. But one musn't mock the Red Tape or diminish its empire. Even the

Eld.: But there is no one at the counter. I have been waiting for the last one hour there and already there is a big crowd waiting for him there. That is why I came here to you.

Officer: (aside to the peon): Is the counter clerk not come yet? This is too bad. He is taking things easy every day. See if he has turned up.

Peon goes and comes back and reports that the clerk has just come. Elderly man passes on but instead of going outside the palings walks into the counter and presents his paper. There are two others also doing the same.

Counter clerk: I am not going to attend to you. You go out and come to the counter.

Eld.: This is a very simple matter, sir. I have got the signature of the officer on this application.

Counter clerk: No. I won't see it. You go out.

Eld.: (in raised voice): Now, I have been the first outside waiting from 8-30. But you took your own time to come. You did not bother about the waiting people then. You have attended to others before me within the counter. You seem to pick and choose to whom you will attend and when and where!

Loud protests from the clerks and peons from inside and confused clamour from outside in which voices are heard saying "We have all been waiting a long time. The clerks don't bother. The officer does not bother. Why shouldn't some other clerk be posted if this one is late."

Counter clerk: (quickly takes up the elderly man's paper, looks at it): Oh, you may leave it with me and come in the evening for the card. Take this token.

Eld.: That is all that I wanted. (Exit.)



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acceptable in some instances cannot be upheld in regard to others.

Let us take the case of zemindars. Most of them hold their estates ancestrally. Only in a few instances, zemins have been purchased by strangers. The ancestral zemindars are but the creatures of the British. The British made gifts of extensive tracts of land to those who stood by them and helped them to establish their rule in this country. These tracts of land go by the name of zemins and the grantees thereof are called zemindars. Then again the territories from which the collection of rent was impossible or difficult were conferred on the notorious characters in those areas by the British. They were free to fleece and rack-rent the peasants and were under an obligation to pay the British either a portion of the collections or a fixed amount. These rank-renters also go by the grand name of zemindars. It is well that, with the disappearance of British rule, they are also wiped out. The loss sustained by the zemindars would be the same as that sustained in restoring stolen property to the lawful owner. Hence the ancestral zemindars cannot with any justification claim compensation either on the basis of the value of the estates or on the basis of the income derived therefrom. There is only one ground that would justify the awarding of compensation to the zemindars. For over one hundred years, they have been maintaining themselves, though extravagantly, out of the income derived from the zemins. To force them, all on a sudden, to eke out their livelihood in any other manner would amount to punishing the present incumbents for the sins of their forefathers. The Government stands to gain a good deal by taking over the estates which are vast in extent. In these circumstances it is but just that the State should undertake to provide the needs of the zemindars for some time to come and give them time and opportunity to re-adjust themselves to the changed economy. Under this scheme the compensation will not be in the shape of lump sum payment. A decent

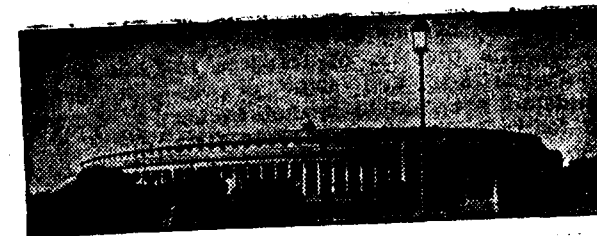
monthly allowance not exceeding the salary of a Minister may be given to the zemindars for life or for thirty years, whichever period is longer.

The inams have an entirely different origin and the incidents of the inam tenure are also quite different from those of the zemins. Inams are grants of lands or villages made by ancient sovereigns of pre-British era to those who were required to do service to the community in some form or other. Since the salary system was not in vogue in those days they were remunerated in the shape of income from the lands gifted to them. The British Government has confirmed and recognised these inams after an elaborate enquiry in regard to their origin and incidents. It will thus be evident that the inams have a lawful and legitimate origin.

Justice would be rendered to the expropriated inamholders if the compensation is worked out on the basis of the average of the net income derived from the inam lands during the past ten years. It is a matter of experience that the net income from the lands would work out roughly at three per cent interest per annum. The amount that will be required to yield in the shape of interest at three per cent, the net income from the lands or the amount invested in the acquisition of the lands, whichever is less, can be fixed as the compensation due to the inamdars. This amount may be made to carry interest at that rate and can be paid in thirty yearly instalments. In this arrangement the burden undertaken by the State will be light. In regard to the big inamdars and the purchaser zemindars, ten to fifteen times the net income can be fixed as the compensation on the sliding scale. This amount can also be paid in thirty yearly instalments with interest at two to three per cent per annum.

In Bengal and Bihar the net income is taken as the basis for awarding compensation to the expropriated intermediaries. Madras can well follow the example of those sister provinces.

NEW DELHI DIARY



by V. V. PRASAD

It is to be regretted that the callousness for human life, which was an understandable feature in the Army, should have spread even to persons like Jawaharlal Nehru. A Major-General of the Indian Army told us the other day that when lakhs of people were getting killed, they did not think it much of an incident when a few dozens were thrown off a running train, and therefore did not bother to keep an over-careful list of such incidents. The other day I had the opportunity to ask Jawaharlal Nehru at a Press Conference whether he was aware that his advice to Muslims to go back to their homes in Delhi was being followed by them, and that when they reached their homes they got killed in certain localities, notably Karolbagh. Would it not be more humanitarian to let them go to Pakistan instead of allowing them to be killed? Panditji said he was aware of the difficulties such as were pointed out in the question. The question would have to be considered whether Muslims should all be provided with housing in certain areas of the city alone and not in other mixed localities. The fact that giving such advice to Muslim inhabitants of the city without providing for their protection amounts to a rather deadly thing does not however seem to have received any consideration. The desire to win approbation on an international level seems to have got the better of the desire to save the lives of innocent Muslims. It is criminal to advise Muslims to stay on in Delhi and other areas when it is certainly impossible to guarantee the safety at least of their lives in the event of another communal flare-up. The

point which appears to have been missed is that every single life deserves to be protected, being equally sacred.

A word will have to be said at this stage about Mahatma Gandhi. His values are different altogether. He thinks that laying down life for some cause is the best thing on earth. Referring to the killing of Dr. Mufti, a Muslim doctor, who was posted by this Government in Delhi, he said that it was deplorable. He mentioned that he would not think it deplorable if it was the last such incident. Gandhiji assumes that Dr. Mufti had gone there to lay down his life and it was bound to have a magical effect. The facts are different. Dr. Mufti went there because he did not want to lose his job, and the Government posted him there because they wanted to demonstrate to the outside world that they were not anti-Muslim. Result: one poor innocent Muslim killed. Also: one hundred persons arrested in that area, not to mention some collective fines. How far are we from a Police State?

At a Press Conference the other day this diarist had occasion to ask Mr. K. C. Neogy, Refugees' Rehabilitation Minister, whether it was not obvious for at least the past year or two that division of the country would lead to large-scale killings. How would the Government justify their lack of foresight in dealing with the problem? Mr. Neogy laughed loudly, and said they were until the last moment hoping for the best. They did not think that disturbances on such a scale would occur. He was moreover not the right person to answer that question.

The East Punjab Government is reported to be completely unable to tackle the problem of refugees in that Province, and some of the Ministers are said to be not averse to feathering their own nests. The biggest camp for the refugees is situated at Kurukshetra. The idea is that there is to be only one refugee camp for the entire area of East Punjab and Delhi at Kurukshetra.

The Ramakrishna Mission has deputed Swami Shambuddhananda and Swami Bitashokananda with a batch of workers to do relief work at Kurukshetra. But the East Punjab authorities were said to be unwilling to let disinterested social

workers of the Ramakrishna Mission run the camp. There was a tussle, and the Central Government which had sent the Ramakrishna monks to Kurukshetra recalled them to Delhi for a while, and then sent them back to Kurukshetra, after delivering a stiff note to East Punjab. Relief work was thus postponed for three weeks.

The story goes that the Tatas, the Birlas and the Dalmias, all offered every kind of help to the Government of India, but when concrete suggestions were given to them, they all turned the suggestions down because patriotism really meant patriotism plus profiteering, but the Government temporarily forgot about it!



Dr. Soedarsano, Representative in India of the Indonesian Republican Government, and Mrs. Soedarsano, recently entertained to tea Mr. M. N. Raghavan, Indian Consul-General at Batavia, and Mrs. Raghavan, at New Delhi. Starting with second from the left in the picture are: Dr. Soedarsano, Mrs. Raghavan, Mrs. Soedarsano and Mr. Raghavan.

NIZAM'S ACTS OF WAR AND INDIA'S DUTY

by Dr. LANKA SUNDARAM

A thousand acts of unfriendliness, bordering on war, have been and are being committed by the Nizam of Hyderabad, and still the Government and the people of India are temporising with a situation which is more dangerous than the relationships between India and Pakistan, and which threatens to blow up the existing precarious sense of peace and security for India. One really fails to understand why the Government of India continue negotiations with the Nizam who has unilaterally declared his decision to remain independent, and who is actively preparing for war with the Indian Union.

It is unthinkable that Hyderabad, with an area bigger than that of Bombay (82,330 square miles), with a population comparable to that of C.P. and Berar (1,63,39,000 people) and a revenue which matches that of Bihar (Rs. 12 crores), should be permitted to function as a sovereign territory within the physical bowels of geographical India, with the right to have diplomatic representation abroad. Dilatory tactics on the part of the Nizam have already inflicted grievous blows to the peace and security of India, and, minute by minute, the Nizam and his advisers are planning for offensive action which threatens to engulf this country in a war of first rate importance.

For over a year now the Nizam has built up his army and machine of repression with impunity, and with the active connivance of the old discredited Political Department. The Bren Gun Factory of the Government of India has been taken over by the Nizam, with the "consent" of the previous Government. He has recruited Arabs, Pathans, Punjabi Muslims and even Negroes into his regular and irregular armies, which have an estimated strength of some 200,000. The Nizam has

sanctioned this year Rs. 3 crores to reequip, modernise and enlarge his forces afresh in addition to his considerable "normal" defence expenditure, which was some Rs. 90 lakhs out of a total expenditure of Rs. 890 lakhs in 1938-39. The Nizam has one field service unit, meaning thereby one light armoured regiment; one general service unit, which includes one light armoured regiment, one field battery and four battalions of troops; one mechanical transport company; one provost detachment; one cavalry training centre; one military hospital; one training school, one veterinary hospital; one artillery centre and training school; and a lot of most modern equipment all constituting a regular army of the greatest possible striking power. It is this army which the Nizam does not wish to submit to the scrutiny and control of the Government of India, as in the preceding years of his association with Britain.

The Muslim population of Hyderabad is not much more than ten per cent of the total, and to this he is adding daily contingents of Muslim refugees from other parts of the country. I had the privilege of having my meetings broken up in Hyderabad as early as 1932, and I have known personally the phenomenal manner in which Kasim Rizvi's Itte had-ul-Muslimen grew as the arbiter of the fortunes of the Asafjahi dynasty and the Government of the State. Today it is Rizvi's *raj* in Hyderabad, and the Ismailis, the Chhattaris and the Moncktons come and go at the behest of this militant fascist party. It is the greatest pity that such a staunch and loyal local-born servant of the Nizam as Nawab Ali Yawar Jang Bahadur, with whom I had the privilege of working on the Indian Delegation to the U.N.O. last year, has been thrown to the

wolves, because of his moderation as Constitutional Minister of the Nizam.

Leadership in India is still given up to indecision and lethargy. The Indian States Department is tied up in the niceties of constitutional propriety and of legal points, and what is fast developing with reference to Junagadh is repeating itself in the case of Hyderabad, that is to say the building of a bund to a surging river after its waters had inundated the country. The attitude of the Indian States Peoples' Conference, which has broken a lance in the case of Travancore, Mysore, etc., is something which is nauseating, for not a word of help has been uttered so far as the people of Hyderabad are concerned. The various Provincial Congress Committees, in Andhra Desh, Berar, Maharashtra and Kannadadesh, which constitute the natural frontiers of the Nizam's dominions, and whose people are being brutally crushed by the Nizam's administration, are still pursuing a *non possumus* attitude. Political leadership in the Provinces of Madras, Bombay

and the C.P. and Berar is engrossed with local fortunes relative to the respective ministries and is not willing to throw into the pool of the struggle of the people of Hyderabad the resources of the neighbouring territories. I have a fear that the Nizam's people will be obliged to struggle alone, and God forbid that they perish in this lone fight against the most ruthless military machine ever set up in any of the Indian States within living memory. While Muslims are percolating into the Nizam's territories and hundreds of thousands of non-Muslims of Hyderabad are emigrating, the country is watching the events in that State with unconcern. It is time that *jathas* of people from all parts of the country marched into Hyderabad, and thus assisted the people's struggle in that State which has entered a critical stage. Rape, arson, murder, loot and unabashed repression are being visited on one and a half crores of Hyderabad non-Muslims, and it is time that the people and the Government of India woke up to the gravity of the situation.

PLANNING AND FREEDOM

by V. V. SRINIVASAN, M.A.

DIVISION between rich and poor, conflict between classes and masses, constitutes the profoundest crisis in the civilization of today. Humanity is at the end of an age—an age of nationalist individualism and uncoordinated enterprise. The world of isolationist individualism is dead, at least dying and the world of collective security is powerless to be born. But it is poignantly clear that our salvation lies through the latter. But before we embark upon a remedy for the ills of today, it is necessary to have a correct diagnosis of the disease.

The central problem of our time is "how to combine democracy with socialism, how to maintain individual freedom and initiative and yet have centralised social control and planning of the economic life of the people, on the national as well as the international plane" (Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru).

Capitalism characterised by perfect competition, mobility of labour and consumer's sovereignty by which the classical economists swore in the 19th century, has proved to be a mere syllogistic deduction from abstract premises which do not obtain today. Capitalism today is monopolistic, leading up to industrial combinations, and the emergence of a class of financial dictators. Concentration of the means of production in the hands of a few is the direct outcome of the capitalistic system. Monopoly is the antithesis of perfect competition, and labour is by no means mobile. In the context of the appalling disparity of wealth, unequal bargaining power between labour and capital, the theory of consumer's sovereignty based on the operation of the law of supply and demand is a myth. In a capitalistic system, demand should be "effective", i.e., backed by purchasing power. When the annual *per capita* income is Rs. 54, it is clear that the limiting factor to production is under-consumption. Hence the mechanism of supply and

demand does and can meet the needs of only those who have enough purchasing power, while others, though by far large, have to go without their needs being met back of their lack of purchasing power, which cannot be increased by private enterprise whose philosophy is profit motive based on what is called "marginal productivity of labour".

Further the economics of capitalism is the economics of scarcity. Abundance is anathema to capitalism. Full employment of capital and labour towards a balanced self-sufficient national economy is impossible of achievement within the capitalistic system whose aim is maximum output within the minimum cost.

What is then the remedy? Society should be planned. In other words, there should be democratisation of economic power through State ownership and control of property. The attainment of national freedom and the elimination of foreign control has been an essential prerequisite for planning. Now that political freedom has been won, the next step should be to introduce fundamental changes in the social and economic structure. A socialist economy is then the next step.

What are the foundations of a socialist State? There should be State control over the supply of capital and credit. Investment of capital should be related to social needs, not mere acquisition of profit. There should be a system of priorities to social needs and a social commercial policy.

The State must own and control land so that there can be a national town planning, localisation of industries and agriculture may be given its proper place in national economy.

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Narayana Rao is perhaps the most polished actor in the Telugu screen world. Commencing his film career with *Jeevan Jothi*, he acted in the past seven years in a series of pictures, *Deenabandhu*, *Chenchu-Lakshmi*, *Tahasildar*, *Devata*, *Prahalada*, *Swargaseema* and *Three Marathees*. He had worked in several film companies, and under many prominent producers and directors of the day. He has no grievances against any of them, for all of them have treated him well.

"Hats off to Y. V. Rao," said Narayana Rao, when asked to say something of our film directors. "He is one of the best directors we have today in the South. With his vast experience and knowledge of cine technique, he is an asset to the South. Besides, he is a perfect character actor.... Vauhini is one of the most well organised film companies of the South. B. N. Reddi is a man who does things with concentration and precision. No artiste has ever any cause to grieve when he enters Vauhini."

Narayana Rao is a cosmopolitan and completely bereft of caste sectarianism. His flair is mostly for socials, and not for mythological or historical films. The progress of the film industry, he feels, depends to

a large extent on the picturegoers. When picturegoers go on paying for every film exhibited without exercising proper discretion, the producers will have no incentive for excelling in worthy and meritorious productions. It is here that journals come into play. They can play a great role in aiding picturegoers in the choice of films. But many journals seem to be bartering away their souls for small gains. Genuine artistes of great merit are being slowly swept out of the screen world, spurious ones taking their place.

Narayana Rao reads a great deal in his leisure hours. He is greatly interested in politics and poetry. When alone, he takes pleasure in the company of his two beautiful children.

By sheer merit, without the helping hand of any producer-godfather, Narayana Rao has risen to stardom. *Swargaseema* in which he has given one of his finest performances has been chosen for exhibition at Venice. Now he is working on two pictures: *Lakshamma* and *Manadesam*.

"It's quite an enjoyable profession. When I look back, I find nothing to regret," said Narayana Rao.

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.

India: A Hindu State

Rajaji's Birthday
According to the Hindu calendar, the 70th birthday of Rajaji falls on 1st December 1947 and not on the 4th November. I write this so that the people of Tamil Nad might not miss this great occasion when they could express their love and esteem for Rajaji.

T. ANNAMALAI MUDALIAR

Wrong Guidance

Political aims are not always properly understood by the masses. A moment off the track means panic in the minds of the people. Emotion which is easily kindled in the minds of the populace by platform orations ends in commotion. The offshoots are confusion and anarchy. This sort of leadership of a questionable nature often accounts for the havoc wrought in society claiming a large toll of valuable and innocent human lives. Fire emanates from a spark. It is high time that our national leaders of all shades of thought took steps to save the innocent masses from the undesirable consequences of immature guidance and of the miscalculations of selfish fame-seekers who serve only to fan the flame but fail to quell it.

Negapatam.

"VEEYESSAR."

A Sorry Sight

I was very much pained to read the news that the scheduled caste Hindus of Sind will be wearing a badge with the words "Depressed Class." Can a more humiliating act be suffered by the Depressed Classes? When we see "Harijans" fighting a tremendous battle in India to abolish caste for the emergence of a classless society, it is a sorry sight to see the so-called scheduled caste Hindus wearing a badge to proclaim to the world that they are "downtrodden". Is this fair treatment to Harijans in Pakistan? Our sorrow becomes all the more great when we see their leaders like Mr. J. N. Mandal becoming willing partners to this degradation.

My appeal to Harijan leaders like Dr. Ambedkar and Jagjivan Ram is that they should at once make an all-out effort to prevent this and save the honour of the so-called "Depressed Classes."

Alleppey.

KALI SANKAR,
A self-respecting Harijan.

Pandit Nehru has made a vehement attack on those who regard the Indian Dominion as a Hindu State. Hindus who number 300 millions form after division, 90% of the population of India. The greatest good of the greatest number, is the aim and object of all Governments. The greatest good (as Hindus conceive it) of the Hindus, who constitute the greatest number, must be the sole aim and object of the Government of the Indian Union. Whatever is opposed to Hindu interests, is anti-national. The Indian Union which is based solely on the loyalty and political aspirations of Hindus, cannot be anything else than a Hindu State, a homeland of the Hindus, in whose policy Hindus alone can have the deciding voice. A Hindu State does not mean a religious State, in which non-Hindus have no right to exist. But non-Hindus who long for the disruption of Hindu society, and plan and work for the destruction of the Hindu nation, cannot be tolerated in a Hindu country.

Minorities can remain in India provided they behave like the Parsees who do not menace the existence and security of the national majority. It is the bounden duty of a minority to respect the deepest sentiments and traditions of the nation, just as those who go to Rome are expected to do as the Romans do.

Having accepted and acted on the theory of two nations, Pandit Nehru is still hugging to his bosom, his preconceived notion of a single Hindu-Muslim nation, which does not exist except in his imagination. He is planning to create a State of the type of pre-war Czechoslovakia, which will perish like a rootless tree at the first breath of conflict. Unable to command the passionate allegiance of either the Hindu or the Moslem, such a State will be destroyed by its own internal antagonisms and the indifference of the people to its fate and by the aggressive fanaticism of Islamic Pakistan on its borders.

Those who denounce the idea of a Hindu State are trying to break the only link that binds the different parts of India as an organic whole and are

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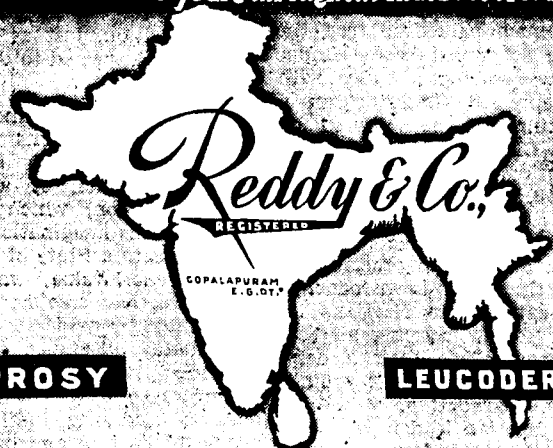


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S. SRINIVASA IYER

From Frying Pan to Fire?

In a recent issue of *Swatantra* Mr. S. Srinivasa Iyer poses the question: "Will it not be wise to retain the monarchical form of Government with all its tradition and stability and power of good?" "But," you may butt in, "there are two distinct royal powers in Kerala." Mr. Iyer has thought about it also. He reasonably expects that the Cochin ruler, being a protagonist of Aykya Kerala himself, will relinquish his throne voluntarily as a twentieth-century Sidhartha.

There remains only one ruler, then, the Maharajah of Travancore. He won't liquidate his monarchical rule. That is, in a way, a blessing in disguise. He can be the sole monarch of Kerala. One Maharajah, and under him, one Kerala, that is the new slogan raised by Mr. S. Srinivasa Iyer!

A vast majority of Malayalees are opposed to the idea of a monarchist United Kerala. Geographical unity and cultural homogeneity with political thralldom is not their aim. The driving force behind the movement is the urge of the people to come to their own. A divided Kerala is certainly preferable to monarchist United Kerala. We don't propose to jump from the frying pan to the fire, neither we will pay any heed to such an advice, Sir!

M. GOVINDAN

Build Socialist Industry

The mass movements of refugees in the two Dominions confront the Governments with difficult sociological problems. Relief and rehabilitation claim foremost attention. This social first-aid may be afforded not with a view to resettlement of the new-comers into the framework of the out-moded economic order of petty individualism but even now the beginning can be made to found large-scale industrial centres on a socialist basis.

Agriculture in the abandoned regions may be converted into collective farming on scientific lines. Community-kitchens and large-scale production through mass-employment may be set up so as to prevent relapse into the old forms of creed-cult-caste loyalties. The start can be made by the Indian Union Government erecting factories under national ownership. Much of the inflated currency which finds its way into black-market can be canalised

into social purpose by the Central Government recalling it in the shape of loans on attractive terms. Opportunity should be taken to retrieve the country as a whole when a good fraction of it is under travail

M. V. V. K. RANGACHARI

Cocanada

"Industrialisation On Scientific Lines"

I would like to point out to you an inaccurate statement about the non-existence of any "activated charcoal" plant in this province in *Swatantra* dated September 6 in the article "Industrialisation On Scientific Lines" by Mr. K. V. Subba Rao. An activated charcoal plant exists in the Cordite Factory with a capacity of about 1/3 ton per day. If the Government of India want to exploit the great possibilities of converting this factory to some useful civilian purpose, the immediate appointment of a *high powered scientific committee* to go over to this factory and collect all relevant data from all employees and individual associations is urgently necessary. Scientific talent and trained

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Indian technical personnel which Mr. Subba Rao refers to in his article, is not lacking in this factory. As a matter of fact this talent is withering and rotting for want of nourishment and encouragement by our own popular Government at the Centre.

AN ORDINANCE EMPLOYEE. (ii)

In stressing in *Swatantra* of September 6 the need to get foreign scientists with works experience, Sri K. V. Subba Rao overlooked the fact that institutions generally aim at giving a sound idea of the principles of designing and a pupil can utilise them efficiently only if he has personal experience of industry and not by his professor's experience.

People like Sri Subba Rao, inspite of their high academic and industrial experience in the electrical field, find that all equipment in a sugar or Vanaspathi factory can be designed and fabricated in India, except electrical machinery.

Incidentally, this type of talking through the hat and trying to perform miracles out of scrape machinery might have made Sri Subba Rao feel that technologists and chemical engineers are no better than his own sect.

India is not now without trained personnel who, though not capable of designing and fabricating the fairylands of Sri Subba Rao, are still good technologists and chemical engineers capable of facing the realities of industry squarely. A decent pay, less of interference and more faith will get any industrialist the right man for the right job.

Samalkot. CHEMICAL ENGINEER. (iii)

Mr. K. V. Subba Rao's reply, on the two letters published above being referred to him, is given below:

I hold the view that man to man the Indian scientist is far more intelligent. The point that I stressed in my article was that for the machinery-manufacturing industry to be developed in India, the main bottleneck is lack of suitable designing experts. As we cannot depend upon foreigners for this designing, we must train Indians for the job. I pointed out that the candidates now being trained in designing institutions are not upto the mark, not because they are not taught the theory, not because they are not intelligent, but because the country itself does not have the necessary designing experience. Even foreign countries like England and America have developed the present standard of manufacture of machinery after a period of 100 years. We could benefit by the mistakes made by others and by the experience gained by others. It is in this connection I suggested that even if they be foreigners, we should get expert designers with practical experience who have already designed equipments

which are in actual working, as professors for the technological colleges, so that the students trained under such experts will learn practical designing.

As for activated carbon, the point mentioned by me was that activated carbon is not manufactured in this province available for industrial uses... Anyway, it will be welcome if the activated carbon plant in the Cordite Factory is developed and run either by the Government or by any agency and the activated carbon is made available to the industries of the province.

Weed out Anti-Social Elements

Procurement has failed, one leader announces, because popular support to the Ministry is not available. Procurement shows steady progress week by week and we are passing the crisis, says another leader. But the common man fails to understand the significance of all these statements. The citizen understands the food position from the availability or otherwise of rice at the ration shop. Guntur has been declared a surplus district. But on many occasions during the last three weeks the ration shop remained closed during the working hours. Does it not look strange that in a surplus district, there is no rice for some days in a headquarters town like Guntur? And yet the rationing system in Madras is said to be unique!

Is it the business of our popular leaders only to make statements that the Government does not have popular support? Let the popular leaders come out and go into the villages and show the officers how to draw out the paddy. We know that in the villages paddy is purchased at Rs. 25 a bag. Why not hunt these blackmarketeers and weed out the anti-social elements in society?

Let not politicians make capital out of a difficult situation and make this a political stick to beat their opponents with. Politicians may live on politics; but let them understand that people live on food. Fruitful action is what is required, not propaganda.

Guntur.

P. SUBBARAO.

SWATANTRA

SWATANTRA is published every Saturday at 156, Lloyds Road, Royapettah, Madras (India). Single copy, six annas. Subscription: Inland, Rs. 20 per year and Rs. 10 per half-year. Foreign, £1 16sh. or 8 dollars (U.S.A.) per year. If return of manuscripts is desired, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must be enclosed.

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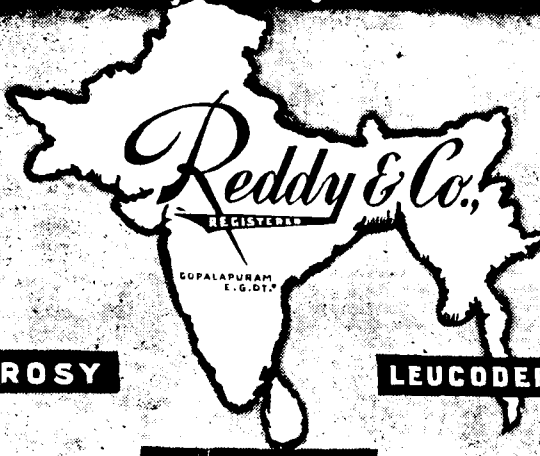
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(SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1947)

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FISHERMAN

—Drawn by H. V. Ram Gopal

SWATANTRA

VOL. II
No. 39

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1947.

ISSUED
WEEKLY

THE END OF APPEASEMENT

IT was a brief but dignified statement of policy which Pandit Nehru made on the invasion of Kashmir by frontier free-booters with the active connivance of the Pakistan Government. That the marauders call themselves 'Azad Kashmiris' establishes a distinction without a difference as to their real aims and objectives. Pandit Nehru's broadcast must be welcomed throughout the country for the supreme reason that it marks the end of an era of unavailing appeasement of an implacable and uneducable foe. What the Japanese war-lords attempted in Manchukuo, what Hitler did to swallow Austria—that is what is now under way in the new frontier of the Indian Dominion. Fanatical hordes, who come to life only when they kill or are killed, are being used as catspaws by astute plotters and spiritual sons of Hitler who are operating from behind a secure, diplomatic smoke-screen. Who they are and what their objectives, will become evident with the passage of time and the unfolding of events.

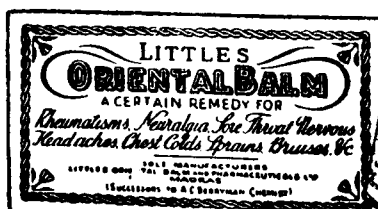
But of one thing, it is imperative that the country as a whole should be apprised with all the repetitive emphasis at our command. The great majority of the people of this country must at once give up all ideas of an era of co-operative enterprise, friendly rivalry and mutual benefit between India and Pakistan. All those facile philosophers who, from positions of vantage, have been lulling the people into a sense of false security by mouthing empty talk of friendship

and trust between the 'two nations' must henceforth be shrivelled into speechless stupefaction. We who had been too long cast for the role of villains by the departed (?) British power are henceforth to be the victims in an unfolding chapter of audacious aggression which will come to an end only after a bitter, protracted and bloody war which may well engross our life-energies for the next fifteen years.

What Mr. Jinnah attempted was a coup d'état; but it was the Maharajah of Kashmir who has actually pulled it off. It is true that a great part of the world's play-ground, as Kashmir has been called, has been over-run, with a trail of arson, loot and death left behind. The latest reports claim that street fighting is going on in the capital city. The attackers have been found well-furnished with modern implements of war, including tanks, with a considerable if not preponderant element of trained personnel who had seen service in the last war. The complicity of Pakistan in this new adventure has been admitted with a naivete which must go down in history as a diplomatic gem. For in the official communique issued from Lahore, it is admitted that the attackers, ostensibly coming from tribal areas, were not turned back because they were in an infuriated frame of mind, and that if they had been pushed back, there would have been an overthrow of the Pakistan Government itself! Never was a more candid acknowledgement made of the tail wagging

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TIRUPUR

the head with the abject approval of the head itself.

But the cynicism of the present proceeding does not become obvious until we recall Mr. Jinnah's assurance to the princes that they were free to accede to either dominion or neither according to their personal inclinations. If the Maharajah of Kashmir took him at his word, he has himself to thank for being hoist with his own petard. But unabashed by such a drawing room rebuff, or rather infuriated by it like the proverbial woman scorned, Mr. Jinnah has let loose an engine of dreadful potency which is destined to work incalculable disaster before it can be brought under control again. For the present position is that India and Pakistan are at war with each other—though the fact is not yet officially recognised. India has committed herself to help the Maharajah to get out of his State his unwanted guests; while Pakistan has equally irrevocably staked its infant existence (it has no reputation yet) on the arbitrament of the sword. The architects of Pakistan do not apparently include students of history or political advisers with some general knowledge of statecraft. For had there been any such in the entourage of Mr. Jinnah, the latter-day Shah-in-Shah might have been reminded of the famous admonition of Burke: "Conciliation failing, force remains; but force failing, nothing remains." Mr. Jinnah has got himself into such a tight corner that he can neither go forward nor withdraw without losing face. Such is the bitter consequence of pursuing power-politics when you have not yet mustered strength enough to toddle in the nursery.

With such patent handicaps, what *could* have inspired the Muslim Fuehrer to emulate his teutonic prototype so closely and with such bravado? This is not an idle specu-

lation, but a very pertinent question which concerns our safety in the present as well as in the uncertain future. We ourselves feel that there are many possibilities which must be weighed with care and expert advice at the highest levels; but we may venture to refer to some of the more obvious factors which are within popular cognisance, but the drift or inwardness of which might not be as readily understood by all.

Pakistan has an excellent foreign press and radio service to do its propaganda with (for the present) gratuitous zeal. The Kashmir 'affair' is being reported abroad as the natural reaction to alleged pogroms of Muslims inspired by a Hindu Maharajah ruling over a preponderatingly Muslim population. One must hear the inflections of the tone in which the 'Hindu Maharajah' is referred to by the B.B.C. announcer or the 'Columbia-system' commentator. The inference is made irresistible that, however regrettable, the Maharajah is after all out of place, and the sooner he goes, the better for all concerned. If Muslim neighbours come in to give a helping hand to persecuted co-religionists, well, it is precisely what happened when Britain went to the rescue of—Poland or Czechoslovakia!

The inspirers of this line of propaganda show their cloven foot by turning the blind eye to Hyderabad. Of the agitation that has been going on in that State, of the Fascism that is exultantly rampaging there, the outside world knows nothing, and is not allowed to know anything. Pandit Nehru's assurance that the people's will will be allowed to have full weight, far from immobilising the burglar, is only helping him to move forward with greater confidence arising from a sense of ultimate immunity.

Secondly, the Indian Government in theory as well as in fact follows

democratic methods. Chief and most fatal of them is the habit of waiting on events. When America was plunged into civil war, the North had not any of the facilities for waging it. It suffered three years of mounting disasters before counter-steps could be effectively taken. Britain muddled through two wars, but our unpreparedness is so absolute that we may resign ourselves to the prospect of temporary loss of Kashmir—lock, stock and barrel. For the latest news, (held back from the Indian listeners of A.I.R. for some inscrutable reason) suggests that all is over—in the first phase. We must reconquer Kashmir, re-establish the status quo, and only then give a chance to peaceful and lawful methods of eliciting the popular will. To do this, we want to build up an army from less than scratch; in this, Pakistan is better situated, for it has drafted the Pathan to do its dirty work. Of the reactions of it on its own internal policies, we will hear more later. But even they will eventually only add to our own headache. For the role of the Indian Muslim in the next phase will be more than ever that of a catalytic agent. He may, if he fails in his primary objective of dismembering Hindustan by his shock tactics, take his revenge by opening the back-door which would facilitate the irruption of the Northern bear and its yellow mid-Asian jackals.

Thirdly, Pakistan has indomitable friends still in Parliament. Mr. Churchill sees in the swing of votes in favour of Rightists an Alnaschar-vision of a further lease of power. To reconquer India for the British Empire, to achieve at one stroke the composite glories of Clive, Warren Hastings and Dalhousie is the sort of harebrained dream which is apt to inflame the imagination of Mr. Churchill. We cannot make much headway without arms,

ammunition and other sinews of war which must come to us from abroad. There is no knowing how much of this trade is going on at both ends of the country. Our initial resources are obviously inadequate to police a far-flung and vulnerable line, and also carry on a regular war. The Nizam's territory seems to be honeycombed with all sorts of mercenaries, and with all sorts of weapons. We devoutly hope that our Defence and Home departments have not been caught napping, and that in any case they would make up for lost time, before too late. For Pakistan has ordered general mobilization; we must do no less in self-defence.

There is one last question which is agitating the minds of millions of people. What is the part which Lord Mountbatten is playing in these fateful days? Is he restraining himself within the limits of his constitutional position or is he doing anything, even with the best of intentions, beyond the limits set by propriety? We ask for instance why he hastened to hold a meeting of the Joint Defence Council in Lahore when it was the turn of Delhi to be the venue, why it could not have been postponed until the Pakistan Premier or his pet kitten had recovered from his or its indisposition, and where was the call for him to compromise the self-respect of the Indian Ministry by such unilateral action? We have to ask Pandit Nehru for an answer to these questions. But his lordship's journey to Lahore has created the impression that he is tilting the scale unmistakably in favour of Pakistan. If there is any cleavage of opinion between him and the Cabinet, it would indicate a far more serious situation than we apprehend; but in such a case, it is better that the country knows the worst. This worst would be a tacit coalition between England and

Pakistan. We cannot exercise it by shutting our eyes to it. The sooner we face such a contingency, the better for all concerned,—though it might be worse for us to start with.

Sales-tax Anomalies

THE Madras Sales Tax Bill now referred to the select committee is a piece of ill-conceived and hasty legislation which is comparable to the means which a spendthrift adopts anyhow to increase his income when the legacy he inherits from his ancestors is squandered by him and when his other sources of regular income are dried up by his ill-advised modes of dealing with them. The proposal of the Madras Finance Minister to extend the scope of the sales-tax and to enhance the rates of taxation leviable under it is the penalty that the public are made to pay for the rapacity with which total prohibition has been introduced into the province and the consequent loss of revenue from excise and the inroads made at an equally rapid rate on the accumulated reserves of the past resulting from extravagant and ill-controlled expenditure under several heads of administration. The Finance Minister is anxious to get additional revenue somehow and he has taken on himself the responsibility for introducing the Sales-Tax Bill which has become a subject of criticism not only by the Opposition parties in the Legislature and the business community outside it but also by some leading and influential members of the Congress Legislature Party itself, members like Mr. K. Bhashyam and Mr. T. Viswanatham.

The sales-tax, whoever happens to pay it in the first instance—whether it is the manufacturer, the wholesale dealer, the commission agent or the retailer—is ultimately a tax on consumers. The incidence

will in the main be on the general mass of population in the country. The prices of commodities subject to the payment of the sales-tax are bound to rise to the extent of the tax and in some cases even more and therefore bring about a rise in the cost of living. The standpoint from which the question therefore has to be considered is whether the masses of the people in the province today—the workers, the peasants and the lower middle class—who are already groaning under the heavy burden of increased cost of living can afford to have that burden increased by another eight to ten per cent which will be the direct consequence of the new Sales-Tax Bill when passed into law. Under the bill many more articles—for example agricultural produce, cloth, yarn, etc.—will be liable to taxation and the points and stages at which they will be taxed will also be increased. The Finance Minister has taken his stand firmly on the view that the tax should be a multiple point tax and not a single point one. This according to him is one of the special merits of the measure.

There are at least five important points at which an article is liable to be taxed. The producer, the manufacturer, the wholesale dealer, the commission agent and the retail dealer represent these various stages. Even when the minimum rate of Rs. 1-9-0 per cent is levied on an article at each one of these points the final rate will be nearly eight per cent and if it is remembered that the lowest coin now in use is the three-pies coin and fractions of three-pies are rounded off for account purposes by the retail dealers, the new rate of taxation may even come up to as much as ten per cent. The cost of living therefore for the large majority of people will proportionately rise.

It is now an axiom of public finance that taxation should not be

regressive but progressive, that the richer people must pay a tax at a higher rate than the poorer people do. But the sales-tax which is a tax on consumers' goods including essentials like articles of food and clothing is a regressive tax. The burden on the poor will necessarily be heavier than that on the rich. The only way by which this can be prevented is by restricting the tax only to luxuries and to non-essentials and exempting the essentials from the tax. This is what has been done in England. But in the proposed bill there is no such exemption though for purposes of determining the rate the validity of difference between necessities and luxuries is recognised and provision is made for a higher rate of tax—even upto a maximum of two annas in the rupee—on luxuries. The least that fiscal justice requires and the Finance Minister and the select committee should do is to exempt essentials from liability to the tax.

The multiple point nature of the tax has come in for a good deal of criticism, and rightly. Besides the usual objections that have been pointed out by the business community this system is defective in two ways in the special circumstances obtaining today. Most of those that carry on retail trade are not in a position—they are not trained—to keep accounts in strict accordance with the rules and regulations of the Government. From this point of view it is best that the tax is levied at only the highest point—the wholesale point as it may be called. The other circumstance is that the multiple point gives greater opportunities to taxation-officials to subject merchants to all kinds of harassment and petty tyranny from which the only means of escape is bribery. The danger is real and not imaginary as everyone knows that today there is widespread corruption in the ranks of public officials. A single point tax

reduces the scope for corruption. A single point tax collected at a fairly high rate at the stage when sales are made by persons who have the staff necessary to maintain proper accounts and who can resist the tyranny of officials is better than the proposed multiple point taxation.

Another defect with the proposed bill is that it attempts to tax commission agents and banks whose dealings are not "sales" in the strict sense of the term. The risk involved in the sale of the commodity is not borne by the banker or the commission agent. They merely act as agents for others. Any tax levied on them will not be a sales-tax but a tax on their profits. If the Government really feel that these are making huge profits and that they are not bearing their legitimate share of provincial taxation, they should think of other fiscal measures to directly tax them. Otherwise there is the danger that they will have recourse to all kinds of evasion. No Government should embark on taxation which it knows will be evaded by a large section of the public.

There are some critics who condemn the bill on the ground that transactions in bullion, in house building materials, etc., are being brought within its scope. This is not however a valid objection. It may be that sales in bullion should be taxed at a lower rate. The distinction to be kept in mind is that between essentials and non-essentials.

One other serious defect of the bill is that it deprives the civil courts of the power to set aside or modify the assessment made by officials. This is an interference with one of the elementary rights of citizens. It will be dangerous to make the officials themselves the final judges when the legitimacy and legal validity of their action

are questioned. Provision therefore should be made for an impartial judicial tribunal—it need not necessarily be the civil courts—for hearing appeals from individuals and institutions adversely affected by the actions of the assessment officials.

These are among some of the serious defects in the bill in its present form. Some may argue that if these are removed the income from the sales-tax may not be as high as the Finance Minister expects it to be and that the deficit caused by the extension of prohibition will not be met and the province may have to face bankruptcy. All this may be true but it is not through regressive taxation and through imposing unbearably heavy burdens on the poor that the situation has to be faced. Government should have the courage to introduce such taxation measures as will throw a greater burden on those wealthy classes who are well

in a position to bear it. Mr. Karanth stated in the legislature that the proposed agriculture income-tax could have brought at least a crore of rupees to the Government every year. But the Ministry is dominated by the richer landlords, landlords like the Finance Minister himself and the Prime Minister. It is their vested interest that prevents them from introducing a taxation measure like this while they have no scruples in increasing the burdens on the general mass of the people. It is possible to suggest a long list of other taxation measures like inheritance taxes and death duties which will fall mainly on the rich and will bring additional income to Government. There seems however little prospect of such taxes being introduced so long as the Congress Legislature Party and the Ministry are dominated as they are today by the richer section of the community.

Sotto Voce

The Corybantes



OF all the forms of social martyrdom to which the city man is liable none is more terrible than the enforced presence at the *arangetram* of a friend's daughter. She is, as all the world has been told with the advertiser's artful aid, the favourite disciple of the famous dance master Oorpurali Nattuvanar of Sandalnallore. And all the world and his wife are there to see her triumph. In a poky little hall up a flight of steps, an improvised dais covered by an ancient 'jamakkalam' full of holes does duty for the *ranga*. It is supposed to conjure before your mind's eye such a vision as

Suka had of the Rasa dance on the sandy shore of the Yamuna, "filled with bees and the perfumed breeze from *kunda* and *mandara* in bloom, the unwholesome darkness of the night dispelled by the glory of the harvest moon."

Only, out of the ancient drapery, very different indeed from the carpet of fresh sand spread by the friendly waves for holy feet to tread, an enormous cloud of dust kicked by all too human feet arises and half chokes artist and audience. The poor, perspiring little thing, out of breath and red in the face, her carefully

arranged ringlets and tinsel ornaments all awry, comes to an abrupt stop amidst her gyrations and doesn't know where to look when in shamed dutifulness we make hollow noises meant for praise. Is there no society for the protection of the child victims of parental ambition?

When we were young it was to the Moloch of musical accomplishment that our sisters and cousins were offered up as sacrifice. The harmonium with its gritted reedy teeth hissed and groaned as they thumped it with unflagging energy and unavailing passion. And shouting at the top of their voices, as if to see who could make the greater noise, they so completely ruined their vocal cords that, compared to their cracked whistle, the harmonium seemed to discourse angel music. And in the process poor Thyagaraja suffered systematic dismemberment. Even today I cannot hear the Bilahari piece "Kanukontini" without being reminded of the maddening iteration that the harmonium can be capable of in obtuse and obstinate hands.

But it never occurred to our parents that as a bait for the eligible bachelor a bit of Bharata Natya might be far more effective than music, vocal or instrumental. Those were days when people were much less ready to invite to their homes the hetaerae who were the custodians of the art. This puzzles and even angers our liberals. They can only set it down to hypocrisy on the part of our ancestors that they should have so strictly segregated a class which they did not scruple to use for their pleasure. They forget that the courtesan no more envied the *kula-stree* than the family woman was anxious to ape the light of love. They respected each other and went their several ways. The supreme danseuse of all time, Kamalamuthu, was a disciple of Muthuswami Dikshitar.

The women who were artists by heredity and training were as a rule reinforced in their devotion to their art by a sense of vocation. Their personal life, if they had one, might be marked by any degree of irregularity; but so far as their art was concerned, it was an irrelevance which neither they nor others remembered. The dancer, in particular, delighted in a beautiful and expressive body because it was a vehicle of exquisite emotions. She dealt with it with the affectionate detachment with which the sculptor handles the block of Carrara from which he chips the redundant marble. Her relation to it was not in the least tainted by the fatal exhibitionism of our self-conscious 'arty' adolescents.

The invasion of the amateur has been as destructive of tradition as it has encouraged imposture. Years ago when amateur theatricals were all the rage they confidently predicted that the Tamil theatre was well set for a renaissance. "See how clean the bill of fare is," they used to say with pride. "It is drama to which we can bring our women and children without any qualms." Unfortunately, it was not only clean, it was completely sterilised. In the same way, it is the misfits—who have neither an agile and comely physique nor a singing voice—that are consumed by ambition to shine as danseuses. They might with far more benefit to themselves join a gymnastic academy.

The Krishna of Brindavan is described as *nataravapuh*; His body had the lissom grace of a superb dancer. And of the magic of His flute it is said that it effected the double miracle of immobilising the animate and quickening the inanimate; the cows stood rooted to the spot and the trees shivered in ecstasy. When He joined in the dance, the Gopis were delirious with joy. But He danced with the demure self-possession of "a child in love with his own image." That is the secret of great dancing.

VIGNESWARA.

SIDELIGHTS :

A newspaper, to be of value, should be a unity, and every part of it should equally understand and respond to the purposes and ideals which animate it. Between its two sides there should be a happy marriage, and editor and business manager should march hand in hand, the first, be it well understood, just an inch or two in advance.—C. P. SCOTT.

MANY are the young caught in the glamour of journalism, but few are chosen. Opportunity in this profession has not kept pace with growth in the number of aspirants. My own entry into its portals came as the result of a telegram from Sri Prakasam one fine day. He had just started *Swarajya*; and it was a thrilling thing for me, a stranger, to be invited by him to join it. When we met he asked what pay I wanted. I do not know how I arrived at the figure, but straightway I said, one twenty. One twenty it was, and one twenty it remained for seven years. Seven years of enthralling toil, at the end of which he suddenly demanded an explanation as to why in all that time he was never asked for an increment. An increment was then and there announced. One twenty went up to two twenty-five. But why two twenty-five? I could never fathom the reason why.

Years later, after the '42 movement, when Sri Ramanath Goenka



Ramanath Goenka

Actually, on pay day I found that he had made it five hundred. Between these two lower and upper limits of one twenty and five

hundred the whole course of my journalistic earning has run. Looking back, I am astonished to find how little money has to do with happiness, though complete lack of it means of course misery in a world where every physical need has to be paid for in cash.

There is no direct approach to happiness. While we pursue our various hungers, often happiness results from the thrill of endeavour. As often, it is gone when the thing sought is gained. Then some other thing is needed to make one feel happy. In the midst of all the fluctuations of mental condition ranging between desire and its fulfilment, the one dependable means for warding off depression lies in work. The misery of the unemployed is not all of it economic. The worst of it is due to having nothing to do. Strain and joy are strangely mixed. There is nothing to compare with the exhilaration of hard work of a congenial sort in the right atmosphere.

The atmosphere of *Swarajya* was unlike that of any other newspaper office. It was completely devoid of any hint of proprietorial authority. Nobody felt that he was making money for another with his labour. It was a common democratic venture in which each felt he was as much a master as anyone else. Every sort of control of which the centralisation is regarded elsewhere as an indispensable mark of efficiency, was here chronically decentralised. Every individual conducted himself as an autonomous self-governing unit. The system worked only because of the enormous personal prestige of the chief at the top. He gave far more to the paper than it ever gave him. Whenever there was a risk to be faced, he rose to the occasion with blithe gusto. His example magnetised us. When adversity befell the concern because of the chaos that passed

for management, we schooled ourselves against wage-mindedness for the sake of proud association with his honoured self. Measuring our plight against the background of his sacrifice, we felt small to think of such things as arrears and dues, until any sort of exacting insistence on payment became coloured in our vision as a misdemeanour not to be encouraged. Some left, nevertheless, unable to stand the privation. The tasks that devolved on those that remained were gruelling. It was in a way purgatory. Every day threatened to be the last burden of straw to break the camel's back. But it turned out to be the best of schools for the hammering into endurance that journalists have need of, to survive. It hammered those that passed through it into a measure of endurance that gave to all subsequent work in other offices something of the aspect of a holiday.

From *Swarajya* to the *Indian Express* was a long jump. Sri Ramanath Goenka, the proprietor of the *Express*, is the very antithesis of Sri. Prakasam. He has a fine commercial instinct. He belongs to the share market rather than to journalism. But he sensed the marketable potentiality of journalism long before the Birlas and the Dalmias and is the pioneer in whose footsteps they and others like them have since learned to tread. He has many personal lovable qualities, phenomenal energy, a captivating affability and a generous reckless disposition curiously blended with after-thoughts of calculation and guile. He is capable of rising to great heights of impulsive public spirit, but the whole area of his thought and action is divided as it were into two spheres—a neutral one offering no threat to any of his own ambitions and projects; and a



Dr. B. V. Narayanaswami Naidu, Principal, Madras Pachiappa's College, appointed Member, Indian Tariff Board.

dangerous one filled with competitive possibilities. He can be extremely pleasant and ingratiating in the former, whereas in the latter he is a ruthless combatant bent on aggrandisement with no mercy for any except tools and allies. He runs his newspapers as pawns in a game of chess with power and property as the prizes to be won. He has brought the tactics of the stock exchange to the organisational bodies of the newspaper world. The scene is ready set for an impending civil war. On one side, the magnates of commerce with the Press as a foot-stool. Ranged against them, the authentic devotees of journalism aspiring to make commerce serve the Press instead of being enslaved by it.—SAKA.



If in the last few years you haven't discarded a major opinion or acquired a new one, investigate and see if you're not growing senile.—Gelett Burgess.



Father and Son

by Padma Seshadri



"TULASI! Tulasi! Where are you?"

Police Inspector Ramakrishna's voice rang out angrily, resounding through the empty hall. His wife Tulasi, who was busy in the kitchen, came running, her face streaked with perspiration. Closely following, came little Shakuntala, hanging on to her mother's saree.

"What is the matter, dear?" asked his wife fearfully. Ramakrishna struck the table a resounding blow with his fist. "What more can be the matter", he thundered, "except that your blessed son is in prison! A police inspector's son and in prison! He is bent on bringing disgrace upon me! Ungrateful wastrel! Not content with making useless fiery speeches, he has taken out a procession in defiance of the commissioner's order, and is now in jail. What an ignominious position for me! Let the young pup set foot in my house. He'll get the surprise of his life."

Having exhausted himself, the inspector sank down on the divan. This was the first time that he had become so angry with his only son Damodar. He had been very ambitious for this son of his; had held visions of a radiant future for the boy. He had sent him to college, not grudging the huge hole it made in the household expenses. While at college, Damodar had become infused with national ardour, like so many of his friends. Gifted as he was with the power of oratory, his enthusiastic, fervent speeches were acclaimed alike by young and old. The inspector did not mind this; he shrugged his shoulders, said "Boys will be boys" and left it at that. But when Damu started his activities outside the four walls of the college, his father was disturbed. And now, when he lay in prison under the Defence of India Rules, his anger knew no bounds.

Tulasi stood tearfully listening to her husband. Little Shaku, scenting a storm, but not knowing the reason, wept aloud and sought shelter in her mother's arms.

Next day, Damu was let out on bail. A huge procession of his fellow students met him as he came out, garlanded him and carried him shoulder-high through the streets. As they neared his home,

they put him down, and after a merry leave-taking, with promises to meet later, dispersed gradually. Cheerfully whistling his favourite tune, Damu reached home. Throwing his khadi cap and garlands on a chair, he called out cheerily, "Mother! I'm hungry. Give me something to eat."

His father who had been a grim spectator of the festive scene at the street corner, hurried downstairs and into the hall. "So you are back, are you, you good for nothing wastrel! Aren't you ashamed to face me, your father! Here am I, striving with all my might for your good, and you think you can further my ambition by going to jail! Listen! Here and now you promise me not to mix yourself up in national activities of any sort. This has gone far enough; it has got to stop. Come on now: not a step further into my house, until you have promised."

Hearing the turmoil, Tulasi and her little girl had hurried to the hall, and stood in a corner, silent but terrified. Damu felt their presence; he turned towards them with a reassuring smile.

The son's reply came, calm, unruffled and distinct; "I am sorry, father, but I cannot promise what you ask. My very life is bound up with India's cause, and to ask me to give up is an impossibility. Please, father, forgive me, but I cannot do as you ask."

Tulasi trembled with premonition of approaching disaster. Her husband bounded forward with an angry roar. "So it has come to open defiance! Very well, out of my house you go, this instant. There is no place for insubordination in my house; I have become a laughingstock among my colleagues. They call me for trying to keep others in order when I can't maintain order under my own roof. Get out at once, you insolent young cub" he shouted.

With a tender backward glance at his mother and sister, Damu went out, khadi cap in his hand. His mother ran after him, crying out with all her heart in her voice, eyes streaming. Her husband roughly caught hold of her and

held her back. Little Shaku was crying as if her heart would break.

After Damu's departure, the tiny household settled back into dull routine. His name was forbidden in the house. Tulasi, ever fearful of her husband, dared not remonstrate. Little Shaku spent her days pining for the jolly big brother who used to carry her shoulder-high and play merry games with her.

Many months passed. Damu did not intrude in his father's house again. The mother's heart yearned for her first-born, her only son. She wondered at her husband's harsh unrelenting attitude but she was undeceived one day. She had cause to learn that her husband's heart, far from being cruelly shut against the erring boy, was in reality, extremely tender.

She had brought him his afternoon coffee. Before he could drink it, however, he was called to the telephone. He went out, leaving his table drawer open. As she had always seen it shut, she peeped in, impelled by feminine curiosity. Her heart bled with sympathy for the lone sufferer as she gazed on its contents. The drawer was strewn with relics of Damu's childhood—a broken toy engine, a tailless little wooden horse, a small whistle—each little article was there. Snapshots of Damu, taken from childhood upwards, were neatly pasted in an album. The pages showed frequent thumbing. In a bag, newspaper cuttings of Damu's activities since he left home, had been clipped and preserved.

So this was the reason why he spent most of his time at the drawer! Tulasi's eyes grew bright with unshed tears. Hearing her husband's footsteps returning she hastily drew back. As he sat sipping his coffee, emboldened by her discovery, she summoned enough courage to ask, "Shall we ask Damu. . . ." She got no farther. Her husband looked up with a frown. "Have not my injunctions been clear enough?" he asked. Tulasi drew back, perplexed. She wondered at this man, who would suffer in secret, rather than let any one sympathise with him.

Some days later, Ramakrishna was rummaging in his wardrobe for a particular shirt he needed. Tulasi was beside him. In a forgotten corner, half-hidden by ties and collars, lay a small complete khaki uniform, made to suit a seven-year-old boy. The sight of that uniform brought back poignant memories to husband and wife. He turned to Tulasi and said, in a subdued voice, "Do you remember the time when he begged and entreated for a khaki uni-

form just like mine? How joyful he was when we gave him this as a surprise! How well I remember his eager little face, all smiles and aglow with happiness! Would that he had remained a little lad near and dear to our hearts! How far has he gone from us now!" His voice ended in a sigh.

The next afternoon, the inspector came in with a worried look on his face. "Tulasi," he said, "I may be late in returning today. A meeting is to be held against orders in the maidan. I am afraid there may be some trouble. If I am late, do not wait for me." He answered the unspoken question in Tulasi's eyes as he was leaving, and said, "If I see Damu anywhere about, I shall ask him to come back to us." Tulasi's eyes shone with gratitude, and she went inside, fervently praying that she might behold her son's face ere that day was done.

A big crowd had collected in the maidan. On a raised dais, stood the leaders of the meeting. Several members of the police force had gathered; the situation looked none too hopeful. A formal notice was presented to the leaders asking them to desist from holding the meeting. The leaders refused; the crowd, sensing difficulties, grew sullen. Dangerous whispers were heard passing round. Suddenly, as a man, the crowd rushed towards the police. It was a case of sheer mob hysteria. The assistant commissioner, sensing acute danger, gave the order to open fire. Seeing the raised rifles, the crowd drew back, puzzled and frightened. Out of the mob, a valiant young man rushed into the range of fire. His young ardent voice rang out, "Comrades! Let it not be said that we are cowards! Come on!"

His death seemed imminent; another moment, and a bullet would have put an end to this young hero. In that split second, it happened. A helmeted figure rushed in, and, receiving a bullet meant for the youth, fell with a groan. There was a moment's stricken silence. Damu, for he it was, knelt by the fallen man. An agonized cry "Father!" burst from his lips. The crowd stood amazed at this unexpected turn. The hurt man lifted up his hands and stroked his son's face. "Damu, my son, my son," he murmured feebly. His voice grew weaker; life was rapidly ebbing away. "Carry on, my boy. Go back to your mother. She is waiting for you," he whispered. A look of ineffable peace and joy spread over his face. Suddenly his head fell forward and he died in his son's arms. The setting sun created a halo round the heads of father and son.



THE term 'Rayalaseema' denoting a tract of territory in the western Andhra country comprising the districts of Cuddapah, Kurnool, Bellary, Anantapur and Chittoor of the Madras Presidency has come into vogue in recent years. It is made use of more or less as a battle-cry by the inhabitants of these districts and their designing supporters in the neighbouring linguistic areas against the Andhras to thwart their attempts to separate themselves from this multi-lingual presidency and get a province of their own. Rayalaseema may be taken to mean the country that was once subjected to the authority of the Rayas of Vijayanagara; but taken in this sense the western Andhra districts mentioned above have no special claim for the exclusive use of the term, as the whole of South India and a good part of Southern Deccan were also under the sway of the rulers of Vijayanagara throughout the period of their rule. It is not, however, in this sense that the term is employed by writers and politicians at present. By the term Rayalaseema they imply that the territory designated by it was the birth-place and the cradle of the Rayas, the home province from which they proceeded to bring the rest of South India under their control. This indeed is the real significance of the term, as the Kings of Vijayanagara first rose to power here even before they acquired Anegondi and laid the foundations of their new capital on the opposite bank of the Tungabhadra. Moreover, all the political and intellectual movements that shaped the course of the history of Vijayanagara had their origin

here; and it was the loss of this region more than anything else that led to the downfall of the empire of the Rayas. The word Rayalaseema is not, as is sometimes believed, new, coined by the sponsors of a separatist movement to rouse popular enthusiasm. It is an old term of respectable antiquity revived unconsciously perhaps by the leaders of popular thought to lay emphasis on the individuality of the people of the western Andhra country.

Rayaseema of which Rayalaseema is a variation occurs for the first time in an inscription at Chinnamudiyam, a village perhaps in the Jammalamadugu taluk of the Cuddapah district, dated A.D. 1558. The inscription is of considerable interest, as it enables us to fix roughly the extent of the territory then embraced by Rayaseema. Aliya Ramaraja, the regent of Sadasiva, had in his service a barber of the name Kondoju who was an adept in the use of the razor, and who on account of his extraordinary skill in handling his instrument and powers of witty conversation gained considerable influence over his master, which he made use of in a manner useful to many a needy courtier seeking royal favour. One morning, Ramaraja, being seated in a chair in his apartments in the palace and desirous of having a shave, sent for Kondoju, and before he could be ushered into the royal presence, overcome by the heat of the morning sun, fell asleep. When he woke up after some time, seeing that the barber had not yet come, he sent one of his servants to fetch him; and when he was brought to his presence Rama-

raja demanded angrily how he dared to keep him waiting. Kondoju calmly told his master that he did not keep His Highness waiting; but as he had already finished the business for which he was summoned, he had left the royal apartment. Ramaraja who was considerably astonished felt his chin with his hands and finding that he had a clean shave asked the barber to choose his reward. Kondoju was no selfish barber. He had the interest of his community at heart. Instead of seeking some personal advantage, as anyone else in his position would have done, he begged Ramaraja to exempt the barbers of Rayaseema from paying barbers' tax to the Government. The epigraph at Chinnamudiyam referred to above is one of the numerous copies of the edict issued by Ramaraja exempting the barbers of Rayaseema from the payment of the tax for practising their profession. As the records of this edict are found in the villages of the Cuddapah, Kurnool, Anantapur districts and in parts of Chittoor, Nellore and Bellary, and seldom if ever outside this area, it may be concluded with reason that this was the territory known as Rayaseema in the days of the Rayas of Vijayanagara. Another important early reference to Rayalaseema is found in the *Abhishiktaraghavam* of Nadiminti Venkatapati, a poet who flourished at the court of Matla Ananta at Siddhavatam in the Cuddapah district at the beginning of the 17th century. It is evident from these references that Rayalaseema is no modern invention of present day political leaders of the Ceded Districts but a term of respectable antiquity dating back at least to the time of Sadasivaraya if not earlier, revived by them to show that they had a glorious past and should be treated in a manner worthy of a great people.

BACKGROUND OF ANDHRA HISTORY

Rayalaseema had always played an important part in the history of South India and the Deccan from the earliest times. The lake Pampa and the Rishyamuka, Matanga and other hills mentioned in the Rama-

yana are all situated on the banks of the Tungabhadra in the neighbourhood of Anegondi and Hampi in the Bellary district. The numerous pre-historic remains which abound on the hill slopes and river valleys of Rayalaseema clearly show that even in those far-off days the region was more populous and civilized than other parts of the country. The recorded history of Rayalaseema begins with the age of the great Mauryan emperors in the second century before the beginning of the Christian era. Bindusara, the son and successor of the great Chandragupta, reduced the whole of the Deccan to subjection. The fourteen rock edicts of Asoka, which are inscribed on the slopes of a low hillock between the villages of Jonnagiri and Yerragudi in the Kurnool district at a distance of eight miles to the south-east of the well-known railway station Gooty, along the Gooty-Pattikonda road, show that the great emperor was as much interested in the spiritual welfare of his subjects in the western Andhra country as in the other parts of his vast empire.

On the decline of the Mauryan power the Andhras rose to prominence and established an empire extending from Magadha and Saurashtra in the north to the river Kolladam on the frontiers of the Chola country in the south. Some of the leaders of Rayalaseema contend, more to spite the people of the Circars than to assert the truth, that they are not Andhras but Telugus. This is quite opposed to the truth. The people of Rayalaseema are as much Andhras as the inhabitants of the Circars or Telingana. Rayalaseema has a greater claim to be the home of the Andhras than the Circars. In the early centuries of the Christian era and perhaps even earlier, the country extending from the Bay of Bengal to the Kolar district in the Mysore State along the southern banks of the Krishna and the Tungabhadra was known as the Andhrapatha. In early Pallava times the headquarters of the province was at Dhanyakataka, the ancient capital of the Andhras. The name of the river Handri which falls into the Tungabhadra near the town

of Kurnool, is quite familiar to the Telugu people in Rayalaseema as well as in districts outside. This river was known until the 7th century A.D. as Andhrika or the river of the Andhras. Similarly, the Satavahanas, one of the Andhra tribes, who unified all the kindred clans into a nation and established the Andhra empire mentioned above, inhabited the Satavahana rashtra which extended along the southern banks of the Tungabhadra and Krishna from Mikadoni in the Adoni taluk of the Bellary district to the confines of Guntur district. Satavahanakota, the present Satankota in the Nandikotkur taluk of the Kurnool district, still keeps the memory of the Satavahanas green in Rayalaseema. The name, Telugu, is comparatively late in its origin. It makes its appearance for the first time in the inscriptions of the 10th century A.D., and is etymologically connected with Telinga or Trinlinga, the country that lies between the three lingas of Srisailem, Draksharamam and Kalesvaram in the Nizam's Dominion on the southern bank of the Godavari. When, on the decline of the power of the Western Chalukyas of Kalyani, the Kakatiyas, a Telinga dynasty, rose to prominence and brought the entire Andhra under their control, Telugu came into general use and was accepted as the name of the Andhra country, its people and their language. Therefore, the contention that the people of Rayalaseema are not Andhras but Telugus is not well-grounded, and must not be seriously taken into consideration.

The political unity of the Andhra country was broken up after the downfall of the Satavahanas. A number of small kingdoms sprang up all over the land of which two or three deserve special mention here. The Ikshvakus set up a kingdom at Vijayapuri near Nagarjunakonda in the Guntur district and ruled the neighbouring territory for a short while. Their authority appears to have extended in the west to Hiranyarashtra, the later Honnavadi corresponding to the Jammalamadugu taluk of the Cuddapah district. They would not have merited

particular notice here but for their association with Skanda Chaliki (chalukya) Remmanaka of the Hir-anmakas, the earliest Chalukyan prince known to history, who held the offices of the Mahatalavara and Mahasenapati under Purisadatta. The Ikshvakus were soon supplanted by the Pallavas who held sway over the entire southern and western Andhra country as well as the whole of Karnataka including Nagara Khanda.

A new epoch in the history of the western Andhra country (Rayalaseema) began with the establishment of the Chalukyan monarchy at Badami in the Bijapur district of the Bombay Presidency. It became the bone of contention between the northern and southern powers more on account of its strategic importance than economic and political considerations. The country was indeed rich and well-cultivated; and its mineral wealth was not inconsiderable, but what really weighed with the great powers of the age was the military advantage that would accrue to them by the possession of the uplands of western Andhra, through which passed all the important military roads and trade routes to the plains below. The power which controlled this area could dominate the Tamil country. This was the main cause of the struggle for the possession of this territory between the Pallavas, Cholas, and Pandyas of the south and the Chalukyas and Rashtrakutas of the north. In spite of the frequent internal wars and invasions from outside, the country's prosperity was not very much affected, as the administration remained in the hands of the local feudatory dynasties, such as the Telugu Cholas, Banas, Vaidumbas, etc., who depended for their subsistence on the fruits of the soil.

THE GLORY OF VIJAYANAGAR

This state of affairs underwent a change at the beginning of the 13th century A.D. The Andhra country which lay dismembered since the disappearance of the Satavahanas was reunited again under the Kakatiyas of Warangal.

The entire Andhra population was brought once again under a common Government. The establishment of Kakatiya power marked the beginnings of an era of plenty and prosperity in the history of western Andhra which continued, but for a short interlude of Muslim anarchy, unbroken until the disaster of Rakshasi-Tangidi in the latter half of the 16th century A.D. The Kakatiyas took a keen interest in developing the resources of the western Andhra districts. They cut down forests and extended the area of cultivable land. They founded new villages in the reclaimed area, and settled in them rayats by offering them easy terms. To provide the cultivated lands with the necessary water supply, they covered the land with numerous irrigation tanks and fed them with water by damming rivers and streams. The Rayas of Vijayanagara who inherited from the Kakatiyas their system of administration not only allowed the old local arrangements to continue but encouraged the agriculturists actively by offering them loans on easy terms and providing them with the necessary irrigation facilities. The country prospered, and the people became rich. Under the beneficent rule of the Rayas of Vijayanagara who bestowed special attention on the development of its natural resources, Rayalaseema became a land flowing with milk and honey; the home of light and learning where dwelt the most cultured people of the Andhra country. The Raya and his nobles carried on the irrigation policy of the Kakatiyas. Large tanks were excavated in all suitable places; new villages were founded; and market towns were built. Cultivators were invited from over-populous centres and were induced to settle in the new villages with leases of land on easy terms. Similarly, merchants from other lands were encouraged by the grant of concessions to bring their wares into the numerous market cities, and purchase the commodities available in the rural parts of the country. One of the main causes of the prosperity of Rayalaseema was the mining industry. Iron ore

was dug up in the hill slopes; and iron and steel necessary for the manufacture of agricultural implements and weapons of warfare were produced in several places. By far the most valuable product of Rayalaseema was the diamond. The diamond mines of Vajra-Karur, Lattavaram, Konganapalle, Tuggali, Pyapuli, Jonnagiri, Ramallakota, Chennur, Kanuparti and Vobulapalle, all situated in the Ceded Districts, were very well known. Hither flocked the Gujarati and Marvadi capitalists for prospecting for diamonds. They leased the mines from the Raya and worked them through their local agents. The industry assumed such huge proportions that Rayalaseema was looked upon as the South Africa of the mediæval world.

The decline of Rayalaseema began after the disaster that overtook Vijayanagara arms at Rakshasi-Tangidi in 1564 A.D. Though the empire lasted for another three quarters of a century, the loss of the territory on the northern bank of the Tungabhadra, and the abandonment of the capital made it impossible to hold the northern frontier effectively. Rayalaseema became, both on account of its riches and strategic importance, the target of the attacks of every invader and military adventurer. The unhappy land knew no more peace until it passed into the hands of the East India Company. The Sultans of Bijapur and Golkonda were the first invaders. It took them nearly ninety years to overthrow the authority of the Raya. Hard on their heels came the Mughals from Delhi; and when the sceptre fell from the palsied hands of the decrepit Mughal, the Mahrattas, the Asafjahis and the Sultans of Mysore poured their forces into Rayalaseema like waves of lava spreading destruction everywhere. Villages and towns were ruthlessly plundered and destroyed; men were slain; and women and children were carried away into captivity. The country was completely devastated; agriculture was ruined; and merchants migrated to places where there was security for life and property. As if this tribulation was not enough,

the Palaigars, who were originally the officials appointed by the Rayas to police the countryside, took to highway robbery and dacoity, and roamed over the land like beasts of prey prowling in the jungle. People in panic deserted their villages and repaired to some fort or town where they expected to live free from molestation. This state of affairs came to an end when Rayalaseema passed into the hands of the East India Company. Foreign invasions ceased; military adventurers were suppressed and the Palaigars were put down with a ruthless hand. After more than a century of anarchy and confusion, law and order were once again restored; and peace was firmly established in the land.

CAUSES OF DECLINE

The prosperity of the country, however, appears to have vanished once for all. Notwithstanding the unbroken peace of one and a half century since the acquisition of Rayalaseema by the East India Company, it is still regarded one of the backward areas of South India, where famine is chronic and poverty and hunger are normal conditions of human existence. This is the result of several causes, the most important of which may be noted here briefly. Rayalaseema lost in the first place its strategic importance on account of the subjugation of the whole of India by the East India Company and the establishment of a common government for the entire sub-continent. As the people of every province of the country owed allegiance directly or indirectly to a single sovereign who offered his protection to all alike, internal warfare ceased; and places of strategic and military importance in the interior lost their value and suffered negligence. The East India Company was a commercial concern; and it was not interested in promoting local industries, specially the manufacture of cloth from which every household in Rayalaseema as in the other parts of the country derived part of its subsistence. Similarly, when the administration of the East India Company's territories was taken over by the Crown, the diamond mining in Rayalaseema

was smothered in the interests of the white South African diamond miners. The economic ruin was further accentuated by the diversion of the trade routes and the failure of the British Government to maintain the old irrigation works under good repair. Before the construction of the East Coast Railway, all the trade between the northern provinces and South India used to pass through Rayalaseema; but with the construction of the railway connecting Madras with Calcutta and other commercial centres in the north, Rayalaseema fell into the background and the coastal Andhra country rose in importance. The Government's failure to maintain old irrigation works in proper condition resulted in the ruin of agriculture. This was mostly due to the rapid Tamilisation of the provincial administration. The Tamils who filled most of the offices at Madras as clerks and subordinate officials were naturally inclined to prefer their own land to the other parts of the province; whenever the provincial Government contemplated any scheme of development, they saw to it that their part of the province derived the maximum benefit therefrom. Occasionally, however, when the districts outside the Tamil area came under the purview of the authorities at Madras, they selected for bestowing their favours the Northern Circars, attracted perhaps by the natural facilities offered by the fertile deltas of the Krishna and the Godavari. What was true of irrigational and other works of public utility was true also of education. Schools and colleges were established by the Government in the Tamil districts and the Circars to the exclusion of the other parts of the presidency. Rayalaseema was totally neglected. It is only in recent years that the Madras Government started, in a half-hearted manner, a first-grade college for the Ceded Districts at Anantapur.

THE PROBLEM NOW

The causes that have led to the present backwardness of Rayalaseema are thus traceable partly to the changed political and commercial conditions of the country and

partly to the indifference of the provincial Government. The leaders of Rayalaseema, who are opposed to the formation of the Andhra Province, sometimes issue statements calculated to produce the impression that the people of the Circars have been somehow responsible for their backwardness and want to perpetuate it to gain their own ends. This is far from the truth. Nevertheless, certain facts which lend colour to this imputation must not be left unnoticed. Nothing has given so much dissatisfaction or created so much suspicion in Rayalaseema towards the people of the Circars as the Andhra University which was originally established to cater to the educational needs of the Andhra people and promote the development of Andhra culture. The name, Andhra University, is a misnomer; it has belied the expectations of its founders. So long as its headquarters was at Bezwada, the Andhras of Rayalaseema had nothing to complain of against it; but when it was shifted, mostly to satisfy the Vice-Chancellor Dr. C. R. Reddi, to the extreme north of the Telugu coun-

try, the people of Rayalaseema loudly protested against the arbitrary change. When the promise of the Senate and the Syndicate to develop Anantapur as a university centre by starting medical and law colleges was not fulfilled, the situation became worse and ultimately Rayalaseema seceded from the Andhra University and had itself reaffiliated to the Madras University.

The grievances of the people of Rayalaseema are not imaginary but genuine. Harsh language and supercilious attitude are hardly the means to allay suspicion and create an atmosphere of friendliness. The future of Rayalaseema is bound up with the rest of the Andhra country and not with the neighbouring linguistic areas. Some people occasionally indulge in loose thinking about the formation of a separate province for Rayalaseema. This is hardly practicable, as its economic resources are not adequate to maintain a separate Government. The proper course for the people of Rayalaseema is to join the Andhra Province and fight for their rights.

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THERE is an indefinable mysterious Power that pervades everything. I feel it though I do not see it. It is this unseen Power which makes itself felt and yet defies all proof, because it is so unlike all that I perceive through my senses. It transcends the senses . . . And is this Power benevolent or malevolent? I see it as purely benevolent. For I can see that in the midst of death, life persists, in the midst of untruth truth persists, in the midst of darkness light persists. Hence I gather that God is Life, Truth, Light. He is Love. He is the Supreme Good.—*Young India*, October 11, 1928.

ART

Life is greater than all art. I would go even further and declare that the man whose life comes nearest perfection is the great artist; for what is art without the sure foundation and framework of a noble life?—*Lenin and Gandhi*.

BEAUTY

True beauty consists in purity of heart.—*Young India*, March 14, 1929.

CULTURE

I do not want my house to be walled in on all sides and my windows to be stuffed. I want the cultures of all the lands to be blown about my house as freely as possible. But I refuse to be blown off my feet by any. I refuse to live in other people's houses as an interloper, a beggar, or a slave . . . Mine is not a religion of the prison-house. It has room for the least among God's creation.—*Young India*, June 1, 1921.

EDUCATION

What is the meaning of education? It simply means a knowledge of letters, it is merely an instrument and an instrument may be well used or abused. The same instrument that may be used to cure a patient may be used to take his life, and so may a knowledge of letters. But I have not run down a knowledge of letters under all circumstances . . . We must not make of it a fetish. In its place it can be of use, and it has its place when we have brought our

IN GANDHI'S WORDS: GREAT THOUGHTS THAT LIVE

Your government may be good, your laws rightly codified. You may have a well-trained militia, a sound national economy. There may be wealth, there may be well-being. But all these or part of these are no guarantee of a really civilized life. To attain the state of perfection or near perfection in which differences based on possession and non-possession, caste, creed, or colour vanish, an invincible moral courage and true spiritual illumination are necessary. A matchless combination of these twin qualities informs the utterances of Mahatma Gandhi.

senses under subjection and put our ethics on a firm foundation . . . Character-building has the first place in it.—*Hind Swaraj*, 1908.

CIVILIZATION

In no part of the world, and under no civilization have all men attained perfection. The tendency of Indian civilization is to elevate the moral being, that of the western civilization is to propagate immorality. The latter is godless, the former is based on a belief in God. So understanding and so believing, it behoves every lover of India to cling to the old Indian Civilization even as a child clings to the mother's breast.—*Hind Swaraj*, 1908.

WOMAN

Of all the evils for which man has made himself responsible, none is so degrading, so shocking, or so brutal as his abuse of the better half of humanity, to me, the female sex, not the weaker sex. It is the nobler of the two, for it is even today the embodiment of sacrifice, silent suffering, humility, faith, and knowledge.—*Young India*, September 15, 1921.

MARRIAGE, CELIBACY, SELF-CONTROL

Marriage is a natural thing in life, and to consider it derogatory in any sense is wholly wrong. When one imagines any act a fall, it is difficult, however hard one tries, to raise oneself. The ideal is to look upon marriage as a sacrament and therefore to lead a life of self-restraint

in the married state.—*Harijan*, March 22, 1942.

A life of perfect continence in thought, speech and action is necessary for reaching spiritual perfection.—*Young India*, October 13, 1936.

Absolute renunciation, absolute brahmacharya is the ideal state. If you dare not think of it, marry by all means, but even then live a life of self-control.—*Harijan*, September 7, 1935.

RELIGION AND POLITICS

My devotion to Truth has drawn me into the field of politics and I can say without the slightest hesitation, and yet in all humility that those who say that religion has nothing to do with politics do not know what religion means.—*The Story of My Experiments with Truth*, Vol. 2, 1929.

NON-VIOLENCE

Non-Violence is the greatest force at the disposal of mankind. It is mightier than the mightiest weapon of destruction devised by the ingenuity of man. Destruction is not the law of the humans. Man lives free only by his readiness to die, if need be, at the hands of his brother, never by killing him.—*Harijan*, July 20, 1935.

I do believe that when there is only a choice between cowardice and violence, I would advise violence.—*Young India*, April 11, 1920.

NON-POSSESSION

Our civilization, our culture, our Swaraj depend not upon multi-

plying our wants—self-indulgence, but upon restricting our wants—self-denial.—*Young India*, February 23, 1921.

MAN AND MACHINE

Machinery has its place; it has come to stay. But it must not be allowed to displace necessary human labour. I would welcome every improvement in the cottage machine, but I know that it is criminal to displace hand labour by the introduction of power-driven spindles unless one is at the same time ready to give millions of farmers some other occupation in their houses.—*Young India*, January 5, 1925.

COMMUNISM

If communism came without any violence it would be welcome. For then no property would be held by anybody except on behalf of the people and for the people.—*Harijan*, March 13, 1937.

SOCIALISM

Real socialism has been handed down to us by our ancestors who taught: "All land belongs to Gopal, where then is the boundary line? Man is the maker of that line and he can therefore unmake it." Gopal literally means shepherd; it also means God. In modern language it means the state, i.e., the people. That the land today does not belong to the people is too true. But the fault is not in the teaching. It is in us who have not lived up to it.—*Harijan*, January 2, 1937.



SPOTLIGHT ON THE



SINCE 1941 four United States Army Generals—Joseph Stilwell, Patrick Hurley, George Marshall and Albert Wedemeyer—have tried to tell the Chinese Central Government what to do. Their advice has not been followed, perhaps for the reason that it was not seriously pressed. Of the four Generals, Stilwell took his job most seriously. He tried hard during the war years to make Chiang Kai-shek form a coalition cabinet with Communist participation so that the united strength of the Chinese people could be used against Japan. Chiang was indignant at the suggestion. The U. S. Government recalled Stilwell. After the end of the war, and before returning to the U.S. to become Secretary of State, Marshall made a famous report in which he blamed the civil war equally on the Communists and the Kuomintang, asked them to stop fighting, and made a frank and severe criticism of the militarists and reactionaries in the Kuomintang who were hindering the prospects of peace. But this was before the U.S. embarked on the anti-Communist global crusade proclaimed in the Truman Doctrine.

AMERICANS IN CHINA

The latest of the American emissaries to China, Albert Wedemeyer, has now returned to the U.S. after finding the 'facts' of the situation in China and Korea on behalf of Truman. The conclusions he reached were these. Regarding the Reds: "If the Chinese Communists are truly patriotic and interested primarily in the well being of their country, they will halt the voluntary employment of force in efforts to impose ideologies." Regarding

the Nationalists: "Equally important, the existing Central Government can win and retain the undivided, enthusiastic support of the bulk of the Chinese people by removing incompetent and/or corrupt people who now occupy many positions of responsibility in the Government." This sounds objective and impartial, but Wedemeyer did not announce his third and vital conclusion; it was left *Reuters* to gather from 'unofficial' sources, that "General Wedemeyer in his report warned of the danger of Russia taking the whole of Manchuria in the next six months, recommended support to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's Government, and urged a multi-million dollar aid plan on the lines of the Greek-Turkish programme."

The truth of the matter is that post-war American intervention in China is intended not to bring peace, but to make the Government of Nationalist China an effective instrument for implementing the Truman Doctrine in Asia. But before it can become such an instrument, powerful enough to suppress the Chinese Communists, the Chinese administration has to be defeudalized, decorrupted, and made efficient and modern. That was why Wedemeyer, it is said, warned Chiang that 'promises' would no longer suffice to carry out drastic political and economic reforms.

But the leaders of Nationalist China do not like being lectured to by Americans, much as they covet American dollars and machine-guns. Shortly after Wedemeyer left China, a special correspondent of the *New York Times* wrote from Nanking: "Politically, the prestige

of the Government has dropped to a new low among all economic groups and even among middle-bracket public officials. Although the Government wants financial aid from the United States it realizes that such aid must await the next session of Congress. What it wants in the meantime is moral support from the U.S. to bolster its internal prestige. Desirous of such moral support, it was all the more chagrined then to have General Wedemeyer issue the statement, which, in the opinion of its leaders, could have no other effect than to detract further from its internal prestige. Despite their hurt and disappointment, however, Government leaders are still hopeful that the U.S. will aid Nationalist China as the only available bulwark against Communism on the Asiatic mainland." They were right to be hopeful. It was announced from Washington on October 27 that thirty million dollars have been allocated to China for relief under the U.S. Foreign Relief Programme. Ironically, news reached the world the next day that the Chinese Government had outlawed the Democratic League—a federation of moderate democratic groups—which is the third largest political party in China. Perhaps this was Chiang's way of meeting the wishes of Wedemeyer who had sternly insisted on 'political reform.'

Meanwhile in the civil war Chiang's troops, though they are under the personal command of the Generalissimo and contain many units trained and equipped by the American military mission, are steadily losing ground. It is becoming obvious, from the course of events in Greece and China, that unless American troops themselves join the fight in large numbers with bombs and tanks, no reactionary and corrupt Government can win against large masses of politically conscious guerilla fighters. Without direct and large-scale military action by American troops, the millions of dollars spent in sustaining such Governments are only so

much American taxpayers' money wasted.

CLOUDS OVER KOREA

While China's civil war goes on, another seems to be in the offing in Korea (the situation in Korea was outlined in the *Spotlight* columns of *Swatantra* dated August 23, 1947). The U.S. has now taken the Korean question to the United Nations Organisation and has proposed that: (1) a Korean National Assembly should be elected at an early date and the Assembly should form a Government; (2) only later should the American and Russian occupation troops be withdrawn. If the U.S. suggestion is followed, it is a safe bet that the Communists and Left-wing allies will—through fair means or foul—gain the majority of votes in the Russian-occupied North and the Right-wing political groups will win the majority—through fair means or foul—in the American-occupied South. Constitutional deadlock between Koreans will take the place of the present deadlock between the occupying powers, with consequent postponement of Korean independence.

The Russians have opposed the U.S. proposal and have suggested that the occupation forces should pull out of Korea right now and leave it to the Koreans to conduct their elections "without foreign interference." This sounds excellent, but the immediate and simultaneous withdrawal of troops will almost certainly lead to civil war between the north and south. Writing in the *New Republic*, Mark Gayn, writer on Far Eastern affairs, says that in the event of such a conflict, "it is felt the Russian-backed forces would win, not because of a larger army or better weapons, but because of the reforms which—whatever the methods used to enforce them—have won popular backing." The Russians, unlike the Americans, did not set up a military Government in their zone. They administered it through a Left-wing political bloc which has transformed the economy of the region by distributing over

two million acres of land to sharecroppers and poor farmers. The impact of land and other reforms made thousands of landlords and former office-holders under the Japanese flee from north Korea to the American zone. There is peasant unrest in south Korea too, but the Americans are meeting it by making wholesale arrests and maintaining a police force which is larger than it was under the Japanese.

Writing of American patronage of political dark horses, Mark Gayn says: "In our (American) zone, we originally placed our chips on Syngman Rhee, a reactionary politician who had spent nearly 40 out of his 78 years in exile. Rhee was brought to Seoul in October 1945 in a U.S. Army plane. . . . When the State Department realized that Rhee's political intransigence precluded all hope of peace in our zone, orders went to General Hodge to look for a more moderate politician. The choice fell on Kimm Kiu Sic, an American-educated teacher, Bible salesman and moderate Rightist. . . . But the fact remains that Rhee, through the unconcealed sympathy of many high American officers, and his employment of terrorism, has become the strongest

man in our zone. . . . 300,000 militiamen are being trained by the Russians. Much has been said about them; but almost no mention has been made of the huge constabulary we are training in our zone; of the private armies maintained by virtually every Rightist leader (Rhee's 'troops' are estimated at 200,000); or of the incredible Korean National Youth Movement, which claims 70,000 members. Operating with U.S. Army equipment, on a grant of 5 million yen from General Lerch, and with a U.S. Army colonel as an adviser, this force is being trained unmistakably for a civil war—and, significantly, for strike-breaking."

Thus the Left-Right polarization which is taking place in almost every country in the world is complete in Korea. Many proposals for the peaceful transition of Korea to freedom are being considered by the U.N.O. But since the conflict in this case is between the Big Two, we are more likely to witness another little comic piece with Russia and the U.S. mobilising their respective ready-at-call votes against each other, rather than a solution adequate to meet the explosive situation in Korea.

Henry James seemed constitutionally unable to express himself in brief and simple terms. In time it came to the point where he could not state the smallest question or command except in such a complicated manner as to be well-nigh unintelligible. One day, out driving with Edith Wharton, he hailed an old gentleman walking along the road, with the intention of inquiring the way to King's Road.

"My good man," he called out, "will you be good enough to approach closer; a little nearer—so. My friend, to put my problem to you briefly, this lady and I have just arrived here from Slough; that is to say, to be more strictly accurate, we have recently passed through Slough on our way here, having, to express it more precisely, driven to Windsor from Rye, which was our point of departure; and the darkness having descended upon us, we should like very much to have you inform us where we are in relation, say, to High Street, which, as you of course know, leads to the Castle."

"Oh, please!" interrupted Mrs. Wharton, driven almost to distraction by this wordy interrogation. "Please do ask him where the King's Road is."

"Ah—the King's Road! Just so! Can you. . . ."

But the little man waited no longer.

"Ye're in it!" he answered desperately, stepping out of the avalanche of words and quickly disappearing into the night.—
Christian Science Monitor.

There's A Grand Misra . . .

home from office, longing for a good

of tea. It's a pity he won't get it because

water in the kettle has been boiling all

Good tea demands freshly boiled water?"



Millions of people turn to tea

for cheer and refreshment. How sad then that so many who drink tea do not know what *good* tea is. Good tea costs no more and is the result of observing five simple rules. To get the full value for your money and the full flavour of your tea learn these rules by heart and see that they are always followed in your home.

THE FIVE SIMPLE RULES

1. Use only freshly drawn and freshly boiled water.
2. Warm the pot before use.
3. Use one teaspoonful of good tea for every person served and one for the pot.
4. Let the tea infuse for 3 to 5 minutes before serving.
5. Add milk in the cup, not in the pot.

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NOTHING SO GOOD AS

WELL MADE

Tea





LOW, Crack Cartoonist

by N. R. BHUVARAHAN

DAVID LOW is one of the most famous cartoonists in the world. His shrewd thrusts and impish drawings are enjoyed by the readers of the *Evening Standard*, London, the *New York Times*, and the *Indian Express*, Madras. What Low thinks is as important as what any leader-writer on any newspaper thinks. He once summed up his views as the exact opposite of everything Lord Beaverbrook stands for. Yet, Low is the cartoonist of the *Evening Standard*, Lord Beaverbrook's paper, which is a testimonial to them both.

Low's technique is very different from that of Strube, Vichey, Giles, Gilbert Whitelaw, Shepard, Bateman and Thomas Derrick. Intellectual analysis and rapier play of wit demand rare gifts of mind such as those that distinguish Max Beerbohm and Low. Max is the subtler of the two. Low is the greater draughtsman and designer. Most of his cartoons, apart from their humour, have rare pictorial cohesion and colour. With him caricature is a lash, never a malicious adventure in "Vulgarland". A statesman who was asked to autograph a copy of Low's book of cartoons angrily threw it across the room. "To blithering blazes with it," he stormed. "Doesn't it do you justice?" asked a tactless friend. "Justice" snorted the statesman. "I want mercy". Another declared

that Low never quite "gets him", thinking that the artist's exaggeration of his chin is a comment on his personal instead of his political attitude.

POLITICAL SATIRE

Those who have perused "Low's Political Parade", "Ye Madde Designer", "Russian Sketch Book", "Low Again", "War Cartoons" and "Years of Wrath, a Cartoon History, 1931-1945" will be able to appreciate the subtle shades in his caricatures and the savage satire in his cartoons. A cartoon, to use Low's words, is an illustration of a political or social idea, served up sometimes in caricatural draughtsmanship, sometimes not.

Low's "Political Parade" reveals his genius at its best. We find the magic touch in the dignified beauty, the devastating leer, the sensible smile and the screaming squint. The points of difference are deftly drawn, the turns and twists of feature, the rebellious forelock, the indignant moustache, the mannerisms and eccentricities of which are compounded the quality of personality. His calculated stabs and pointed attacks with strong cuts and confident sweeps are at times provocative. But they are not marred by grossness, profanity, indelicacy or malice. Early in 1938 the Foreign Office urgently asked him to "lay off" the dictators for a while because his cartoons aroused

such rage in Rome and Berchtesgaden. Low's retort was typical. He invented "Muzzler", a mixture of Hitler and Mussolini, and carried on.

BLIMPISMS IN EXCELSIS

Colonel Blimp is, perhaps, Low's masterpiece. This redfaced, comfortably paunched Colonel who never leaves his Turkish bath, has even got into the dictionary, as "a figure caricaturing an extreme die-hard outlook". And it gives Low, with his passionate hatred of upper-class smugness and intense love of democracy, great satisfaction that his work should appear in a paper that is read by "Blimps" in every club and aristocratic hide-out. Low says that Blimp's fear of socialism and Communism, which are to him the same thing, amounts almost to persecution-mania. Socialism is no system of economics to the sentimental Blimp. It is a plot. But then all social and political movements are plots to Blimp. He firmly believes in his country and would die for Britannia.

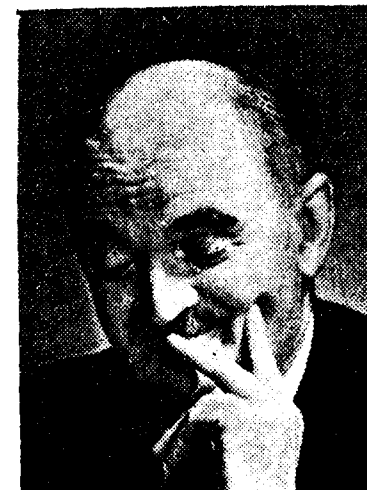
GREAT DRAUGHTSMAN

Every cartoon tells a story. It is an adaptation of line to thought. Low conceives and concocts a pictorial message with a bottle of Indian ink, pen and brush, that is read in a flash and re-read with increasing delight is admirable. His inspiration ranges from Madame Tussaud's to modern politics, and his eye catches glimpses from Seville to Shanghai. Artistically his drawings are more than competent. Although he is no Danmier or Hogarth, he ranks well with Rowlandson, Gillray, Leech, Tenniel and Partridge. His line is broader and heavier than Phil May's and depends to a large degree on white spaces. He also knows how to compose with splotches of black. As a result, there is a spontaneity and directness in his cartoons which is compelling in its appeal. His execution is as forceful as his ideas.

TECHNIQUE OF REALITY

Unlike many other cartoonists, Low employs reality rather than symbolism to express his ideas

about men, movements and policies. He prefers to portray Russia by a remarkable caricature of Stalin rather than by the proverbial bear.



David Low

John Bull and Uncle Sam rarely appear in his cartoons. Instead we have the vacillating Chamberlain, the cigar-smoking bulldog-faced Churchill as Micawber, the pear-faced Baldwin and the smiling Roosevelt with a long cigarette-holder tilted in his mouth. They are all drawn with masterly reserve, yet they are all startling likenesses, caricatures in the most authentic sense. Perhaps no cartoon of his shows this discarding of accepted ideas better than that published at the time of Roosevelt's death. Low drew a G.I. placing a wreath on a vacant desk on which lay the late President's cigarette-holder. And when the war ended no classical figures appeared in his cartoons. Instead, an ordinary young man and young woman bared their arms as they looked at the wretched world and got ready to build it. It is this down-to-earth quality in his cartoons which gives Low his peculiar punch and delight. He has an equal appeal for the library worker and for the reader of the comic strip. His cartoons are terse, concise and to the point. They crystallise an important idea into concrete form.

For all their acid comment, Low's cartoons have usually an owlish-good natured air that keeps them from being really bitter. He presents people as stupid and self-righteous rather than wicked or frightening. Fleet Street's crack cartoonist Low reads all his morning newspapers before breakfast, goes off to his studio in Hampstead, roughs out his own ideas and then makes a finished drawing. The cartoon is then called for by a messenger boy who takes it to the *Standard* Office.

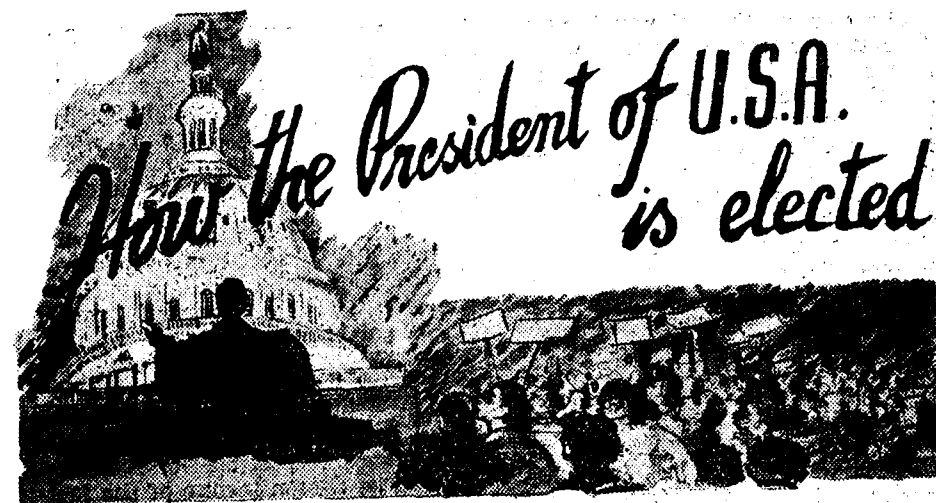
CRACK CARTOONIST

Low is allowed to take his own line in politics. Often he goes against the *Standard's* Conservative

policy, but there are limits and some of his cartoons—one on the abdication of Windsor—were killed. But he is not easily suppressed. The *Standard's* proprietor, Lord Beaverbrook, gave orders to hold down on Abyssinia. Next day Low's cartoon showed three Beaverbrook monkeys with the captions, "Hear no Abyssinia", "Speak no Abyssinia", "See no Abyssinia". His cartoons comprising home and foreign politics make the brute, the bully and scoundrel and the war-monger in us either squirm or laugh. We are grateful to Low for his satirical pen which is more serviceable in our mad world than pages of printed stuff.



The delegation of Yemen, before 92nd plenary meeting of the General Assembly, at which their country was formally admitted to membership in the United Nations.



by Prof. M. VENKATARAMAIA, M.A.

THE American Presidency is the greatest election prize in the whole democratic world. There will be a fight for it in 1948.

Under the American Constitution the President is elected not directly by the people but by a separate body of electors specially appointed for this purpose. Each unit in the American Federation—the State as it is called—is entitled to have on this body a number of electors equal to the number of its members in the two Houses of Congress (The Federal Legislature). Thus New York is entitled to have 47 members on the college of electors as it has two representatives in the Senate—the Upper House of Congress—and forty-five in the House of Representatives—the lower House. Nevada is entitled to have three members as it has two representatives on the Senate and one in the House of Representatives. There are today forty-eight States in the United States. Each of them, irrespective of its population or size, has two members on the Senate while its representation in the lower House is roughly in proportion to its population. There are 96 Senators and 435 members in the House of Representatives. The total number therefore of the Presidential electors is 531 and the majority necessary to elect the President is 266. It is these 266 members that have the legal and the formal right to decide once

in four years who the President of the United States should be. As the choice is made not by the people but by this intermediate body, the President is said to be elected indirectly and not directly.

But this is the legal and the formal aspect of the election. Its real nature however depends on who choose the electors and whether the electors have any discretion or freedom in electing whomsoever they like as the President.

The Constitution has granted to each State the power to appoint "in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct" its quota of Presidential electors. In early days there was no uniform system of appointment. In some States the legislatures elected the electors and in others the power was given to the people. Today however it is the people that choose the electors in all the States and this is the outcome of the growth of the strength of the democratic forces in the nineteenth century. It is the view of some writers that this method of popular election is not in accordance with the intention of the fathers of the Constitution who had a general distrust of the people and that this is one among a number of instances where the Constitution in its actual working departed from its original form. Whatever it be, the point for us to note is that Presidential electors are chosen today by the people.

sisting of delegates elected by these primaries. This idea gained ground with the result that today legislation has been passed bringing within the fold of law these primaries and conventions. The purpose is in the main to take away from the controllers of the party machine the power of nomination and give it to the people as directly as possible. "The primary is simply another name for local caucus or local association of party members, the basic or original cell of party members who meet to designate candidates for the smaller authorities and delegates to the higher, or secondary, conventions, which select the candidates for the higher offices." (The village Congress committee is a "primary" in this sense of the term).

Today it is national party conventions that are authorised to make nominations for the office of the President and the Vice-President. Each of the two parties—the Republican and the Democratic—has its convention. It meets some five months before the election of the Presidential electors. Each convention consists of a number of delegates coming from each State. In fourteen of the forty-eight States the delegates are elected by the direct primaries—consisting generally of the members belonging to the party in the locality. In choosing the delegates they may also indicate whom they want to be nominated as candidates for the Presidency. In other States the delegates are chosen by State conventions of the party. However elected, the delegates to the national conventions are in many cases pledged in advance to support the nomination of a certain candidate.

It is in such a convention of delegates that each party finally decides as to who should be its one candidate put up for election to the

Presidency. Of course numerous names are proposed and elaborate accounts given of the praiseworthy qualities possessed by each of the persons thus proposed. Finally the vote is taken and the name of the candidate is settled. All this indicates that in law and at least outwardly the power to nominate the candidate is not in the hands of a few wire-pullers in the party as was the case in the past but has been transferred into the hands of a democratic body consisting of the representatives of the rank and file of the party and of all other members of the public who are anxious to participate in this preliminary stage.

It is however a mistake to conclude that the controllers of the party machine have lost completely their power. They are still there and they will continue to be there for all time. For, no democracy can function unless there are well-organised political parties and every party has a natural tendency to fall under the control of a number of bosses. But whether the party works in the interests of the public or of a few private individuals depends on the alertness of the general public and their vigilance. It is only where citizens are active and are willing and able to spare sufficient time for obtaining an understanding of public affairs that democracy will effectively function. Otherwise the selfish rule of the "bosses" and the controllers of the party machine will become inevitable.

Propaganda is vigorously carried on in favour of the candidates chosen at the conventions. In November of the election year the Presidential electors are elected, and through their vote, as has already been explained, the President is finally chosen.

Given below is the text of a printed post card which in sheer self-defence Bernard Shaw was once compelled to send out:

Please do not ask Mr. Bernard Shaw for money. He has not enough to help the large number of his readers who are in urgent need of it. He can write for you: he cannot finance you.



It is said that one cannot be a good speaker, and a good writer too. But in Tamil Nad there are very many brilliant exceptions. T. V. Kalyanasundara Mudaliar, C. N. Annadurai, C. R. and P. Jeevanandam are only a few among the many who will find a place in the galaxy of speakers as well as writers.

Among the Tamil speakers, pride of place must be given to T. V. Kalyanasundara Mudaliar, popularly known as Thiru Vi. Ka., for it was he who first proved to Tamil Nad which was then under the spell of a



Thiru Vi. Ka.

foreign tongue, that the most modern political conceptions can be expressed and scientific developments explained, in Tamil as easily as in the English language. For this, he

richly deserves to be called the father of modern Tamil. Perfect oratory requires a responsive audience, as much as a skilful speaker. The greatness of a speaker lies in his ability to study his audience and adapt his speech to its nature, tastes and standards. This adaptability is found in T.V.K., to a remarkable degree. He can excel in literary appreciation and criticism before a gathering of scholars; with equal grace, he can deliver a fighting speech in a labourers' meeting. He is at home, talking about religion, politics, or literature and has a way of expounding his pet doctrine of love and gentleness. He is almost unique in speaking chaste Tamil; he never permits himself any liberties with grammar either for the sake of style or effect. His speech is at once chaste and simple, effective and elegant, polished and purposeful.

But easily the most dominating and powerful speaker today is C. N. Annadurai. His allegiance to the Self-Respect movement has cost him dear, for, on account of his political convictions, he was till now being denied the appreciation and honour he so richly deserves. But today 'Anna', as he is endearingly called, is a house-hold name in Tamil Nad. To him, oratory is a means to an end; and its effectiveness as a means depends on and is determined by the intrinsic worth of the end it seeks to serve. Speech to him is the outpouring of his heart. A crusader against social injustice and the iniquities of inequality, his speech is his war-cry. His style is characterised by a rich alliteration of words and symphony of sounds

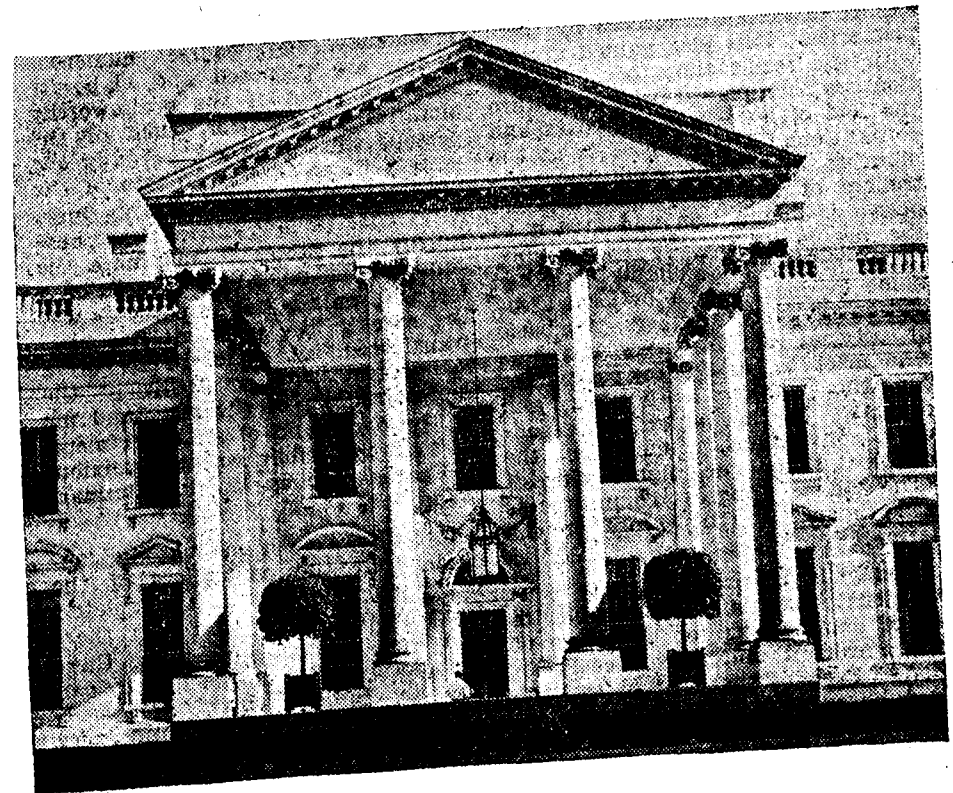
The electors thus chosen have no discretion or freedom to elect whomsoever they like as the President. By the time they are chosen the people know who the candidates are for the office of the President and each voter will have made up his mind as to who among the candidates should be preferred. He therefore chooses such persons as Presidential electors as will vote for the Presidential candidate of his preference. If he wants the Democratic candidate to become the President he will elect as electors those who belong to the Democratic Party; and if he has a preference for the Republican candidate his vote will be cast in favour of Republican voters. It is therefore with a mandate from the people that the Presidential electors proceed to their work. If the Republicans are in a majority among the voters of New York, all the 47 Presidential electors from that State will be of the Republican Party and in choosing them as electors the people have virtually cast their votes in favour of the Republican candidate for the Presidency. The result therefore is that the Presidential electors are just "rubber stamps" and the choice of the President is really made by the people themselves. The election therefore is indirect only in form but is really direct in essence. This is another instance in which there is a revolutionary departure from the intentions of the framers of the Constitution.

No person can become President unless he secures a majority of the votes of the Presidential electors—that is, at least 266 of the 531 votes. It does not however necessarily follow from this that the successful candidate securing a majority of the electoral votes has also behind him a majority of the people who participated in the choice of the Presidential electors. It is quite possible—and it happened on numerous occasions—that the winning candidate has only a minority of the popular vote backing him up. This is the result of three factors. The quota of electors allotted to each State does not depend on its population as the representation on

the Senate is based on equality. On a strict population basis, the small States are greatly over-represented. This gives a sort of weightage to minorities. In the second place each State is a single constituency for electing the Presidential electors. This election "at large" or the general ticket system as distinguished from the district system (system of single member constituencies) means that the successful party sweeps all the representation, the unsuccessful party none. All the 47 electors from New York will be either Republicans or Democrats. It is this more than anything else that makes it possible for a President to be chosen in spite of the fact that the electors who voted for him received only a minority of the popular votes or even a smaller number than were cast for the electors of another party. This was what happened in 1876 and in 1880. This is the result of plural member constituencies without a system of proportional representation. Moreover there are occasions when there are more than two candidates for the Presidency. In such a case the winning party may have not a majority but a mere plurality of popular votes in a number of States, and even a mere plurality in the national vote as in the case of Woodrow Wilson in 1912. Legally the important thing is not who gets the largest popular vote but who gets the majority of the electoral votes. But one need not attach too much significance to this discrepancy between the popular and the electoral vote. It is an anomaly which is often met with in all elections which do not provide for a system of proportional representation.

The question may now be legitimately asked whether the President is really chosen by the people themselves or whether they do it only in outward form while really it is the "bosses" that control the political parties that do it.

In answering this question we should keep in mind that in every election there are two stages—the stage of the nomination of candidates and the stage of actual elec-



The White House

tion by the voters. In a sense the stage of nomination is really more important. The voter can only choose from among the candidates whose names appear on the ballot paper. It happens in many cases that he does not like any of the candidates on the paper but he is helpless. He will have to choose the least unworthy among them, the persons whom he dislikes least. If this is what happens at the time of voting one has to say that the voter has very little freedom of choice. Those who control the nomination of candidates really dictate to the voters what they should do. This is why "it has long been the boast of politicians that they do not care who elect candidates to office so long as they have the power to nominate them."

(We in our country have already become familiar with this phenomenon. The Congress Parliamentary Board sets up candidates on behalf of the Congress Party. Voters may not like any of them. They may

think that a better and worthier type of candidates is available and that such candidates should have been set up. This may not be the feeling of the general body of voters alone but also of the rank and file of the Congress Party. But all the same the voters go to the polling booth and vote for the undeserving candidate set up by the Board under the influence of a variety of motives and circumstances which need not be examined here.)

In the early days in the United States it was the caucus of the legislators in Congress that nominated candidates for the office of President. In course of time party organisations grew outside the legislature and the "bosses" who controlled these organisations obtained a hand in making these nominations. There was however a general outcry against the corrupt rule of these "bosses" and the idea arose that the task of nomination should be left in the hands of the "primaries" or of conventions con-

PRIMITIVE, BUT EFFECTIVE

by M. S. KALYANASUNDARAM

THE Magistrate, accompanied by some Police officers, clear-headed public accountants, stenographers, etc., paid a visit to the village. He had a list of the major land-lords of the place. He called upon Mr. X. first. He explained to him that he would ask him a few straight questions, and expect short and straight answers. The stenographers would take down the conversation. There would be no intimidation; but the punishment would be severe if blatantly untruthful replies were proved. It was for finding out the facts about the food position. A hint was dropped that 'voluntary' surrenders would be appreciated, with no troublesome questions being asked. A few friends of Mr. X. were invited to be present.

The questions were somewhat as follows:—

What is the extent of your property?

How many acres were under food grains?

What was the yield during the last two harvests?

What kist did you pay?

What is the strength of your family?

How much did you keep for household use, farm-workers, seed, wastage etc.?

How much did you sell to the Government agents?

A kist of so many rupees would roughly imply so many *kalam*s of paddy. Less so much for own consumption, and so much sold, there must be so much left. Where is it?

No, no. I don't want to see your paddy bags; I know what they look like. Show them on paper, in terms of simple addition and subtraction.

Are you prepared to sell the surplus actually with you now? How much is it?

To whom did you sell the unaccountable portion, and for how much? . . . If you don't wish to answer the question, I shan't compel you—at present." etc.

Last—"Are these questions correctly understood and your answers correctly recorded. Please go through these notes. . . Will you kindly sign here? "Thank you."

In the meantime, there were Police guards all over the village, the exits were watched and controlled, and the town crier went about announcing—

"All those who have been keeping surplus and unauthorised food grains for their own use against some unknown contingency, or hoping for a high price, or at least a higher bonus from the Government, are advised to realise their mistake and surrender the same today to the Revenue Officers. No unpleasant questions will be asked. If, after today, hoarded grains or black-market transactions are discovered, the punishment will be disproportionately severe, and the name of the offender will be tom-tommed in the villages around. This may seem a terrible way to act, but remember—HUNGER CAN BE MORE UNREASONABLE AND DEFINITELY MORE TERRIBLE."

The result was that the Magistrate had to regret his error in under estimating the number of gunny-bags and motor lorries required.

But let me hasten to add that the above incident did not happen in the Madras Presidency. It is too elementary for the "subtle Madras brain".

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which come naturally and spontaneously. He does not deliberately choose words with similar sounds and laboriously string them into a rhythmic sequence. Melody and music come rushing, to mingle with the agonised cry that comes gushing from his heart. C.N.A. is a wizard with words. There is fire in his words, and light in his fire. Charged with emotion that is seasoned by reason, and punctuated with sallies of pungent satire, every speech of his in itself an encyclopædia of eloquence.

His political guru, E.V.R., is essentially a mob-orator. In his speech one cannot look for the refinement of language, the subtlety of expression and the veiled irony that high-light Annadurai's speeches. E. V. Ramaswami Naicker speaks bluntly; but his is a courageous bluntness. He speaks crudely; but there is sincerity in his crudeness. Behind the ruthlessness of his attack, there is an unmistakable passion for justice and fair-play. Using the language of the masses, he talks his way to their hearts. Un-schooled though he is, he can give a masterly analysis of the most complicated problems. Full of ready wit and repartee, and capable of a biting humour, he is in his element when heckled by a hostile audience or when facing a barrage of questions. In the early days, Congress owed much of its influence to the fiery triumvirate, E.V.R., Varadarajulu Naidu and T. V. K. Ramaswami Naicker is seventy today, and yet he speaks effortlessly for hours at a stretch. He ends his sentences with a lovable child-like lisp.

C. R. and E. V. R are good personal friends, though politically they are poles apart; and often they refer to each other in the most cordial terms in their public utterances. C. R. has mastered a colloquial, conversational style which has a charm all its own; and the parables for which he is so famous act as a bold relief to the speech. By sermonising, story-telling and subtle humour, he dins his argument into the heads of his audience. He draws and holds large audiences; for listening to him is itself entertaining. C. R.'s Tamil

speech is not powerful but is persuasive; it is not appealing but is argumentative; it is not rhetorical but reasoned. Though it lacks polish and perfection, there is a point and a purpose in it.



C. N. Annadurai

Another powerful political speaker is P. Jeevanandam of the Communist Party. His is a forensic eloquence. His delivery is the most forceful, for he uses at least four synonyms to emphasise and hammer down the key-word in every sentence. His sentences are a chain of striking phrases; his phrases, a string of powerful words. He speaks after a careful analysis and pronounces his words with a studied emphasis, while his energetic gesticulations stand out as a silhouette. His powers of mob-oratory are enriched by a fund of literary knowledge; his speeches are spiced with well-chosen quotations from the Kural, from Bharathi and other Tamil poets. Himself a poet of the people, there is poetry in his speech, passion in his poetry, and artistry in his presentation.

These are but a few of the speakers who can hold an audience spell-bound. There is Muthuramalinga Thevar of the Forward Bloc who delivers the most violent political speeches, in pure literary Tamil. Thevar had a weakness for repeating himself; his speeches usually

followed the same stereotyped pattern. But the fluent delivery and forceful presentation would often inflame the masses. Thevar has now chosen to keep aloof from active politics, and has retired into his own shell during the last few years. Oratory is a jealous mistress who demands a faithful attachment and constant attentions. A few years' respite from public speaking sometimes makes it impossible for a speaker to regain the mastery that was once his.

Another public speaker who has now gone on furlough is C. P. Subbiah. His was a tongue to be feared. There is a sting in his irony and an irony in his very appreciation. Just the right type of speaker for election campaigns and party propaganda, he has done much for the Congress by his speeches.

K. A. P. Viswanathan of Trichy is one of the most scientific and systematic speakers of Tamil Nad. He speaks after careful thought and preparation and plans his speech with a clever discretion. Coherence of thought and expression is scrupulously maintained. One argument follows another; one thought is born of the other. A watchful speaker, he watches his words, as well as his watch! He is one of the rare few who never take a minute more than the time allotted to them. It used to be said of him that even before he delivers his speech, he will correctly judge in which places his speech would draw the applause of the house, and adjust those pauses at suitable intervals, to help himself to a sip of soda!

M. P. Sivagnana Gramani's on the platform has inspired the last two years. He is an emotional speaker, who sets out to work up a pitch to a high pitch. He

follows C.N.A. in the matter of alliteration; but very often there is an artificial touch and a jarring strain in it. He gives one the impression of seeking to rope in out-of-the-way words in a far-fetched manner and deliberately knitting them into a patch-work of phrases.



Sivagnana Gramani

In a country fighting for its freedom, politics naturally dominates public life. That is a reason why most of the brilliant public speakers today are political figures. But there are others too who excel in their own domain. Of the literary speakers, R. P. Sethu Pillai and S. Somasundara Bharati are the most popular. Bharati's speeches are erudite and scholarly. Sethu Pillai has an elaborately ornamental style which sometimes outweighs his words. But there is a certain raciness in his style, and vigour in his exposition. He is a keen literary critic who has done much to popularise the ancient Tamil classics among lay-men.

The reasonable man adapts himself to the world; the unreasonable one persists in trying to adapt the world to himself. Therefore all progress depends upon the unreasonable man.

—George Bernard Shaw.

tical worker, etc. The pervading idealism in their narrations is nothing abstract and is based on a shrewd knowledge of life as it is lived by the majority of humans. The weaknesses of individuals and of organisations are clearly and at the same time sympathetically portrayed. The political worker, for instance, who has worked in but is dissatisfied with both the Congress and Communist organisations, says: "The lack of a solid foundation of conviction (among Congressmen) showed itself vividly in the prisons. Except in the cases of deeply convinced exponents of Satyagraha, corporate and personal discipline was liable to break down and lead to deterioration of character. . . . One group stood out as an exception. The Marxists were an example to everyone. First drawn to them by their discipline, I was later drawn still more by their doctrines. How clear cut their ideas were, and free from the anomalies which beset the ideas of the general company! Without losing certain attitudes of mind given me by my first allegiance, I passed into the ranks of the Marxists, as did some others. This made inevitable further mental conflict. Marxism and Satyagraha are as compatible as lion and lamb. . . . Much of our propaganda departed far from the canons of strict *Satya*. . . . I would give myself wholly, but where and how? . . . so I shall only find ease in facing and coming to terms with myself." The narrations of the other characters are frank and penetrating in their analysis of the problems which they (in common with others) are faced with. Each has to find the answer for himself. The peaceful and serene atmosphere of the Himalayas, they hope, will help them find the answer.

But it is not escapism which prompts their steps to high Kailas. In the author's words, "The final retreat from the world must be earned in the world by the attainment of the right attitude to the things of the world, which can only be learnt there and nowhere else." Will Quinlan's book be beautifully conceived and written and makes delightful reading. Though small in size, only 80 pages, it offers much to think about.

Blood And Stones. By K. Ahmad Abbas (Published by Hind Kitabs, Bombay. Price Re. 1.)

Stories written with the definite purpose of portraying (and of course condemning) communal riots are, by their very nature, apt to convey the horror vividly enough, but they usually contain only the most obvious things as com-

ment. The story by Abbas is different; it has for its theme the communal rioting in Bombay, but the author has handled it in an unusual and entirely admirable way. He describes not so much the terrible actuality of senseless mutual killing as its reaction upon the whole mental life of a sensitive and patriotic youth, Nirmal. The action of the story (though the action is the least important part of it) takes place, significantly, not in Bombay but in the Ajanta caves, "three hundred miles and fifteen hundred years away." Working on a skilful pattern, Abbas brings out the contrast between the stupid cruelty of actual life and the perfection of art which is apparently irrelevant to life. Nirmal thinks: "These caves, these sculptures, these frescoes, this art, this endeavour. . . . Why? What for? It was all a colossal waste of human effort! It would have been far better if it had been used towards humanizing human beings—so that they would not be killing each other today like blood-thirsty beasts of the jungle! India has never learnt anything from Ajanta except the lesson of escape. . . . Ajanta is not only a monument of futility but a Great Lie, a forgery and a fraud. . . . No, of course. And Nirmal does reverse his judgment before he goes back to Bombay, back to his duty as a soldier of peace. It is Ajanta—on deeper thought—which inspires him to resume his endeavour which he had decided to give up in a mood of despair caused by the communal poison which seemed to have infected all around him in the city. Abbas reveals this 'message of Ajanta'—of patient and steady human endeavour as the price of perfection in life as in art—in this interesting and well-constructed story.



SWATANTRA
156, Lloyds Road,
Royapettah, Madras.

SWATANTRA
is published every Saturday at
156, Lloyds Road, Royapettah,
Madras (India). Single copy, six
annas. Subscription: Inland, Rs. 20
per year and Rs. 10 per half-year.
Foreign, £1 16sh. or 8 dollars
(U.S.A.) per year. If return of
manuscripts is desired, a stamped,
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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.

"Wanted—Action, Stiff and Swift"

Newspaper reading has of late become an increasingly irritating experience. I may at once assure you that you editors are least to blame for that. What could you do when the trend of events in the country is such that, after perusing the news-sheets of the day, one lays them down with an oppressive sense of dejection, frustration and loss of hope.

I am referring to the very disheartening conviction which most of us have developed that the top men of our Dominion appear themselves to be nowhere near rising to the occasion and doing things as they ought to be done.

While the publicity machine of the Pakistan Dominion is in full motion, laying one charge after another against the Indian Government for having failed to do this thing or that, the replies that are forthcoming from our side are characterised by an extreme mildness partaking of the nature of an apology. Why should this be so, I wonder. Why should not the Dominion Government make it plain as a pike-staff to Pakistan that having released the dragon of separatism, things are bound to be as they are and it is the Pakistanwallas that have to thank themselves for it.

The reported readiness of our Government to recall Mr. Punjabi just because he has been made *persona non grata* by the Pakistan Government is an instance in point. Are the Government of India to go on changing their agents whenever the Pakistan Government develop an insane aversion for them overnight? I feel strongly that the time has come for our top men to leave Pakistan in no more doubt that no nonsense of the kind would be tolerated any further.

The policy of the Government in carrying on confabulations with the Hyderabad Government is exasperating. Why should the Indian Government fall victim to a consuming obsession to appear righteous, generous, and what not else, when the other side is behaving as if it is to have the last word, and if there is to be a settlement, it should be on its own terms. Here is a medieval potentate ruling over a population 88 per cent of whom have no more to do with his regime than wish for its extinction, having the cheek, brass,

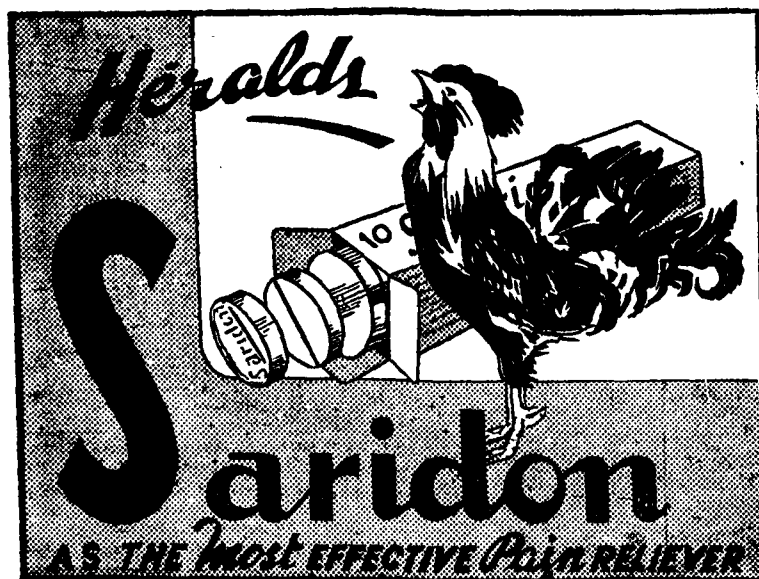
and the impertinence to tell the world that his pleasure is their destiny. Is the aberrated perversion of a single individual to prevail over the combined and cherished aspirations of so many millions of people?

It is most annoying to see our top men mortally afraid of using the same yardstick that was applied to Mysore, Travancore and a host of other States, to Hyderabad as well. Month after month was wasted in the impossible task of attempting to bring round a party least disposed to come to any sort of settlement, and whose sole aim was to perpetuate autocracy till the end of time. What is the harm in making it plain to the Nizam that if within a certain period he failed to accede to the Indian Union, and otherwise behave as he ought to, drastic steps would be taken to set things right? Look, on the other hand, at the language employed by Pakistan to Kashmir. Look at the swagger, the bluff, and the bluster employed. Probably Pakistan will win. It is no use at all trying yourself to squeamishness when the other side is forging ahead and ahead. At this rate I am afraid that the prestige of the Indian Government will not remain intact for long. Valiant Nehru and steely Patel must bestir themselves in dead earnest and prevent the rot doing its worst before it is too late.

R. SANTANAM.

Muslim Leaguers & The Indian Union.
Repeated and violent charges have been made against the Government of the Indian Union by the Muslim leaders of Pakistan.

Take the position, security and the liberties that are being enjoyed by the Muslims in the Indian Union. We have two Muslims in the Central Cabinet. We have a Muslim in the UNO Delegation. We have Muslims as Ministers in the Bombay, Bihar and United Provinces. We have many Muslims in the diplomatic service and they represent us in foreign countries. We have a Muslim as the Governor of Assam. The Vice-Chancellor and the Chief Justice of the Bombay University and High Court respectively are Muslims. Above all, Muslims enjoy peace and security in more than three-fourths of the Indian Union and Muslims are not evacuating or leaving



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BOOKS & AUTHORS



The Menace Of Dollar Imperialism. By A. Leontyev. (People's Publishing House, Khetwadi Main Road, Bombay 4. Price, As. 12.)

The cover of this booklet carries a cartoon showing the dollar as a hideous monster to whom Truman offers the world on a platter. But there is nothing hysterical about the contents of the booklet, which is a reprint of two sober, factual and documented articles by the Soviet economist Leontyev. The first seeks to dispel the 'pious legend' that "the United States is a rare exception in this sinful world, that its past is not tainted with the policy of violent expansion, conquest, annexation, etc., which constitutes a heavy blot on the record of the big capitalist powers of today." Leontyev shows how, through purchase, pressure and open war, the U.S.A. enlarged its territories so that in 1900 it was almost ten times as large as it was in 1776 at the time of the War of Independence. Of the war with Mexico for the acquisition of Texas, President Grant said it was "one of the most unjust ever waged by a stronger against a weaker nation."

Having demonstrated that the foreign policy of the U.S. in the past was not exceptional or 'vegetarian,' Leontyev proceeds in the second article to discuss the intimate connection between the present U.S. foreign policy and the nature of America's economic life. The economic counterpart of the theory of "American exceptionalism" was proved to be utterly groundless by the world economic crisis of 1929-33, of which the U.S. was the main seat and the worst victim. It is the threat of a similar crisis that accounts for the present plan of exporting American capital under the cover of talk about saving world democracy from the alleged Communist threat to its existence. The writer quotes from official and respectable American sources to show how the capitalists' profits have increased enormously, while the mass of consumers have been forced to pay steadily increasing prices. Capitalists make their profits through planned scarcity at home. But "the preservation of these profits demands that production be kept to a definite level. Up to a certain point reduction of the volume of out-

put can be compensated by rising prices. But this method has its limits, beyond which the further curtailment of production would entail such increased expenditure as could no longer be absorbed by higher prices. The swelling of prices leads to an undesirable consequence—a shrinking home market. That is why the American monopolists are confronted ever more sharply with the question: where to sell their products." They have to find foreign markets for their goods, and also for investment of their capital. Leontyev admits that "the surplus of dollars in the U.S. could easily be eliminated were American financial circles willing to grant loans to other countries on equitable terms." But political tags are attached to dollar loans, which are meant only to sustain Right-wing forces as against internal left-wing pressure and against Russia. "The nations have not saved their freedom and independence at the cost of the greatest of sacrifices," says the writer, "in order to barter it away for a mess of lentils in the shape of dollar promises or handouts. Such handouts may appeal to the Greek monarcho-fascists, to the Turkish lovers of palm grease, to the anti-popular Kuomintang clique. . ."

The pamphlet is an excellent guide to the understanding of the part played by the bosses of the capitalist economy of the U.S. in determining their country's foreign policy, and the implications of the present dependence of the West European countries on American support.

To High Kallas. By Will Quinlan (Published by Hind Kitabs, Hornby Road, Bombay. Price Re. 1-12.)

When an interesting personality unburdens his heart and relates his spiritual autobiography, it is worthwhile listening to him. And the book under notice records the intimate self-revelation of some very interesting men who are thrown together by chance on a trek up the Himalayas. They are all pilgrims in quest of spiritual harmony—though their starting points had been diverse. Two of them are Englishmen; of the Indians one is a college professor, one a retired clerk, another a poli-

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their homes from these parts. Wherever there was trouble or rioting our Government has not hesitated to take stern measures. And as regards evacuation of evacuees and refugees too, our Government has allowed them to take their belongings with them.

So much for the Muslims in the Indian Union. What about Hindus in Pakistan? Can a Muslim leader point out a single instance where a Hindu enjoys a high position in Pakistan? Which part of Pakistan is free from communal rioting? Is there a single Pakistan Province from which the Hindus have not come out? How many Hindus are represented in Pakistan services? While many rich Muslim merchants are continuing business in the Indian Union, can any Muslim leader point out instances of Hindus doing business in Pakistan?

Regarding the so-called loyalty of the Muslims in the Indian Union, the recent happenings in C.P. where large quantities of arms and ammunition were unearthed, and the behaviour of Muslim officers there must open the eyes of every responsible citizen of the Indian Union. The behaviour of a Muslim mob towards a nationalist Muslim who hoisted the Union Flag during the Independence Day celebrations shows whether the Muslims of even Madras Province—where they are absolutely safe—owe allegiance to their State or look to Pakistan for guidance.

Retaliation is no remedy and every one of us must congratulate Gandhiji and the Congress leaders for condemning acts of retaliation in India and for stopping it with an iron hand. But I feel grieved and shocked to see Gandhiji lionising and flirting with Muslim Leaguers. Recent European history has proved that appeasement is not only no remedy, but is dangerous.

M. ANANTHA BHAKTA.

Manjeshwar.

Standing Legislation Committee.

There is urgent need for a permanent standing legislation committee to advise and guide in the drafting of legislative measures before they are introduced in the legislatures. Readers of the remarkable work "British Democracy" by Frank Ryder will be aware of the immense trouble and labour taken by such a committee in England and the scrupulous care and attention bestowed on the drafts of bills before legislation is introduced in Parliament. In spite of it, there is considerable dissatisfaction there that legislative measures are rushed through in Parliament. In most of the American States, such committees

are constituted for the purposes mentioned above. During the first Congress Ministry in 1937, such a committee was constituted by the then Premier Sri C. Rajagopalachari and the members were consulted with regard to the drafts of bills to be introduced in the legislature. Several of them were members of the Legislative Council and they brought to bear their experience and judgment on most of the legislative measures.

At the present day, there is no such committee and the drafts of bills introduced into the legislature are quite unsatisfactory. Several legislative measures are allowed to sleep and hibernate. The Hindu Women's Right to Property Amendment Bill is one such. Though introduced in the Assembly about a year ago and a select committee was appointed about ten months ago, yet it has not become a full-fledged enactment. Though the Ministry is prepared to give retrospective effect in cases of measures like the Prohibition of Alienation of Communal and Forest Lands in Estates, which was passed last week, yet it is averse to give the same effect to the aforesaid measure, although the delay is due to its own lethargy and that of the Advisers Government.

Again, numerous rules are being promulgated under the powers conferred by the various Acts, which restrict and affect the freedom and liberty of the people and which are not generally known to the public and even to the legislators. There must be a watchdog committee to scrutinize such rules and report to the Ministers concerned and the legislature about them.

B. BHIMA RAO, M.L.C.

Bellary.

Rural Medical Relief.

The call to the Government and the country to make the people health-minded has come from Col. S. L. Bhatia, Surgeon-General with the Government of Madras, and has come in right time when there is a suggestion to nationalise the medical services. The rural medical practitioner is really doing nation-building service.

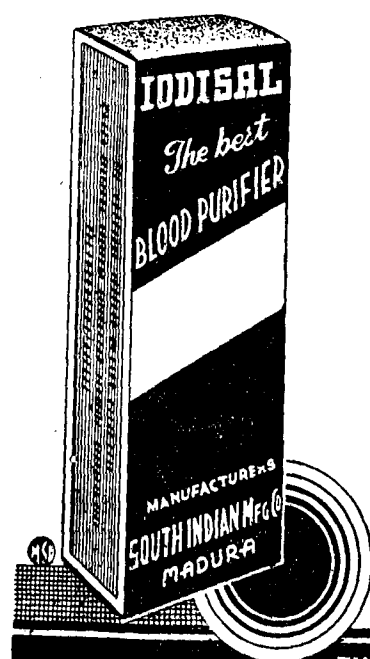
We need more and more healthy men and women than before. Villages are our future administrative units. Life in villages is far from satisfactory now. Health and sanitation are bad. There is none to take care of the people. It is too much to expect the panchayat boards to do it. The number of rural dispensaries is not sufficient to meet the demand. Within two or three years each village or group of villages having a population of 10,000 should have a medical and health adviser. This

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should not be delayed. The private medical practioners in towns and villages are too costly for the villagers and medical bills are the bugbear of even the middle class people at present. The Government should realise that it is their duty to make medical aid free and easy of access to all citizens in towns and villages.

The Government are finding themselves short of qualified medical graduates. Even if the medical colleges are enormously multiplied, they can only produce graduates with an outlook not possible for a village doctor. The medical graduate cannot bring himself down to the simple unostentatious cinema-less life in a village for the sake of treating the poor and teaching the rustic. A speedy and effective method finding proper substitutes for the medical graduates has to be thought of. Compounders working in Government hospitals for a long time do all the work when the doctor is absent. The Government can immediately make a careful selection of such experienced compounders and place them in charge of the uplift of the villages, if necessary attaching them to some neighbouring taluk headquarters hospital for quick attention in serious cases.

K. V. SUBBURATNAM.

Erode

Religion under Legislation.

'The best brains of this Province are against the inclusion of inams in the Zamindari Bill. But our Legislature is running amock. At a time when we have to conserve our energies and progress onwards, we should not add to our troubles with contentions legislation of an expropriatory nature. The present Inams Bill interferes with the sustenance of Hindu religious institutions. Tomorrow a majority of Congress or Socialists or Communists may legislate to prohibit temple worship as unscientific, unnecessary and uneconomic.

If religion should be formulated by majority rule, then woe unto Hinduism!

V. G. RAMACHANDRAN.

Tirukoilur.

Elevation Through Governorship

I was surprised to read in "Side-lights" that "C. R. has outgrown the stage of finding reward through elevation to a Governor's office and that he should have been dispensing gifts like governorships to others instead of being a recipient."

Running a province in these days of food scarcity and riots is not an easy job and no man can be considered too

high for a post requiring efficiency and honesty.

N. R. SUBRAMANIAN.

Bombay.

Royalaseema—The Real Problem

It was with great interest that I read the article in *Swatantra* by Sri K. Sri-ramulu under the title "Andhra Province—The real problem." The line of argument he has taken, so far as Rayalaseema is concerned, is entirely misleading.

To say that the present misunderstandings are nothing but the culmination of historical differences is doing violence to reality. It has become a fashion for a Circar man to pose the question, 'Do you want a United Andhra? If not you are a traitor.' The question they should first answer is: 'Shall we behave towards Rayalaseema in the same selfish and indifferent way as hitherto?'

The way in which the name of Anantapur was dropped for location of the Andhra University though accepted by all committees specially appointed for the purpose, still pains our hearts. If only that suggestion had been adopted, we would not have been educationally where we are. Again, the way in which the Andhra University has shut its gates to students of these parts disallowing them to appear privately for the M.A. degree examination, is evidence of the interest which the builders of United Andhra evince in our districts. When a northern University like that of Nagpur is allowing students from Madras University to appear privately for its M.A. degree, I cannot understand why 'our' University should take this attitude.

Of-occurring famines that leave the people of these parts mere skeletons do not agitate the minds of the Circar people so much as the floods of Budameru river!

The writer's remarks as to our alleged inferiority complex are highly provocative. If at all the Rayalaseema people want a separate Province, is it indicative of fear, or of self-reliance and courage to build their own status against all odds?

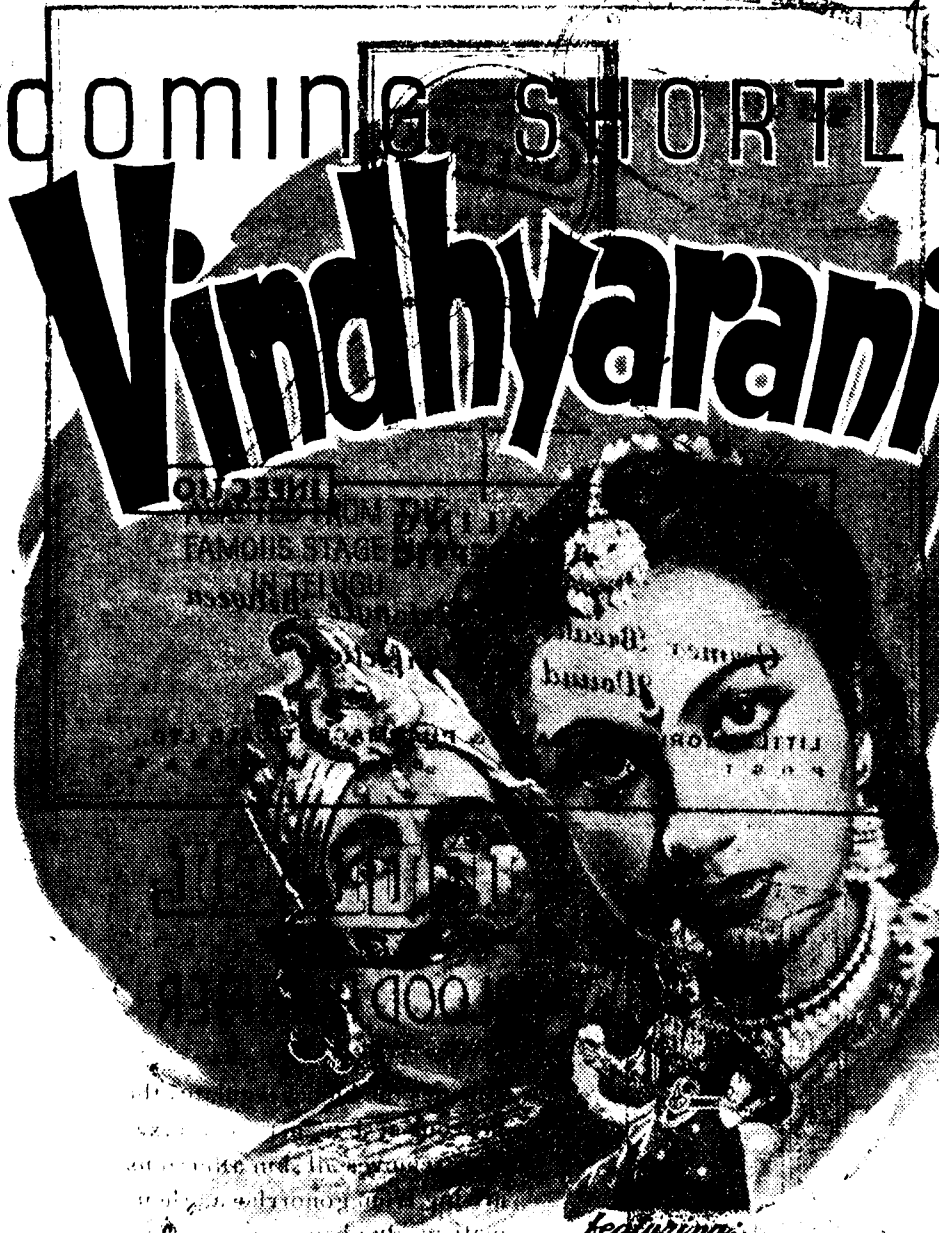
Writings of this kind lead us nowhere. I believe in a United Andhra. But the facts are also to be taken into consideration. The duty of infusing the confidence in Rayalaseema people that they will be considered not as a colony but as rightful sharers in a prosperous and United Andhra lies on the shoulders of our Circar brethren.

Anantapur.

P. NANJUNDIAH.

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SWATANTRA

VOL. II
No. 41

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1947

ISSUED
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THE FIGHT FOR EUROPE

EVENTS in Europe seem to be tending towards another fateful moment, big with potentialities for mischief. The thirtieth anniversary of the Soviet Republics has been marked by the official declaration by M. Molotov that the secret of the atom bomb is no more an Anglo-American monopoly. The first reaction to the Marshall Plan of aid to Europe was the emergence of the Cominform, which is the old Comintern in a new garb. And now as the Marshall Plan is being rushed through Congress, the preliminary meeting of the deputies of Foreign Ministers of the Big Four has registered its first and last deadlock over the fashioning of a peace treaty for Germany. Whether Germany is to be represented, and if so by whom; how many Germanies should be allowed to rear their heads; what sort of government is to be allowed to function in the occupied areas; what is meant by de-Nazification, and at what pace it is being promoted in different sectors; what is to be the future of the Ruhr, of German heavy industries; how to balance the unequal economy of the Western and Eastern zones—these and a host of other related problems have inevitably led to the present stalemate. Amidst all the welter of mutual recriminations, the salient facts stand out clearly enough for all to appreciate.

The dilemma of the ex-Allies is an ancient one. They find that they cannot have their cake and eat it

too. The future of Germany has a different significance as it is considered in relation to Russian ambitions, French fears, British calculations and American dreams. Russia has, at heart, a residuum of her centuries-old inferiority complex *vis a vis* Germany. Although the might of the Red Army was a proven and formidable fact in accounting for the overthrow of the German machine, Russian leaders, being realists, know but too well that their victory was rendered possible by the time factor which was furnished to them by the Allied efforts on the Western and other zones of the war. The resurgence of Germany is therefore a dreaded possibility from the consequences of which Russia may be condemned to suffer even more disastrously than she did in the last war.

But Russian ideology is committed to an appeal to the proletariat over the heads of the so-called ruling classes in the bourgeois countries. In the last two years, Russia has been treating Eastern Germany as a 'guinea-pig' in matters of politics and economics. The junker and privileged classes have been shut out of the schools and universities, and proletarian specimens almost hand-picked from widely separated levels have been brought up the Marxian way as modified by Russian commissars in the hope that the new products of Marxist evangelism might turn out to be dependable bastions of the proletariat El Dorado.



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—by H. V. Ram Gopal

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SWATANTRA

VOL. II. No. 41.

(SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1947.)

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SWATANTRA

SWATANTRA is published every Saturday at 156, Lloyds Road, Royapettah, Madras (India). Single copy, six annas. Subscription: Inland, Rs. 20 per year and Rs. 10 per half-year. Foreign, £1 16sh. or 8 dollars (U.S.A.) per year. If return of manuscripts is desired, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must be enclosed.

yengar who spent a life-time in them without getting asphyxiated, here might be something to be said in favour of the Premier's planned fade-out from the public gaze. Then, consider the objects of his patronage. We know nothing about or against them; but their importation from outside and induction to the highest posts, as though they were like Minerva, fully grown and fully armed at birth, is to administer a gratuitous insult to the grey-beards in the Secretariat who have sacrificed the goldenest years of their lives in devoted, imperturbable and anonymous service. Where was the occasion to slight them; if favourites had to be provided, are there not more ornamental sinecures to be discovered or invented?

What guarantee is there that the entire structure so carefully built up will not topple down in the hands of a more aggressive and idiosyncratic successor to the present Premier? Is it not a sound rule of administration that nothing should be done to provoke a retaliatory, repealing type of legislation or executive act? We hope that the Premier will be good enough to give a reasoned account of the steps he has taken to build up a protective or reconnoitring watch-tower for himself, and purposes which the new organisation is expected to serve *beyond the competence of the existing machinery of administration.*

On the related question as to how far the new Secretariat encroaches or impinges on the other Ministers and their departments, and whether they have submitted to this internal surveillance, it would also be interesting to have more information. Either the new machinery is like adding a fifth wheel to the administrative coach, or it reveals a premeditated plan to introduce wheels within wheels, until the entire machine flies off in pieces, or comes grinding to a stop.

A Lamentable Experiment

THE ways of the Madras Ministry are getting curlouser and curlouser. A Press Note just issued orders the appointment of a civilian member of the Service as the Inspector-General of Police. The appointment has presumably been made by the Minister in charge of Home, but it is extraordinary to find Dr. Rajan coming forward to expound the significance of it to an intrigued public. The silence of both the Premier and the Home Minister on this vital question, coupled with the frankly admitted experimental nature of the appointment, compel us to expose the disastrous implications of it.

The Office of the Inspector-General of Police is one of the key positions in the administration of the province, especially in the troubled times through which we are passing, and the almost certain prospect of increasing troubles facing us from all directions. The police force is the second arm of the State and is the most visible support of it in peace time. In the later phases of the British Government's policy, it was so expanded and perfected as to become a military weapon in all but name. While it is no doubt true that at one stage, the old order of civilian was found at the head of the department, this experiment was given up almost 30 years ago in the light of the changing requirements of provincial law and order.

What we cannot understand is why an outmoded and forgotten principle should be invoked at this critical juncture of our provincial history? The work of co-ordinating the movements pertaining to the police force is essentially a military or quasi-military assignment. What the equipment of any civilian can be to tackle this problem under the conditions of a potential military emergency is a matter on which the Ministry has not cared to throw any

light. In the absence of such reassuring information, we cannot resist the conclusion that at Ministerial levels, there is a deplorable exhibition of irresponsibility and a reckless spirit of experiment in matters connected with the lives and fortunes of millions.

Then again, if a civilian had to be appointed, are we at least certain that we have got the best of them? Is there anything on record to show that the present nominee of the Government in respect of this appointment, has shown any bias or predilection or aptitude for blossoming forth as a military commander overnight? For, we cannot too much emphasise the fact that the co-ordination of the police force is not through the files of the Secretariat, but in groups and masses of men, with all the equipment of a modern mechanised army. Last and most disquieting of all is the intrusion of Dr. Rajan in a field which does not belong to him,—and even more topsy-turvy—the amazing silence of the Premier and the tacit acquiescence of the Home Minister in this unprecedented situation. Dr. Rajan's sphere of activity in the Ministry had but recently undergone an abridgement which was received with general satisfaction by the concerned interests. His handling of the labour problem has been marked by a flabby nervelessness which has exasperated friend and foe alike.

But the most dangerous consequences of the new experiment are likely to be discontent and a lower-

ing in the morale of the police force itself. Every limb of administration, every branch of Government, has its own individuality and *esprit de corps*; and individual and group loyalties naturally and inevitably centre round the more dominant personalities in them. The supersession of one popular officer, the studied neglect of one able man, or the pulling down of one potential leader, not only introduces an element of uncertainty in the normal functioning of any cadre of public servants, but provides ample scope for the growth of internal discord and discontent, disillusion and disgust, which will sap the strength and solidarity of the service itself. How far these larger considerations have been kept in view in the latest and most lamentable of ministerial experiments is a matter on which any light may be thrown only later on, when perhaps it might well prove to be too late.

Before we come to that pass, may we therefore appeal once again to the Ministry as a whole, to discuss this subject as involving a matter of major policy, and arrive at a Cabinet decision reversing the act, which seems to have been decided upon in a hole and corner fashion. We make this appeal specially to the Premier, as we believe it is a case in which he has to exercise his leadership in a matter that affects the security of the province as a whole. No personalities, either of colleagues or of subordinates should be allowed to influence his judgment on this important and vital question.

We are all much of a muchness between our knees and our navels. Physical appetites are common to us all; it is in our heads that we differ. Thus a paper which aims solely at the largest possible circulation neglects opinions and ideas, which divide us, and concentrates, both in pictures and in news, on the more primitive and universal attributes of human nature.—
Kingsley Martin.

Sotto Voce

Patriots In A Pet



WINSTON Churchill has met his Waterloo in Salem. Thanks to one of those unpredictable revulsions of feeling to which his foggy isle is susceptible he may some day stage a come-back at No. 10, Downing Street. But Salem has taken him down from his peg once for all. When Salem (Mass.) gave John Bull his marching orders, it did not jettison with the last Governor-General the portraits of his predecessors. But our own Salem's chaste municipal precincts have voided cheeky Winston, cigar and all, though craven Banqueting Hall may continue to keep its mouldy pictures of Old Qui hais.

It is not stated how the unwanted thing got into the civic sanctum. It must have been set up when in the first flush of war we were all in a violently co-operative mood. At least I hope so; if it were otherwise, some bright official of the Finance Department might suggest, following precedent, that the Salem Council should be surcharged for (1) having in the first instance incurred expenditure on a portrait of Mr. Churchill which a Congress Government could have never sanctioned, and (2) throwing away a piece of municipal property in a huff. In any case the Government of Madras must make due allowance for Salem's exalted mood, seeing that she has just given us our "first" Indian Governor-General.

Salem's example may be infectious—but on second thoughts I am not so sure. Look at what has happened to those blessed "titles". For a few

days before and after August 15, titled India was in a paroxysm of renunciation. From belted Knights to routine Rao Sahebs, they were all clamouring for space in the newspapers to tell the world how with the dawn of Independence they found that what had seemed an aureole was now a girdle of flame that burned their brows. The Press was very obliging for a few days; but when the novelty had worn off its hospitality dwindled to a trickle and then dried up completely.

That was the signal for a reaction. When nobody seemed to appreciate the sacrifice there was no point in making it. After all the 'Honour' had in so many cases been so dearly purchased and had among unsuccessful rivals caused so much heart-burning. Those who had committed the irrevocable step of writing to the District Magistrate but had not changed their visiting cards therefore went on using the old cards in a fit of absent-mindedness. Others who, combining economy with patriotic zeal, had merely blacked out the honorary prefix but had not crossed the Rubicon quietly got themselves a new set of cards. And the wary old foxes who had managed to keep both their titles and the Congress patronage looked with amused pity on the predicament of the precipitate.

The Neill statue satyagraha had propaganda value. But when after August 15 some unknown boor thought he would get even with Britain by chopping a bit off the

Munro statue, one of the few memorials in this country which are authentic works of art, he was being guilty of that furtive meanness which is far worse than silly bravado. The vandal who covered Epstein's Rima with a coat of green paint had at least the excuse that he did not like it. But the fanatical atheists who some years ago sneaked round the countryside and damaged the images in the temples were merely proclaiming the barbarism of their negative creed.

In moments of excitement men do many things of which they are secretly ashamed afterwards. But for adults to indulge in high jinks as a matter of policy would be unforgivable puerility. Even so, to think that by taking down statues and portraits we shall wipe out an unpleasant past is to confess our rawness. There is nothing more depressing than this deeply-ingrained habit of nursing ancient grievances. "Death puts an end to all quarrels," said Sri Ramachandra. The widow who, decades after the

sad event, utters for the dear departed as if her heart would break, cannot abide, be sure, the present felicity of the daughter-in-law.

Viswamitra, as readers of the Ramayana know, was a man with a history. And when Ahalya's grateful son Satananda regaled King Janaka and the sons of Dasaratha with the heroic exploits and the mighty vicissitudes in that life, the tale did not lack spice in the telling. There were certain episodes with Rambha, Menaka and such like of which poltroons like you and me might not have relished being reminded in company. And even the quarrel with Vasishta must have seemed rather absurd in the retrospect. But Viswamitra did not, by so much as turning a hair, indicate that the story touched him in any way; he listened as if it were some ancient lay, composed, impersonal, serene. Let India learn to look at her past likewise. She must be true to her Brahmarshis.

VIGHNESWARA.



Photograph taken on the occasion of Pandit Nehru's recent visit to Kashmir. Seated from left to right in the picture are: Sardar Baldev Singh, the Maharajah of Kashmir, Sheik Abdullah and Pandit Nehru.

But from many indirect hints, it seems to be fairly obvious that the experiment has proved a failure, that the German has proved an intractable pupil, and that he is still deeply bitten by the virus of nationalism. Outwardly, he is towing the line marked out for him by his accidental masters; but as dependable material, he seems to have been written off.

In the Western sectors, the attempt has been made to bring into existence a countervailing force to act as shock absorber to the proletarian experiments that are going on in the Eastern sector. It is Mr. Churchill's philosophy that is inspiring the actions of the Governments in occupation. A merger has already taken place between the British and American zones, and what brought it about was that the costs of occupation began to put Britain on short commons. Sir Stafford's ascetic appeals have not been inspired by any metaphysical doctrine of renunciation as the secret of happiness, but by the prosaic fact that to keep down Germans, you have to mount guard over them, and to mount guard over them, you need an army which has to be fed and clothed and kept in good trim. To make the Germans pay for the costs of the occupying powers would be the simplest thing to do; but to do that would be to put in the hands of the still hated and dreaded Germans the means of perfecting weapons of war as well. Hence it was decided to dismantle the industries and manufacturing plants of the Western half of Germany, which, in normal peace times, contributed almost 20 to 30 per cent of the world's demand in heavy goods. To keep the Germans idle thus becomes another exhibition of the impulse to cut off one's nose with a view to spite one's face. On top of all, remains the fact that Western Germany is a deficit area in regard to food production.

Wherefore, the Allies were caught between the devil and the deep sea.

When Britain gave notice to quit Germany, America had to come forward with offers to merge the two zones, and foot the bill indirectly by allowing England to effect other economies through retrenching dollar deals. A plan for socialising German industry is France's solution, wherever she finds herself unable to secure the absorption of ex-German areas in the French economic orbit. Socialism is suspect in the eyes of American paymasters, while 'free enterprise' applied to the Ruhr or Saar Basin is enough to make France shake in her shoes.

It is in this extraordinary situation that the deadlock has been announced in the progress of the talks among the deputies of the Big Four. What is the alternative solution? America has been discreetly preparing the ground for signing a separate peace with the Western half of Germany. France, about to get her share of the subvention promised in the Marshall Plan, will have to swallow both that loan and the terms of a peace treaty which would enable Western Germany to become the outpost of the Western bloc. The powerful Communist bloc in France has not so far cared to define its stand in regard to the French attitude to defeated Germany. If anything, stray indications suggest that the Communist Party is likely to take the extreme nationalist line in calling for a peace in which French security against potential German aggression will almost certainly be the decisive factor. The Soviet's reply to this could be nothing else but to be prepared for war while weakening the Western democracies by calling them names, and encouraging the minority of leftist opinion in them to provide the discordant and disturbing element.

American aid could have been rejected as superfluous if only the victory of the Allies had not been so crushing; for then the megalomaniacal visions of a permanently debilitated Germany, and a chronically pauperised stock of people need not have been indulged in, and would not have been made principles of high policy.

In short, the fortuitous coming of Freedom to India is being offset by the methodical and cynical enslavement and brutalising of Germany out of a shortsighted notion that only thus could the safety and peace of Europe be ensured. As a matter of fact, the policies adopted since V-E Day have rendered the recovery of Europe in the near future an utter impossibility. Although everybody says that another war would be too dreadful to contemplate, that is what is precisely being done everywhere. All the loose-ends that were left have become live-wires, short-circuiting the prospects of peace not only in Europe but also in the Middle East, in India, in China and in the Far East.

Wheels Within Wheels?

FALSTAFF fabricated out of the plenitude of his fertile fancy 'a buckram army' which he accounted for single-handed in proof of his much-doubted valour. He went about his task with a brazen effrontery which disarmed his most censorious critics. But in the sequel no further mischief was done by such a crude experiment with truth. What he created out of nothing went back to the airy nothings of imagination which are a permanent addition to the world's artistic stock.

We are however not so sure whether our Premier's trick in the reverse direction will merit such praise. For, starting with nothing, he has within less than six months,

buttressed himself with an exclusive Secretariat with a Chief Secretary and the usual paraphernalia, stretched out in parallel perfection to other wings of the Secretariat as it has been known all these years. The silence as well as the speed with which the miracle has been wrought recalls the facile perfection of the 'mango-trick' of the ordinary street juggler. When he made his first personal staff appointment, we had occasion to criticise it for its inadequacy and impropriety. But he has gone on undeterred, and has now a whole hierarchy at his beck and call. We fail to see the necessity for such a duplication of bureaucratic machinery by a popular Minister, and would urge the following considerations against it.

Dependence on a bureaucratic machine is a sign of diffidence in a popular Minister or of distrust in the servants employed to implement policy. It is tantamount to the setting up of a C.I.D. over the departments themselves. It will lead to friction or heartburning or holding up of papers, and delay expeditious action. With the now widely admitted unpreparedness of the Premier to face the Assembly, and his conspicuously continuing absence from the Treasury benches, he is unknowingly contributing to the decline of the prestige of the parliamentary method of government. Isolating himself from the currents of the Legislative Assembly, he is losing more than gaining in the all-round appreciation of public questions which the method of discussion has ever been known to promote. To burrow in files, like the mole underground, is unprofitable for a Minister who derives his sanctions from the suffrages of the people. To grow two files out of one is an unnatural kind of zeal for a leader of the people. If the Premier had been an administrator conversant with the vagaries of files like, shall we say Mr. N. Gopalaswamy

BRITISH MONARCHY: SECRET OF ITS STABILITY

by Prof. R. J. VENKATESWARAN, M.A.

THIS is an age of republics. Monarchy has been abolished in most countries and wherever it survives, its position is being assailed by powerful revolutionary forces. England is the only big country which still preserves the institution of monarchy. Englishmen have often suggested the abolition of the House of Lords but they have never thought of doing away with the monarchy. When Edward VIII abdicated in 1936 some people thought that the position of the monarchy had been weakened. But subsequent events have shown that they were mistaken. George VI has proved himself to be a most successful and popular monarch. "Never since the reign of James I", says a recent writer on the English Constitution, "has the British throne been safer than it is to-day and never in its history has the British Crown been more esteemed."

It will therefore be interesting to study the position of the King in the British constitutional system to-day. Such a study will be all the more useful to us since our leaders have been asking the Princes to follow the example of the English King.

The English King performs now only one function of primary importance and that is the selection of the Prime Minister. In every constitution based on the principles of responsible government there should be somebody to take the initiative to form a new Government when a gap occurs owing to the resignation of a Ministry and in England this initiative is taken by the King. In early days the King had an effective choice in the selection of the Prime Minister but nowadays the party system has developed in such a way that the King has no other choice but to invite the leader of the incoming

party and ask him to form the ministry.

It will be a mistake, however, to suppose that the English monarchy is a meaningless and moribund institution. The King still serves a very useful function as "a symbol of unity, a magnet of loyalty and a centre of ceremony". He and the important members of the royal family have to perform a number of social functions as well. "They not only head subscription lists and appear on State occasions; they must also inspect this and that, open this and that, lay this stone and that and perform a thousand other tasks in a blaze of publicity".

We may attribute the stability of the British monarchy to three important reasons. Firstly, the continuance of the monarchy has in no way prevented the progressive development of democratic government. On the other hand, monarchy has given stability, continuity, unity and balance to the English constitution. Secondly, the royal establishment costs England only a small fraction of one per cent of the annual British budget. Thirdly, the smooth working of the Cabinet system requires the presence of some dignified and detached person at the head of the administration and so, even if monarchy is abolished, provision has to be made for an elected President. Such a step will naturally create all sorts of troubles regarding his status, powers, etc., and moreover, "no President or other head of the State different from a King could possibly so well serve the purposes of a symbol at home and throughout the Empire".

It is weighty reasons such as these that make Englishmen consider the abolition of the monarchy as unwise and undesirable. They therefore like England to continue, as at present, a "crowned republic".

THE PAST *Awakened*

by RADHA ISWARAN

Twenty-five years ago! Only yesterday twenty-five years was a quarter of a century—so infinitely removed from the present! Today? It seems but yesterday and the real yesterday a pleasant dream from which I have been rudely awakened by some monstrous hand.

Oh Providence, that veils the future from our eyes, that permits us no inkling of what that ever moving finger is about to write! Was it thus Thou planned my future, wrote Thy judgement on me? Was it thus that Nature, the mother of all living things, remembered something I regarded as so fugitive? Nurtured a carelessly cast seed to spring forth a tree of remembrance and then to offer me of its bitter fruit.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, I was young, handsome, hot headed, and madly in love with my beautiful cousin Uma.

My parents had other views to which I could not bring myself to subscribe. Poised for flight on the edge of the parental nest this gave me just the last push required to send me off. I left, to roam the wide world, with empty pockets and a heart full of anger against my parents, and a consuming passion for my lovely Uma.

A friend of mine was going to Rangoon. I went with him. After what seemed endless sea-sick days on the inky blue bosom of the Bay of Bengal, just when I thought my last moments had come, we steamed into the steady, muddy waters of the Rangoon River.

For five years Burma was my home. As secretary to a rich banker and moneylender, I roamed far and wide over that exotic tropical country. I worshipped at the shrines of the Shive Dagon and the reclining Buddha at Pegu, I walked the streets of Pagan rich in ancient glory, I traversed the Irrawaddy from end to end, from its innumerable deltaic creeks studded with little towns, to its upper reaches, sparsely populated, sunk in gorgeous primitive scenery.

And then I received news which took the world from under my feet.

My uncle, unable to await my arrival, unwilling to pin his faith on my unsubstantial assurances, sacrificed my Uma to an unknown Juggernaut—to a zemindar forty-years old, twice widowed, obscenely rich.

The next day I had to leave for Katha. Half dazed, with my mind still reeling under this unexpected blow, I spent a sleepless night outdoors arguing in never-ending circles—trying to piece together the fragments of my shattered world. I returned delirious, hurled into the vortex of that malarial flood which shook me, whirled me round and then cast me upon the shores of life, incredibly weak and shorn of all emotion. Uma!..... I was finished with her and the likes of her. From then I lived a new life, ascetic, unmoved by the beauty of *thanaka*—smeared Burmese belles, unswayed by their posturings and posings, their lilting songs, their flashing smiles. I lived in a world of pure, unalloyed, unfettered happiness with just that little in my pockets to purchase my modest earthly needs.

Even now, amidst the conflicting currents that beset me, I can remember those days and succumb for a while to the nostalgia those memories bring to me.

Frequent letters from my parents, urging me to forget the past, to take pity on their declining years and pay them a visit of reconciliation, began to arrive. Yes, the past was not worth remembering now. Uma had made the past a thing to be put firmly aside. The past was dead. I was too young to know then that the past never dies, that it only lies silent in that catenary trance so simulative of Death.

I obtained three months' leave and once again boarded ship with its attendant nightmare of sea-sickness, to reach my native land.

SIDELIGHTS : :

There is no growth without tension, and tension is bound sometimes to mean tragedy.—A. D. LINDSAY.

A simmering conflict between Ministers in office and the Congress party organisation has been thrown into relief by Acharya Kripalani's resignation of his presidentship. The withdrawal of the British made the President of the Muslim League the most powerful man in Pakistan. But in the Indian Union the Congress President attained no such position. The titular head of the Congress suffered neglect and passed into a secondary scale of importance, while more powerful leaders like Nehru and Patel dominated both the Working Committee and the Government.

In its tussle with the League, the Congress was not well matched. Mr. Jinnah held the whole of the League organisation in the hollow of his hand. He was the unquestioned mouthpiece of the League. Nobody doubted his power and ability to represent the League. But Kripalani's hold on the Congress was far inferior to that of Mr. Jinnah on the League. He owed his position less to his own influence than to the grace of other powerful patrons behind the scenes. Knowing this, he should not have permitted himself to be elected President.

Those who allow their ambition to outstrip their competence pull down the prestige of the offices they fill. Some of the qualities of Acharya Kripalani are very admirable. He is brave, learned, impulsively good-natured and intellectually brilliant. But the Congress crown did not come to him as a direct reward from appreciative followers. It was placed on his head by others who had taken on themselves the role of kingmakers. What should have come through inherent power came to Kripalani through patronage.

The august office of Congress President therefore imprisoned him instead of making him mighty for great tasks. The shadow of formidable masters that had made him and could unmake him at will seemed to dog his footsteps. When he came down south in March last for settlement of the ministerial crisis he seemed pulled from behind by invisible strings. His handling of the situation lacked skill and surety of touch. It was as if a haunting atmosphere of surveillance paralysed his will and freedom of action. Some that approached him reverentially came away appalled by the facetiousness into which he lapsed in moments of the gravest responsibility.

Presidentship should synchronise with supremacy of influence and leadership if the organisation concerned is to develop strength and serve a useful purpose. It should not be a super-imposed arrangement. Rectitude in public life is not a mere matter of observing certain injunctions and inhibitions held in conventional honour. The negative virtue of not being dishonest is not a proper qualification for undertaking heavy responsibilities connected with the safety and welfare of millions.

Dr. Rajendra Prasad's election as Congress President will be greeted by many with relief, especially after the perturbing report that Sri Shankarrao Deo was in the running. Dr. Rajendra Prasad is one of the few with stature enough to fill the office of President without lowering its level of importance. He is among the most honoured of national leaders. But it is not unlikely that his tenure will be marked by stormy challenges and upheavals. He is a faithful exemplar of all that Gandhi has stood for all these years. At the present moment, when the loyalty of Congressmen to the

Mahatma has become stripped of all but personal reverence, it is doubtful if such a fervent devotee of the Gandhian cult can correctly represent the doubt-infested mentality of the vast majority of Congress members not excluding, let it be noted, some of Gandhiji's most prominent political lieutenants. With the Mahatma so firm in his denunciation of controls, Dr. Rajendra Prasad's position as the Food Minister of a Government pledged

to controls could scarcely have been comfortable. But can he, as Congress President, hope for escape from the discomfort of un-Gandhian policies as Food Minister? The times are throwing up new loyalties to ideas not very harmonious with Gandhian prescriptions, and in the setting created by their resurgence, the new Congress President, for all his unique personal prestige, occupies a far from secure or certain position.—SAKA.

WHAT EMPLOYERS THINK OF ARBITRATION: "INDUSTRY KILLED"

by KARUMUTTU THIAGARAJAN

"KILLING the goose that lays golden eggs" apply describes the policy of our "National" Government towards industry.

A press communique recently issued by the Government of Madras threatens to amend the Industrial Disputes Act and enhance the punishment of employers for the non-implementation of awards and to take powers to prevent the closure of mills.

When Government have no power or machinery for the purpose, and cannot possibly enforce the award on Labour, is it just or proper to enforce it on the industrialist alone? Will this not be one-sided? The Government do not seem to realise that but for the few industrialists who had built up cotton mills in India, the people would today practically go naked in spite of the Charka. So the industrialists are to be rewarded by our Ministry with heavy punishment for the sin of building up industry.

The press communique adds that the Government wish to make it clear that the Tribunal gave its awards only after taking into consideration all matters relating to the dispute concerned, including the capacity of the industry to pay, and it is not open to individual management to declare lock-outs merely because their profits are below those they have been accustomed to.

The industrialists are not mad men to close down mills because profits are low. Any profit is better than nothing. The fact is that the mills have to close down because they can no longer bear the mounting loss.

The Tribunal has fixed a minimum basic pay of Rs. 26, and a dearness allowance of 3 annas per point increase (cost of living index) which today works at about 34 rupees per head. Thus the total minimum wage for unskilled mill labour comes to 60 rupees per head besides equal share in the profit. Compare this with what is paid by Government. The basic pay for the menial staff in Government departments is only Rs. 16 with a dearness allowance of Rs. 16 and a house allowance of Rs. 5, total Rs. 37. What a contrast! The State that can turn paper into currency notes, should set the example. Instead, the State is liberal and free only with the purse of others, while it flatly denies a living wage to its employees.

Most Indian mills in our Presidency are now worked under the surveillance of Government. Controllers are appointed only to countersign gate passes. Large public funds are wasted without any benefit.

The Government do not realise that the only solution for increased production is to ban fine counts spun from imported cotton. Bonus for production above a target figure will also help production.

If artificial controls are removed, the black market will automatically die and prices will find their natural level.

The sooner the industry and the public are freed from the strangle of control, the better it is for the industry and the country. The industry will be doomed unless it is in charge of an expert in the Cabinet or the Cabinet is advised by a practical industrialist.

An exile of five years' standing! Thirsty for the sounds of my own language! Laughing at the noises I made, attempting to speak my mother-tongue! Full of dreams, desires, with but three months in which to accomplish them before I returned.

After three months? Never! That was what that moving finger had written on the scroll of the future, all unknown to me. Never again was I to taste those rare delights, revel in that unfettered unalloyed happiness. It was the swan song of my stay in Burma, this trip homewards.

Now came my hometown with its familiar skyline, its yelling coolies, its immense distances.

My uncle awaited me—a shade of the past! Uma, too, was there, undergoing some treatment. What a different homecoming to the one I had visualized five years ago.

But all the old hatchets were buried now. Such was the power of money. I spoke to my uncle again, I spoke to Uma who met us at the door of their home. Uma, lovelier than ever, bejewelled, majestic as became a zemindar's wife.

I spent three days with them. Three happy days with Uma as my hostess, and the cataleptic past unawakened. She was the zemindar's wife, and I, her long-absent cousin.

Came the fourth day and with it my plans to depart on the next.

Uma had received a letter from her husband requesting her to return at the first opportunity. "Enough of these doctors", he wrote, "I have no faith in them. It is God who creates life, not Man. We have not bowed to Him enough, not appeased him sufficiently. That is all. Once that is done the rest follows. Come soon under good and adequate protection."

"Good and adequate protection." "Cousin", said Uma, "You are good enough, adequate enough protection for me. I shall start with you tomorrow. Father and mother will stay on here, as I may return to invoke the doctor's aid again despite my husband's words. Are you agreeable?"

A zemindar's wife, accustomed to issuing orders, never expecting "No" for an answer. How could I be anything else but agreeable to a proposal which involved no obligation whatsoever on my part?

She took charge of everything, reserved two first class berths by the next night's express. Her clerk, meek and henpecked—looking, ran hither and thither obeying the commands of his imperious mistress. Uma, the zemindar's wife! Would she have fared thus as my partner? Perhaps fate was right in parting us! Next day or to be exact, next evening, we started on our journey together. A wire had been sent announcing our plans to the zemindar and a reply received approving the announcement, and warmly inviting me to grace the zemindar's halls with my presence.

The last thing I could bring myself to do! I had no quarrel with Uma, who was only a victim of circumstances, but I loathed this fifty year old son of Mammon, this spider who had lured Uma into his senile embrace. Stay with him! I would prefer a night in hell to that.

Our pile of luggage, or rather Uma's pile, was stacked in the compartment. The hen-pecked clerk effaced himself in the depths of a third class, whistles blew, green flags waved, the train snorted and puffed jerkily out of the station.

Uma rose from her seat and tried to struggle with an enormous roll of bedding.

"Let me do it for you, Uma," I said suiting my action to the words.

"You are not my servant, cousin", said Uma, smiling.

"Since I am denied the privilege of serving you in other ways, Uma, I trust you will allow me the joy of being your servant at least this one night", I rejoined, half in earnest, half in jest.

Uma laughed aloud. What a strange laugh! A world of sorrow lay in its depths, its sound cut into my heart with scimitar-like sharpness.

"Uma, Uma," I cried aloud, almost without realising that I did so. "Why are you so sad? You have everything in this world to satisfy you. Wealth, position—what is it you lack? Tell me!"

Again she laughed. Once more she stabbed me in the heart with that laugh of hers.

"Everything I want! Wealth, position! What is it I lack? Yes, my cousin, I lack nothing of the gorgeous earthly trappings of this life! Look at this monstrosity of a bedding—satin pillows, velvet mattress, Kashmir shawls

and the like! Where is your miserable holdall beside it. And yet is that all life is composed of? Is that all a woman desires? Love...."

"Does not your husband love you?" I enquired, still standing on the surface. "Why should he give you all this if he hated you?"

"Good God", cried Uma, rising from her bed like a creature demented, and stood before me.

"Are you so inhuman as not to realize what it is I lack? Husband! Husband! Have you seen what the world calls my husband? Old enough in years, in looks, in spirit, in actions to be at least my father!"

"Would you be happy if you were forcibly wedded to a grey haired, wrinkled, tottering, decrepit hag, old enough to be your mother? But no! Society does not force privileged mankind to undergo such ordeals. It believes in sacrificing its women! What a society!"

Tears welled into those lovely eyes, tears of sorrow, anger, shame, coursed in rivulets down those beautiful cheeks.

And what was I doing? Blinking like a country oaf, stunned by her words and their blinding revelation. Wallowing like an inexperienced swimmer in a sea of new and indefinable emotions.

She continued, "Do not for a moment imagine I blame my husband. It is society against whom I bear a grudge. My husband loves me sincerely, and has made every effort to show it in every way, all these years.

"Yet left to yourself what would you choose? A fully ripe fruit, or an over ripe decaying one? A flower in full bloom, or one that has faded, lost its fragrance, its petals, its pristine charm?"

"Look at the care the jeweller bestows on his strings of pearls, so well matched in their perfection! Is not the perfect mating of the human race a thing of equal importance? Why should my beauty be paired with such age and decrepitude, why should your youth and vitality go to waste without a partner? I cannot understand the cruelty of this life of ours, my cousin.

"Then I have no son, shall perhaps never have one, and when my husband's days are over, I shall return to my father's house as I left it, or if my father also has ceased to exist, to any other kind relation who feels like giving me a mouthful of food and a corner to

crouch in. The honourable life for a virtuous widow. Does it not intrigue you?"

"Already my husband's brother imagines himself the zemindar, behaves like one sometimes! Such is my happy life. We have placated all the Gods as best we can...., but the lady doctor told me it was not God's displeasure that was delaying my son's birth, but my husbands age and his dissipated past. Oh that doctor, how blunt she was! How she laughed when she said, 'Child, if you must have a son, only a change of husband can accomplish it. There is nothing wrong with you, child. God has made you with enough energy to produce twenty children....'

"You may think I have spoken over-bluntly, without the nicety characteristic of my sex. Uma the woman has ceased to exist! It is Uma, a storm-tossed spirit in deep distress, overwhelmed by the torrents of her sorrows, whom you see now, anxious to share her load of woe with the first sympathetic passer by. Forgive me for what I have said. Forget it if you can."

A flood of tears, a gust of sobbing,—the slim body snook like a reed in a storm. She fell back on that exquisite satin bed, and rolled on it like a creature in mortal agony.

Manlike, clumsy, I strove to comfort her with meaningless words, gentle pats. She rose from her bed, and snook me aside. Then a jerk of the train threw her forward and as she fell I caught her in my arms.

In my arms, close to my breast, I held her, and she too, as if she recognized in my wildly throbbing bosom a haven of refuge, leaned on me more and closed those tear-weary eyes.

Only a pale sickle of moon, only an invisible Providence saw the subsequent actions of a pair of frail human beings in the grip of one of the most powerful and primitive of human passions, the hungriest sea that beats on the man-made dyke of convention, ceaselessly, restlessly, by day, by night. Frail dyke! Often, too often, you break, and the patchwork of years has not improved your resistance.

The grey mists of dawn were cleared by a revealing Sun. We awoke, two bits of human wreckage, cast up by a sea of emotion on the beach sands of sanity and conventionality. We tidied our minds and bodies, and I was able to hand Uma over to her zemindar

owner with every semblance of cousinly behaviour.

As the train steamed out I turned and saw a tiny note on the cushion. I opened it and read its meagre contents:

Dear Cousin, Forget all that has taken place between us. There can be no repetition however much we may desire it. Let it be a dream—a lovely, ephemeral dream. Farewell.

I forgot Uma—rather I pushed her and that dream into the furthest recesses of my consciousness where, festooned with cobwebs, it lay, until....

But no, that belonged to the future still veiled, still invisible to my human eyes.

I saw my parents. I lived and basked in the warm glow of their love for two solid months. I met Malathi, and partly to satisfy my parents, partly to satisfy some urge in me for a life mate, I married her.

Malathi, beautiful, cultured, the embodiment of all the finer aspects of womanhood. I wedded her and together we set out to explore the enchanted gardens of marital bliss.

No more Burma for me! Malathi's slender, delicate henna-tipped fingers, cut in a minute the bonds that held me to that country, once and for all.

We went to Calcutta, to work with Malathi's father, a king in business circles. I was now a prince, Malathi, my princess-wife. Nothing was lacking. Life was exquisite in its happiness—so exquisite that even the Gods themselves must have turned green with jealousy. A year of this bliss—

And then.....

Next year..... Malathi became an expectant mother, and shortly afterwards gave birth to Prema. The moving finger, guided by some mysterious hand, motivated by a ruthless spirit wrote "finis" to my married life. Malathi would bear me no more children, she must live with me as a sister if I valued her life. So said the doctor, and I bowed to his decree, as a reed bows to the storm that threatens its roots.

Once more the life of an ascetic, forced, hard to follow, yet made easier by the presence of little Prema and the intense love and understanding of that wonderful soul Malathi.

Fifteen years thus, borne happily, willingly for the sake of those I loved and then,

*The morn came dim and sad
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.*

Another morn.... In another world, apart from us. Perhaps only a temporary separation but still how I missed her love, her spiritual calm which acted as balm to my troubled soul in those latter years.

I hated Calcutta now. I left with Prema as early as I could and we returned to Madras to try and form a new pattern of life together.

Prema passed the high school and joined a college. That year she met Madhavan and fell in love with him.

She confided her love to me, her sole guide, philosopher and friend, and requested sanction for its honourable fulfilment in marriage.

Who was Madhavan? What was he? I could consent only after seeing him, finding out his parentage, and of these things the love-stricken Prema had no idea. We invited Madhavan to that earthly ritual called "tea". He came. How handsome he was.... How well my daughter had chosen! How perfectly the two pearls matched!

His parentage? He told me, and the knowledge hurt me like a knife thrust into an open wound, twisted into it by some master-torturer.

Uma's son! The inheritor of her fortunes to produce whom she had had to sacrifice her own life.

Out of the day and night of my life, that instant, joy took flight. What a ghastly tragedy! Uma's son..... Providence's answer to the zemindar's prayer..... My Nemesis. A monster created by me in a fit of emotion returned to claim as its prey all that I held dearest.

.....The sins of the father visited before his eyes on the first generation.....

What is it that I must do now to solve this fearful muddle?

Uma, look what has come of that lovely, ephemeral dream you wanted me to forget. Covered with the cobwebs of a quarter of a century it stands before me in all its gaunt reality.

Oh Providence, I still have faith in Thee. Providence who has led me to this abyss, show me, I beg of Thee, the means wherewith to bridge it!

BLACKMARKETING IN SURPLUS AREAS

by R. S. SRIKANTAN

THE Food Minister stated in the Madras Legislature the other day that only a fifth of the total paddy produced in the province came into the procurement godowns of the Government. This means that the other four-fifths of the produce stays in the surplus areas, and is eaten by the producers, paid in wages to their labourers or black-marketed locally and outside. The first two of the three categories must necessarily bear quantitatively a small proportion only to the third.

It is the business of the Government and the people to find out why such a large quantity of paddy goes underground; what are the factors that stand in the way of its being procured by Government; and what useful steps could be taken to increase procurement or otherwise solve the food problem satisfactorily.

Black-marketing cannot exist for a day in the country, if every buyer were to expose the seller. But the question is, will he? We may rule out the idea that fear stands in the way. We can state categorically that blackmarketing in surplus areas, especially in rural parts, has, in a curious way, the support of the people. The wage-earners prefer to take payment in kind. To the ordinary able-bodied labourer, the 8 oz. ration is, according to the saying in the mother-tongue, 'insufficient even for the nose-hole'. A week's ration gets exhausted in two or three days. For the rest of the week, therefore, he has to get along with the blackmarket. His wages have risen high, while the controlled paddy price is very low. The black-market price is a little higher than the prices of articles not controlled by the Government. Now the price according to the black-market has a knack of adjusting itself according to the availability of the controlled article. If the rationed quantity

were sufficient to last, say, for five days in the week, the blackmarket price would be considerably reduced. If the Government were to supply all the grain that is required in full by rural as well as urban areas, there would be no blackmarketing at all. In fact, the need for maintaining control would nearly cease. It could be seen, therefore, that the average of the control price and the black price in the surplus area is nearly always in proportion to the wage level, and so is within the means of the wage-earner.

The blackmarket is, therefore, the refuge of the ordinary wage-earner in his attempt to keep the wolf away. He is, therefore, grateful to the mirasdar who supplies him immediately on payment of money all the grain he needs any time of the day. Here is the origin of the middle man in the black-market. Instead of spending time and energy in getting at the mirasdar, the labourer, especially when residing a little distance away from the producer, is glad to use the services of the middle man. There thus develops a chain of middle men from the producer to the consumer residing even in distant towns. The new trade flourishes, therefore, not only by the need created, but by the risk involved in the profession. It thus has its double reward.

To the wage-earner, therefore, blackmarketing is not the horrible despicable sin that it is described to be by the powers that be or by the saints in public life that are revered by the world. He buys in the blackmarket; and if he gets his wages in grain, he immediately sells his surplus there. It is all the same to him. Controls, rations, etc., exist to him as a kind of minor relief in his difficulties, or sometimes even as a nuisance or an annoyance. The argument in the mind of the wage-earner is this: "If we have grain,

we should not think of taking less than so much money. If the mirasdar has it, why should we complain, if they too demand the same price? If they also had measured all their paddy to Government, what are we to do for the rest of the week that we have no rations for?" So the labourer is the very last person to expose the mirasdar to the Government as a black-marketeer. Government is, therefore, helpless in the matter.

What has been said above with regard to the labourer holds good with greater force with regard to others who get a cash income. They can use their influence to get their requirements from their mirasdar friends even at the controlled price at times. The only sufferers are (i) those persons in controlled areas who get very low fixed incomes and who have no access to the mirasdar's granary and (ii) that very large population in non-producing areas which has to pull along with the ration depots. The average mirasdar is unconscious of such ideas as that 'blackmarketing is a sin.' With the age-old national extolling of feasting and large-scale feeding, it is difficult to persuade the village mirasdar that the withholding of grain for purposes of such feeding either in his own house or in that of his fellow-citizens is a sin. Selling grain for marriage parties, even at high prices, is in his eyes a merit, not a crime.

Who would not think well of a man who gives a sumptuous dinner in these days of rationing? To be caught is the only crime not to be committed. Which Government official, short of a Mahatma, is there who can withstand the offer of good grain that will last months? Besides these, public celebrations such as Independence Day, Gandhi Jayanti and the like, not to speak of conferences and ministerial visits, involve feeding on a large scale. The hoarding mirasdar is a veritable granary on these occasions. Any quantity of grain can be had from him,—free! Can the officials and the national workers

take up the case against him after successfully celebrating these functions? The conscientious producer who measures out all his surplus produce in the procurement godowns is looked upon as a fool and an incompetent person. He cannot make money when money can be made in plenty. He cannot help a friend or even himself in times of need or special occasions such as marriage. He cannot pay huge donations to funds organised or patronised by worthy persons in high positions. When Ministers appeal frantically for more and more grain, and go from one respectable citizen in the land to another in the name of the hungry population, it is the hoarding and blackmarketing producer that gets a lot of credit for making the ministerial effort a success; whereas the conscientious producer who had long ago surrendered every grain of surplus cuts a woeful figure.

Besides these practical considerations, there is the question of shortcomings and defects in the working of the rationing system. The paddy and the rice in the procurement godowns are, in the very nature of things, the worst stuff available in the land. The control rate being a fraction of the black rate, the paddy is supplied to Government with great unwillingness. The landholder or the tenant reserves the best paddy for seed, for his own use and for purposes of blackmarketing. For 'proper' payment, the 'proper' quality! Ration rice is produced out of paddy not properly winnowed and not properly dried. Husk and undeveloped grain are to be found in it. When such paddy is milled and consumed within a few weeks of its production, stomach disorders and malnutrition become inevitable. The procurement staff are not in a position to reject such paddy. They are generally low paid, and are expected to wander from place to place doing unpopular work. If they try to make themselves popular and at the same time enrich themselves a little, can they be blamed?

There are, of course, glaring injustices in procurement. Oftentimes, the small producer is deprived of all his grain and has to apply for his ration card, which he does not easily get. Such instances, in spite of their small percentage, are fairly widespread, and are to be found in all places. The resulting resentment against procurement stands out effectively as propaganda against it. Unlawful entry into houses by zealous procurement staff and supply officers have in a number of cases resulted in clashes in rural areas, followed by repression. Stories of fabulous riches amassed by procurement agents, supply staff and distribution agents are widespread among a section of people, who get very little for their produce. Impoliteness on the part of the rationing agents, blackmarketing, supply of bad stuff in quantities less than those stipulated in ration cards, and discriminated distribution cause irritation in the general public. Towering above all else is the fact that the procurement prices even with the much boosted bonuses make agriculture unprofitable in view of the high prices that have to be paid by the kisan for his means of production. The saintly Rajendra Babu in charge of Food in the Dominion Government closes his eyes ostrichlike to this solid fact, and appeals in the name of patriotism and humanity to the producers to surrender even a portion of the grain reserved for their own use.

Gandhiji's appeal for the lifting of controls has now full mass support. In order to supply non-producing areas, especially persons of low income, Government may order a general procurement of a third of the produce, leaving two-thirds in the hands of the producer to be sold at market level. This can be worked out successfully by an appeal to patriotism and humanity. Such a system was tried before a full-fledged procurement was ordered by an alien Government. After all, the Provincial Food Minister has been able to announce the procurement of much less than a third of the total produce in the land.

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SPOTLIGHT ON THE



THE Truman Doctrine does not seem to be faring too well in Greece. Early this year the U.S. Congress sanctioned a total of 300,000,000 dollars for military and economic aid to sustain the monarchist Right-wing regime in Greece. Of this amount, 140,000,000 dollars were earmarked for military expenditure to expedite the suppression of the Left-wing rebels. The rest was to have been spent on economic reconstruction. In August, George C. McGhee, co-ordinator of the Greek-Turkish aid programme said: "We may have to divert money from the economic programme to unproductive military expenditure." This anticipation has now been proved correct.

A COSTLY DOCTRINE

In a report to Congress on November 10, President Truman disclosed—without, however, seeming at all to be aware that he was thereby betraying the barrenness of the Truman Doctrine—that 9,000,000 dollars over and above the amount originally intended for that purpose had been diverted to meet military expenditure. He also hinted that the U.S. might have to make a further dollar gift to the Greek Government. Truman went on to assure that "all the necessary elements for Greek recovery were now present and could begin to be operative once internal order was established." But since the establishment of internal order is equated with the liquidation of the Left-wing opposition, the prospect of Greek recovery is very remote.

The association of Greek Liberals with the dominant Right-wing Populist Party has not improved the

situation. In September, Themistocles Sophoulis agreed to join his old enemy Constantin Tsaldaris, in a coalition Government containing 11 Liberals and 14 Populists. Sophoulis himself is now Premier, but he is a tired man, 87 years old. The Populists have not only a majority in the Cabinet; they also hold the vital War Ministry. They thus control the army and the MAY, a semi-military Right-wing organisation which has frequently been charged with committing excesses and thereby driving would-be neutrals into the camp of the guerillas. The Populist leader Tsaldaris is Deputy Premier and Foreign Minister, and is also chairman of the inner cabinet known as the Co-ordinating Council. Observers therefore say that "Tsaldaris is still plainly visible through the snow-white coalition curtain." But the coalition has one merit; it can claim to be representative of the existing Parliament and thus present a clean, democratic appearance to the world.

One of the first acts of the coalition Government was to decree an amnesty for guerillas who chose to lay down their arms. The amnesty was not meant to bring peace (over fifty members of the Left-wing, alleged to be Communists, have been executed since Sophoulis became Premier) but to detach the moderate and centrist Republicans from the guerilla forces. Writing from Athens towards the close of September, Dana Adams Schmidt says: "Certainly, the amnesty has thus far had no effect in inducing surrenders. The number of surrenders has actually decreased this month, according to figures confirmed by the commander of the

Third Corps at Salonika." The real intention of the amnesty decree has been modestly stated by the same correspondent: "Successful or unsuccessful, the amnesty will none-the-less put the Greek Government in a sound moral position for future (military) campaigns." The Government's armies, however, have not made any advances. On the contrary, it is estimated that a third of Greek territory is controlled by the guerillas. "Any 'control' in much of Greece outside the cities is relative. The army has 'control' in so far as there is no point it cannot occupy if it tries. In the absence of the army, the guerillas have a free hand."

CHURCHILL'S LEGACY

The present muddled and bloodied situation in Greece is the legacy of Britain's wartime Premier Winston Churchill—a legacy which the Labour Government did nothing to change, but merely passed on intact to the United States. The origin of the Greek civil war was in the events of 1944, in which year the EAM-ELAS Resistance leaders of Greece, like those of France, began to ask for representation in their exiled Government. The British answer was to weed out the Republican-minded officers and men from the Greek army and navy units which fought along with the Allies in Egypt. In protest, the Republican soldiers and sailors staged a 'mutiny' in April 1944. British censorship concealed these developments from the world. 24 correspondents protested at the time that they were not allowed "to present any facts, political or otherwise, antecedent to recent troubles." Simultaneously, the British nurtured

a rival group called the Greek Mountain Brigade, composed of anti-Republicans and Royalists. When Athens was liberated, the British brought the Mountain Brigade along with them. They demanded that the local Resistance groups should give up their arms, while they permitted the Royalist Brigade to remain armed. Churchill's refusal to countenance the formation of an all-party coalition Government in Greece led to the outbreak of civil war on December 3, 1944. The third year of the Greek civil war will soon be completed; it seems futile to hope that it will be the last.

A BIG POWER SPEAKS

U.S. Secretary of State Marshall has announced that he will ask Congress for 300,000,000 dollars to aid the Chinese Government—exactly the same amount as was sanctioned by Congress for Greece. But China is enormously bigger than Greece in area and in population. It stands to reason that China should get a proportionately larger amount of dollar aid. Dr. Wellington Koo, Chinese Ambassador in the U.S., has accordingly protested against the niggardly sum proposed by Marshall. "China forms part of the whole world picture: the Western Hemisphere, Europe and the Far East are three legs of a tripod and if you leave one leg unattended, the whole tripod will fall," warned Dr. Koo in dignified, stately language. He ended, however, on a lower key, speaking in terms of child-like simplicity and directness: "Europe is getting emergency interim and long-range aid—we want the same." China, it may be recalled, is one of the 'Big Five'.

IT'S FUN TO BE FREE

Big Labor replaced Big Business and for 12 years the individual workman lost most of the rights he had gained in the 70 years from 1865 to 1935....Despite the opposition of the President of the United States and all the pressure and blackmail of the labor bosses, the 80th Congress passed a law redeeming the workman from his bondage....After 12 years the American workman again is the freest workman in the world.—Editorial comment on the Taft-Hartley Act in the Los Angeles Times.

TIME DIFFERS THE WORLD OVER
BUT ONE THING
THAT NEVER VARIES IS ...



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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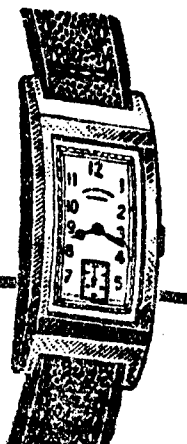
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SUDETENISM IN PROSPECT AND RETROSPECT

by V. SUBRAMANIAN

THE word Sudetenism like Quisling is a gift of recent European history, but expresses the very old political phenomenon of the subjects of a certain country or Government owing allegiance to an agency outside and often hostile to it. A peep into the past history of this phenomenon will be highly instructive and useful in assessing its dangers in future in India.

The barbarian tribes who overran Europe and Asia knew Sudeten tactics if not the word; for example, the Goths would settle as Roman subjects in a Roman Province before the Goth army across the border invaded it. Similar tactics were adopted by the Turks, Mongols, Huns etc. But the problem assumed dangerous dimensions, after the evolution of nation states in Europe and elsewhere. The Turkish Empire at her widest extent embraced large Xian populations in Yugoslavia, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Greece and these looked to the Xian powers of Europe for protection and liberation, as the Turkish power waned. Russia took a leading part in the task of liberation, and in the humiliating treaty of Kaultchuk Kainardji (1774) secured a protectorate over the Xian subjects of the Porte. Slowly all the Xian populations liberated themselves, partly with outside help, and partly by their own combined strength as in the Balkan war of 1913, so that in 1914 Turkey was almost reduced to her present borders, but still had an Armenian Xian population of two million in her north-eastern provinces. The humiliating defeats inflicted by Russia on Turkey early in the Great War enraged and maddened the Turks, and under Talaat and Enver they massacred the whole of this population by such systematic and cruel methods as history had never witnessed. The important and inglorious part played by the German minorities in adjacent European countries in furthering

Hitler's aggrandizement is too recent history to need repetition. From this brief survey it is clear that Sudetenistic minorities are themselves in perpetual danger as well as a danger to the state they live in.

Sudetenism or extra-territorial loyalty in India is not so recent a phenomenon as many nationalists imagine. Of course the Muslim conquerors and rulers of India never needed an outside agency to protect what they had won by the power of their arms, and the Hindus had none to look across the Indian border for relief. It was because of this condition that Muslim rulers fought Muslim invaders from the north-west as also Muslim rebels often with Hindu troops but the position was reversed early in the 19th century when the irresistible tide of Maratha conquest from the south ended in their capture of Delhi and acquisition of the right to levy *chauth* over the whole of the Punjab. Panic-stricken at this sudden and sweeping Hindu resurgence, the Muslims appealed to Ahmedshah Abdali for help but the crushing defeat he inflicted on the Marathas in Panipet made matters worse for the Indian Muslims. The shrewd Afghan, realizing that his victory was an unexpected piece of undeserved good luck, never to be repeated, beat back a hasty retreat to his mountain fastnesses. The Sikhs took a terrible vengeance on the local Muslim population on his very heels. The Marathas invaded Oudh the next year. A few years later, Madhoji Sindhia made a prisoner of Emperor Shah Alam and still later Ranjit Singh not only recovered the whole of the Punjab, but reconquered Khyber and Kashmir as well while his deputy Sri Hari Singh Nalwa unleashed such a reign of terror that his very name evokes fear among Punjabi Muslims even now. Dazed at this, the Indian Muslims looked to Muslim kingdoms

outside India for help but they themselves were decaying and powerless. Muslim potentates like the Nizam and Nawab Vazir of Oudh flew straight into the arms of the English to prolong their existence. The Wahhabi movement in Arabia caught the fancy of many Indian Muslims, and since then many had looked forward to a resurgence in Islam to save the situation. Of course the English cleverly utilized all this for their own ends. This state has been well summed up by Jodph Chailley, the brilliant French historian in his book *Problems of British India* (long before separate electorates were granted to Muslims). "From another point of view the Hindus deplore the intervention of the English by about the beginning of the 18th century when the Moghuls were tottering to their fall. The Sikhs, Marathas and Gurkhas would have finished by crushing the Mussalmans completely. Only a few millions would have been left, and as central Asia, the reservoir from which they drew fresh strength had now been depopulated, the small isolated Muhammedan groups would finally have been absorbed in the Hindu mass. The British, who have based the uneasy security of their dominion on the divisions of their subjects, naturally look at matters from a different point of view. . . . Nevertheless, I am inclined to believe that the British have on the whole reason for relying more on the Mussalman than on the Hindu portion of their subjects. . . . He (the Mussalman) remembers the unexpected succour, which English intervention brought him; he is a man of tradition and must support the power that is". I have reviewed all this history, quoting at full length, because for most Congressmen the communal problem in India begins with separate electorates of British creation, and they seem to have completely forgotten if not falsified elementary history by a curious process of self-hypnotism. When Dr. Ranjendra Prasad, a peerless scholar, deliberately omits or refuses to touch on this historical aspect of the question in his long and detailed survey of Indian history (in the chapter "One History"

in his book on Pakistan) one can understand lesser men's ignorance. The Khilafat movement at least on the Muslim side was mainly an attempt to console themselves that if they were a despoiled minority in India, at least they were members of a larger comity of Islamic nations. At least among Muslim landowners and potentates, the sense of thankfulness to the British is strong for having succoured them when on the point of being wiped out, as also of having bolstered them up against a Hindu majority during their days of power. To forget this history and psychology, whether out of ignorance or false notions of unity or generosity is to make a pious farce of the study of the communal problem.

The problem arising out of large number of Muslims being left in India and Hindus in Pakistan ought to have been easily foreseen by any thoughtful student of politics. The Congress leadership seems to have persisted to the last in the hope of either converting League leadership by enormous concessions or to clip their wings by a direct approach to the Muslim masses in both of which their discreditable lack of realism and statesmanship was patent. Jinnah seems to have snugly believed that the Hindu minority in Pakistan under proper control would build up its finances for him and that Muslims in India were safe under Congress custody but he failed to foresee that his hymn of hate would have its echo in Hindu and Sikh hearts and that under provocation they would not respect the Congress leadership any more. We are thus faced as if suddenly with this problem, but even now it is better we give it our full attention before it is too late.

Now the number of Muslims left in India is about forty million, a number just a little less than the Muslim population of Pakistan, 55 millions, and as Rahmat Ali, the originator of Pakistan pointed out, thrice the population of Turkey or Persia, 10 times Iraq, or 6 times Arabia. This is distributed over a very wide area which as some think is not a fact to be made light of but

rather to be anxious about. Asked about their fate two years ago by Donald Edwards of B.B.C. Jinnah replied: "The Muslim minority will have three courses open to them. They can accept the citizenship of the state in which they are. They can remain there as foreigners or they can come to Pakistan. I will welcome them. There is plenty of room, but it is for them to decide." In a most brilliant analysis of these alternatives, Dr. Prasad says as regards the first that Hindusthan like any other independent state has full power to limit or even prohibit acquisition of citizenship by anybody. As regards the second again, Hindusthan will not be bound to allow foreigners to remain on its territory particularly when they happen to be in such large numbers as the Muslims will be. As regards the third, he says it is legally feasible but impossible in practice. He also points out that while the alien status would be thrust on Hindus in Pakistan against their will, the Muslims in Hindusthan would have chosen it with open eyes, of their own free will. All this excellent logic employed by Prasad to point out the dangerous implications of Pakistan for Muslims in India, fell on deaf ears, for Jinnah believed and still believes that Muslims will benefit both ways in the end, in Pakistan because of their sovereignty and in Hindusthan because of their minority again. His shrewd judgment of Congress leaders as men lost in the maze of their own pet political philosophies to the exclusion of realities was rather uncannily correct. Some Congress leaders still vaguely talk of *winning Muslim loyalty* perhaps by the late lamented mass contact campaign, while Suhrawardy preaches to Sind Hindus to *win the confidence of Pakistan Government*. To be in a vociferous solid minority always pays.

The talk of some Congress leaders about the question of loyalty of Indian Muslims, makes one sick with despair. I have already pointed out the active co-operation of Muslim potentates in the English conquest of India from Marathas and Sikhs. In the early days of the

Congress, the Muslims of the League openly declared that the sword of Islam was at the service of the British Empire. As regards the nationalist Muslims, of whom Congress made much of even according to their confession they are few and the only real solid block of nationalist Muslims is alas, now in Pakistan (N.-W.F.P.) and outside our purview. League leadership and initiative have come till now only from the territory of the Indian Union and not from Pakistan areas. Even if we suppose that all this is of the dead past and the professions of loyalty by the Leaguers are sincere, there are two further possibilities of passive disloyalty and potential disloyalty. Even if the Leaguers here are sincere, can they as easily convince the Muslims here that the past is dead? Hate is easily roused, and never forgotten or cured. It slumbers beneath to burst out at the first opportunity. Years of League propaganda cannot be written off by an oath of loyalty. Loyalty active or passive is put on test only in a crisis or war. Supposing India goes to war in the future against Pakistan or Hyderabad, can it at least count on the passive neutrality if not loyalty of Indian Muslims? Can it count upon the best of Indian Muslims to resist the temptation of siding their old leaders? A saint may count upon the best in human nature but a statesman cannot lightly discount the cupidity and weakness of man. The increasing number of disclosures of arms and ammunition in Muslim quarters and mosques all over North India leaves no doubt as to the issue and to expect disloyal citizens to emigrate of their own free will is to say the least a dangerous hallucination.

Secondly, there is the danger of claims being put forward for further Muslim independent states in India. Rahmat Ali, the originator of Pakistan, after having demarcated Pakistan, Bangi Islam, and Osmanistan, in his pamphlet "The Millat and the mission" goes on to deal with the problem of 40 million Muslims left in India, in his III Commandment: "(3) Acquire proportional territory to create Siddi-

quistān, Farruquistān, Haideristān, Mūnistān, Maplistān, Saffistān and Nazaristān. This commandment means that we should acquire our share of the territories of the Continent of Dinia and its dependencies and convert it into countries for our nation. .for instance, in Hindustan (U.P.) our minority forms about 15 per cent of the population and we are therefore entitled to 15 per cent of her area. This is about 17,000 square miles which we must acquire and convert into Haideristān. In the same way the proportional areas for our minorities in C.P., Bundelkhand and Malwa, Bihar and Orissa, Rajestān, the Bombay Presidency, South India, western and eastern Ceylon, must be claimed and converted into our new national states of Siddiquistān, Farruquistān. . . . etc. respectively." Savarkar was just stating the bare truth, when he told the Hindu convention in Delhi that if the Hindus continued in their present mood, they must be prepared for more Pakistans. The Congress leadership have no face to dismiss such fears as fantastic after their yielding Pakistan against which they fulminated till the last minute. But besides all these possible dangers, there is a much more immediate and real danger in Hyderabad. The eviction of Hindus from the State and the settling of Muslims from C.P. There are clear indications that the Nizam is out to make a southern Pakistan of it. But apart from it becoming a Muslim area, it is from here that arms are smuggled to Muslims in the Indian Union, as well as money and other aids. It is the real breeding ground of sudetenism and the primary danger spot of the Indian Union, and till it is liquidated, the Indian Union can never really be safe.

Thirdly, there is an economic aspect to the question. Pakistan has taken the most valuable agricultural lands in India, and has surplus food stocks normally, but India has to feed a population of 40 million Muslims, of questionable loyalty, with diminished foodstocks. Surely if

Pakistan can lay claim to them as belonging to their Muslim nation, and lodge complaints against their ill-treatment in U.N.O., then certainly she can take them in and feed them, especially when she drives out all the Hindus and Sikhs from her territories. But of late, openly as well as secretly, League leaders have advised Muslims in India to stick to their places in India to serve Pakistan which is running short of food temporarily. In addition to this the East Bengal Government has distributed all relief against flood or famine only to Muslims, leaving infidels to the care of the devil, nor is it likely that this policy will change in future. The Indian Union has already a very high density of population per unit area, and cannot feed large numbers of another nation with her scanty resources. If the League leaders chose a sovereign state as the final remedy of the ills of Muslims, then they must face the responsibility attaching to it as well.

The words of Dr. Rajendra Prasad on the aftermath of partition are almost prophetic. "But, there is a but which cannot be ignored, if all this has no appeal, and partition there must be, we should be prepared for the aftermath, and not hug the delusion that thereafter all will be plain sailing. . . . It (partition) cannot solve the problem of minorities even if it does not aggravate it. My apprehension is that it will aggravate it. It is bound to leave behind a bitter legacy." Having agreed to partition, and the Punjab exchange of population, as inevitable, Congress leadership cannot shirk the responsibility to clear out other dangerous pockets in India. "If our leaders do not press for the implementation of the logical consequences of partition, they will be only laying up future trouble for their successors". In the words of Dr. Rajendra Prasad, they still stand self-condemned as people who hugged the delusion that thereafter all will be plain sailing, a crime which the sufferers thereof will never forgive them.

THE ONE COMMUNITY STATE

by M. ZAMAN ADENI

THE idea of one-community State, which has gathered ground after the Punjab tragedy is more a cry of despair than a considered belief resulting from dispassionate study of the whole problem. The creation of a Hindu State, though it may look attractive at first sight, has numerous complications and its consequences are not too pleasant to contemplate. It is a pity that even responsible public men have fallen a victim to this idea. In the light of modern political developments, a State restricting itself to a particular religion, race or community is inconceivable. If we are today to establish a theocratic or one-community State in India or Pakistan, we must forget everything that we have learnt all these decades. Any such attempt by India or Pakistan will be suicidal and will make them non-entities in the political map of the world. We cannot ignore the fact that some of the greatest States of the world, the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R., are multinational States. We have much to learn from this fact.

It is true that the Muslim League, while advocating the idea of a separate State in India, gave it a religious colouring in order to rope in support from Muslims even from the non-Pakistan provinces, thus adding strength to the Pakistan demand. But Mr. Jinnah in none of his speeches ever said that Pakistan is going to be a theocratic State or one-community State. The false impression that Pakistan is a theocratic State was propagated by enthusiastic Muslim propagandists who knew it to be easy to gain Muslim mass support that way. The nationalist Press of India was equally guilty of creating such an impression because it thought that by repeatedly saying that Pakistan is a theocratic State, it could make the non-Muslim in Pakistan vote against it in the event of a referen-

dum. All this propaganda resulted in the creation of two warring camps which ultimately enacted in Punjab tragedy. The majorities on both sides of the partitioned province thought that the minorities have no right to exist. In this we see the idea of one-community State being put into practice.

Somehow it has been easy to organise mass support in India for any particular political objective by giving it a religious tinge. It was the case with the Khilafat movement which was employed by Moulana Muhammad Ali and Mahatma Gandhi to a common political objective making the Indian people conscious of British imperialism in India. Later the Congress carried on the struggle on a national basis and roused and employed the forces of national consciousness towards the attainment of its political objectives. Nationalism is many steps in advance of communalism. If the Pakistan leaders put into practice what they are now preaching, they might give up communalism. That is the only way they could build the Pakistan State on a strong basis. The present move in certain sections of the Indian Union to create a one-community State betrays lack of political foresight. There is no doubt that the Indian Union today is as much a Hindu State as Great Britain is a Christian State or Pakistan is a Muslim State. But the propounders of one-community State seem to look beyond it not only to the deprivation of the citizenship rights of non-Hindus, but to making their very existence impossible.

The partition of India was not agreed to with the idea of creating two one-community States and therefore the rights of minorities were recognised. If one-community States had been contemplated, exchange of population would have been part of the Mountbatten Plan.

20 million non-Muslims would not have been left in Pakistan nor 50 million Muslims in the Indian Union. Any such division would have given an additional territory inhabited by 30 million people to Pakistan so that it could accommodate all the Muslims of India. This would have definitely diminished the size of the Indian Union. Such a plan would have uprooted about 100 million people from the place of their birth, and their misery could be imagined.

The one-community State will raise many awkward problems both internally and externally. The demand for Sikhistan will then be justified, and many more such demands may crop up. Thus we will be establishing exactly what we were fighting against all these years. It is not surprising therefore that Pandit Nehru in a recent speech said that he would resign and fight against such a move. Abroad, the Indian Union will lose the great influence it has over Asian countries a great many of which are

Muslim. The hold that the Indian Union has, as the champion of oppressed Asian peoples, irrespective of their religion or nationality, will be shaken.

It is encouraging to find that the idea of one-community State has not totally infected the intelligentsia either of the Indian Union or Pakistan. The top leaders of both the Dominions have been repeatedly speaking against one-community States. Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan in his very first press conference after the establishment of Pakistan said that it will be most unfortunate if any of the States should choose to become purely communal. The Congress leaders almost everyday speak against the creation of such a State. It is now the task of the intelligentsia in both the Dominions to impress this deep into the minds of the masses. The hands of Pandit Nehru and Mr. Jinnah must be strengthened for creating secular democratic States. That way only lies peace and prosperity for this sub-continent.

OUR LEGISLATORS AND THEIR WAYS

by A NON-PARTY OBSERVER

THE proceedings of our local legislature as reported in the papers, of late, leave the impression in the minds of educated, cultured and right-thinking persons that those that take part in these proceedings speak and act without dignity, decency and decorum.

It is no wonder that the pernicious example set by the so-called elders and legislators is followed by the common people outside in all walks of life and there is an air of general indiscipline everywhere in the province.

In the important deliberative bodies all over the world, the individual who is only to be seen and very little heard except on occasions of pronouncing important rulings, is the President. The Speaker of our local Legislative Assembly appears to be a rare exception. On the slightest provocation he bursts into speech, mostly irrelevant and out of taste. Take the latest performance—relating to the opening of a creche for babies of female legislators. Nobody raised that question and nobody felt the want of a creche. But if the Speaker felt strongly about it, he might have, out of his abounding sympathy for the young ones and their mothers, made the necessary arrangements within the vicinity of the Council chamber without making a song about it on the open floor.

Instances could be multiplied of such unwanted outbursts. If restraint is imposed on the temptation to interject and to make irrelevant and provocative remarks, a good deal of time will be saved for deliberation on important subjects.

It is nauseating to have religion often dragged in during the course of discussion. If the Muslim lady member could restrain herself from stressing the obvious and give up

the pose that she and she alone is the lone champion of females amongst male wolves, she can with her education and culture make valuable contribution to the deliberations in the Assembly.

What ridiculous moral poses these people want to strike! Read the speeches at the time of discussion on Prohibition and on enhancement of the entertainment tax. The Muslim members want to invoke their religion to support the contention that theirs is the only religion that prescribes a high moral conduct.

Let our legislators take note of events that have happened elsewhere. The Labour Party in England which came in with a thumping majority two years ago has now had a set back. The present Congress Party in the Legislature may meet with a similar fate in a not too distant future. Its schemes of Prohibition with loss of revenue and enormous additional expenses to enforce the ideological reform, its proposal to abolish racing and its general tendency to enforce morality by legislation are causing a revulsion in the minds of many thinking people.

The duty of the Government is to govern and administer. Instilling of moral and spiritual lessons had better be left to religious teachers and other socio-religious bodies.

The cussedness of some of the legislators in talking in the vernaculars when they can talk in English known to most persons in the Assembly has not escaped the attention of the public. There is time yet for the introduction of local languages as the medium for the transaction of business in our Councils.

People are clamouring for food and clothing. Production must be stepped up. Corruption in the

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that a sense of their duties may be instilled into the minds of people. These and other reforms clamour for immediate introduction. All others can certainly wait and must be considered as of low priority.

The principle of division of the country into linguistic provinces is conceded on all hands; but why force the issue just now? All the energy and attention of men at the helm of affairs is needed now for stabilization of the administration and should not be allowed to be frittered away on secondary objects.

Take the latest performance in the Assembly—the Shop Assistants Bill. Was there a great demand or clamour for reform in the hours of work amongst them? It must be held to be a sound principle that no reform should be introduced until there is a definite demand for it, for otherwise the benevolence of the reform is not appreciated. What a grand pose—to stand up as champions of underdogs who are sweated! It almost strikes one as a vote-catching device. We, Indians, it is conceded on all hands, are inefficient workers. The English, American or European worker *vis-a-vis* the Indian worker turns out a greater amount of work in a given time. Even the Chinese and Japanese during their hours of work are at it with their noses to the grindstone. The Indian wastes a lot of time during his hours of work and a strong sense of discipline must be instilled into him that the money's worth of work must be turned out. If the Congress Ministry has a real and true sympathy for the common man, a legislation to stop work in the blazing sun during the hottest parts of the day is understandable. Handcart pullers struggling with heavy loads with bare feet on macadamized roads in the hot sun are a pitiable sight. These need our sympathy more than the shop assistants and others of that sort working indoors. With a strong desire not to be uncharitable to the

irresistible conclusion that this is a vote-catching stunt because the shop assistant is more likely to exercise his franchise than the labourer on the road.

When it is proposed to give greater hours of leisure to people, they must have an urge for certain pursuits to follow in those leisure hours, for which purpose the general level of education and culture in the average man must be raised. English labourers on holidays go on picnics or for a swim or a long walk in the country. None of these is possible in the heat of this country, nor are there proper facilities. Till such a time as these people have an urge for such healthy pastimes like a trek into the country or a swim in the sea, this legislation to interfere with the hours of their work could have been held in abeyance. There is too much talk of people's rights or liberties and privileges and too little of their duties. I wish that it is dinned into the minds of workers that their allotted task must be done in the allotted time without supervision. It may be argued by them thuswise: "Give us our privileges, recognize our rights and improve our lot." All that can be said to them is, "You cannot deny that all placed in better positions than you sympathize with you. But prove your worth by your honesty and character and your general desire to improve the output of production. Your rewards will automatically follow."

The guilt of the members in opposition in contributing to the waste of the time of the Legislature cannot be overlooked. Their most undignified attack on an officer of the Government is reprehensible. No officer of the Government will feel safe if mud-slinging is allowed to go on against him, unchecked. The Speaker, if he had been vigilant, would have put his foot down on it at the very outset.

Looking at all these things, one feels that all is not right with our legislators and a better type should come forth to occupy their places.

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DR. PATTABHI, MY SECOND CHIEF

by K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAO

(Editor, Triveni)

IT was in a theatre, at Masulipatam, that I first saw and heard — without meeting — Dr. Pattabhi, the second of my chiefs. Dr. Pattabhi, unlike Sri Prakasam, does not care for the stage. Believe it or not, he never voluntarily attends a drama or a cinema. On the rare occasions on which he did sit through a play, he faced the ordeal just because the money went to the Andhra Jateeya Kalasala, of which he was Secretary, or to some flood-relief or famine-relief, and he was asked to be present and render thanks. But the National Theatre, Buttiahpet, Masulipatam, provided him a platform for some of his most important speeches. That evening, the Doctor lectured in English on "The Web of Indian National Life." As the speaker developed his argument and spread before the mind's eye the vast panorama of Indian history and culture, I marvelled at the beauty of the theme and the vigour and spontaneity of his eloquence. Admiration soon led to personal loyalty—and even affection for one who was nearly fifteen years my senior. I was studying with avidity the history of Greece in the local college, and I used to fancy that the Masulipatam of Dr. Pattabhi, the publicist, Krishna Rao the savant, and Venkata Sastri the poet, was very much like the Athens of Periclean times. I was one of a group of students intent on arranging lectures on political and cultural topics. We approached Dr. Pattabhi; characteristically, he wanted us to suggest a theme. When I mentioned 'India and Federal Union,' he accepted it with pleasure. But that lecture never came off, for the Ulsterite-Irish Principal forbade it: he suspected we were fast developing into seditionists. I took this disappointment with a sore

heart. But the Doctor and I came closer and he reciprocated my affection. Time has its revenges. The Doctor is now a leading light of Free India's Constituent Assembly; he is actively engaged, with other constitutional experts, in drafting a federal constitution for India.

That constitution will make provision for the re-distribution of Provinces on the basis of language. The Doctor was among the earliest in India to sponsor the movement for Linguistic Provinces. He was mainly responsible for winning acceptance for that principle by the Home Rule League and the National Congress. By his powerful advocacy he raised the movement to an all-India level, and at the Nagpur session of the Congress (1920) he sat on a sub-committee and carved out 'Congress Provinces' everywhere. The other members of the committee were Gandhiji and the late A. Rangaswami Iyengar.

As with Linguistic Provinces, so with the Gandhian movement. The Doctor's speeches and his writings in his brilliant English weekly, *Jannabhumi*, made converts of the intelligentsia in Andhra to the cult of Non-co-operation. The young lawyers who came into the struggle were influenced by the personal example of Sri Prakasam in Madras and of Sri. G. Sitarama Sastri in Guntur; but the implications of Gandhian ideology, and its potency as a weapon of peaceful revolution were brought home to us by the Doctor in Andhra and by C.R. in Tamilnad.

As Secretary of the Andhra Jateeya Kalasala, the Doctor became my chief. I had known the Kalasala since its inception; its cultural atmosphere and its wide lawns carpeted emerald green always held me in thrall. And yet,

it was the desire to associate with the Doctor and to get trained by him in unselfish public work, that drew me to the institution in 1923. For four years crowded with study and teaching, and enlivened by the comradeship of the poets and artists of Andhra, I led a happy, sheltered life. But when the Non-co-operation movement waned, and funds ceased to flow in, a proposal was mooted that the Kalasala might apply to the Provincial Government for a grant-in-aid. I made no distinction between service in an 'aided' institution and practice in a British-controlled court of law. The Doctor and his friends withdrew from the management, and with a heavy heart, I left the Kalasala. That was the moment when, if I had chosen, I could have gone back to the paternal home and the paternal profession of law. But some power beyond me impelled me to launch the *Triveni*, and to keep it afloat

through frequent storms and a few brief bursts of sunshine.

Like a wise and tender-hearted elder, the Doctor has continually sought to make life a little easier for me, but Fate and my own stubborn nature have proved too strong even for him. He is keen on banking and insurance; I swear by art and literature. His emphasis is on the useful in life, mine on the beautiful. I like quiet and leisure; he is often in a hurry, and always too loud in speech. He is punctilious about accounts; to me, accounting is an insufferable nuisance. We are like two brothers in a family who go their different ways. But have any brothers loved each other more intensely than we have? Of my three chiefs—Prakasam, Pattabhi and C.R. the Doctor is closest to me. In his presence, I am frank and free. I do not stand in awe of him, as I do of the other two.



KASHMIR

by P. S. NAIR

ACCORDING to Hindu Sastras, Kashmir was the abode of the sage Kashyapa; here it was that the first regular Indian history in Sanskrit—Raj Tarangini—was written; here also that students from far and wide crowded to learn Hindu astronomy and astrology and to hear the standard work of Bhṛigu Sanhita interpreted by learned pandits. Kashmir's healthy climate used to attract visitors from different parts of the globe from time immemorial, and her beautiful capital Srinagar is called Eastern Venice. The Moghul emperors cherished it as a precious possession and their gardens Wagh Bagh, Nishat Bagh, Shalimar and Chasma Shahi are still the favourite resort of visitors. Of two of these gardens, Nishat Bagh and Shalimar, very interesting anecdotes are told. Nishat Bagh was built on the bank of the Dal Lake by Asaf Khan, the brother of Noor Mahal. Shahjehan wanted to have the garden for himself and expressed his admiration for it three times to Asaf Khan thinking that he would make a present of it. Failing in this device, he ordered the water supply to the garden to be cut off. Deeply disappointed at this, Asaf Khan was one day sitting under a tree lost in a melancholy reverie, when suddenly he was awakened by the noise of the flowing water. A faithful servant, risking his life, had defied the Emperor's wrath and removed the obstacles to the water channel. Asaf Khan rebuked him for his audacity, but the Emperor, highly pleased, bestowed a robe of honour on the servant for his devoted service and granted a sanad to Asaf Khan with the right to draw water for the garden. According to another legend, Pravarsena II, the founder of the city of Srinagar, built a Villa on the bank of the Dal Lake calling it Shalimar "the abode or hall of love" and used to rest there whenever he visited the saint Sukarma Swami who lived near Harvan. In course of time a village sprang up in that place which the original

mind of Emperor Jehanghir selected for the present Shalimar garden.

These gardens have become so much interwoven with the life of the people of Kashmir that the following saying is popular among them:

"Morning in the shadow of the Nishat Bagh, evening in the breeze of Nisim,

Shalimar and its tulip flowers, these are the places of pleasure in Kashmir and none else."

There is geological proof that Kashmir originally was a big lake. This is confirmed by the legend of the huge snake and demon which possessed it for whose destruction God Vishnu assumed the form of a mighty boar and reclaimed it from the water. The place he rested in was called Varaha Mulla, now corrupted to Baramulla, a strategic point in Kashmir Valley. Kashmir was invaded in early times by the Scythians. The famous temple of Marthand shows considerable Egyptian and Greek influence in construction. It is said that many Greeks settled down in Kashmir after Alexander's invasion and contributed to the distinct Greek influence on the Kashmiris. But the golden age of Kashmir dawned during the time of Lalataditya who conquered Tibet and Central Asia and made his reign the most prosperous in Kashmir history. In the 15th century, along with Muslims came oppression and persecution of the Hindus and the notorious rule of Sikander Khan is as much remembered as the benevolent and wise rule of Zain-ul-uddin who wanted to become a Hindu but whom the orthodox Hindus refused to accept into their fold. Akbar conquered Kashmir and during the Moghul period, this province enjoyed peace and prosperity. After the Moghuls came the Afghans from Kabul who "thought no more of cutting off heads than of cutting flowers." In 1819 Ranjit Singh conquered Kashmir which remained under the Sikhs for 20 years. When trouble followed his death, Gulab

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from the train. Rows of stretchers with doctors and nurses standing by on the platform startled my senses, adding to the feeling of chilly apprehension. They were busy, operating, dressing, rendering first aid. A number of men and women unshaven and drab were walking about the ruins of the railway station building.

A long train, consisting of a fleet of first and second class compartments was converted into a temporary hospital, equipped with every medical provision. One of the doctors in attendance told me that 2,000 persons were dressed on the platform alone. Coloured ribbons distinguished the nature of the injury, red indicating a serious one.

All around were ruins. Railway buildings had been destroyed, except a few quake-proof ones, made of bricks and steel frames.

Military lorries were plying outside the railway station. Tents had been pitched in the open spaces and military officers were occupying all of them. Traffic through roads leading to the heart of the city was barred and all conveyances were asked to proceed along a particular path, leading mainly to the Race Course camp.

Myself and my two newspaper friends went to one of the officers to explain our mission and to seek guidance. The Officer-in-charge said that the city was under martial law and that he could give no information beside the news that all Indians were camped in the Race Course. He assured us, however, that communications had been restored. Our first impulse naturally was to have a bird's eye view of the ruins and put through our first dispatch.

No taxis were available and the question of moving about presented another insuperable difficulty. Private cars were all placed at the service of the military. But a few straggling hackney carriages were seen about but they demanded exorbitant prices. It was not the time to higgie and piling up our luggage

in two of them, we went to the Race Course camp.

Some of the Tommies were looking as though they frowned on our invasion from the land of the living. One need not be told that martial law had been proclaimed. At distances of every hundred yards, military pickets with shining bayonets were on duty while transport lorries with foodstuffs, camping paraphernalia and other articles were scouring up and down.

All habitations had been abandoned. Some of them had fallen right athwart the roads. Houses which were set in a rich perspective of rounded foliage were wrecked and only the milk-white tents in the open lawns with survivors moving like pale ghosts were visible. The spectacular catastrophe of accumulated destructiveness had smashed alike churches, temples and mosques.

Old men who had retired from worldly worries depending on their sons for their livelihood but had lost them were seen ruminating over heaps of ruins in front of what once were their homes. We had not the courage to ask them questions. The answers were written on their faces.

A peep into some of those buildings whose debris had been ripped open, apparently to save some lives conveyed the ruthless truth of what the night of terror must have been. Frail furniture was strewn about. Cycles had been twisted beyond recognition. Crockery had crumbled to pieces. A child's doll was pathetically lying in an inside room.

So our carriage went on. The journey which lasted only a few minutes seemed endless. Sikh soldiers with fierce whiskers were also on duty along with British soldiers. Orphans of the 'quake were moving about like a melancholy band of lost spirits. Some of them gossiped disjointedly about the happenings. Others were clad in their pyjamas and night gowns. They were those resurrected from their sleep. Their faces were gaunt and

unshaven and they looked like tired men who thought life to them was over.

A fleet of tanks mowing the whole city could not have done greater damage. We had projected into a void where three days before there was life and laughter. Now it was veritably the city of the dead.

There were several well-defined characteristics which distinguished the Quetta 'quake from the Bihar disaster, occurring on January 15, 1934. In Bihar, the shock occurred not at the dead of night but in the afternoon, at 2-15 p.m. when most of the people were out of doors. A rumbling sound preceding the quake gave timely warning.

The duration of the shock was spread over three long minutes, enabling people to run out of their falling houses before they collapsed. The casualties in the villages of Bihar were mainly among veiled purdah women, imprisoned in the backyards. The aftershocks which followed the initial earthquake only intensified the panic without adding much to the damage. That there was adequate time to render rescue is vividly brought out from the fact that before a high building at Monghyr actually came crashing down, four hundred persons were rushed to safety. Despite the fact that the ruin was spread over an extensive territory, the death-roll was comparatively small. Authentic reports state that only 7,235 persons perished.

The landmarks in Bihar were transformed beyond recognition. Due to the compression of the soil, wide fissures gaped open their mouths, sucking into them human beings, animals and sometimes motor cars which were dug out with difficulty. The fissures were sometimes hundreds of yards in length. It is also reported that rivers changed their courses. The surface of the earth sank yards inside. Lakes already in existence were silted up with sand while new ones were formed out of the erosion of rivers. Roads had completely disappeared

and railway tracts were twisted and torn. Bridges did not escape either. Their abutments sank and the piers were pushed up by the up-raising of the riverbed. Owing to the contraction of the banks many of them assumed arched shapes.

In several places roads spouted out huge quantities of water which looked like natural fountains in their terrific beauty. Many of the well-built houses did not so much come crashing in pancake manner as sank down due to their foundations being disturbed as a result of the opening of fissures.

A planter moving in a motor car at the home of the disaster describes a typical scene as follows:

"My car suddenly began to rock in a most dangerous fashion. Owing to the sound of the engine I noticed no noise, but was told such was heard from the west, a deep terrifying rumble. As the rocking ceased, mud huts in the villages on either side of the road began to fall. To my right, a lone dried palm trunk without a top was vigorously shaken, as an irate man might shake his stick. Then water-spouts, hundreds of them throwing up water and sand, were to be observed on the whole face of the country, the sand forming miniature volcanoes, while the water spouted out of the craters. Some of the spouts were quite six feet high. In a few minutes, on both sides of the road, as far as the eye could see was a vast expanse of sand and water. The road spouted water and wide openings were to be seen across it ahead of me, then under me, and my car sank while the water and sand bubbled and spit and sucked till my axles were covered. In less than half an hour, the water spouts ceased to play though water oozed out of the land and trickled from the mouths of the lesser sand heaps".

Quetta was a contrast to all this. There was no warning of the danger. In a few seconds, the whole city had tumbled down, the houses sinking on their bases like cocoanuts crushed under the feet of the furious elephant. There were no fissures

nor marked alterations in landscape, except for a few cracks here and there. The epicentral tract lay right through the heart of Quetta, unlike Bihar where only two small towns bore the brunt of the shock.

The completeness of destruction in the case of Quetta may be gauged from the fact that 20,000 persons were crushed to death before they ever realised what was happening. Many must have died out of the shock while a few were suffocated in a hermetically sealed prison of crushed masonry. All was darkness as the few survivors screamed and knocked against one another. To add to the ravage, some places caught fire and barely a handful escaped death, though the flames were controlled betime. The only lucky ones were those who had gone to attend a cinema performance. As they came out, the earth swayed and rocked and they stood in the open roads, thus escaping death.

THE WAY TO PEACE

by K. A. KADER SHAH

A number of quasi-military organisations have sprung up in the wake of freedom. There is the R. S. S. hatched by the Hindu Maha Sabha. Though the Maha Sabha has ceased to be a force in Indian politics, the R. S. S. is very popular with the Hindu youths. The patronage extended to it by high-ranking Congressmen leads to the suspicion that it has the blessings of the Congress. It has grown very strong within a short span of time and has become a veritable menace to the peace of the country. Of course its counterpart in Pakistan, the Muslim National Guard, has established the same record though in this Dominion it is more a name than an organisation. Other parties are not lagging behind in regimenting their own volunteer forces. That mere physical culture is not the object of these organisations is evident from the nature of the training given by them. They are preparing our young men for some ulterior political ends.

The following extracts from the letter of an English woman staying in one of the bungalows of a leading hotel convey a vivid picture of the first shock:

"I cannot tell you what this has been like. It has been the worst possible nightmare and more so, but all that we know is thankfulness to be alive at all. We were woken at 3 o'clock in the morning on Friday by the whole house rocking violently, frightful crashes and the noise of bits of brick being hurled on the bed. There was no light, of course, and it was all too ghastly."

"We got out in our panic, of course going the longest way and stopping to get coats and shoes. I saw by a torch the electric light swinging so that it almost hit the ceiling. My biggest wardrobe missed my bed by inches. It was my ghastliest experience. Thousands of human beings were uprooted in the flash of a second."

They are out to capture by force what they cannot hope to achieve through the ballot-box. If they are left unchecked, in their pernicious activities they will constitute a menace to the future of democracy in this country.

Unless we create a new atmosphere free from the scourge of communalism there is no hope of sanity returning to our excited masses. But the venom of hatred has gone so deep into our body politic that without a drastic surgical operation it is not possible to heal this festering sore of communal wrangling. The immediate thing we should do is to wind up the Muslim League and the Hindu Maha Sabha which have brought so much of misery on our heads. Thanks to the Cabinet Mission, the Hindu Maha Sabha is now a defunct organisation, but the two Dominions should give it the honour of an official burial. Of no less virulence is the communalism of the League. The All-India Muslim League

is now an orphan in the Indian Dominion without Mr. Jinnah and his immediate colleagues who are now in Pakistan. Others of a lesser calibre left behind are completely non-plussed by the unexpected turn of events. But now that the dead-weight of the League High Command has been lifted, they are slowly allowing themselves the luxury of free thinking. Some of them who have seen the light have come forward to disown the League and denounce its ideal of Pakistan. We cannot say the same thing of the Muslim masses. Though they are seized with a sense of frustration by this desertion of leadership, there is no change of mind in them. They cling fast to the League with all their loyalty and look up to Mr. Jinnah and his satellites for inspiration and guidance. The Qaid-e-Azam has advised them to re-organise the League under a new leadership with a new programme. Whether any serious attempt will be made to bolster up the League is yet to be seen, but the League has no future as the main plank of its bottom has been knocked off by the abolition of separate electorates.

As if to seize this opportunity, the nationalist Muslims who were routed by the League in the last elections have begun to raise their heads. They advertise their wisdom in not supporting the fantastic political theories of the League and call upon their misguided brethren to repent. There is a move to organise a new Muslim party under the leadership of the ex-Rashtapathi, Maulana Azad. This great Muslim luminary and the lesser lights round him may be staunch nationalists holding progressive views, but in the eyes of the Muslim public they are mere "show-boys of the Congress". They are so much out of touch with the masses that it is pure moonshine to expect that once they blow the bugle the rank and file of the League will flock round them. What is more, the formation of a new Muslim party is as much undesirable as the revival of the League. Even if the proposed party ploughs a new furrow, it cannot escape the suspicion of the other communities as the sins of the

League are a haunting memory with them. As a minority the interests of the Muslims are identical with those of the other minorities. Therefore they should come out of their exclusiveness and cast their lots with the other minorities. Instead of of treading the old rut, Muslim leaders should take the initiative to form a Minority League embracing all the minority communities in the Indian Dominion including the Scheduled Castes. A similar party may be set up in Pakistan in the place of the Congress without any link with the High Command in India. Unless we reconstitute our parties on these lines the misplaced loyalties of the minorities will undermine the stability of both the Dominions.

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One of the legacies of our past is our aversion to manual work. Railway work of course involves hard manual work. Station masters doing continuous night duty become a class of their own; so also the driver or guard. How many men know that when they are travelling in the fast Blue Mountain Express at the rate of 60 miles an hour and obviously enjoying the run, that the driver, the guard and the station-master strain every nerve to carry them safely through. In spite of this accidents do occur, how many people have cared to know the cause of such accidents? Minister Rajan presided over a conference of Locomotive Drivers of the South Indian Railway. He frankly confessed his poor knowledge of railway working. He thought that the sight of the green flag or the green light made the train move. Only after attending the drivers' conference did he come to know of the vigilance displayed by a band of men in the engine cab throughout the night in safely taking the train to the destination.

Our National Government is faced with the huge task of rehabilitation of our railways. The years of war have so affected the railways that rehabilitation can only be done through the patriotic fervour of the railwaymen supported by the people. There are now in India 10 lakhs of railwaymen. One in a hundred depends on the railways for his livelihood. The capital invested on the railways is more than 800 crores and in 1945-46 alone the gross earnings amounted to Rs. 226 crores. For years to come this upward trend can be maintained. But yet railway travel in India is a luxury. The average third class passenger travels only 40 miles per year.

Public opinion must assert itself to improve this state of affairs. The Advisory Committees which are the only public bodies are powerless and they meet and pass useless resolutions. Provincial Governments must step in and should have a voice in the management of our railways.

"FULL STEAM AHEAD"

Muslims In Indian Union

Some of the Muslim leaders complain that Hindus continue to discriminate Muslims in the Indian Union on

the basis of what the Muslims have done in the past. True, it is advisable to let bygones be bygones. But what is it that Muslims in this new era have substantially done to evoke the sympathy and deserve the support of the majority community?

So far as South India is concerned, Muslims (excepting a few Nationalists) on the one hand repudiate the two-nation theory and on the other still cling to separate electorates and separate educational institutions. They ask for the establishment of a secular and democratic State in India but they are not equally prepared to do the same in the case of Hyderabad. People who displayed so much of enthusiasm and made sacrifices for the sake of Pakistan, can they not now do anything to actively help the people's movement in Hyderabad? It is high time our Muslim friends realised that by fighting for the democratic cause there they would be very well serving their own interests here.

Bhimavaram. O. S. N. MURTY

Unsatisfactory Labour Policy

There is an increasing feeling that the Congress Government, much under the hold of capitalistic interests, has failed to direct its attention to the betterment of the labour community. The Industrial Disputes Act passed by the Central Assembly and the various ordinances passed in order to quench the pent-up labour discontent speak volumes against the labour policy of the Congress. The Congress Ministries whenever confronted with labour trouble, ascribed the difficulty to Communist influence, and refused to believe that it was due to economic causes. But then, what answer have they to give to N. M. Joshi's poser: "If the working class of a whole country came under the influence of the Communists so easily, was it not a warning to the Government of that country, that something was wrong with it?"

As a result of this unsatisfactory labour policy, labour tends to go on strike at the slightest provocation. When the crying need of the hour is more and more production of consumer goods we find that the tempo of production here is at a low ebb. The labour class in India has not been properly organised and given the correct lead. It is the bounden duty of a national Government, pledged to raise the standard of living of the common man, to give a constructive lead to labour.

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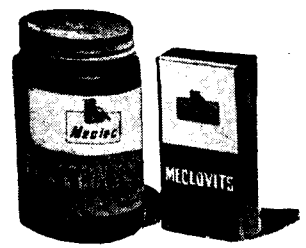
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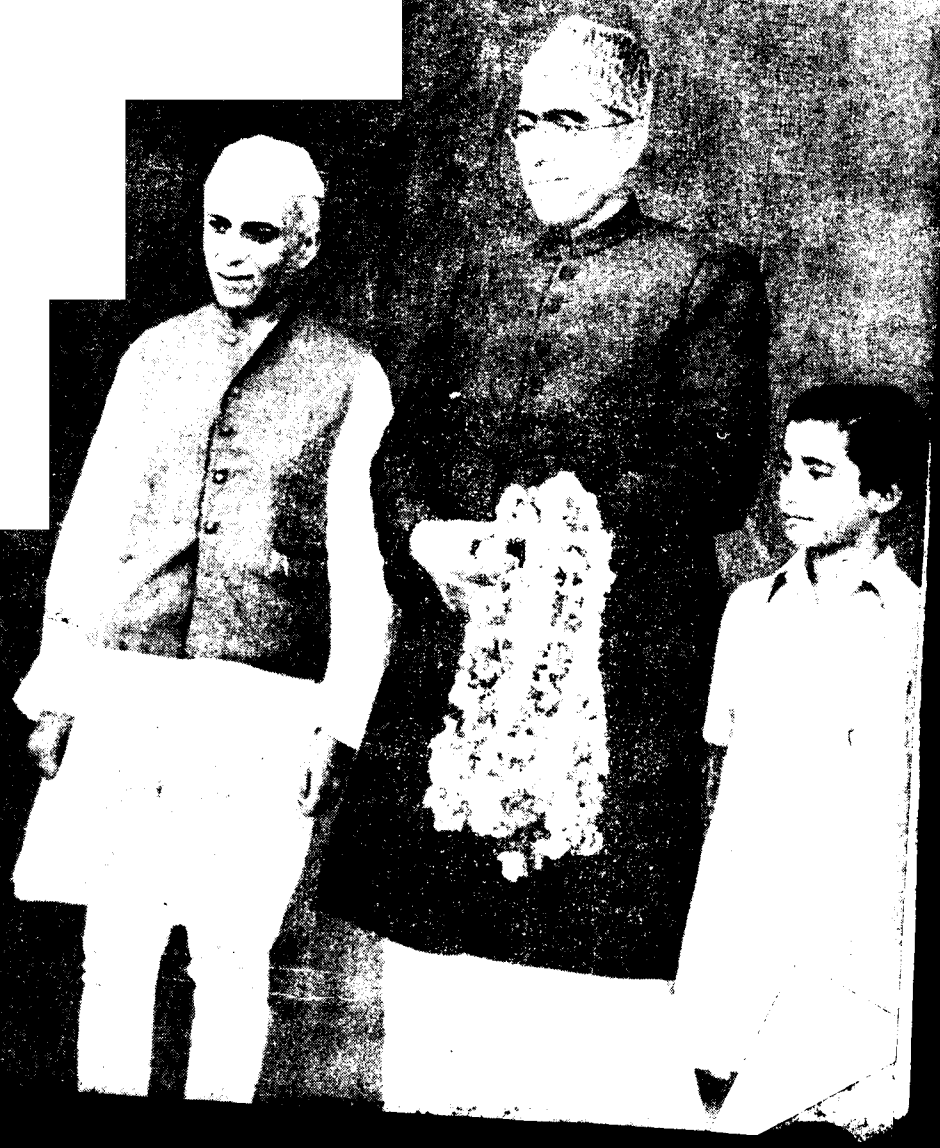
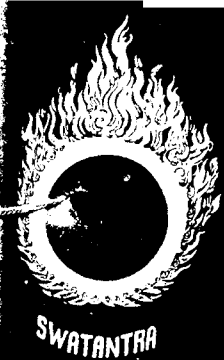
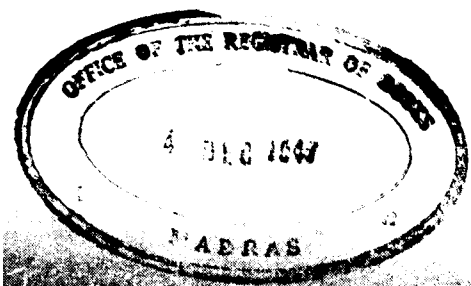
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SWATANTRA

EDITOR: KHASA SUBBA RAU

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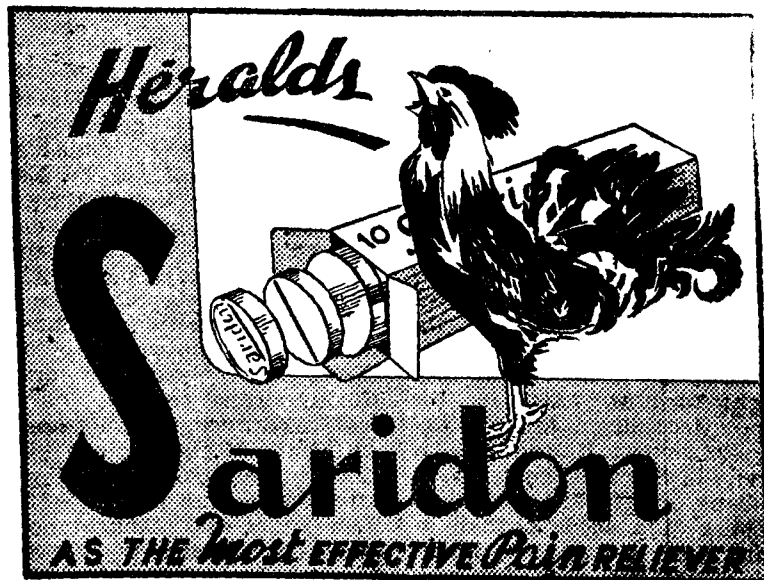
Singh, the Maharaja of Jammu, made himself the master of Kashmir. After defeating the Sikhs, the British in 1846 handed over Kashmir "for ever, an independent possession to the Maharaja Gulab Singh and the heir male of his body" in return for $\frac{3}{4}$ of a million sterling. The present ruler Sir Harisingh is the fourth in the line of Maharaja Gulab Singh. Repeating the same old story the Pathans have invaded Kashmir with the connivance of Pakistan.

Although Kashmir has 80 per cent Muslim population, the "hands off" policy which Pakistan advocates for India regarding Kashmir can be followed only at very great peril. Kashmir is a strategic border state between India, China, Russia and Afghanistan. If there is persecution or disorder in Kashmir which is sure to follow Kashmir joining Pakistan, the Russian bear will never be so

obliging to Kashmir as Pakistani wants India to be to her. The border policy of Russia has always been to instigate the oppressed minorities to revolt against the parent State and feudal and theocratic Pakistan will not find Russia so amiable and tolerant as the Indian Union. If Kashmir is allowed to align with Pakistan, as the Britishers want it to be for strategic reasons, India will not only be forced to find room for the non-Muslims in the Union, but will also have in the near future, to face the possibility of increasing Russian influence as has happened or is happening in Iraq and Iran. Kashmir under Shaikh Abdulla may like to join the Indian Union being a more progressive State, but what the result of self-determination will be is very difficult to prophesy, in view of the strong communal bias of the Muslims.

LOVE THINE ENEMY

1,211 Americans have been granted permission to marry German Frauleins since the end of the marriage ban ten months ago. An additional 2,650 applications are in the process of being sorted.



HUMANITY UPROOTED

by C. H. V. PATHY

(Books by newspapermen in this country are few and far between. Many of them are buried from sun rise to sundown in routine work and find little time to woo the muse of authorship. Even the masterpieces they produce are forgotten along with yesterday's headlines.)

Mr. C. H. V. Pathy, a well-known figure in the journalistic landscape, will shortly come out with a book entitled "Crack at the Net's Front."

Mr. Pathy was the first to saddle the Quetta earthquake in 1935 and here is a vivid chapter in which he describes in an arresting style a tragedy which engulfed thousands of lives.

This is one of the chapters in his proposed book.)

THE rays of the midday sun were brushing the cloud-kissed peaks of Baluchistan when leaving the sea of Sibirian sand behind our train ambled along to the valley of death. Ruins of primitive mud dwellings flanked both sides of the railway track for some time. Then the landscape became bald and barren. There was only a series of vast sepulchral basins sunk into the summits of the hills. The sinuous profiles of some of the surrounding peaks proclaimed aloft the secret of the martial tribes inhabiting them, knowing only the law of the jungle, caressed by a climate whose winters are bitterly cold and whose summers are warm.

After Bolan Pass the landscape changed when the parched herbage gave place to smiling green. The tonic air was redolent with the scent of flowers and fruits.

The approach to Quetta was enchanting. Though the sky was murky, the vast plains were covered with farms and orchards containing apples and grapes in plentiful profusion. In poignant contrast to this groups of melancholy refugees were careering down the road, with camels laden with all that was left them after the quake shock. They looked like tramping through the

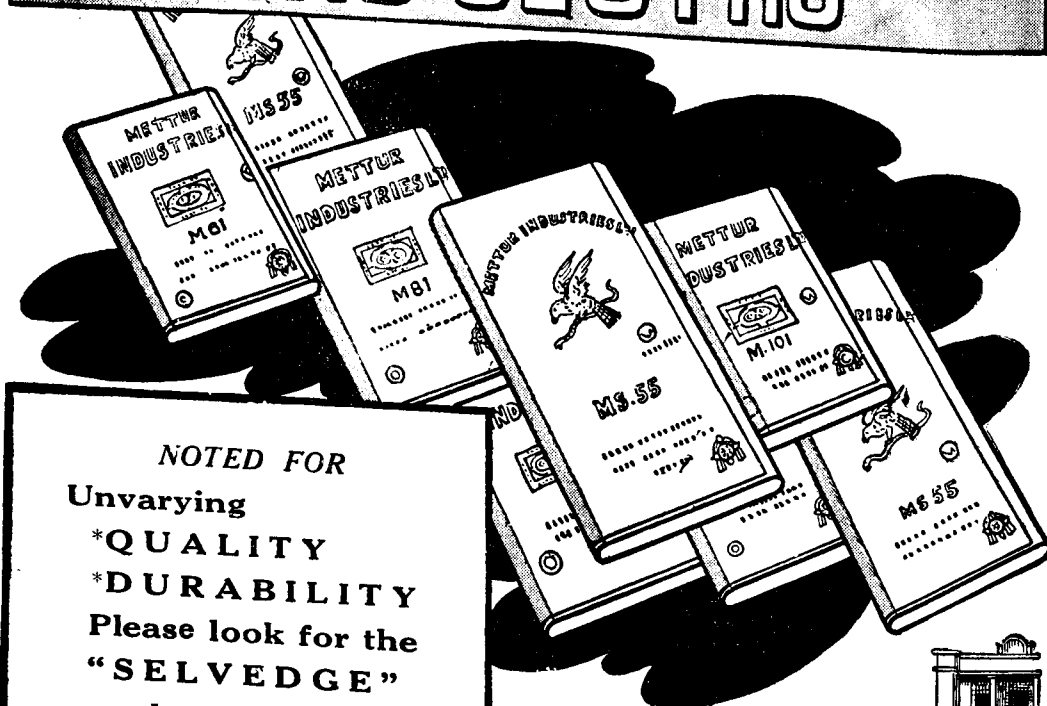
night. They did not pause at the passing train; fear had prompted them. They were aimless and slow as a stream that had lost its channel. The pale and shattered houses at Shariat station could tell us more of the harrowing tragedy than the dead whose lips were closed for ever.

A shattering experience overtook us at Shariat. Suddenly the waiting train danced to and fro and frantic passengers jumped out for their lives. In another ten seconds, there was a second shock and we saw the hills whose by-blotted out by a thick coat of dust. "A volcano", shouted a panic-stricken passenger. The last lap of the journey was sensational because now sudden

The train pulled up with a jerk on Quetta platform. Indian soldiers with bayonets had formed a cordon around the platform and it was a job for some of us to convince the military authorities that we were on duty and hence must be permitted to enter the city. After a few minutes, I crawled through that cordon along with me were two other newspaper correspondents from Karachi.

A vista of stark death and desolation confronted us as we alighted

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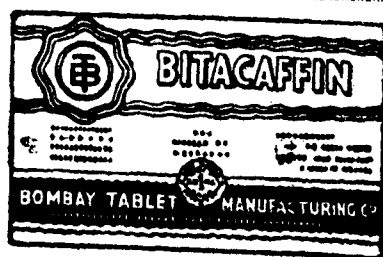
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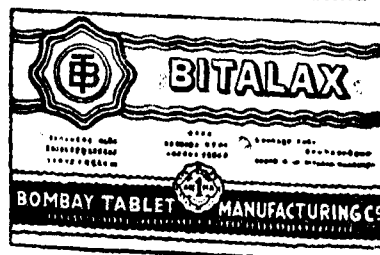


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VOL. II. No. 42.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1947.

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BURDENS OF SCHOOLING

—by H. V. Ram Gopal

SWATANTRA

VOL. II
No. 42

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1947

ISSUED
WEEKLY

CONGRESS LEADERSHIP

THE crisis created by Acharya Kripalani's resignation of the Presidentship of the Indian National Congress had turned out to be a blessing in disguise. For it has enabled a realignment of forces within the National Congress in such a way as to have brought it a considerable accession of moral prestige.

The resignation of Acharya Kripalani was brought about primarily as a result of the course of events during the last three months. No blame attaches to him on the score that in the ghastly tragedy of the Punjab, he was driven to espouse frankly a communal view of the disaster. This he did in self-protective retaliation to the communal offensive started on the other side. Coming as he does from Sind, and having seen and heard much of what had taken place in Sind soon after the establishment of Pakistan, it was only to be expected that he should have been moved by the disturbances to assume an attitude which however natural in itself came into conflict with the official attitude of the Indian Government.

Secondly, Mr. Kripalani was an unnoticed junior in the counsels of the Government at the highest levels. All the top-ranking men within the Congress had got into the Government, and without realizing it, had unconsciously weakened

Congress itself; for, while they functioned as Ministers, they tended to ignore more and more ostentatiously the Congress as an organisation. It was to this complaint that the retiring President gave prominent expression as contributing a predominant reason to his decision to resign.

The anomaly of the situation must have been appreciated in the highest quarters, as we may infer from the attempts that have since been made to repair the mischief. It was a master-stroke of policy for Sri Rajendra Prasad to have decided to relinquish his place in the Government and come back to the Congress once more in the interests of the national organization. It has amounted in fact to an attempt to rehabilitate the Congress side by side with the attempts which are now being made to rehabilitate the country itself in the aftermath of the great disturbances which have taken place in the north. There were other factors also which, as we imagine, must have contributed to this very desirable conclusion.

Dr. Prasad's resignation is no loss to the Indian Cabinet. For, latterly, there has been a cleavage of opinion both in the Cabinet and in the country on the vexed questions of controls and rationing. As Food Minister in the Cabinet, Dr. Prasad's function was largely negative. It

was to insist upon the maintenance of an All-India index of prices of food stuffs without reference to the price levels of other commodities, the difference between the two being met from general revenues in the interests of the poorer classes. But experience has shown that notwithstanding controls and rationing, a flourishing black-market has been growing in spite of the most vigilant attempts to stamp it out. When it is remembered that rationing has been effective only in a few urban areas and that in the rural parts of the country, there has been no rationing at all, without any permanent or serious break-down of supplies due to scarcity, the case for controls becomes weakened. It is from this point of view that Mahatma Gandhi has been pressing the Government to give up the entire system of rationing. But curiously enough, the elaborate Government machinery which has been brought into existence to work the system of rationing and controls, has established such infinite ramifications and such widely interlocked vested interests that the opposition to the lifting of controls comes from the controlling authorities themselves. In the two commodities which are under control, viz., cloth and rice, it is notorious that there is an active blackmarket almost under the very nose of officialdom and yet nothing can apparently be done to check it. Latterly, we have been observing the reports in the Press of the movements of surplus bales of textile goods coming over from one province to another. As regards the handloom products, though there is no rationing in regard to quantity, there is control in regard to prices. In other words, when we go to the areas where textiles are displayed for sale, we find shops full, business comparatively dull and yet profits apparently being unaffected. What is the explanation for this unnatural combination? Our own view is that

prices have been fixed at exorbitant levels and that controls guarantee a safe margin to dealers and against these two factors, the consumer has no other remedy except to buy when he must. So it may be safely said, at least of the textile trade, that there is an unmistakable surplus awaiting to be absorbed and only held up because of prevailing controls and rationing.

We should not be surprised if Dr. Prasad's decision to come out of the Indian Cabinet has been inspired by some of these considerations. There is a still more important reason why we should welcome his assumption of the Presidentship of the National Congress. Among the Hindu leaders today we cannot think of any other front rank Congressman with a better claim to be the President than Dr. Prasad. To be a Hindu and yet be also a force making for reconciliation between the communities, is not given to all. Gandhiji in spite of his pronounced bias in favour of Muslims is not so popular with Muslims as Dr. Prasad who at a slightly lower level seems to us better fitted to win their confidence than the Mahatma himself. Today the irony of the Indian situation is that there is no Muslim whom Hindu India would accept at face value, who at the same time may be claimed by the Muslim masses as representative of them. Nationalist Muslims like Azad, Asaf Ali and Kidwai are more bitterly denounced by the Muslim masses than are even Mahasabha leaders! Of non-party men like Sir Mirza Ismail, it can only be said that they neutralise the extremes of both sides without winning positive support from middle ranks. Rajendra Prasad has more Muslim admirers than almost any other Hindu leader. It is a matter of hopeful augury that he should come back to the Congress with a view to enhance its prestige not only with Hindus but also with an increasing

number of Muslims in the Indian Union.

Next to this primary task of restoring the prestige of the Congress, Dr. Prasad's leadership will, we hope, inaugurate a trend towards putting down jobbery in Congress ranks. There have recently been persistent reports of large-scale appointments of Junior Ministers or Parliamentary Secretaries to assist the Cabinet Ministers. From the list of names suggested, it seems fairly clear that it is an attempt to distribute patronage on a provincial basis so as to rope in a certain amount of dubious support to the Congress at the provincial level. This is one aspect of the Union Government's activity which requires very searching scrutiny preferably by the head of the Congress organization. The tendency of every democratic system of Government is to multiply appointments in the hope of placating the opposition or favouring the faithful. This is one of the most insidious methods of introducing corruption into the body politic out of a mistaken sense of gratitude to workers for services rendered. The need for appointing Parliamentary Secretaries must be considered in relation to service efficiency. To dump fifteen or twenty provincial politicians at ministerial levels and entrust them with even qualified initiative without any attempt to co-ordinate policy would be to introduce a sort of chaos in the central administration. This is a matter which we hope the Congress President will personally look into, and on which he will lay down high policy in clear, set terms. Even if a case for these appointments is made out, we do hope that the emoluments will not be so unconscionable as suggested in the Press forecasts. But it must be regretfully acknowledged that austerity, which was one of the main planks in the Congress platform when it was in the opposition, has

now given place to an indecent scramble for allowances and perquisites which betray a deplorably low, mercenary and calculating outlook. An organization like the Indian National Congress can never hope to repay the services rendered to the nation in terms of rupees, annas, pies. It must justify itself in the future as in the past by an appeal to the higher sense of service in our workers and leaders. Once this spirit goes, the national organization itself will die an inevitable death.

During Dr. Prasad's Presidentship, we hope for the restoration of normal conditions of civic and social life between Hindu and Muslim. The aftermath of partition has left a bitter taste in the mouth of Hindu and Muslim. But the minorities on both sides of the frontier not being safe, it behoves our leaders to circumscribe the operation of separatist tendencies as far as possible, and to stress those elements in the social and communal life of the country which have been responsible for peace and stability in the past and will prove of help in the future. Let it be made clear that the minorities must earn their place in the new States on both sides. Catholics in England for instance had to be put on probation for more than one hundred years; yet today their patriotism is above suspicion, their loyalty beyond question. So also must it be in our own country, with the Hindu in Pakistan and the Muslim in Hindustan. No one can promote this desirable consummation better than Dr. Rajendra Prasad whose whole life is an eloquent testimony of competence and good faith.

The last point on which the new President has to give a proper lead is in connection with the establishment of linguistic provinces. This question is insidiously but rapidly creating a lot of bad blood in composite provinces like Madras. All

the conservative and reactionary elements which had been encouraged under the British regime are now finding in these linguistic rivalries an ideal opportunity for fishing in troubled waters. The Fabian method of solving this vexed question, viz.,—by frequent and politic postponements—does no good in the long run. The sooner a solution is arrived at, the better would it be for all concerned. For, only thus can the better minds in each of the areas find an opportunity to function in normal conditions and make for the evolution of a new spirit of unity based upon mutual respect of the different parts for one another, under a broadbased common loyalty to the Union generated from below and not as hitherto imposed from above.

Trade War?

IT is ironic that while we are all fervently talking of peace and improved relations between India and Pakistan, specially after our initial and disastrous start, we should by our deeds be actively engaged in promoting the very reverse of peace. We refer particularly to the advance intimations of what threatens to be a much more protracted, complicated, vexatious and eventually ruinous trade war between India and Pakistan.

It has been well said that a river separates more bitterly than oceans. The line that divides India from Pakistan is neither the bank of a river nor the crest of mountain ranges nor the yawning gulfs of sundering seas. It is a thin red line which is more in the imagination than in objective reality, and it runs in a zigzag fashion not so much through the geography of India as through the exacerbated and embittered minds of people, Hindus and Muslims alike. The basic rivalry between them which, under different forms has brought about the

division of the country, is apparently bent on further mischief; for we have already heard more than one complaint from both sides of the border of unfairness in the allocation of assets and liabilities no less than in the taxes levied on raw materials.

On account of the speed with which the partition was hastened notionally, many important aspects of it were either left to be tackled at leisure or included in a comprehensive standstill agreement, the effect of which was to maintain the status quo, until it could be replaced by a newly negotiated agreement between the parties concerned. Neither the atmosphere nor the material necessary for such a permanent division is yet available. But the urgency for going ahead with the division itself is being pressed at both ends by factors which are more emotional than economic. Obscurely and fundamentally, there is the instinct on each side to get even with the other side, to retaliate, or to secure a point of vantage from which to extract more gains in the future.

Of the interdependence of India and Pakistan in all aspects of life, there are too many evidences all round us either to be ignored or to be discounted. But seized with the idea of a sovereign State, Pakistan at least is impatient like the prodigal son to realise its share of sovereignty in all tangible shapes with premature zeal. But the economic factors underlying the immemorial unity and undisturbed harmony of Indian life cannot be removed or modified at a moment's notice; and yet that is what is precisely now being attempted by Pakistan authorities in one or two leading instances.

Consider this question of the export duty on raw jute. Pakistan happens to possess a monopoly of it and is therefore theoretically well

within its rights in exporting it only on her own terms. But if Pakistan is strong in one particular point, she may well find herself vulnerable in a hundred others, and in imposing her exactions within her 'national boundaries,' she must be prepared for the imposition at other ends of similar embargoes or prohibitive taxes on essential commodities for the very existence of Pakistan. In other words, the trade rule like the rule of conduct points to the golden exhortation "do unto others as you would be done by." It is perfectly true Pakistan has a good case, so far as jute is concerned. So indeed is it equally a good case in regard to other surplus products. But in textiles, India has the whip-hand over Pakistan. A trade war if it comes today can be waged by India against Pakistan with more staying power and with more chances of success than can be hoped for by the other side. That being the reality of the general economic condition of both parts of India, sober and realistic politicians should consider how soon we can devise a method of living with and letting live our neighbours on the basis of friendliness and reciprocity. The advantages of Pakistan in regard to her monopoly of jute and possession of surplus food stock are not such as to enable her to wield an unfailling weapon. By intensive methods, by rationalisation, and by imports from foreign countries, India can make herself independent of Pakistan supplies. As for jute again, the quantity manufactured by India out of her own raw produce is capable of further augmentation, and would in any case meet her domestic requirements for a long time to come. It is even possible for us by extending the area under jute cultivation to enter the international market as a rival to Pakistan herself. But this is by no means either desirable or necessary.

The moral of all this is plain. Any kind of attempt to initiate a policy of economic isolationism, or what is worse, of economic or trade reprisals will ultimately recoil like the boomerang on Pakistan herself or on Hindustan according as whoever is the aggressor. Whatever the political implications of sub-division, it is undeniable that the economic future of the country is more and more bound up with prospects of union rather than with possibilities of division. Indeed the trend even in Europe is towards the forging of closer customs union links. Attempts have been recently made to establish a customs union between Holland, Belgium and the Netherlands. America and Canada, though under different flags, have been driven by the logic of world forces to agree to a common customs code which has eliminated the friction arising from artificially imposed economic barriers. It is therefore to be hoped that Pakistan will not embark on any course of hasty action inspired merely by pique or by political jaundice. There is such a wide field and there are so many alternative methods of enforcing a compromise that it would be a thousand pities if these are not explored before a bloodless war is declared on the trade front.

There is one final consideration which ought to make leaders of Pakistan and India pause before embarking on ruinous experiments in any trade embargoes or tariffs. According to expert students of the international situation, there is said to be a near prospect of recession or depression in world trade, starting from America. To a world which is already in short supply of vital necessities, it would be an unrelieved curse if freedom of trade should be further curtailed, and nothing is made available for exchange except *indigency* on an international scale.

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SIDELIGHTS : :

The politics of courts are so mean that private people would be ashamed to act in the same way; all is trick and finesse, to which the common cause is sacrificed.—LORD NELSON.

SYED Kasim Razvi is the man to watch in Hyderabad. Young active, vigorous, he combines in himself the suavity of the diplomat and the go-ahead gusto of the fanatic turned politician. He has a neat, orderly mind well stored with progressive-looking nostrums. He uses realism as a weapon to be hurled against changes which he does not like.

He does not like responsible government. Responsible government means the installation in executive power of chosen representatives of the people to the exclusion of superimposed authoritarians deriving their sanction from the striking power of organisations like the police and the military not directly amenable to public opinion. It is the essence of responsible government that it substitutes the risk of the waywardness of an uninstructed mass armed with the vote for the risk of tyranny by an autocrat or group of autocrats armed with lethal weapons. Responsible government in its initial stages has to reckon with chances for abuse of power by backward multitudes unused to its exercise. There can be no wise exercise of power in the absence of opportunity to learn by mistakes, which sometimes may be very grave mistakes apt to lead to a break-down. Responsible government provides just such an opportunity. To pit against the demand for responsible government reservations supposed to ensure protection against its dangers, is to miss the whole spirit and purpose of responsible government as such. Responsible government "by stages" is thus a contradiction in terms: as meaningless a feat as learning swimming by stages.

Certain changes are in the nature of a plunge from the habitual to the

unpredictable. When contradictory conditions are pleaded for avoidance of the plunge, the conclusion to be drawn is that no change is really desired—all that is offered is a camouflage of words to cover the reluctance for change. This is how I felt when Mr. Razvi expounded in about an hour's discussion near midnight interspersed with charming courtesy and hospitality, his strange thesis of responsible government by stages, of democracy for consultation and dictatorship for action.

He is opposed to adult suffrage. He wants the people of Hyderabad to be left to themselves to settle their differences without outside interference. His prescriptions are not very palatable to suffering elements in the State who do not see the hand of outsiders in its rapidly deteriorating standards of government. Arabs perigrinating the streets heavily armed with sword, spear and rifle are a familiar spectacle on Hyderabad streets today. They are rather too heavily accoutred for actual killing, but the spectacle they present is enough to strike terror. The spread of terror among Hindu population has evidently become a very important part of the function of administration itself in the State nowadays. The Muslims are a privileged section. There is nothing like inter-communal justice. Goondaism is rampant. It flourishes with weird religious sanctions under the full tolerance of State authority.

Mr. Razvi controls a very formidable Muslim organisation. It is an army in all but name. Its ramifications extend into practically every effective sphere of influence in civil life. There is nobody in the State Congress to match Mr. Razvi in the matter of ready access to organised resources for over-aweing purposes. The key to peace or strife in Hyderabad is therefore in Mr. Razvi's pocket. The Nizam has allowed the rise in the State of an insurgent

force which has already made a considerable inroad on his prestige and status and has forced His Exalted Highness into a position of secondary importance in Hyderabad politics.

The strain of the impending conflict may break the sturdiest of leaders. With a power like the Union Government in the offing, keenly watching the situation, the prospects are not rosy for the triumph of communal gangsterdom. A large measure of conciliatory spirit will have to actuate the counsels of the League if it is to survive at all as a respectable political force. The alternatives for the Nizam are clear. There is a chance of his enduring indefinitely as a constitutional ruler, should he seek the path of goodwill with his subjects, overcoming the temptation to autocracy and communal fanaticism. Otherwise, already a prisoner in politics of the Ittehad-ul, he will have no future to look to except progressive decline.—SAKA.

The leader of the Ittehad-ul-Muslimeen is a man of grit, determination and ambition. Latterly, he has been dallying with the idea of setting himself up as a protector of non-Muslims, assuming a role which the ruler has shown himself only too ready to abandon. For Mr. Razvi the problem is how to reconcile the requirements of aggression of a militant communal organisation like the Ittehad-ul with the necessities of an aspiring career in its bid for power and primacy.

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Sotto Voce

The Servile State



THE balance of ages is to be redressed. The Lord of the Moony Crest is to have His temple again at Prabhasa Pattana. The millennium that has passed since the sack of Somnath is to be wiped out like a bad dream. But there is a canker in the bud. The merchant princes of Marwar have many things to their credit, but a feeling for beauty would hardly seem to be one of them. And so, when one finds an enthusiastic Knight of the Pen pleading that the new fane should be modelled on the Lakshminarayan temple in Delhi one begins to have qualms.

You will, of course, understand that this preference is mainly dictated by regard for sanitation which is our only sanctity. The old temple may have been a jewel of art. But it could have hardly hoped to be certified as a cinema hall. "The principal hall had fifty-six columns of wood covered with lead;" but the inspissated gloom of its cavernous corridors would have been intolerable to the modern cradled in E. L. & F. And the very thought that devadasis and temple dancing might return fills our reformers with dread. They will allow nothing that is not simple, hygienic, promiscuous.

So, poor Somnath is in for it. Even at the risk of being accused by good Sri Vaishnavas of partiality, I devoutly hope that no movement will be set afoot to rebuild on the same up-to-date lines that other temple, devoted to Krishna, which

the Ghazni destroyed at Mathura. "In the middle of the city there was a temple larger and finer than the rest which can neither be described, nor painted", says the old historian. Let me feed my imagination on that indescribable magnificence. The new vandals may build a modern rest-house for their reformed Krishna where they will, but not on that sacred soil. The *Rasaprada* who charmed the hearts of the Gopis lives there eternally.

It might seem paradoxical that stout champions of a secular State are to be found among those who have come forward to restore Somnath to its pristine glory. It is all very well for British simultaneously to maintain an Ecclesiastical Establishment and the pretence that she is a secular State. But the characteristically British invention of a King who is also the Head of the Church is too illogical for our Indian intelligentsia who remember that the only worship sanctioned by the French Revolution was that of the Goddess of Reason. And the world has not stood still since 1789. After the October Revolution the only God permissible is the Proletariat.

While for these cogent reasons our young Communists may sniff at the revivalist tendencies of the old guard, the elder statesmen of the Congress would smile at such simplicity. They know as well as the Roman Emperors did that the mob must have its bread and circus and the programme of temple-entry and, possibly, temple-building too comes within the latter category. Religion

like measles is something that must be gone through, and they are no doubt busy experimenting with auto-vaccines. Just as on the Prohibition Front they depend on the counter-attraction of *nira* to wean the toddy addict, so on the Enlightenment Front, they may pin their hopes to the emergence of a new pantheon with themselves as the central figures.

Mahatma Gandhi has denounced the contemporary attempts to deify him. But there are those who swear by him and who have publicly maintained that if the popular Legislature should ever decide that God is outmoded that will be the end of the matter. The Mahatma claims to belong "to that Hinduism which is all-inclusive and which stands for tolerance." But it has to reckon with Islam and Christianity which pride themselves on the uniqueness of the Revelation that has been vouchsafed them and claim the right to proselytise with-

out let or hindrance. If Hinduism were to share the fate of the mud pot in the story history would not laud its tolerance but record the damaging judgment that it lacked the will to live.

And it is very important to the world that Hinduism—the authentic article, not the synthetic creed that amateurs mix like cocktails—should live. Mankind needs today as it never did before the sovereign message of Svadharma and Svabhava. It is the unnatural strain of everybody trying to be somebody else or to do something which Nature never intended him to do that lies at the root of all our frustration. And only a Hindu State in India can make it possible for men in the mass to live by the faith that is in them. No secular State will do that; for, in a world that has lost its moorings the secular State is the Servile State.

VIGHNESWARA.

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HUMOUR IN COMMUNALISM

by V. SUBRAMANIAN, M.A.

COMMUNAL hatred gives rise mostly to massacre, arson and loot but it is not without its lighter, humorous side.

In the case of Hindu Muslim riots, the cow whose slaughter is often the root cause, is sold most often for a good price by a Hindu who knows full well the use to which the cow will be put. And the music before the mosque in Hindu marriage processions etc., is mostly played by Muslim professional musicians (in North India) who know full well the consequences.

The Khilafat movement was a comedy without parallel in history. The Indian Muslims fought against the Turkish Caliph during World War I, pocketing good money in the bargain. At the end of the war, they started the Khilafat movement to protect the Caliph against ill-treatment by Britain. Meanwhile Kemal Pasha who was planning the ejection of Caliph Abdul Mejid, used the support given to him by the Aga Khan, the leader of the Indian Muslims, as the clinching argument for ejection, portraying the Aga Khan as a British stooge plotting the Caliph's restoration in order to ruin Turkey. He packed out Abdul Mejid without ceremony while the Indian Muslims were crying themselves hoarse in his support, and against Britain which actually plotted the Caliph's restoration.

A recent instance of mistaken hero-worship was the sudden love and admiration conceived by some League leaders and followers for Jenghiz Khan. Malik Feroz Khan Noon, who of all people ought to know better, is said to have held him up as an ideal for Muslims in the Delhi League Council meeting. If any single man was responsible for the utter devastation of the Muslim countries of Central Asia and Persia, it was Jenghiz Khan. He is said not only to have directly massacred some five to ten millions Muslims in the famous cities of Bokhara, Samarkhand etc., but also practised such things as the breaking up of

dams, and canals and even turning the course of rivers to cause famines and floods. The Muslim historians simply go into hysterics of fright, when they mention him and his deeds. If anybody can take him as a hero, it is perhaps the Hindu and Sikh retaliators. The mistake is probably due to the suffix Khan which is mistaken to be a Muslim title.

The convention observed by newspapers and reporters, of not mentioning the communities affected in casualty lists of riots, has given rise to some ridiculous situations and volte faces. When killings and burning of houses were reported in Amritsar during July, the Delhi League Daily 'Dawn' is said to have published photographs and news items, assuming the victims to be naturally Hindus and Sikhs. When later it became known that Muslims were the chief sufferers, it suddenly began lamenting the Amritsar atrocities which only yesterday it had rejoiced over.

South Indian communalism too has its lighter side. Dravidasthanies have over a number of years conceived a consuming love for Ravana as the Dravidian hero who boldly resisted the onslaughts of Aryan invaders. At last, an astute Brahmin pointed out that this amounted to Brahmin-worship (since Ravana was an impeccable Brahmin well versed in Shastras and Vedas.) The consequent dismay can better be imagined than described. Many Dravidasthanies are still digesting the discovery.

Similarly when the Tamil Isai movement was started, ardent Dravidasthanies found to their immense chagrin the old Brahmin in the thick of their business. They got the surprise of their lives when, delving deeper into the mess, they found that the majority of Tamil musical composers were Brahmin. They still seem to be reflecting bitterly over this uncanny "hitting below the belt" by a perverse pro-Brahmin Fate.

Short Story

"If I Had Wings"

by M. Krishnamoorthi

WE were all talking together on the verandah when, all of a sudden, Bapu rushed out.

"Our friend, the postman, no doubt" smiled Vembu.

I looked out. "Yes" said I.

Bapu had run the whole gamut of what every young marriageable man says. He had started by saying that he would remain for ever a bachelor. And then he had said that he would marry if he could! The economic and financial aspects of the question could not be ignored. His job was not a well paid one; nor was he rich himself. No doubt his parents wanted him to get married; but what could you expect from old foggies, who had absolutely no idea of the pressure of modern life, except glib talk of marrying and getting children? And then Bapu, like most young men, had his own ideals of feminine beauty and feminine brains. That ideal he could never reach; he was not a big officer to get what he wanted. And what, said Bapu, was the good of marrying a girl who did not satisfy you in any manner?

And then, a concrete marriage proposal had been put forward to him. The girl was the daughter of a prosperous lawyer from Tinnevely and she was easy on the eye. Poor Bapu had failed to recognise the power of the sexual and mating urge in man. It was now only a matter of Bapu going and seeing and being conquered. Jaya was to him what Beatrice had been to Benedick. "Quick work" was all that Vembu had said when Bapu's mother gladly announced to us the glad news that our friend's marriage was now only a matter of time, by God's grace. The marriage took place and then Bapu told

us he would not be the usual type of uxorious husband who writes to his young wife every day and allows her to dictate to him even in small matters. Again Bapu's words proved lies. Every day he wrote to his Jaya and every day she wrote back to him. We could also see a subtle change in his behaviour towards us, his best friends. A friend's jealous eye never misses anything!

It was his daily letter that Bapu now received from the postman. For five minutes there was a silence while Bapu read it, word by word, carefully. And then he looked up with a smile, as much as to say, "Well, you fellows, I am once more ready to listen to your silly chatter".

"No doubt you have all observed that the newly marrieds always write to each other at least once daily; usually it takes two or three years for the newness to wear off. And then what had been milk and honey becomes mere bread and water" said Vembu, leaning back comfortably in his inevitable easy chair.

"Our beloved Bapu is behaving quite in the traditional fashion of all married fools. For him the world now consists of nothing but Jaya. For her he is no doubt quite prepared to sally forth in search of some unfortunate dragon like the doughty knights of old" he went on.

"Oh! do shut up" hissed Bapu. We ignored him with a smile.

"It is this obsession with his new wife that generally lands a young man into trouble with his people, his parents usually. They who had looked after him with doting care are naturally jealous that a slut who arrived the day before should run away thus with

written wishing she had wings so that she might fly away from the unpleasant and forbidding company of Mangalammal.

"What" shouted the old lady, in anger.

"Yes, she has written thus" Venkattu assured her.

"The hussy! don't I give her all the comforts she can wish for?" she raved, "Am I not keeping her quite without even asking her to assist me with the cooking?"

"Of course you do" agreed Venkattu.

"Was she accustomed to such a degree of comfort in her father's house, I ask you?"

"Certainly not. Her father is a mere clerk. Our Bhaskar is a big officer", answered Venkattu.

"Do I treat her harshly, like the monthers-in-law in old stories? Even the neighbours are laughing at me for allowing my daughter-in-law to keep quiet while I do all the household work. Do I ever disturb her while she sits reading rotten books in the far corner without even pretending to lift even her little finger to help me? Don't I let her write reams of shameless stuff to her husband?" raged the old lady.

"Who can deny you are an ideal mother-in-law?" asked Venkattu, pouring oil into the fire, "You are so good and kind that the young woman has failed to recognize how considerate and forbearing you are. If you were like other mothers-in-law and had given her good dressing-downs frequently she would have been able to appreciate your real power better. She seems to think that her influence over your Bhaskar is paramount. She seems to have sent you to the backround already. No doubt she wants to drive you away from your son so that she might have him under her thumb."

Thus goaded on, Mangalammal's anger knew no bounds. She cast her usual caution to the winds and tore the letter from Venkattu's

hands and rushed into the presence of her daughter-in-law.

"You ungrateful wretch" she shouted, "Is it not enough that you have already made me ashamed of holding my head high in front of my relatives, friends, and neighbours by your sitting quietly while I do all the domestic work and sweat like a slave from morning till night? Should you even tell lies about me to my son? What is it that your ladyship finds so inconvenient in this wretched hovel, may I ask? Perhaps you do not find that great degree of comfort you have been accustomed to in your father's palace? You pig! What made you write like this to your precious husband? Have I not gone out of my way to be unusually kind and considerate towards you? Is this how you show your gratitude?" shouted Mangalammal.

To say that Kanna was taken aback would be to put it too mildly.

"What are you shouting about, mother?" she asked mildly.

"What, indeed! Are you going to pretend that you did not write this letter to Bhaskar?"

Without a word she took the letter from her irate mother-in-law. And in a flash she realised what Venkattu had done.

"I have written nothing of which you need to angry, mother" she said.

"Nothing! Have you not told your husband that it is unpleasant living here with me?"

"No".

"Do you mean to tell me that dear Venkattu is lying, then?"

"I think he is".

"Do you think you know more English than Venkattu?"

"I am saying nothing of that kind. I merely told you he has lied to you".

"Have you or have you not written that you want to leave this place

and join your husband at Mangalore?"

"Yes".

"And still you pretend that you have written nothing about me!"

"I am not pretending! I promise you I have written nothing of that sort" she answered firmly.

"You and your promises!" sneered Mangalammal, "Come, give me the letter, I shall show it to some other neighbours of ours and find out whether you are lying or not".

"Certainly not," answered Kanna, tearing up the letter, coolly ignoring the shriek of rage that her mother-in-law gave vent to, "I shall not allow you to make a scene in public. Don't you know you have no right to read other people's letters? I promise you again I have not written anything about you. If you do not believe me I shall be sorry. But I shall certainly not give my letter and allow it to become public property."

This self-assurance quite took the wind out of the old woman's sails. After some more shouting she went out, and did not return home for food that night. She came back next day, however.

Well, to cut a long story short", concluded Vembu, "Kanna did write to my friend Bhaskar and this time she said she wanted to come and live with him, as she could not tolerate the presence of Venkattu under the same roof with her. She told him about all that had happened, and one fine morning Bhaskar came to Madras, drove his cousin out of the house, and managed to bring his mother round—she was sulking in the corner at this precipitate retreat of her beloved Venkattu—and went off to Mangalore with both his mother and his wife."

"The daughter-in-law and the mother-in-law could not have lived in peace together" said Bapu.

"I thought so too. But you should see them now; they are such good friends. You see Bhaskar has got a chubby little boy of his very own now, and mother and grandmother are at one in their common pride in the little fellow" said Vembu with a smile.

"That is to say", said I, in conclusion to Bapu, with a smile. "It is time you got a baby to ensure peaceful relations between your mother and your wife."

FINEST JAIL IN THE WORLD

President Truman described the White House today as the finest jail in the world. He made his jocular statement to a group of State Bank Commissioners who called at his office. Pursuing the figure of speech, Mr. Truman told them that every President is a prisoner from the moment he takes up residence at 1600, Pennsylvania Avenue, but that most of them like it. He told them that a President with no sense of humour is in a bad fix.

To illustrate his point, he recalled how he had watched a close and interesting baseball game on one of the diamonds in the ellipse from one of the south windows of the White House. The game looked so good that he got two or three secret service agents to escort him across the street from the White House south garden so that he could watch better through the wire backstop behind the catcher. Within five minutes, the President sadly recalled, the game broke up so that all the players could come and look at him through the backstop.

On another occasion, early in his incumbency at the White House, he said he went to his Washington bank to get a check cashed just as he had been doing for years. It is one of the busiest streets in downtown Washington. Such a crowd formed that an impenetrable traffic jam ensued. It lasted until he hurriedly walked back to the White House.—The New York Times.

their boy's love. Generally, too, the young chap's mind is in a turmoil on account of the conflict between old and new loyalties".

"Come, Come", I interrupted. "Your picture is too dark. Do you think, for example, that our Bapu will thus side with his Jaya against his people?"

"In this case I don't think there will be trouble of that sort. Thank goodness, Bapu and his parents are sensible people. But the exception, as is said, only proves the rule".

"Would you mind not discussing me as if I were a fossil in a natural history museum?" asked Bapu with a mock humility that made us smile. "After all, I can see no harm ever coming out of my writing to my wife".

"MY WIFE" I groaned.

"Well" said Vembu, "I know of at least one case where trouble did come out of a chap's letters to his new wife. My friend Bhaskar," went on Vembu, "got married some five years ago".

We now knew Vembu was well launched on one of his stories. They were usually good and we settled ourselves in our seats more comfortably so that we might listen all the better.

"Naturally he married an educated girl," said Vembu—and I cannot hope to reproduce the peculiar emphasis he laid upon the word "educated"—"and equally naturally they wrote to each other in English almost everyday. And so long as she stayed in her parent's home, and he in his own, there was absolutely no difficulty about his receiving them and reading them. Now and then his old mother would tell him not to sit mooning about the house awaiting the arrival of the postman, but to be about and getting ready to go to his office. Under the veneer of her mock-anger there was a genuine note of something akin to disappointed anger that Bhaskar could well de-

fect. He smelt an implicit antagonism between the two persons whom he loved most, his mother and his wife.

Then came the day when his wife joined him at his home and for a full month and more my friend never knew how the time passed. It was like one continuous dream of undiluted happiness. To him the wilderness of our world had become paradise. At the end of the month came something that disturbed the divinity of the preceding month. He was transferred to far away Mangalore and it was not possible for him to take his wife with him; his mother wanted him to leave her behind so that she might be taught the proper method of running a household. Even though all his instincts rebelled against his leaving her behind him he had to pay a good deal of attention to his mother's feelings and he was afraid of going against her wishes in this matter. He did not want the relations between his wife and mother to become bad. So, after a tearful farewell, he bade good-bye to his young and beautiful wife and left for Managalore.

Of course the young couple promised to write to each other at least every alternate day, if not daily.

In every household where there is an old lady there is always a young man or a young woman who is her confidante and spy rolled into one. To this rule there is no exception. This office is usually performed by a favourite daughter whose favourite target of attack is the young wife of her brother. You find it happening so often in our South Indian households, I should even say in all Indian households, that there ought to be some psychological explanation for the whole thing".

Our friend Vembu had a way of going off on such thoughtful generalisations. It was then our duty to bring him back to the point.

"For goodness's sake" said Bapu, "Cut the gaff and get on with your story."

"In this case" went on Vembu, "There was no sister-in-law on the scene because my friend was the only son of his parents. But his old mother did have the inevitable Mophistophelis behind her ears. Bhaskar's cousin Venkattu was there fulfilling this role.

This Venkattu usually contrived to be at the gateway of the house when the postman arrived. He would receive the letters and if Bhaskar's wife was not anywhere about that part of the house, so that she would have no idea of the coming of the postman, he would open the letter, read it, and then give it to her the next day at the hour at which she expected the postman. He would translate Bhaskar's letter for the benefit of his mother. Normally he added something to what Bhaskar had written therein and that something was malicious, as you can easily guess. As a matter of fact there is a very wide gulf indeed between the ideas of an old woman on what a husband and wife should write to each other and the ideas of a young and educated couple on the same point. The modern lover always writes in a rather torrid fashion, with little or no restraint; that, naturally, did not win the approval of the old woman. But she could not protest about it because she would then have had to confess openly that she was in the habit of reading on the sly her son's letters to his wife.

You may naturally wonder what Venkattu gained by all this devilry. You see, there are some people to whom mischief is the very breath of their nostrils. Further there was between him and Bhaskar an intense jealousy and an utter contempt; Bhaskar just could not be anything but contemptuous towards the good-for-nothing, brainless, nincompoop of a Venkattu. And Venkattu could not but be maliciously envious of Bhaskar with his first class scholastic career and his first class job and, I suppose,

his first class wife! Quite aware of the utter lack of any sympathetic feelings between himself and his cousin, Venkattu was quite sure that if he wanted comfortable boarding and lodging he had to keep himself in the good books of Bhaskar's mother and, in short, make himself thoroughly indispensable to the old lady. Being shrewd he tried to create trouble between the mother-in-law and the daughter-in-law so that he might revel in the domestic unrest consequent on his evil machinations.

Not only did Venkattu intercept the letters of Bhaskar to his wife but he also even went into the contents of the poor girl's letters to her husband before he posted them. She, quite unaware of his part in the whole business, invariably gave her letters to him and asked him to post them for her.

I don't know whether you fellows have read a short but sweet poem by Coleridge called *Something Childish but Natural*. It is a poem of, I think, two stanzas of four lines each, and in it a lover who has been separated from his beloved writes to tell her how much he wished he had a pair of wings so that he might fly to her straight way. You chaps have a way of presenting your new wives with volumes of poetry, often anthologies of love poems, haven't you?" Bapu blushed a guilty blush.

"Now it happened that in one letter of hers to her husband, Kanna (That was her name, by the way) quoted this poem and wrote to say that she wanted to join him at Mangalore and that she would be much happier with him than she could ever be elsewhere.

Kanna gave this letter to Venkattu and asked him to post it for her; he said he would, and then steamed it open easily. He read it and translated it for the benefit of Old Mangalammal. He told her that her daughter-in-law had written to her husband telling him that she found life unbearable with her mother-in-law. He told the old lady how her son's wife had

MY LEADER

by BINOD

IT is wrong to divide the human race into leaders and followers, although leaders may like to imagine it so divided. Everybody is great for somebody, and somebody considers nobody great.

The fact is that there are few among us who could not be leaders in at least some sense of the term, on at least some occasion in our lives. Let us recognize, leaders included, that human society is the creation of all the people in it: all without exception contribute to the whole in some degree or another; and the greatest of all of us is that man or woman *who makes the greatest contribution in proportion to his natural capacity.*

Greatness, indeed, has a habit of hatching its offsprings in by-corners. No bright particular star stands over the birthplace of those whom nature has equipped for greatness, to mark their coming as an unusual event, however much in fancy their admirers of a later day may be inclined to imagine some such sign or portent there. It is wrong, therefore, always to look for leadership tied up with a following, or bound up with prison chains, or concealed in a moneybag, or suffused with purple blood.

Leaders are of two kinds: those who demand blind obedience, and those who inspire creative effort. The first is a dangerous type—dangerous if only because their mind is soon poisoned by flattery. Reckless obedience—I use the term advisedly—and creative fertility are a contradiction in terms; and I think it is a shame that in this twentieth century, in this so-called age of democracy, there should still be people—and their number is increasing rather than decreasing—who dissipate their creative power in seeking the fleshpots of the moment, waste their time and lower their standards to pander to the passing whims and vanities of their

"leaders", and are false to their friends and toady to the prosperous in their lust for success.

"Our first duty is to talk openly and honestly with one another," wrote Karl Jasper, the German thinker. But how can this be possible if we are required to toe the line unquestioningly to whatever our leaders choose to say or do? I rather think our leaders have taken away our inner freedom, and then our outer freedom. The inner freedom is the freedom of thinking.

Free thinking is curbed in the name of unity and discipline. In Europe, in Asia, in India, individuals, it seems, must not contradict the "leaders". It is a strange spectacle to see so many people renouncing freedom in the name of freedom.

The modern dictator, whatever he may call himself, is not a leader in the real sense; he is a man who has achieved political power and uses it to carry out a programme of national aggrandizement. In reality he does not *lead*; he *drives*. He may be called a *State driver*. He does not precede the nation. He flourishes his whip and drives the citizens before him. It is a tyranny, not a government; it is a disaster, not an improvement. To such a man, however mighty he may be, I will not, so help me God, yield in any circumstance.

The first essential that I demand of my leader is that quality which Epicurus called honour but which we shall be content to call integrity—that complete sincerity which in our day, as in Juvenal's, is "praised but starved." No art is great without sincerity; and no life is worth while, however successful, no character complete, however gifted, without sincerity. We are so free today with the phrases "dynamic personality" and "dynamic energy", and attribute these qualities to anyone it pays us to hero-worship. My

leader need have no "dynamic personality"; the quality that I want to stand out in him is rather *dynamic sympathy*, if you know what I mean: not only sympathy *for* (which may swiftly degenerate into pity) but sympathy *with*. That is, I want my leader to put himself in the place of dumb suffering humanity and obtain a sympathetic insight into its conditions. The French have a saying which runs like this: "The great art in politics consists not in hearing those who speak, but in hearing those who are silent." This is also true of other spheres than politics.

The next quality is that of mental force. This is not the same as mental ability or cleverness. Nowadays we tend to overrate cleverness, often nothing but the quickness of a shallow mind, a flashy little bundle of mental tricks. The meaning of mental force is somewhat on these lines! ability coolly and calmly to analyse a fact, an idea, a proposition, into its component parts: to relate it intelligently to similar items elsewhere: to draw out comparison and contrast: finally, to gather together all the points and arrive at a conclusion which is felt to be inevitable. A man may have great mental force without being a high-brow or conforming to any type of intellectual.

I want my leader to be creative, to be mentally fertile—*within the limits of his own sphere*. This proviso is most important, because, let alone the genius of a single mind, not even the combined genius of a thousand of the greatest minds, can ever hope to comprehend all that there is to be comprehended. A leader who outreaches the limit of his capacity is going to do immeasurable harm to the people at large. He must realize his limitation. Here is a story to the point. Gordon

Bennett, owner of the New York *Herald* (as it then was) once took his yacht into Norwegian waters, hiring a local pilot for safety. One day, Bennett said to the pilot, "I suppose you know every single hidden rock in these waters?" The pilot did not even smile at this compliment. "No," he said, "but I know where there aren't any." That is the direct and specific kind of knowledge I would have my leader aim at. Not to know or attempt *everything* but only the particular things of use to him.

I expect my leader to be full of courage. Not bravado, mark you. It is natural to think of courage as something dynamic and spectacular. It need be neither. Courage is needed to tell the truth or withhold it in another's interests. Courage is needed to speak for the fallen and the weak. Courage to attempt achievement was never more needed in certain fields than it is today. It can be either active or passive. It requires to be built upon a firm foundation of sympathy, integrity and humility. But achievement is not enough. It should be worth while, and the means by which the end is gained should be able to withstand critical analysis.

I would not like my leader to be violent in thought, word or deed. I do not believe that moderation is necessarily a sign of mediocrity, and even if it were, I would hardly care. I want my leader to study facts with circumspection, formulate policies with moderation and plan work with competence.

Finally, I would like my leader to eschew "words, words, mere words." A diet chiefly confined to statements and counter-statements is bound to leave its mark upon the human system, and I would hate to die of statements—even though they be my leader's.



*When I am dead, I hope it may be said:
His sins were scarlet, but his books were read.—Hilaire Belloc.*

SPOTLIGHT ON THE



THE 'combination of suggestions' known as the Marshall Plan has travelled from Harvard to Paris and back again to the United States. The Paris conferees originally estimated that they would need a minimum of 29.2 billion dollars' worth of U.S. credits for the next four years. The faltering economies of the 16 participating countries were expected to be stabilised by 1951 with the aid of those 29.2 billion dollars. Then Mr. Clayton came along—it was a case of "the gift-horse looking its beneficiaries in the mouth"—and told the Committee for European Economic Co-operation that the U.S. Congress would not swallow such a large bill. The bill was therefore suitably amended and the 'minimum' figure was brought down to 22.44 billion dollars. It has been felt in some quarters in Europe that the Paris conference acted wrongly, not to say dishonestly, in thus amending their conclusions to suit the mood of the U.S. Congress. For, if the Marshall Plan should plug only half the leak, and the end of the four-year period should find Europe still on the downgrade, the Americans would raise the cry that their money was wasted on a colossal 'Operation Rathole.' It is therefore felt that it would have been sounder to let the U.S. bear the responsibility for any inadequacy in the scope of American aid.

COUNTING THE COST

At their end, American political leaders have gradually reached unanimity of opinion on the need for extending both long-range and emergency aid to Europe. This has been easy because there is today little or no difference between the

Republicans and Democrats with regard to the aims and direction of American foreign policy. They are agreed that as much of Europe as possible should be preserved from the Communist contagion, and that the U.S. must pay the doctor's bill since the patients themselves cannot afford it. Differences exist only with regard to the quantum of relief, the political and other conditions to be attached to it, and the way in which it is to be administered.

The President's committee on foreign aid headed by Commerce Secretary Averell Harriman, which was asked "to determine the limits within which the U.S. could safely and wisely extend aid to western Europe," has recorded its unanimous conclusions in the report submitted on November 8. The committee estimates that "the cost of the European aid program to the Government of the U.S. would be about 5.7 billion dollars for the first year and between 12 and 17 billion dollars for the whole program. The figures are not comparable to those contained in the Paris report. The latter are estimates of the deficit which participating European countries would incur in their trade with the Western Hemisphere. They measure the margin by which the European countries expect their payments in dollars for goods and Services imported from the Western Hemisphere to exceed their receipts in dollars... First a deduction must be made for the part of the program that can be financed through the International Bank. Second, there may be private financing. Third, a large part of the European deficit with the American continent is with countries other than the U.S. In its own interests, the U.S. will probably

have to supply funds to cover a part of this deficit, but we should not have to finance it in full. When allowance is made for these deductions, the resulting figures are those given above for the cost to the U.S. Treasury." On the basis of this report, Secretary of State Marshall and President Truman have asked Congress, now in special session, to sanction 597,800,000 dollars for emergency aid to France, Italy and Austria to enable them to pull through until March next year, by which time it is expected that the long-range programme will start working. Marshall has left the cost of this four-year programme flexible—anything from 16 to 20 billion dollars.

It is important to remember in this connection that the Marshall Plan whose ostensible purpose is to help European recovery and to save Western civilisation from the menace of Communism, will cost the U.S. only a little more than what it has already been spending for the same purpose. The Harriman committee says: "It is helpful to compare the figures for the cost to the U.S. Government with what the U.S. has been doing for Europe in the past. Before the run on sterling in July, the annual rate of withdrawal from the British loan was about 2.6 billion dollars. In addition, in the first half of 1947, the rate of withdrawal on other European aid programs—relief, UNRRA and special grants—was about 2 billion dollars. In 1947 the U.S. assumed only half of the cost of the German occupation. But in 1948 it seems likely that it will have to assume the whole burden, amounting to about one billion dollars. When all these factors are taken into account, the program of aid proposed for 1948 proves to be a moderate increase on what the U.S. has in the recent past been spending in Europe and what will have to be expended in Germany in any case."

Implementation of the Marshall plan will, of course, lead to the appointment of 'economic ambassadors' in the participating countries

in addition to the existing diplomatic representatives—this has already been done in the case of Greece. The Harriman committee recommends that, in order to insure unity of administration, a new independent agency should be set up in the Federal Government. "The operating decisions should be made by the head of the new organisation, but it will be necessary for him to work out effective means for co-operation with the State Department concerning those major decisions which have an important bearing on the foreign policy of the U.S. The new organisation must have a chief representative in Europe... In addition, representatives will be needed in the different countries." It will be interesting to watch how the European countries—who have not themselves so far set up a strong central agency for mutual co-operation in utilising American aid—react to what, in practice, will be American direction of their national economies. The Harriman committee has said that "the success of any aid program depends ultimately on hard work and straight thinking by the people and the governments of the European nations themselves." No doubt, American help will be readily forthcoming in 'straightening' out European thinking.

DECISIVE SESSION OF U.S. CONGRESS

So much for the proposals. What the U.S. Congress will do with them remains to be seen. It is the impact of the foreign aid programme on the domestic economy of the U.S. which has provoked any significant differences of opinion among American political groups. Whereas President Truman and his advisers are convinced that the present inflationary trend in America cannot continue except at the cost of the well-being of the American people themselves and of those many foreign people who depend on purchases of food and other essential supplies from America, the programme for controlling inflation which Truman proposed on November 17 has met with the strong-

est disapproval from not the Republicans only, but from a considerable section of the Democrats too.

Truman says: "We already have an alarming degree of inflation and even more alarming, it is getting worse." His programme for combating "the ominous threat of inflation" includes the regulation of speculative trading on grain and other commodity exchanges, consumer rationing on products in short supply, and the reimposition of price ceilings—amounting in effect to the revival of the very system of controls which the Republican-dominated Congress abolished last year. The removal of price controls was the direct cause of the present soaring prices and their restoration will be in the interests of the American people. Apart from this, rising prices of American products have meant a considerable reduction in the real (purchasing) value of the dollars which the U.S. has loaned or doled to other countries. On this question of inflation, the Harriman committee says: "For all its resources the U.S. is no limitless cornucopia. The aid which we give represents, to be sure, only a small fraction of our total production. But at the present time, there is no slack in the American economy and every shipment abroad of scarce goods—especially food which Europe must have—adds to the inflationary pressure at home. . . . The conclusion that emerges from the examination of particular markets for particular commodities is that supply will be the limiting factor in many cases and that many European requirements cannot be met in full. . . . A foreign aid program will require means to make available goods that are in short supply. Voluntary measures should be relied upon wherever possible. If and when they are not, the Government will probably require authority to set priorities in order to insure the availability for export of limited amounts of the items most critically needed. It might also have to issue limited orders to control consumption of critical materials." Thus the President's

advisory committee (which includes representatives of all groups) has expressed itself in favour of a measure of control, though with the utmost hesitation and as a last resort.

But it will be next to impossible to persuade American businessmen and their political cousins whether in the Republican or Democratic camp, to accept reimposition of profit-curbing controls. They would like to divert attention from the profiteers at home and have therefore adopted Hoover's theory that prices are high because the U.S. is sending too much food to Europe. It is only necessary to compare the price levels before and after the lifting of price controls to realise that not export but the abolition of controls was mainly responsible for price increases. As the *New Republic* points out: "During the war, under price controls, the U.S. shipped more food to Europe than it is now doing, yet prices remained comparatively low and stable. For example, 1944 food shipments were 9% of total food production; today they are going out at a rate of less than 7%. That is a record. But Congress, looking abroad for a scapegoat, is beginning to put more and more of the blame for our wild price spree on the appetites of hungry Europeans."

A considerable number of Democratic members of Congress have crossed the party line to form a solid bloc with the Republicans against President Truman's anti-inflation programme—thus fully answering Henry Wallace's description of them as 'Senator Taft's loyal opposition'. As for Taft himself, he remains faithful to the 'no-control' philosophy of free enterprise, however high prices may soar. Congratulating himself and his fellow-Republicans, he says: "The Republican party has shown its ability to formulate a program in accordance with its principles and to carry that program through over the strenuous opposition of many special interested groups, and in spite of the New Deal propaganda which has been built up so strongly for so many years. In the

domestic field, the people elected a Congress for the purpose of eliminating wartime controls, reducing Government regimentation, expense and taxation, and eliminating injustices which had developed in labour relations. . . . the Republican party has kept its promises and done its job." If the Republicans and their Democratic fellow-travellers in Congress should continue this particular 'job' and veto Truman's anti-inflationary programme, what happened to the British loan will also happen to the Marshall Plan. Europe might get lots of dollars, but will be able to buy pretty little with them.

DEPRESSION ROUND THE CORNER?

The fact that the inflationary spiral has not yet toppled down has led to a new note of confidence in the statements of American leaders. This is reflected in Marshall's recent refutation of the 'Communist allegation' that Americans need the Marshall Plan to dump surplus goods and avoid depression. "This particular charge", said Marshall, "must have a strange sound to those Europeans now desperately seeking the very essentials of life. And it must sound equally odd to Americans who are standing with money in hand, impatient to buy goods which we are sending to Europe to meet more urgent needs." This statement by the Secretary of State is curiously at variance with the warning, in specific terms, administered by President Truman when calling Congress for a special session that depression would overtake American economy unless swift action was taken to curb inflation. Like Marshall, the Harriman committee has also ridiculed the

talk about depression. The committee says it "regards as nonsense the idea which prevails to a considerable degree in this country and abroad, that we need to export our goods and services as free gifts, to insure our own prosperity." Statements like these might sound plausible in the context of the prolonged American boom. But the danger of a depression following the boom, as happened after the first world war, is not an invention of the Marxists' dialectical imagination. The danger has been accepted as real by many orthodox economists, and the *New York Times*, which is far from being an organ of Red propaganda, has said editorially with reference to the Marshall Plan: "We will be called upon to make some sacrifices. It may be that we will have to ration cereals. But the public should understand that even if such measures are necessary, they are an alternative to worse evils. We can put up with restrictions. We can even put up with high prices if the only other alternative is unemployment, depression, business failures and bread lines or their equivalent."

Not only the people of America, but the whole world will breathe a sigh of immense relief if the feared depression does not materialise. But depressions in capitalist economy cannot be wished away, they have to be planned against. In the absence of such planning in America now, when one hears the forecast of a depression being dismissed as 'nonsense', it would be well to remember how, in the early 'thirties, Americans "kept repeating and believing Herbert Hoover's unmitigated guff about prosperity being just round the corner."



DOWN WITH HONEY !

Like Communism, the bee colony is purely and coldly materialistic. It is concerned only with food and shelter for the colony as a whole, to which the individual is required to contribute his part. . . . It has no semblance of spiritual values and is utterly amoral.—Quoted in the *New Republic*.

NATIONALISATION OF LAND

by V. R. G. RAJU

(Raja of Vizianagram)

THE goal towards which the Congress has been directing effort so far is 'peasant proprietorship.' But whether this in itself would solve the question of increased production and that of improving the general standard of living of the agriculturists is a moot question. 'Peasant proprietorship' would have the immediate salient effect of removing the zamindari or inamdari form of middlemen between the State and the tiller. But it would practically leave intact the fundamental defects which stand in our way to increased agricultural prosperity. The evils of uneconomic landholdings would continue to prevail. This will render impossible the introduction of modern scientific methods of agriculture. And there would seem to be no end to the high rural indebtedness. Government could successfully work out a scheme for the redress of this evil but it would not be complete or lasting, because the monetary aspects of this aid to the agriculturists would be ruinous to the State if sustained indefinitely at the expense of the general exchequer. So far as the very important question of central direction of crop production goes, this would seem to be impossible and definitely impracticable, since no real standardisation can be achieved.

Another course open to us would therefore seem to be the introduction of either 'community' or 'collective' farming as against a 'co-operative' type of farming. The basic features of both systems, so far as they affect the vital questions of fragmentation and scientific farming, would be identical. In either case the tendencies of de-fragmentation would be combated. Both methods are socialistic but the stress in collective farming

would be more on the equal distribution of both the burden of labour and of the product of labour; whereas in the case of merely co-operative farming the present unequal distribution of wealth or land holdings would continue as a factor of importance. The latter approach would definitely be a compromise between 'peasant proprietorship' with its present inequalities and the desire for improvement in the agricultural system of the country.

I feel that we will be finally forced to make up our mind as between collectivism and co-operation. The former contemplates a clean-slate approach to our problems, while the latter is a compromise with existing law and customs and tries within their frame-work to achieve an improvement. I for one would subscribe to the collective system because I feel that it would enable us to achieve our objectives easily. In the case of co-operation, too much depends on the willingness of the individual to appreciate and understand his responsibility for co-operative equality and endeavour.

The introduction of community or collective farming can be achieved by the introduction of a 'Land Nationalisation Bill' which in one sweep will over-ride all past law and custom and make all land State-owned. This first step of legislation is necessary so that the practical implications of working and planning collectivism can be successfully achieved. There is bound to be a time-lag between the passing of legislation and the final working out of successful improved agriculture, but this should not deter us. Community farming would achieve at least a generalisation of the poverty now unequally distributed in the land.



KASHMIR INTERLUDE

by BAROO

IN the half-light of the morning, Dakotas lay in New Delhi's Willingdon Airport like silver-fish at the bottom of a clear pool. Only it was less peaceful. Engines warmed up, machines taxied down to the runway, and took off with a roar. We drove down to our own plane. An armed Sikh stood guard over it; and well he might, for there were seven hundred gallons of petrol in its belly. He frowned at our cigarettes. Sheepishly we crushed them under our feet.

Inside, the plane was bare and business-like. Carpets, seats and other fittings had been stripped off the body of what not so very long ago was a luxury liner. Instead, three giant petrol tanks took up most of the space. But then there were only five of us to be accommodated—the crew of four and the unofficial passenger that was myself. The mechanic spread a blanket near the tail-end of the machine; the captain, the co-pilot, and the radio operator took their seats in the cockpit—I stood stooping behind the pilots. There was a seat for me, but I was not going to sit down just yet. I was greedy to see as much as I could from my vantage point.

Taking off was no fuss. The radio operator spoke into his mouthpiece to the control tower, and received an O.K. The engines sprang suddenly to life, setting the plane throbbing with excitement. We raced down to the runway, and stopped before the white line. The engines roared till I thought they would burst. Then the plane shot forward. Soon the thousand odd yards of concrete lay behind us. We had taken off for Srinagar.

In the air, there are no roads, only directions. On the map that lay in the captain's lap, a straight line joined New Delhi to Srinagar. The gyro-compass read 33° West of

North. The captain grinned at me. "All we have got to do is to gain height", he said. He seemed to like his job.

Kurukshetra lay to our right. Ancient scene of a mighty armageddon, it was now a refugee centre. A tiny rectangle of water glistened where the holy tank was; a patch of off-white stood for the cluster of tents which house two hundred thousand souls.

Soon we were over Ambala, eight thousand feet above it. I looked at the control board—the air temperature outside was 5° Centigrade. Inside, we were beginning to feel cold. And now we were passing over the tangle of meandering rivulets that the upper Sutlej is at this time of the year. I remembered a day late in September, yes, this self-same year, when I had fled before the waters of this river, and been caught up, too, and nearly carried off by it. Then the level had risen fifteen feet in a single night, and the river had broken its banks and made a shamble of a prosperous town within a couple of hours. Yes, I had a grudge against the Sutlej. And now, flying above it, and seeing it shrunk and shrivelled up, and rendered utterly harmless by a change of seasons, I felt a curious satisfaction.

We were over the foothills of the Himalayas now, flying roughly parallel to the main ranges. The captain set the machine to climb; fifteen thousand feet, he said, was a safe height to go over the "hump". Soon we ran into a mass of clouds and a haze of white twilight reduced visibility to zero. But I have never seen a sight grander or more beautiful than the one that greeted our eyes when we emerged from the white-out. Range upon range of snow-clad mountains lay immediately on our right, the taller peaks in communion with clouds in a peace that certainly passed my understanding.

Before us loomed the "hump" of Banihal Pass, and there, directly below us, zigzagged blindly the motor road that leads to Srinagar. And the Valley lay beyond the pass.

* * *

I had never been to Kashmir before—I was thrilled to be going there now. Would it be as lovely as the posters made it out to be? "See Kashmir", they had said, "The Valley of the Gods". For once the advertiser had not lied. As we crossed the "hump", and lost height, and flew low over the Valley, realisation of its incredible loveliness came suddenly to me, and I held my breath in wonderment. The fields were bare and brown of hue, for it was autumn, and the rice had been gathered in; the poplars, too, were bare and leafless, their white trunks and stems striving upwards in an undeterred will to live. But the chinars still retained a measure of their summer-time glory. All over the Valley the chinars blazed unabashedly forth in their flame-red mantle of dying leaves, and under each tree was a carpet of fallen colour. And from the air at least (for I was told what miserable hovels they actually are) the thatched abodes seemed to belong to a fairyland.

Srinagar air-field is a little patch of level ground, unburdened by even a foot of concrete. A cloud of fine dust hangs continuously over the runway, for a Dakota lands or takes off every other minute from its unpaved surface. As we were coming down, I wondered why there were no wreckages about—or at least no dead bodies, for, the dust-strip apart, the place swarmed with men, soldiers mostly. Piles of equipment lay here and there. Nevertheless, we made a perfect landing. Obviously, our pilots know their jobs.

The aerodrome is seven miles from the town, and there are no taxis in Srinagar today. Small wonder, for petrol—the black variety,

of course—sells at sixty rupees to the gallon, and as for the vehicles, the government has requisitioned them all. Ultimately we talked somebody into lending us his Opel, on the condition that we used our own gas. That, of course, presented no difficulty to us!

* * *

Baramulla had not yet been captured—it was to fall a couple of days later. Pakistan Radio put out stories of street fighting in Srinagar and sniping on the airfield on the day we arrived, and though we took these reports for exactly what they were worth—which was nothing—we did not expect the town to be as normal as we discovered it to be.

Srinagar, in fact, was carrying on as if there was nothing happening all around it and within earshot of it. The shops were all open, people moved about freely; now and then a posse of National Conference volunteers would march down the road. There was not a single soldier, either of the State or of the Indian army, anywhere in the city—the entire task of maintaining law and order and dealing with fifth columnists was being shouldered by volunteers raised a few days earlier by Sheikh Abdullah. After our car had been held for the third time and our papers examined, I was convinced that better security arrangements could not be made for any town in the front line.

But what impressed me most in Srinagar and an experience I am not likely to forget for a long time was the way in which Sher-i-Kashmir* and his men had succeeded in solving the local communal problem, or rather what might, in different hands, have become the local communal problem. As one who had seen some of the things that happened in Lahore and parts of East Punjab, and heard of happenings elsewhere, I was not prepared for the incredible sights of amity and

indeed fraternity that I saw in Srinagar. Hindus and Sikhs moved about with complete unselfconsciousness among Muslims who constituted the vast majority of the population of the town; they marched shoulder to shoulder with them down Srinagar's streets as volunteers engaged in a common task. I had not imagined that such a thing could happen anywhere outside Calcutta these days, and I could scarce believe my eyes when I saw the miracle that the Sheikh had wrought.

For a miracle it was and will always remain—this conquest of the communal virus by the Lion of Kashmir, a victory to which there is no parallel except the achievement of Mahatma Gandhi in Calcutta. For let it not be forgotten—as it so often is by newsmen who overlook the fundamentals of the Kashmir situation in their eagerness to describe the rout of the raiders—that without the peace that Sheikh Abdullah and his men established in Srinagar, no amount of military help could have made any headway against the enemy. To police the town alone, were it unruly, would require a complete brigade. As it was, internal security never was a headache to our troops in Kashmir, and every single soldier landed in Srinagar could be effectively used against the foe.

But I have digressed—I was talking about the miracle of communal peace in Kashmir, not the military situation. And in case the reader is inclined to be sceptical about the comparison with Gandhiji's work in Calcutta, let me explain myself further. I hold the Sheikh to be on a level with the Mahatma on this particular matter because of two reasons. Not only is Sheikh Abdullah personally as free from communal feeling as Gandhiji or Pandit Nehru, but he has all along been faced, as have these two leaders, by active criticism and hostility from members of his own community, for going out of his way to protect the minority. For if Hindus and Sikhs can flaunt Muslim atrocities in

Gandhiji's face, so can the Muslims of Jammu complain to the Sher-i-Kashmir of happenings in that Dogra province. Abdullah's greatness lies in the fact that he has not taken the path of least resistance, but made a tremendously important decision by throwing in his lot with the "dreamers of dreams". Only he could have saved the life and honour of the thousands of Hindus and Sikhs who had taken refuge in Kashmir; it stands to his everlasting credit that he did so.

How immensely difficult the task of keeping peace between the communities in Kashmir is, we got some idea of, even during our two-day stay in Srinagar. An angry crowd of Muslims was shouting Pakistani slogans and demanding vengeance on the Sikhs for having killed a couple of Muslims. The crowd was unarmed but it was clear that it was in an ugly mood; we had halted the car at a distance and waited to see what happened. Just then a jeep containing National Volunteers came up. Out stepped a man with a rifle and a look of authority, and shouted the crowd into silence. He then asked for the man or men who could prove the allegation to come forward. It was some time before a seedy-looking individual was pushed forward, and he quickly broke down under the stern cross-examination of the Volunteer. The man was arrested on the spot for trying to create panic and working as a fifth columnist, and the crowd dispersed peacefully after the National Conference worker had explained to them that it was part of the raiders' tactics to create disorder behind our lines. Never had I seen a similar situation handled so effectively. This, I thought to myself, is perhaps what Lahore Radio describes as street-fighting in Srinagar!

Abdullah has not left anything to chance. His volunteers guard every isolated Hindu and Sikh house, go everywhere, nip all trouble in the bud. For a communal outbreak would undo his life's work—the extortion from unwilling hands of

* Sher-i-Kashmir, meaning the lion of Kashmir, is how Abdullah is best known in the Valley; few refer to him by his real name.

the authority that he wants should rest with the people. Does not Gandhiji see the same danger in communal carnage in the rest of India?

What of the Kashmiris? What manner of people are they who inhabit this loveliest of lands, this Shangri-La of India?

Years ago, I knew my first Kashmiri. Squat, short, and immensely muscular, he worked seasonally in my uncle's flour mill. His name was Sona. Sona came down to the plains every winter, but spent the summers in his own land. Sona was as meek and gentle as he was strong—to me as a child he was a veritable Hercules. I can see him now, ruddy and smooth of complexion, with the sweat running down his forehead from beneath his skull cap, as he lifts a 200-lb. sack of flour and tosses it into a truck as if it were a pillow. And I can also see him sipping tea of an evening as he sat warming himself round the little fire in the *sigree** that accompanies every Kashmiri in the winter. And every winter when he came down to resume duty, he would bring a basket of red, Kashmir apples for us.

I remembered Sona when I walked down Srinagar's streets. Only the men were all listless, and seemed to be suffering from chronic fatigue. The people in the countryside, I was told, were of better physique, better, however, only in a strictly comparative sense. Tuberculosis and venereal disease have taken a heavy toll of the Kashmiri's vitality.

I saw doddering old Britishers, both men and women, walking down the Bund—the riverside shopping centre of Srinagar. I have not seen a lovelier walk. Houseboats lie moored to the bank—they were empty and desolate now, but I was told they are very much alive in

the tourist season. Kashmiri boatmen sat huddled up in their dirty old blankets by the water's edge, apathetic and disinterested.

I asked a resident friend of mine about the reasons for the Kashmiri's lack of vitality. The answer boiled down to the two words: "tourist traffic". All the eggs, all the fish, all the meat, all the milk, all the almonds and walnuts and almost all the fruit that Kashmir produces is swallowed up by the holiday-makers who come to the "playground of India" every summer. The Kashmiri subsists largely on rice and spinach. His poverty is extreme; even his women, who do not have a match for beauty, are drawn into the irresistible vortex of "tourist traffic".

Munching red, ripe apples (we had got a hundred for six rupees!) in the cockpit on our way back, I felt a vague reassurance. Whatever the outcome of the present struggle, which is by no means over, and which will not be decided before next summer (for operations will come to a standstill with the snow) I was convinced that it would work ultimately for the good of Kashmir. Whatever happens now, the Kashmiri's apathy will be shaken and even destroyed by events in the next few months. I had seen the beginnings in the vigorous volunteers who marched down Srinagar's streets, and the bands of young men undergoing military drill on the Maidan near Mirakadal, and that was enough for me. The domination of the Dogra and of the Kashmiri Pandit, is already over—I personally have no doubt that the threatened domination of the Afridi and the Punjabi Muslim will also pass. Good Luck, Lion of Kashmir! May you live to make the Valley what it was meant to be—heaven on earth not for a privileged few, but for all who dwell in its bosom, and a *thing of beauty* for all who don't.

* A *sigree* is a little earthen firepot built into a small cane basket. Kashmiris carry it hung round their necks so that it is on a level with the stomach, and under the blanket which serves as their great-coat during the day.

HYDERABAD POLITICS

by RAFI AHMED

HYDERABAD covering an area of 82,698 square miles with a population of 17 millions occupies a very conspicuous place in the colonial regime set up by British imperialism in India. The State, a former province of the Moghul Kings, came into existence in the process of the decay of the Moghul empire. After the death of Aurangzeb, there was chaos and anarchy in the country and Asif Jah, the Subedar of the Deccan, became the absolute monarch and founded the Asif Jahi dynasty. The present Nizam of Hyderabad is a direct descendant of Asif Jah.

The united Hindu-Muslim revolt against the British rule in 1857 was sabotaged by the Nizam of Hyderabad. The Nizam supported the British Government to suppress the rebellion. Even before this, the Nizam of Hyderabad had stabbed Tippu Sultan in his fight against the British, by helping the British. In 1839, when Muberizuddowla along with a number of Muslim youth revolted against the British, the Nizam mercilessly suppressed the revolt. In the year 1857, when a large section of the Mussalmans attacked the British Residency, the Nizam crushed the "Rebels".

For the services rendered to the British Government, the Nizam has won the title of "faithful ally of the British Government". Today, "Independent Hyderabad" is a conspiracy of the Nizam against the Indian Union and the Indian people. "Azad Hyderabad" implies the creation of an economic and military base of British imperialism in India.

Hyderabad State comprising portions of Andhra, Maharashtra, and Karnatak is a prison of nationalities. 42% of the cultivable land in the State is owned by 1100 landlords, both Hindu and Muslim. The Nizam of Hyderabad is himself the biggest landlord having an income of 2½ crores from his jagirs. Besides this,

he gets an amount of 75 lakhs annually from the State.

85% of the people of Hyderabad comprise peasants, cultivators, and landless labourers who are being exploited and oppressed by a handful of landlords, both Hindu and Muslim. 60% of the rural population are landless labourers.

The bulk of the population, Hindus and Muslims, is subjected to poverty and misery, illiteracy, ignorance and unemployment. 22½ lakhs of Mussalmans inhabit Hyderabad State. 95% of the Muslim population earn their livelihood as follows:

- Industrial workers, Rs. 15 per month.
- Clerks, Rs. 30 to Rs. 60 p.m.
- Teachers, Rs. 5 to Rs. 80 p.m.
- Tongawallas, Average Re. 1 per day.
- Rickshaw pullers, Average Re. 1 per day.
- Domestic servants, Rs. 10 to Rs. 15 p.m.
- Constables, Rs. 20 to Rs. 30 p.m.

Long working hours, low wages, poverty, misery and ignorance are the lot of the Muslim people. Compare and contrast the living conditions of the Muslim masses with those of the Muslim landlords, capitalists and big officials! An insignificant fraction of the Muslim population is flourishing at the expense of millions of Mussalmans!

Thus, the entire political, social and economic set-up in the State is based on the oppression and exploitation of millions of Hindu and Muslim people. Keeping in view the social and economic conditions of the Muslim masses, let us see what this "Azad Hyderabad" has in store for the Muslim masses. "Independent Hyderabad" is another name to preserve intact the social, political, and economic structure of the State and with it the poverty and

exploitation of the people—both Hindus and Muslims.

The Majlis-Ittehad-ul-Muslimeen is the mouthpiece of the Muslim jagirdars and capitalists. It is exploiting the religious sentiments and political backwardness of the Muslim masses by fanning communal hatred and preaching communalism. The Majlis is deluding the Muslim masses by asserting that Hyderabad is an "Islamic State" and that the Mussalmans are the "ruling class".

Today, the State Congress, the All Hyderabad Trade Union Congress, the All Hyderabad Students' Union, the Andhra Mahasabha (peasant's organisation) and the Communist Party are struggling for the establishment of a democratic, responsible Government in the State.

The Nizam of Hyderabad is trying to transform the struggle of the popular democratic forces into a communal warfare. The importation of poor and innocent Muslim immigrants from the neighbouring provinces is an attempt in this direction. These poor and innocent Muslim immigrants are going to be made to suffer to preserve the Nizam's autocratic regime. The immigrants will be recruited to the police and the army, to be utilised

as cannon-fodder to check the peoples' struggle for freedom and justice.

When the Nizam of Hyderabad has done nothing for the welfare and prosperity of the Mussalmans residing in the State, then, what prospects are there that he will work for the welfare of Mussalmans of the neighbouring provinces?

When the interest of the Muslim masses and the Hindu masses is fundamentally one, when both are economically and socially oppressed and exploited, then why can't they unite?

The only salvation for the Mussalmans of Hyderabad is to unite with their Hindu brethren and fight for democratic Government, abolition of landlordism, nationalisation of basic industries and political, social economic and cultural safeguards for minorities.

If the Muslims commit the blunder of looking towards Pakistan, they will be looked upon with suspicion and their loyalty to the Indian Union will be rightly questioned. Another danger of owing allegiance to Pakistan will be that they will be looked upon as fifth columnists, and this will provide an opportunity to Hindu communalists to preach anti-Muslim hatred all over the country.

OUR TEXTILE POLICY

by N. K. MURALIDHARA RAO, M.A.

THE need for a definite textile policy is greater today than ever. But the Government of India has assumed a complacent attitude in this regard. One expected that the recent discussions of our Finance and Commerce Members with textile mill-owners and labour leaders at Bombay would lead to a definite plan for stepping up production of cloth. But unfortunately it is reported that the problem has been deferred till the reconstituted Tariff Board goes into the question of cloth prices. Meanwhile the cloth position has been deteriorating horribly. Whereas, in the pre-

war days, 16½ yards of cloth were available per head, now it is not even 11 yards per head. The common man is put to a lot of hardship and privation owing to the tremendous fall in production (4,627 million yards in 1946-47 for 420 million people when compared with 6,223 million yards in 1938-39 for 380 million people).

The chief factors that contributed to this decline in production are said to be inadequate wages and the consequent strikes and lockouts of labour on the one hand, and the uneconomical prices of cloth for the mill-owners on the other.

To step up production and ease the situation, the Ad Hoc Committee of the Textile Industries Board was appointed by the Government of India. It examined the balance-sheets of a number of firms and arrived at the conclusion that the present prices of coarse and medium cloth are not paying. It therefore suggested enhancement in their prices, so as to allow the marginal firms to undertake production. But when this recommendation was referred to the Commodities Prices Board (set up in 1947), the Board withheld approval as it feared that such a step would lead to an inflationary spiral. The whole problem then boiled down to one of higher prices and more production or present prices and lower production. Certainly we would prefer the former to the latter, especially because the recommendation of the Ad Hoc Committee to enhance prices makes 'a difference of only half to one anna per yard of cloth and on the basis of 12 yards availability of cloth to each individual it means at the most an increase of eight annas.'

Thus for a time the question of revising the textile policy was shelved. In the last week of September this year, Mr. C. H. Bhabha, Commerce Member and Mr. R. K. Shanmukham Chetty, Finance Member held discussions with the Industries Committee of the Textile Control Board and leading labour leaders at Bombay. The outcome of the deliberations are reported to be that: (1) the Government contemplate no increase in the price of cloth below 30 counts but will enhance the prices of cloth of 30 counts and over by 6 annas per yard; (2) this enhanced price is to constitute a fund, a portion of which will go to subsidise the mills producing lower counts and to be paid to those mills which reach the targets that are fixed by Government for each mill; (3) 12% of the fund is to go to labour welfare schemes and to be paid to provincial Governments for the purpose, in

return for which labour should work nine hours a day. The cost of the whole scheme is estimated at about 28 crores.

The reactions of the labour leaders as well as the mill-owners are not clear. But labour which is already clamouring for higher wages cannot be expected to agree to work 9 hours a day. There were 106 strikes in Bombay city alone during 11 months in the year 1946-47. This is a clear sign of the discontent prevailing among the labour classes. Even the fact that 12½% of the fund is to be utilized for labour welfare schemes by provincial Governments cannot encourage workers because it is a distant prospect and they do not see any material enhancement in their wages or betterment of their living conditions immediately.

As for the mill-owners, they are not induced to go ahead with production for they can get the subsidy only when they reach the target fixed by the Government—which in turn depends on labour's willing co-operation. Further, the whole scheme is full of administrative complications. The result for the consumers is that they will get, after all, an increase of one yard per head.

One wonders why the Government of India is not able to come forward boldly with a plan. Does it lack the courage to drive the capitalists to produce more? Or is it becoming a victim to their evasive tactics? Why should not the Government accept the Ad Hoc Committee's recommendations and enhance the wages of textile labour to induce them to work nine hours a day? It is high time the Government of India gave up this attitude of complacency and revised the textile policy. Otherwise the common man will suffer, and the words of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru on Independence Day that the Government will look after the welfare of the common man, will go in vain.

Money is like a sixth sense without which you cannot make the most of the other five.—Somerset Maugham.

SRI SEMMANGUDI SRINIVASA IYER

YOUNGEST MUSIC ACADEMY PRESIDENT

MUSIC has played and continues to play a prominent part in the cultural development of India. It is the finest of the fine arts. South Indian music, more popularly known as Carnatic music, has certain special features which have largely contributed to its vast popularity. *Raga, laya* and *bhava* are its three essential characteristics. Ariyakudi, Maharajapuram, Tiger Varadhachari, Semmangudi, Madura Mani, and Ramakrishniah Pantulu are some of the great exponents of this art.

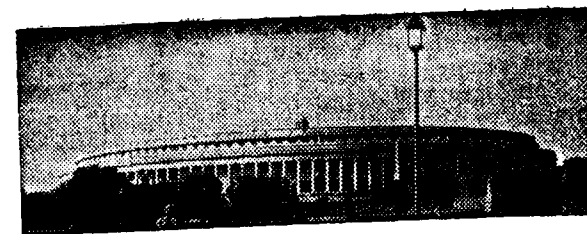
This year, the Madras Music Academy have very aptly elected Semmangudi as the President of the 21st Annual Music Conference. Born on 11th July 1908 in Semmangudi, a village in Nannilam taluk, Tanjore district, Semmangudi hails from a family of great musicians. The celebrated Violinist Thirukodikaval Krishna Iyer was his own maternal uncle. Another veteran, Semmangudi Narayanaswami Iyer, was his cousin. At a very early age, Semmangudi first came under the tutelage of Narayanaswamy Iyer. Afterwards, he was with the late Gottuvadyam Sakharana Rao for sometime. And finally he came under the tutelage of Unayalapuram Swaminatha Iyer and Maharajapuram Viswanatha Iyer. Being a born musician and having been brought up in the midst of stalwarts like Thirukodikaval Krishna Iyer and Narayanaswamy Iyer the *gurukulavasa* of Semmangudi under Narayanaswami Iyer, Sakharana Rao and Maharajapuram had a tremendous effect and Semmangudi soon rose to fame. His worth was recognized everywhere. In 1930, he made his first appearance in Bangalore under the auspices of the Bangalore Gayana Samaja.

Ill-health kept him out of the platform for sometime but he

staged a come-back after a short interval. In 1940, he became Travancore Asthana Vidwan. Since then he has done a lot of work in Travancore and has been solely responsible for bringing to light many brilliant compositions of Swathi Tirunal. In 1945, the Maharaja of Travancore was pleased to confer the title of "Rajyasevaniratha" on Semmangudi. That year was famous for another event. His great Guru Maharajapuram was elected President of the Music Academy and became "Sangeetha Kalanidhi". That Semmangudi should be elected President this year by the Academy during the lifetime of his illustrious Guru and that too within 2 years is an achievement never heard of before in South Indian music history and it is a fitting tribute to Maharajapuram who should be really proud of a *sisya* like Semmangudi. In fact, Semmangudi is the youngest President that the Academy has ever had.

Semmangudi's music is of a rare type. It is soul-stirring. His voice is very soft and adds greatly to the devotional touch in his music. His *Ragalapana* is very detailed and reveals the *bhava* to the fullest extent and it is here that the devotional character of his music is exhibited in all its splendour. His rendering of *krithis* is quite good and his *swara* singing has a grace all its own. All credit goes to him for having unearthed some exquisite compositions of Sadasiva Brahmendra like "Pibare Ramarasam", "Bruhi Mukundeti", "Kridethi Vanamali", and "Bhajare Yadunamam" and popularised them. Semmangudi's music will live for ever and his *sisyas*, K. S. Hariharan and T. M. Thyagarajan, will keep his music unspilt for many more years to come.—RAJASREE.

NEW DELHI DIARY



by V. V. PRASAD

KASHMIR has just been through a revolution. We saw last week in Srinagar that the tribesmen from the Frontier had touched off the revolution, and we envied Kashmir her good fortune. But for the raiders, it was quite doubtful whether Kashmir would have acceded to India, and whether Sheikh Abdulla would have continued to exercise the same influence as he does today. It is true that the Tiger of Kashmir (as the Sheikh Saheb is affectionately referred to by the people of Kashmir) has a tremendous hold on his people: but his head might not have been quite secure under Pakistan.

Thanks to the Minister for Interior, Ghulam Bakshi, we watched him and his office at work for some hours. Overnight a new administration has been created in place of the old. And with what enthusiasm and sympathy, the officers are attending to the problems of the people! We watched Shri Durga Prasad, a lieutenant of Bakshiji, deal with about fifty people in the course of an hour. There were about ten people crowding his table at any particular time, and he attended to them with patience, good humour and dispatch. It is difficult not to be put in mind of our own administration at New Delhi. Files, files and files. Very little work. Is it certain then that without a revolution you cannot have the sort of administration which follows a revolution?

The Minister for Interior, Ghulam Bakshi, was ill with fatigue when we were in Srinagar. That helped us to get hold of him. From his bed he was directing the Operation Headquarters, as his office is called.

The Governor of the place (who is the Magistrate) wanted to consult Bakshiji about lifting the curfew in a certain area, which was expiring at noon that day. It was ten o'clock by then, and Bakshiji told him the curfew should be extended. It was done.

We were in Srinagar from November 9 to 14. On the night of November 5, 6 and 7, it was a matter of touch and go as far as the raiders were concerned. A high military officer told us that if the raiders had made a dash into Srinagar they might have captured it. As it was, they were only four miles from the Capital. But the raiders had thought the Indian troops must have arrived in large numbers, while in actual fact there were few Indian troops in Srinagar by then. The airfield was exposed to the enemy, and so was the city.

The citizens of Srinagar had put up a show which was perhaps unparalleled in all history. Life went on normally and shops had really been open. Prices had of course come down because the usual crop of tourists could not come to Srinagar. We all bought apples at Rs. 7-8 a hundred, because apples could not go out of the Kashmir Valley, not even to Jammu.

One military officer stated that the tranquillity of the city-dwellers was due to the fact that they did not know how near the tribesmen were. But this assumption appears to be wrong, and the citizens conducted themselves really heroically. One Correspondent gave it as the lesson of the Battle of Srinagar—which took place only five miles from the Capital at Badgam—that

the first thing that should be done by a Government was to cut off electric supply to a besieged city so that the city might not be able to tune in to the radio. He thought that the raiders had helped the defenders of the Capital by cutting off electric supply.

Pandit Nehru paid a visit to Srinagar while we were there, and we accompanied him to Baramulla, a place twelve miles from the Capital, which was looted in a manner reminiscent of Chengiz Khan. One villager said the tribesmen did not even leave a bowl to beg with. Every shop had been looted about half a dozen times, and it appeared as though a swarm of locusts had been there. Small girls of eight and ten—Hindu, Muslim and Sikh—had been raped repeatedly.

The citizens of Baramulla, who heard Pandit Nehru and Sheikh Abdulla, cheered them as they explained that Pakistan meant slavery, destruction and dishonour. When Sheikh Saheb told them that the present difficulties of India and Kashmir were due to one individual, Mohammed Ali Jinnah, he was loudly applauded. The Tiger of Kashmir declared that neither the British nor the Muslim League would be able to divide Kashmir.

Kashmir is very lucky in having Sheikh Abdulla for leader. He is a Socialist who seems to be earnest. We had the opportunity of talking to many common men in Kashmir, and they all say that land would be distributed among the people. It is probable that this would be done in a few months' time.

A noteworthy feature of Kashmir is the lack of communal feeling among the people. We had been accustomed in Delhi to the hunted look in the face of Muslims, and a similar hunted look in the face of Hindus in Kashmir was but to be expected by us. But our fears had no foundation. They simply do not think on those lines, although the Pandits of Kashmir have long exploited the Muslim populace of the Valley. For all this the credit goes to the Tiger.

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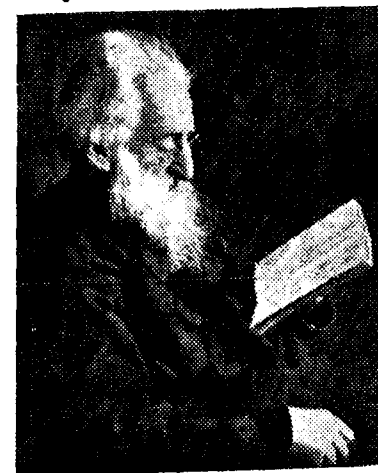
GENERAL BOOTH, FOUNDER OF THE SALVATION ARMY

by P. N. SAMPATH

WILLIAM BOOTH, founder of the Salvation Army, ranks high among the men of action who have adorned the pages of human history. He was the Buddha of Salvationism, combining in himself, the single-minded sincerity of Apostle Paul, the boundless zeal of Constantine and Asoka, and the

He was not destined to enter it again for life.

Apart from the ordinary religious consciousness which Christian children usually manifest in their early ages, Booth had nothing by way of outside influence on his mellow mind. For, in the Booth home, religion did not figure as a subject for talk. Booth was sent to the Anglican Church, but the Services had no attraction for him as yet. "Almost the only thing he could remember of those associations was a game of squeezing his head through the iron railings of the churchyard and getting it out again."



General Booth

When William was thirteen, he was tacked on to a pawnbroker's shop as an understudy, 'to learn the business'. The pawnshop, being a frequent and ready resort for the poor and the needy, Booth had sufficient opportunity to come into contact with their sorrows and miseries. Compassion choked his pitying heart, and he resolved to utilize the destined span of his earthly existence entirely to the soul-uplift of the hopeless poor.

persuasive eloquence of Martin Luther. The widespread expansiveness, and the succour and service which the Salvation Army is now rendering to the sickly and stricken humanity the world over, are but the fulfilment in part of what William Booth had chalked out to achieve through his organisation.

William Booth was born in the year 1829 at Nottingham. He was born poor, his father being a man of small means. His mother Mary Moss is said to have had mixed Jewish and Gentile blood in her veins.

While little Booth was just picking up the rudiments of primary education, his father's worsening impecuniosity took its toll, and young Booth was 'dragged out' of school.

When his father died, Booth joined the Methodists on the recommendation of his cousin who was already one among them. Booth became "converted" before he was sixteen, in 1844. He was a predestined evangelist, pious almost from his birth.

His six-years' apprenticeship at the pawnshop now over, he was set adrift in a difficult, friendless world. However, soon finding that he could not make both ends meet outside the pawnshop, Booth entered it once again. While remaining in this job, he took every opportunity to go out in his spare hours to preach at nearby congregations. He had to make a hasty job of it every day, because if he failed to return by the strike of ten (P.M.), he stood the risk of being locked out for the night.

His fame rapidly spread through the villages, and he got an offer of a full-time ministry for a period of three months. It was while thus engaged that Booth chanced to meet Catherine Mumford who was to be his lifelong partner. This well-read, knowledgeable woman was also a propagandist of the Methodist way of worship.

The three-month contract terminated with regrets on neither side. Booth found it impossible to reconcile his views with those of the Independent Church, as in the latter's tenets Booth saw a streak of Calvinism, which creed was repulsive to him.

Then, he was appointed as Spalding preacher for 18 months. It was about that time that he married Catherine Mumford, "with no flowers, no music, no congregation." (1855). Many a man of action has had "action" knocked out of him due to his nagging wife. There are instances where unruly wives have been the stumbling block, and even the bane, of people of marked worth. Abraham Lincoln and Leo Tolstoy had both reaped the bitter harvest of conjugal infelicity. Booth, however, was extraordinarily lucky in his choice, and his life's mission was half fulfilled in that fact. It was a happy marriage in the general aspect also. In the course of the next 13 years Mrs. Booth begot eight children.

But there was also a seamy side to it. Mrs. Booth became a permanent invalid subject to the slow-moving, fell disease Cancer. Against this sombre background, the worth of her immense contribution to the work of the Salvation Army should be assessed. That will show us what a heroic type of woman she was. Despite her physical handicap, the couple carried on their itinerant preaching mission through the length and breadth of the country.

The Superiors wanted them to lead a pastoral rather than an evangelical life. They could not agree to that and so, left the Methodist Communion.

Without funds, with an offended Church behind them, and no pros-

pect ahead, it was pretty tough going for the Booths. The sympathy of the Booths was now directed to the 'unchurched masses', people who had no church to go to. The two evangelists led a nomadic existence, living in a tent, "pitched here awhile and there awhile." Naturally, Booth's patience was put to a severe test, and many a time he longed to be "where the weary are at rest." Their peripatetic career terminated at the London slum areas, where it was that their service was most needed. They became the consecrated "Servants of God"; "God and salvation are the remedy for all the ills of mankind."

Samuel Morley, an M.P. took kindly to Booth, and gave him funds to start with. The East London Evangelist Mission came to birth (1861). It was the Salvation Army in miniature. Some property also was acquired for the Mission. George Scott Railton, son of a Methodist manse, became Booth's devoted disciple. Railton was a valuable asset to Booth—God's gift indeed!

In 1865 the Salvation Army was founded. Booth's remarkable energy and intrepid organising ability were seen to advantage. His mission was to rescue "the poor, the ignorant and the lost" from Sin and to help them to their Salvation. But this simple-seeming task was not to be accomplished without opposition. And Booth had plenty of it. His followers were persecuted and stoned. His opponents formed a "Skeleton Army" with the sole purpose of liquidating the newly established organisation, either by hook or by crook, mostly crook. Booth's own son was imprisoned in North England, and his daughter in Switzerland. His son-in-law, Booth Tucker, was arrested in India. Booth himself was accused of living on the pennies of the poor. As Booth had enjoined that no liquor was to be served during church service, the liquor interests—brewers, engaged paid ruffians to browbeat Booth into total abandonment of his mission. Booth also did not insist on baptism, both of adults and children. This

excited hostile comment from ecclesiastical circles. Charges ranging from dishonesty to immorality were levelled against Booth. He did not answer the gibes but left his reputation with God. The best antidote for baseless calumny was to live it down. Questions were asked in Parliament and Booth was acquitted of all charges.

All bishops were not antipathetic to Booth. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Tait, even contributed to the Salvation Army Funds and incurred odium thereby. Amalgamation with the Established Church was proposed by Dr. Tait, of course in vain.

In 1879 the Salvation Army was renovated. The Christian Mission Magazine was renamed the "Salvationist". The Salvation Army was now a fighting force. It was an army which rescued slaves of Sin. Booth was at war with Sin. His Society was not a church, it was an army. He was not a minister, he was a soldier. He introduced gaiety in the Salvation Army barracks; to attract the poor who frequent pubs (liquor shops) for pleasure and pawnshops for more pleasure, Booth insisted on bright banners, bright uniforms, bright bands, and a general cheery atmosphere. He called his followers Captains and Commanders, but fixed no wages. Income less expenses were divided among the members of the Mission. They were at his beck and call, ready to go to the four corners of the earth—Booth did not permit his disciples to dabble in theology, nor were they permitted to use Sacraments, because Sacraments "are active agents of discord and separation."

Booth was fortunate in his associates. Young Railton was his First Commander. Some others are Elijah Cadman, James Dawdle, J. Lawley etc. Mrs. Booth was an active helper all through, with a willing spirit but with a weak body. Booth's son Bramwell was his Chief of Staff, who ultimately succeeded him as General.

Having established himself in his native country, Booth aspired for

the world-wide spread of the Salvation Army. Wales, Ireland and Scotland were soon explored. Railton was sent to America "to open fire". John Gore, a milkman, started a branch in Australia. France had a branch of its own. The flag of the Salvation Army was hoisted in Sweden by Booth's daughter Catherine. In India, F. Tucker, an I.C.S. Officer, resigned only to carry the torch of Salvationism through India. He was arrested and later let off. Japan was also 'conquered'.

Booth published some books, of which "In Darkest England And The Way Out" was the most popular. But, just when his fame was at its zenith, Mrs. Booth's condition deteriorated, and she was "promoted to glory" in the year 1890.

After the death of his fond companion, Booth set out for intense missionary work abroad. This tour included visits to Germany, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and India. The name of the Mission's paper "The Salvationist" was changed into "War Cry". This bi-weekly was read from America to China.

Every sort of social work was added to the spiritual crusade. The Salvation Army has Children's homes, maternity homes, women's industrial homes, men's industrial homes, labour bureaux, discharged prisoner's aid societies, farm colonies, hospitals, and social institutions of many kinds. It is no wonder then that it has spread to more than sixty countries; it preaches in seventy-four languages, and its retinue of officers numbers over 27,000.

The Oxford University honoured Booth by making him a Doctor of Civil Law. He received the Freedom of the City of London, and was also declared a "Freeman" in his native town of Nottingham. Though Queen Victoria frowned on him, King Edward granted audience to Booth at the Buckingham Palace. During his globe-trotting career, he had met President Roosevelt, Kings of Norway and Sweden, the Emperor of Japan, and several other distinguished men and women. He visited holy Jerusalem. "There was no quiet

eventide for him. Every hour, and every power for Christ and Duty."

His health began to fail. He became permanently blind through an unsuccessful operation. That prevented him from "going into action" seriously again. Eventually he died on 20th August 1912. His last words were: "The promises of God are sure, if you will only believe." His last utterance was thus a worthy Amen to the Teaching of his whole life.

Thus ended the life of this gifted social reformer with a world vision. He identified his entire life with his mission. The miseries and obstacles which he had to overcome were legion. "God used him as exhaus-

tively and hardly as He had used Moses." But Booth's enthusiasm was such as no setbacks could chill. Every loss egged him on to greater efforts.

Booth claimed the world for Christ. He was God's tireless recruiting Sergeant. He was a globe-trotter not for pleasure but for pure service, who recognized no distinctions of colour. He was the heart and soul of Salvationism. He was not only an eloquent talker but also an effective doer. The Daily Telegraph (London) eulogised him in these words: "To hear General Booth speak, and to see the man, is to understand a great deal of the success of the Salvation Army."



IS ENGLISH GOING ?

by N. K. VENKATESWARAN

GANDHIJI told a prayer-meeting a couple of months ago that we "still could not get rid of the lure of the English language which few could ever hope to master. This linguistic conquest was worse than slavery, than the conquest of the British sword."

This is a powerful statement though few Englishmen themselves could hope to master the language though it is 'their own'. Mastery is a tall order for most people.

Englishmen have no copyright in English. Language is not real or personal property. If Englishmen wish to learn Hindustani we cannot prevent them. It is true that the English put their language in our hands and made it the official language and we were in a sense compelled to learn it, but it might be legitimately held that if our English rulers ever did any good to us it was this very thing. We may well

doubt if they really foresaw the consequences: for what they did was to put into our hands a tremendous weapon against their occupation. We were constantly quoting from their own political bible against them.

Nor was that all. English played the major role in the unification of the country. Thanks to the same agency, we are today able to make our presence felt in the councils of the nations. It may also be noted that we learnt English more for ourselves than to oblige our rulers. We learnt it willingly and greedily. Some Englishmen at times even envied our diligence and aptitude. Many among us are able to use it better than Englishmen themselves. The Prime Minister of India came to win a worldwide reputation, through the same medium. We can truthfully say that while England conquered India we conquered English.



What a difference to human lives the introduction of the crossword puzzle has made! How many hundreds of thousands of people have been saved by it from utter boredom! And the innumerable nagging wives and provocative husbands it has kept quiet and amused!—Bernard Falk.



BOOKS & AUTHORS



So Many Hungers. A Novel by Bhabani Bhattacharya (Hind Kitabs, Bombay. Price Rs. 7-8.)

This book, despite some bits of melodrama here and there, must be reckoned as somewhat of an achievement. The author enjoys exceptional advantages in the background and theme chosen; modern Bengal in the grip of a mighty complex of events—the world war II and its direct offshoot in Bengal, the Great Hunger of 1943, and the Quit India movement. Even so, the author shows considerable individual technical skill in the management of his story against its mighty setting. The setting is truly overwhelming. It is like a hurricane which in its tremendous sweep over Bengal causes a mighty shake-up of the else smooth, quiet lives of people, even the people perched precariously high on variously-gotten gain, at various levels.

The story begins in the house of a middle-class Bengali in Calcutta, with young Rahoul, a Cambridge D.Sc., deeply absorbed in cosmic ray research, torn between thoughts of his beloved wife Monju who is in the throes of child-birth, and of the fire and destruction unleashed by the Nazi hordes in Europe. The author gives a brief glimpse of this young man, and of his brother who is in many ways a significant contrast. Rahoul, in true Indian fashion, in pursuit of adventures and victories in the realm of ideas, and Kunal, in search of the apparently more zestful adventures to be had in an army career, in the world of physical action. Their father Samarendu is a leading advocate in Calcutta—elderly, prudent, bound by deep ties of conventional family affection, but bereft of the smallest trace of the idealism that in various ways fires his sons. The women of this family are the women of the middle-class Hindu family—kindly, well-mannered, bound to the consecrated loyalties and the immemorial duties of Hindu womanhood.

There is another family, in Baruni—a village as far unlike Calcutta as chalk is from cheese, but much more truly, more essentially India, ancient, aged, suppressed but possessed in some obscure, as yet unpenetrated recess of her being, of vital energy that re-

leased may reshape the face of this land. But Baruni is in the grip of a century-old affliction, poverty. We meet here a peasant family—a wandering mendicant and minstrel; a mother who is the very pattern of patience and quiet, devoted service; Kajoli, a fine flawless fair little tender bud, and Onu, an ubiquitous pleasant creature as common and withal, as engaging as wildflowers in a village.

War sweeps across Bengal with explosive violence. The moneymakers on the Stock Exchange, and Samarendu among them, have their opportunity and their taste of war-profits in a variety of ways. But the ways of war are, being the ways of Providence in a pet, no less inscrutable than those of Providence in peace. Wealth accumulated in the hands of an ever-diminishing few, and men decayed materially as well as morally. The kisans are ruined by the famine. The trek to Calcutta begins and Kajoli and her mother and her brother, the prey of a multitude of afflictions, are utterly ruined and destitute. Agents of the Raj, dressed in brief little authority and the badges of their well-beloved bondage, strut about, contriving in their mad mercenary zeal various horror for millions of the helpless in the villages. The impression given of Bengal in the grip of famine is truly powerful. Famished mothers digging little trenches for their starving little things to sleep in, for ever; hardened, shameless beasts in human shape trying to do a piece of "good business" in a "buyers' market" on behalf of brothels for creatures more shameless than themselves . . . on horror's head horrors accumulate in pitiless reflection of the stark reality that a few 'Excellencies and Honourables' wrought out in that harried land. There are other pictures too, of the richness of the human spirit—of the hand of one hunger-bitten wretch held out in honest, humble helpfulness to another; of Rahoul, transformed into a patriot, turning his brooding, roving, high-powered mind to a practical task not less adventurous or exacting than that of trapping up cosmic radiation, the task of healing with a kindly word and a kindly deed those whom hunger had urged on in their thousands into the

The stupendous problems that face the students today demand unification of all the students' organisations.

K. S. SUBRAHMANYAM.

Rajahmundry.

Poor Justice

In many places village food committees had been formed with almost the unanimous agreement of the villagers concerned. In many cases the committees worked satisfactorily. Why should there be a wholesale scrapping of all the committees because in a few places nothing satisfactory had been done?

The Government have not yet given these committees adequate scope to prove their usefulness. It is poor justice to kill them now.

R. BALASUBRAMANIAN.

Ettiyavayal.

Security First

It is urgently necessary that military training must be imparted to the youths of the country. Promulgating An Ordinance directing the Provinces to introduce military training in all the universities, colleges and Government offices should be immediately promulgated. The strategic position of India in the Indian Ocean and Asia must not be lost sight of. In these days of atomic warfare India has to immediately embark upon a programme of security of the country by ordering compulsory military training for every man and woman. Security comes first; and then economic reconstruction. In the present context, unless there is security, India may have to suffer untold hardships like China in spite of all the potential resources, wealth and man-power at our disposal.

Sugarcane Research

Under the auspices of the previous Director of Agriculture a scheme for sugarcane research with a subsidy from the Indian Central Sugarcane Committee had been sanctioned to be presented at Anakapalli. It is believed that the present Government contemplate changing the scheme headquarters from Anakapalli to Gudiyattam in North Arcot district, which is highly regrettable for the following reasons.

Anakapalli is a nerve centre for sugarcane cultivation as well as the in-

igenous sugar industry. The figures for 35-36 show that out of a total area of 49,800 acres under cane in the Circars, the three districts of Vizag. East and West Godavari claim a share of 45,500 acres, while Chittoor and North Arcot have only 22,500 acres between themselves. The Department of Agriculture has one of its major sugarcane farms at this place and has been doing yeomen service in co-ordinating research between Anakapalli, Samalkota and Gudiyattam which is a sub-station under Anakapalli.

Vizag, East Godavari and West Godavari are top-rankers in the area under cane and co-ordinated research at Anakapalli which is within easy reach of these three districts does much to solve the problems of cane-growers in these tracts. Even already no small benefit has been received by the peasants of these districts and the improved varieties of sugarcane adopted at the farm have been enthusiastically taken up. Just at a time when the peasants are getting enlightened and interested in the work of the department it is deplorable that the seat of research should be transferred to a locality which is only about half as important from the point of view of sugarcane cultivation.

Both as regards jaggery manufacture and marketing also, Anakapalli has been a centre of no mean importance. Round about Anakapalli and Samalkota the manufacture of jaggery has been developed to a high degree of perfection. Mamidipalli and Peddapuram jaggeries being highly prized for their quality.

As a centre of agricultural research also Anakapalli is eminently suited. Not far from the place is the Andhra University with its course in sugar technology. What greater benefit to the country can be imagined than a satisfactory liaison between these two aspects of research, viz., cane cultivation and sugar manufacture.

Another point which we cannot afford to forget is the necessity for regional centres of research which should play a part in the evolution of agricultural improvements. The principle of regionalisation of research should be insisted upon. There need not be two large scale sugarcane research stations both to the south of Madras (Coimbatore and Gudiyattam) and regionally speaking there is no point in the proposed shift.

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second city of the Empire. And when the time comes, Rahoul cheerfully walks into one of the prisons of that Empire.

Altogether, Bhabani Bhattacharya has produced a most moving and vital picture of a time that will breed perpetual hope and benediction, when outraged humanity stood up and shook off, in one mighty effort, shackles which had held her bound. Rahoul, Kajoli, Onu, Kunal are the characters in the story. But the real heroes of the chronicle are the frail little Mahatma who fought famine outside by fasting within the prison, and the ever-youthful Nehru whose ringing, defiant words to the miserable British magistrate at Gorakhpur serve to awaken young Rahoul to a sense of the duty he owed to his country no less important than that owed to universal truth in the realm of scientific research. The book deserves to be placed alongside of Dickens' "A Tale of Two Cities".

Rice and Other Stories by K. Ahmad
Abbas (Kutub Publishers Ltd., 17, Gunbow Street, Bombay I. Price Rs. 3-8.)

This book contains ten short stories in English by one of the top-ranking Indian story-writers of the day. The author has a genius for narration, and invests apparently trivial incidents with deep meaning by his skilful handling of them. 'Flowers for her feet' reaches the heights of craftsmanship. 'Sylvia' and 'Reflection in a mirror' are penetrating studies of the shifting moods of two women who ultimately achieve reintegration of their lives. 'Twelve hours' which portrays a party comrade giving herself up to a veteran leader who has to go back to prison on the morrow, is rather unconvincing and smacks of cheap martyrdom. 'The mark of an Indian' is a short, powerful piece, a pungent satire on the cowardice of Indians; the same echo is heard when the author says at the end of another story, 'The umbrella': "Didn't I tell you this gentlemanly temperament was the cause of my undoing—perhaps also the cause of the undoing of my country." 'The umbrella' is the most humorous piece in the collection, the humour however being no hindrance but actually adding force to the running political allegory. The crowning piece is the last story, 'Saffron Blossoms'. Not only is it a moving tale of the heroism of the common man and woman in Kashmir in the struggle for democracy, it is a delicately written and artistically conceived reverie. The voice of the old peasant woman whose mind is

rooted in the traditions of the feudal past, is the voice of the past commenting on the incomprehensible present which it watches with misgiving and bewilderment. This story fully bears out what Mulk Raj Anand says in his letter which is printed as Preface to the book: "... the predominantly lyrical tone, which I so much admire in your short fiction ... is reflected in your latest story 'Saffron Blossoms', surely the most hauntingly poignant piece of lyricism that has come out of the Kashmir struggle." In the other stories Abbas draws his moral too pointedly, says too much himself and leaves little to the reader to infer. There is also sometimes an unfortunate tendency towards bringing in violent, improbable incidents. But the collection as a whole is magnificently sustained by the two stories mentioned above. The book provides rich fare for the reader and is bound to enhance the prestige of the author.

Kumudam a Fortnightly: Hony. Editor, Dr. R. M. Alagappa Chettiar. Annual subscription, Rs. 6, single copy, 4 as. Published at 6 Hunter's Road, Vepery.

This is a further addition to the periodicals in Tamil a large number of which have commenced publication under the stimulus of our new-found freedom. The sponsoring of it by Dr. Alagappa Chettiar ensures its stability. The association of leading Tamil writers like Sa. Ganesan and K. V. Jagannathan guarantees the maintenance of high quality in the contents of this journal. The articles are of varied interest from the grave to gay, and a successful attempt is made to cater to many tastes in the first issue.

Desika Vinayakam Pillai the popular Tamil poet has given a poetical welcome to this youngest recruit to Tamil Journalism. Under such auspices and with such writers, a bright future for this venture may be safely predicted.

SWATANTRA

SWATANTRA is published every Saturday at 156, Lloyds Road, Royapettah, Madras (India). Single copy, six annas. Subscription: Inland, Rs. 20 per year and Rs. 10 per half-year. Foreign, £1 16sh. or 8 dollars (U.S.A.) per year. If return of manuscripts is desired, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must be enclosed.

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.

The Immediate Need

Born and bred up in an atmosphere of peace and security for centuries, we have become incapable of even thinking of war. An invincible army is immediately required for India not for any offensive operations, but to create a sense of security and peace within India, as well as to create a sense of fear in the minds of adjoining warmongers.

Epigraphy, soil erosion and other things can wait. We must proceed on the assumption that Pakistan has declared war on India. It is certain to invade India, if not today, at least tomorrow. It will not be surprising if we are, in a few months, invaded from all sides by Pakistan, Afridisthan, Hyderabadistan and Moplastan. Instead of waiting to see that day, better get ready and mobilise forthwith.

MRS. N. C. PILLAY.

Oolacamund.

Disruptors of Peace

Writing in your issue of the 15th instant, a special correspondent reports that an "evacuee (from Hyderabad) expressed surprise why the Madras Government has not thought so far of moving the members of the Muslim League into concentration camps." The leaders of the R.S.S. also deserve to be sent there because by their training and temperament and judged by their alleged activities in the Punjab and Delhi, they cannot be trusted to let the peace in the Province remain undisturbed. That the R.S.S. is attempting to set up a communal State in India, cannot be gainsaid.

It is however gratifying to find that in his recent speeches in Madras, the eminent Hindu Maha Sabha leader, Dr. Shyam Prasad Mukherjee himself, has given his full and unstinted support to the conception of a secular democratic State and denounced the practice of private retaliation as dangerous. It is therefore the foremost duty of every peace-loving citizen in India at this juncture to strengthen the hands of the Nehru Government and thus ensure an early and natural

dissolution of all communal organisations.

Let us, with the co-operation of the Government, take all necessary precautions to defend ourselves against Muslim aggression but let us not on any account imitate the Muslim League in its cult of communal hatred.

A. V. APPA RAO.

Bezwada.

"Appeasement" Still Rampant

In the interests of the integrity of the Dominion of India I protest most strongly against the policy of appeasement, nay pampering, of the Moslems of this Presidency by our Ministry of Education. Not content with running the B.A. classes for two Moslem girls at a cost of Rs. 24,000 per annum, against the advice of the Director of Public Instruction, it has promoted Janab Abdul Rahman Sahib, officiating Assistant Lecturer (now on leave in England, sent over by the Government for studies) as Lecturer in Mathematics in the Madras Educational Service with effect from June 20, 1948. This promotion is over the head of five of his seniors, Messrs. Ramanuja Acharya, Issac, Lobo and Viswanathan, who joined service in 1928, 1929, 1937 and 1936 respectively, as against Mr. Rahman's joining in 1943.

There is absolutely no justification for the promotion of a Moslem over the heads of his seniors. He is only 25 years of age and his turn for promotion will come soon enough.

It is time that the Government of Madras faced facts. Some of its Ministers seem to be living in the pre-division, Moslem-appeasement days. All Pakistan educational pockets like the Moslem College, Madras, Moslem College for Women, Moslem training schools, etc., should be immediately wound up and all students made to attend common schools and colleges so that the two-nation theory and its murderous upshots may become things of the past.

LOYAL CITIZEN

Hospital Manners

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