

42

SWATANTRA

EDITOR: KHASA SUBBA RAU



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112



SWATANTRA

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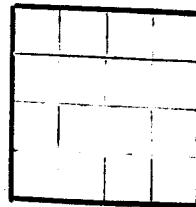
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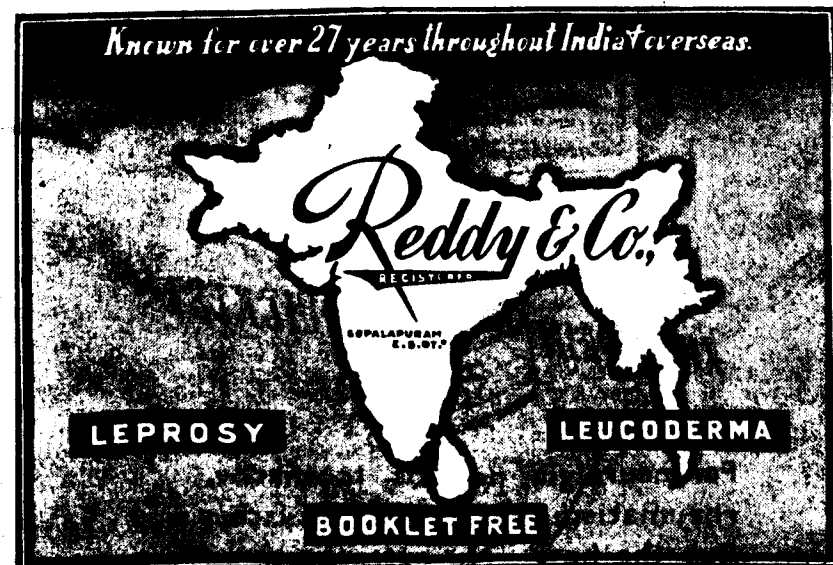
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SWATANTRA

VOL. II. No. 43.

(SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1947.)

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WAITING FOR WATER

—by H. V. Ram Gopal.

SWATANTRA

VOL. II
No. 43

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1947

ISSUED
WEEKLY

THE HYDERABAD AGREEMENT

THE publication of the terms of the 'standstill agreement' with the Nizam of Hyderabad has eased a situation which was steadily moving towards an undesirable climax. Its immediate effect has almost been to take some of the wind out of the sails of every group, party or interest involved in the main question. Stripped of all the verbiage which is somehow considered indispensable to the solemnity and sonority of a State document, what the high contracting parties have agreed to is to maintain the *status quo* for one more year; and to utilise the interregnum to explore the prospects of a permanent solution of the problem of the status of Hyderabad vis à vis the Indian Union. In short, a solution has been, by mutual consent, postponed to a more propitious future occasion.

It is of considerable public importance to note that the announcement of the standstill agreement by the parties should have taken place in different conditions although at the same time, and with a subtle emphasis at different points. Sardar Patel made his official statement in the Dominion Parliament, stressing with bald simplicity that the conditions now agreed to by the Nizam were precisely the same as those which had been offered to the previous delegations! It was a delicate way of puncturing the self-importance of the Nizam which comes out prominently in the statement issued on his behalf from London. By the

way, it is curious that there should already be functioning a separate office, amounting to an embassy in all but name, to handle the Nizam's 'external affairs' in London. We invite Mr. Patel to look into this office and have it wound up without further delay. The Nizam, whether under the old order which terminated on August 15 or under the new which comes into effect from 29th November 1947 is incompetent to have a foreign embassy acting independently of the office of the High Commissioner for India in London.

The Nizam has used his agent in London to stress the wholly tentative nature of the present agreement with more than one hint of his ultimate hopes of burgeoning out as an independent sovereign. The unconscious humour of the claim cannot be appreciated except against the background of a conception of the Divine Right theory of Kingship which is not only repugnant to resurgent opinion in the country, but which would expose His Exalted Highness to the unsympathetic stare of the worst legitimists in Europe. The alacrity which the Nizam has shown in wanting to get rid of the vestiges of paramountcy is only excelled by his studied omission of all reference to the demands of 'his' people in the political sphere. Mr. Patel has stressed the need for an early solution of the popular fight for responsible government. This is met by the vague reply that

the Nizam is determined to protect his subjects and maintain law and order. Both these are dubious benefits. We in India were victims of these gifts of the bureaucracy for a whole generation, and we know how they can create a desert which is euphemistically dubbed 'Peace.'

The most ominous of the demands of the Nizam is for an indefinite and uncontrolled import of arms needed for his army. The question is fundamental to the entire structure of the relations between the Union and Hyderabad, now and for ever after. None of the other acceding States has put in a caveat of this sort, nor has there been any hitch over the supply of the needed quantities of arms and equipment for the forces of individual States. It is well known that the most convincing proof of sovereignty according to the theories of *real-politics* is the ability and the freedom with which an army can be built up. Hyderabad is not going to play at the Prussian game of abusing the resources of the State towards staging military adventures at home or abroad. That is where the Indian Union will have to step in sooner than later, and set the limits.

Another question issuing from the above which has to be disposed of once for all is the Nizam's childlike faith in a mercenary army, the personnel of which is recruited from a distance of a couple of thousand miles, and all belonging to one persuasion, one racial stock and one outlook. The Nizam must be asked to disband his foreign levies, and raise his army from the sons of the soil. This must be the first condition precedent to any kind of even qualified permission to import arms from abroad.

One other clause of the new agreement seems to have been put in with mental reservations on both sides. We refer to the stipulation that neither side will provoke or connive at subversive movements within the State. The Nizam might hope that

with this clause, he might frighten foreign protagonists of democratic self-government within the State. The Union might with equal plausibility use this clause itself as a pretext for intervention at the right psychological moment, when disorder or disturbances in the State overflows State boundaries, as it has on more than one recent occasion.

We thus find the agreement, like all diplomatic documents, riddled with deliberate evasions and calculated ambiguities. For only thus could the *amoure propre* of the high contracting parties be maintained until the moment for a trial of strength arrives. For that is the simple truth of the matter. The present standstill agreement does not mean that anything will stand still. It is rather breathing time which both sides need to muster their forces, and to prepare themselves for an inevitable head-on collision. The dead-line for that show-down has been fixed with deliberate forethought.

During the coming year, therefore, the Indian Union must arm itself with every kind of weapon even as the Nizam will doubtless arm himself with all his weapons. But as ours is the strategically more extended sphere, we must plan more comprehensively, and allow for more failures and loop-holes. But of the ultimate outcome, there should be neither doubt, nor wavering nor any complacency. Either the Nizam comes voluntarily or involuntarily under the hospitable shade of the Indian Umbrella or the Union will perish! In the former case, the Nizam will not be worse off than he had been under British suzerainty, and may conceivably be much better off. In the latter case, it would be the triumph of Pakistan on an all-India basis with the restoration of the Moghul Durbar through a unified but brow-beaten India such as had never been witnessed even in the long and dusty annals of this ancient land.

More Light

THE latest issue of the Fort St. George Gazette contains a notification of the local Government's intention to institute proceedings under the Land Acquisition Act with a view to accommodating Dr. Alagappa Chettiar's proposed new college which has been provisionally started at Karaikudi. The area of land proposed to be acquired is, we believe, something of a record, for it is a little over 650 acres. Accommodation for public educational institutions ought, in theory, to be secured on the principle of 'the more the merrier.' But in view of the dubious potentialities of Karaikudi as an educational centre, specially with Madura and Pudukkottah so close to it on both sides, the allotment of 650 acres or more seems to us an exercise in educational optimism or speculation not warranted by the realities. If Dr. Alagappa Chettiar had decided to buy out the area out of his own funds, it would have been graceless and impertinent on our part to question his wisdom. But seeing that he has invoked, successfully as would seem, the aid of the Government, we think the public has a right to know further details of this scheme before the transaction could be allowed to proceed without protest. We should like for instance to be assured on the following points:

Where is the need for the acquisition of such a large area for one single mofussil college? How many colleges are there in the province which can command the same extent of accommodation?

There has been a general complaint against the continuance of the Government policy of not helping colleges already in existence by suspending, as a war measure, grants-in-aid towards their capital and recurrent expenditure. What are the reasons which have prompted the Government to make an exception in this case? For, we presume that the Government is com-

mitted to making a half-grant towards the cost of the acquisition of the lands listed in the Gazette notification.

Is it not usual for a higher price to be paid to land acquired by Government than would be the case if the land were privately negotiated for sale? What is the public exigency which is sought to be met by the Government coming to the support of a private individual in this manner?

What is the probable total amount of liability to the Government as a result of completing these proceedings? Has there been any change in the policy of the Government in regard to the sanctioning of grants-in-aid to private colleges? If not, is it proposed to entertain similar applications from other parties who may have equally laudable intentions?

Above all, we hope that there has been any modification in existing practice, the benefit of such modification should, in the first instance, be given to colleges which have been carrying on, without any help at all from the Government during the last nearly ten years. We believe that there have been stray cases of exceptional treatment accorded to individual institutions for exceptional reasons. But it is in the public interest that the present move by Government should be clearly explained with reference to the questions which we have raised above.

A Comic Turn

THE U.N.O. decision in favour of partitioning Palestine has been received in a defiant mood by the so-called 'Arab' world. Everyone of the arguments of Sir Zafrullah Khan against enforcing partition in Palestine applies with more force to the partitioning of India. Some of the comparisons and contrasts between India and Palestine are both amusing and revealing. Here

it was a case of 100 millions threatening the union; in Palestine, it is a case of 100 millions foregathering from all the East to nullify the partition. Who are these 100 millions? Of course, the Muslims scattered from Africa to China. What is not clear is why Chinese Muslims and Indian Muslims should consent to function as catspaws to pull Arab chestnuts out of the smouldering fire of international rivalries. Sir M. Zafrullah warns the Western powers that they might one day need friends in the Middle East. What if the rivals joined hands as they have done over the Palestine issue?

All this sabre-rattling by the Arab world has been so over-done as to cease to impress world opinion. In the midst of the shouting and

recrimination, a comic turn was reserved for India. Having voted against partition, our representative staged a walk-out, much after the manner of the local Congress-men in the days of their minority status, anxious to hit the headline in the papers! After promoting partition in our own land, it comes with ill grace from our spokesmen abroad to denounce the principle of it when applied in a very small area, and involving the fortunes or misfortunes of a handful of people, comparatively speaking. But our doctrinal correctitude and ideological orthodoxy, or whatever else is the prevailing hobgoblin, had to be vindicated; hence our representative clasped hands with his Pakistani fellow and executed a minuet out of the lobby into the sunlight.

Sotto Voce

Potted Music



AMERICAN musicians have declared war on the recording angel whom Edison gave to mankind. They charge the ghost of the inventor with having taken the bread out of their mouths. But, unlike the Luddites who broke the impassive machines, the enraged musicians have called a strike. After New Year's Day no more records will be made, says Petrillo, the dictator with a misleadingly caressing name. The gramophone companies are feverishly working overtime to build up stocks, but Petrillo banks on the effect of wear and tear on the life of vulcanite discs and the patience of patrons.

But the Petrillites fight a losing battle just as the Luddites did. They

object to recording not because the average record is an outrage on music and a caricature of the singer or executant, but because the radio and the cinema do not employ live musicians as much as they might if there were no records. To this the organisers of mechanised entertainment would no doubt reply, as did the pioneers of the Industrial Revolution, that mass production by lowering costs stimulates demand. And they can always depend on ro-ping in the newcomer. Beggars can't be choosers and vanity is a powerful stimulus in the young and unknown.

It was a far deeper instinct that guided a great violinist of ours who was with difficulty persuaded to record one or two pieces on the phono-

graph in the early years of the century. After a good deal of time and effort had been wasted on unsuccessful recordings which did not satisfy the exacting ear of the virtuoso, there came a happy day when the patience of the recorder was rewarded. The machine caught the player in a mood of exalted felicity and the result was a miracle of reproduction. The humble mechanic was in a transport of joy, but the artiste was unaccountably glum. When after a brief absence the former returned he was horrified to discover that an angry knife had hacked and hewed at the wax cylinder. The violinist had felt that the virtue had gone out of him; and this was his way of recovering his integrity.

You cannot eat your cake and have it. If progress consist in letting more and more have more and more, the machine-minder must inevitably displace the craftsman, the crooner over the radio the bard improvising on his feet, the celluloid glamour girl the Duses and the Bernhardt. It may be claimed that there are debits and credits on both sides. The printing machine has created the silent reader who in his turn has called forth a new type of writer, he who writes for the eye and not for the ear. But I would gladly forgo a hundred Prousts for one Homer.

The knowledge that transforms can only be imparted by the living touch. The Word must be made flesh. The rishis who propagated the Vedas wisely set themselves against the temptation to a spurious omniscience. In the mill of Time the integrity of unitive knowledge had split up into a hundred facets of truth. The one Veda became many, says the Kurma Purana, as the inheritors of the ancient wisdom developed different points of view (*drishtivibhrama*); the systematizers then appeared on the scene and the redactions evolved into separate schools. And it came to be considered a sin for any man to learn another *Sakha* before he had mastered his own.

As knowledge was for use and not for ornament, they were content to know a little and that well. But there is this important difference between their specialisation and that of the modern scientist; they would have no truck with the heresy that the pursuit of Truth is to be preferred to Truth itself. The wisdom of the race is reflected in the proverb that the leak in the pot does not matter if the sweets can be well steamed in it. It is the energising heat that the guru gives out that ripens the soul of the disciple.

Nevertheless there is a place, especially in music, for faithful remembrancers. How can the most glowing panegyrist convey to me the magic of Maha Vaidyanatha Iyer's unheard voice? But of Dhanam's matchless melody a tantalising snatch has been preserved for posterity in her gramophone record of the Raga Panchaka Tana. The more is the pity that her marvellous store of *padmas* was allowed to perish with her. And if institutions like the Music Academy don't look out, such brilliant survivals of the heroic age of music as Mazhavarayanendal Subbarama Bhagavata and such faithful custodians of musical *sampradaya* as Namakkal Seshaiyengar and Dr. Srinivasaraghavan must make their submission to all consuming Time and leave not a rack behind. Let us build ramparts against the onset of barbarism while we may.

VIGNESWARA.

SWATANTRA
156, Lloyds Road,
Royapettah, Madras.

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SIDELIGHTS: :

It is the misfortune of all miscellaneous political combinations, that with the purest motives of their more generous members are ever mixed the most sordid interests and the fiercest passions of mean confederates. —BULWER.

ONE remarkable feature of the arrangements now in full swing to celebrate the birthday of Sri C. Rajagopalachari is the enthusiasm manifested by those who were the most determined of his opponents at the time of the elections to the Legislature last year. By the vendetta they carried on against him they then impelled him to retire from the political arena in a mood of sheer disgust. The anti-C.R. legislators underwent a miraculous transformation when the Congress High Command came to C.R.'s rescue and elevated him to a seat on the Central Cabinet. Gone almost overnight was the animosity which proximity and political ambition had implanted in the aspiring breasts of the anti-C.R. host. Distance lent its own enchantment to the power that had come to C.R. The old enemies began since then to vie with each other to sing the praises of the man whom they had very nearly driven to desperation and deprived of the one political prize which he covets most, the premiership of his own province, in the midst of the Tamil people for whose company he ever yearns and languishes, despite whatever glories might come to him elsewhere.

The one delicious delight that C.R. cannot resist being tempted into is that of acting magnanimously towards opponents; but let it be noted that magnanimity is a luxury that cannot be indulged in with equals, near-equals, or more than equals. It must be mixed with a certain sense of superior eminence to provide its real thrill of pleasure. No doubt very few of C.R.'s political followers are left in the wilderness uncared for—his ever vigilant concern watches over them with kind

and patient skill to draft them as occasions arise into congenial positions of power and profit. But to a nature like his, with all its aptitude for consolidations of loyalty, it becomes necessary now and again to hand a favour on a platter to some notorious opponent. Conscience thus seeks perhaps to proclaim its triumph over partisan shackles. No other hypothesis can account for the zest with which C.R. worked to renovate the dilapidated political fortunes of the renowned careerist who now holds the Finance portfolio in the Central Government.

Magnanimity is measured by its distance from what is just. When it is exhibited with private assets, a saint is revealed. But when it is exerted in the public sphere where a precise balancing of rights and duties, deserts and rewards, is the mark of excellence, it becomes a feat difficult to perform without to some extent cheating justice of its due. For this reason the ill-conceived generosities of magnanimous rulers constitute the major source of the tough problems that future generations find themselves confronted with. C.R.'s magnanimity, distributed between followers and opponents, has disturbed the equilibrium of equity in the province, and foisted on it a sad liability in the name of a Government.

Looking back it is clear that the premiership was a present of C.R. to Omandur. Even now it is the support of C.R.'s followers in the Legislature that is enabling the Ministry to survive. It will go to pieces if this support is withdrawn. Omandur's regime is the drabdest that has ever come to being in the annals of Congress administration. Not one constructive idea stands to his credit. With his notorious silences and absences from the Treasury Bench during sessions of the Legislature he has built for himself an unenviable reputation for uselessness as a parliamentarian. A certain narrow sort of rectitude as one

honestly bent on applying small gifts to the responsibilities of a great office, unafraid of the consequences of clinging to his own conception of right, used to be attributed to him. But that too has gone with the turn of the week's events. If his appropriation to himself of Dr. Subbarayan's police portfolio was justified, its subsequent restoration in response to a threat was abject submission to avoid being thrown out. The Premier has revealed himself dependent on Dr. Subbarayan's mercy for his continuance in office. The price paid for survival marks the definite beginning of a potential puppet condition for the Premier.

The best that a leadership like this can hope for is to count every moment a gain that is snatched from threatened extinction. The strain of the effort to avoid disintegration will prove all too exhausting: people are left with little to hope by way of benefit. This sorry mess of affairs affords just the opportunity for C.R.'s political sagacity to come into beneficial play. He is no longer an interested combatant for disputed leadership. He is richly endowed with powers of judgment and persuasion. With the mighty men of the Centre that hold the country's destiny in their keeping, he enjoys an influence unrivalled by any South Indian. He has intimate knowledge of all the prevailing trends in provincial politics. The best birthday gift to him is the hope that despite the inevitable pull from group and regional loyalties which no leader can escape, he will be able to exert his influence to end the rule of misfits and reactionaries, placing public welfare above all other considerations.

C. H. V. Pathy who has succeeded K. Punniah as editor of the "Sind Observer," Karachi, is a live wire. His career in journalism began in "Swarajya." By the time he joined it, that paper had left behind its period of prosperity. It had entered on a phase of chronic privation that left little for the staff by way of wherewithal to make both ends meet. It survived for as long as it

did because, partly, it is as difficult to wind up a daily newspaper in hard circumstances as it is to make it go. Partly also because it had a staff defiant of normal economic pressures. They gloried in challenging adversity to do its worst to them. Each day was a crisis, and every survival of a crisis they reckoned as a feat in a recurring strenuous process of "rising to the occasion," of service to profession and country. They admitted in fact no difference between professional and patriotic duty. Both synchronised in a condition of poverty that left them in mind strangely elated in proportion to the trials undergone by the body. This type of journalist has now virtually disappeared from the Indian scene. One reason for it might well be the disappearance of the sort of employer that Prakasam was in his charge of "Swarajya." It was then the heyday of Non-cooperation, when he stood before the gaze of an admiring public as South India's outstanding symbol of economic renunciation for the nation's political goal. The glamour of the reflected glory of the great Mahatma shone full on him. His example was a compelling incentive of unworldliness to Pathy and his fellow-employees who in the Andhra leader's company burned their boats on the normal careerist hungers of young flesh and blood, with immense gusto.

Pathy was then a great lad for continually rising to the occasion. Rising to the occasion was an act of faith against the depressing hardships of a cashbound economy, and the height to which each member of the staff could rise each day was a theme of constant mutual comment and comparison, much in the manner in which successful war-profiteers nowadays might examine the totals of their respective bank balances. Pathy used to be in a perennial state of bubbling excitement and enjoyment over the difficulties he had just that minute overcome. With a twinkle in the eye and the gift of merry narration he extracted joy out of the buffeting

of life. He went to work with extraordinary rapidity. He threw himself into the drudgery of journalism with the relish and bonhomie with which born gamblers are wont to give themselves to games of chance. He wrung hectic thrills out of the gruelling exactions of newspaper work and indulged subsequently in interjectional grouses over the strain endured. Such complaints were no more than his way of relaxation. But they were no less. They greased his hard toll with the sense of conquest that grievance-flaunting gives to happy devotees of congenial tasks with no other means of ventilating discontent. He would have found half the interest of life gone if he had not hard work to rail against after having invited it on himself with cent per cent urgency and zeal—and

so the occasion found him always ready and adequate, however trying the occasion. Hence it is no wonder that even in Pakistan he, a mere sojourner from far-away Malabar,—he joined the "Sind Observer" fourteen years ago—should get a kick as from intoxicating liquor, out of the very expulsive forces that have inflicted banishment on so large a section of the native population rooted for generations to the soil. It is no joke to be called to a saddle which no less a veteran than Punniah himself had felt impelled to vacate. All good wishes to gallant, boisterous go-ahead Pathy, of a fine fortitude charmingly decorated with cheerfulness, who sturdily combines boyish adventurousness with American gumption and unostentatious courage.—SAKA.

GLUCONATE D

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Karachi.

QUAID-E-AZAM Jinnah in one of his expansive moments, while addressing a League conference at Karachi said with heightened emotion that Sind would be the gateway of Pakistan. Triumph was writ large across his trenched face when the Pakistan flag went up his residence on that unforgettable August morn when bugles flared and guns barked their salute heralding the birth of a new dominion.

Today, three months after the historic celebration, an element of sadness has crept into the body politic of Pakistan. Sind is the core and kernel of Pakistan and upon its future will depend in a large measure whether this dominion will go by the wind or survive.

The massacres in the Punjab have uprooted the entire economy of a segment of Western Pakistan, once known as the granary of India. Huge tracts of land where cotton grew in abundance and wheat brought prosperity to innumerable cultivators are today lying drenched with blood. Properties worth crores have been looted.

Similar is the picture which stares one in East Pakistan where floods have laid waste paddy fields. Eastern Punjab has to depend on the charity of Sind for her foodgrains. The controversy over jute duty will vitally affect the revenues from East Bengal.

EVEN THE SINDHI LOSES HEART

The only bright spot is Sind but even here an unknown fear grips a large percentage of the minority

population. In spite of all the appeals and exhortations of Ministers, both of Pakistan and Sind, the necessary amount of confidence has not been created in the minds of the minorities whose industry and enterprise have built up the prosperity of the province and made Karachi one of the most beautiful cities in India. The Ministers allege that the Hindus are prompted by a malignant motive, namely, the sabotaging of the infant province. But in reality it is not so. The Sindhi is the most calculating person in God's good earth. He takes always a long-range view of things. Today, he feels that he has no prospect in services. Trade and commerce which once used to be the monopoly of the Hindus are gone from their hands. I have seen hundreds of shops changing hands in the course of the last three months. Muslim businessmen from Bombay, Lucknow, Delhi, Lahore and other places are pouring into Karachi and acquiring shops and business concerns which originally belonged to the Hindus.

The Islamisation of culture will affect the next generation and the Hindus of the province want their sons and daughters to be educated in India where they will have to make their living.

Out of a total population of twelve lakhs of Hindus in Sind, about two lakhs are living in border areas near Jodhpur and Cutch and these will cross the border any moment. As a matter of fact, they are leaving in a continuous stream. Out of the other ten lakhs, Karachi had a

Hindu population of more than three lakhs. The Hindu population swelled during war time owing to the insecure conditions in the mofussil and the Hur troubles. Over a lakh of people from the city alone have left in the course of the last two months. Eighty per cent of the women and children are gone. From the hinterland another two lakhs have left by train and boat.

PLIGHT OF THE MINORITY

I have talked to lawyers, doctors, politicians, priests, journalists and businessmen belonging to the minority community and opinion is almost unanimous that those who want to preserve their honour must go by the end of March next year by which time the standstill agreement between India and Pakistan would come to an end. It is impossible to have water-tight evacuation and a pocket of minorities will remain in Sind. But those who stick will be like dumb driven cattle, living on the charity of Muslims. Seven hundred years of foreign domination has made the Sindhi the most docile of creatures. I have a hunch that the entire intelligentsia among the Hindu minority will leave the province in the next four months. Even among the Haris, (agriculturists) there is unrest. Reports from the mofussil reveal that the Hindus do not get from their land even half the produce they used to get and in some cases the entire produce is taken away by the landlords with impunity. The Muslim ryots are not well disposed towards the Hindu landlords. This is due to the incessant preaching of the two-nation theory and hatred towards Hindus which is the ideological foundation of the Pakistan edifice. Muslim Haris are now being openly advised not to return the takvi money lent to them by Hindu owners of land which the Haris used to repay from the produce. Reduced produce, heavy assessment rates and refusal by defiant Haris to pay back takvi, unauthorised occupation and threat to deprive Hindus of their lands have forced the Hindus to the realisation that even agriculture is no longer the paying concern it

used to be once. And if the Mortgage Act passed by the Sind Assembly becomes law and other discriminatory laws are enacted, the fate of Hindu landholders will be sealed.

Equally dismal is the picture on the trade front. Goods from Indian Union have ceased to flow to Pakistan. Import from abroad is only a trickle. So whatever goods remain in shops go to the black market. Merchants insist on cash payment for everything and very few people have got the cash. The result is deserted markets and empty shops.

The Islamisation of services both in the province and in Pakistan is thorough. In Sind, all the top posts are in the hands of Muslims. All the Ministers, all the Collectors, all superintendents of police, inspectors and sub-inspectors of police, deputy collectors in charge of sub-divisions are all Muslims. The educational department is virtually a close preserve for Muslims.

Corruption is raging unimpeded. It seeps from the very soil of Sind. There is no discipline in the Pakistan administration. Every one feels that he is Quaid-e-Azam and does not respect his superior.

POLITICAL QUICKSANDS

The centre of gravity of politics has shifted to Lahore where all the top-ranking Ministers are assembled. Quaid-e-Azam Jinnah is there for over a fortnight. There is a story current here that after his return from Lahore he may go abroad for reasons of health. In that case, Mr. Zafrullah Khan will be appointed as the acting Governor-General.

The glamour associated with Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan's name is fast fading and a strong Punjabi element is busy at work to foist a Punjabi Premier on Pakistan. Mr. Liaquat Ali will soon surrender the portfolio of defence. Though Mr. Abdur Rab Nishtar is tipped as the future Defence Minister, one does not know whether it will all be smooth sailing. Mr. Feroz Khan Noon who has winged his way back to India will make a bold bid for the Premiership of West Punjab. Already, there are

talks that Mamdot will soon quit the Premiership for which another aspirant is Mr. Ghaznafar Ali Khan, at present the Minister for Health in Pakistan. There is also a rumour that Mr. Fazlur Rahman would migrate to his home province. The reshuffle of the Pakistan Cabinet would be hastened after the return of Quaid-e-Azam to Karachi.

The most worried man in the Pakistan Cabinet today is Mr. Ghulam Mahomed. He feels the financial pinch every moment. It will be a job for him to frame a fool-proof budget. Inflation of currency seems to be the pet recipe of Sir Archibald Rowlands, Financial Adviser to Pakistan. He is still here though he had originally agreed to serve only three months.

The Pakistan Constituent Assembly will meet in the middle of December and its members will have to wrestle with problems which are very complex. The shadow of Junagadh and Kashmir have fallen athwart our peaceful landscape and everyone is lisping in accents of

war. War is criminal luxury which neither Pakistan nor India can afford. They are now in a state of belligerency. The land duty levied on jute is about to provoke retaliation and it may eventually lead to an undeclared economic war between the two dominions.

MUZZLED PRESS

On the propaganda front there is a gradual blacking out of newspapers which were previously organs of Indian nationalism. Four journals in Karachi have been asked to suspend publication for a period of two months. Pre-censorship both on news and views has been imposed on "Sind Observer". The "Dawn" which has moved to Karachi is thriving on a campaign of hate and horror which is reaping good dividends from the point of view of circulation.

Many people in Karachi do not think of the morrow. They live for the day and the excitement or sorrow thereof.

The next few months are big with Fate.



KASHMIR INTERLUDE:

A Group of Hindu women who were abducted by the raiders and later rescued by the Indian Army.

PAX ISLAMICA PLAN OF PAKISTANITES

by R. S. SANKARIAR

A dispassionate review of the events which culminated in Pakistan will show that this was a predetermined plan of the Pakistanites. "Pak" is a Persian word meaning pure, clean, holy. Pakistan is derived from that word and is used in the sense of unadulterated. So the very name indicates that the ambition of the Pakistanites was to secure a territory occupied and peopled by none other than the followers of Islam. In other words Pakistan was to be a Moslem State of Moslem people to harbour or shelter none but Muslims.

The originators and planners were not content with having Pakistan in geographical India. Their ambition was that the entire sub-continent of India should be Pakistan. One Chaudhry Rahmat Ali was the originator of the Pakistan cult. He wrote a pamphlet entitled "The Millat of Islam and the Menace of Indianism" in 1940. He was the Founder-President of the Pakistan national movement which he started in 1933. At first it was modest. It demanded only the separation of five areas; the Punjab, the North-West Frontier Province which he called Afghanistan, Kashmir, Sind and Baluchistan.

This modest start developed by 1940 a second part. This was to embrace Bengal and Hyderabad Deccan. He named Hyderabad Deccan Usmanistan. Assam was to be an appendix of Bengal and called Bang-i-Islam. He thus developed three Islamic sovereign States. They were (1) Pakistan, embracing Punjab, Afghanistan, Kashmir, Sind and Baluchistan; (2) Bengal; and (3) Usmanistan. These three sovereign States were to form "Pax Islamica" in his words.

By 1942 Rahmat Ali enlarged his scheme and added parts III, IV, V, VI and VII to the "Pak" plan. He called them the "Seven Commandments of Destiny for the Seventh

Continent of Dinia." This is elaborated in his pamphlet "The Millat and the Mission". These commandments were: (1) Avoid minorityism; (2) Avow nationalism; (3) Acquire proportional territory; (4) Consolidate the individual nations; (5) Co-ordinate them under the Pak Commonwealth of Nations; (6) Convert India into DINIA; (7) Organise Dinia and its dependencies into "Pakasias." 'Din' is an Arabic word meaning faith, religion. The letters forming the word India are rearranged to make Dinia. The two root words "Pak" and "Din" show that the goal was to make the continent of India the abode of "Pak-Din" or pure unadulterated Islam. Non-Moslems are not to be nationals of Dinia. Either they embrace the Faith or quit or perish.

This is emphasised in the first requisite "Avoid minorityism." The next command, "Avow nationalism," necessarily connotes the preliminary qualification of being Pak-Din, a professor of the Pure Faith of Islam. This explains the immediate enforcement in West Punjab or the first founded Pakistan, of these two commandments of "Destiny." The puzzling refugee problem is not a puzzle at all. It is the natural inevitable result of Pakistan as conceived by its founders.

The Kashmir trouble is the normal implementation of the third commandment. Pakistan as originally envisaged included Kashmir from the outset. But the arrangement accepted by Mr. Jinnah limited — at first — Pakistan to four out of the five areas, — Sind, Baluchistan, North-West Frontier Province and Punjab. As to Punjab he had to agree to division. That comes under the command "proportional territory." Naturally, the very first step to realise Pakistan was to add Kashmir. So the invasion of Kashmir. The challenge of Mr. Jinnah that the accession of Kashmir to India was a fraud and unacceptable

and the cry of Quayyum that the blood of the last Pathan will be shed to secure Kashmir for Islam are only part of the main foundation scheme of "Pakasias."

Rahmat Ali when he enunciated the command "Acquire proportional territory" was not thinking of Kashmir as he took for granted that Kashmir would be part of Pakistan from the very beginning. His scheme was that the predominantly non-Muslim areas must be divided into Muslim and non-Muslim areas. This territorial division was to be in proportion to population. Then the area proportional to the Muslims should be exclusively Muslim territory justifying Din and Pak. He thus envisaged seven "Pak" areas other than the three main "Pak" areas Pakistan, Bengal including Bang-i-Islam and Usmanistan.

Out of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh where the Muslims form 15 per cent of the population, there was to be a separation of 15 per cent of the area or about 17,000 square miles to be exclusively populated by the Muslims. This would be called Haidaristan. Rahmat Ali went the whole hog. He planned to divide proportional areas for the Muslim minorities in the Central Provinces, Bundelkhand and Malwa, Bihar and Orissa, Rajasthan, Bombay Presidency, South India, Western and Eastern Ceylon. He proposed to rename the exclusively Moslem "Pak" areas as the national countries of Siddiquistan, Faruquistan, Muinistan, Maplistan, Safistan, and Nasaristan respectively.

This shows the way to work in the future for the Moslem minorities in India to realise "Pax Islamica." The next three commands have to be worked out. The final command "Convert the sub-continent of India into Dinia" is the goal for which probably the Suhrawardys are working. In the clear words of Rahmat Ali, "the Moslems must write *finis* to the most deceptive fiction in the world that India is the sphere of Indianism." "They must record the most significant truth in the world that India is the domain of *Dinianism*." Finally they must

"proclaim to the world the most solid fact that the sub-continent of India is the continent of Dinia." "They must liberate the Soul and Soil of India from the domination of *Indianism* into the domain of *Dinianism*."

This brief summary of the original plan and development of the "Pax Islamica" ambition which Mr. Jinnah finds it his life's mission to realise or to make realisable, explains all the recent catastrophic seemingly disconnected happenings.

A great statesman who had talks with Mr. Jinnah after the announcement of the British Prime Minister that the two dominions would function from August 15, revealed that Mr. Jinnah expected to find Kashmir within the orbit of Pakistan by November 15 and the whole of India by 31st March 1948. Whether his expectation as to Kashmir was based on voluntary accession or on forcible acquisition was not, then, clear. Events seem to give a particular meaning to his expectation.



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GEORGE SYDNEY ARUNDALE

by HIRO P. SHROFF

DR. George Sydney Arundale was every inch an educationist. Teaching was not a business proposition for him and that is why he offered his services wholly free to the Central Hindu College at Benares. His was not a service only rendered during the fixed college hours, but he was a 24-hour worker. Dr. Arundale worked ceaselessly not to make his pupils learned in history, geography, etc. (though that also he did) but to educate them in the real sense of the word—to help, guide and evolve them.

He was to his students, not a teacher or a principal in the official sense of the word, but an elder brother. He did not however underestimate the value of the young and did not always consider himself an elder; and this is what he himself said: "The feeling is very strong within me that a few of the young people in whose training I am privileged to share are bigger and greater than myself in all ways, and I dream of one day sitting at the feet of some student who now may need to learn from me. The protection I give him now he will be glad to return a hundredfold when his own nature blossoms out into its full maturity; and if my dream sounds to some extravagant, let them remember that, if the world evolves, the student must ever in the future be greater than his teacher, and this is one of the greatest joys the true teacher can ever experience."

He never made any distinction between himself and his pupils. He simply blended himself with them. He was one of them and one with them in their joys and sorrows. It is said that there was never an instance of a student coming out of his room in a worse mental condition than before he went to see him. In fact, many students went to him in a very excited condition but came out with a smile on their faces.

And wherever a group of boys gathered and wherever there was

hilarious ringing laughter of the young with boisterous and happy merriment Dr. Arundale was bound to be there. He actually played with them and he took pride in being one of the players of a team under the captaincy of one of his own students and he did implicitly obey the captain and for the moment forgot that he was his headmaster. This does not in the least mean that he was out for fun and neglected the other side, but behind the apparent smile and fun he carried the weight of the difficulties of others which they in confidence poured into him.

There were many he was able to reach and understand who spoke in tongues quite different from his own, whose thoughts ran in grooves quite dissimilar to his own, for he spoke to them in the language of the heart, which can be made intelligible without words—by kind smile and loving looks. In spite of the fact that he came from a climate so different from ours, was used to different ways of living, was clothed in a body which belonged to an alien race, and lived in the very centre of a country which was totally different in religion from his own, he was able to win the hearts of those among whom he moved and worked, on account of the genuineness of his sympathy and love.

Having said all this, let it not be imagined that it was all a bed of roses for Dr. Arundale and that he had no critics or no opposition. Here, I cannot do better than quote Dr. Annie Besant:

"That he is followed by the staff and the students with love, and by the majority with passionate reverence and loyalty, is patent to all; and this power of leadership, and of winning love and trust are, as is so often the case, the reasons for DISLIKE and DISTRUST among those who do not share that power. The commonplace is that which never gives offence; great natures arouse great love and great HATRED in those around them."

Short Story

Salt for the Soup

by M. Krishnamoorthi

Letter from M. W. Srinivasan, Esq., of Mylapore, Madras, to G. V. Sridhar, Esq., of Civil Lines, Nagpur.

Ramsgate, Park St., Mylapore, Madras, Nov. 18, 1947.

My Dear Chap,

I suppose you know your wife, my worthy sister, is now here with me. Leela and I were naturally surprised, though delighted at the same time, when she put in her appearance last Friday night. She zoomed in a taxi and announced, with a grim sort of gaiety, that she had arrived to stay with us for quite a long time. We asked her why she had not let us know of her impending arrival. You know how late the Grand Trunk is in the habit of running and, unless we are warned in time, the late comer is liable to find himself without any food waiting for his perhaps hungry arrival. In fact, Kamakshi was just able to get some scraps of food that night; we had all long since finished our grub and were about to go to bed. We asked her why you had not come along also and what the reason for her sudden trip was. She said, "I'm starving. Give me some food. While I eat I will tell you all about it." We hastily led her to the dining table but I'm afraid we could get nothing out of her. We gathered that she had quarrelled with you and had fled you in anger. We were too tactful to press her for further answers and Leela led her to her bed. My dear fellow, what the devil has happened between you two? I don't want to seem too inquisitive but I'm sure you'll admit I ought to know what it is all about. Of course my sister is welcome to stay as long as she likes but I shall be obliged if you put me out of my pains! I'm dying to know what the rub is all about. I know your head is

screwed on o.k. even though I am afraid I can't say as much for my beloved sister!

Yours affectionately,
SRINIVASAN.

2. Letter from Sridhar to Srinivasan.

Civil Lines, Nagpur, Nov. 21, 1947

My Dear Chump,

I was rather relieved to receive your letter. I knew that Kamakshi would run to your place quite as a matter of course. I'm afraid your sister is more mad than we knew she was! It was quite a small affair, really, but the little idiot flew into a temper, vowed she would have nothing at all to do with me and then, as cool as damn it, emptied my drawers of all money after my departing for the office in high dudgeon, and left a brief note against my arrival home in the evening; just one line "I am going away to Madras." In fact I wanted to wire to you to find out whether she had arrived at your place safe but I thought I would wait for her—or you—to wire or write. I am not surprised at your "surprise". Poor Leela! Give her my warmest sympathies. What a visitor to have about the house! I don't want to be personal, my dear fellow, but I wonder whether even you are as unreasonable as your idiot sister.

Yours affectionately,
SRIDHAR.

3. Letter from Srinivasan to Sridhar.

Mylapore, Madras, 25th Nov., 1947.

My Dear Sridhar,

I admire the cleverness of your last letter which gives away nothing. What I wanted to know was why you and my sister had quarrelled. Are you going to let me know or not?

Kamakshi is getting on all right. She sends you no compliments nor no good wishes either!

Yours affectionately,
SRINIVASAN.

4. From Nagpur, a letter dated 1st December, 1947.
Dear Srinivas,

What happened was quite silly and I am sorry your sister's utter idiocy compels me to make public what should have been allowed to perish. At dinner one evening I said that there was not enough salt in the *sambar*! I ask you, my dear brother-in-law, is there anything wrong in it? Shall not a master of a household have a right even to make this simple remark? After all, it is you and I that earn the *paisa* with the sweat of our brows; and don't we deserve at least a nice dinner? Your sister immediately flared up and something like what follows happened.

Your sister: This is the best I can do; take it or leave it.

Poor me: It is not you who are doing this; it is the cook; why don't you see that he does things well?

Your sister: Why should I? I am fed up with you and your fastidiousness. Am I your slave to toil from morning till night at preparing your food?

Poor me: Don't get excited, you ass. It is your business to feed me well.

Y.S.: It is not. If you want you can get another wife.

P.M.: I wish I could.

Y.S.: You shall. I shall go away to my brother's tomorrow.

P.M.: I shall be very relieved to see you go. A bloody good riddance, I call it.

Y.S.: I will go tomorrow.

P.M.: Please yourself; only don't ask me for the fare.

Y.S.: Fare! Who wants your filthy lucre? Thank God I am not so completely at your mercy! (Suddenly) I am off tomorrow.

P.M.: O.K. Wire when you reach Madras—and when you want more money!

Y.S.: Wire! A fat chance you have of getting a wire from me! My brother (i.e., you, my poor dear!) will give me anything I want.

P.M.: (Sarcastically) Yes, for a week or two. And then, my dear, dear wife, you must come crawling back to me (Terrific emphasis on "Crawling"). Besides, I don't think Leela will approve of a run-away wife.

(At that there was an explosion like that at Bikini and, in all decency and as I do not wish to embarrass you, I shall draw the veil of decency over what happened subsequently. I think you had better ask your sweet sister about it and fill up the blanks. How is the silly girl getting on, by the way?)

Affectionately,
SRIDHAR.

5. Extract from letter from Srinivasan to Sridhar, dated 5th December.

I propose to spend the Christmas holidays with you at Nagpur. I hope you will welcome me with open arms! Leela and Kamakshi are laying plans for an extremely happy Christmas at Madras. I shall leave "them wimin!" here and come up and have a nice time there. Please drop a line in reply.

6. Letter from Sridhar to Srinivasan, dated 8th December, 1947.
My dear Srinivas,

I was delighted to receive your letter. Bloody ass, you know you are always welcome to spend any length of holiday with me; why should you write formally to me? My cook is a good one and the other servants are also much better than the average ones you are able to get now-a-days. We will look after you well, never fear. Besides (this is in strictest confidence) I have got a gem of a secretary who will add considerably to our enjoyment. Do you remember visiting my office last year? I felt that some civilization should be introduced into that dull hole and so, despite some understandable reluctance on the part of the Boss (I am Number Two, you know), I got a nice girl-stenographer appointed. My, my! What a change she has already made, my boy, and all within a week! Every fellow comes well shaved, if not every day, at least every alternate day. I no longer see dirty clothes on anybody.

I once asked a clerk why on earth he wore such filthy clothes and he told me, quite bluntly, that that was all he could afford on the salary we gave him. This very same ass now comes neatly turned up, has bought himself new clothes, new shoes, new badminton racquets and squires Miss Santa Cruz quite gallantly! There is less of shouting in the office and, but for the fact that I have accommodated Miss Cruz in a corner of my room, I'm sure all the office will be round her, like flies around honey. Even as it is, some fellow or other peeps in every now and then, quite unnecessarily, on the pretext of consulting me or taking my orders on something or other. I enjoy the fun immensely and the spirit of jealous and emulative competition for the girl's favours among the members of our staff is quite amusing. But she is easy on the eye, let me assure you (otherwise I would not have appointed her!) and, boy-o-boy, what

alluring curves! And eyes, so splendid and so modest withal! She is a very good girl, really, not at all the flighty type. She is an intelligent companion and I don't think the office has quite forgiven me for taking her out to lunch, and a matinee show, the other evening. Well, so long. Do come during Christmas. I shall look forward to your arrival eagerly.

Affectionately,
SRIDHAR.

P.S.: My compliments to Kamakshi.

7. Copy of telegram from Kamakshi to Sridhar, dated December 11, 1947.

"STARTING NAGPUR TOMORROW STOP PLEASE MEET STATION THIRTEENTH.—KAMAKSHI

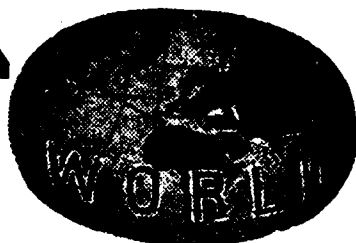
(Editorial Footnote:—And Sridhar and Kamakshi and Leela and Srinivas spent a very pleasant Christmas at Nagpur that year. And Sridhar's office was also glad and relieved!)



KASHMIR INTERLUDE:

Picture shows Mr. Shaikh Abdullah receiving a deputation of refugees.

SPOTLIGHT ON THE



ADDRESSING the members of the International Trade Organisation (I.T.O.) which is now in conference at Havana, the British delegate Arthur Bottomley said: "Ninety per cent of the goods produced in the world is consumed in the country of their production and only ten per cent or so is traded abroad . . . but it is that ten per cent which very largely determines whether conditions will boom or slump, or prosperous stability will prevail in the world." The Havana conference is expected to finalise and adopt the Charter of the I.T.O. The basic principle underlying the draft Charter is that all countries subscribing to it should promote world trade and employment through freer, fuller, non-discriminatory trade. Practical effect was given to this principle—so at least it is claimed—by the 23-nation conference at Geneva which achieved, after negotiations over a period of six months, a general reduction of tariffs by the participating countries.

It is ironic that the Geneva agreement on mutual tariff concessions should have come at a time when tariff barriers are not so much the hindrance to international trade as the world shortage of 'hard' currency, especially of dollars. The years between the depression of 1929-33 and the outbreak of the second world war formed the period of real trade warfare, when each industrially advanced country, including the United States, sought to preserve its own market by imposing stiff charges and quantitative restrictions on imports, subsidising exports, etc. Today, the problem is quite different. It is significant that both at Geneva and now at Havana, the lead and initiative in the matter of reducing tariffs and

preferences, have come from the United States. With a productive capacity far larger than that of any other country, and accounting as she does for the bulk of international trade, the U.S. has now a strong stake in the free flow of her exports to all parts of the world, unhindered by high tariff rates or bilateral preferential agreements between groups of countries. The countries of Europe and the Far East, devastated by the war, are willing enough to import both consumption and capital goods from the U.S., but do not export their own goods to America adequately to earn the dollars with which to finance such imports. This is the problem, and it can be finally overcome only by America's customers increasing the volume of their production and exports.

INDIA AND THE I.T.O.

To former subject nations, like India, who have been deliberately kept in an industrially backward state, this task of production for export is especially difficult. Clearly, the solution does not lie in the exchange of tariff concessions. On the contrary, backward countries will have to protect their own industries in the early stages of their development by all suitable means, including protective tariffs and import quotas, against the competition of the cheaper and perhaps superior goods and services that the more advanced countries can offer. The recent experience of Indian shipping interests in their unsuccessful attempt to secure the co-operation of the British shipping industry in the development of India's merchant marine, ought to be an adequate warning in this respect. The existing monopoly of certain industries and services by Britain and America will have

to be broken before India and other backward countries can speak, with any basis in fact, of 'equal' partnership in the promotion of 'free' international trade.

Viewed from this angle, some of the provisions of the draft Charter of the I.T.O. to which India will shortly affix her signature, deserve to be considered more seriously by the Government of India than they seem to have been. Attention has to be directed to one provision, in particular, which disallows member-countries to "encourage, support or participate in boycotts or other campaigns which are designed to discourage, directly or indirectly, the consumption within its territory of products of any specific member-country or countries on grounds of origin." What happens to India's present trade boycott of South Africa—a 'discriminatory' measure undertaken in order to put strength behind the demand of the voteless and persecuted Indians in South Africa for fair treatment? One wishes that the Government of India had made public its views on this question.

FOREIGN TRADE OF THE U.S.

Almost simultaneously with the publication of the terms of the Geneva agreement, Canada announced a dollar-saving programme which would "nullify tariff and imperial preference concessions granted under the Geneva Tariff Agreement, though these new measures will still be within the framework of the agreement." Reference, of course, is to the escape clauses in the Geneva agreement which permit the imposition of quantitative restrictions and import or export licenses in emergencies—for instance, to meet any temporary disequilibrium in a country's balance of payments. Canada's action dramatically illustrates the incompatibility of the U.S. need for expanding foreign markets, and the need of most other countries to restrict purchases from the U.S. because of the dollar shortage. In fact, the Geneva Tariff Agreement will not begin to make any significant impression on the total picture of world trade until the world

outside the U.S. is really set on its feet economically. It is the recognition of economic recovery as the pre-condition for expanded world trade that lies behind the recent U.S. policy of extending dollar credits to certain war-devastated countries, either directly through the U.S. Treasury or through the Washington Export-Import Bank. These loans are advanced on the understanding that the beneficiaries will support freer, multilateral trade and exchange.

There are, however, two conditions attached to these credits which are worthy of notice. The first is that exports financed by the loans must be shipped in vessels of American registry. In other words, the borrowing countries are denied the right to economise in their use of scarce dollar exchange by employing their own merchant marine. Thus Norway (one of the countries aided by the Export-Import Bank), though it is dependent to a large extent on its shipping earnings, is obliged to carry American goods which it buys with the dollar loan in American ships only. The second condition attached to the loans is that the borrowers should take out contracts of insurance payable in U.S. dollars. Both these conditions are obviously 'bilateral' in character, and therefore in conflict with official American policy.

The hang-over of American protectionist sentiment from the post-depression period reflects the strength of the vested interests concerned. These interests are as strongly for limitation of competitive imports as ever, though, if world trade is to attain healthful conditions, the U.S. (now the largest creditor nation in the world) must gradually develop an excess of imports over exports. On February 25, 1947, President Truman had to issue an executive order, in order to reassure the business interests, directing that the Tariff Commission of the U.S. shall review any tariff concession made at the Geneva conference, where domestic producers complain of 'serious injury'—a striking example of the "contradictions of capitalist economy."

A LETTER FROM EUROPE

by MELLY ZOLLINGER and W. LAKSHMANA RAO

By the time the following description of the European political and economic scene reached us, events had moved fast and the crisis in Europe had deepened. We are publishing it, nevertheless, as it gives a first-hand account of the situation by observers on the spot.

Zurich, November 16, 1947.

A CRISIS is brewing in France. The slippery slope paved with prospective dollars is leading Premier Ramadier to his political extinction. As the *quid pro quo* for American help he had to oust the Communists from his Cabinet. The dollars have not yet made their appearance on the scene but troubles have been crowding upon him thick and fast. And now comes the news that Victor Duguets, the Communist President of the French Coal Board ("Charbonnages de France") has been "squeezed" out of office. It was Duguets along with the former Communist Ministers, Marcel Paul (Production) and Croizat (Labour), that was responsible for the astonishingly rapid recovery of the French coal industry whose production has now exceeded the pre-war figure. With the discontinuance of the Government subsidy, Ramadier was forced to increase the price of domestic coal by nearly 70 per cent. Gas and electricity now cost more than 40 per cent over last week's charges. Yesterday the Government announced a 25 per cent increase in railway fares. Goods tariff has been raised by 23 per cent. Iron is to cost 60 per cent more and so on. Bread prices have already been doubled, butter and sugar are beyond the reach of the average worker. With prices sky-rocketing, the prospects for the winter are bleak indeed for the French working classes. In the absence of Government control of prices, the workers have put up a demand for a minimum monthly wage of 10,800 francs on the basis of 200 working hours a month, with automatic revision every quarter to keep pace with prices.

If one relied on the prognostications of the news agencies and special correspondents, the Communists having joined the "Cominform," had already lost their hold on the C.G.T. ("Look at the election rout"—"They daren't call a general strike and they know it!"), and had now committed *felo de se*. Strangely enough, the Socialists under Leon Jouhaux opposed the quarterly revision, as well as any joint action with the unorganised workers and unions outside the C.G.T. (Confederation of French Trade Unions). The Congress of the C.G.T. delegates met last Wednesday (Nov. 12) to decide the matter. Jouhaux was the chosen man to call the Communist bluff. He denounced the resolution, refused joint action and characterised the demand as "a dangerous adventure and a secret preparation for an eventful general strike." The delegates however rejected Jouhaux's amendment and accepted the original resolution with 832 votes to 101 and thus demonstrated French working-class solidarity. Just at this juncture, Leon Blum issued an appeal to the Socialists in which he called for an uncompromising stand against De Gaulle as well as the Communists. Nobody has as yet killed two birds with one shot! On November 14 the C.G.T. Congress with 857 votes to 127 rejected the Marshall Plan and the proffered aid to France, declaring: "... The Marshall Plan opens the door to a brutal and limitless interference in the internal affairs of France. It has no other object than that of preparing the world for a new war. For France it means nothing else than the disappearance of its important heavy industry and the tie-

ing up of its entire industrial potential. It condemns France to a future in which it can only function as a second-rate power burdened with an army of unemployed." A great national struggle for wages is to be fought six weeks hence, and the breathing space is being utilised by the working-class for an intense organisation and sustained agitation. The C.G.T. delegates are to meet again on December 15.

THE BATTLE OF MARSEILLES

As these lines are being written, extensive strikes and riots have broken out in Marseilles. The newly elected Municipal Council with a de Gaulist mayor had unwisely decided on an increase in the tram fares—the last straw that broke the camel's back. The populace of Marseilles rushed the municipal buildings, ejected the mayor and installed the former Communist mayor back in office. A spontaneous general strike was declared. The Allied flags were hauled down and the workers' flag was hoisted from the mast. Today is the fifth day of the strike. The papers have come out with sensational headlines: "Complete paralysis in Marseilles," "Marseilles: a battle-field," "Communist offensive in France"..... A significant incident. The two companies of the security police that were on duty in that city refused to obey orders, apparently in open sympathy with the workers. Armed troops with Sherman tanks have been rushed to the city and the two companies have been disbanded and cashiered. It was a rude shock to the Government—the first time it found the police to be unreliable. Other Mediterranean ports, Nice, Bastia, are effected. The naval dockyards of Clotat are lying idle. The harbour workers of Genoa are reported to be ready to strike. The de Gaulist mayor of Navarre has been deposed. The strike is spreading. Paris too is being affected.

APPRENTICE DICTATOR

The Swiss press has given great publicity to the press interview given by De Gaulle last Wednesday: "Trade unions should be purged from the dominating influence of

foreign countries. They must co-operate with the State in the economic reconstruction of France. Union officials must be actual workers.. Economic reconstruction can only be brought about by the reduction of at least a third of the money now spent by the State on social services. The Communist Party is a party of foreigners. There is one power that is a greater danger to France than Charles V, William II or Hitler, because it has its accomplices in the country itself, and threatens the very soul of France.. It is the duty of my party to keep this clearly and constantly in view and to prepare the country for a possible war...." Altogether the words of the typical strong man! His attitude is so similar to that of Mussolini and Hitler that his words leave a bad taste in the mouth. He had more than once declared his contempt for Parliament and its institutions. He is marking time till the winter is passed. He wants to give the Socialists the long rope. He will then go all out for power. But the dollars? He cannot forget that he was never a *persona grata* with the Americans. Roosevelt never concealed his dislike for de Gaulle and on the eve of the Sicilian landings, he even went to the length of telegraphing to Churchill that de Gaulle should not be informed about it! And perhaps in this his first interview after the elections, de Gaulle was not very wise in proclaiming his hostility to the idea of unified Germany and his insistence on the French overlordship of the Ruhr—just at a time when the Americans and the British are proclaiming their anxiety to establish an economically and politically unified Germany. Perhaps he has let the cat out of the bag? But he too wants the dollars as badly as Ramadier, or Blum, or Reynaud. Perhaps before the winter is passed he would give up his churlish pose of "All or nothing," and form a coalition with the M.R.P. and the Socialists. Politicians on both sides of the Atlantic are saying that the situation in France is on all fours with that of Germany in January 1933 when Hitler seized

power. The comparison is too banal. It is counting without the host—the French workers.

"LAST BASTION OF DEMOCRACY IN THE EAST"

Your readers must by now be familiar with the news agencies' cables about the Communist pressure tactics in Czechoslovakia—how they are hounding out the Democrats from the Government in Prague and Bratislava and how the Communist Premier Gottwald forced the country to celebrate the Soviet anniversary, with demonstrations and festivities, at a time when all the country's energies are to be devoted to boost production! He had even the perfidy to issue a blue postage stamp to celebrate "the day." A thoroughly bad man, by all accounts! He has now forced the poor Democratic Deputy Premier Ursiny to resign, after a secret plot was discovered involving nearly 400 members of the Democratic Party, including Fedor Hodza (son of Milan Hodza, the Czech Premier under the Nazis). The evidence was so compromising that the Democratic Party itself refused Ursiny its vote of confidence and elected another member in his place and President Benes himself had no option but to accept the resignation. (The Communists have an absolute majority in the Czech Parliament and the Cabinet is a coalition cabinet.)

SLOVAK SEPARATISTS

After the country was freed from Nazi occupation, elections for the Czech National as well as the Slovak Regional Parliaments were held in May 1946. The Slovak Democrats concluded a secret pact with the notorious Nazi-Tiso separatists (they denied the existence of the pact repeatedly alleged by the Communists) and with the reactionary Catholic priesthood, as a result of which they obtained a two-thirds majority in the Slovak Regional Parliament over the combined National Frontists. The Government of fifteen Ministers called "Board of Trustees" was formed, of which 9 are Democrats, 1 non-party (General Ferjnick), and 5 National Frontists

(including Dr. Hassuk, the Chairman of the Board). Immediately the Democrats came to power, true to the secret alliance, they filled all the important administrative key-posts in their ministries with former members of the Tisoregime. These men began to organise a wide-spread conspiracy and espionage to overthrow the present Government and with the help of foreign elements to establish once again an independent Slovak State. Fortunately for the peace of the country, the conspiracy was unearthed in time, the leading persons rounded up and put up for trial. It was clear that the Democrats, including four of their sitting Ministers, and five ex-Ministers of the Tisoregime were in secret communication with exiled Slovak and foreign persons in Rome, London, Canada and U.S.A. Slovak public opinion was so inflamed at these disclosures that there was a wide-spread clamour for the dismissal of the Democrat Ministers. Hassuk, the Chairman, had no option but to dissolve the Board. Last week the Slovak workers threatened a general strike unless non-party men were appointed to the vacant portfolios of Interior and Justice. A joint meeting of all parties was summoned to be held in Bratislava on the 12th to resolve the deadlock. The Democrats at first refused to attend. They have now agreed to expel from their party all those members who have been implicated in the conspiracy. They further agreed to repudiate their secret pact with the reactionary elements, but so far they have refused to nominate non-party men to the two vacant minister-ships. If they continue to persist in their present obstructionist tactics, a major political crisis will arise, which may possibly lead to the political extinction of the Democrats, even before the general elections due to take place in the spring of next year.

GASPERI RIDES TWO HORSES

Last week the municipal electors of Rome elected a Christian Democrat to the municipal chairmanship. Taking this as a vote of renewed confidence, Gasperi has refused

once again all offers of coalition from the other four parties of the Peoples' Front. Instead, since his return from U.S.A. he is keeping on friendly terms with both the Saragat (Right-wing) Socialists and the reactionary neo-fascists. Since the evacuation of Italy by the occupation forces, the underground fascist movement has become more and more open. The Movimento Sociale Italiano, which began as a purely social organisation, has now emerged as a fascist political organisation, which has openly proclaimed that it would carry out the "unfulfilled promise of Mussolini." During the recent municipal elections, this fascist party was successful in polling as many as 5% of the total votes—as many as those secured by the Saragat-socialists. Another neo-fascist party—the Qualanquists—after suffering political extinction during the elections, has now been miraculously resuscitated. During the recent municipal elections in Rome, a member belonging to the Christian Democratic Party was found murdered. This was the signal for a widespread fascist attack on the working-class and even sabotage against the Republic and against the authority of the Constituent Assembly. Widespread terrorist outrages have been committed against the Communists and trade unionists. The Italian press keeps mum over this fascist terror. Not so the provincial papers. Provocative language openly inciting violence and murder against Left parties, reminiscent of Mussolini's Black-shirts, has become their daily stock-in-trade. For the first time in Rome since the liberation, fascist songs and slogans were heard in front of the Constituent Assembly during the elections!

CRYPTO-FASCISTS

The Rome correspondent of the Viennese weekly-paper, "Die Press," reports what a prominent fascist, who was sentenced in 1945 to imprisonment for eight years, and of course had been set free long ago, told him: "We are already quite a numerous body, perhaps actually the strongest group in the country numerically. But we are scattered

and without leadership. We are biding our time. We are waiting for the New Duce." And the correspondent continues. "He is certainly not representing facts as far as actual organisations are concerned. But when one hears the daily conversations that go on in the trains and buses, one is astonished at the opinions expressed in such public places." (Nov. 8).

Things have however reached a climax this week. The neo-fascists carried out a murderous attack on a trade union leader in Sicily. This was the eighteenth murder committed by the fascists in the last few weeks. Like others, the murderers this time have gone scot free. Groaning under these atrocities, the workers organised a nation-wide mass agitation for banning the fascist organisations and newspapers. The extreme Rightists in Gasperi's own party are becoming more and more reactionary. They have denounced any talk of coalition, even with the Saragatists. The tail began to wag the dog. The Government began to interfere with the workers' demonstrations against the fascist atrocities. As a result of this attitude of the Government, widespread riots and strikes are taking place in Northern Italy, which have already spread to Rome and the south. In Milan, Naples, Palermo, Carignola, Verona, Parma, Florence, Bari,—the demonstrators raided the party offices of the Qualanquists, Monarchists and other fascist organisations, burnt their newspaper presses and kiosks. The climax of this party strife was reached on the 15th, when a bomb was thrown into the Communist Party office in Perugia. Since then a total or partial general strike is being conducted by the workers in most of the affected towns. The Home Minister Scelba has threatened military action against the workers. He has rushed troops and armoured detachments to all the towns and has placed all public buildings under strong military guard.

WOLF!—WOLF!

The newspapers are already bandying the words "civil war." Not

having done anything positive to alleviate the distress and gnawing hunger of the peasant and worker—and without any positive programme so far, thanks to the Catholic bloc in his party and the recently concluded concordat with the Vatican as a result of which the Catholic church has become “established” in Italy, Gasperi is impatiently waiting for American help to rescue him from his troubles. In the situation in Italy as well as in France, the press sees the hidden hand of Kremlin and the machinations of the Belgrade Cominform, “working

out a common plan,” and the prelude to a violent Communist offensive to seize dictatorial power since democratic methods had ended in failure. It must not be forgotten that there are in Italy today more than two-and-a-half million unemployed workers, a much worse inflation than in France, and that the Sicilian peasants are groaning under a feudal regime of the land-owning and propertied classes, and that sheer poverty and hunger has brought the Togliatti-Communists and the Nenni-Socialists within a common bond.

PRODUCERS-CUM-CONSUMERS' CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES by 'CONSTRUCTIVE WORKER'

WHILE the aim of the producer-cum-consumer co-operative societies is indeed laudable and in the present state of our society they are capable of doing a lot of good for the economic advancement of the country, there are certain serious shortcomings in their working which deserve to be removed.

Generally speaking, these societies have a very large preponderance of producer interest. Often dominated by a caucus of political interest, non-producing consumers appear to have been almost excluded from their membership. Whether this is accidental or deliberate, it is hardly conducive to the healthy growth of these societies.

The profit which these societies earn comes from the very large body of non-producing consumers, yet the latter get no benefit at all out of the profit. The consumer should certainly be given a share of the profit. P.C.C. societies in other countries do this. Our P.C.C. societies are not really producer cum consumer societies. They are just monopolistic producer societies. A change is essential.

In the existing state of affairs there is no justification at all for allowing these societies to make such large profits as they are mak-

ing through a State-granted monopoly. Such large profits may be allowed if, after allowing a reasonable return to the shareholders, the surplus is returned to the State or allowed to accumulate not for the private benefit of the few shareholders, but definitely for utilising in socially desirable undertakings for the benefit of the public at large, particularly for that sector of the public which gives each society its profits.

A P.C.C. society with a few hundred members has the monopoly of supply to the entire population of the area where it operates. This monopoly helps the society to earn lakhs as profit. What justification is there to allow such large profits to be given away to a small body of shareholders?

If, because of any existing legal impediments, the Government are unable to do anything to remedy this serious injustice, such legal impediments should be removed. Or, the Government may entrust the Local Self-Governing institutions, like municipalities, with all monopolistic trading operations, so that the large profits made may go to strengthen their financial resources. Our Ministers of Finance and Local Self-Government may kindly note this.

REGIONAL LANGUAGES IN LINGUISTIC AREAS

by C. KUNHAN RAJA

THE ONLY ground for dividing the existing Madras Presidency into smaller administrative regions called Provinces as independent units of the future free Indian State, is the difference in language in the different parts of the Presidency. There are four distinct linguistic areas within the present Presidency. Division is not possible as based on religion like Hindu area and Muslim area; nor is it possible on a communal basis like the Brahmin area and the non-Brahmin area; there is neither a possibility of such a division being affected on a sectarian basis like the Advaita area, the Visishtadvaita area and the Dvaita area. A natural division based on the location of rivers and mountains simply for administrative convenience is also not advocated.

If the Presidency is to be divided on a linguistic basis, the languages must be a strong influence among the people. If the language forms only an indifferent element in the public life of the people, if the literatures in the languages and the cultures represented by such literatures have no value in the national consciousness of the people, there is no meaning in effecting a division on a language basis. But there is the demand for such a division, which shows that the language consciousness is very strong among the people. Perhaps this language consciousness has not been given a proper shape and has not been directed along proper channels leading to a definite goal. For this reason there is a sort of indefiniteness regarding the exact aim of such a linguistic division in the Presidency.

For a century the English language dominated the situation in the country. English was indispensable for a cultural training and English was also sufficient for the purpose. Therefore Indian languages were

relegated to a subordinate position in the scheme of education in the country. English was the compulsory, common language and the other languages were only second languages from which the students were allowed a choice for selection. The Government of Madras have announced that in the free India the Indian languages would be the first language and English would be counted only as a second language. It matters very little if a language is designated as the first or as the second language in a list. What matters is its position as first in importance and not its position as first in a series. As a matter of fact, the science subjects have not suffered for the fact that they come under the third part of the examination scheme.

If the Presidency is to be divided into smaller regions on a linguistic basis, the main purpose is to see that in each of the areas the regional language forms the official language. Thus all the offices in a particular area would adopt the language of the area in their correspondence and in keeping their records; the legislature would employ that language for its deliberations; the educational institutions would use that language for imparting instruction.

This importance that is destined for the regional languages must be reflected in all steps taken by the Government. But what is the actual position? The language teachers in schools form a distinct class by themselves, lower in status in relation to the teachers of other subjects, without any chance of rising to certain responsible places in the institution or in the department, drawing lesser rates of emoluments. They are called Pandits. They have no recognised academic qualification like a university degree. They have real qualifications. Even when persons with university distinctions

were selected, their distinctions were regarded as inferior ones. And when persons with equal distinctions like a degree were employed, they were not given the higher status and rates of emoluments that were allowed to teachers of other subjects, though in that lower grade they were equals of teachers of other subjects.

Lovers of Indian languages thought that when a national Government would come into power, the first thing that they would do would be to remove this invidious distinction between teachers of Indian languages and teachers of modern (that is imported from foreign countries) subjects. In all the State institutions, the status of the teachers of Indian languages could, by a stroke of the pen, have been elevated to that of the teachers of other subjects, just as India became technically independent by an Act of Parliament. The State could have insisted on private institutions following suit and could have denied State subvention for any institution that did not abide by this recognition of equality as between Indian languages and modern subjects.

The only test should be this: are they competent to teach the language to the same standard as teachers of other subjects are in the matter of their subjects? If they are, give them the status and the emoluments; if they are not, replace them with competent hands. If the same standard is not expected, then there is not the recognition of the importance of regional languages side by side with a foreign language or with a modern subject. Thus this change in the serial order as between the first language and the second language has a value only if this is a first step. In itself it has no value.

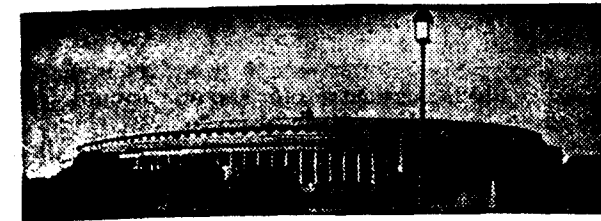
There are many departments even now where all the correspondence and all the records are in the regional language. In all the district offices, in all law courts in the districts, in all registration offices in the districts, in co-operative departments in the districts: in all such offices the language employed

even now is the regional language. To give a better form to the language employed in such correspondence and records, is it not worthwhile to employ in all such offices a certain quota of persons with a good command of the regional language? If, in all direct recruitment, a certain percentage could be reserved for people with a language equipment, then in all the colleges there would be a rush for seats in the language classes. The present compulsory language course for certain examinations does not have a value as literary equipment. And if language is to be properly employed, such employment should be based on literature. Such a planned transfer from English to the regional language will have a great beneficial result in making such transfer smoother and more effective.

In drafting legislation, in drafting reports and minutes on important matters, in all such matters the business of the State cannot be transacted by people who use a dictionary to convert a statement from English into a regional language; it has to be done by those who know the values of words as determined by literature, who know the associations of the words and the antecedents of the words as found in literature. Thus it is very necessary that for the future efficient transaction of the State affairs through the regional languages, there should be a language part in the educational plan in which the regional language will be not merely the first in a series, but also first in importance, and that such a course in the regional language should have a perceptible literary and cultural element in it.

The regional language must be important not merely as a medium of expression for modern ideas but also as a channel for cultural developments and for understanding the best thoughts of the greatest thinkers. This importance assigned to the regional languages should be reflected in the configuration of the establishments in educational institutions.

NEW DELHI DIARY



by V. V. PRASAD

SARDAR PATEL suffered an ignominious defeat at the hands of the Hyderabad State Delegation and the Nizam in the recent negotiations which culminated in the signing of the Standstill Agreement. The Sardar is known to have fought shy of the term "Standstill" and got it deleted in the hand-out after it was distributed to Press Correspondents. The difficulty was that the terms of the Agreement were disclosed from London in an unvarnished form, and everyone knew that the Indian States Ministry has got it in the neck. Any amount of explaining later on proved to be ineffective. The *Hindustan Times*, which is nowadays a hand-maid of the Sardar, tried to make out that it was a great victory for the Indian Government to have reached this Agreement. (The *Indian News Chronicle*, which is owned and controlled by Dalmia, has been trying to become a hand-maid of the Pandit, and has therefore poured scorn over the Standstill Agreement.) Sardar Patel's announcement was received by the Legislature almost in silence. As one prominent Congress leader said, to have signed a Standstill Agreement was itself a climbdown on the part of the Government of India. What was sought to be secured was accession of the Hyderabad State. The Government, moreover, undertook to prevent propaganda being done inside Hyderabad State.

All this merely shows that the Congress leadership is simply afraid of facing the popular forces in Hyderabad. They have always tried to work through the Rulers ever since they have assumed power at the Centre. They are afraid that

under a new leadership, even if it be a Congress leadership, the Central High Command would not be able to as actively control the affairs of the State as when the control is exercised through the Ruler of the State. There can be no other explanation for the Government's stand in Junagadh. Samaldas Gandhi is not heard of much nowadays although it was manifestly under his leadership that Junagadh threw out the yoke of Pakistan. In their communique, the Government of India made much of the fact that it was at the request of the lawful authority of Junagadh, namely the Ruler and his Dewan, that the Indian forces have occupied Junagadh. It is small consolation to us that Junagadh is no longer under Pakistan when we also know that the people of Junagadh are not to be the final authority there.

Kasim Razvi—whose God is Jinnah, and who tries to imitate his God in the manner of his speech, in his gestures, and in his vacant smiles—was told by the Sardar that Hyderabad should either accede or hold a plebiscite. This Razvi is reported to have resented, and to have complained of the "bossing" done by the States Ministry. He threatened the Press Correspondents who met him with the prospect of a pitched battle between the Indian Union and the Hyderabad State. It is not known whether the same threats were held out to the Sardar, but the Sardar seems to have yielded.

Razvi is a Fascist of the first water, and he makes no secret of the fact that he wants the continuance of Muslim rule in Hyderabad. He said: "This may look absurd. I will go further and say this looks

completely unjustified. But do not forget that we Mussalmans ruled Hyderabad for the past eight hundred years. You cannot escape from history. Muslims therefore should continue to rule in Hyderabad for some time to come. At least until the Mussalmans get other employment, until they are able to leave Government service and join other professions."

To have signed a Standstill Agreement at the present stage, as the Government of India has done, is to condemn the people of Hyderabad to twelve more months of abject misery. The people will continue to be harassed, and the soldiers of the Hyderabad forces—which consist of personnel from many nations, including Punjabi Muslims, Arabs, Persians, Negroes and others—will have a free run of the countryside. It is a crime to have agreed to this.

The immediate creation of Andhra Province would have gone a long way in enthusing the people of Hyderabad to continue their fight with the Nizam. The Andhras of Hyderabad would have been able to share the enthusiasm of the Andhras across the border and they could have worked unitedly for the incorporation of the Andhra areas of Hyderabad into the Andhra Province. The unwillingness on the part of the Central Government to create forthwith Provinces on a linguistic

basis merely demonstrates that the Centre is afraid of losing its dominance over the Provinces if they consist of homogeneous linguistic groups. The present set-up, whereby there are two or three linguistic groups in each Province, helps the Central authority to pose as an arbiter in the disputes between the groups. Once the Provinces become homogeneous, there is the danger of the elimination of all such quarrels, and the Central authority becoming almost superfluous. The present Central Government almost seems to have inherited the "Divide and Rule" policy of the British.

The creation of linguistic Provinces would have resulted in the disappearance of Hyderabad right under the nose of the Nizam. But truth to tell, the Indian Central Government does not seem to be totally divested of a reactionary character. It is interested in the continuance of the Nizam and other symbols of the dead feudal order. Recently in a speech, Pandit Nehru described the Princes as plants kept in glass-houses, and at the end of the speech some Press Correspondents went up to the Pandit and asked him whether he thought it would be advisable to report his description. Pandit Nehru thereupon withdrew that description. There appears to be something wrong with the Prince of Denmark.



CONTROLS MUST GO

by K. S. VENKATARAMANI

FRUSTRATED renaissance, like failure of the monsoon, is a major disaster. It blights the Present and confuses the Future. It upsets the range of values and social order. India is now passing through such a Failure.

Controls are the gift of the British as part of imperial war strategy for the specific purpose of draining to the last drop the resources of a vast agricultural country for an alien purpose. Now that the British have quit India controls must go. They can't serve the peculiar economic

structure and traditions of our country. They cut up into a series of cess-pools the flowing river of life. Mahatmaji has done us another service by raising his voice for the abolition of controls in the face of opposition of all the file-fed, statistics-controlled, vision-blurred 'Food' Ministers.

I see daily in the villages the utter injustice and futility of these controls which only result in lowering production still further. The system of controls of commodities is unsuited to our temperament, our

level of citizenship, social structure and the character of our administrative machinery and the general statesmanship reflected in our present-day governance. The complete swing in favour of a pure money economy in our villages with all its instabilities and inequities which these controls have brought about has paralysed production.

At the top of it all procurement is arbitrary and unscientific with a predatory urban bias. It is not based on the *real* available surplus of a village after providing for the full feed of all its population. In our country of many legends, present-day British-created statistics is the greatest legend and our Food Ministers from New Delhi to Trivandrum hug this ephemera, with a facile eloquence which a quarter of a century of familiarity with words has given them. Alas! Real statistics on scientific lines is yet to be born.

The urban bias in procurement policy becomes fatal to real production. Often a town clerk is fed at the sacrifice of a real tiller of the soil. Controls cut up life into half-living slices and make swamps of blackmarkets of the flowing stream of commerce, especially when there is lack of character and citizenship in the administrative machinery. The controls are slowly killing the voiceless village folk, especially the poorer. For, rural starvation never gets publicity.

Food deficit is a real major problem of Free India. This deficit is a purposely created deficit of British Raj in order to help the shipping and other imperial commercial gains of Great Britain so that 40 millions might keep up their high standard of living.

There is no *mantra* or short-cut to this problem of food deficit. Careful economic planning with villages

as the unit of life and *administration* solely with a view to increasing production is the only way out. Patient work on a five year plan will wipe out this deficit at least in food-stuffs.

I would ban all imported food and prefer starvation to imported food which would surely neutralize all efforts at increased local agricultural production.

Controls must go and our Provincial Governments must rise up adequate to the task by planned production, constant vigilance against speculative hoarding and by proper regulation of the stream of commerce. In acutely deficit areas in food-stuffs not covered by commercial enterprise, it is the plain duty of the Government to open its own food depots.

The real remedy is simple but for the age-long selfishness and acquisitive greed of man especially of all rich men. Do not control the commodities. But ruthlessly control the inflated pile of money in the hands of a few rich, speculative blackmarketeers. Immobilize this unproductive, anti-social surplus, releasing it when true investments in production are shown. In theory it may be difficult but in practice it is easy to judge and know and tell off the money invested in Production, Distribution and Speculation. As a first step banking, the key of all key industries, should be nationalised and utilised for the furtherance first of agricultural production and then industrial.

Where is the statesman with the courage and wisdom and the group support to axe the evil at its root? Don't control the commodities but control the anti-social inflated pile of money in the hands of a few rich speculators and direct it into fields of production.

An amusing incident occurred during the tour of Arthur Gilligan's men in India. In a match against an India XI at the Eden Gardens the then Maharajah of Patiala played for the visitors. He wore ear-rings worth about £10,000. While partnering Maurice Tate, the Maharajah suddenly found his ear-rings missing. Tate and other players went down on their knees and searched all over the ground. Ultimately they found the missing ear-rings in the net worn by His Highness over his beard.

HITLERITE TRENDS IN THE WAKE OF 'FREEDOM'

by P. N. BALAKRISHNA

THE news that the President of the Constituent Assembly and not the Governor-General has issued a summons to members to attend the first session of the Assembly and that His Excellency Dr. Katju, Governor of Orissa, on the very day he assumed office had put his signature to a new set of rules by which all the files are now no longer sent for approval to him and that he no longer presides over Cabinet meetings are instances which confirm the growing suspicion in the public that the Congress Government which came into existence after the Indian Independence Act is bent upon establishing a fascist and totalitarian dictatorship in India acting in certain instances even contrary to the existing constitution.

The democracies came out victorious in the war against Fascist dictatorships. But the Congress is following the policies of Hitler and Mussolini ever since the Cabinet Mission's plan of 16th May, 1946.

FABRICATION OF CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY

The so called Constituent Assembly was summoned not by election by citizens on the basis of adult franchise but by election by the Provincial Legislatures which were by then already elected but not on the issue of framing a constitution. Practically the majority party in power nominated the candidates and though the Congress High Command suggested that the members should represent all the interests yet the persons selected were mostly the representatives of the majority party. This body in the name of a Constituent Assembly was summoned simply to frame a constitution for the whole of India which if accepted by the British Parliament would set up an 'Independent Government' in India. But the Muslim League remained outside as also most of the States. Some

Congress leaders were appointed members of the Governor-General's Executive Council. On 20th February 1947, His Majesty's Government announced their intention of transferring power in British India to Indian hands by June 1948. With this prospect of power the Congress leaders some of whom were already in the Executive Council began to lose all ideas of national unity and solidarity and when on 3rd June 1947 His Majesty's Government made a statement suggesting a division of India and legislation during the current session of Parliament for transfer of power this year on a *Dominion Status* basis to one or two successor authorities, the Congress leaders, forgetting the Congress resolutions of Independence and a free and united India, readily accepted the proposal. The main reason for this acceptance was the desire for power. And then came the Indian Independence Act by which two self-governing Dominions were constituted under the British Crown and by which, contrary to all notions of international law, the suzerainty of His Majesty over the Indian States and all treaties, etc., with those States were declared as having lapsed. This made a tripartite division of India and the Congress accepted it and formed the Ministry under the Premiership of Pandit Nehru.

Since then the policy pursued by Nehru and other Provincial Premiers has been similar to that of Hitler as Chancellor of the Weimar Republic under the Presidentship of Von Hindenburg. The cry from the house-tops to put down corruption and arbitrary rule is given the go-bye; mill owners and capitalists are supported; controls and black-markets are increasing; nepotism and corruption has become the order of the day and every opportunity is seized to perpetuate and consolidate the party in power.

Advantage was at once taken of the powers given to the Governor-General under Section 9 (c) of the Indian Independence Act to amend certain sections of the Government of India Act, 1935, by which alone the two Dominions are to be governed as nearly as possible under Section 8 of the act. All the provisions in the Government of India Act which authorised the Governor-General to act in his discretion or according to his individual judgment were repeated by the India (Provincial Constitution) Order, 1947, and though under Section 7 of the Government of India Act the Governor-General is the chief executive authority of the Indian Dominion he is made a nonentity and a tool simply to sign the executive fiat of the Congress Ministry.

CONGRESS MINISTRIES CORNERING POWER

Though under Section 49 of the Government of India Act the executive authority of the province vests in the Governor, the Congress Ministers are in complete control of the administration, especially so in Orissa where the Premier has even gone to the length of saying that the Governor is nothing but the head of his secretariat. Immediately after the Independence Act the Congress Ministers, both Central and Provincial, even thought that they cannot be called by the Governor-General or the Governor 'my Ministers' which led His Excellency the Governor-General to remind them on 15th August that the Ministers are still his Ministers. One can understand this if the Congress Ministry at the same time made a rule by which the ministerial responsibility for the acts done by the executive in the name of the Governor-General or the Governor can be ascertained and fixed. This cardinal principle of the English Constitution by the observance of which alone England is a free country where rule of law prevails is given the go-bye as a result of which we have at present an arbitrary and irresponsible Government.

The Congress Ministers do not seem to realise that ministerial res-

ponsibility is not only responsibility of Ministers to the legislature but is also, and this is more important, the legal responsibility of every Minister for every act of the Governor-General or Governor in which he takes part. With regard to this important aspect of ministerial responsibility the Constituent Assembly also does not seem to have made any provision as yet. On the other hand the Congress Ministers seem deliberately to avoid any legal liability for the acts which they make the chief executive do. This is apparent from the fact that Sections 10 (4) and 51 (4) of the Government of India Act which oust the jurisdiction of the courts to enquire what advice was tendered by the Ministers to the Governor-General or the Governor respectively are left untouched and are even now good law. The result of this is that during this transitional period since August 15 the Congress Ministers are practically making the chief executive their tool without at the same time undertaking the legal liability for the acts, as under the Government of India Act they are simply to aid and advise the Governor-General or the Governor under Sections 9 and 50 respectively. And this is nothing but a form of arbitrary government.

ROLE OF GOVERNORS

Curiously enough, the Provincial Governors are taking things easy. Calling themselves constitutional Governors they are leaving everything in the hands of the Ministers even though the Constituent Assembly has not yet finally framed any constitution and though they are Governors appointed by the Crown to whom they are responsible. The consequence of this attitude of the Governors at a time when the Ministers' administration is full of nepotism and corruption is giving the Ministers a free hand to the detriment of the interests of the people. The Ministers, though of the Congress Party, are not following any of the high principles formulated by the Congress. No attempt is made to improve public health, sanitation or to remove illiteracy. They are only talking about things

which appeal to popular imagination and doing things either to enrich the capitalists, their satellites or themselves.

And to show that India attained independence, when every citizen feels that his rights are not secure and has no remedy against executive high-handedness, the President of the Constituent Assembly summons the legislature when under Section 19 of the Government of India Act it is only the Governor-General that can summon and appoint places for the meeting of the legislature as also prorogue and dissolve it and the provincial Ministers dispose of the files without submitting them to the Governor.

This arbitrary attitude of the Congress Ministers may lead to a grave constitutional situation. The Central and Provincial Legislatures are still subordinate law-making bodies functioning under the

statutes passed by the British Parliament, namely, Government of India Act and the Indian Independence Act. And if the summoning of the Central Legislature or the disposal of files without their being sent to the Governor but in the name of the Governor, are not proper, all the acts passed or done by the Central Legislature or the orders issued in the name of the Governor may be declared illegal or *ultravires* by the Federal Court which still functions under the Constitution Acts.

It is time to cry halt. Let not the Congress Government act as if they are drunk with power. Let them pursue the legal and normal course without trying to establish Hitlerism in India till at least the Constituent Assembly frames the Central and Provincial constitutions and they are approved.

RAMANA MAHARSHI— IMPRESSIONS OF A FIRST VISIT

by Prof. M. VENKATARAMAIA, M.A.

LARGE numbers of visitors are attracted at all times of the year to Ramana Maharshi and his Asramam. They come from different parts of India and from different countries in the world. Among them are to be found not only the ordinary folk from rural areas but also many highly educated persons accustomed to urban ways of life and thought characteristic of the industrial civilisation of the modern age.

In his physical appearance there is very little that is inviting in Ramana Maharshi. He is now an old man of more than seventy years. His body is frail and bent. His head is covered with grey hair. His eyes are sunken, skin hardened and joints stiff and rigid. His legs are a little rickety. He walks in an unsteady manner with a stick in his hand and while seated he rubs the limbs of his body with an ointment as a precaution against their becoming more rigid than they are at present.

In all externals the life led by the Maharshi is not dissimilar to that of any other orthodox Hindu Brahmin of Southern India of the present age. He takes *iddli* and coffee in the morning; and his dinner is of the usual type. Seated in the hall with visitors in front and with two or three members of the Asramam staff by his side, he devotes the first half hour or so after breakfast to the reading of newspapers. He goes through the "Hindu," the "Indian Express" and some Tamil papers. He makes occasional comments to his staff on any significant item in the news. Then the day's mail is brought to him and he reads almost all the letters with a great deal of patience. He gives instructions to the staff regarding the replies to be drafted and goes through the draft replies before they are finally despatched. He carries on conversation occasion-

ally with the members of his staff on matters connected with the Asramam—its maintenance and expansion. He talks to them in Tamil although now and then he uses Telugu when speaking to some of his servants.

All this happens in the hall where he is seated. It is done in the presence of the public. There is no secrecy or mystery. This is a characteristic of the Maharshi and his Asramam and makes a contrast between his way of life and that of say Sri Arambindo, the head of another famous Asramam in South India today. There is no veil or barrier between Ramana Maharshi and the pilgrims who throng to him. Sri Arambindo is unapproachable. Very few know what he is and how he is. This is as much true of the Sadhakas in his Asramam as of the visitors who go to Pondicherry on the four occasions in the course of the year to get a Darshan of him. In modern language Ramana Maharshi may be referred to as a great democrat while Sri Arambindo is an aristocrat.

Ramana Maharshi has in his mundane life some of the weaknesses—and failings?—of ordinary men and women. He has his likes and dislikes. He wants friends and companions to whom he can convey his thoughts and feelings. He is also not insensitive to praise and criticisms. He cannot resist the temptation to take the staff into his confidence and communicate to them an idea of what pleases him and what displeases. Man is in need of company, and isolation is something intolerable. In this the Maharshi is just like others. There was a curious incident the other day when the writer happened to visit the Asramam. In a book entitled "The Song of India" (Thacker & Co.) written by an Australian journalist two pages were devoted to a description of the Maharshi and

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

Remember

SIROLIN

ROCHE

USED ALL OVER THE WORLD

his Asramam, based on what the author experienced during his visit to the place some three years back. A copy of the book was received from the "Hindu" office at about 9 a.m. on 21st November and the Maharshi's attention was drawn by a member of his staff to this description. The Maharshi went through the two pages, felt that the description was prejudiced and incorrect and appeared to be a little worried over it. In the afternoon he went again through the two pages and expressed the view to his associates that these foreigners get a wrong impression of things Indian and that their observations are always superficial. Meanwhile one of his associates carried further research into the matter and brought to him a reference to the prejudiced nature of the Australian journalist found in an article contributed by Mr. Chadwick to the jubilee volume of the Asramam. Two hours of the day were spent by the Maharshi on this subject as he was troubled by the way in which the journalist described the interview he had had with him. The Maharshi became convinced of the mistaken views of the journalist as the book contained a photographic reproduction of the Asramam with however an incorrect inscription below stating that it was Sri Arambindo's Asramam. The Maharshi smiled at this inaccuracy.

Every day the Maharshi spends 3½ hours in the forenoon and 5½ hours in the afternoon in the hall where the visitors gather to see him. His body is practically bare. He does not even wear a whole loin-cloth like Mahatma Gandhi but is satisfied with a *kaupinam*, the dress of the ancient Indian ascetic, which is less than the loin-cloth. The only comfort he has is the soft couch on which he is seated and the soft pillows against which he leans now and then—a comfort sorely needed by his bony body. By his side there is always a small *kumpathi* in which incense is burnt. There is also a vase on a stand in which scented sticks are burnt. The sweet fragrance of the incense and the sticks keeps the whole atmosphere clean and neat. A little fur-

ther away is a low lying table on which the visitors place the fruits and flowers they bring—the only offerings received by the Maharshi. There is a white peacock of which he is specially fond. It strays into the hall now and then, freely moves about, eats the food given to it and takes rest in a big cage very near the couch of the Maharshi in the thatched shed where he is seated most of the time.

Visitors to the Asramam get a feeling that they are there as members of a big Hindu joint family. They can if they want get into the dining hall, take their breakfast, dinner and supper without having to pay any charges. On all these occasions the Maharshi is present and he has breakfast and dinner along with the others. There is no special menu for him. He is served last—after all others are served. He is there like a venerable patriarch delighting in a large company of sons, grandsons and great grandsons enjoying peace and plenty. The work in the kitchen is attended to as in a big joint family by all the members who are capable of attending to it. It is the devotion and love of the disciples that enables the authorities of the Asramam to make the stay of visitors as comfortable as possible. They are always welcome into the dining hall—even in these days of rationing. It is a privilege and pleasure to sit and eat in the company of the Maharshi himself.

While seated on his couch in the hall Maharshi rarely talks about spiritual or religious matters. It is said that sometimes he answers questions or clears the doubts of any visitor but such times are very rare. Any visitor is free to put a question but there is no guarantee that it will be answered. The Maharshi sometimes merely nods; sometimes he does not even do this. To a question which the writer put him he merely nodded. He did not give any answer. Various explanations are given by those who frequently visit the Asramam as to why the Maharshi doesn't answer all the questions. The common explanation is that the answer suggests itself to the questioner imme-

diately after he puts the question and that is the answer which the Maharshi himself would have given if he had cared to speak. Another is that the answer is found in some of his books and there is therefore no need to repeat it. A third explanation is that the subject matter of the question will if answered create an unnecessary controversy which may disturb the peaceful atmosphere of the Asramam and the world of his disciples. A fourth explanation is that the question might in the opinion of the Maharshi be so silly that no purpose is served by answering it. The writer does not know under what category the question he put falls. An experienced observer however consoled him by saying that it did not fall within the fourth category and that it might fall within the third.

There are no lectures or discourses by the Maharshi. Even when he answers questions he does it generally in Tamil and sometimes in Telugu, although he knows English. Of course his answers are not understood by those who are ignorant of these languages and there are many among the visitors who are in this position. But they do not complain. They do not feel disappointed. They come there not to hear the Maharshi but to see him; and they can go on seeing him at close quarters for hours and hours, for days, for weeks and for months. Among the visitors there were some who were there for eight months, some who were there for a longer period of time but not knowing a word of Tamil or Telugu. It makes one conclude that while the ordinary human languages—Tamil, Telugu and Canarese—are barriers separating man from man the language of silence—the one language used by the Maharshi most of his time—is one that is understood by all, universal in its appeal and beyond all limitations of time and space. It is the only language in which spirit can communicate with spirit and the large majority of those who visit the Asramam are those who desire spiritual commu-

nion with the Maharshi, and they understand his language of silence.

Is it now clear why it is that the Maharshi and his Asramam attract so many visitors? To the spiritually inclined and to those who have faith in the Indian tradition of the higher life it ought to be clear. In the Maharshi they see today the living embodiment of all that is best in the Indian ideal of life, pure and uncorrupted by foreign currents of thought or practice or organisation. In him can be seen the sage of the Upanishadic period, the enlightened Buddha and the great Sankara. In the glow of his face, in the contemplative gaze of his eyes and in the brightness of his smile there is that bliss and splendour, that serenity and balance which the Indian associates with those who by their disciplined life have liberated themselves from the round of births and deaths and get the vision of the Reality beyond and behind the seeming phenomena. Among the Maharshi's disciples there is no hierarchy, no inner and outer section and there is no intermediary throwing a veil between the saint and the pilgrim. The approach is direct and personal.

The "educated" visitor who is spiritually inclined returns satisfied. Sitting for hours in the presence of the Maharshi gives him the opportunity to think of the deeper problems of life. It secures to him the much needed respite from the routine and monotony of his ordinary daily life and makes him concentrate his attention on higher things. In the venerable look of the Maharshi, in the respect paid to him by the visitors, in the forms of their salutation one can read the history of India extending over three thousand years and more. One gets the confidence that there is no danger of Indian culture collapsing in consequence of the onslaught of modernism and that by his life the Maharshi has strengthened still further the foundations on which the edifice of India's spiritual life has been built.

THOUGHTS IN A LIBRARY

by BINOD

TIMIDLY as the new dead entering paradise, I stepped into a great library the other day. In the concentrated presence of mighty minds how even the proudest among us is humbled! Here, amidst the amplitude and fertility of master intellects, our minds move irresistibly towards introspection, towards sharp appreciation of our own pathetic limitations. There is something in the ethos of a library that brings us with a bang to a sense of our own inadequacy. There is something in its aroma before which spurious coin must melt away like the mists of the morning.

The fact is that, inside a library or outside it, boundless realms of knowledge spread before us calling to us to step forth and conquer, but we, poised in supercilious stance on the wrong side of the border, fancy ourselves already in undisputed sway. We are trivial beings glorying in our triviality, most of us mean little fellows in the bottom class, but all inordinately proud of the few rubber-stamp phrases, the odd bits and pieces of information that we have garnered from others of our ilk. How much there is we do not know, do we ever stop to consider? Today, a good education, so-called, enables us to worry about things in all parts of the world, but to the rarer, deeper, keener elements of life we are supremely oblivious. This indifference to higher values has hampered our recovery, darkened our future, and has now endangered our very lives.

There is, in my opinion, no better aid to an appreciation of these higher values than an earnest, honest and energetic effort to profit from the wisdom contained in worthy books. Literature has been described by Edmund Gosse as the most perfect utterance of the ripest thought by the finest minds. Come, what prevents us from drinking deep of it? The words of these books are the words that we ourselves would speak if we could, the thoughts they express are the

thoughts we were fumbling to think, the paths they shew are the paths we would choose to tread. They contemplate man in the highest, not, as the scientists do, as a collection of salts and acids or a sort of electrical machine.

But ah, you will say, what is the use? Books deal with ideals, with what should be, not with what is or can be achieved by normal men in normal conditions. They sacrifice the rule to the exception, the immediate to the remote, the obvious to the occult, the whole to the part, the direct to the indirect, the native to the foreign, and the present to some idealised past or utopian future. What is the use?

I know, I know. But, I ask you, what would man be without Utopia? He must always aim at the unattainable in order to realize the attainable. There is no surer sign of imperfect development than the impulse to snigger at what is unusual, native, or exuberant. Thinkers and philosophers walk with kings yet keep the common touch. By thinking like them, and by endeavouring to act as we think, we invest life with a meaning and an aim. Of course we read intelligently, painstakingly. Reading a book means slightly more resolution, more pertinacity, and more expenditure of brain-tissue than are required for reading a newspaper. But surely the large humanity and amazing universality of Shakespeare, the verdant beauty of Kalidasa, the piercing melodies of Shelley or even the elegant confections of Dr. Ranjee G. Shahani are worth the trouble. They carry us away from the animosities and ordinary competition of the world and remind us that there are other interests beside the material wants of life which must occupy the minds of men. They are the sort of men over whom Time has no power, but who grow as Time rolls on, and spread their boundless sway wherever men and women meet and think. We could do worse than try to follow them.

KOTAMRAJ PUNNIAH—THE NESTOR OF SIND JOURNALISM

by C. H. V. PATHY

Here is a sketch on the outgoing editor of the "Sind Observer", Karachi, by the incoming editor.

THE star-studded career of Mr. Kotamraj Punniiah who had the unique distinction, rare among Indian journalists, of being editor for twenty-seven years of an English daily has come to an end. He has parted company with "Sind Observer" which owes its origin, growth and development to his dynamic energy and unceasing labours.



C. H. V. Pathy

Mr. Punniiah's career is the romance of an Andhra youth who, born in Bapatla, migrated to Bombay after the rudiments of education and threw in his lot with the late K. Nageswara Rao, first in his business and later in his journalistic venture, the "Andhra Patrika" weekly which had its first innings in Bombay. The fiery, emotional Andhra youth found his meteor in journalism. It was in 1908 that he cut his first tooth in a profession where he was destined by fate to

enjoy an unbroken career of prosperity and power, given to few individuals in a country notorious for the freaks of the fourth estate.

In a few years' time, the "Andhra Patrika" weekly was transferred to Madras and subsequently converted into a daily. Mr. Punniiah was in charge of its English section. In spite of his intense preoccupation with his journalistic work, he found time to have a crack at politics and was an ardent votary of the newly found Home Rule League. He spoke from scores of platforms both in English and in Telugu.

There is a strain of reformism in Mr. Punniiah's mental make-up and he went out of his community to marry Dr. Tarabai. It was a love match and flowered subsequently into a happy union of hearts. After his marriage Mr. Punniiah along with his wife became a Brahma Samajist. He started a weekly called "Humanity" to air his religious views. "Humanity" had a large circulation and one of its readers in distant Sind spotted the genius who was in charge of it and whistled for him. That was Sadhu Vaswani who was the editor of an English daily in Karachi, named "New Times". It was in 1918 that Punniiah stepped into the soil of Sind as the Assistant Editor of "New Times" but his association with that paper was only for a short duration. In 1919 he joined the "Sind Observer" which was then a bi-weekly and very soon transformed it into a daily, becoming its editor in November 1919.

Both politics and journalism in Sind were in a primitive stage at that time. It was Punniiah who poured into the pallid arteries of this province the rich and vitalising blood of a new life. Though a Congressman at heart, he had by

necessity to become the champion of the Hindu cause here. Politically, his affiliation with the Congress continued for a number of years. He was a member of the All India Congress Committee till the time of the Karachi Congress when he parted company from the Congress.

When Punniiah assumed charge of the "Sind Observer" it was a ramshackle paper with a truncated Indian news service and a few foreign items doled out by the British Official Wireless. Despite these handicaps he slogged on intermittently at his desk and catered to his wide clientele in a variety of ways. He was the pioneer of a daily personal column which he wrote under the pen name "Vinode". His "Shot and Shell" became the most popular feature in Sind journalism. He could deflate a balloon of pomposity with a word and make and unmake reputations with his flying arrows. Beneath his rough exterior there is a warm heart and a sympathetic human personality.

The most amazing thing about Mr. Punniiah, apart from his unflagging industry is his crusading zeal. As a propagandist he has very few equals in Indian journalism. The late Kalinath Roy excelled him in sheer analytical skill, Mr. K. Natarajan is far superior in scholarship and Mr. Pothan Joseph in intellectual incandescence. But none of these could come within measurable distance of Punniiah as a fighter for the cause which he espoused.

The people of Sind took him to their hearts. Both the crowds and the intelligentsia fell under his spell. They spoke in glowing terms of his passion for life, imagination, gift of language, knowledge of men and things. His genius was harnessed by the irresistible force of a peculiarly interesting period in our history. He attacked vested interests with fearlessness, frankness and a dialectical skill which few front rank writers possess.

That was his contribution to Sind public life. The "Sind Observer" which had plodded along mechanically tasted better times when its ownership changed in 1933 and it

came in possession of a Parsi millionaire of Karachi. He allowed Punniiah to continue at the helm undisturbed but overhauled the mechanical side, gingered up the news service and requisitioned the services of some trained journalists from Madras. Overnight, the "Sind Observer" strode into the front rank of the Sind newspaper world, it displaced the "Daily Gazette" from the pride of place it had occupied, ousted the "Tribune" which was circulating here in large numbers. It grew from strength to strength. Mr. Punniiah oftentimes used to say that it was a desert plant, which he nursed with tender care. His assumption of editorship synchronised with the birth of his first daughter Bharati and in nostalgic moments his affection for the "Observer" and his daughter were identical.

Mr. Punniiah had a high sense of journalistic integrity and would not allow his freedom to be fettered by any one. He came into clash with his employer in 1937 over the question of giving publicity to Pandit Nehru's speeches when the latter was here. A Homeric duel ensued, of which the dismissal of Mr. Punniiah was the climax.

He was almost at the cross-road of his destiny but by a strange concatenation of circumstances, he staged a come back to the "Sind Observer" under new proprietors. The "Observer" became the authentic voice of Hindu nationalism in this province. Sind's separation from Bombay brought us face to face with many problems and to give the correct lead to a province which is notorious for its political vagaries was a job delicate as well as difficult. It must be said to the credit of Mr. Punniiah that he trimmed his sails without fear or favour and gave his readers a remarkable insight into the currents and cross currents of Sind's political life as it shaped itself after separation from Bombay.

War brought with it other problems to worry about. Mr. Punniiah's grounding in international politics was as secure as his foothold in Indian politics. His war surveys



Kotamraj Punniiah, the retiring Editor of "Sind Observer", with his family.

were flooded with imagination and insight.

When Pakistan was only in the realm of speculation, he wrote several articles to show that it would be politically unworkable and economically ruinous to the interests of the country. It was while on a holiday in the south that he heard the news that partition had been clamped on the country. He was not quite happy in the new political set-up of Sind which is the linchpin of Pakistan and it was because of this that he had decided to relinquish his job.

His last days in Karachi were clouded by a stunning tragedy. He lost his only surviving son and a grandson in a drowning tragedy at Mysore. Others would have wilted under this blow but he kept his chin up. The Sind Government also struck at him by imposing a ban order on headlines, editorials, etc., unless they were submitted for pre-censorship. On the very day the order

was served he parted company from the "Observer".

In the field of daily journalism in which some of us are infrequent worshippers, Punniiah was a priest. Though a devotee to the profession to the exclusion of every other interest he found time for a lot of social work. He founded a colony, was the prime mover in establishing a high school and took great interest in starting a bank of which he was a director.

He is a charming host and a lovable boss. He is democratic to the finger tips. He was always the champion of the underdog. Above everything else, he is a great patriot at heart.

Journalists do not retire. Though leaving Sind, Punniiah will not allow his versatile pen to rust.

His retirement is a great loss to thousands of friends and admirers who will miss his trenchant views on men and things.

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.

Officials, Ministers and the Press.

C.R.'s exhortation to journalists not to be too critical of the Ministers and his suggestion that they should guide the officials of the Government in the right direction, and thus get things done to the satisfaction of all, smacks more of the ideal than the practical. First of all, the Ministers have more say in the counsels of the officials than have the Pressmen. Secondly, the officials themselves, bred and sped on Red-tapism, with shades of bureaucratic insouciance in their make-up, would most certainly resent any patronizing influence from the penmen, though such influence may be for the general weal.

Charged as is the atmosphere in this province with the vicious current of communalism, C.R.'s fine idea has no chance. Of course it would be a very desirable thing if officials doing the work of the Government are amenable to advice of the right sort. If the officialdom is corrupt and incompetent, no man at the helm can use them to the advantage of the people. If the men at the helm are bad, the officials prefer to be indifferent.

Unfortunately, communalism is fast corrupting the entire officialdom. And when communalism is ruling the roost, morality in the administration fades out. Morality engrained in the national character and grooved into habits of action, creates strength as nothing else does. A healthy atmosphere must be created for morality to grow. Really popular forms of government are possible only when individual men composing them can govern their own lives on moral principles. The difficulty of conduct does not lie in knowing what is right to do, but in doing it when known. We don't want wise saws but wise acts.

"Moral influence, when in vigorous exercise, is irresistible," said W. L. Garrison, the famous American abolitionist. But here communalists hold the vantage points in public life at the present moment, attitudinising for the semi-ignorant people at large, deftly dressing their endeavours in the livery of patriotism. People do not ponder over what is just and what is honest, but swallow the sugar-coated pills of communalism garbed as patriotism.

Only when these narrow-minded leaders either quit public life for good

or make a bold bid for a change-over to decency and public morality, can we reasonably expect an ideal administration acceptable to all honest people. If even popularly elected Ministers are inextricably entangled in the mess of undiluted communalism, it is the bounden duty of the Press, as the guardian of the general public, to rise to the occasion with its honest and forthright criticism.

P. N. SAMPATH.

Nellore.

Fissiparous Ministerial Tendencies.

Your valuable weekly has been warning people against communalism in this part of the country. A doubt sometimes crossed one's mind whether in the altered political conditions of the country such a warning was at all necessary and in such forceful language too. The news now published about "communal ratio in the services" dismisses that doubt. The Government and the administration are intended to serve society with a view to its greater prosperity, contentment and progress. Such service can come only from the best men and women in the land. It is their equipment, fitness and capacity for such service that the country needs and should value. Communal and caste considerations should not be allowed to influence selection for service. Does the Congress Ministry forget that it was due to the Congress campaign against communalism that unity in the country was forged enabling us to shake off the foreign yoke and that they owe their position in the Government to that campaign? Protagonists of a casteless society should have desisted from further subdividing it. The subdivision among Non-Brahmin Hindus is ominous and bodes ill. "Backward Hindus" is a vague term capable of serving nepotistic ambitions and covering several other sins. "Future recruitment . . . from among the communities will be so . . . regulated as to make their strength in the services conform to the proposed ratio." So communalism is to be perpetuated; these ratios will persist in spite of changes in population and fitness for service even among people who are not Brahmins; Muslims and Indian Christians are left in doubt as to how much is on population basis and how much on other basis

and what the latter basis is. Freedom to practise one's religion and freedom of conscience as factors disturbing the communal strength do not seem to have obtained recognition. Is the country to remain split as before. Is it not to look to the best services of its fellow-men irrespective of the community they spring from? Is it that the penalties of birth should continue? Is it that man's life and the education it imparts marking progress have to go unrecognised and he and the society amidst which he lives are not entitled to the benefits of that life? He will not be recruited to the service of his fellow-men, for the ratio allotted to his community forbids it. No well-wisher of the country can view such fissiparous actions on the part of a Congress Government with equanimity. A unified society broad-based on Indian citizenship with the right to be served by the best in the land should be the aim of a National Government.

S. NANJUNDIAH.

Kollegal.

Removal of Controls.

The A.I.C.C. resolution urging the removal of all existing controls and the Government's reported decision to act on this resolution are causing great anxiety in the minds of the poorer sections of the people.

If there is black-marketing, it is because the Government failed to take ruthless measures against the anti-social merchants and if there is corruption among the officials, the least that is expected of a popular Government is the mobilisation of public opinion in such a way as to create a fear in the minds of the corrupt officials that their days are at an end. Unfortunately, even though we have popular Ministries in every province, the Ministers are evidently still depending upon the same corrupt officialdom as before to enforce the controls.

The people demand not the elimination of controls but their strict enforcement and the ruthless punishment of all corrupt officials. If our Government fails to rise to the occasion and protect the people from the greedy black-marketeers, it will forfeit its claim to be called a "popular Government". It is a pity that even Mahatma Gandhi has supported this suicidal view regarding the removal of controls. When Pandit Nehru declared on his release from prison last that all black-marketeers should be hanged, he simply echoed the feelings of the vast bulk of the people of the country. The people look

to the Prime Minister to redeem his words and there is no doubt that he will have the whole-hearted support of the entire people of the country on this question. Let our leaders do the right thing when they have the power to do so and not surrender to the threats of the vested interests. Surrender will mean a great calamity to our people and a danger to democracy and freedom.

The recent experience of the United States of America is before us. The American Government lifted all controls last year under pressure from reactionary Republican politicians. What happened? The prices for all commodities went up by leaps and bounds. Even food prices are at their highest now even though America is a surplus country in respect of food. Now the American Government is considering reimposition of controls over prices. When such a thing can happen in a surplus country like America, it is not very hard for any sensible person to see the calamity the removal of controls might bring in its train in our country, which, according to all official figures, is still short in essential requirements, particularly food.

R. L. NARAYAN.

No Lamentable Experiment.

The political sagacity and courage behind the appointment of a senior Civilian as Inspector-General of Police in Madras were admirable. It was with no small surprise that we read your editorial in the issue of *Swatantra* dated November 22 that this was a lamentable experiment. This is not the time when one should cry down well-considered steps taken by the Ministry in a matter touching the security of the public. Full fledged senior officers with varied experience in various departments of the Government can better fill the post of I.-G. of Police, than those with glimpses of the routine of that particular department alone. Your article savours more of personal prejudice than any sustainable argument against the correctness of the step taken. Your grievances appear to be more fanciful than real.

The featured article by H. E. C. Rajagopalachariar in your *Annual* marks the right attitude to be taken in matters like these.

R. BALASUBRAMANIAN.

Tanjore.

Communal Militant Bodies.

Everyone of your readers is fully aware of the fact that the All-India Congress Committee has passed a resolution con-

denning the existence of militant communal bodies like the Muslim National Guards and the Rashtriya Swayam Sevak Sangh, and has advocated their abolition. The Congress has by this act once again illustrated that it is not communal-minded. Every patriotic citizen welcomes this right lead. Perhaps at one time the Rashtriya Swayam Sevak Sangh had the right of existence only as counterpart to the All-India Muslim League with its two-nation theory. But with the attainment of Swaraj, such bodies have no moral right to exist and the sooner their existence is brought to an end, the better.

Even the United Provinces Government which had once shown a patronising attitude towards the Rashtriya Swayam Sevak Sangh is now giving a cold-shoulder to it. According to the Globe representative in Agra, the U.P. Government is considering the idea of banning the Muslim National Guards and the Rashtriya Swayam Sevak Sangh as they are 'dangerous to public peace'. It is reported that the Agra C.I.D. are preparing a list of the office-bearers and volunteers of these organizations.

The Madras Premier, to be fair to him, has all along shown keen anxiety to preserve peace and communal amity. He will be rendering a service if he emulates the worthy example of Pandit Govind Ballabh Pant.

K. V. GOPALA RATNAM.
Hyderabad (Dn.)

Division of Hindus Harmful.

It is well known that the British Government in India were putting one community against another. From the time we got rid of them, Mahatma Gandhi and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru have been proclaiming that the Indian Union is a secular State and no discrimination will be shown among its people. It is surprising that the Madras Government is still following the British policy of Divide and Rule by continuing the communal recruitment to Government services. The division of the Hindus into four is as harmful as separate electorates. Is not the Madras Government part and parcel of the Indian Union? If so, how can they justify communal representation in the services? One fails to understand whether the Madras Government is a secular or a communal State?

MANU.

Protection of Blackmarketeers

It has been accepted on all hands that every blackmarketeer is an enemy of society and the Premier of India

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru has from any a platform denounced the blackmarketeer as one who deserved to be dealt more mercilessly than the ordinary criminal. The present Congress Ministry of Madras has failed to put down the blackmarketeers. On the other hand blackmarketeers are working themselves into positions of trust in the Congress and trying to divert the policy of the Government to their own advantage. The confiscation of unaccounted wealth in the hands of the war-magnates will be a fruitful source of revenue to the Government and will act as a deterrent on others.

A specific complaint of blackmarketing in textiles was made against one individual in Kavali, Nellore district, so long as six months ago, but nothing has been done. This state of affairs is causing anxiety in the minds of the public that the interference of the Ministers in order to secure the support of the offenders, is responsible for the district officials not proceeding with the investigations.

As one interested in the prestige of the Congress and the purity of the administration I appeal to the Government not to screen such offenders but to investigate the same and book them if an offence is made out.

D. SUBBARAMI REDDI.
Secretary, Taluk Congress Committee.
Kavali.

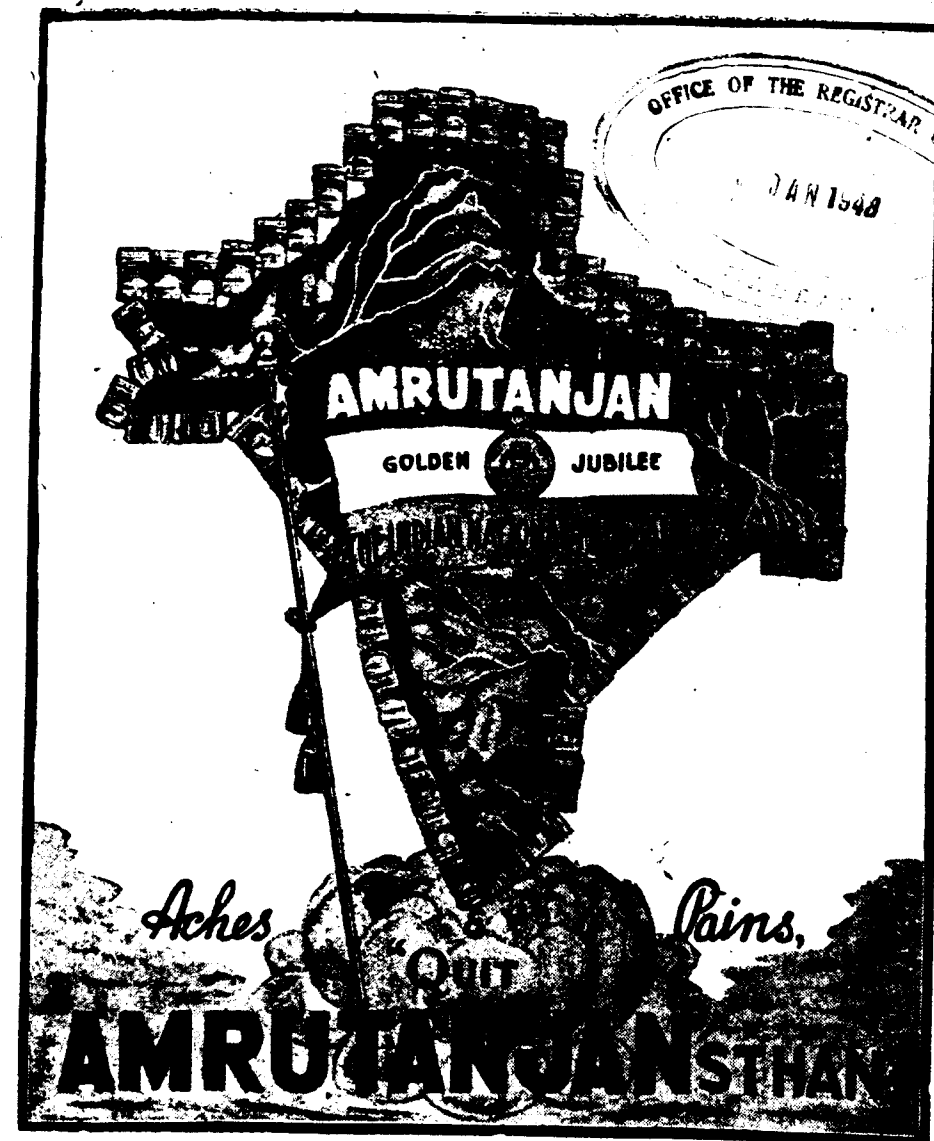
Invidious Discrimination

We, the following signatories working in the Office of the Assistant Commissioner, Hindu Religious Endowments, Rajahmundry, wish to bring these facts for the sympathetic consideration of all concerned.

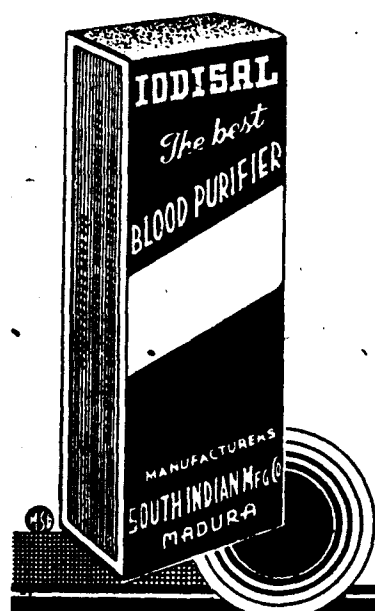
The members of the staff of the Hindu Religious Endowments Board should be treated as equals of Government servants of similar standing and status as per Rule 40-A-(1) of the Madras H.R.E. Act now in force. The Government were pleased to revise the salaries of the Government servants in their G.O. No. 78 Pin. D/6-2-47. We are also entitled for the same revision of salaries. But even though months have passed there is no ray of hope for us.

The H.R.E. Board Bill may be pending. The Government may provincialise the services. But we are unable at present to make both ends meet.

A. VIEWESWARA RAU.
PURUSHOTHAM KARVA.
T. SURAYYA.
K. V. NARASIMHAIAH.
Rajahmundry.



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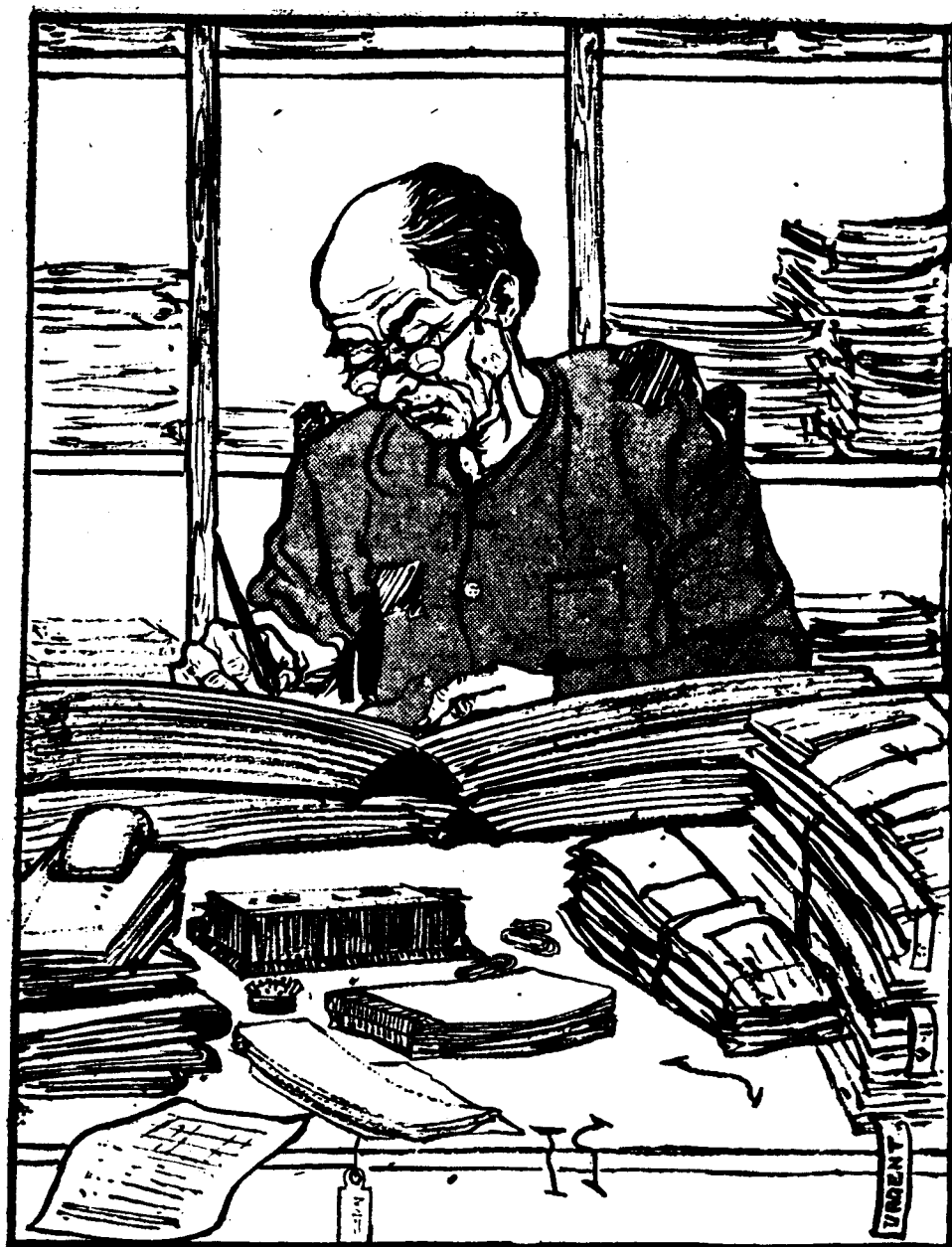
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—by H. V. Ram Gopal.

THE N. G. O.: FILES, FILES, FILES.

SWATANTRA

VOL. II
No. 44

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1947

ISSUED
WEEKLY

NATIONAL BALANCE-SHEET

FOR the first time after the achievement of political freedom, attention has been directed to the economic outlook of the nation by Mr. Shanmukham Chetti's budget proposals. It is well that our economic problem should begin to be seriously considered by the people and the Government alike, whose thinking has so long been dominated by the communal rioting which preceded and followed the partition of the country.

Ordinarily, no budget would have been presented at this time of the year. The drawing up of an interim budget for the period ending March 1948 was necessitated by the closure, on August 15 this year, of the accounts of the late Government of India. Mr. Chetti's budget has been generally described as surprise-free. The only element of surprise, if any, is that the deficit disclosed has not been larger than it is. In the absence of reliable information as to the extent of expenditure on the totally unexpected 'refugee' problem, wild and exaggerated fears had been entertained as to the ability of the exchequer to survive the transition. Apart from the drain created by the transfer of populations, the Government has had to foot another bill, just as large, in importing foodgrains from abroad to meet the internal deficit. The Finance Minister was able to announce the real position with regard to both these items of expenditure. We are told that during the eight months between August 15 and the next regular budget, the expenditure on refugees will come to Rs. 22

crores, and that on food subsidies to Rs. 22.5 crores. These, together with the bloated defence expenditure necessitated by recent political developments, and a nominal provision for 'nation-building' activities, bring the estimated expenditure to Rs. 197.39 crores. The revenue is expected to amount to Rs. 172.8 crores. The fact that no account has been taken, in totting up the revenue figures, of the share due to India from Pakistan on the payment of interest on Government securities and of pensions, has prompted the Finance Minister to declare with satisfaction that the deficit in the budget is more fictitious than real. "This is the eighth consecutive deficit budget and the House may well ask itself if our revenue position is sound," said Mr. Chetti and proceeded to announce with confidence: "I have myself no hesitation in answering that question with an emphatic 'yes.'"

This tone of optimism is apparently most encouraging. But the common man is apt to be bewildered at the 'soundness' of the country's finances not being reflected in his own economic condition. For him, prices are as high as ever and are actually going up further. The essentials of normal life continue to be beyond his reach. The Finance Minister is confident that the country's budget can be balanced within a year or two. But the overwhelming majority of our people are unable to bring the proverbial two ends within hailing distance of each other, let alone making them meet.

The anomaly is worth pondering. It is precious little comfort to be told that "we are not living beyond our means" when food is scarce, when textile millowners shut shop and go home in the midst of a cloth famine, when the production figures of steel and cement keep falling, and when the value of the consumer's rupee is spiralling down. An orthodox economist scanning the budget might feel reassured; but a near-balanced budget is no proof of a people's welfare.

It is not suggested that Mr. Chetti is unaware of the problem of falling industrial production and food deficit in the country. On the contrary, he has drawn pointed attention to it. What needs scrutiny is the solution which the Finance Minister has suggested. Mr. Chetti would have us believe that increased production can be attained by, and only by, offering 'incentives' to private enterprise. It may be recalled that even before the announcement of ample assurances during the budget speech, Mr. Chetti—being free from any commitment to the Socialist principles underlying such Congress documents as the report of the National Planning Committee—undertook a tour of industrial centres during the course of which he made the most sincere effort to relieve the business community of such fears as it might have entertained regarding its future under Socialist Nehru. Mr. Chetti has been more than successful in infusing confidence in the quarters to which he addressed himself and of which, until recently, he formed a part. For, what could have better served to enthuse private enterprise than the clean sweep Mr. Chetti has made of the pronouncedly radical, profit-curbing measures initiated by his predecessor? Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, presumably secure in the knowledge that his axe would chop the interests of the Hindu mercantile class

rather than those of his own relatively backward and largely agricultural community, launched merrily on the course of taxing business profits heavily. Mr. Chetti has firmly reversed this course. Not only has he not attempted to cover the deficit through additional taxation, he has gone out of the way to make the promise that he will "make a careful examination of the consequences of our taxation policy and endeavour to make any adjustments that may be necessary to instil confidence in private enterprise."

Thus the Finance Minister has made it clear beyond doubt that he looks to the investing business section of the country to redress the existing shortages in our economy and to effect its expansion. The recent record of this section, however, hardly encourages the belief that it can be trusted with the vital task of national rehabilitation. Its record has been one of reaping profits through the exercise of strategic control over commodities in short supply, not one of expanding production and managing distribution so as to meet the needs of the people. The history of the Bengal famine, of the fabulous profits made during the war years, of hoarding and blackmarketing, and of the progressively inflated prices, surely stamps as folly any policy based on the assumption that the profit-interest of the investors and speculators will coincide with the interest of the common people.

The Finance Minister has accepted on behalf of the Government the theory propounded by the capitalist producers, to whom alone inflation is profitable, that the present inflationary situation is due not so much to monetary causes as to the shortages in the supply of goods. It is well-known that we were burdened with a very heavy inflation during the war years when the Government of India issued enormous quantities

of Indian currency for use by British and other allied army establishments in India, against the backing of sterling securities issued by Britain. This meant that the rupee in the hand of, say, a British soldier competed in the market with the rupee of the Indian buyer for a volume of goods which did not increase by even a fraction in proportion to the increased volume of Indian currency put into circulation. The result was that prices shot up, wages and salaries tried but failed to catch up with prices, and our economy was left anaemic with bloated currency and depleted goods. This was the origin of that monetary inflation which was exported to us from Britain and which is still very much with us. The sterling balances which stood at the peak figure of Rs. 1,733 crores in April 1946 will still stand at the high figure of Rs. 1,482 crores on January 1, 1948. This means that we have not yet imported or acquired from Britain anything like the quantity of the goods and services which she used up in our country during the war. It appears to be no more than mere tautology to pronounce, as Mr. Chetti has pronounced, that "while the inflation in war time was due to the large increase of currency circulation without any tangible increase in the supply of goods, the present inflation is not due to further increase of currency but to a steady fall in the supply of goods." This curious denial of any 'new' monetary cause for the present inflation and the pointed reference to under-production, can have but one object—to strengthen the case of the entrepreneurial class for 'incentives.'

It is doubtless true that the volume of production in respect of several important commodities has been on the decline during the last three years. The causes for this decline have been diverse—strikes, rising production costs, and the consequent fall of profit levels from the giddy

heights reached during the war. The strike wave, it must be noted, followed and did not precede the downward movement of production figures, and could not have been the primary cause of such decline. As for production costs, they have been on the upgrade but have been more than offset by the high prices which the producers have not hesitated to charge for their products. The crux of the problem, then, is the decline—a strictly relative one—in the size of the capitalists' profits.

There is the further question whether the production figures entered in the Government's records represent the real total output of the country. The blackmarket, whose existence the Finance Minister has recognised helplessly but with candour, must surely account for some amount of production officially non-existent but none-the-less real. This hidden production is sought to be ignored by those who picture industry as being in sore straits.

There can be no two opinions regarding the need for raising both industrial and agricultural production in the country. How best it can be done is, however, a matter of opinion—and the stake involved. The businessman is quite sure about the way he would solve the problem. He wants the incentive of attractive profit, freedom from controls over prices and sale, and the right to employ and manage labour on what he considers to be economic terms. Mr. Shanmukham Chetti's stand is hardly distinguishable from that of the typical businessman.

The country is entitled to know whether it is the policy of the Government to treat profit as sacrosanct, to the point of allowing the owners of the means of production to stop operating them on the ground that production has become uneconomic. This would amount to placing in the hands of the capitalists a weapon with which they can

bully the Government into conceding wage decreases, longer working hours or higher prices for their products as the case may be. The relevance and urgency of this question ought to be clear from the recent closure of certain textile mills in Coimbatore due to the alleged inability of the owners to give effect to the wage increase determined by the Government's arbitration tribunal. The Government ought to declare that it will take over and manage every enterprise that is abandoned by private operators due to declining profits. In the process the State will discover how many such enterprises are truly marginal and deserve to be scrapped.

Secondly, the people would like to know whether or not the Government proposes to distribute the suffering caused by shortages of goods equitably among all classes of society. At present, the burden of material scarcity falls mainly, if not exclusively, upon the poor and the middle classes. These lower income groups either pay exorbitant prices for certain essentials of a full and healthy life, or go without them. If the existing controls on scarce commodities are removed, and Mr. Chetti has expressed himself in favour of their early removal, the sufferings of the common man might become even more acute. The removal of controls might also destroy what semblance there is at present of a system of priorities in the allocation of essential materials to various industries in the order of their national importance. The result would clearly be the formation of an unstable economy in which basic materials like steel, cement and coal will be diverted to the most profitable, but not necessarily the most vital, industries.

Thirdly, the industrial workers of the country would expect a clearer statement than has been forthcoming so far regarding what they

can expect their labour to fetch them in Free India. The Finance Minister has only told them what is expected of them.

These are some of the problems not strictly connected with the budget but arising from a consideration of its significance against the background of our national economy. Mr. Chetti is well versed in the technicalities of high finance and has prepared a budget remarkable for its clarity and matter-of-factness, within a short period of assuming office, and amid disturbed and disturbing conditions in the political and economic spheres. Nothing but praise is due to him for executing this difficult task so neatly. Nevertheless, Mr. Chetti's budget came as a disappointment to all those who had expected an inspiring declaration of policy, if not an immediate plan, for meeting the economic crisis in the country at a most crucial and decisive phase of its development. Perhaps this was only to be expected. The appointment of Mr. Shanmukham Chetti as Free India's first Finance Minister was not due to any compelling necessity of seeking talent elsewhere than among the ranks of known and tested democrats. It was a gratuitous and egregious political blunder. Mr. Chetti is fitted neither by training nor by outlook to lead the nation towards the goal of economic and social equality which has been the aim of the national movement. Pandit Nehru and Mr. Chetti are strange horses to be found yoked to the same chariot. They do not so far seem to have pulled apart. But we earnestly hope that the partnership if at all it should continue, will involve no sacrifice of Congress principles regarding the supremacy of the people's economic well-being.

India's Foreign Policy
THE Prime Minister's statement in the Dominion Legislature on

India's foreign policy, notwithstanding its high-sounding generalities, strikes us as an exercise in unreasonable complacency. Wherever it does not labour the obvious, it is marked by disconcerting omissions of references to dangerous portents. Unlike the ordinary man who fails to see the wood for the trees, Pandit Nehru has failed to mark the trees in his *a priori*, unrealistic survey of the woods.

The plain and unflattering truth of the matter is that any discourse on our foreign policy in present conditions is like the proverbial discourse on Snakes in Iceland. It may be summed up in one word: 'Nil'. For no part of the world looks to us for leadership, or guidance before it shapes its own policies or acts. In all the diplomatic lobbyings that have gone on since the establishment of the U.N.O., the role of our country and of our spokesmen has been either sterile or superfluous. We sponsored the case of Indonesia—it still languishes under the Fabian tactics adopted by the colonial powers acting in concert. On the South African issue, our rebuff has been even more galling. The crowning mercy came when irreconcilable foes joined hands to cheat us of a rightful place in the Security Council.

With this bleak record, Pandit Nehru showed much unconscious humour when he declared that India would not join any power bloc, that she would act independently, would be friends with Russia and America, would not enter any war, but once in, would, like Polonius, choose the side which would benefit us! Here is an assorted mixture of the simplicity of the dove and the wisdom of the serpent which has to be studied in patience to be enjoyed at leisure.

The fallacy of maintaining an independent attitude is easily exposed when we consider our useless

vote in favour of Arab intransigence. It has not enhanced our prestige with Western powers, nor has it brought us the friendship of the Muslim world which has betrayed an abhorrent, atavistic impulse by declaring a Jihad. The ultimate victims of such a move when it spreads as it must will be ourselves too, no less than the Jews. Does our foreign policy dictate that we should be silent now that pogroms have frankly broken out throughout the Arab world against a minority of Jews? Having helped to sow the wind, how can we escape the consequences of having to reap the whirlwind, at least to the extent that it touches our infant and still tentative boundaries?

As for being friends with both America and Russia, it is admirable—in theory. But the deciding factor would be not our ability for infinite adaptation, but the extent to which such ambiguity would be permitted by either or both of the other two. In this matter of giving hostages to world opinion in a gratuitous fashion, we cannot but admire the reticence of Pakistan. Its spokesmen deal with problems in their concrete and individual shapes, and devise or accept solutions for them according to the exigencies of the moment. They do not have the embarrassment of having to square up professions with practice, because they reduce their professions to a minimum.

But the most serious omission from the Prime Minister's survey was our future or present relations with Pakistan itself. For now that, with partition, a new State has come into existence claiming sovereignty, it is of the utmost urgency to determine what the relations should be between these contiguous dominions. In short, we fear that, whether by accident or of set purpose, Pandit Nehru has ignored the whole of this topic which is of tremendous

import to India. The Kashmir incident is proving a much more complicated and hazardous undertaking than was at first supposed. The new-born State of Pakistan is conniving at the incursion of marauders into it with ill-disguised unction. Yet no attempt has so far been made to put Pakistan in the pillory. A hush-hush policy inspired by a solicitude for the *amoure propre* of Pakistan is combined with unequivocal assurances to the Kashmiris that the last of the raiders would be cleared from their country, and that the Indian Government would see the thing through.

Secondly, Pandit Nehru has ostentatiously ignored all reference to some pact or other with Britain as a result of which we have allowed the British Government to raise, train and equip a considerable army of Gurkhas for service under the British Government. This is a most extraordinary and unprecedented concession. The Indian Dominion as well as the Pakistan Dominion as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations may be expected to supply from out of their own resources in men and material whatever might be needed for the safety of Britain in the event of another world war. In such an emergency, the Indian troops trained in India will have to be transported to other theatres of war, necessarily with the co-operation of the Indian and/or Pakistan Dominions. But the permission accorded to Britain to raise a Gurkha contingent on Indian soil is tantamount to the establishment of British extra-territoriality which must necessarily detract from our sovereignty to that extent. What are the needs of the British Government which call for this kind of provision at the cost of our sovereignty and our new-won independence. Further, is there any corresponding pact between Pakistan and the British Government for

raising an army of tribesmen from the frontier to off-set the Gurkha contingent? These and other disquieting questions suggest themselves in connection with the proposal of the British Government to keep what in effect would be a standing army in India but owing allegiance to the far-off British monarch. Even if it were taken as a compliment to the fighting Gurkha, we feel that it is a dangerous experiment and should not be tolerated at all. There should be no foreign army stationed on Indian soil. There is no such anomaly in Canada or Australia or South Africa.

Another question of foreign policy which was till yesterday no more than a domestic affair concerns the setting up of joint councils between India and Pakistan for some purposes and the suggestion of a treaty of alliance between India and Pakistan, while side by side we hear reports of unilateral action by Pakistan in many trade and fiscal matters. We are further informed that these proposals for joint councils are viewed with favour by our Governor-General. The fact that all such proposals for joint boards emanate from Pakistan should make them suspect in our eyes; the further fact that they are supported by British statesmen at the highest levels should in our view be treated as aggravations of an essentially unsound position. They amount in effect to a desire to capitalise at once the benefits of union and partition. The passions which were roused to promote partition are still very much rampant; but the demand for joint consultations and joint bodies for specific purposes only reveals the unworkability of partition—administratively and economically. What the architects of Pakistan are now finding out is that their edifice is lacking foundational strength, and hence in danger of collapse any moment. It should be

to our immediate and ultimate interest to hasten the collapse of this freak so that the realities of the Indian situation as a whole may dissipate the megalomania of political fanatics. Otherwise, we will be indirectly contributing to the prolongation of an agony which will enhance the final price to be paid by both parts of the country.

So long as we are thus divided and distracted at home, it is ludicrous for any one to claim that we are exerting any pressure, moral or political, abroad. The perils that surround us at home are multitudinous, but derive their vitality from one insidious source—the ideology underlying Pakistan. Either we overcome it or we will be overcome by it. This is the law of nature in the political field.

Kite-Flying?

IMPERIAL misfortune brings strange political bed-fellows. In World War II, the British empire went the round of the world prostrating at the feet of all and sundry with a view to securing their help in getting rid of the hated Hun. The depth of their humiliation was not reached when they agreed to a pact with the 'blood-stained murderers' who ruled Soviet Russia. Mr. Churchill was prepared to raise an army of Negro fighters, even if the only white patch about them came into view when they turned up their eyes! To no one else in history has the dictum that the end justifies the means applied more truly than to Britain.

And now, the latest exhibition of Britain's solicitude to play the part of 'honest broker' is furnished by the suggestion of a partition of Kashmir solemnly supported by such irreconcilables as the *Times* and the *Manchester Guardian*. It is a shrewd reminder to the gulled and gullible Indian public in the Indian Union that Britain con-

tinues to be hand in glove with the new-reared State of Pakistan, and that she is determined to exploit the situation in India, discretely from behind the scenes.

The nature of the proposal becomes apparent when the facts of the situation are borne in mind. Kashmir is predominantly peopled by Muslims. As a press note just issued by the Pakistan Government says, the Muslims are in a majority of nearly 80 per cent, while the Hindus constitute only 20 per cent. A referendum under whatever conditions may be expected to show a preference for union of the country with Pakistan. Logically therefore the accession of Kashmir to Pakistan is indicated as the only rational, democratic thing to look forward to.

The suggestion of a partition in the face of such incontrovertible facts might at first sight seem a gesture of generosity to the ruling family or to the Hindus. What is the motive of this apparently reasonable suggestion? We do not pretend to know, and so can only guess. Our guess is that the friends of Pakistan are now fairly convinced that a plebiscite would go against them, thanks to the humane methods adopted by the tribesmen in leaving a trail of arson, loot, rape and murder behind them. There is room enough for thinking that the Muslims themselves are anxious to be saved from their deliverers, and so would vote solidly for union with India. As that would remove a danger spot from the map, the aforesaid journals wish to promote a division without reference to the proposed plebiscite. As a division of Kashmir would be about as precise as has been the division of the Punjab, what is hoped for is a blitzkrieg on the heels of a paper partition which would overwhelm Kashmir as it has already laid waste the greater part of the Punjab. To keep a danger or plague spot in the map is the

best way of distracting the energies of the young dominions, and prevent them from settling down to a peaceful life. And of the two communities, the tribesmen take to fighting as fish to water. Pakistan cannot keep them quiet by bullying or bribing or buying them as the British Raj did. Hence they must be provided with elbow room in which to move with their accustomed barbaric ferocity. A divided Kashmir would be a standing invitation for their congenial occupation to be carried on under favourable conditions.

A still further reason suggests itself to us as the consequence of recent mass transfers of population. It would be no matter for surprise if the Hindus and Sikhs fleeing from the wrath of the enraged Muslim had found an asylum in Kashmir. It is quite likely that the population percentages of the two communities have been violently upset by recent happenings in the Punjab. The undoubted majority of the Muslim has very probably become a minority by the force of events, inspired as

we should like to think by an ironic fate.

A million Hindus and Sikhs flying into Kashmir would explode the fact of a hitherto Muslim majority into a myth. Hence it is that the two leading British newspapers have collaborated in putting forth a suggestion which is certainly not inspired by disinterestedness.

That these self-appointed evangelists of the principle of self-determination do not choose to apply their arguments consistently to the end of the chapter is evident to all who wonder what they have to say about the monstrous aberration that sprawls across the middle of the country and is known as 'Hyderabad'. Would the *Times* ever gather temerity enough to suggest either a plebiscite or a partition of Hyderabad to meet the demands of the two communities? That politics are a dirty game is often regretfully acknowledged; but that such devices should be gratuitously (or for a consideration) sponsored by reputed journals is a blot on—journalism as well!

Sotto Voce

Representative Men



BETTING on horses, speculation on the stock exchange, living beyond his means always—such was the commonplace tale told by a man the other day in the London Bankruptcy Court. But Madras sat up and took notice, because he had been lately Governor of the Province. It was particularly intrigued by the fact that the condition of chronic want he described

had been his for many years when he was chosen Governor. We don't seem to have travelled far from the spacious days of John Company when ne'er-do-wells were shipped to India to return as Nabobs or leave their bleached bones on the tropic sands.

Unpaid interest accounted for the bulk of his liabilities, explained

the ex-Governor. Madras will be tickled by the recollection—though at the time it was no laughing matter—that it was this proconsul who launched a terrific drive for the War Fund and preached the glorious virtues of thrift. The splendid contradictions of this flower of Old Toryism must have appealed to the Man of Munich; I have a feeling that the inspiration to dump him on far away Madras must have come to him when Mr. Churchill was turning one of his grandest periods on the blighting bane of Oriental nepotism. Britain has now to find other markets for her unwanted. But the wild oats she has sown are sprouting profusely to plague us.

To be hard up is no crime. But it is a poor qualification for public office. True, the younger Pitt, who became Prime Minister at twenty-four, had duns always at his door. But Pitts are not born every day and the eighteenth century was notorious for its venality. The reform of the public services under Bentham's lead was based on the conviction that integrity and financial competence go together. It is no less important that Governors of Provinces, whom free India has decided to retain, should be men to whom the salary is no temptation.

I wouldn't go so far as to prescribe a property qualification for Governors. But that unlovely puritan Aurangzeb has not endeared himself to me by making caps for a living. The rather ostentatious devotion of many of our political leaders to the charkha has always put me in mind of the last Moghul! The pseudo-asceticism which is so much the fashion today in certain exalted circles does not impress me. If your sons and sons-in-law were amply provided for by deferential friends and if you could live like a Matadhipathi, without his responsibilities, would you not deem yourself far more fortunate than the Croesus who has income-tax returns to file and endless begging letters to answer?

The rich contentment and serene detachment of a Marcus Aurelius are not common possessions. Least of all are they to be found in the professional politician. So we must look for Governors outside the ranks of the King-makers. The job must find the man who is not looking for it; the people's choice must be Cincinnatus at the plough, not Cleon the demagogue. Britain has sought the solution in a hereditary monarchy which, as the Duke of Windsor puts it, is conditioned to be "not merely neutral but if possible apolitical." But the Duke, who makes a complaint of this, is himself a standing warning of the hit-or-miss character of this mode of selection. The legendary Indian method of entrusting the choice of Ruler to the State elephant armed with a garland was far surer by comparison.

A natural dignity, intellectual probity, a healthy conservatism in outlook, these are essential to those who are called to reign but not rule. To "look every inch a King" is not to be achieved by taking thought. But the ability to steer clear between the Scylla of Olympian aloofness and the Charybdis of half-fellow-well-met intimacy comes with lifelong practice of the art of awareness. The self-poised man does not make the mistake of taking himself too seriously or taking the world too lightly. And he is never so compromised with the present as to forget the past or to snap his fingers at the future.

In a world of change there must be an institution that makes for stability. Amidst the prevailing chaos of values, it is more than ever necessary to have a cultural norm, a standard of reference. The ancient King was priest and prophet as well; and the world still needs the ministration of grace, the thrill of the ideal. Knowledge is skill in action, said the sages; and they went on to add that only that is knowledge which is acceptable to the Lord. Our Governors must be Representative Men in whom this equation is perfectly established.

VIGHNESWARA.

SIDELIGHTS :

Compromise is but the sacrifice of one right or good in the hope of retaining another,—too often ending in the loss of both.—TRYON EDWARDS.

IN a brief visit to Madras City, Swami Ramanand Thirth, President of the Hyderabad State Congress, won golden opinions from one and all. Spare and thin, the Swami looks wiry rather than frail. He has an arresting face which is a blend of the boyish and the austere. The boyishness is not that of immaturity but of vigour. When he speaks, he picks his words with slow caution and deliberation, conveying an impression of every syllable being weighed critically in the scales of objectivity, also of instantaneous review, on the spot, of every item of opinion or information spoken. As if he is making an investigation in the company of his hearers into the subject of the occasion rather than imposing on them the results of any previously exercised judgment. Because of this unique manner, he is able to say the most momentous things with an offhand and disarming casualness, weaving a spell of freshness and dispassion which is the very reverse of the style of the agitator, and invests him with agreeableness, the power of convincing appeal and a ring of genuineness and sincerity. Physically inconspicuous but for the lustrous indrawn effect of magnetic eyes set in deep sockets, he carries with him an atmosphere of freedom from personal cares and ambitions and the terrors and temptations of our strife-ridden world, which marks him with distinction in any company and makes him without exertion the match of its tallest stalwarts.

Kasim Razvi, the leader of Hyderabad's Ittehad-ul-Muslimeen, is a man of power too. But it is power organised to over-awe and strike an impression. Its background is inhabited by armed men whose speciality is readiness to strike at a given word of command. The bulk of the Muslim element in the State

is getting organised on military lines in defence of traditional communal privileges subjected now to vigorous attack at the hands of the democratic forces released by the victory of the freedom movement in neighbouring territory. Razvi is the valiant guardian of a citadel of privilege doomed to destruction if only because of the surging tide of world events, and no man, however mighty, can resist the onslaught of the tide. But glamour belongs to gallant defenders of doomed systems—it is heightened in proportion to the imminence of the doom. In the politics of the State today, the leader of the Ittehad is a glamorous figure appearing lovable to Muslims gathered round the banner of Islam in defence of their status as a ruling community against all attacks. When the followers of Kasim Razvi see accounts in the Press of his spirited verbal duels with Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, they are tremendously excited with proud passion over what a hero they have for leader, and the streets of Hyderabad are then filled with thrilling slogans proclaiming the shame of the mighty Minister bearded in his seat at New Delhi. In any regular trial of strength the Union Government may not need even a week's time to crush completely all the forces that Razvi or his patron the ruler can put into battle, but for the time being the attempt of Patel is to avoid physical conflict while all avenues of settlement by peaceful diplomacy are explored.

The aggression of the Ittehad of which so much is heard is a spurt of self-defensive desperation over unpalatable prospective political changes. It can continue only as long as a margin of freedom is left to it by the Union Government's self-imposed forbearance. Before that margin is wiped out, the Ittehad can indulge in hectic rehearsals of its own prowess at the expense of all daring to challenge its might, and in this interregnum it has great opportunities for striking terror.

Such terror would seem to have told on some of the State Congress leaders already. They seek to save bloodshed by accepting a settlement with Razvi on his own terms of parity and no responsible government. The emergence of State Congress leaders as interim Ministers harnessed with Razvi as equal partners in the administration would mean their undoing before long; it would torpedo democracy and put the Centre out of action for any sort of assistance for the advancement of responsible government. Swami Ramanand Thirth has raised his voice in time against the lure of

office leading to compromises destructive of real progress. His voice is bound to prevail, as no other State Congress leader commands an influence equivalent to his. Whether they agree with him or not, they dare not run counter to him openly. A conflict between Swamiji and Razvi, more intense than all previous conflicts, is imminent in the immediate future. It will serve as a stop-gap diversion while the real fight between the Centre and the State gets going into full swing. If it does so quicker, the cost to the victims of oppression will be correspondingly less.—SAKA.



RECEPTION TO BURMESE DELEGATION

H. E. Lord Mountbatten, Premier Thakin Nu of Burma, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, H. E. Lady Mountbatten, Dr. Rajendra Prasad and U Win, Burmese High Commissioner in India (extreme left) photographed in a happy mood during a Government House Reception to the Burmese Delegation, on December 3.

LAHORE BEFORE THE PARTITION

by D. V. R.

These are impressions of what Lahore used to be in 1945. It was then one of the most lively, prosperous and gay cities of India. Lahore today is reduced to utter ruin and desolation—the Hindus and Sikhs who so largely contributed to its wealth and prosperity having been forced to flee from it practically to the last person.

LAHORE has been described by some as the Paris of India. One who alights at the Lahore railway station for the first time, however, wonders why it has been so likened, for, neither the station nor its immediate surroundings are such as to encourage any Parisian expectations. Indeed, for a city of such repute, both the station and its approaches are far from befitting.

What a grand impression one gets, for instance, on alighting at the Mysore station! And be it remembered that Lahore is at least four times bigger than Mysore city.

Lahore, certainly, cannot lay claim to the intellectual and cultural eminence that Paris can, nor does one find the artistic atmosphere that is known to be so marked a feature of Parisian life. But one found more well dressed and good looking men and women in Lahore than, possibly, any other city in India.

The attire of the women is particularly well suited and adds grace to the slim young maiden. But one noticed, alas, a too early tendency reminding one of Jerome K. Jerome's remark about the German women whom he describes as very pretty when young but tending to lose their charms all too quickly. One is reminded, too, of the remark of a foreign journalist that girls who can rival those of America are to be found in Lahore.

While the men and women of Lahore with their shapely limbs and active gait were a pleasing sight, yet one felt vaguely that a little touch of delicacy and charm in the case of women and a little aesthe-

tic touch in the case of men would have greatly added to their grace.

The Mall Road of Lahore with its broad avenues and impressive buildings was among the best of its kind in India. The Lawrence Gardens which were said to be one of the finest public parks in the country were not however quite so beautiful as the Cubbon Park or Lal Bagh of Bangalore.

Lahore had very good tongas drawn by equally good horses. They were driven by merry reckless tongawallas. Accidents were, fortunately, not frequent. The cyclists were experts. They seemed to be always dashing ahead hotly in pursuit of some game!

There was a general all-round prosperity in Lahore absent in most other places in India. There was certainly less beggary and physical unfitness there than elsewhere.

One who saunters through the residential quarters in Calcutta on an evening is sure to be greeted by sweet music which floats out melodiously from the lighted windows or the open terraces. One missed this in Lahore.

The development of modern cities tends to be on monotonous lines; none-the-less quite a good many cities succeed in retaining some special mark of their own. The cultural influence in Calcutta, the intellectual touch in Madras, the general enterprise and political enlightenment in Bombay and the old world courtesy and aristocratic tradition in Lucknow are easily perceivable. But Lahore used to prove elusive to the visitor though it could claim distinction as a pioneer in some directions. It was probably the first place in India to have an open air theatre, to plan a model town and to start a school of journalism.

Lahore seemed to possess some indefinable attraction. When one left Lahore he left his heart behind.

THE LAST DISCORD

By T. JAGANMOHAN RAO

THERE is something more than simple fascination in the looks of Rupmati. The early contours on her child face displayed a strange vigour and portrayed, as she grew into adolescence, the strong convictions that later on marked her. Mad with her own perfume she surprised the beauty critic by her charm and vivacity and made him less critical and more adoring. A less incautious observer with a judicial calm would not fail to notice in her the vehemence of over-confidence.

It was a hot April evening. Two years had passed since her father's death. Her mother she never knew. The blow left traces too long on her face and before they were erased and the memory repaired her aversion for self-pity quietly dragged her to the gay society abroad. To brave a new world alone! She came out of the university portals with a love for experimentation.

"Blessings to you, child; I've enough confidence in your capacities" said her old professor, "but, one false step and it can never be retrieved."

"One false step"... she murmured to herself that April evening, alone in her study, quiescent and thoughtful. She remembered those words long afterwards. But she had no critical moments of despair, no illusions haunting. Till now life had never been distasteful to her. Half an hour ago she had a vision. The Doctor was gay company.

"Don't you think, young woman, that marriage, besides being a biological necessity, affords protection for woman?" he had said.

"My life is a curiosity to me, Doctor saheb. I have no fear of

being alone. But I become critical of my position when I see other women. I shall not seek marriage for protection."

She turned her face away from him and he failed to notice the tremour in her looks. The very idea that she could not protect herself was provoking. She wanted to understand how man and woman stand to each other. But how could she? She felt aggrieved. The doctor would pursue his visits and repeat his overtures. The offer of protection! Anything but that would quell her sense of pride. The Doctor she liked but she was afraid of any "false step."—The hills would be a sufficient escape to have a change from the monotony of the plains in summer. Her departure would be a sting to the prosperous Doctor but she liked such a rebuff to a man that slighted her and through her every woman.

"Rup, dear," said her uncle helping her from the train. "How glad I am! But girl, you have changed. You are a perfect woman now." They drove to their hill residence.

Syam-narain was a retired civilian officer enjoying the salubrity of his old age. He was in wholesome joyfulness to see his brother's daughter at last in his home. The paternal impulses were strong in him and he had already angled a young man for her but wished the choice should be made by her alone.

The evening commenced with merriment. Narain Babu felt inexplicable pride in introducing his niece to his friends that had gathered round his table. There was an agent of a bank, a middle aged person, just over thirty, infatuated with more than one

impulse at one time, a lustful peacock strutting in splendid colours. He was notorious for his magnetic personality and attracted women by an inviolable law. He was an intimate associate of Syam-narain. Rup felt a dosing effect in his conversation. It didn't take a long time, however, for her to be overpowered by his lascivious look amidst a background so severely provocative as the moonlight on hill tops. Ere long her uncle decided to make them man and woman.

"I never take marriage as a serious thing" said Madan over the newspaper as Rup was sitting opposite to him. She was meditative and was indifferently stirring the tea in the cup as he continued: "It is not an inexorable necessity. What is more important than anything is love. There is enough of that stuff in me of which poets have unceasingly sung. It puts, madam, spirits even in a philosopher."

"Evidently, sir, you do not like to understand what marriage is". These words slipped unconsciously from her. She seemed to be in a mood for discussion.

He looked blank and without any remonstrance looked deep into her eyes.

"My father, you see, never for a moment cared for my mother but loved her as no man could".

"Love is not all in marriages. Mothers cannot always love fathers without being respected and cared for!"

Days passed by in happy ecstasy. The consciousness that with her marriage her former self would merge in an unknown symbol was overwhelming in her as she knew more and more of the man she loved. Man seemed to her not a partner in her life but her undisputed lord casting his ugly shadow all over her beautiful profile. Is it not an unmerited sacrifice to throw her 'will' and 'individuality' in that burning incense of matrimony. That act would be recompensed on but one side. Should marriage mean the fulfilment of love and of love alone, there could

be no second thoughts for her about marrying Madan as she was in sanguine love with him. She could submerge her thoughts of passion in his but still remained outside those thoughts of passion. But would she let her dear wit and sweet wishes be warped by the blunt edge of her husband's fancies? Where man fondles and caresses woman, could he condescend to please her by what doesn't satisfy him? To love and to be wise yet!

"Poor Madan," she thought, "you are never imprudent to doubt the coolness of the hills; nor wise to doubt that love and wisdom are incompatible".

Every time they met she unveiled her heart and head to him, the wild cogitations that were perturbing her.

"The harmony between man and woman required more than love?" she said dreamily.

"Again you come to the starting point" he lectured. "Love, true and eternal, conquers everything else. Why need you something more?"

"If love is tempered by wisdom and sharpened by intellect."

He was vague in his reply and shuddered to know the problems that would confront him later. As they sailed on Cupid's wings higher up into the regions of blissful forgetfulness, as heart and heart in free innocence joined in a supine trane, their heads were aloft facing the frozen extremities of the starlit sky.

So it happened. Rup was back in her closed cloisters alone. Outside the door was poor Madan Babu, miserably stricken, repenting for nought he knew and still ignorant of the chord he did not touch in her. He never knew to harp on the two strings in consonance and she felt the tune quite jarring.

He still waited at the bolted gate not knowing how to open it but waited with a lover's plaintive moan. The soul inside was mortified too. Her unuplifted eyes still saw a radiant attractiveness in him.

She knew his agony. She pitied his weakness and disdained his selfishness. She could submit to him but one part of her. She could never give her full personality to him and no man could reconcile himself if a woman yields in half. He was acting on a prompting of love but never was interested in nor seemed to care for her fads, her curiosities, her desires and ideals. Rains began on the hills too. Rup was to go the next day. A strange feeling of remorse and not of infatuation engulfed her. She invited Madan for the last evening walk in the woods. Dejected and despairing he responded. They wandered in mute but conscious forbearance. Twilight passed and the moon appeared lazily flooding on the frosty sky. She took him on and

on and at the silent but passionate imploration of his wild looks, gave him what sometime ago he would have claimed as his right and perhaps as a matter of course. The moon came nearer the earth.

They rose and went back, he sullen and lost in wonder; she, her heart heavy but her head high. No more did they meet again on the face of this earth.

Fallen indeed but not sinned, said the Gods in heaven, fallen for the lust of that inevitable beast, man.

(Marriage is a new problem to the modern girl seeking knowledge. She turns to marriage not for protection, not at all for religious sanctity, but for ideal companionship which is not simply love. Man, if he fails to understand this, faces tragedy.)

THE TRUE WARRIOR

by N. K. VENKATESWARAN

"SHALL we repent and change or must we fall?" said Gandhiji recently in a touching post-prayer speech. Misdeeds cannot be amended by misdeeds or sin by sin. We may not be brave enough just yet to rule ourselves by non-violence and passive suffering, but are we not sensible enough not to misrule ourselves by violence?

Anger and revenge are a sort of Siamese twins of the mind, but there is a difference. Anger has no eyes and revenge is blind! When we give ourselves away to anger and revenge we of course strike hard and cause much havoc but miss our target.

It is curious that because Hindus feel for Hindus and Muslims for Muslims, Hindus and Muslims should not feel for each other. It is strange and curious that a Hindu and a Muslim living in adjacent houses in friendly relations should thirst for each other's blood the moment they hear that a Hindu and a Muslim in a far away place were engaged in fistcuffs or that a voice has come forth saying that Hindus and Muslims are two nations, though they know and have always recognised that they in fact belong to

the same ancestral stock and have almost everything in common, both gladness and grief.

Is it religion that ensures this opposition and enmity? Isn't the larger religion in all religions the same solid core of good and love? Cannot therefore Hindus and Muslims join together against Muslims uprooting Hindus or against Hindus uprooting Muslims? Will they not join together against wrong by whomsoever or against whomsoever committed?

Right is often meek and infirm and wrong prompt and daring, but the true warrior springs to the succour of right, thinking not of himself, his relations or friends. The prophets spoke in the same voice and gave the same teaching. There is no battle between the Gita and the Quran. The sacred books contain the same basic syllables and are the common legacy of mankind. If a Hindu kills a Muslim or a Muslim kills a Hindu there occurs greater loss of good and godliness than of life. Isn't faith the first casualty in every religious quarrel? Religion is being religious and being religious is not being inhuman.

MEMORIALS TO GREAT MEN

by V. SUBRAMANIAN

(Translated from the Original in Tamil by Bharati)

ON the rail route (MSM) from Madras to Bombay, there is a station 'Vontimitta'. The village Vontimitta nearby is a beautiful one. Vontimitta means 'one hill'. There is a hill, a big lake at the bottom and a temple of Ramalingesa at the top. The poet Pothana who wrote Bhagavatham, the greatest epic in Telugu, was born here. His Bhagavatham, though it is written after the Sanskrit original like our Ramayana, is a composition as great as the original to its readers. As we honour the Kamba Ramayana, the Telugus revere Pothana's Bhagavatham. A few days ago Venkatesa Iyer, a teacher in the English School, Kumbakonam, wrote a letter to the 'Hindu' saying that they must find out the birthday of Pothana and celebrate it every year in 'Vontimitta' and all lovers of Telugu in Andhradesa and outside must gather there. If his birthday is not definitely known, they can celebrate it on Krishna Jayanti day. This is quite proper. But in Tamil Nad there is nobody to look after these things at all. There is no kind of celebration for our Tamil heroes, poets and philanthropists. In a country which does not devotedly honour the memory of the dead great, there is no room for the birth of new great men. Even if perchance, one or two appear they will not be respected deservedly. How can a people who do not appreciate their dead great men, spread out the fame of their workmanship to all the world, and follow them as far as possible—how will they honour the new ones?

What we wish appears before us and what we nourish grows up. A thing uncared for will perish, and an ability unpractised will be lost. In a country which does not honour

its heroes, scholars and philanthropists, heroism, scholarship and philanthropy will dim down. Since there is a new life in Tamil Nad, we must set aside our indolence, arrange for memorials and annual celebrations for Kamba, Ilango, and Tiruvalluvar. Tiruvalluvar was born in Mylapore. There is a Tiruvalluvar temple there. His birthday is not known for certain. Ilango who composed 'Silappadikaram', the finest of the big five epics, was born at 'Vanchi'. Pandit M. Raghava Iyengar concludes that his 'Vanchi' is the same as Karur near Trichinopoly. There is no means of determining his birthday also. The temple of Tiruvalluvar in Mylapore must be rebuilt properly. It is in poor condition now. We must erect memorials in Thiruvazhandur and Karur. There is no way for making certain their birthdays. Hence it will be proper to celebrate their memory on Saraswati Puja or on a fixed day before or after it. Since we have our Navaratri celebrations as usual, it will be easy to honour our great poets concurrently with them. By successfully arranging academies of scholars and mass meetings including all castes and creeds, there is room for the growth of happiness, knowledge and nobility. Every wise man can realise the importance of such celebrations in Tamil Nad, without room for caste distinctions.

P.S. The Telugus whom Bharathi held up to the Tamils for the love of their great men have not come up to his expectations. A memorial has been first erected to Bharathi himself. The child who cries loudest always gets his sweetmeats! The ghost of Bharathi will appreciate not only the new Tamil awakening, but the humour of the situation also.

Was death invented that there might be poetry? If so, it is, after all, not so senseless an argument.—William Cory.

"THE LOST MASTERPIECE"— ON TO 1960

by JAIBOY JOSEPH

MOST people mistake their vocation if they choose it too early in life. Minds mature mostly after 17 and any decision made prior to that age about one's future will invariably end in disillusionment. The schoolboy with his satchel in hand is a poor judge of his own future. He usually likes to be an engine-driver or a policeman although he may be destined for greater things. You must have heard of Natarajan who is a clerk in the J & T Sports shop round the corner. His was the typical case of men overshooting their mark, of capabilities falling short of ideals. At best Natarajan can be described as a frustrated cricketer. He had entertained high hopes of playing for India against Australia one day while at school. Step by step he would climb the ladder of success. He would first play for his school and then enter some league team or other and get his blues. Then by dint of sheer practice and perseverance he would get into the Madras XI and eventually play for the All India XI itself. The tragedy of his life lay in the fact that even after discovering his inherent weaknesses on the cricket field he clung on to this illusion for the rest of his life.

At the practice match played for the selection of the school team he proved himself a crashing bore with the bat. With regard to bowling, he was out of the running—his deliveries sooner or later would have landed him in the docks to face a charge of attempts at manslaughter. As for fielding, his absurdly non-prehensible fingers just would not permit him to do anything of the sort. The only traces of his zeal for cricket now are to be found in the fact that he is attired always in white and wears a worn-out pair of cricket shoes. When he reads accounts of the exploits of the Indian Team in Australia he wist-

fully says to himself "I might have been there." Many are called but few are chosen; so is it in the game of cricket as in many other walks of life.

I myself cherished the idea of becoming a pugilist once and little was the gusto I spared in poring over books on boxing and wrestling. But, alas, I had evidently mistaken my vocation, for later on when I took stock of my physical and psychological make-up I discovered that I was entirely unsuited to "indiscretions" like boxing and wrestling. When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things.

There are some however who though they do not mistake their vocation fail to adjust their genius to the prevailing modes and fashions and thus become the victims of their own obstinacy. Such a case is B.N.'s, who through some perverse streak within him chose to follow with a vengeance certain set principles of childhood. We were classmates in the fourth form in the year 1939. He spouted some vague notions about Marx of whom he had heard from his uncle. B.N. was for all his precocity a perverted child. He did not eat fruit salad because others ate it too commonly. In later years he professed a hatred for writers who wrote on Indo-Chinese relationship because the subject seemed so hardworked and threadbare. He hated anything that was hackneyed, he wanted to be different from others. While at school he made a momentous decision—to knock the bottom off Marx. He pitched upon a theme, a mad theme it was, to convince the world that Marx's theories were foggy and unworkable and that capitalism was the only spiritual salvation for humanity. He swore not to change

his views until his last breath had left him.

He set to his mighty task soon after he left school. He took up a house in Nungambakkam and with the money his rich parents had bequeathed him—(he was an orphan), he improved his library. His idea was to read and read like blazes until he collected enough material to write the world-shaking treatise he had planned. By the time he finished his Inter he had a collection of a thousand books. Later when he finished his honours the number shot up to two thousand five hundred.

I used to pay him a visit now and again on my way to office in the mornings. During these hours he was usually reading and taking down notes. One day I found him reading some book by a Zeno—which name my ignorant but imaginative mind conceived as suitable only for some extinct prehistoric monster.

He turned round—he was an excellent beginner of conversation—and said: "I say, old chap, have you ever read the Republic?" "No," I confessed, "only read bits from it—quoted. Why, has it helped your researches much?" "I dare say it has," he replied. "It has served me as a diving plank to take my plunge into the deep waters of political theory." He had made a good beginning judging from the books I found him amidst.

Three weeks later I saw him grinding away at Epictetus. A month later, on opening his notebook I read a small commentary and some quotations from St. Augustine's "City of God." So each time I visited him I saw him at a different book. William of Ocean, John of Salisbury, Dante, Nicole, Machiavelli, Rousseau, Didero, Holback, Condillac and Bentham—he read all of them and a hundred others along with their respective commentaries.

Then a long break followed in my visits; for some domestic reason I couldn't find time to visit him for a period of nearly two years. When I met him again he was reading Prince Kropotkin and simultane-

ously sipping tea. "I have practically reached my journey's end" he said. "In a couple of years from now I could begin my great epoch-making treatise, every sentence of which will be a political apothegm more precious than anything found in Plato, Marx or Acton." I took him at his word, for he meant what he said. I noticed that he had grown wan and frail, and that his myopia had worsened by several degrees; his thick lenses seemed to tell a sad tale. He had great rings round his eyes; his mind had developed at the expense of his body. I remarked about his physical condition but he waved it aside with a laugh and said "I could renovate my system in no time if I really want to". I planned a visit with him that evening Elliotts Beach. I was leaving for Calcutta where I had landed a good job the next day and I wanted badly to spend an evening with him as I feared it would be a very long time before we could meet again. On the sands he quoted a lot of political authorities both ancient and new against Marx whom he considered overrated and puerile. Capitalism, he said, would ultimately lead to the political and spiritual uplift of the masses. In trying to prove his thesis he invoked the aid of a hundred authorities literally. He could quote some of the best political theorists by the yard and I wondered at his great sagacity. At the same time I felt a certain sense of burden getting the better of me. I didn't see him again for many years. Nor did I hear from him; he is the worst correspondent I have ever known.

I met him again. The year was 1960. The place again Madras. Much water had flowed down the Cooum and the Government that Marx had predicted had come into being. With all its faults it had come to stay—and this is the fact which is most important to our present narrative. I chanced upon B.N. in a large public library. He was working in a makeshift room made with the aid of two wooden screens. I spied him through the open cleft where the two screens had nearly met. My heart gave a leap and I at once

swept into the room unannounced. He bade me sit and we retailed to each other all that had happened to us all these years. "I am the librarian here," he said, beaming. "And do you like the job?" I asked. He nodded his head and I know that there was nothing more to be asked. And then I shot the inevitable question which I was struggling hard to keep back all the while until the right moment arrived. "Have your old views died along with the old order?" I asked. "Yes," he confessed quickly in a voice grown husky with the years, "I had the wrong end of the Marxian stick all the time. Men must change, those who don't become martyrs at best, at worst seedy individuals who are reckoned as failures. Even that man you idealized with all your wishy-washy knowledge of socialism—Jai

Prakash Narain—bungled the job. He became Governor-General in the year 1953 and had his name profaned with scorn of the full-blooded Communist multitude. Had he—"

But here I interrupted him. I was more anxious to know about the masterpiece he had so assiduously planned. "Did you write the great treatise after all?" I asked hopefully. "Yes" he replied. "It was scheduled to go to press the day the new Government came in." "Was the manuscript then destroyed?" I queried impatiently. "No," he replied, "in a certain sense it was a tremendous success." And then drawing himself close to me he whispered into my ear, "It is exhibit number 3891 in the new Museum of National Antiquities." And he gave me a wan smile.

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CAN PARAMOUNTCY LAPSE?

by P. C. ALEXANDER, M.A., M.LITT., D.LITT.

WHEN the Cabinet Mission announced on 16th May 1946 that "paramountcy can neither be retained by the British Crown nor transferred to the new Government" it looked as if the British Government were putting forward a thoroughly impossible and absurd doctrine. Of course the princes were highly elated at this unexpected boon, which they knew would considerably inflate their bargaining capacity in Indian politics; but none expected that this theory of the lapse of paramountcy would be swallowed *in toto* by the Indian political parties. But many impossible and absurd doctrines of yesterday have become possible and reasonable today, and now all seem to have acquiesced in the theory that paramountcy has disappeared. However, to a student of constitutional history and law, the question still remains—has paramountcy lapsed? Can it go without leaving a substitute?

The doctrine that paramountcy cannot be transferred to the successor Governments received its confirmation in India when all parties finally accepted the Mountbatten Plan of June 1947. The British Government have consistently maintained the view that in allowing paramountcy to lapse they were taking the most correct and legally the most justifiable stand. "We hand back paramountcy" said Lord Mountbatten, "... we are coming out of all our commitments. In the process of quitting power in India we must try and approach it in as legally correct a manner as possible" (Press Conference, June 4). Mountbatten's scheme of 1947 did not concede to the States anything more than what was conceded by the Cabinet Mission's scheme of 1946. It may also be argued that the Cabinet Mission's Award was not a new concession to the States, but only an inevitable recognition of their rights and prerogatives based on previous constitutional documents. The 1935 Act had given the States the option to

join the Federation or not. Again, Section 285 of the Act had clearly excluded the rights and obligations of the Crown in relation to the States from the purview of the Federation. These provisions of the Act had their justification in the Butler Committee Report which had accepted the preposterous contention of the princes that Indian States have their relations with the British Crown (and not with the Government of India) and that the rights and obligations of the Crown cannot be assigned to persons who are not under its control. Thus we find an earnest attempt made to prove that the lapse of paramountcy is an inevitable corollary to the abolition of the Crown's sovereignty over India.

One fails to understand why the British Government should have been so fastidious about consistency of policy and legalistic approach towards the Indian States while it had cared little for these considerations in tackling other problems in India. In June '47 the British Government boldly brought about the partition of India, though till May '46 they were strongly convinced by "weighty administrative, economic and military considerations" that partition was dangerous and impracticable. Again, the solemn assurances given by Amery and Linlithgow to Dr. Ambedkar recognising the Scheduled Castes as a separate entity for political negotiations were unceremoniously ignored by the British Government in 1946 and 1947. There are any number of instances to prove that the British Government had never made consistency a virtue by itself.

It is unnecessary to go into the details of the controversy as to who wielded the paramount power—the Crown alone, as the princes contend, or the Government of India along with the Crown. Paramountcy is not a political concept which came with the British and so which should go with them. Paramountcy was there in its characteristically vague and ill-defined form even

before the British came and so it has to continue even after they go. Paramountcy is an unavoidable feature of a polity like ours even though its content and application may vary from time to time. If the States had been independent entities recognised by international law when they came under British paramountcy, there would have been justification for their reversion to independent status on the termination of British sovereignty in India. But it is a universally recognised fact that the States never enjoyed any such status in international law. In fact as far as the States were concerned it was only a change from Moghul or Mahratta paramountcy to British paramountcy. Even the Indian States Enquiry Committee recognised this point in unequivocal terms: "It is not in accordance with historical fact that when the Indian States came into contact with the British power they were independent." "In fact none of the States ever held international status. Nearly all of them were subordinate or tributary to the Moghul Empire, the Mahratta Supremacy or the Sikh Kingdom, and dependent on them" (Para 39). (It must be admitted that Travancore had not been under any paramount power before the advent of the British is historically correct. But Travancore is an exception). The British Government only inherited paramountcy and it will be certainly wrong to argue that paramountcy was based on the terms of treaties or engagements of sanads. The present Government of India is the "Succession State" and as such it automatically inherits paramountcy from its predecessor. International law clearly recognises the fact that the "Succession State" is not a new State. It is important to note in this connection that India's constitutional position as the "Succession State" was recognised by the U.N.O. when it decided the question of the membership of India and Pakistan in international organisations.

Paramountcy is a political necessity in a body politic like ours which

is "feudal-imperial" or "feudal-federal" in character. It is often said that the States "surrendered" three subjects to the Centre—defence, communications and foreign affairs. This is a typical instance of "loose thinking." These subjects were not "surrendered" by the States because they never possessed these powers. The Government of India take the responsibility for the defence of the States and the conduct of foreign relations. This has always been the primary duty of the paramount power and the Government of India continue to do it under the new set-up. The States are convinced that these powers can be exercised only by the Centre and thus out of practical necessity they recognise the supremacy of the Government of India. Legal purists may hesitate to call this paramountcy, after it is supposed to have lapsed, but in essence this is paramountcy.

Apart from controlling defence and foreign relations of Indian States, the British paramount power had frequently interfered in their international administration, settled disputes of succession and punished Indian princes for misgovernment. These rights have been claimed as inherent rights of paramountcy and the States have always recognised them (Examples are the Baroda Case, 1873-75, the Manipur Case, 1891-92 Lord Minto's Udaipur speech, 1909, the Nabha Case, 1922 and Lord Reading's letter to the Nizam, 1926). If we accept the doctrine that paramountcy has lapsed, are we to admit that the Government of India can exercise no such right? Whatever may be the legal position, it will be certainly impossible for the Central Government to remain quiet when they find instances of gross misrule or disloyalty or when the activities of particular princes prove to be detrimental to the peace and safety of the country. Intervention under such circumstances is inevitable, whatever may be the theoretical position of paramountcy. The British paramount power had often given "advice"

through their Residents to Indian princes and everyone knows that "the whisper of the Residency" had always been "the thunder of the State." The new State Department of the Government of India may not be so aggressive as its British prototype, but it cannot also fail to give timely "advice" to Indian princes.

So long as the present structure of Indian polity continues, paramountcy, inspite of declarations abolishing it, has to continue, and will continue, though not under this name. Paramountcy has always been based on conventions, traditions and usages rather than on pure legalistic sanctions of treaties. Treaties may be abrogated but conventions cannot be.

ECONOMIC RESOURCES OF PAKISTAN

by M. KOTISWARA RAO

THE State of Pakistan is a notional State, a State whose territory is not continuous. Pakistan as well as the Indian Union still owe allegiance to the British Crown. Besides juristic rights and duties this Status provides a certain amount of military aid. The two States need not completely rely on their own resources in the matter of defence. The Indian Union proposes to secede from the Commonwealth and has agreed to Dominion Status only as an unavoidable interim arrangement necessitated by the transference of power. But can Pakistan ever contemplate such a secession? Its finances and industrial resources do not permit such a break-up. Hence the Indian Union will have British forces on its North-West and North-East frontiers. Britain will not fail to demand some sort of control over Pakistan as a recompense for British military assistance. This unfortunate position of the Dominions explains the ready acquiescence of Churchill to the Indian Independence Bill.

Pakistan can be solvent only if it excludes defence expenditure from its balance sheet. Messrs. Modie and Mathai in their note on the financial prospects of Pakistan appended to the Sapru Committee Report observed that separation would be workable on economic grounds if judged solely by two tests, (1) maintenance of the existing standards of living and (2) meeting the budgetary requirements on a pre-war basis, but excluding provision

for defence. Recently G. D. Birla calculated the revenue and expenditure of the Pakistan Central Government at 8,295 lakhs and 11,629 lakhs respectively, with a deficit of 3,334 lakhs.

Can the constituent units of Pakistan afford any financial assistance to the Central Government? These units are themselves in a still worse plight so far as finances are concerned. The N.W.F. Province cannot carry on its ordinary administration without a fifty per cent subsidy from outside. It is only very recently that Bengal approached the Central Government for a subsidy to cover its deficit budget. Sind had a huge deficit in 1942-43. Certainly the Punjab alone cannot raise Pakistan to solvency.

Defence is the crux of Pakistan's finances. This problem is intensified by the strategical position occupied by the two parts of Pakistan in the west and east. They are more vulnerable to aggression and necessitate more than ordinary military establishments. Hence the only way out is to continue to be a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, in which case Britain will not fail to fish in the troubled waters of Pakistan.

The industrial resources of Pakistan are negligible. It does not contain any of the minerals like Iron and Coal essential for industrialisation. The following table shows the relative resource of the Indian Union and Pakistan:—

	INDUSTRIES	
	Indian Union	Pakistan
Cotton mills	380	9
Jute mills	108	Nil
Sugar mills	156	10
Iron and Steel mills	18	Nil
Cement mills	16	3
Paper mills	16	Nil
Glass factories	77	2
AGRICULTURE		
	acres.	acres.
Jute crop	983,519	1,403,700
Cotton	13,770,000	1,630,000
Tea crop	641,243	96,657
	tons.	tons.
Rice crop	17,229,000	5,376,000
Wheat crop	4,199,740	2,785,260
Sugar crop	2,631,000	517,000
MINERAL RESOURCES		
	tons.	tons.
Coal	2,50,79,802	1,98,476
Iron	14,21,701	Nil.
	gallons.	Gallons
Petroleum	6,59,68,950	2,10,13,420
Copper ore and wattle.	2,88,076	Nil.
	tons.	tons.
Manganese	7,66,341	Nil.
Magnesite	23,052	Nil.
Mica	1,08,834 cwt.	Nil.

Too much reliance is placed on hydro-electric power as a substitute for coal by the supporters of Pakistan. At present Pakistan has 2,847,000 kilowatts' potential water power, twice the resources in this respect of the Indian Union. But it requires time and money for its development. Pakistan has only two ports, Karachi and Chittagong. The Indian Union has Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Cochin and Vizagapatam.

Pakistan is a magnificent achievement so far as the political struggle for it is concerned. But real admiration should be reserved for economic success.

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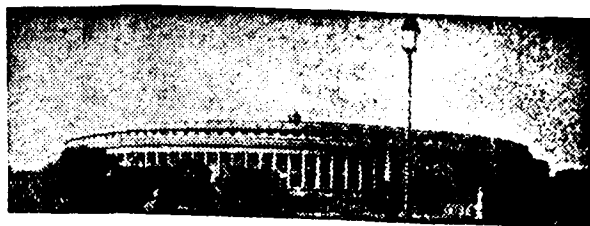
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NEW DELHI DIARY



by V. V. PRASAD

THE Special Correspondent of the *Indian News Chronicle*—which has been described as trying to become the hand-maid of Pandit Nehru—wrote as follows on December 4:

"The Indian Parliament made a beginning today with a foreign affairs debate. It was so much a beginning as to be rudimentary in level, in form and in content. No speaker perhaps erred in these respects more than the Prime Minister and Foreign Affairs Minister, who replied to the debate. He himself described the debate as a complex of pious hopes, vague ideals and sometimes a measure of denunciation of things that have happened in the world. The House, and later the lobby, were left with the feeling that Pandit Nehru's speech contributed in substantial measure to this result. His reference to members like Dr. Khare and Maulana Hasrat Mohani were peevishly authoritarian in tone.....

"Pandit Nehru's attempt at replying to criticisms of Mrs. Pandit's reported expenditure of Rs. 5 lakhs, he said, has no relation to facts. He, however, did not have the exact figure with him. He went on to explain how difficult it was to get furniture in Moscow....

"The first thing that an Ambassador of ours has to know", he said in another passage, "is to shut his mouth and give up public or even private speaking. It is not a habit which we have developed in our past careers—of being completely silent almost. Yet, that has to be developed; and in private, one has to be silent lest what one says might injure the cause of the nation, might create international illwill and so on." Lobby comment on this observation was that it contained a wholesome maxim which not only Ambassadors abroad but leaders nearer home could take to heart."

The only note which I hasten to add is that this diarist is not the New Delhi Correspondent of the *Indian News Chronicle*. The Correspondent in question is the soberest of the Capital's Pressmen—Shri S. A. Sastri, formerly Chief of the *Associated Press of India* at the Capital.

It is regrettable, of course, that the uncrowned King of India should have thought it desirable that people should keep their mouths shut even in private. That would create the atmosphere for conspiracies. It is better a man talks what he thinks, and gets it over with. Otherwise things would be terrible. As Mr. Crossman said, at Lake Success they are having open disagreements openly arrived at, which—Mr. Crossman pointed out—are preferable to the old-fashioned secret covenants. It is as well that we do not develop the vice of hiding our true thoughts, and the art of doing things stealthily.

Turning from foreign affairs to home affairs, we find that things are pretty bad. The runaway car of the present "hotch-potch Cabinet" (as one Working Committee-man described it) is in danger of falling because of the precipice of decontrol. Whether the car falls or not, many people are in danger of being run over.

There is a realisation on the part of vested interests, and also by the members of the Cabinet, that they are fast losing popularity on account of the decontrol measures contemplated. The *Hindustan Times* is so nervous that in the course of one single message it asserted and reasserted repeatedly that the Government commands the confidence

of the people—a thing which would not be done if it was so apparent. On December 6, the Special Representative of this paper wrote:

For the first time in the history of the Central Legislature, the Budget demands for grants were passed without any cut, not even a token cut, in the Dominion Parliament today. This reveals the confidence which the Nehru Cabinet enjoys....

Feeling that all public servants had been tarred with a black brush, Sardar Patel admonished the critics. He certified from his own experience that officers possessed ability, integrity and character. He added that if everyone was condemned that would demoralise even those who were honest. The applause which greeted these remarks showed that non-official benches appreciated the Home Minister's point of view.....

"There is no control on those who exercise control". Mr. S. K. Patil said amidst cheers and added: "You cannot improve the quality of administration. Remove controls and leave society to adjust itself."

It is a pity that corruption should be defended thus. If the admonished critics of controls cheered Sardar

Patel when he said that officers were men of ability, integrity and character, the reason has to be found elsewhere. Dr. Khare diagnosed it correctly. He said: "My criticism is inconsequential not because I have got no sense but because there is a serried rank of mechanised voting automata, to vote them down. I mean, those who have pawned their conscience and commonsense."

The greatest responsibility for launching decontrol at this juncture rests on the shoulders of the Mahatma. But for him no one would have dared even to whisper the suggestion for decontrol. I have no doubt that Gandhiji is totally in the wrong on this point. When he goes to the extent of saying that a few people might die if prices go up, but afterwards they would learn to be more self-reliant instead of wanting to be spoon-fed, we can have nothing to say to that. Misleading Gandhiji seems to be the easiest thing on earth. And it seems to be the pastime of those around him.

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after the funeral

By
M. KRISHNA MOORTHY.

"SHALL we go up?", he asked.

That was the usual formula he used every night to tell his wife that it was time they retired to bed. She said nothing in reply. The last of those who had come to offer their sincere condolences had gone a couple of hours ago and had left the husband and wife to their sorrow. Even the servants had finished their work and a deep silence reigned over the bungalow.

A full minute later she got up from the couch without a word and went upstairs. He rose and stopped the electric fan, put out the light, locked up the doors and shut the windows and followed her and they were soon in bed. He wanted to sleep but no sleep came to him. He heard his wife sobbing rasping sobs as if her heart would break every time she sobbed. He bore it for many minutes and then he turned himself round in his bed and said: "My dear, what is the use of weeping as if your heart would break? What has happened has happened and you cannot bring your son back to life. Perhaps it is all for the best, for who knows what the wisdom of God is and what His purposes are?"

She made no reply and continued to weep.

"You must not weep like this," he continued, after a pause. "You must think of our other two children. You should not make them miserable by being miserable yourself all the time. They are still too young to know sorrow and they weep not because they know of the horrors of inevitable death but because they see their mother weeping. You must stop weeping, my dear." With one

last, cruel sob she stopped sobbing. The silence was heavy. Sometime later he said: "You know, dear, it is amazing how the child which seemed to have got over the crisis a few days ago, got worse all of a sudden again and collapsed in two days. I wonder why that happened?"

She said, dully, "I don't know."

He raised himself on his bed with his elbows. And he looked at her tearstained and lovely face, and said: "That's better. I'm glad you have stopped weeping."

She wiped her face with the edge of her saree and he leaned forward and kissed her eyes. She shrank back from his touch.

He drew nearer to her and put his arm around her.

"Stop," she cried. "Can't you leave me alone at least tonight?"

"Why, darling," he said. "I merely wanted you to be comfortable and wanted to soothe you in my arms."

"Soothe!" she cried. "You soothe me! That is very good indeed! You, you who has done nothing but irritate and make me unhappy all through the last two years! How are you going to soothe me and make me forget my sorrow?"

He drew back from her. "You hate me, don't you?" he asked.

"Hate," she replied. "I don't hate you. I merely dislike you. You have become a regular drunkard and even when our son was on his death bed you disgusted me and all our people by coming home drunk. Can't you keep away from the accursed bottle even for a single evening?"

"Why should I?" he asked. "What have I instead of the bottle to make

me happy? Where is the wife who loves me and cherishes me and makes my life happy? You are my wife only in name, you know that."

"Who is to blame for that?" she cried. "I loved you as deeply as one could and I gave you my everything to make you happy and you disregarded all that and humiliated me in public by your marked preference for drink over your wife and children. The people talked of nothing else but your disgusting drinking bouts and I felt completely ashamed of you. With your breath foul with the stink of whisky you have wanted to make love to me and you wanted me to rejoice in that stink. How could I while I loathed and detested you in my heart and had no respect at all for your character?"

"That's quite a speech, my dear," he sneered. "You must write a novel one of these days!"

She made no reply. Again there was a pause and again he broke it.

"You know, Kuttli," he said, as if musing aloud, "You have not been entirely unhappy because of my bad habits. You, too, have had your consolations."

Her face was buried in her pillow but she pricked up her ears to listen carefully.

"For example," he went on, "There has been Mohan, you know."

In a moment she was alert and on the defensive.

"What of him?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing, nothing, my dear," he said, mockingly. "I only meant to say that you left the arms of a drunken husband and took to the pleasant ones of that perfumed popinjay. You have been well consoled, my darling wife, you can't deny that."

She said nothing.

Inexorably he went on.

"You know there were not people wanting who told me that I should kick that fellow out of my house every time he put in an appearance. But I told myself that I had proved a disappointment to you, that I had sought the satisfaction from the bottle which I should have had from

you, and I told myself that I should be a noble soul and should not let jealousy gnaw at my heart. That was a difficult job, I tell you," he snarled with sudden intensity. "But I went on telling myself that I whose faults were many had no business to blame you for a very human failing after all."

He paused as if he expected her to say something; but she said nothing, and he went on in the manner of one repeating a tale to a sleepy child which demands a story from its father before going to sleep.

"I never minded your meeting secretly, your stolen kisses and caresses and clandestine assignations. I sometimes found it a huge joke to find you so utterly foolish in the idea that I was a fool who could be cheated easily all the time. But when Shyam was born I was angry. I tell you I was tremendously angry and heaven alone knows how I kept that anger down. Perhaps I had not yet got sufficient proof that he was not my son but Mohan's. Anyhow I bided my time while you, you poor, ignorant fool, you and your lover were more happy than ever before and even grew not to mind my presence about and around you. You were so serenely happy in your parenthood; and, I suppose, in having cheated me so effectively. But I was only watching all the while; I wanted to be sure, that is all. Every day the child was growing more like his father and I heard the ill-suppressed sniggers of my friends and relatives whenever I spoke proudly of my latest born baby." His dull, level tones frightened her very much more than his drunken ravings ever had. She looked at him covertly with hatred and fear in her heart. He went on.

"And when the child became seriously ill I prayed as I have never prayed in all my life that it should die. May God forgive me if that were ever possible. And I decided to kill that poor innocent thing, and I did it very simply. Every bottle of medicine I replaced with another containing poisonous drugs in doses too large for a child. You must never forget I am a qualified doctor,

my dear, even though my drunkenness has taken away all my practice from me. The colour was the same and you yourself gave your love child its doses of poison. The prescription was meant to cure the child and had been given by Puru but the mixture in the bottle was mine and was meant to kill. How I laughed to see you kill your child gradually!"

He rolled over in his bed and fell asleep instantly, like a child.

She lay awake staring at the ceiling with unseeing eyes and that was only the first of many sleepless nights she spent thereafter. He left her and her lover severely alone after that and they went on loving each other but they never had any more children.

SIDELIGHT ON P. E. N. CONFERENCE AT BENARES

(From A Delegate)

AS the question of the *lingua franca* is coming up before the Constituent Assembly, a part of the proceedings of the All-India Writers' Conference may interest the reader.

On 1st November, Mr. Vasudeva Murty and Mr. Gurdial Mullick read papers advocating translations from and into the Indian languages. Some advocates of Hindi, however, felt that translations from and into Hindi alone were necessary; they thought that any proposal which placed the Indian vernaculars on an equal footing with Hindi was likely to hinder the cause of the common language of India. Dr. Menon thought otherwise. When a work in one Indian language is translated into another Indian language the translator is likely to use the words which occur in both the languages, and thus the vocabulary which is common to India is sure to be popularised everywhere. This facilitates the evolution of the *lingua franca*.

Another bitter controversy was roused by the question of the script. On the 3rd November, Dr. M. D. Manohar and Sri S. C. Guha read papers advocating slight modifications of the Devanagari script in order to adapt it to modern conditions. The changes suggested were more or less similar to those suggested by eminent well-wishers of Hindi like Kaka Kalelkar, Poradkar and Srinivas of the Nagari Pracharini Sabha. But the younger Hindi

enthusiasts who are more uncompromising than the older would not tolerate any talk of reform. Mr. R. K. Chaube of Benares said that Devanagari script was perfect and that any proposal to reform it was a dis-service to the nation. Pandit Sitaram Chaturvedi of Benares said that Devanagari should be the only script and Hindi the only language in the whole of India. Dr. Menon pointed out that while the Devanagari alphabet is scientific, the script as current in Northern India is not. That is why Gujarati, Marathi, Bengali, Oriya, Telugu, Canarese and Malayalam, while adopting the Nagari script, found it necessary to make certain radical changes.

The general impression of the Conference that one carries is that the advocates of Hindi could have shown a little tolerance. There were 75 members. All knew English well, and about 40 did not understand Hindi. The organisers of the Conference had therefore decided that the proceedings should be in English, but some insisted on speaking in Hindi, and would not allow any other language, whether Indian or foreign.

On the concluding day, the P.E.N. members were invited to the Nagari Prachari Sabha. Madame Wadia was the guest of honour. As she could not speak in Hindi, and as the organisers would allow no other language, she could not speak at all!

AN OPEN LETTER TO SARDAR VALLABHAI PATEL

by "CHITRAGUPTA"

DEAR SARDARJI,—And so you are seventy-two, and not many of us suspected it. However, as the conveniences require it, let me hasten to wish you somewhat belatedly, many more happy returns of that day which for the first time in your life was celebrated on a national scale. By the same token, I presume I am right in dubbing you the Methusaleh of our Dominion Ministry.

I had been waiting for the conclusion of the protracted negotiations with Hyderabad to time my communication to you. For, I had hoped to find in it something spectacular, epoch-making, irrevocable on which to congratulate you and the nation. But I regret to say that I must defer that pleasure to a more propitious opportunity in an uncertain future.

Permit me to review your career with retrospective brevity before I proceed to indicate the tasks that still await, to be done or undone by you.

You have been artful or adroit enough to whet public curiosity in many intriguing ways until you became the embodiment of the mystery man of Indian politics. Under the uncritical but hospitable umbrella unfurled by the Mahatma overflowing with the milk of human kindness, you have pitched your tent and struck roots with a calm deliberation and a quiet staying power which have wearied your rivals and caused them to drop by the wayside. You have cultivated a reputation for being the strong silent man of the Congress, a go-getter, a hustler, one whose progress has been punctuated by prostrate rivals, squeamish doctrinaires, timid time-servers and the amiable but ineffective Peter Pans of politics, most of whom are now engaged in hurling their shafts at you from their caves of Adullam. As you ought to know from my previous

record, I am not any one of these, but the deputy on earth of the Recording Angel, my task being to set out the truth as I see it.

In the far distant days when you were an attorney in the dingy obscurity of a lawyer's office, you were known for a calm self-possession, a dry matter-of-factness which are your assets still. The grandest thing you did in your life was to follow the Mahatma when he had nothing to offer you except the prison. The virtue of that conversion still clings to you and invests you with whatever of vitality you still possess. Ordinary friendship becomes fanaticism if cultivated against a sea of troubles; constancy becomes heroism if persisted in against the most depressing combination of adverse circumstances. You stuck to the Mahatma through thick and thin, and what is more you stuck to your faith in yourself through all that valley of the shadow in which you had to sojourn for the best part of a generation.

Until office came and sought you, your silences were most admirable manifestations of your strength. Sometimes you were thought to be in opposition to Nehru, sometimes to the Mahatma himself. You bore the odium of all the unpleasant things done by or in the name of the Congress. To you, almost alone, is charged the mounting debit of the Congress having become a fascist organisation, of the Congress High Command a toy in your pocket. You have used the whip to dragoon provincial committees in the name of discipline; of sugar-coating sawdust pills in the name of political orthodoxy. You have temporised with rival groups, and by setting up or knocking down men of straw, have strengthened your foothold in the national organisation. While outwardly, the facade of the Congress is maintained unimpaired, cracks are already beginning to show in the provincial spheres. But

this is a matter which I propose to take up with the new Congress President before long, and so shall not inflict it on you.

Since the dawn of Freedom, you have become invested with a concentration of power which in some respects is greater and more momentous than that in the hands of Pandit Nehru the Prime Minister. You have been in charge of Home which means all the provinces, of the States which means all India minus Pakistan and of Broadcasting which means putting it across to the entire outside world. To be just to you, you were not given a dog's chance to initiate any worthwhile reforms in any of them because of the ghastly manner in which the partition was overwhelmed by the pogroms in the Punjab. That calamitous event caught you and all India on the wrong foot; and while it was touch and go for days together, you and your colleagues managed to turn the corner by the skin of your teeth, and as a result of heroic improvisations for which we may all be grateful to and gratified with one another.

No sooner were the riots got under control than you had your work cut out for you in Junagadh, Kashmir and lastly Hyderabad. Kashmir was thought to be Nehru's personal assignment, Junagadh yours, while in the excitement of these separate adventures the case of Hyderabad was almost entirely forgotten. And yet from the beginning of the new era certain factors must have been as plain as pikestaff. For instance, the arms racket, the regrouping of populations, planned emigration, absence of checks on division of military stores and their movements, and a state of jitters which while congenial to marauders was most disconcerting to peace-loving and almost bovine Hindu sections of the community. In short, by a technique as old as Genghiz Khan the morale of a preponderating majority was sought to be broken in subtle and insidious ways without your suspecting anything of the matter.

But most amazing of all has been your imperfect appreciation of

Hyderabad's potentialities for mischief. Hyderabad, may I repeat, is the clue to the Indian labyrinth, the fly in the Hindu ointment, the rift in the Hindustani lute, the spoke in the Asoka Chakra which has the power to bring it to a dead stop, the Trojan Horse planted in the bosom of the patient and long suffering Hindu to his eventual confusion, if you do not betimes liquidate it in all-India interests.

I am not among those who deplore the standstill agreement as derogatory to the Indian Union. The Indian Union has no dignity yet; it has not the strength which alone would ensure that dignity. You were wise in your generation in agreeing to a postponement of the show-down, with Kashmir on hand, and Junagadh fifty-fifty. Hyderabad is an armed camp. Years of World War II and the feverish generosity of the departing British power have taken care to dump in the dark recesses of that State military stores which would be enough I think to arm a million soldiers. In Hyderabad, every Muslim is a soldier, for he is fit for nothing else as frankly admitted by that paragon of fascists, the President of the Majlis. It was therefore the better part of valour, namely discretion, which prompted you to defer the day of reckoning with the descendant of some Turkoman adventurer who strayed from Central Asia to Central India, and who has been kept going by artificial respiration during the last two hundred years by a succession of other adventurers.

If you do not make a well planned use of the coming year to seal off Hyderabad, and keep on its borders an antidote to the Arab mercenaries who are being drilled and dragooned inside, you may count on an organised explosion which would ravage the surrounding areas. Please see that the Nizam's demand for arms is met by sending further contingents of Indian troops; there is no frightful hurry for withdrawing our troops from Hyderabad. The Nizam may be assured that our troops are his, and his troops are ours, and so it is all one.

If on the other hand you think that a settlement through pacific means is possible, and so there is no need for other preparations, take it from me that you will be digging the grave of the Indian Union. For an outflow of Jihad from Hyderabad will be mingled in trickles of them from all parts of the Indian Union to our eternal disgrace and destruction. For remember high policy has decreed that the Muslims in India must be asked to stay put while feverish attempts are being made to pull out the last Hindu and Sikh from pockets of Pakistan. This would relieve Pakistan of the risks of a possible fifth column, while it would saddle us with it ten-fold.

As for the solidarity of the Hindus on which you and many others are counting, allow me to tell you that it would prove a broken reed. For the Hindus are more like a sack of potatoes; the moment you open it, out they sprawl in all directions, and assume all sorts of unifying postures. The so-called Hindu is a myth; for the poison of sub-division has eaten into the very vitals of our society. While the cry of the Muslim knits all Muslims in an extra-ethnic, extra-political and extra-cultural bond that defies geography, commonsense and a sense of humour, the Hindu is the victim of corruption through a thousand years of slavery, and the dawn of freedom finds him dazed and uncertain of his grasp. His first instinct is selfish, he has to be generous by ratiocination; whereas the first impulse of the Muslim is to be self-forgetful, while he has to be reasoned into cold calculation.

You are said to be backing the money-bags. If this is true, I implore you to drop them like the plague. The money-bags can always look after themselves. They thrive under the British, they would thrive under the Muslims, they would thrive even

under Nadir Shah, as they certainly thrive under Aurangzeb. Look at these profiteers in sugar and other commodities blandly coming out into the open holding a pistol at the head of the community. If you had the guts you are said to possess, you should catch hold of some of them, hang them first on the nearest tree, and then hold a judicial inquiry to prove how just was the action.

The austerities that you have practised till now are nothing to the austerities which you must enforce hereafter, if the freedom that has blundered into our midst has to become a priceless possession of even the commonest man among us.

I hope too that the popular notion that you and Nehru represent two opposing power blocs inside the Cabinet is not true. It would be unfortunate if true; highly mischievous if false. The fact that you are accused of pursuing power politics is itself an indirect compliment to you. For you are not expected to do so at least by the more unsophisticated sections of the public. That is your greatest asset. Do not cast aside the common man, for he alone will make or mar the revolution in the next phase. If you hand him over to the profiteer, he will rebel, and seek his revenge by betraying you to the communist on the one side or the communalist on the other, waiting to share the spoils of a devastated and dismembered India.

Of your broadcasting reforms, I say nothing, because they amount to nothing. You seem to have a set of duds to do your aerial serveys. I must defer consideration of it to a future occasion in view of the major calamities that threaten us from all directions. May God give you the wisdom to see right, and the strength to pursue it in deed!

The fault lies not with the courses of study, not with the pupils, but with the teachers themselves that they are unsuccessful. A teacher once whipped a boy and the boy laughed. The teacher, angered, whipped the boy more severely. The boy laughed the more. In amazement, the teacher said, "what in the world are you laughing about?" The boy said in reply, "Why, teacher, you are whipping the wrong fellow."

CAN GOVERNMENT SERVANTS STRIKE?

by Prof. M. VENKATARANGAIYA, M.A.

(We disagree with the viewpoint of the distinguished writer of this article, but we publish it, nevertheless, as suppression of what is disapproved is no solution of any problem. It is no part of the social or economic duty of any worker or class of workers to solve the problems of government for those that run the administration. Nor is corruption confined within any sectional limits. It has spread over practically the whole of society and belongs to all classes these days.—Ed. S)

EVIDENTLY Mr. K. Jagadisa Iyer, President of N.G.Os' Association, is not satisfied with the Press Note of 5th December in which the Government proposed to examine *de novo* the question of dearness allowance and house rent allowance and the anomalies in G.O. No. 78 Finance dated 6th February 1947 with a view to rectifying them. His complaint seems to be that the Madras Secretariat Association which got these terms from the Government acted unilaterally in the matter and did not consult him before calling off the strike announced to commence on the 5th December. He therefore threatens that the N.G.Os. may decide in favour of an indefinite strike from the second week of this month and that the decision of the Central Committee will become binding on all the members (including the Secretariat staff). Thus the surrender which the Government made on the 5th has had no effect practically on him. His minimum demands are the examination of the question of pay by an independent tribunal and the payment of dearness allowance on the scales recommended by the Central Pay Commission.

This threat to strike raises issues of a highly serious character. Strike by Government officials paralyses much more effectively and completely the work of society than strike by any other set of employees. The position they hold is a key position. This gives them an advantage—an undue advantage—in their fight with Government. But that is the

very reason why they should not resort to strike unless it be for very grave reasons. It is only when they are able to convince the public that the conditions of their service are much worse than those affecting the ordinary classes of people in the community and that their emoluments are very much less than those obtained by these classes that there may be some justification for a strike. Even then they should think twice before utilising a weapon which is sure to intensify the forces of disorder and lawlessness that are raising their heads in every part of the country today.

The first point to be grasped in this connection is that the parties to the dispute are not merely the N.G.Os on one side and Government on the other but also the general public who are to be served both by the officials and the Government. How the public are going to be affected by the demands made by the N.G.Os and by the grant or the refusal to grant the demands by the Government is a matter of as much vital importance as the interests of the N.G.Os. It is however this point that is being ignored.

It should next be recognised that Government officials in our country—including the N.G.Os—have been enjoying—thanks to British rule—a highly privileged status. They have security of tenure; rules regulating the concessions they get in the form of privilege leave, sick leave and other forms of leave have been highly liberal. They can retire at the age of 55 and enjoy a pension

for the rest of their lives. How many sections of the community can be said to enjoy privileges like these? It is because of this special position that has been conferred upon them that in our country educated people have shown a preference to Government service leading to unhealthy and highly demoralising rivalry among the different sections of the people to get a share in this service. Communalism and the communal G.Os are entirely the outcome of the highly privileged position occupied by Government officials. They should therefore be the last to think of resorting to strike.

During the last seven or eight years most Government officials have been able to make large sums of money by resorting to corruption and bribery. It is this more than anything else that weakens their case for a strike. Economists draw a distinction between the nominal and real wages of a workman. While the nominal wages of N.G.Os consist of the salaries and allowances they get, their real wages are more. It is not merely the higher placed gazetted officers that have been benefited by illegal gratifications but all ranks of Government officials. How much of corruption pervades the atmosphere of public services today is revealed by open references to it made by persons holding the most responsible positions in the Central and Provincial Cabinets and Legislatures. There has been only this week a whole debate on it in the Central Legislature. Mr. Gadgil, the Minister for Works, had to confess that "corruption increased in the course of the war period so much that it would be a mild description if he were to say that it presented a national problem." Is it not therefore desirable that N.G.Os should have a clear conscience before they claim higher pay and allowances and before they decide on a strike?

There is also a more important issue. Like all other people claiming higher pay the N.G.Os look at the question from their own individual standpoint. They forget that any increase in their pay and allowances means a corresponding re-

duction in the share of national income which goes to the other classes of people in the community and that the large majority of these classes are much poorer and have to be satisfied with a lower level of income than the N.G.Os. Before they claim a higher share it ought to be their duty to lay down a scale of the incomes which they think it would be in their opinion legitimate for other classes to get. A clerk gets, it is true, only Rs. 50 a month and in these days it is very difficult to maintain a family on such a low income. But how much is it that the peasant, the village artisan, the urban labourer and the thousands and millions of other people who pay the taxes out of which the salaries of Government officials are paid, get? How many of them get Rs. 50 a month? What is the average income of the petty shop-keeper, the schoolmaster, the village doctor, etc? This is the point, the real point, that is relevant to the context. No category of workers—much less Government officials—are justified in going on a strike unless they are in a position to place before the public a statement of not only what they think they deserve to get by way of income but also what they think that workers belonging to every other category deserve to get. It is only a comparative statement like this that will reveal the extent to which the claims put forward by any set of workers have justice and equity as their basis. As it is, the claims are separately put forward and in many cases they have to be conceded and are conceded not because they are just and equitable but because they have pressure and compulsion behind them. It is like war which is used as the instrument for settling international disputes.

It will not be proper for the N.G.Os to argue that they are not concerned with the incomes of others and that it is the duty of Government to look to equity of the kind referred to here. For they know as every intelligent citizen knows that Government can pay them more only when they take more in the shape of taxes from the masses of people

in the country. Of late the expenditure under administrative services has been on the increase. New departments have been created. Offices have been unnecessarily multiplied. More than a crore, it has been stated, is being spent in this province on the Department of Civil Supplies which is most responsible for the corrupt methods prevalent in the enforcement of controls and for the blackmarket

that is flourishing throughout. It is not argued here that N.G.Os have no legal or moral right to strike. But it is submitted that before they do so they should tell the public what they consider to be the legitimate share of national income which they are prepared to concede to all those classes of people from whom the taxes are collected to maintain the officials in comfort.

ARIYAKUDI: THIRTY YEARS OF LEADERSHIP

by T. V. R.

I was then almost a boy. It was nearly twenty-three years ago. I was studying in the Junior Intermediate class. The popular musician of today, "G.N.B.", was then as young as myself. Both of us were fond of music, and there were a few others too who all used to sing and vie with one another in attending music concerts.

G.N.B.'s father, the late lamented Narayanaswami Iyer, who was himself a good lover of first-rate music, and the late Mr. P. B. Ramanujachariar (one of God's good men, as delightfully sweet-tempered as any that ever walked this earth) were the Secretaries of the Parthasarathi Swami Sabha. Concerts in Karnatic music did not, in those days, draw the crowds they do these hectic days. They were satisfied with the accommodation found in the first floor of a building in a fairly crowded locality. There were no electric fans or convenient furniture. The audience, most of whom were connoisseurs of Karnatic music, squatted before the musicians, and used to forget themselves for four, even five hours, listening in rapt attention to the flowing melodies.

It was in such an atmosphere that I first heard today's great Bhishma of South Indian Music, Ariyakudi. It is true that I had heard him several years prior to this, at Jalatarangam Ramanayya Chetti's house in George Town. But I was then a child.

Since that day in Parthasarathi Swami Sabha, twenty-three years ago, I have heard Ariyakudi and other musicians dozens and dozens of times. The last time I heard him was yesterday (Sunday, December 7) at the Mylali Sangitha Sabha. He is now getting on for sixty. Even when I heard him first he was past his youthful strength.

But at sixty as at forty, Ariyakudi renders varnam, kirtanam, raga, pallavi, tanam, javali, raga-malika—even the usual mangalam—with an *artistry* that is as charming today as it was then!

There are musicians and musicians. There are some who will sing excellently on some days, but who will fail pitifully on other days. You can never be sure, when you go to listen to them, whether they will struggle and groan and evoke a sense of pity in you, or whether they would dazzle you with a brilliant performance. Ariyakudi is a winner all the time. His performance can never "fail". No, he cannot ever "fall below" a standard that is quite high for the others in the field. What this rare quality of never-falling sweetness is due to, we shall seek to examine a little later.

WITHOUT EVEN A SRUTI!

There is another class of musicians whose dependence on the "accompanying" violinists and "mridangists" is truly pathetic. They owe much of their popularity

to some particular patterns of rendering swaras and kritis which are set off nicely by the understanding shown by the violinist and, even more so, by the mridangam player.

I know of no musician less dependent on accompaniments than Ariyakudi. He can give a great and most successful performance with absolute novices to "accompany" him. Believe it or not, he can enthrall an audience without even a "sruti" instrument. I have once heard him render a Sanskrit sloka before his great Acharya, the late Appan Venkatachariar Swami, without even a "tambura" to aid him. He then sang Sahana and Mohana and Sindhu Bhairavi in such a delicious manner that the Swamiji ignored all his appalling howlers in the pronunciation and division of Sanskrit words, and blessed him with his heart.

NO NEED FOR "AIDS"

And now, who hasn't heard of the musicians who have depended abjectly on the boost of the magnates of the Press? Reviews in the popular vernacular press, photographs, cartoons, articles in this special Dipavali number and that Pongal "malar" my word, what an effort used to be made to keep certain people continuously before the public!... Ariyakudi has never needed any artificial boosting from any one—be it the Press, or an "Asthana", or a Rajah. No doubt, they have all spoken and written appreciating him, and honouring him with titles and money. But he has never had any need to "angle" for them. *It is not perhaps because of any consciously higher moral or professional standards. It is mainly due to his supreme self-confidence that in his own field he is a king; and, therefore, while he must be civil to all, he need not be obsequious to judges, advocates, business and Press magnates.* In fact there are only two Vocalists in South India, whom I know, who have distained to woo this academy or that, this critic or that, this "Isai" movement or that: and they are Chembai and Ariyakudi. It is the others who

have had to woo them; Chembai, because of his matchless mastery of the technique of music combined with a great voice; and Ariyakudi, because of his having perfected and then standardised his beautiful style of rendering Karnatic music. In fact, there have been periods when certain powerful groups were distinctly hostile to them. But these two went on in Bradman-like ways of quietly piling up success after success.

AMAZING CONTINUITY OF SUCCESS

To be in the top-most class in vocal music for four decades is a feat of which very few are capable. Palladam and Karakudi, for instance, have been able to maintain a high degree of popularity for quite long periods. The use of breath or of the hand, over the flute or the vina or the violin, seems to be capable of longer retention than that of the voice. During these several decades, when Ariyakudi has been singing week after week in all parts of Tamil Nad, (it will be interesting to know how many "kacheries" he has led), quite a goodish number of "stars" have risen and set. Some subtle or brazen boost somewhere, a catching gramophone record or two, some ingenious critic detecting something unique in the voice or the "bhava" or the "swara arrangements" and a "star" is set in motion.

But the craze wears off quickly. May be it is three or five or even ten years in some cases. At the end of it, the "star" sets and never again rises. People who waxed lyrical in singing the praises of these new ones, quietly forget them and go back to their Ariyakudi! His voice has a wonderful richness, volume and strength that seem to be undiminishing.

VAST REPERTOIRE

I wonder if there is any South Indian musician whose repertoire of songs is as vast as that of the Sangitha Ratnakara. How many Thyagaraja kritis, how many of Dikshitar and Syama Sastri, how many Telugu, Tamil, Canarese,

Marathi and Hindi javalis and sundry songs he knows! This large repertoire is one of the causes of his astonishingly secure position. He knows so many songs that he can select exactly those which suit the state of his voice, the mood of the audience, the nature of the accompaniments, etc. He never finds himself in an awkward or even difficult situation. Secondly, he has, by constant practice in his younger days, developed a voice that is rich in volume, strength and melody. This enables him to sing without any apparent effort or strain. You may remember those who turn this way and that, and make hideous contortions and seem to be in gripping pain! Ariyakudi's mastery of the technique is so complete that he never had any headache about any *tala* or any *eduppu*, and could devote all his time to making his rendering of kritis and ragas *beautiful*.

More important than all these, however, is his exquisite *sense of proportion*. That is at the basis of all art, isn't it? He never overdoes either the kirtanams or the ragas or the swaras. Everything

in its place, everything done well, nothing omitted—that is Ariyakudi's *forte*. I remember a vocalist who used to take twenty minutes for the swara-epilogue for a kriti for which he took only five minutes. *Music, Ariyakudi knows, is not gymnastics or a display of feats*. The primary attribute of music must be *beauty*; and that is really *beautiful* which is *truthful*. He believes that the high watermark of beauty and art had been reached in our traditional, in our Karnatic "Sampradaya" music. New-fangled styles are not only deviations from the truth but also from beauty.

Thus, Ariyakudi is going strong as he reaches sixty. He has been a great pioneer, a savant who created the mode (the "paddhati") for others, who has built up a fine style and school of singing—one whose music is at once impeccable and pleasing to the pundit as well as the pamara (layman). May he live long: for, in his case it is enough if he lives: for he will sing all the time he lives, unlike other musicians who may live but yet are unable to sing.

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A man-of-war is the best ambassador—Oliver Cromwell

IT was Burke who said long ago that large masses of men had no interest in continued disorder. It was Burke again who said that a whole nation could not be indicted. These declarations mean no more than this, that millions of men have a 'horse sense' of the realities of the political situation. They always realise the immediate demands of a crisis, though they may be often misled about concrete political action.

Our people have intuitively perceived what our political leaders had no excuse for ignoring, that Pakistan is carrying on an unofficial but total war against Indian nationalism in all its manifestations. The leaders and followers of the Moslem League believe that violence and brutality have paid them large dividends in the past, and are eager to consolidate and extend their victory by further violence and brutality.

Two psychological factors dominate the situation. First of all, there is a deeprooted conviction among the Moslems that the Hindus are degenerate cowards, afraid of violence, and that they will never hit back. Secondly, there is the Hindu feeling that the Moslems are past arguing with and that they understand and appreciate only the *argumentum ad baculum*. As long as these convictions and feelings remain, so long will there be no enduring communal peace, either in India or in Pakistan.

Examined in this light, the riotings in Pakistan and India reveal themselves in their true colours. In Pakistan the riots were encouraged and patronised by the Government. It is significant that till now there has not been a single whole-hearted and unqualified denunciation of Moslem atrocities in Pakistan from any responsible Moslem leader, either in India or in Pakistan. A few have issued denunciatory statements, but they have been very careful in balancing Moslem atrocities

against Hindu barbarities. And many of them create the impression that the Hindus deserve most of what they have been getting at the hands of the Moslem mobs.

On the other hand, our leaders were taken by surprise by the uprise of our people. Having schooled themselves to saintly restraint in speech and action, they found themselves suddenly out of step with the people. Denouncing the people in unmeasured terms, asking them to be ashamed of themselves, threats of resignation from Pandit Nehru and the like cannot cut much ice. Rightly or wrongly, the Hindu masses in India feel that their leaders have not dealt resolutely and effectively with the Moslem threat to their life, honour and liberties. When in their opinion the Government failed to discharge its primary duty of protecting and defending their lives and honour, they took over the duty themselves. Spontaneously, a people's Government came into being in wide areas. Hundreds of village Hampdens rose up to organise and lead the people.

Look at this picture of what happened in a U.P. village. On the afternoon of September 19, a patrol of the first battalion of Kumaon Rifles consisting of one officer and seven men, observed smoke in the direction of a village called Pinauti in Bulandhar district. Rushing up there, they found fires burning and a mob of about 3000, directed by a man on an elephant, surrounding the village. The patrol then attacked the mob and rescued a number of women and children about to be burnt to death in a locked-up house. (Press report from Lucknow dated 1st October.)

Here we have in brief the good and the evil in this movement, the emergence of the people's will both as a moral protest and as a physical remedy against the atrocities in Pakistan and the ineptitude of our Government in dealing with them.

and the barbarous depths to which this counter-terrorism was ready to descend.

If the Government is to regain control over the situation, they must show that they have a better way and plan than rioting for achieving the objectives the people have in view. In a moment of insight, Gandhiji went to the root of the matter. He suggested war as a substitute for rioting. Abhorring war as he does, he feels it to be at any rate better than indiscriminate slaughter. It is the spectacle of helplessness at Delhi that encourages riots in Pakistan and provokes counter-offensives in India.

Only one thing is needed to sober the people in both the Dominions—a spectacular humiliation for the Moslem League and its leaders. Their success in carving out Pakistan, as they fondly believe, by bluff, bluster and bloodshed, has intoxicated the Moslems and infuriated the Hindus. A striking and convincing defeat to the Moslem League's professed policy of organised communal pogroms will alone make the Hindu masses feel that their leaders are setting about their work in right earnest. It will also convince the Moslems that pogroms will not pay further dividends and may become boomerangs.

This does not mean that India should forthwith declare war against Pakistan. But it does imply that the Government of India should strive openly for liquidating the leadership of the Moslem League. Short of war, many things may be done to hasten this consummation devoutly to be wished for.

First, there must be an end to this 'hush hush' policy about condemning Pakistan. It must be made clear that the Government are taking firm measures against disloyalty and treachery here. Instances of such action should be given the widest

publicity. Secondly, Moslem organisations in India should be encouraged to denounce the atrocities in Pakistan. Thirdly, the Moslem League in India should be declared illegal. There is no meaning in India allowing Indian Moslems to be politically affiliated to an organisation running a sovereign State beyond our borders. That our people have failed to realise the position is made clear by such instances as allowing Mr. Mohammed Ismail to become the Leader of the Opposition in the Madras Legislature, even when he was leading a party directed from Karachi. Fourthly, the Moslems in India should be effectively disarmed. This is necessary in the interests of the Moslems themselves. The attention of the public has not been sufficiently drawn to serious risks of the comparative failure of the appeal to the Moslems, to surrender arms voluntarily. Persuasion having failed, the use of force becomes a political imperative. Fifthly, there must be wide publicity given to our Government's efforts to pursue the claims of the refugees against Pakistan. Sixthly, our leaders must dispel the impression that they are more anxious to maintain their reputation for justice than take swift and strong measures, adequate to the needs of their own people. They must make it clear that all the resources of India will be readily available to bring the enemies of their people to book. In politics, individual likes and dislikes do not count. The situation ever and always dictates to us.

These measures may seem anti-Moslem. But they are intended to preserve peace in India and Pakistan and will prove a blessing to the Moslems. Hindus and Moslems can live together in peace and amity only when Moslems cease to regard themselves as a chosen people, created by God to conquer and enslave "Kaffirs."



BOOKS & AUTHORS

Socialism And Ethics. By Howard Selsam. (People's Publishing House Ltd., 190-B, Khetwadi Main Road, Bombay 4. Price, Rs. 4.)

This is the first Indian edition of a book well worth reprinting, which was originally published in America in 1943. The author is a Marxist scholar, and Director of the Jefferson School of Social Science, New York.

Based as it is on a scientific and materialist analysis of the history of human society, Socialism has always been under attack by the orthodox as an immoral, godless doctrine, and more recently by sophisticated intellectuals as a doctrine which places 'ends' above 'means.' Both these charges stem from concepts of freedom, justice, virtue, etc., considered as pure and eternal and existing independently of any particular culture or type of social organisation. Howard Selsam seeks to show, through numerous examples taken from various periods of history, that there have not been and cannot be such 'eternal' principles and, further, that such principles have quite often been no more than generalisations of the specific needs and interests of particular societies and classes of society. The Commandment "Thou shalt not steal" might well lead to the conclusion that the Emancipation Proclamation was theft, as the slave-owners indeed held it was. Again, Herbert Spencer was surely not laying down the "great laws of existence," but merely voicing the needs of the rapacious manufacturing class in the England of his time, when he denounced the idea of taxation to finance public education. "Conceding for a moment that the government is bound to educate a man's children," asked Spencer, "then what kind of logic will demonstrate that it is not bound to feed and clothe them?... (the poor) must be left to the discipline of nature and allowed to bear the pains attendant on their defect of character." Moral principles, like legal systems, are products of given sociological conditions; though they lay claim to universal and eternal validity, they have in practice been continuously revised to suit changing conditions.

Regarding the Ends and Means controversy, the author draws attention to an aspect of the question which is fre-

quently ignored, namely, "that the means necessary for the attainment of Socialism are determined far less by the nature of Socialism than they are by the nature of Capitalism.. It is not the new, not that which is yet to be, that determines the means to be employed so much as the old, that which is." Means and ends are not to be considered as bearing no organic relation to each other, because they are really two phases of a continuous process. Karl Marx, for instance, held that the shortening of the working day is the fundamental premise of "that development of human power, which, is its own end." But shortening the working day, says the author, is itself both means and end. "On the one hand, freedom from necessary labour over a wider portion of the day is freedom; on the other, it is a necessary condition for an effective struggle for freedom—as worker and capitalist alike have understood."

Quite as unreal as the opposition between Ends and Means is the equally widely discussed question: Should society serve the individual or the individual serve society? This question, Howard Selsam points out, "is a false question, which arises only when there is a strain between individual human needs and existing institutions." The discussion of the origins and present state of the philosophy of individualism is among the most interesting things in the book.

Apart from the strictly 'ethical' problems discussed in the five chapters entitled 'Changing conceptions of the good life,' 'The basis of moral judgments,' 'Science and ethics,' 'Society and the individual' and 'The meaning of freedom,' there are two more chapters in this book of 220 pages: one on 'Capitalism and ethics' and the other entitled 'Family, State and nation.' Both these are brilliant summaries of the Marxist position regarding the progressive, liberating influence of Capitalism in its early stages, and the present role of Capitalism as the main hindrance in the path to the achievement of the very aims which it proclaimed but has been unable to fulfil.

Written in simple terms and full of illustrations drawn from the concrete problems of contemporary life, this book

is bound to be of great value to those who seek to understand the moral issues which underlie all the economic and political conflicts of our time.

Leaves In The August Wind. By N. S. Phadke (Published by Hind Kitabs Ltd., Hornby Road, Bombay. Price Rs. 3-12.)

In this novel Prof. Phadke tells a simple story set against the background of the national upheaval of August 1942. Shakuntala, the daughter of a middle-class household, loves Padmakar, a young social worker. Padmakar apparently does not notice her affection for him. In his absence, when he is imprisoned, Shakuntala marries Balasaheb, a man of wealth and complacency. Very soon they separate due to their entirely different values and outlook on life. Shakuntala goes to her father's house in Kolhapur where there is a reunion between her and Padmakar. The latter is involved in the August disturbances and is caught by the police, but manages to escape. Meanwhile Shakuntala's husband returns from the war with his sight lost. Shakuntala is confronted by the problem of divided allegiance. The author solves her problem thus: "Padmakar and Balasaheb! In her heart of hearts she loved Padmakar and she belonged to him. She only asked what, if she felt she was Padmakar's wife, was her relation to Balasaheb. What was she to him? And the ready answer came to her heart: his nurse, she told herself, his guardian."

The author, as he tells us himself, has sought to be realistic throughout. His reason for writing the novel was to expose the cant that Indian writers never practise realistic writing. But Prof. Phadke disappoints us by an excess of details, which he introduces in order to ensure realism. The realism is of the type of Jane Austen's novels. By attempting to relate the quiet life in Kolhapur with the mighty movement outside, he gives us a story beautiful in parts but unsatisfying as a whole. Of Prof. Phadke's ability as a writer and of his technical skill, there can be no doubt. He commands a lucid style and can create atmosphere.

Feathers In The Arrow. By Cedric Dover (Padma Publications Ltd., 57, Phirozshah Mehta Road, Bombay 1. Price Rs. 1-8.)

Travelling among Negroes the author who is an Eurasian, was once received by an old man, an ex-slave, who said to him: "I can see that us

niggers is getting together at last." This expression of coloured unity, which is becoming an increasingly powerful and significant political factor in the present world, strikes the key-note of this small, thought-provoking pamphlet.

Himself a writer, Cedric Dover discusses here the major problems of coloured writing today. Coloured writers brought up in the English language "are not part of the scene which produced the language, and the language is not part of the scene in which they have their being." The difficulties of the medium are further enlarged by the factor of audience. "The relationship between writers and their audience is, so to speak, both quantitative and qualitative." The quantitative aspect is the market for the coloured writer's work, which is at present so narrow. The qualitative aspect, common to all coloured writers, is full of the difficulties and also of the infinite possibilities offered by the social transformation that is taking place as a result of penetration by and reaction to the white civilisation of the West. The author puts forward the sound plea, illustrating it with apt examples, that both these aspects of coloured writing can be widened and enriched greatly through increasing study by Asians and Negroes of each other's writing, leading to extensions of technique and stimulus.

TELUGU

Sri Aravinda Jeevitama. (Published by Chaturvedula Venkatakrishnaiah, Aurobindo's Ashramam, Pondicherry. Price, Rs. 3-8-0.)

In this book the author gives a fairly detailed account of the life of Aurobindo from his birth in 1872 to the year 1910 when he transferred his place of residence and his field of work to Pondicherry. Aurobindo's career up till 1910 was a remarkable one. As a student in England, as a professor in Baroda College, as a writer in the early days, as a political worker and as the editor of *Bande Mataram* he achieved a reputation which is of an extraordinary character. The author has succeeded in conveying to his readers a correct idea of what it was that was unique in Aurobindo and in what lay the secret of his eminence. It is not merely a chronological narration of the chief events in Sri Aurobindo's life that the author gives. He interprets those events in relation to the contemporary history of the country and also in the light of the philosophy subsequently developed

by Sri Aurobindo. The narrative is spirited and dignified. After moving to Pondicherry Sri Aurobindo conducted his journal *Arya* for a number of years while practising yoga and this contained some of the most outstanding of his literary contributions. On the 24th of November, 1926 he attained that illumination which is one of the great milestones in the life of a yogi. From that day he completely retired and except on three or four occasions in the year no one has an opportunity of seeing him or talking to him. This is the reason why the author has not much to record about his life subsequent to 1926. He has however given an account of Sri Aurobindo's Ashramam—the outward or external aspect of it and an account also of Sri Aurobindo's philosophy and how it differs from that of Sankara and other previous Indian philosophers.

The book is written in highly chaste Telugu of the classical type. It contains many translations of letters and other writings of Sri Aurobindo and gives a real insight into the working of his mind. Telugu literature contains very few books of a biographical and philosophical character. Mr. Venkatakrishnaiah has rendered a real service to the cause of Telugu literature by bringing out this book.

Sri Ramanasrama Lekhalu. By Nagamma. (Published by Ramanasramam, Tiruvannamalai. Price, Rs. 1-4.)

In this Telugu book the authoress Nagamma conveys an idea of the teachings of Ramana Maharshi, the well known saint of Tiruvannamalai, in the form of a series of letters addressed by her to her brother. She has kept a faithful record of almost everything said by Ramana Maharshi from day to day for a number of months in 1945-46. It is known to all that he believes in silence and that he talks very rarely. It is this that gives a special value to her book. She gathers in the book all his sayings. She writes in simple Telugu. Of course like every devoted disciple she is disposed to attach an extraordinary significance to everything spoken by him however trifling it may appear to outsiders. But the sayings are very valuable in themselves. They are characterised by simple humour, by epigram and by deep common sense and homeliness. There is nothing highly metaphysical or philosophical about them although they lead one in their

own way to philosophy. The book also contains many anecdotes related by the Maharshi and many incidents relating to his life. It also gives a vivid picture of the atmosphere pervading the Ashramam. It will be an excellent thing if the Ashramam continues the publication of the other letters recorded by Nagamma. They are sure to have a wide reading public.

Viveka Chudamani. By Durbha Subrahmanya Sarma. (V. V. Nayudu & Sons, Nellore. Price, Rs. 1-12-0.)

Sankara is undoubtedly the greatest among the post-Buddhistic exponents of Indian philosophy and even today it is his exposition that commands the largest following among the intellectuals in the country. But his commentaries in which he expounds his philosophy are highly technical in character and therefore beyond the reach of the ordinary students of the subject. His "Vivekachudamani" however stands in a different category. It can be understood even by beginners in the study of the subject. Mr. Durbha Subrahmanya Sarma who is well known for his scholarship and for his capacity for lucid and clear expression has taken the trouble to translate Sankara's work into Telugu. It is not an easy undertaking; and it is all the more difficult to convey the ideas in the original through verse—the medium which Mr. Sarma has chosen. But he has succeeded to an eminent degree in giving to the Telugu public a faithful and spirited poetic rendering of Sankara's work in a fluent although classical style. He has also given an introduction in which he brings out the salient features of Sankara's philosophy and its value to the modern world. Mr. Sarma's book is a valuable contribution to the philosophical literature in the Telugu language.—M.V.R.

General Assurance Society Ltd.

We have received the 40th Annual Report of the General Assurance Society Ltd., Ajmer. It records an increase in its business both in the Life and the General Departments during 1946, inspite of the communal disturbances and their unsettling effects on the business world. The Chairman of the Society, Mr. B. N. Jalan, in his address to the annual general meeting of the Society held in September this year, pleads for greater freedom to the insurers in the matter of investment.



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.

"More Light" On Karaikudi

Your issue of the 6th December 1947 contains a paragraph under "More light" which has caused me great pain. I hasten to write this letter rather with a view to explain the unreality of your thesis than to acquit myself or hold a brief for the Government of Madras, which is alleged to have departed from the norm to help an influential individual.

To start with I may say that not even a pie has been asked for as a contribution from the Government of Madras for purposes of this acquisition, nor even an application has been made by me for a building grant for this College. It is unnecessary for me to state that a moiety of the cost of acquisition as well as the cost of the entire College with its equipment may be legitimately claimed by me from the Government of Madras. Due to the present financial troubles and the consequent policy of the Government of suspension of grants for capital expenditure, I thought it fit and proper not to embarrass them with my request even for such a "laudable" cause as you yourself grant. Your question "What are the reasons which have prompted the Government to make an exception in this case?" does not therefore arise.

Your comment on the question of 650 acres might produce in the minds of the public (whose interest you are rightly anxious to protect) an impression which is misleading and which may even tend to be mischievous. The land under acquisition is one which for purposes of general enlightenment I may tell you has got only 40 palmyra trees, a land where even a scrub refuses to grow. So a search for precedent is needless.

I am constrained to mention that you are not doing a service either to yourself or to the community by making a reference to a subject in a down-right manner without even taking the elementary effort to verify facts and see the whole picture. I have been wanting to keep to myself the extent of my endowment for public good. But attacks of this nature compel me—even at the risk of humility being lost—to come out with a blue print that I have before me. A public trust has been created with representatives of the Madras University, the Karaikudi Municipal Council, a representative elected by the management of all the high schools in that

area, the principal of the College, a distinguished social worker in Karaikudi and a great philanthropist, who is the correspondent. This trust has been endowed with properties situated in and outside the Province, the value amounting to over twenty lakhs of rupees giving a net annual income of Rs. 1,50,000. It might be of interest to you and the general public to know that the only way in which the Government so far have been affected by the establishment of this College and trust is by the receipt of nearly Rs. 30,000, by way of stamp fees for conveyance of property from me to the trust. An application for exemption from payment of these charges has been turned down by the Collector of Madras. I trust you are now reassured that I have not been the cause of damage to the public or the Government.

Without multiplying instances I may mention here and now that ere long the foundation for a National Research Institute will be laid, God willing, by the Prime Minister of India, a foundation for which I am offering another sum of Rs. 10 lakhs, an institution for which the co-operation of the Government of India, both in money and scientific advice, has been promised.

While I am equally zealous as you are in keeping a strict vigil over public morals and in seeing that no one in the community walks away with special privileges unmindful of the country's good, I will at the same time appeal to you to enjoin on yourself a strict code of conduct which will make it absolutely essential that verification of facts should precede the outburst of indictment.

May I in all humility point out that it is not given to man to judge the future and certainly it is not for the Editor of the *Swatantra* to lament over the "dubious potentialities of Karaikudi as an educational centre". Faith, vision, courage and perseverance, can create institutions comparable in grandeur to anything existing. It is too early to judge what Karaikudi can't be.

Rm. ALAGAPPA CHETTIAR.

(Dr. Alagappa Chettiar has misunderstood the plain purport of our note. We made no allegation against him, or indeed against anybody; what we did was to ask a few simple questions, primarily addressed to the Government. Obviously, Dr. Alagappa cannot answer them with the requisite authority. But we gladly accept

his categorical assurance that he has not asked for 'even a pie as a contribution from the Government of Madras for purposes of this acquisition.'

Let us say at once that we are not against the grant of such help; very much the contrary. We only wished to deprecate an alleged growing practice of making exceptions in exceptional cases, while the majority of institutions have been turned away with the reply that financial stringency rules out any relaxation. Unfortunately, official statistics on the incidence and distribution of Government grants are not available for ready reference.

If Dr. Alagappa is to receive no help at all from Government, where was the need for starting acquisition proceedings under Government auspices? This is the more curious as, according to Dr. Alagappa himself, the area to be acquired is land 'where even a scrub refuses to grow.' We should have thought that such barren land could be bought privately, and perhaps for a song. We are not to blame if Dr. Alagappa Chettiar chooses to keep up his philanthropic sleeve magnificent educational projects. We hope the charitable will pardon us if we did not guess that, behind an advertised college was lurking a 'National Research Institute.' By the same token, may we take it that Dr. Alagappa concedes the justice of our view that the area to be acquired is far in excess of the needs of a college?

But now that we have been favoured with the 'blue print' of Dr. Alagappa Chettiar's magnificent plans for a National Research Institute, let us have the unfeigned pleasure of being the first publicly to congratulate him on his splendid vision and staggering generosity. Nevertheless, we entreat him with redoubled earnestness to think many times and consult many more experts before making an irrevocable choice as to the site of his Institute. By his own admission, it is a desert which he has chosen. Faith may no doubt move mountains; but even the benefit of the doubt cannot be given to deserts! —Ed. S.)

Prohibition, Palmyra And Provincial Finance

Prohibition has made a deep dent on our Provincial finances. The palmyra palm, hitherto a source of good income to the exchequer, appears to be well on its way to enforced and unmerited oblivion.

In pre-prohibition days, the palmyra palm was being exploited for liquor and, to some extent, for jaggery. No serious attempt seems to have been made by Government to ascertain its other economic potentialities.

South India's wealth in palmyra palm is enormous and it would be nothing short of a first class economic tragedy

if the Government allowed such vast wealth to go unexploited.

It is reported that, in order to help the displaced tappers, the Government is going to permit jaggery-making in a few selected areas. Why should it not be permitted everywhere? If tapping for sweet toddy and subsequent manufacture of jaggery is carried on with proper control and supervision there would be much less risk of the tappers resorting to any malpractice and defeating prohibition than under the scheme now proposed to be introduced in certain selected areas. The Government proposal appears to be: (1) to issue a permit to an individual tapper to tap sweet toddy and to carry it to his house for converting it to jaggery; and (2) to constitute what are called 'jaggery-making co-operative societies' with a number of tappers—sometimes as many as five or six hundred in a society—living scattered over an area of 15 or 20 or more square miles.

There cannot be any supervision of the individual tapper. Co-operative activity may begin after the manufacture of jaggery. The tappers live scattered far and wide in our rural areas. What is there to prevent any tapper from resorting to malpractices and earning an extra income to the detriment of prohibition? To reduce this risk, if not to eliminate it entirely, the only way is to organise real jaggery-making co-operative units for smaller areas, to arrange for each tapper to take his sweet toddy to a central place in the area convenient for all tappers and to get jaggery manufactured there co-operatively. Under this arrangement, it would be quite easy to make sugar also and to utilise wastes for making other products. Cost of production would be much less, tappers would be able to earn more and the Government could exercise effective control and prevent any violation of the prohibition rules.

The Government would do well to conduct a thorough investigation into the economic potentiality of the palmyra palm. I know of certain private individuals who have been doing some work in this connection. Some experiments have been done on the fibre from the ripe or full grown nuts. With some simple chemical treatment, the fibre becomes as lustrous as silk. Good rope is said to have been made out of this. The hard, white kernel of the nut, the shell, etc., deserve study. Fairly good board appears to have been made out of the leaves. A large number of small articles for household use is also capable of being made out of the leaves. Very fine trinket boxes, walking sticks,

etc., are being made out of the trunk. Certain very valuable medicines are extracted from certain parts of the tree. All these are now wasted. If properly organised, palmyra palm should be able to give employment to a very large number of our people and to bring in a good income to the Government.

What a misfortune that our rulers and their advisers cannot rise above the primitive outlook even today!

'CONSTRUCTIVE WORKER'.

Defending The Indefensible

It was Hitler who held the view that the best means of defence was attack. I was reminded of this as I read through an article entitled 'Industry killed' by one of the textile mill magnates of South India published in your esteemed weekly. He was attacking the Madras Government as a means of defending the indefensible position of that rare species of humanity known as 'millowners' of which he himself is a distinguished member.

It is common knowledge that during the Second World War and after, the textile industry made enormous profits. The shareholder was paid bonus shares, exceeding many times the money actually invested by him. The Managing Agents, who are known as 'millowners', annexed to themselves some lakhs as commission and remuneration. The Government received large sums as Excess Profits Tax; and in many cases, the amount so received in one year alone exceeded the paid-up capital of the unit. But all along labour which was responsible for production and the profit of labour was deliberately kept suppressed at less than a living wage! Prices had shot up sky-high but wages remained low and unrelated to the actual minimum requirements of life. The sums reckoned as 'profits' were in fact sums that represented 'unpaid wages.' Therefore it was not from profits that these high dividends and commissions were paid and huge reserves were built up, but really out of wages rightly due to labour and not paid.

A decent living wage for labour ought to be the first charge on the industry and before meeting this charge there can be no talk of profits. The Mill Agents have deliberately refused to pay this even during the days of peak prosperity. They showed no moderation in the matter of profits to themselves; they did not care for the well-being of the industry even. They began to fleece the industry by paying in some cases even 100% dividend per year. If they had really cared for the industry.

they would have limited the dividends to a reasonable rate, paid labour its living wage and transferred the balance to reserves that would stand the industry in good stead during rainy days.

It is therefore the Mill Agent who attempted to kill the 'goose that laid the golden egg,' and certainly not the Government of Madras which insists that this industrial free-booting should cease at once and that the terms of the Award given by an impartial tribunal should be given effect to. The Award itself does not go the length it should and is in a great measure favourable to the employers. Therefore one fails to see any substance or justification in the fury of the Mill Agents against Government, unless it be that they want to act according to the policy: 'the best mode of defence is attack.'

G. RAMANUJAN,

General Secretary,

National Textile Workers' Union,
Madura.

Case For N. G. O's.

A local newspaper advises Government servants in the course of a leading article to be patient till such time as the Government redress their grievances. Government servants fully realise their obligations. At the same time, the Government should also realise their duty to their servants and treat them in a manner which will keep them contented and enable them to render more efficient service. The public and the Press have also a duty to see that the Government do discharge their duty to their servants. Instead of advising the popular Government to enforce against their servants the outworn rules framed by the old bureaucratic Government so far back as in 1893 to serve their own interests, it would have been better if the newspaper had advised them to grant the just claims of their subordinates, and thereby remove the necessity for their 'direct action' which is not welcome either to the public or to the Government or to their servants.

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THE PRIDE of INDIA

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UTERINE TONIC

FOR LADIES' HEALTH

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THE GREAT GAMBLE

THE decision of the Government of India to gradually decontrol foodgrains marks at once a confession of defeat and a leap into the dark. It has been accompanied by an alarming exhibition of muddled thinking. In circumstances less seriously critical, some of the attempts made on the floor of the Dominion Assembly at defending the policy of decontrol might have had at least the merit of offering amusement. But in the period of economic crisis through which the country is passing, the manner in which the question is being handled at the highest ministerial level is most disturbing.

Thus the Finance Minister, replying to the debate on the budget, asked "what is the use of keeping up this show of control when you really cannot manage it?" This kind of rhetoric, which served nationalist members of the old Central Assembly well enough when they were in the opposition, is singularly ill-suited to the discharge of governmental responsibility in the new political set-up. If food control has failed, the Government cannot escape its share of the blame for such failure or its responsibility for improving and efficiently operating the control system, by such bland and cavalier statements as those Mr. Chetti has chosen to indulge in. It will be noted that the Finance Minister does not attempt to maintain that controls are unnecessary. On the contrary he admits that "theoretically, when there was a gap between supply and demand, there

should be control if everyone was to get an equitable share at a reasonable price.... I am fully conscious of these theories and I can write quite a thesis on the need for controls in India. But the point is, can we, with the mechanism we have, really put these controls into operation?" We are amazed at Mr. Chetti's insouciant surrender to circumstance in knowing disregard of his own intellectual belief. Standing on such slippery ground, it is no wonder that all the comfort and exhortation that Mr. Chetti could offer was: "All I can say is, let us all hope for the best."

Dr. Rajendra Prasad has been much more temperate in his advocacy of decontrol. He does not, like Mr. Chetti, ask us to believe that the Indian administrative machinery is for some mysterious reason quite incapable of administering controls. Dr. Prasad says, "let us not imagine that our policy of controls had been a complete failure. Far from it; it had succeeded in a way which had attracted attention and earned encomiums, with all its defects and all the other difficulties. It could not be denied that it had helped us in the past in tiding over a crisis which might well have overwhelmed us." In fact, apart from a general desire that the country should return to the pre-war conditions of normalcy, the Food Minister's chief argument in support of decontrol at this moment is that a breakdown of rationing has become inevitable because the amount of foodgrains collected from



WISE SENTIMENTS

Inquisitive: Do you call that slab of stone, a statue?

Important Member Of The Committee: No, it is a modest tombstone.

Inquisitive: Tomb for a living man!

Important Member Of The Committee: It is more economical than a statue. After all, it is the sentiment that counts.

the producers by the Government's procurement agencies has remained more or less the same, while the Government's commitments have increased during the last two years due to the widening of the areas under rationing. Implied in this argument for the abandonment of controls and rationing are two presumptions: one, that the Government cannot do anything more to bring about any significant increase in procurement; two, that decontrol will bring into the market stocks at present withheld which will be distributed by the 'normal channels of trade' without excessive hoarding and profiteering. Both these presumptions are, in our opinion, unwarranted.

With regard to the efficiency of procurement, there is ample scope for useful adjustment *within* the present system of control. One of the glaring defects in procurement policy so far has been that no provision was made for the direct payment to the cultivator of the full value, according to the rates fixed by Government, of the surplus which he parted with. The appointment of millers by the Madras Government as its agents for procurement was a striking illustration of this. In other words, though controls and rationing in order to be successful have to be based on State monopoly of purchase, middlemen were in practice allowed to intervene and make a profit in the transference of foodgrains from the cultivator to the Government. Instead of eliminating this defect, and making serious efforts to extend and tighten direct Government purchase to ensure that the marketable surplus of every individual cultivator came within the physical control of the Government, the policy now adopted by the Central and Provincial Governments marks a retreat, a retreat induced by avoidable failure and demoralisation.

With decontrol, is there going to be a flooding of the grain market?

There is no doubt that the stocks, whose accumulation in the hands of traders and of the bigger landlords was facilitated by the defective procurement laws and their lax enforcement, will appear on the market after the removal of controls. The more pertinent and vital question for the consumers—and this class includes not the urban population only but the vast numbers of landless labourers and small-scale producers in the villages—is whether these stocks will be available to them at prices which they can afford. It is the answer furnished in practice to this question that will demonstrate the wisdom or the lack of it which has inspired the great gamble of decontrol.

Dr. Prasad says that his "appreciation of the situation is that the prices might go up to some extent but they could never go to the heights to which blackmarket prices had reached." This optimistic statement sounds strange in view of the fact, acknowledged in all quarters, that the country suffers an overall deficit in respect of food. In conditions of such scarcity, it is sheer naivete to expect that traders will virtuously content themselves with a 'reasonable' profit. Investment in grain by businessmen, speculation, hoarding and increasing prices in a legalised blackmarket have always been and may be expected to be the inevitable results of 'free' trade under conditions of scarcity. Was not the Bengal Famine proof enough of the bitter fruits of uncontrolled trading in food? It has become the fashion to speak of the need for fighting inflation by increasing production, working harder, investing in Government loans, etc. Do those who have induced the Cabinet to accept decontrol imagine that rising prices for basic foodstuffs will help us in the fight against inflation? Increased prices for vital commodities, and the consequent pressure for increase in wages and

salaries, will aggravate and not check inflation.

Experience in other countries with regard to food control, the high cost to the Government of purchasing foodgrains at inflated prices from foreign countries, the opinion of Mahatma Gandhi—all these have been brought into the discussion of decontrol, with results not conducive to clear thinking. Prices of food and all other commodities have shot up in capitalist U.S.A., resulting in suffering not only for U.S. citizens but equally for the foreign buyers (including ourselves) of U.S. surplus grains. In Socialist Russia, on the other hand, rationing is to be abolished—but under totally different conditions than those which obtain in India. 'Decontrol' in Russia is taking place under conditions of surplus production of foodstuffs; considerable wheat exports from Russia are due to be received by Britain among other countries. Further, the Soviet Government has simultaneously announced plans to take huge slices out of the profits accumulated by speculators in the disturbed conditions of the war years. In India, on the contrary, Mr. Chetti has waved the green lamp for businessmen to go ahead with profit-making untroubled by fears of expropriation. There is no need to search in other countries for light on the subject of decontrol. The bid made by the magnates of the Indian sugar industry to pocket millions of rupees by way of profit immediately after the announcement of decontrol of sugar, ought to be enough guidance for understanding the consequences of decontrol.

As for the costly imports of foodgrains, there is no running away from the need to purchase food abroad sufficiently to meet the internal deficit. The plain truth is that we are being fleeced by the food-exporting countries, which are unabashedly utilising the widespread food scarcity in the world to mint

enormous profits. And we are too weak politically to do anything more than squeal. It is curious to find Indian businessmen bemoaning the 'waste' of our scarce foreign exchange on food imports at a time when, as they claim, they want to import machinery, etc., for the industrialisation and greater glory of the motherland. These businessmen were not noticeably vocal when, after the end of the war and until import controls were tightened, millions of the country's dollar reserve were spent on the import of cars, radios and fountain-pens from America. It is not difficult to see that food imports on Government account bring the business community no profits, whereas the private import of luxury goods for resale at inflated prices to Indian buyers did bring them handsome returns.

It will be time enough for the traders to quote Gandhiji in favour of decontrol when they adopt the standards which Gandhiji has laid down for their own conduct. The Mahatma's opinion is based on an evaluation of the morality of the 'haves' as trustees of the 'have-nots' which has rarely corresponded to the reality—of profiteering by the traders and industrialists, and rack-renting by the landlords. Dr. Rajendra Prasad has expressed the hope that Gandhiji's 'instinct' would prove to be right on the question of decontrol and thus falsify the fears of the mere intellect and its logic. Whether or not instinct is superior to reason is a matter of controversy not very helpful to wise settlement of the issue on hand. The people's concern is with food, and if there should be an uprush of prices beyond the means of the poor, it would be little consolation to remember that it was brought about, in part, through the insistence of the noblest man of our time.

Decontrol is the natural corollary of Mr. Chetti's budget. Happily, Dr. Prasad has decided to refrain from

burning all the boats. The Governments of the Provinces and States have been advised to maintain substantially intact the present food control organisation "until the success of the revised policy has been assured." The announcement of the decision in favour of decontrol ends with the sentence: "Should the situation so demand, the Government of India will not hesitate to re-establish rigid controls." This escape clause is difficult to square with the publicly and repeatedly announced loss of the Government's faith in the system of controls. But the assurance, such as it is, goes to show that the Government is not trusting exclusively to luck.

War on the N.G.O's.

THE Ministry's handling of the N.G.O's. demand for better conditions of service has been marked by an ill-disguised superciliousness and an evasive pertinacity that bid fair to destroy what little prestige still clings to it in ignorant or unsophisticated quarters. With a well-simulated air of injured innocence, the N.G.O's. are charged with an attempt to 'paralyse the entire machinery of government.' The Premier who seems to be in charge of the subject has given an additional proof of his incapacity to tackle the problem either as a statesman or as a tribune of the people. It is too late in the day to attempt to accuse them of the heinous crime of insubordination or indiscipline. Direct Action, having been the weapon of the Congress in great things as in small, its leaders must not complain if they are hoist with their own petard. The prevailing ferments in the body politic are all manifestations of a deep-seated and pervasive spirit of revolution. Not the least of the virtues of the British Government was that it sensed the coming dangers, and made a virtue of necessity by withdrawing with voluntary grace almost at the eleventh hour. The Congress Minis-

tries have been functioning as if they are the reversioners of the British in power, while in truth they are called upon to liquidate the insolvencies of British power which could only be determined after the change-over. This simple and dangerous truth seems beyond the comprehension of those whom our misfortunes have conspired to place in power over us.

The tragedy of the situation is that the Government seem unaware of who are their friends and who are not. The attempt to make the great army of clerks the villains of the piece is foredoomed to failure. At one stage, the stand was taken that the local Government was not bound to adopt the scales of the Central Government. We believe we are the only province which has refused to fall in line with the Central Committee's recommendations. This isolation has not added to the prestige of the Government. It was then urged that our Government had not the resources to grant the increased rates. The answer to this is, quite obviously, that we must therefore cut our coat according to our cloth, or resign in favour of those who feel competent to solve the problem more satisfactorily. The latest line taken was that the salary bill of the services alone accounted for nearly half the entire revenues of the province, and that any further increase would mean a pampering of them at the cost of the tax-payer. The *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi* in the last plea have been effectively exposed by the N.G.O. spokesman who has pointed out that the facts are that the 50 per cent included all classes of Government servants, and that the N.G.O's. alone accounted for only 25 per cent or so. Here again, it is not a question of percentages, but one of a living wage. Lightning strikes by essential services like the police or mill-workers or the railwaymen were answered by abject capitulation to the demands of the strikers, with the result that their basic wages are

almost 50 per cent more than those of the blackcoated gentry who enable our officers and Ministers to enjoy a reputation as experts which is the result of clerical devotion to files. When elementary teachers struck work recently, they got the benefit of a whip from which they are still smarting, while the alleged public for whom the Ministry claim to speak had nothing to say. And now comes the attempt to dragoon the clerks. To the old proverb 'it is the bully who turns out to be the coward,' we may add that it is the slave who turns out to be the tyrant.

It is not going to be an easy job to find an alternative army of 1½ lakhs to man the services. Even supposing that the Government are able to achieve this miracle, what do they propose to do to keep the *new unemployed ranks* quiet and peaceable? And what guarantee is there that the new entrants would not themselves hold out ere long for better conditions—thus confronting the Government with a chronic malady? Without a thought of these serious consequences, the Government have indulged in indiscreet promises and incautious threats which are only dragging them deeper into a morass from which, if they emerge at all, it could only be with total loss of face.

However, we do not consider our duty ended with showing up the folly of the Ministry. With some imagination or personality in both of which the stock of the Ministry as a whole is distressingly poor—compromise formulas might have easily been evolved which might have saved the Government its good name while giving reasonable hope of early relief to the services as well. The present position as we understand it is that the Government are prepared to consider the enhancement of dearness allowance and to rectify anomalies. If this concession had been shown earlier when a *non possumus* attitude was ostentatious-

ly flung in the face of the N.G.O. spokesmen, and they were even refused a hearing, we might never have arrived at the present sorry plight. Indeed it looks as if we owe the present strike of the N.G.O's. largely to the bad manners of the Premier who seems to have hit upon the trick of refusing interviews, to underline his importance as the head of the Ministry.

In order to dissipate existing doubts as to the Government's *bona fides* something more than a vague promise of further consideration is needed. A grant of 50 per cent increase in the difference between the D.A. rates of the Centre and the province with *immediate effect* might, we think, have averted the strike, and might still be offered to cut its continuance short. The provincial Government must apply to the Centre for a subvention on salary account alone for the specific reason that their rates are higher than those which provincial finances would permit. Our third suggestion would doubtless shock many orthodox Congressmen; but we risk it. It is that the tempo of the prohibition drive must be slackened somewhat. Let us see what the alternative sources of new income amount to. That official Congress Ministries—particularly in our province—have given the go-by to many other more fundamental articles of the Congress creed is now widely acknowledged. We do not advocate scrapping prohibition; but the catastrophic pace of it (in view of our parlous financial situation and also in view of the fact that prohibition, instead of eliminating drink, has only converted manufacture of liquor into a flourishing cottage industry) may well be slowed down.

And there is a last consideration which must cause the Government a much more severe headache. With decontrol, another army of Government servants will either revert to lower grades or have to go home.

That would lead to a further agitation in the coming year. It is therefore prudence to settle with the N.G.O's. now on some basis which will emphasise the human element and not the legal or con-

tractual aspect, so that the economies which will flow from decontrol might offset the rise in present levels of salaries of the N.G.O's. Insidious attempts to break their ranks will spell widespread disaster.

Sotto Voce

"Spivs" And Drones



"EXPORT or perish" is Britain's *mula mantram* today. And her citizens submit to restrictions on personal liberty a thousand times more irksome than the old Indian social organisations based on function and occupations ever knew. In the topsyturvy world in which we live liberty and a full stomach are not compatible with each other. Or, so they think who order these things. For by a full stomach they rarely mean the same thing as you and I in our simplicity may do. In the economist's mystic parlance it becomes "the standard of living," an embodied appetite, insatiable and unselective, a veritable Kabandha.

The British Ministry of Labour issued two ukases recently. One of them required certain classes of workers who wanted accustomed work to accept any employment that might be offered them. The other was aimed at compulsorily diverting men, who did not seek employment either because they preferred to be idle or were already doing some kind of work, to occupations which were deemed more essential. One or two illustrations of a purely hypothetical character may make the position clearer to the distant reader. Say a man was a pianist before he was conscripted. Postwar Britain has a glut of pianists but a dearth of coal miners. At the Ministry's

bidding our ex-pianist must learn to produce a new music—that of the drill.

But suppose he was able on discharge to get a job in a night club among the humble entertainers who are attached to such establishments. Under the second of the two new orders he will, if he is between the ages of 18 and 50, be combed out and may be ordered to wield the pick and the shovel. For the Ministry has decreed that the unessential occupations include "football pools and amusement arcades, night clubs and street trading in urban areas;" and the list is just a foretaste of what is to come. Those employed in these occupations are contemptuously designated "spivs," a word which would seem to suggest spewing out of the mouth of a righteous society which has no stomach for such follies.

And then there are the "drones" for whom the net is spread equally wide. Suppose our pianist was, if not exactly a Paderewski, a man who had a good conceit of himself as a composer and could afford to cherish it, though he might get not a penny by way of royalties, because he had a comfortable bank balance. He will not hereafter be allowed to lie on his back and stick his heels in the air waiting for inspiration. If

he does not promptly report and accept such "gainful occupation" as may be offered him, the cops will look out for him.

Lin Yutang has celebrated the vagabond as old China's most precious gift to mankind. And Thayumanar has said, "The rarest thing in the world is quiescence." In Britain, "God's fool," a species rarer far than the orchid in any part of the modern world, would promptly find himself behind prison bars. Why, in India where we have neither social insurance nor employment bureaus the neo-sannyasins are self-consciously on the defensive. They band themselves in organisations which provide them with a respectable alibi. Social service, of the pattern approved by the modern sociologist, is their *metier*. They dare not claim that there could be no greater service than to teach men to sit still.

The poet may be a "drone" by official definition and stockbroking an "essential service." The classification is characteristically left to the bureaucracy. And it would be wrong to infer from the ban against night clubs and amusement arcades

that the nation has atavistically succumbed to old world morality. The Ministry is careful to point out that there is no bar to these rackets employing those who are outside the prescribed age-limits or who come within the exempted categories. Thus old men of sixty will still be at liberty to entice the young to try their luck in games of chance and "married women living with their husbands" would in the eyes of the State be doing nothing incongruous with its ideal of happy domesticity by mixing cocktails at a midnight bar.

In America one marriage out of three ends in divorce. And Britain does not know what to do with her war-time legacy of coloured children, mementos of fraternisation with the Negro soldiers whom it was held a patriotic duty for the young Boadiceas to "mother." No sacrifice was considered too great to win the total war for the survival of Democracy; the war was won, but the vanquished would seem to be victor today. "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!" said the envious Roman; it is the golden calf to which his proud successor bends the knee.

VIGNESWARA.

TRIBUTE TO DR. ARUNDALE

Adyar celebrated the birthday anniversary of the late Dr. G. S. Arundale in the first week of December.

Madame Montessori, speaking on the occasion, said that it was Dr. Arundale who sowed the seed for the development of the present and future children of India and the entire world. She said it was he who gave her the privilege to come over to India and spread education, and while he himself has passed away we were extremely lucky in that we have with us Srimathi Rukmini Devi who is carrying out his magnificent work.

Srimathi Rukmini Devi, winding up the meeting said that it was but natural for Madame Montessori to pay such glowing tributes to Dr. Arundale, since it was only greatness that recognises greatness, and this admiration was mutual; for, Dr. Arundale himself had unbounded admiration for Madame Montessori.

It was very pleasant to me to get a letter from you the other day. Perhaps I should have found it pleasanter if I had been able to decipher it. I don't think I mastered anything beyond the date (which I knew) and the signature (which I guessed at). There's a singular and perpetual charm in a letter of yours; it never grows old, it never loses its novelty. Other letters are read and thrown away and forgotten, but yours are kept forever—unread. One of them will last a reasonable man a lifetime.—THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

SIDELIGHTS : :

The reason why great men meet with so little pity or attachment in adversity, would seem to be this: the friends of a great man were made by his fortune, his enemies by himself, and revenge is a much more punctual paymaster than gratitude.—COLTON.

THE greatness of Sri C. Rajagopalachari does not lie in his having been made Governor or in his having acted as Governor-General. It lies in the grit he revealed when he espoused partition against the whole weight of the influence of every national leader of importance. Just because he revealed such grit, he was pilloried. He was pilloried because he realised the unavoidableness of partition and advocated the desirability of preparing for it peacefully and intelligently by agreement. His stock ran very low just at the time when he revealed qualities of judgment and statesmanship that were unique and grand.

Those that had opposed C.R. on the partition issue yielded eventually to the very suggestion which they had bitterly condemned when it was first made by him. They yielded without conviction, in violation of a creed that they had ostentatiously held to be very sacred previously. They took the country unawares. They allowed themselves to be stampeded into a course which they had never for a moment ceased to discredit, till they themselves took to it. If the partition had come in an orderly manner as proposed by C.R., its risks would have been studied and foreseen and the horrors that actually attended it would have been avoided. Millions would then have been saved the misery they have gone through in recent months.

C.R. attained the summit of real distinction in those days of heroic resistance to the prevailing winds of opinion when, for being the precursor of a policy subsequently justified by practical acceptance, he was

pounced upon and assailed with every kind of opprobrious missile. It was a feat of magnificent renunciation for him to cast away deliberately the consolidated proceeds of over two decades of laborious striving in the acquisition of influence through service of popular causes, and choose to remain isolated, ploughing a lonely furrow which seemed only to lead his political fortunes irretrievably to ruin and desolation. All that it evoked then was a virulent anti-C.R. campaign. The most venomous leaders of that campaign are now the loudest participants in the Rajaji birthday celebrations of this year. Their association has converted into a vulgar show of pomp, advertisement and expense a traditional mode of rendering honour which deserves to be saved for genuine appreciative sentiment, uncontaminated by calculated commercialisations of public homage developed as a new fine art in power politics.

The old balance of respect for devoted social benefactors is now being swiftly upset. Office has become the yardstick with which greatness is measured and honour arranged. Memories are quickened about the birthdays of leaders that attain rank as Governor or Premier, while the same leaders, divested of it, sink into oblivion, uncared for. The competition for glamorous approach is between the power of office and the prestige of non-official eminence unbacked by administrative power. In the tempo of the competition even the Mahatma has lost not a little to the Pandit and the Sardar, and the Congress President has sunk to secondary importance as compared to the Prime Minister or any of the Premiers.

To win the approbation of disinterested people is one of the great joys of life, just as to resist the wiles of adulation collected and offered for profit as a marketable commodity is one of the hard tasks

of the administrator. C.R., if any one, should know how to take his fill of the first without yielding to the lure of the second. Avaricious fortune-hunters, blackmarketeers and communalists are found indulging in orgies of lavish guile before the shrines of the new Congress gods in power, and have in not a few places found favour enough to be able to establish their dominion over the devotees of old that gave of their best to the Congress cause in the pre-freedom days. Endowed as he is with unique individual abilities, C.R.'s contribution to the

development of similar gifts in others has been, it must be confessed, unattractive. He has not backed the right people and his lieutenants have been ill-chosen. He cannot escape responsibility for the Justicite tempo in the present provincial regime. Madras deserves a better Ministry than C.R. insists on keeping alive. The undoing of the ministerial muddle is a duty not to be evaded any more by C.R. That will be the real measure of his stature, not these encomiums of the erstwhile anti-C.R. intriguers.—SAKA.

AN INEQUITABLE STEP

by S. RAJAGOPALAN

IT is difficult to understand on what grounds the Madras Legislature has denied retrospective operation to the recently enacted Hindu Women's Property Act, and one feels that the matter had not been dealt with on an equitable or even a legal basis; for if regard be had to the previous history of the legislation, the conclusion is irresistible that if ever any statute required retrospective operation, this was one.

On 4th February 1937, the Indian Legislative Assembly passed what became Act XVIII of 1938, conferring on the widow and the widowed daughter-in-law in a Hindu coparcenary, a share in the joint family property simultaneously with the other heirs. This share was exercisable as a woman's estate in Hindu law with full powers over the income but practically none over the corpus. This was only a token gesture on the part of the Indian Legislature to remedy some of the worst legal disabilities of Hindu women, but even so its course did not run smooth. This measure was passed by the Council of State and was assented to by the Governor-General on 14th April 1937, by which time the new constitution had come into force, ushering in provincial autonomy with separate spheres of legislative authority. The late Sriman S. Srinivasa Iyengar expressed the view

that the act was *ultra vires*, having been enacted after the new constitution had come into force. After 1st April 1937 "Property" comprising agricultural land became a Provincial subject and the Imperial Legislature could not legislate anything in regard to it. This was the opinion of an eminent individual and though technically not binding on any one, the Government of India wanted to make sure of the position and thereupon referred the matter to the Federal Court. That court delivered its opinion exactly four years later, on 22nd April 1941, maintaining that the Act was not *ultra vires* but that so much of it as related to agricultural land was beyond the competence of the Indian Legislature; over property other than agricultural the court however held that the Hindu women could claim the benefit of the Act. As a result, the anomalies that arose were numberless and galling, giving the widow an interest in things unsubstantial but denying her that in things substantial. In other words, what the Act gave was little, but that little did not last long. When the Prakasam Ministry took up office, almost its first act was to set right this unfortunate state of affairs, and steps were taken instantly to enact this bill and providing for its retrospective operation; and had not communal politics cut short its career, this measure would have be-

come law long ago and Hindu women in this province would have had justice rendered unto them.

It is true that every legislation is prospective and never as a rule retrospective, but certain just exceptions have been recognised. Validating enactments and those which are enacted to remove certain doubts cast by judicial interpretation, are always retrospective and they would be of no effect if they were to be otherwise. In 1912, for instance, the Privy Council held in a case from Madras that attesting witnesses to a document must have actually seen the executant sign the instrument, which in many cases would not be possible and at any rate ran counter to what obtained in this country. This decision would have invalidated many documents and so the Indian Legislature in 1926 and 1927 passed an amending Act dispensing with the requirements laid down by the Privy Council, and what was to the point, giving retrospective operation to the enactment, validating all documents executed before and since 1912. Again in 1925 the Privy Council required agreements for sale of immovable property reciting part payment of cash to be registered as condition precedent to admissibility in evidence. This certainly was not the view which prevailed in this country and in practice would have caused much hardship. So the Indian Legislature came forward with an amending Act (Act II of 1927) restoring the law as it was prior to the Privy Council decision and giving retrospective operation thereto.

The argument that by giving retrospective operation to the present Bill, vested rights would be impaired, is not easy to understand, for no one knows what these "vested rights" are and how they came into being at all. Vested rights, if any, belonged to the Hindu women who are entitled to claim the benefits of Act XVIII of 1938, from which they have been deprived by reasons of a judicial interpretation. It is a fundamental rule of interpretation that every statute is validly enacted and until at any rate 22nd April 1941 Hindu women

could not be kept out of the benefit of the Act. Simply because the Government of the day kept mum and did not introduce validating legislation, which was obviously their duty, should they suffer? It was urged further that many alienations would be affected, but even this is groundless: for what the Act conferred was only a right to the income with no powers of alienation. Even under the existing law, a Hindu widow may divest vested interests in coparcenary property by the simple device of an adoption to the last male owner, after a very great lapse of time as in the Venkatagiri-Gollaprolu Estate Case. Furthermore, codification of Hindu law is proceeding apace and in view of the far-reaching, though long overdue, character of the proposals, which will shatter all proprietary disabilities of Hindu women, this Act will become a surplusage. The only merit that it can have at present is to protect the rights of Hindu women since 14th April 1937 and if it is not able to do that, better it had not been enacted at all.

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MEET THE MALAYALEES

by P. B. K. MENON

EXCEPT for the North West Frontier Province no other part of India has had to stand such repeated blasts of foreign influence as Malabar. The Frontier is today a mixture of the Indian, the Persian and the Afghan cultural traits. A Pathan is in physical structure and mental poise a foreigner to the India of the Indus, Ganges or Krishna; his language, Pushtu, is spoken with guttural Persian accent; his literature is Persian; his art has a leaning towards the Greeko-Gandhara School, which is native to Afghanistan. This is the result of the waves of invasion they had to face and live through, and the consequent repeated contacts with foreigners.

As the western gate of a rich and civilized land, Kerala too had to face a lot of foreign guests and their intruding influences on the local culture, but it should be considered as a credit to the stalwart Malayalee culture that like a lotus-leaf it allowed every wave to pass over it, itself remaining intact, uncontaminated.

Hospitable, peace-loving, quiet, introspective and contented though the Keraleeya be, once provoked there is no end to his capacities to suffer, to sacrifice and to act. The determined and the courageous fighter in him normally lies tame and dormant, and he spends his dutiful days in modest spiritual and quasi-spiritual pursuits. To him everything is a compelling challenge; and yet, he fights shy of well-merited applauses for his own conspicuous achievements! Ferocious and determined, and yet, withal so modest and so shy!

This is in itself a paradox; and the mystery deepens around his character on closer contact. Once you crush his outer, hard shell of reserve, and succeed in touching his inner perpetual fountain-play of love, sincerity and comradeship, you will meet a hero in him, who knows no length to which he will not willingly

go to stand by a friend: in this aspect the fierce *chowkidars* of the North Western Frontier Province bear a close resemblance to the humble *receptionists* of the Western Shores.

Except at the Portuguese, the Keraleeyas had never lifted their daggers: the crookedness and the avarice of Lisbon was a challenge to the straightforward manliness and large-heartedness of the people of *Cheranadu*. All other foreign traders who reached the western shores of India—whether they be from the ancient Bassara, Egypt, Syria and Arabia or be they the later commercial hordes from Holland, Portugal or the British Isles—irrespective of their attitude, motive, character or creed, all enjoyed at Calicut and Cochin a warm reception which made Kerala known all over the world for her generosity and hospitality. Many of these foreigners never returned to their homes but settled down in Malabar and pursued their own lives without any interference and often under even liberal patronage from the rich hosts. Tolerance was a birth-mark of the ancient Keraleeyas. They were radical in temperament and revolutionary in spirit.

The Aryans invading the North cleared the area of its aboriginals; and even in the South, the fair, sharp-nosed, nomadic Aryans labelled the dark aboriginals as *rakshasas* (demons) and tried to 'liquidate' the entire lot. But the invading, blood-thirsty, imperial stock, either because of the impediment raised by the Western Ghats or because of their impatience to reach the rich kingdom of the *Simhalas* (Ceylon), left Kerala alone in their march.

Though it is still a matter of controversy, a set of scholars believe that the Malayalee-Brahmins (the Namboodharies) were Aryan immigrants into the *Cheranadu*. Probably because of a very high degree of development already reached by Kerala culture by them, or again

probably because of the uncompromising iron reserve of the Keraleeyan, and his stout refusal to accept easily anything, in habit, custom or trait, which is foreign to him, the *Namboodharies* could not in the least influence the native culture and outlook. The *Namboodharies* were thus compelled to fraternise with the natives rather than compete or fight with them. They married into the Nair joint families and soon lost all their racial and cultural distinctness.

At a casual glance Kerala culture might look homogeneous, compact and whole. On minute observation it will be revealed that it has two distinct phases: one spiritual and the other physical. The majestic Ghats, thick with dreamy dark forests imperiously rising to eminent grandeur on the east of Kerala, and on the west the proud billows of the ample Arabian Sea smothering the broken coast in relentless fury—between these lies an innocent strip of reposeful land . . . Kerala . . . caressed by many light-footed rippling rivers and laughing gay rivulets, the waters of which liberally feed the tall, dreamy cocanut-palms and the cool mangoe trees. It is indeed a sweet paradox that in the midst of such awe-inspiring physical aspects there should lie snugly a peaceful land, dreaming, mooning and happy.

In the culture of Kerala too we find a delightful blending of a corresponding duality. Ordinarily an introspective, mystical and quiet individual, the Malayalee is emotionally so sensitive that when provoked he is ready to take up any challenge thrown at him, be it ideological or practical, secular or religious. Bewildered at these quixotic contradictions, superficial observers have come to consider him as harsh and conceited. People belonging to other cultural zones mistake his natural physical majesty for crude harshness; his spiritual poise and the consequent self-confidence, which gives him a habitual unruffled composure, mistaken for conceit.

A *Keraleeya* is essentially a warrior, wedded to strict codes of straightforwardness and dharma. In the recorded history of Kerala,

from page to page we read crowded instances of courage, dexterity, valour, and chivalry. As a fighting race the Nairs were equal to the Mahrattas and the Rajputs; but this is little known outside Kerala as the history of Kerala had been, throughout, a closed book to the millions across the Western Ghats. Here I must hasten to add that *today* they are a disillusioned, disintegrated and demoralized community, whose weapon is a pocket-knife or a pen!

For all their compulsory military training it is doubtful if the Keraleeyas had ever disturbed the peace of any land. As a nation, Kerala remained peace-loving, and this national trait rung down an iron curtain over the prowess and the fighting qualities of the Malayalees.

As a non-aggressive, essentially intelligent community living in a charming land of undisturbed beauty and so fertile as to provide plenty with ample leisure for its inhabitants, the Keraleeyas have enriched their literature, art and science. From *Sri Ramedandam to Sankarabhashyam* there is a wealth of work in Malayalam based on the original Sanskrit scriptures and classics: medicine, astrology, architecture—these are some of the sastras that have been, stanza for stanza, translated into the vernacular. All these lift Malayalam to the distinguished eminence occupied by all rich living languages of the world.

In spite of all her glories some dark and dirty customs have come to defile the chaste beauty of Kerala. Many of these customs have brought dishonour on the land and its illustrious sons. But today an awakened Kerala stands with her head bent in shame, as she realises the folly of her children: the spirit of the times is favouring a quick self-discovery of the Keraleeyans—the hold of the untouchability and the unapproachability is fast loosening and it is now definitely a matter of a couple of years, if not a few months, when these social injustices will be plucked out by their very roots. In a score of years the story of these practices would be, even in Kerala, an ancient myth.

-----Short Story-----

Character And Convention

-----by Doulatrao Parshuram-----

IT was pretty well ordered, contrary to what I had expected a relief affair to be. In the large hall of the Club were seated in patiently waiting rows those unfortunate people who had been affected by the senseless riots in the city, rendered homeless and penniless. Their individual requirements were properly heard and, so far as was possible, adequately satisfied. Clothing, food, other simple amenities were made available then and there. Volunteers moved from one person to another, meeting demands.

Bustle there was, no doubt, but no commotion, nor any unwarranted noise. I was well impressed with the efficient handling of the affair by the head volunteer. As I had to get the low-down on everything there, for my paper, I asked to be introduced to the 'manager of the situation'. For authentic information there would be no one like him, I felt.

Only, it was not a 'he'. I was pleasantly surprised when I came face to face with Sumitra Devi, the well-known movie star. I joined my hands in 'namaskar' and said, "Are you in charge of all this?" I waved a hand in the direction of the waiting people, sweeping all of them in my gesture.

"Yes, in a manner of speaking," she said. "And you are a press representative?" There was more of assertion than interrogation in this her remark. "But, wait—haven't we been acquainted before? I seem to remember you."

I remembered too. I had remembered as soon as I saw her. It took no effort on my part to refresh my memory. Every detail was delineated in my mind.

Those were the days of the slapstick comedies and the second-rate (or even worse) socials. The film

industry had not attained even a similitude of the standard that it enjoys today. The technique was quite poor, and escapism was the only stuff dished out to the public in a large number of the pictures. Silly themes and cheap comedy were the forte of most of the producers of Bombay.

And with such a crazy atmosphere, seemed quite to fit in the infatuation of Shubh Kumar, scion of one of the richest and most aristocratic families of Kapurthala State, for a flashy film actress, Sumitra. This affair often found its way into the gossip columns of the film journals, and one who was interested in the films was bound to be well aware of it.

Shubh Kumar was learning the rudiments of the business that had swelled the coffers of his family. He had travelled abroad, extensively, and was refined and intellectual. He was not what one would term the "spoiled type."

On the other hand, Sumitra was an uninhibited person. Her age—well, one couldn't gauge her years, what with her flashiness and all. Her background was unknown. She was not very successful as an artiste, but was well-paid, for she had a certain pull at the box office. It was not her beauty, for she was not very beautiful; rather it was her vivacity and charm, what we might term 'glamour'.

She had sometime enacted parts in thrillers (when she was up and coming) and in the inexperience of youth she had gone and got herself strangled with a third rate 'extra' by whose false front she must have been taken in. The marriage had not been successful and had culminated tragically when the young man met with an accident and was killed instantaneously.

There hadn't been any escapades after that and she had slowly scaled the ladder of fame. When Shubh Kumar lost his heart (and his senses?) to her, she was a popular star who banked on her glamour more than on anything else. She had an unconventional taste ('ultra-modern' it was dubbed in those days) in dressing, and she was extremely gay and unchecked. But all this she covered up for the sake of Shubh Kumar. Being an actress, she could without great difficulty put on a show of being well-bred and educated and 'correct'.

She wanted to marry Shubh Kumar, even though conventionally she wasn't fit for him. Even otherwise, from a general standpoint, she and Shubh were a contrast. One couldn't at all imagine their being happy in marriage. We used to wonder what the outcome of this affair would be.

We certainly hoped for a change when the girl who was the choice of Shubh Kumar's family arrived, the girl they wanted him to marry and whom he had known since his boyhood days. Her name was Nirmala. She seemed ideal for Shubh Kumar. But her arrival amounted to no more than a slight distraction for Shubh Kumar. His attention still remained concentrated on Sumitra, or even became lightly pronounced.

At that time it had happened that the producers of Sumitra's pictures had made a switch to a mythological, Yayati, and whenever the production unit went out of town of shoot exterior scenes, Shubh Kumar invariably went along, too, to be near to Sumitra.

The outlook for Nirmala was not very bright. But she wasn't a person to take things quiescently. She decided to take the matter into her own hands, and got to work.

I was pretty well acquainted with her, seeing that she frequented the studios a lot, where I worked in the publicity department. She knew where my sympathies lay, and used to confide in me about her predicament.

But during the three or four weeks that she was deep, deep down in this affair (I didn't know where) she did not spill any beans to me. I just waited and wondered.

Then one day she came to me, excitement surging within her. "Now! I haven't been able to convince him, as we all are convinced, that Sumitra is just a camouflage, impressive on the outside but worthless within. But now he shall know. He shall know her background, her real worth."

Then gradually she told me everything. All these days she had been examining and searching into the past of Sumitra, and had somehow traced her family. Only, the family was not worth even speaking of. Sumitra was a fisherman's daughter. All but Sumitra's father had died, and he was a hopeless sort of person (according to Nirmala). He lived in a fishing village some distance from Bombay.

Nirmala admitted that Sumitra sent some money regularly to her father. "But her father a fisherman!" she exclaimed. "One of the lowest castes!"

She was well convinced about such matters of birth, I could see, and I dared not argue with her. After a while she revealed to me the plan she had evolved in her mind. The sequence in the current production *Yayati*, in which King Yayati met the princess living in the fisherman's hut, had not yet been shot. It was scheduled within a fortnight. Nirmala would use her influence with the director of the film and get him to adopt as location for this sequence the village in which Sumitra's father lived. Nirmala would enjoin on the director not to reveal to Sumitra where they were going, but just to take the production unit there by a devious route. On the other hand she would inform Sumitra's father that his daughter was arriving, and would put the idea into his mind that it would be a pleasant surprise for Sumitra if he met her as soon as she arrived.

Nirmala did as she had said she would, even though I refused her the help she asked for. In the first

place I did not believe she would go through with her scheme. Besides, I didn't want to be a party to such underhand methods.

What her evaluation of such things was, I don't know. Anyway, the day arrived when the production unit was to move to the fishing village scene. I somehow wangled myself in with the party. I knew what place we were headed for, so I didn't bother my head with the route that we followed.

I was on the sound-truck. There were three or four more trucks with the other paraphernalia of motion picture making. Sumitra with the director and, of course, Shubh Kumar and Nirmala, were in a car which was ahead of us. The director was supposed to be guiding us on the route.

As soon as we arrived at the scene I hurried forward to be near Sumitra and Shubh Kumar to watch the developments at close quarters. I expected the fisherman to spring up in front of us at any moment. I don't know what Sumitra's feelings were at that time. I guess she must have recognised the village. But apparently she was quite new to it. Why should she disclose the fact that she was well acquainted with every small hut in the village? If all went well, no one would ever know she had any ties with this small community.

I looked and looked for the fisherman, but he did not appear on the scene. I began to wonder. But I had not reckoned with the ingenuity of Nirmala. If Sumitra was an actress, Nirmala was an actress too, with an inborn sense of the dramatic. And she was worthy of credit for the scene she had planned. She wouldn't have anything done that would give even a slight indication of having somebody's hand behind it. Everything would be natural—oh, so natural.

Even I was unsuspecting of how the thing was to come. We went along slowly, looking around the village, until we came to the beach, where a few fishermen were working with the nets. The beach was to be our first scene for the film.

And then, suddenly, when I least expected it, a loud voice broke into our midst. "Sumitra!" It was a single word, but it made everyone look in the direction from which it had come.

It was one of the fishermen on the beach, I saw then. It would seem (or Nirmala had arranged it should so seem) that he had looked up from his work hearing the approaching noise and, suddenly recognising Sumitra, had called out to her in surprise and joy.

Sumitra averted her attention from the group she had been conversing with, and saw the fisherman. For a long moment she stood looking at the old, shabby man, unrespectable in spite of his being dressed and kept well enough.

She could have said: "Who are you? I have never known you before!" And I would not have blamed her, and considered it quite natural enough.

Then she started toward the fisherman. She walked a few steps, ran the rest of the intervening



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space. "Father!" she cried, her voice tremulous with joy. "Father!" And she put her arms out to her father and embraced him.

Why shouldn't she do it in her natural unrestrained way, I considered, when it was costing her everything?

I could discern tears on her cheeks as she turned in our direction. "Shubh," she called, loud enough for everybody to hear, "Shubh, this is my father. I want you to meet him."

The entire episode must have flashed through Sumitra Devi's mind as soon as she said she seemed to remember my face. "So you've become a press correspondent?"

"Yes," I rejoined. "And how about handing me some information about this affair, Mrs. Shubh Kumar? I've to write a column for the evening edition."

"But what could I tell you about what I have been doing?" she said. "Don't you think it would

be futile on my part to attempt a eulogy of my own work?" She looked into my face, smiling quizzically.

Before I could protest, however, she had called one of the volunteers. "Tell Shubh there's a press representative waiting for him, will you?" she said. "Ask him to leave everything and come here directly."

Then she turned to me. "Why did you keep away from us all this time?" she said pleasantly. "One ought not to forget one's acquaintances like this." There was a slight reproof in her voice.

The familiarity with which she said this gave me the courage to ask her a question. "How's your father?" I said.

Her face was quite normal as she answered. "He is still in the village," she said. "Though he doesn't work any more. He is retired."

And she was not the least bit ashamed.

SIR CHIMANLAL SETALVAD— A TRIBUTE

by K. ISWARA DUTT

"THERE are two types of politicians", says Herbert Sidebotham;—"one type has visions, trances, divination, anacolutha, leaps, and to this type belong one or two great men in a generation, and hundreds of misfits. The other type are exact and practical, dislike "viewiness" unless it is well warmed by experience, and will have their political bread well baked and with a good crust." Sir Chimanlal H. Setalvad, whose recent death removes from the Indian scene one of the 'Last Victorians' belonged to the latter category, but there was no trace or taint of self-advancement in the man. He was straight as an arrow—and like a good arrow seldom missed the mark. Success came to him in the natural course, and on a number of fronts. He maintained his independence and dignity till the end; he stood for his own beliefs; and he hated ineffective compromises between irreconcilable courses; and he spoke out his mind without the aid of any political machinery, and also without bothering what support he had or who heard him. With intellectual honesty, no mean virtue, as his sheet-anchor, he is an example of the "puritan breed" in politics.

Born in July 1865, in the city of Broach, in a family well-known for legal and judicial talent, Setalvad had a brilliant academic career. As a student of the Elphinstone College he came under the influence of Principal Wordsworth, Dr. M. G. Deshmukh and Prof. T. K. Gajjar. After graduation he desired to qualify himself for the Bar, but much against his will and in deference to parental wishes he joined Government service in a humble capacity on a monthly salary of Rs. 30. Within a week, and without the prior knowledge of his father, he emerged out of the ruts and went to Bombay where he joined the Law College, the

desire to take to the legal profession having been stimulated by the stories he heard of the top-men.

It was in February 1887—he was 22 then—that he joined the Bar, since when started his association, ripening into friendship, with the great Phirozeshah Mehta. The influence of that masterful personality on him was evident even in the earlier years of his legal career. Setalvad rose to great heights at the Bar, as much by his fearless advocacy as by his learning and probity. Just ten years ago, on completion of fifty years as a lawyer, the Bombay Bar celebrated the event and subscribed for his portrait in the High Court library.

Except for a small break, he was connected with the Bombay Municipal Corporation from 1892 to 1920 and rendered the city meritorious service. Likewise, he left his impress on the University of Bombay with which his association began in 1895 and ended in 1929, after twelve years of Vice-Chancellorship. In grateful recognition of his services, his bust was unveiled in the University Convocation Hall by Sir Roger Lumley in 1939.

Setalvad started as a legislator in 1893, lost his seat in 1897, and later reappeared on the University ticket. There were complaints in the interval that "his microscopic eye and active, inquisitive mind" were missed, to the loss of the legislature. He was in the Bombay Council till 1915 when he was elected to the Imperial Legislative Council as Gokhale's successor. In 1923 he was defeated by Swarajist candidates, but he accepted nomination—it was by then the Central Assembly—on the distinct understanding that he would be free to vote as he liked. In 1924 he acted as the President. In view of his European tour he refrained from seeking election to the Assembly in 1936.

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Setalvad was a Congressman for long. As a law student he witnessed the inauguration of the Congress in Bombay on Dec. 27, 1885. Four years later he was a member of the Reception Committee. In 1907 he was on the dais at the Surat Session, "alongside Phirozshah Mehta" when the Mahratta shoe "flew through the air"! He kept up his connection with the Congress till 1918 when he joined those who formed the Liberal party. He presided twice over the Liberal Federation,—in 1928 at Allahabad and in 1937 at Calcutta.

Among other things, he was a member of the Hunter Committee; he sat on the Lee Commission; he attended the Round Table Conference. He was given much credit for the Minority Report of the Hunter Committee which conducted an enquiry into the Punjab tragedy; and Sastri, in one of his characteristic letters to him, said: "I can guess, even if I had no means of knowing, how much you have put into it . . . A great and notable service to the nation has fallen to your lot." (11th June 1930.)

Setalvad adorned office too. He had no intention of accepting a permanent High Court judgeship, but he agreed to be an Additional Judge for a year. Mr. Montagu and Lord Sinha desired that he should be "translated to Simla" but they found that they could not "impose a colleague on an unwilling Viceroy". Setalvad, however, became a member of the Executive Council in Bombay in 1921, but in 1923 he resigned and reverted to the Bar.

In later years he was no less active. He watched the trends in public life closely and became a kind of mentor. And he always commanded a hearing.

Here are three episodes which show the type of man that Setalvad was as a lawyer, as a legislator, and as an Executive Councillor.

Once when he was arguing a point, the Judge shocked him by telling him that he did not seem to understand English. Setalvad was taken aback, but he was ready with the retort.

"I understand English" he said, "as well as your Lordship does, but my misfortune is that I have failed to make you understand the point I am making."

In the closing years of the 19th Century when he was a member of the Bombay Legislative Council, Lord Harris, Governor, sent for Setalvad once and said stiffly:

"Look here, Mr. Setalvad, you have been putting numerous questions which put a heavy burden on the Secretariat staff who have something better to do than find out all the information you want."

"I am sorry, Your Excellency", replied Setalvad, "but you seem to forget that in answering my questions, your Excellency and your staff are performing a public duty for which both are handsomely paid, while on my part, I am performing a public duty which is purely honorary".

On one occasion, when he was a member of the Executive Council and Sir George Lloyd was the Governor of Bombay, Setalvad was so irritated by the views which the Governor was advocating during a discussion that he burst out:

"Pardon me, Your Excellency, but you are talking nonsense."

Setalvad narrated that though Sir George Lloyd grew red in the face, he said after some argument: "You were right. I was talking nonsense."

The very just and eloquent tribute paid to Setalvad by the *Times of India*, on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee, sums him up admirably. It said:

Politically, Sir Chimanlal belongs to a generation almost extinct today. He is among the few survivors of that school of realists and humanists who strove to rear the fabric of Indian politics upon the broad foundations of tolerance and understanding, sweet reasonableness and ordered progress. He has endeavoured to keep the public life of this country above the narrow bigotry of latter day nationalism, and he is not among those who believe in

stimulating national sentiment at the cost of racial bitterness.

A Liberal to the core of his being who had tenaciously adhered to the Mehta-Gokhale tradition in Indian politics, Setalvad was extremely critical of Congress thought and policy. He was not known to spare the British Government either. His criticism of League politics and Pakistan was ruthless and bore evidence of his acumen as well as acidity. His refreshing candour is nowhere better revealed than in his *Recollections and Reflections* published last year. The book is a mine of information, though one wishes that Setalvad had the manner of writing in a reminiscent rein. Intellectually he was more sharp than

massive, and he had tremendous analytical powers and persuasive gifts. Above all, he was remarkably upright as a man and clear-headed as a thinker.

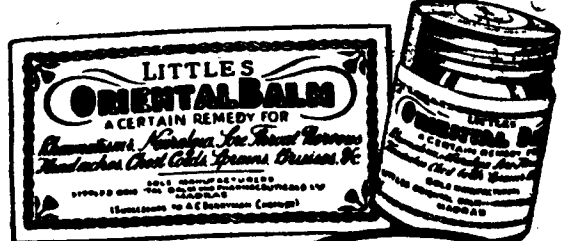
The following inimitable description of Setalvad we owe to Sastri:

Setalvad's intellect is keen as a razor. He is quick to grasp things, and in presenting them to others he takes the shortest route. He is, if I may say so, a curious contradiction. Look at him. It may take some effort on your part. There is nothing superfluous about him. He is all compact of intellect. Sometimes I think he is a triumph of God's handiwork minimum of machinery and maximum of out-turn.

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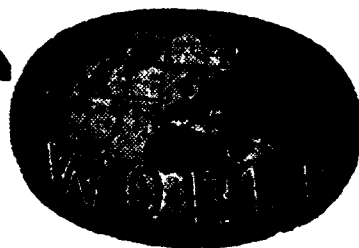
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SPOTLIGHT

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TO lovers of peace, getting dismayed at the widening rift between the countries of Eastern and Western Europe, the Anglo-Soviet trade treaty comes as somewhat heartening news. It means that two major Powers, each holding a prominent position in the Eastern and Western parts of Europe, have started to co-operate on matters of trade. It has to be remembered that in July last the talks for such a trade treaty between the two countries had proved abortive.

In July last the British Government were maintaining the free convertibility of sterling into dollars; they hoped that the dollar loan would keep them going; there was the glittering prospect of yet another loan from across the Atlantic after Marshall's speech of June 5 at the Harvard University. But hardly six weeks after that, on August 21, Britain, alarmed at the rapidly dwindling dollar resources, suspended free convertibility; by mid-September the British people were told of the need to tighten their belts (imports were to be cut to the tune of £228 million and, by dint of hard labour, exports were to be raised by about £372 million annually, including large quantities of luxuries for the dollar zone); the Marshall plan seemed to be caught up in the troubled sea of American election politics and, finally, Britain was not included in the countries covered by the Truman plan of interim aid, desperately to be rushed to keep things going in Western Europe. The only means left for Britain, to pay for the imports from U.S.A., was to dip into the gold reserve and that too was not much. 150,000 oz. of gold was sold by Australia to Britain in September to help her tide over the crisis. Thus Britain today is in a

much worse position than she was when it was possible for the Government to break off trade negotiations with Russia over a minor issue.

Britain's economic crisis is inherent in the very character of British foreign trade. It is inherent in the dependence of Britain on America and the dollar area for her imports, a dependence that grew to enormous proportions during the war years. Talking of the problem of balancing imports and exports, Harold Wilson, President of the Board of Trade, stated: "There is still a lack of balance between dollar and non-dollar areas. While we take 43 per cent of our imports from the Western Hemisphere, that area is buying only 15 per cent of our exports." Herein lies the crux of the matter. What is the way out for Britain? Would Britain cut her imports from the dollar area? If she did, what would she do to get the goods, mainly food and raw materials, she has been getting from that area?

Although this question has been strikingly underlined by the present crisis, it has been present in Anglo-American economic relations for quite a long time. During the time of the first world war, British purchases in America increased enormously; the share of U.S.A. in British imports rose from 18.4 per cent in 1913 to 39.2 per cent in 1918. But at the end of the war, Britain still remained a first-rate imperialist Power. She was able to reduce the U.S. share of her imports from 39.2 to 20.1 per cent in 1923, mainly by cutting imports and by being able to dictate high monopoly prices for rubber and non-ferrous metals. Again, following the world economic crisis of the 'thirties, Britain developed her trade relations in the

Empire and with the Ottawa system of Imperial Preferences, reduced the U.S. share of her imports still further to 11 per cent in 1937. Thus twice in the last thirty years Britain was able to recuperate economically by sharply curtailing her imports from America.

At the end of the second world war, Britain is once again confronted with the same problem. The U.S. cannot serve as a market for British goods on a scale large enough to balance Britain's purchases there. Yet, with such conflicting interests, the British Government chose the wrong way by resorting to the American loan. The loan gave an opportunity for Wall Street to keep going its wartime prosperity. The abolition of price control in U.S.A. coincided with the loan negotiations, perhaps not accidentally. In 1946 the U.S. prices rose by 40 per cent on the average and the price of goods purchased by Britain by an even greater percentage. The Statist calculated that the level of import prices was 152 per cent of the 1938 level and that roughly £150 million of Britain's £800 million deficit in foreign trade was attributable to this. Thus the artificially high prices meant at the same time a devaluation of the American loan and a source of profit for the Shylocks of Wall Street.

An instance of the economic domination of the dollar was seen in the efforts the Washington Government made to dictate Britain's policy. The U.S. Government would not permit Britain to purchase tobacco in other countries because that would involve reduced purchases in U.S.A.; it protested against Britain's trade agreement with Argentina and her agreement with Canada for wheat purchase. It was also stated in the Press that the Americans were exercising pressure in London in order to render the Anglo-Russian trade negotiations abortive.

This dependence of Britain on Wall Street speculators and the growing power of the dollar drew protests from certain sections of the Labour Party itself. "The U.S.

is responsible for the situation in which we find ourselves," said Silverman in the House of Commons and added that the Americans had acted like 'shabby money-lenders'. There was an increasing demand for a change of policy from the Labour and co-operative movements, calling for closer trade relations with the Soviet Union. Writing in the *New Statesman and Nation* G. D. H. Cole pointed out that the alternative to an American loan is for Britain to reduce her military and imperial commitments and to come to terms with the Soviet Union.

The advantages of improving trade relations with Russia and Eastern Europe are obvious. Zilliacus, the Left-wing Labour M.P. gives three reasons why this turning to the East is in the interest of Britain. Firstly, these countries are having an agricultural economy, with large food and raw material supplies for export; secondly, their planned economies need improvement of both industrial and agricultural production, a factor which opens the possibility of expanding trade and, finally, they are independent of the vagaries of American capitalism since they mean to go ahead with their plans even without American aid. Further, trade with these countries would mean more stable price levels.

That Britain was seeking a way out of the crisis by looking for food and raw materials from outside the dollar area, was stated by Harold Wilson in an interview to the correspondent of *Reynolds News* on October 4. He said that the urgent task was for Britain to secure supplies from Europe. Britain had entered into a trade agreement with Poland in May; in August she concluded an agreement for the purchase of foodstuffs from Hungary. Wilson indicated then that Britain was willing to enter into business agreements "with any country that had anything to offer in South Eastern Europe."

To a delegation of Labour M.P.s. which met Stalin in November, the Soviet leader stated that he wanted friendship and co-operation between

the two countries based on the conclusion of a commercial treaty and a revised and strengthened Anglo-Soviet alliance. In taking this stand it was clear that Russian policy was not at all affected by the ballyhoo of anti-Communism. Guided by a sense of realism, Russia sought to build up friendly relations with countries that were willing to do so. What can Russia offer? Part of the answer can be gathered from the fact that the final estimates of the 1947 wheat crop in U.S.S.R. showed an increase of 58 per cent over 1946.

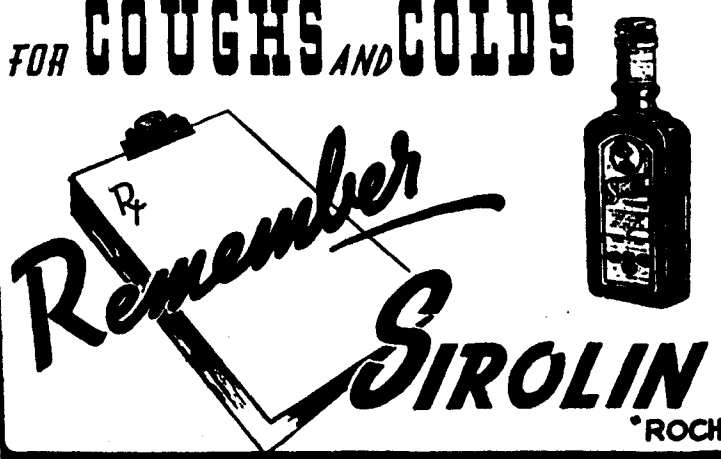
The full details of the trade treaty now concluded between Russia and Britain are not yet available. Its broad terms cover the supply of grain by Russia in exchange for certain engineering and manufactured goods from Britain; further trade negotiations are to be held in May 1948. Speculation is already rife as to what the effect of

grain delivery from Russia would be on the high prices now ruling in the world food market—a market that has grown to be the den of food racketeers.

The agreement represents the first big break in the economic policy of Britain; it is born of the need for Britain to look to non-dollar areas for her food supplies and raw materials. Compelling economic circumstances have forced a Government playing second fiddle to the Truman doctrine of combating Communism and 'containing' it, to embark on the path of co-operation. (Even Italy entered into a trade pact, on November 28, with Yugoslavia by which Yugoslavia will supply foodstuffs in return for Italian chemicals and finished goods.) Wall Street will certainly not like this freedom from the dollar. But the 'iron curtain' which they raised is being pierced by the operation of the very economic strains they have created.

War is not only a question of fighting; it is also a question of politics. In fact the classic definition of war, made by the greatest German military theorist, Clausewitz, is that war is a continuation of politics by other means.—TOM WINTRINGHAM.

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS



Remember

SIROLIN

ROCHE

USED ALL OVER THE WORLD

A LETTER FROM EUROPE

by MELLY ZOLLINGER & W. L. RAO

Zurich: December 3, 1947.

YOUR readers would have followed the trend of the discussions in the Foreign Ministers Conference now sitting in London. We propose to give in this letter a resume of the reactions of public opinion in Germany to the various proposals and counter-proposals made in the Conference regarding the unity of Germany, the creation of Central Government and the representation of Germany at the Peace Conference. Since the past few months German opinion in both the zones has been very much concerned at the continuance of the zonal system and the anomalies it has led to. The parlous situation regarding the coal supply for both industrial and domestic use in the west zone owing to the absence of proper organisation for distribution and transport in spite of the increased production; the energetic suppression of the black-market undertaken by the Soviet administration, in contrast with the flourishing "behind-the-counter" trade and the "barter-bazar" in the west; the better food position in the eastern zone—which is more or less self-sufficient—than in the west which has to depend solely on British and American generosity; the better conditions of work in the Soviet zone—equal pay for men and women, compulsory insurance against accidents, shorter hours of work for young workers, holidays with pay—as compared with the very lax observance of these in the Allied zones and the refusal of the Allies to comply with the proposal of General Kotokov (Order No. 234) to introduce uniform conditions in their zones, had accentuated the desire for a unified administration throughout the whole of Germany.

Even prior to the Moscow Conference, the Soviet proposed a unified Germany with a central Government; but the proposal met with consistent opposition both from the Governments and the press of Britain and U.S.A. However as

Britain got involved more and more in the financial and food commitments consequent on the occupation, —the Hynd administration came in for very trenchant and outspoken criticism—the necessity for finding a way out of the crushing burden had to be faced squarely. Making a virtue of necessity Bevin produced at the time of the Moscow Conference a plan for an eventual unified Germany with a loose federal constitution, and as a first step, proceeded with the fusion of the British and the American zones. The implications of bizonal administration was not lost on the German public, though it welcomed the disappearance of the 'frontiers' in at least a part of the country, with the near prospect of the disappearance of the French demarcation lines too. These hopes have so far not been realised. On the other hand, the denunciation of the Truman Doctrine, the proposal of Marshall to help Europe, and the persistent campaign in the Anglo-American press that "East is East and West is West and the twain shall never meet," made the Germans suspect that the controversy about the future form of government was only a smoke-screen behind which plans for a permanent division of Germany were being perfected. And to the German mind the portent of the international events was ominous. The growing antagonism between the erstwhile Allies led each to consolidate their respective positions in Germany for an eventual trial of strength. When the Soviet proposed the unification of the Socialist parties with a view to speedy denazification and consolidation of the democratic and anti-nazi forces, the attempt was killed by the Allies through the intransigence of Dr. Kurt Schumacher, the leader of the Social Democrats, and the prize boy of the British. While the Anglo-Americans were discussing constitutional formulas, the Marshall Plan was being formulated to bring the western zone within its orbit. The

Harriman Report in its blue-print took the partition as a permanent and "settled fact." Wall Street was clamouring to extend its monopolistic dominion over the industrial west, if not the whole of Germany. While unity was being talked of, separatism was being planned.

DISMANTLING AND DISILLUSIONMENT

The British and the Americans had always maintained that economic unity must precede political unity, and that the productive capacity should be raised to bring about a higher standard of living. They therefore insisted, contrary to the Soviet claim, that reparation claims could not be met out of current production. The Germans hoped that the western powers would not go back on this policy. Once again they were disillusioned, when Bevin announced in the Commons debate that there was no going back upon the plan for dismantling war-plants announced by him in October 1946, and that the dismantling of 682 plants in the American-British zone must take its unalterable course. The Germans are asking how dismantling could be squared with raising the industrial capacity so ardently wished by the occupation authorities. Again, on Bevin's own admission, only 302 of these belong to the first category, i.e., war-plants. Among the rest were soap-factories, hardware and building material shops, watch-making and precision instrument factories, essential for the production of daily necessities. They are wondering whether even for the smallest articles they have to be dependent upon American imports. It was no wonder that when Lord Pakenham visited the Ruhr last October and addressed the North Rhine-Westphalian leaders, his speech received a chilly reception and some of his remarks on dismantling policy were greeted with derisive laughter. Dismantling became a major issue with all the German political parties and here was a possibility of presenting a joint front.

JANUS-FACE POLICY

As the date of the London Conference drew nearer there was a

significant change in the inter-Allied policy. General Clay returned from his visit to the U.S.A. The State Department published a 52-page report on "Our current foreign policy," which was an indictment of the Soviet all along the line. London and Washington began to proclaim openly that the London Conference was foredoomed to failure. Towards the end of October, General Clay stated that the administrative authority in the Anglo-American zone would in future function as the Government of West Germany. This unequivocal statement, though it was immediately denied by London and Washington, caused intense anxiety in German political circles, for it meant in the clearest possible terms that Germany as a united nation would henceforth cease to exist, in spite of all the Allied professions to establish a unified Germany with a central Government as a consequence of the future peace treaty. Not only that. The Americans gave out that after the inevitable failure of the London Conference, they were prepared to keep their occupation forces in Germany for a very very long time, and that they were in no case prepared to withdraw their army from Berlin. All hopes that the London Conference would lighten the severities of the occupation-regime, that it would bring about an extension of the right of self-government, that it would do away with the inter-zonal differences, vanished.

FAILURE OF JOINT FRONT

Now at least was a common front called for against the balkanisation of Germany, to present the German view-point before the London Conference and before the bar of world opinion, so that the case should not go by default. For this purpose a joint conference of all the parties was proposed by Wilhelm Pieck and Ullbricht, the leaders of the Socialist Unity Party, to meet in Berlin and draw a plan of action. To the great disappointment of all Germans, the plan was sabotaged by the refusal of Schumacher, the Social Democratic leader, to sit in any joint conference with the Communists (SED), and he even went to

the length of calling the Christian Democrats as Soviet "catpaws." A second attempt was made on November 7 by the Premiers of the provinces in the American zone to call another joint conference of the Premiers of all the provinces to meet in Berlin on October 11. This conference met at Wannsee under the presidency of Friedenburg, the chief Mayor of Berlin and put forth a four-point demand for (1) the economic unity of Germany, (2) the constitution of a central Government for the whole of Germany, (3) the formulation of a constitution and (4) the participation of German representatives in the deliberations of the Peace Conference. Again Dr. Schumacher, fresh from his American tour, refused to attend the conference, but the Social Democrats were represented by Paul Loeb, former President of the Reichstag. Schumacher's conduct of boycotting the conference was severely condemned by all the parties and the four-point programme was signed by all the Prime Ministers as well as leading personalities of the German literary and scientific circles. Schumacher in a fit of revenge thereafter expelled Paul Loeb from the Social Democratic Party!

PROPAGANDA—A DOUBLE-EDGED SWORD

Meanwhile, a propaganda-barrage has been let loose by General Clay's American radio stations in Germany to tell the German people that Communism means regimentation and slavery, whereas American democracy stands for free enterprise and liberty. The German people are, to put it mildly, highly amused at the naivety of these propaganda broadcasts. For they know to their cost how much truth could be attached to such propaganda as they had been fed upon it by Goebbels for well-nigh fifteen years! The Soviet authorities in their turn are exhibiting films with the caption "Beware of the enemies!"—showing the horrors of atom bomb destruction. The Germans have not failed to note that President Truman in his Soviet Anniversary greetings, congratulated the Soviet people but did not address any personal mess-

age either to the Soviet President Schuernik or to the Soviet Government, contrary to the personal greetings he addressed last year to the Soviet President, and in entire contrast to the very hearty message he then sent, recalling the great and heroic sacrifices made by the Soviet peoples for the common cause.

In such an atmosphere, the Socialist Unity Party of Germany once again proposed an all-party convention to meet in Berlin on 6th December to concert measures for the sending of a deputation to the Foreign Ministers Conference in London to put forth the German case. Once again, the Social Democrats, the Christian Democrats and the Christian Socialists have refused to make common cause with the "Communists," as they would designate the SED. They have thus placed their party interests before the interests of the German people.

BLACK SHADOWS

The Germans are at a loss to guess what the future has in store for them. The Anglo-Americans are breathing hot and cold. They proclaim the unity of Germany and they twit the Soviet with expansionist desires, whereas they themselves seem to do everything that would make "partition a settled fact." Only three weeks ago, the "Daily Mail" published a report that as a result of joint conversations between the Foreign Offices in London and Washington, the British Ambassador Lord Inverchapel and the British Adviser in Germany Sir William Strang, a provisional Government and Parliament should be called in West Germany immediately after the failure of the London Conference, and the Government should be composed of the eight provincial Prime Ministers, who, assisted by eight representatives to be nominated by them from the different provinces, would draw up a constitution for West Germany which would be placed before the people for their acceptance and that "parliamentary" elections should be held within six months.

The Germans know only too well that a vivisection of their country

could only be avoided if there is unity between the Allies. Unfortunately, the disunity among the Allies is no less than the disunity among the German parties themselves. Here is what the "Telegraph" of Berlin (Social Democratic) writes:

"Failure of the London Conference, or its break-up without achieving any positive results, would mean that the two parties of Germany would be destined, at least for some time, to go their different ways. The fact that the west zone would not pay any reparations to them, would compel the Soviets to extort as much from the eastern zone as possible, perhaps to apply the screw much tighter than at present. There will be a strangle hold upon the economic life of the country. The longer the interval between capitulation and the peace treaty, the greater will be the want for the necessities of life, shoes, clothing and housing, which would become scarcer and scarcer. Tomorrow and the day after, the problems would become much worse". (Nov. 27.)

The "Berliner Zeitung" (Socialist Unity Party) comments as follows:

"Without any shadow of doubt, a failure in London would be the worst possible misfortune for the German people. The plan for

the division of Germany would be produced from the desks, all ready made. The terrible fight for power would take place on the soil of Germany. Warmongers and horror-makers would have the time of their lives. Despair would get the upper hand of our people. Our representatives are denied participation at the Peace Conference. It is therefore all the more incumbent upon us to declare, in the clearest possible terms, that the German people would refuse to be made the pawns in an imperialist game." (Nov. 28.)

The Germans are in despair, at least the great majority of them who have to work for their daily bread. Tendentious messages are appearing in a section of the press that the Soviets, on their part, are intent on breaking up the London Conference, and that they would immediately proceed to form a Government of the eastern zone, to be headed by Field Marshall Paulus, General Syedlitz and other members of the "Free German Committee" backed up by a million-strong German Stalingrad-soldiers. Paulus himself is still in prison in Russia, and in a recent letter to his family informed them that he does not expect to be released before the end of 1948. But everything is grist to the propaganda-mill!



One of the most amazing catches ever seen on the Chepauk cricket ground was made by George Geary, a member of Arthur Gilligan's team, when they played against Madras during their tour in India in 1926. The late H. P. Ward, the Madras skipper, a sparkling batsman particularly strong on the leg side banged a short ball from Astill to square leg. As Ward executed the stroke, Geary standing close at square leg position made a somersault and stood up. Everyone thought the ball had crossed the boundary line and that Geary had ducked in time to escape getting hurt. Then to the amazement of the crowd Ward walked away from the crease while Geary took the ball from his pocket and threw it to the bowler. As the ball sped past him a few inches above the ground, Geary had made a wonderful leap to take an almost impossible catch, and even as he rolled on the ground he managed to put it into his pocket.

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HINDU-MUSLIM RELATIONS IN SOUTH INDIA

A HISTORICAL SKETCH

by Dr. N. VENKATARAMANIAH, M.A., Ph.D.

THOUGH it is generally believed that the Mussalmans came to India to spread the True Faith among the infidels, this is not actually the case. It must not be understood by this that the early Muslim invaders were not zealous in advancing the cause of Islam, but it was not the zeal for their religion that originally brought them into this country. The main motive was worldly gain. India was rich; her rulers possessed wealth; her towns and cities, temples and monasteries were treasure houses stocked with valuable commodities. Added to this, there was the love of adventure, military glory, and the possibility of winning religious merit by the destruction of idols and idol-temples. No doubt, the early invaders talked of spreading Islam; but this was a cloak to disguise their real object which was the securing material wealth. At first, there was no desire for establishing dominion and founding an Islamic State in the country. When, however, the invaders found in the course of their expeditions that the conquest of the country was comparatively easy the desire for establishing kingdoms arose, and took material shape in the Sultanate of Delhi. This new kingdom was by no means an ideal Muslim State. The Sultans of Delhi found that it was far easier to overthrow the Hindu States than to establish a stable Muslim kingdom in the country. The invaders were few, a mere drop in the vast ocean of humanity that inhabited this subcontinent. Wholesale conversion and a policy of continuous persecution and extermination of the Hindus was impossible. The conquerors would be overwhelmed and swept out of existence by the conquered, if they adopted a policy of forcible conversions to establish a Muslim State in India as conceived in the Holy Kuran and elaborated

by the Muslim jurists. As practical statesmen, the Sultans of Delhi and other Indian Muslim States had to ignore the scriptural injunctions, and allow their Hindu subjects to worship God after their own fashion. It must not be supposed, however, that these early Muslim rulers were lofty-minded and introduced religious tolerance out of conviction. They upheld on the contrary the faith of the Prophet very rigorously, but they could not make the preaching of Islam and the conversion of the infidel the aim of their policy. What they could not help they permitted. Though they had no faith in religious tolerance, they had to adopt it in dealing with their subjects, lest they should lose their power and dominion. What was true of Northern India was true in a much greater degree of the Deccan and South India. The Muslim population in the South was much smaller, and the necessity for compromise much greater.

The Hindu-Muslim relations in the Deccan and South India fall into four periods excluding, of course, our own times, when we are living under abnormal conditions. The first period covers four centuries, from the 9th to the 14th century of the Christian era. The Mussalmans came to the Deccan and South India, long before Ala-ud-Din Khalji's legions thundred before the gates of Devagiri. They came to the South in pursuit of peaceful commerce and military service under the South Indian Hindu kings. The Muslims were received warmly and treated with honour and respect. Our information about the Hindu-Muslim relations in this period is comparatively meagre; but what little there is points out unmistakably to the existence of friendly relations. The Rashtrakutas favoured the Muslim merchants and entered into alliance with the Muslim Governors of Sind.

The Pandyas encouraged the settlement of Muslim merchants in their dominions, and entrusted to them offices of trust and responsibility in their court. Large contingents of Muslim soldiers in the service of the Pandyas and the Hoysalas fought against Malik Naib Kafur and opposed the advance of his armies. The existence of the friendly relations between the Hindus and the Mussalmans in this period is largely attributable to the powerlessness of the latter.

The second period is much shorter and more important. It began with Ala-ud-Din's attack on Devagiri in A.D. 1295 and ended with the foundation of Vijayanagara in A.D. 1336. The role of the Muslims in this period underwent a change. They no longer came as merchants and mercenary soldiers, but as conquerors. In the time of Ala-ud-Din Khalji, the effects of the change were hardly perceptible. He conquered the South Indian Hindu kingdoms but did not overthrow them; he plundered their riches and exacted heavy tribute from them, but allowed them to remain intact. He never interfered with their administration or their institutions. In his last days, however, his policy changed, due mainly to the declaration of independence by the Maharashtras after Ramadeva's death in A.D. 1314. He annexed the kingdom of Devagiri; and Malik Naib Kafur whom he appointed as the Governor of Maharashtra, though he ruled the country efficiently, inaugurated a policy of religious persecution which was to bear bitter fruit in the immediate future. From contemporary historians we learn that he destroyed Hindu temples and built in their places mosques for the faithful, and concerted measures for increasing the Muslim element in the population. The Tughluqs enforced this policy rigorously and attempted to Islamise the whole of the South. Contemporary documents, both Hindu and Muslim, present a grim picture of the conditions in which the Hindus of the South had to live under the rule of the Sultans of Delhi. Their temples were desecrated and demolished, their homes were

plundered; their lands, the main source of their sustenance, were confiscated; their women were abducted, and their children were carried away to be forcibly converted and enslaved. The Brahmans were killed, cows were slaughtered; and the performance of the Hindu religious rites was prohibited. It appeared as if the Hindu religion was going to be stamped out. This state of affairs did not last long. The Hindus of Tilling and Karnataka girded their loins in defence of hearth and home. A Pan-Hindu League comprising all the leading Hindu princes of the South was soon formed; and the Muslims were packed off bag and baggage to Devagiri and Delhi. South India was thus freed from the yoke of Delhi.

Two important facts must be noted before we pass on to the next period. First, the Indianisation of Islam: the process of Indianisation began long before the Muslim conquest of the South. The intimate contact with the South gave it a fresh impetus. The indigenous element in the Muslim population increased; and access of strength from the Hindu population brought with it new social and religious ideas which, in course of time, modified the character of Islam in certain important respects. The racial and colour feeling which divided the Indian Muslim community into two opposing groups, the foreign and the Indian, became more accentuated. Some of the great Muslim leaders of the age like Malik Naib Kafur, Ain-ul-Mulk-Mahru, Khusr Khan and Malik Maqbul Khan-i-Jahan were either children born of Indian Muslim parents or converts from Hinduism. The contact with Deccan increased their number and strength; and they began to contend against the foreign Mussalmans on equal terms. The second noteworthy fact is the immigration of Muslim missionaries. The part played by the Muslim missionaries in spreading Islam is, generally ignored in Muslim histories; but their service, though silent and unostentatious, produced lasting results. These missionaries did not depend on State patronage; nor did they belong to

the ulemas who subsisted on stipends and gifts of land granted by the court. They were saints, recluses leading a hard, simple life, devoted to religious exercises and deeds of charity. Their mode of life and their simple and humble character appealed to the people who flocked to their hermitages to hear their teachings and witness their miracles. These recluses established themselves in secluded hermitages all over the Deccan, and propagated the teachings of Islam among the people. The religion taught by them was not of the type enforced by the Muslim warrior at the point of the sword. It was the real Islam, the religion of peace and love as conceived and taught by the Prophet.

The third period began with the foundation of Vijayanagara, and came to an end with the conquest of the Deccan and South India by the Mughal emperor, Aurangzeb. The founders of Vijayanagara had intimate acquaintance with Islam and Muslim institutions. On the fall of Kampili in A.D. 1326, they were taken prisoners by Muhammad bin Tughluq and were converted into Islam. They won the favour of the Sultan and were appointed by him as Governors of Kampili. Taking advantage of the rebellions which broke out in several parts of the Delhi empire, they took up arms against the Sultan; and having reverted to the faith of their fathers, they established a new kingdom on the banks of the Tungabhadra with the newly founded city of Vijayanagara as their capital. Notwithstanding their intimate association with the Muhammadans, their views on religion and life appear to have remained what they were before their conversion into Islam. In one field, viz., administration, the influence of Islam, however, was profound. Though unrecognised at present, the administrative system devised by the founders of Vijayanagara was modelled on that of Delhi under the Tughluqs. The Rayas of Vijayanagara, like the Hindu rulers in all ages, adopted a liberal policy in matters of religion. They never discriminated against any section of their subjects on the

score of religion. In spite of the bitter, long-drawn struggle with the Bahmany Sultans, they never swerved from the path of toleration. Mussalmans lived without restraint in their dominions; they held estates granted to them by the Government and served them in their wars. The Rayas built mosques for their Muslim subjects and made adequate provision for their maintenance. No account of Vijayanagara can be complete without a survey however brief of the affairs of her great rival, the Bahmany Kingdom which was founded by Sultan Ala-ud-Din Hasan Gangu in A.D. 1347 with Gulbarga in the present Hyderabad State as his capital. The relations between the Hindus and Muslims in the Bahmany Kingdom are much misunderstood. The general belief is that the Sultans were rigidly orthodox and persecuted their Hindu subjects. The blood-curdling accounts of Ferishta which lend colour to this belief are grossly exaggerated. Moreover, as they pertain to the treatment of the Hindus in the enemy's country during the progress of invasions, they cannot be accepted as evidence in estimating the normal attitude of the Bahmany Sultans towards the Hindus residing in their own kingdom. The information about the internal affairs of the Bahmany Kingdom is meagre; and though it is not possible to make any definite pronouncement about the manner in which they treated Hindus, it must be pointed out that there is no specific evidence of persecution on record. One fact, however, may be mentioned as an indicator of their general attitude. The imposition of Jajiya so common in Hindustan was not heard of in Deccan and South India until the time of Mughal conquest. It may therefore be said that the religious policy of the Bahmany Sultans was much more enlightened than that of their North Indian Muslim contemporaries.

The relations between the Hindus and the Mussalmans in the Five Deccani Sultanates which sprang up from the Bahmany Kingdom are much better known. The Deccani Sultans employed the Hindus on a large

scale in the service of the State. The civil service was practically monopolised by the Hindus; several officers of the army and a large part of the fighting forces were recruited from the Hindu population. It was impossible for the Deccani Sultans to adopt a hostile attitude towards their Hindu subjects.

The most enlightened of the Deccani Sultanates was the Qutb Shahi Kingdom of Golkonda. The Qutb Shahies had the unique distinction, among all the Muslim rulers of India, of adopting, as it were, the nationality of the people over whom they bore sway. From the time of Jamshid up to the fall of Tana Shah, they felt that they were Telugu Sultans. They adopted the characteristic titles of Telugu Hindu kings such as Andhrana Suratrana (the Sultan of the Andhras) and Hinduraya Suratrana (the Sultan of the Hindu Kings), and manifested considerable regard and affection for their Hindu subjects. In the service of the State nobody was excluded on account of his religion. The names of a host of Hindu officers who fought their wars and administered their dominions are preserved in Muslim histories and Hindu records. The Qutb Shahi Kings entrusted the affairs of the State so completely to the Hindus in their service that it roused the ire of Aurangzeb against them. Jagadeva Rao under Jamshid, Raya Rao under Malkibhiram, and Akkanna and Madanna under Tana Shah filled the wizarat worthily, and governed the kingdom on behalf of their respective masters.

In religious matters they allowed the Hindus considerable freedom. Being strict Shia Mussalmans, in deference to the opinion of the clergy, they seem to have imposed certain restrictions on public religious demonstrations by the Hindus. Moreover, while waging war with the Hindu rulers of Vijayanagara, they destroyed temples and built mosques in their place. Subject to these reservations, the religious policy of the Qutb Shahi Kings must be considered very enlightened. They did not interfere with the free exercise of Hindu religion, ex-

tended their patronage to Brahmans, and even encouraged them in the discharge of their religious duties. Inscriptions and other contemporary records show that the same monarchs who destroyed Hindu temples in the Vijayanagara Kingdom invited learned Brahmans and Hindu saints to their court, treated them with honour and respect and sent them back loaded with gifts. One remarkable document, unfortunately still unpublished, registers the gift of an entire village to a Brahman, a great Vedic scholar of his day, by Abdullah Qutb Shah, to enable him to perform Vedic sacrifices, and to teach Vedas and Sastras to his pupils. The executor of this deed of charity was the renowned Mir Jumla who later on deserted his master and joined Aurangzeb. The relations of Tana Shah with the famous saint Gopanna Rama Das must be mentioned here as they are much misunderstood. Some cite the imprisonment of Gopanna and the harsh treatment meted out to him in the jail to prove the intolerance of the Qutb Shahies in religious matters. This is far from the truth. Gopanna was a servant of the State; he misappropriated State funds which he utilised in the construction of a temple dedicated to Sri Rama on the Bhadradi Hill. He was treated like Government officials in a similar position. The question of religion was not at all involved. The story of Rama Das makes it quite clear that when Tana Shah discovered that Gopanna was indeed a saint, he released him from prison, and sent him back to Bhadradi with valuable presents. Tana Shah was a great and noble king; and though he was denounced by his Moghul enemies as a drunken debauchee, he still lives in the hearts of the Andhras as a great saint who was born as a Muslim king on account of some flaw in his penance in his previous birth.

The Qutb Shahies were great patrons of Telugu and Sanskrit literatures. They invited Telugu and Sanskrit poets to their courts and rewarded them richly; Ibrahim Qutb Shah was a great Telugu scholar and loved Telugu poets and

classics. Scholars and poets from all parts of the Andhra country flocked to Golkonda, held learned discussions in his presence and obtained rich rewards from him. Some of the best poems in Telugu were composed at his instance. He was celebrated in ballad and song which are sung even today as Malki-bhiram. His son Muhammad Quly was a worthy son of his father. He was a scholar and poet both in Urdu and Telugu, a skilful musician, and above all, a great lover. His association with Rupmati and Bhagwati is still remembered. The affection which he bore to the latter was so great that he immortalised her by naming the new city he found Bhaganagar after her. Muhammad Quly was a great friend of the Telugu poet Sarangu Tammayya whom he frequently used to invite to his palace to discuss poetry and rhetoric with him.

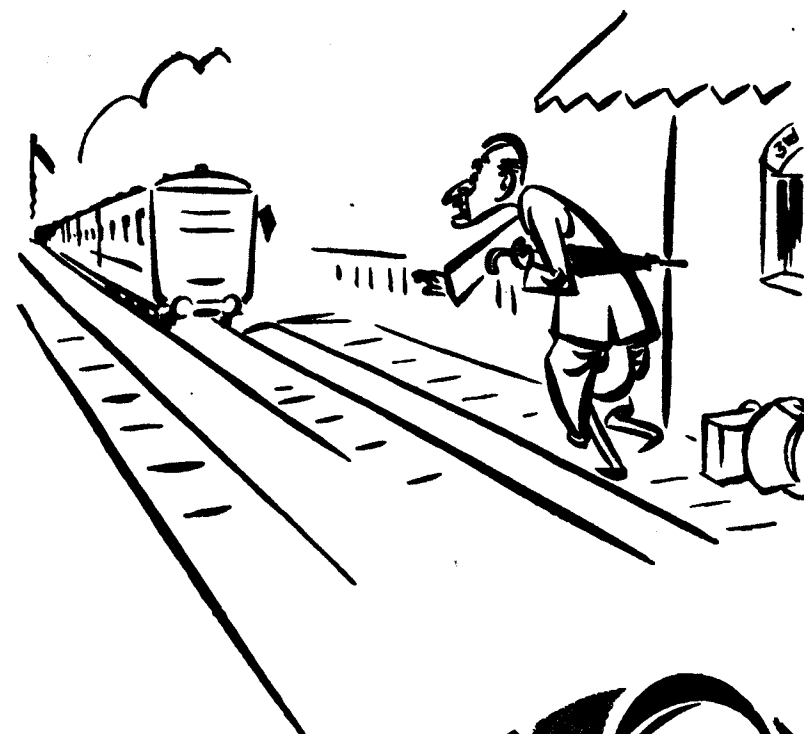
The love of Telugu and Sanskrit appears to have been common among the Muslim nobility and clergy at Golkonda. Amin Khan, one of the officers of Ibrahim Qutb Shah, patronised the poet Addanki Gangadhara, and encouraged him to write Tapatisamvaranam. Akbar alias Bade Saheb, a descendant of the celebrated saint, Gizu Daraz, and the spiritual preceptor of Tana Shah, wrote a treatise on poetics in Telugu called Sringaramanjari. The original Telugu work is unfortunately lost; but its Sanskrit version still survives and awaits publication.

The fourth period began with a wave of reaction which spread from one end of the Mughal empire to the other with great violence destroying innumerable Hindu temples in its course. Aurangzeb imposed Jajiya on his Hindu subjects throughout his empire and inaugurated an active campaign of temple-destruction. Deccan and South India were however almost untouched. During the early part of his reign the kingdoms of Bijapur and Golkonda were in existence; and the Hindus of the South were beyond his reach. He could not impose Jajiya on them; nor could he destroy their temples or harass them otherwise. In the later years

of his reign, though he succeeded in overthrowing the Deccani Sultans and annexing their territories, the Mahrattas kept him in full play; and he could not indulge much in his favourite pastime of demolition of Hindu temples.

With the death of Aurangzeb, the Mughal empire crumbled; and new States, both Hindu and Muslim, came into existence. In the Deccan, Nizam-ul-Mulk Asaf Jah declared independence and established a new kingdom with Hyderabad as his capital. The Asaf Jahies continued the Mughal tradition as handed down to them by Aurangzeb. Though they had been ruling over a country mainly Hindu in population for more than two centuries they never took any active interest in their subjects and showed no desire to promote their welfare. The Hindus were practically excluded from the service of the State; and no effort was made to improve their condition. In matters of religion they were indifferent. They did not demolish the Hindu temples, but adopted a policy which promoted their gradual decay. Notwithstanding the enlightened rule of His Exalted Highness the present Nizam of Hyderabad, the condition of the Hindus in his State remains what it was in the 18th century.

In Mysore, Muslim rule lasted for two generations. Hyder Ali, the first Muslim ruler to establish himself on the throne, though illiterate was an enlightened prince. He treated religion more or less as a personal affair and never allowed considerations of religion to colour the policy of his government. He treated all his subjects alike and governed them so impartially and kindly that his memory is still cherished in Mysore. His son Tipu was a perfect contrast to his father. He was an able monarch; but his fanaticism ruined him. Though there are people who strive hard to show that he was tolerant, it cannot be denied that he was unfriendly to Hindus and converted them to Islam whenever it was possible for him to do so, at the point of the sword. With the death of Tipu begins the history of modern India.



FOR LIFE'S LITTLE TROUBLES

Turn to
Tea

THE GREAT COMFORTER

INSERTED BY THE INDIAN TEA MARKET EXPANSION BOARD

SUMMONS TO JUDGMENT

by BINOD

IT is a tragic but true reflection that the common man is remembered by politicians only in perorations and platitudes and not in policies and practice.

It is a weakness of democracy that its vote goes so frequently to the man with the biggest mouth and the toughest lungs, two endowments that often accompany an empty head and a wicked heart. Democracy has not yet devised a method of picking its best elements to rule it.

These thoughts are provoked by the daily deepening gloom that surrounds the common man and the continued and complete failure of Authority to provide him sorely needed relief. It was the common man's belief that in the new and native set-up he would inherit the earth; it is his experience that, in an unequal struggle for existence, he is ever left mortgaged and bleeding.

You think this an exaggeration? Consider for a moment. Prices of even the most essential articles are soaring around the mountain-tops. Articles only relatively less essential, but necessary for normal life, are beyond the reach of any but the longest purse. The rationing office and the grocer's are seats of intolerable tyranny. Transport is a nightmare. Houses are slums of the meanest kind, and even these are scarce. The portals of education open only to keys of gold, and the temples of healing, the hospitals, recognise only worshippers of the highest income-groups.

While the common man thus sits wrestling with the coils of his predicament in a world of slums, a few rich families are trying to feel safe amidst the vast neighbourhood of poverty-ridden, ignorant and diseased people. The blackmarketeer and the profiteer are stalking the land and are sucking the life-blood out of it. And, all the while, Authority looks on, not lifting its little finger, like a doctor idling during an outbreak of plague. The common

man is left with the appalling discovery that even in a free country the wicked flourish exceedingly while the meek and the virtuous go under.

I believe that in the entire account book of human depravity it will be hard to find a blacker entry than the one recording what the seller today is doing to the buyer. Bloat-ed, browbeating capitalists mocking the meat they feed on have upset the entire equilibrium of society and are holding it to ransom—with obliging Authority letting them.

Our leaders have always claimed that they are wedded to justice. Where is their sense of justice gone? Surely they realize that the miserable situation in which the common man finds himself today does not reflect a rule of justice. Evidently they do, for, now and then, in an apologetic and nervous manner, they "appeal" to the business community to go slow with their misdeeds. But surely the stage for appeals to good sense is long past. Such is the perversity of human nature that even if the whole world tells man that he is sinning, worshipping false prophets and is certain to perish, he will not give over and repent so long as he is succeeding with his enterprise. It is the duty of the Government, therefore, to see that the anti-social elements do not succeed in their enterprise. Declare war on them and wage it with ruthlessness. Although surgery and murder both employ a knife, certainly they cannot be regarded as synonymous.

It is a grave issue. The lives of hundreds of thousands are involved. The future of the country is involved. Eternal principles are at stake. The action taken by our leaders—for or against the strangulation of the common people of the country—will determine standards and values of life in this country for a long time to come. "When a hundred years have passed, I summon you for judgment." Let them remember these words of Jerome of Prague. In their case judgment may be much nearer.

NO FUTURE WITHOUT REUNION

by K. S. VENKATARAMANI

"THE country has gone on the rocks. I don't know what amount we will be able to salvage." Thus writes to me a first rate intellectual and a brilliant thinker who occupies an eminent position in the public life of this country. He is not an alarmist but a sane and catholic thinker. I share in his view. All India is drifting on to the rapids. But it is not yet too late.

A virile and sagacious leadership realistic to the core, with drive, imagination and organisational genius can not only salvage substantially but perhaps be able to refloat the ship, purer and fresher for the full salt-water dip which has served to cleanse the deck and the holds of age-long dirt—though a costly and perilous bath!

Muslims and Hindus are true blood brothers who have lived together for centuries. The two-nation theory is pernicious. Nothing can separate them for all time, for their lives are so inextricably intertwined from Quetta to Shillong, from the banks of the Indus to the banks of the Kaveri. The division of India is in truth an alien's work. British imperialism coupled with faulty and egoistic leadership—only the egoism was of different types—on both sides, Hindu and Muslim, exercised its sovereign powers in the last hour of its rule on a domestic issue and succeeded in dividing the country in a moment of cruel folly and weakness.

But the restless throb of the Time-spirit, the higher longing and the innate urge are for Reunion. For India is a sacred whole which is implicit in her Geography and even her chequered History. Proper leadership can and should regroup the saner and more progressive elements of Pakistan and Hindustan into one new and happy wedlock. Without reunion there can be no peace or prosperity in the very nature of things. For all our ambas-

sadorships all over the world we would sink to the position of a third rate nation.

Pakistan can really solve no problems but only multiply them endlessly till the conflicts grow into a major war. For instance, the colossal problem of refugees is incapable of a permanent solution except on the basis of reunion and complete restoration of property and residence on either side. Any other solution is illusory, shows only ignorance of human nature in the complex conditions of India, means only a stupendous waste of public money in crores.

There must be realism and courage in our immediate statesmanship in order to reverse our tame acceptance of the decision of an alien Power in the vexed and frenzied last hour of its quitting, turning by an adroit move the wrath of a subject people among themselves. Is the Nehru Cabinet up to this giant task: to own its own folly and then win again by concerted action? It seems to think from all accounts that it can work divided India moderately well! What an illusion again? The intricate problems of Junagadh, Kashmir and Hyderabad, and of the 30 million Muslims in India and 20 million Hindus in Pakistan can never be solved except on the basis of Reunion.

The present Congress leadership in power, right wing, encircled by Capitalism and vested interests, and saturated in the negations and frustrations of a prolonged conflict for over quarter of a century with the more powerful imperialistic rule in history, is overwhelmed by the tragic consequences of its own acceptance of the partition of India. It is doubtful if it could, even if it wished, rise adequate to the great task of reversing its own acceptance and rebuilding on new lines which would make Reunion the primary objective. The trouble with the

Nehru Government is as much in its own ideology clothed in the beautiful raiment of sentimental idealism in a sordid world as in its executorial methods which lack vigour, realism, promptitude and drive in action.

The left wing of the Congress leadership has not yet the requisite momentum, clarity or will to be in power, has not even an effective or even audible voice in the Constituent Assembly. Its leader, Sri Jai Prakash Narain, has the correct ideas, the youth and energy for the remaking of a New India. With a little more self-confidence, courage and decision he must battle for power on the basis of Reunion and a true Socialist India. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru is the real leader of this movement but a strange indecision, characteristic of artistic and literary temperaments, which the Gandhian cradle has only enhanced, haunts this Hamlet in power. As it would take a long time for Sri Jai Prakash to swim into a real position for an alternative parliamentary government through the eddies, curves and cross-currents of the present "Constituent Assembly", Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru has still the magnificent chance of a life-time to go down our history as the real hero of New India.

The Nehru Cabinet have a valuable asset in Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel who has a dynamic will and a realistic appreciation of the quality and texture of our life coupled with a flair both for quick decision and prompt action. We must make the fullest use of him till the emergence of a new leadership in due time. Let the Nehru-Patel Cabinet put through the Constituent Assembly:

(1) An open declaration that the problems of Hindustan and Pakistan cannot be solved satisfactorily without a Reunion under one Federal Centre.

The essential features of that Reunion should be outlined even now by the Constituent Assembly so that the saner elements in divided India might group together for action.

One essential feature should be fully autonomous provinces, *however small*, based on homogeneity and contiguous areas, with adequate safeguards for minorities in the shape of actionable fundamental rights. Smallness does not matter for Provinces, for decentralised politics and economics is the breath of Indian life based on autonomous rural units.

Linguistic and cultural provinces in actual work will prove the best solvent for the age-long accretions of our feudal life. They would powerfully help the emergence and expression of the sovereign will and latent energy of the people.

(2) Along with the declaration in favour of a Reunion, the Government of India should constitute an *ad hoc* Commission for the special purpose of bringing about this Reunion. The Commission should consist of eminent thinkers and statesmen selected from all parties, groups and communities, including Indian States.

An invitation should be sent to Pakistan to send this Commission an equal number of delegates.

A time-limit of one year should be fixed for the final decision of this Commission.

(3) The above declaration should be placed before the United Nations.

Further, on any reading of the faith and ideas that inspire Pakistan and the two-nation theory and the explosive attitude of the Muslims of Hyderabad and H.E.H. the Nizam, it is clear that Pakistan cannot and will not function without annexing more territory for Muslim rule directly or indirectly. That means war in any event.

Why should Porus wait till Alexander crosses the Jhelum River once again?

Meanwhile we should work immediately upon the complete reorganisation of our resources, civil and military, industrial and agricultural, both on a peace and war time basis. There is no future for India till Reunion. With faith in God, I'll keep the powder dry.

ANECDOTES ABOUT SOME RAGAS

by T. S. P.

THE Madras music season is fast approaching and the air will soon be thick with music performances and discussions on ragas conducted under the auspices of the various institutions. Ragas are the outstanding feature of Indian music and some of them have come down to us absolutely unchanged over two thousand years. Both mythology and traditions have contributed a number of anecdotes about our ragas and some of them are of stimulating interest.

Of the mythological anecdotes, two incidents make interesting reading. A puranic account states that once Hanuman, who had to settle a musical dispute between Narada and Tumbura himself sang the raga 'Gundakriya' in such an enchanting manner that the rock on which they were all seated began to melt. It has not been recorded why such a small raga like Gundakriya was chosen by Hanuman; for this is a janya raga of the 15th mela, with only one vivacious kriti of Tyagaraja now available to show us its lakshanas. The second account, also of puranic origin, has it that the Lord Sundaresa of Madura once took the guise of a wood-cutter and played the *pan* 'Sadari' on the instrument Yazh to save a musician-devotee, Pana Bhadra, from defeat at the hands of a mighty rival. Although several conflicting descriptions of this *pan* are given, the modern Devagandhari appears to correspond to it.

It is but natural that many of these raga-anecdotes should relate to Tyagaraja, indisputably the father of Karnatic music, who handled about 250 ragas, the largest ever used by a single composer. The great composer used to pass into a trance when composing kritis and they flowed out of him with the brilliance of cut diamonds. On one such occasion, he was composing the kriti "Dandamu Bettenura" in the

raga Balahamsa when a prayoga, which occurred repeatedly in the song, struck his disciples as strange as they thought that the *sanchara* had no place in that raga. At first they could not summon enough courage to approach the master for a clarification of their doubt but when they finally made bold, Tyagaraja, probably amused, referred them to the Katakam, their raga lexicon, in which the *sanchara* was found to be correct.

That Tyagaraja should have composed only three kritis in such a popular and lilting raga like the Anandabhairavi must have puzzled many but there is an anecdote, which, if authentic, explains away the strange fact. One Tirubhuvanam Swaminatha Iyer, who was a contemporary of the saint, was a reputed actor in 'open air dramas' and was considered to be an expert in singing the Anandabhairavi raga. Tyagaraja, after great persuasion by his disciples, agreed to attend one of the performance incognito but when he heard Swaminatha Iyer's masterly rendering of the raga, he rushed through the crowd and openly congratulated the actor. The latter, overwhelmed at such unique praise, asked Tyagaraja for the boon of not composing any more kritis in that raga nor sing it from that day. The great composer kept his word.

Four of our greatest composers, Tyagaraja, Dikshitar, Syama Sastri and Gopalakrishna Bharati were contemporaries and they should have met often and admired each other's art. It is said that once Gopalakrishna Bharati paid a visit to Tyagaraja at Tiruvaiyar and when the two composers were conversing, the latter's disciples were singing one of his kritis in the raga Abhogi. Tyagaraja asked Bharati if he had composed any song in that raga but the latter gave no reply. The next day he went to Tyagaraja's residence

again and sang before him a Tamil kriti in Abhogi composed by him overnight, to the saint's pleasant surprise. On his return to Mayavaram, Bharati composed five Tamil kritis in the ghana ragas after the fashion of Tyagaraja's immortal 'Pancha ratna kritis'.

Darbar and Nayaki are allied ragas closely resembling each other and it was Tyagaraja who defined their svarupas for us clearly by composing several kritis in each. It is interesting to recall a traditional account of how his great contemporary Dikshitar once heard him render the song 'Nee bhajana gana' in Nayaki when they were following the temple procession at Tiruvaiyar and complimented him for the clarity with which the melodic individuality of the raga had been brought out in the piece without any trace of Darbar.

Tyagaraja created many a brilliant apurva raga and composed inimitable kritis in them and this provided a stimulus for the post-Tyagaraja composers to invent new ragas. A story is told of how Manambuchavadi Venkatasubbier, a close relative and disciple of the saint, yielded to this temptation one day when he created a new raga called Kutuhalam and composed in it the kriti "Avarakutadyamai Tochu". A few days later, he chanced to hear his disciples practising the new piece when, to his chagrin, he discovered its many imperfections and exclaimed "Tyagu has used up all that was beautiful in music. We have only the unmusical combinations left to us".

The period 1750-1850 was the 'golden age' for South Indian music and the musicians of the time vied with one another for distinction in the singing of ragas. Tyagaraja was himself famous for his matchless rendering of certain ragas and is said to have sung the Kambhoji raga for eight hours in the house of Sonti Venkatasubbayya, his guru's father. Later, during his visit to Madras, he is reported to have sung

Devagandhari for six days at a stretch. Pallavi Seshayyar of Neykkarappatti is stated to have sung such a small raga as Gaulipantu for three hours. Other musicians who were specialists in individual ragas include Todi Sitaramayya, who sang the raga for eight days, Darbar Sitaramayya and Sankarabharanam Narasayya. The last named vidwan once pledged his famous raga to one of his patrons and obtained a loan of money and true to his word, refrained from singing that raga till the debt was discharged. Patnam Subrahmanya Iyer was known as 'Begada Subrahmanya Iyer' for the extraordinary originality he showed in handling that raga and Vina Kuppayyar was called 'Narayana-gaula Kuppayyar' for a similar reason. It was his rendering of the raga Chakravakam that earned for Maha Vaidyanatha Iyer, the title 'Maha' from an assembly of learned musicians.

A few miracles, said to have been caused by the singing of certain ragas, are also worthy of mention. The well-known story of Tan Sen, the renowned musician of Akbar's court, being consumed by flames when he sang the raga "Deepak" is likely to be dismissed by the moderns as an exaggeration. But the traditional account of how the lamps in the palace got lit by themselves when Tyagaraja sang the 'Jyotisvarupini' is found in the Pudukottah State records preserved till today. Dikshitar's rendering of a kriti in 'Amrita Varshini' at Ettayapuram is said to have brought rain after a long spell of drought.

These anecdotes give us some glimpses of the glorious days our Karnatic music enjoyed barely a century ago. But the musical vandalism of a type that is now slowly but surely replacing our works of art with spurious imitations, has already made such serious inroads into the noblest traditions of the art, that unless our musical institutions look out, classical music may soon become a thing of the past.

His sayings are usually like women's letters; all the pith is in the postscript.—HAZLITT (on LAMB).



BOOKS & AUTHORS



Edgeways And The Saint. By Harindranath Chattopadhyaya. (Nalanda Publications, Post Box No. 1353, Bombay. Price, Rs. 1-8.)

This small and attractive volume presents a collection of twenty-two poems, and a farce, written by Harindranath in December 1944. To be done with the farce first: it had no business to get into the collection at all, this reader felt. It is a crude and heavy piece of burlesque on the superstitious veneration, by ignorant men and women, of an opium-soaked felon found lying beside a tavern. 'The saint' is finally taken away by policemen and the curtain descends, presumably, on rationalism triumphant. As for the poems in this volume, they exhibit all the power and beauty along with all the faults characteristic of Harindranath's writing. It is exasperating to find wide inequalities in the quality of feeling and phrasing, not merely in the different pieces but sometimes within a single poem. Contrast the awkwardness of the five compounds—flame-tremulous, hue-thrilled, heart-stillness, star-fired, creation-haunted—all found within the first stanza of the poem rather tastelessly entitled 'Artist Ache', with the felicity of these opening lines of the poem 'Free Verse':

*Time is the constant mating-time
Of hush with music, clay with roses,
And everywhere sweet colours rhyme
In the enormously sublime
Poem of earth and sky, which, who
knows who composes?*

The faults, like the merits, of Harindranath's poetry are those of all second-rate romantic poetry. Some of the faults in the case of Harindranath, however, are not unavoidable—they are the result of sheer carelessness. The supremely beautiful parts of Endymion more than compensate for Keats' frequent use of such ugly words as paly for pale, etc. But Harindranath has no excuse for this vagary in his poem 'Wayfaring':

*From a stilly silver stalk
Bending like a dark blue flower.*

Why, for goodness sake, stilly?

Harindranath closes the poem 'Toiler', a kind of dramatic monologue, with this fine touch of irony:

*With crowded street and broken men
for neighbour
Unpublished and alone, I sit and
labour.*

Would that Harindranath remembers when he writes that he, unlike the humdrum toiler, is published and labours not altogether in loneliness. For poetry, as the Marxist in Harindranath ought to be only too well aware, is not for the poet alone. A duty is owed—and part of the duty is to refrain from a cavalier carelessness—not to the readers only, but to poetry itself, which demands of its votaries a discipline of its own.

Tom Munro Saheb. By P. R. Krishnaswami (Copies from Higginbothams, Mount Road, Madras or The Government Brennen College Co-operative Union, Tellicherry. Price Rs. 4-8)

A considerable amount of painstaking industry must have gone into the making of this book, a biography of a not strikingly great member of a not strikingly great class, the British ruling class in the India of 1780-1827. Sir Thomas Munro was typical of his class in many ways. He was one of the many children of a Glasgow merchant, and set out to seek his fortune in India at the early age of nineteen. Like many young hopefuls of his day he attached himself to the already established burrasahebs, sincerely believed in the 'virtues' of war and steadily climbed the ladder of success from Collectorship of Canara district in 1799 to Governorship of Madras province in 1820; he did not live long enough to become Governor-General.

What distinguished Munro from his fellows was not so much his solid qualities of patience, industry and integrity, but his imaginative sympathy with India and Indians, and a certain freedom from any feeling of arrogant superiority towards the 'natives', something remarkable in a saheb of those early days of British overlordship. The personal qualities of Munro, which the author is at pains to glean from even the most fugitive references in contemporary letters and documents, do not add up to anything arresting or brilliant.

But the picture of the man as sketched by Mr. Krishnaswami has the virtue of being as complete as it could be. Mr. Krishnaswami takes legitimate pride in the fact that he "can claim credit for having been the first to point out that Colonel Newcome in Thackeray's novel is based more substantially on Sir Thomas Munro than on any of the numerous names suggested previously by English critics"; but one wishes that he had shown greater restraint in buttressing this claim. As it is, 'Colonel Newcome' is an ubiquitous presence in the book and appears to be dragged in by the heels frequently.

The biographer's own writing ends of page 92 of the book. The 140 pages which follow contain selections from the letters of Munro to his family and friends. The personality of Munro as revealed in these letters is fresh and vivid. The book carries an appreciative foreword by His Excellency Sir Archibald Nye.

TELUGU

Koththa Gadda. By Narla Venkateswara Rao. Published by the author, Royapettah, Madras. Price, Rs. 10.)

This is a collection of sixteen one-act plays written from time to time by the author who is one of those that have put new life and vitality into contemporary Telugu Literature. The title of the volume is taken from the name of one of the plays included in the book and it is an appropriate one. It means "a new agricultural field" and it stands for the new spirit as well as the new technique that one finds in all the plays. The newness consists in the first place in the subject-matter of the plays being taken from the lives of the common people—the peasants, the moneylenders and commission agents exploiting the ryots, the businessmen in towns, the professional politicians in the rural areas encouraging party rivalries and living on them, the students leading an extravagant life in cities at the expense of their poor parents, the village officials, the petty clerks, etc. All this gives a touch of realism to the life depicted in the stories and makes the reader feel that he has before him men and women of flesh and blood with whom he is familiar in the daily routine of his works. This is a revolutionary departure from the traditional type of literature in which it is only kings and queens, princes and princesses and others connected with them that were

brought before the stage. The incidents are merely those which daily happen in the ordinary households. The friction between husband and wife, father and son, mother-in-law and daughter-in-law, the admirers of things that are old and passing away and those that are new—all this is depicted with great skill and artistic beauty. There is also something new in the technique, some of which has been borrowed from western writers. The one-act play itself is like this. There are only one or two incidents in each play. Everything is in prose. The language is the language of the ordinary folk with all its simplicity, native strength, unconscious humour and gracefulness. Here and there occur some words peculiar to a particular part of the Telugu country which may not be intelligible to all but they are not very many.

Another feature characteristic of the life depicted in these plays is the conflict that is now going on between the older self-sufficient economy of the village and the new economic interdependence introduced by the growth in the means of communication and the contacts consequently established between villages and towns. The last play "Vantena" (Bridge) brings this conflict before the mind's eye much more vividly and effectively than treatises on the Indian economic transition. One other feature that is sure to attract the discerning reader is that in ordinary life there is not much difference between a high caste Hindu family and a low caste one. The joys and sorrows of life are the same in every case. The appeal therefore of the plays is universal. There is a good deal of humour in most of the plays, humour of an arresting character. The publication of this volume marks an important stage in the story of modern Telugu Literature.—M.V.R.

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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.

De-Control.....Greed-Control

I am not a producer. I am not a merchant. I am a clerk on the lowest rung of the social ladder. I feel shy to carry the begging bowl. I have no easy chair with a teapot at my right. I cannot recollect when I had a full meal. My wife eats once a day. My children have ceased to crave for a third feed. Need I say what our raiment is?

I hear the voice of the Congress gods for "De-control." I feast my eyes on the newspapers. I feel my hungry stomach filling. I see my wife's bones gathering flesh. I imagine my children feeding their tiny stomachs thrice.

Crash! I am dashed to the dust. I see the producer flushed. He is scrambling for higher price. I observe the merchant hiding his stock. I see them above the pale of 'Law'. I see them taking inhuman shapes. They are after my flesh and bones.

Will the Government watch me perish? Will they ensure me my food? Will they allow the capitalist to swallow me up? Will there be Greed-Control with this De-Control?

I want a quick answer. Else.....
NAKED HUNGER.

Prospect of De-Control

The prospect of de-control has brought about a good deal of stir and enthusiasm amongst the people. At the outset the 'controls' were resorted to only against black-marketing and hoarding. But the control system has failed to serve the very purpose for which it was adopted. This might be one of the reasons for the advocacy of decontrol by some people. The idea of self-reliance and self-sufficiency is good enough in theory but how far poor people can practise them under the present economic system is a question yet to be answered. As soon as the controls are relaxed prices will soar up and that stage will certainly see thousands dying of starvation. This was exactly the position before the controls were introduced. Rich people will always manage at such times. It is only the poor who suffer. To a certain extent it could be said that rich and poor alike get more or less the same standardised food materials and cloth under the control system. To this extent

differences between them are reduced. Will this not in the long run help them to feel alike and smoothen their understanding? Hence will it not be more beneficial to retain control?

Salem. B. V. GOVINDA RAJ.

Flight of N. G. Os.

During the last few years the cost of living has increased in geometrical progression but the increase effected in the emoluments of the N. G. Os. at the beginning of this year was only nominal.

An N.G.O. who adjusted his monthly budget with Rs. 50 a few years back is now obliged to spend about Rs. 250 per month to keep body and soul together. Prices of foodstuffs, clothing and domestic services, the cost of children's education and doctor's bills have risen six or seven-fold. With low salaries, starving stomachs and depressed spirits, the N.G.Os. are loyally carrying on their duties. But it must be borne in mind that low pay and heavy work cannot for long go far, and ultimately the poor N.G.O. may break under the strain of duty and the stress of poverty.

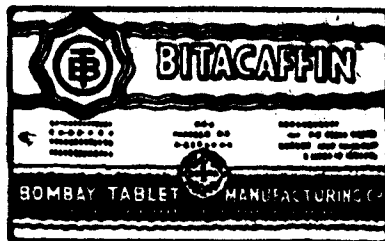
The Central Pay Commission has recommended certain scales of pay to the Central Government employees and I appeal to the Madras Ministry to adopt those scales of pay to the N.G.Os. also. This is not a fantastic demand but a very modest and reasonable request. The duties, responsibilities and qualifications of Central and Provincial Government employees are the same. The cost of living is the same for both of them. Both of them work in the same localities and sometimes in the same buildings but their salaries are not the same. This disparity in pay is slowly but steadily engendering an inferiority complex in the N.G.Os. which is detrimental to the body politic.

Vizagapatam. D. SITARAMAIAH.

Socialism and Congress Raj

The establishment of Socialistic Raj was the goal of every Congressman during the period of national struggle. It is the basic principle of the Congress manifesto.

British rule is responsible for the economic and social inequalities in India. The British administrators, clever as they are, created zamindars and nawabs

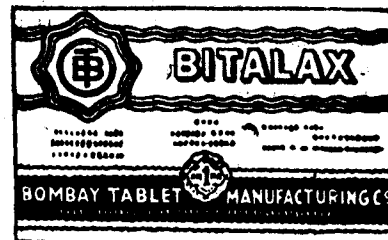


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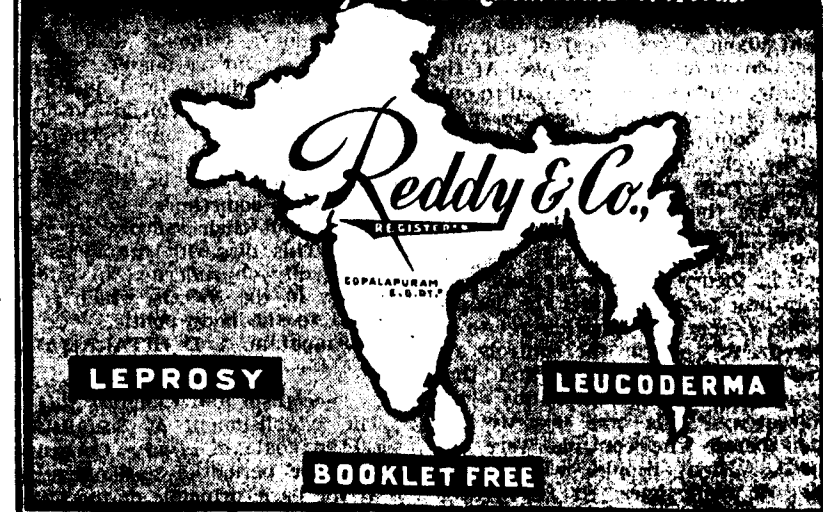
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whom they used as their tools. They were the showboys of the English rulers in India. The so-called zamindars derived power from the foreigners.

The popular Government is the direct outcome of the sixty years of national struggle for independence. This is the time for the popular Government to remove the long existing inequalities in society. But zamindars and capitalists are now acting without any fear of the popular Government. It is a matter for astonishment that the Congress Ministers should still hesitate to eliminate these anti-social elements from society. Some Congressmen went to the extent of saying that the zamindari system need not be abolished. The representatives of the zamindars and capitalists entered the popular Legislature under the garb of the Congress and are resisting popular legislation. So long as there are such anti-social elements in the popular chambers there will not be any prosperity to the nation. The popular Government does not have the guts to change the private ownership of big industries into public ownership. It is in no way helpful to the people if the British capitalist hoists our Dominion flag. The people will show no sympathy for the Government if it follow the footsteps of its predecessors.

KALA VENKATA RAO,
(junior).

Compensation For Zamindars

The Madras Government are passing through a financial crisis primarily on account of the introduction of prohibition in the various districts of the presidency. If now the Government give monetary compensation to zamindars, it is tantamount to saying that they will have to raise loans either by debenture bonds or by security certificates. If the zamindars are given a monetary compensation they would remain idle at home, happy enough with the amount of the compensation. They will have no mind to take to the plough nor would they have any interest whatsoever in agriculture.

But if the zamindars are given lands as compensation, lands on which to earn their living, then they are apt to apply capital and labour, since they have the necessary resources, to get back from the land a decent yield with which they can maintain a good standard of life. It is of paramount importance that the zamindars are not to be vested with the zamindari right, that is, the right of collecting only revenue from the lands. Henceforward the zamindar should, like

an ordinary ryot, earn his livelihood on the income from the land. Consequently no means will be open to him except agriculture. Then in the long run agriculture would become a flourishing industry in our province and thus we shall give a lead to all other provinces in India. A sense of active life would be fostered in the zamindars.

Trichinopoly. T. N. CHELLAPPA.

Not A Work Of Art

South India is famous all over the world for its sculptures and bronze statues. In these days when we are all for the progress of civilisation and culture, I wonder why our South Indian sculptors, with all their hereditary background, are progressing backwards. The statue of Sir A. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar, erected with the aid of public subscription, in front of the Madras University Buildings, is an evidence of this.

The statue is not in proportion. The hands are lifeless, short and stiff. The various limbs do not fall into harmony. It is not a work of art.

In sculpture no flaw ends where it is made. It is conveyed from the part to the whole and in this way its effect is spread and multiplied. From whichever angle the work is seen, the distortion obtrudes itself.

The pedestal does not show the statue to advantage. It is far too elevated. The lines of the moustache run parallel and seem to be mechanically arranged. The shoulders are lifted too high, imposing a visible strain on the neck.

But the statue is well polished.

H. V. RAM GOPAL.

Private Armies

The All India Congress Committee, at its meeting held recently in New Delhi, unanimously passed a resolution appealing to the Central and Provincial Governments to divest the RSS, amongst others, of the attributes of a private army. It is a happy augury that Dr. Rajendra Prasad has now become the President of the Congress and it may therefore be safely assumed that he will see the resolution properly implemented by the Governments concerned in due course. In the meantime, the following matters demand the immediate attention of the Congress Government in Madras:

Certain colleges and schools are used as bases for RSS parades and camps in which the teaching staff freely participate—contrary to the Director's instructions reported in the Press.

Government servants alone are at present forbidden from joining the RSS (G.O. No. M. 1056 of 31-3-44—Public Department). The ban may be extended to include Government pensioners and the servants of the local bodies as well.

In the guise of social workers, the RSS men are likely to infiltrate into refugee camps and other approved volunteer organisations—those in charge must be cautioned against their influx.

The RSS is largely confined in this Province to rank communalists, black-marketeers and other unsocial elements and also to some of the educational institutions under their management. Communal hatred and private retaliation can neither promote goodwill nor constitute self-defence. The book "WE" written and published by the Sangh Guruj is a standing invitation to cultivate communal hatred and to practise private retaliation. South India is yet fortunately free from any communal crime-wave and must be saved from being infested with it. The Press and the public must therefore support the Government in any measures they take to rid the country of the menace of private armies.

Bezawada. **A. V. APPARAO.**

C. R. and R. K. S.

It was stated in "Sidelights" in the issue of "Swatantra", dated December 6 that C. R. worked with zest to renovate the dilapidated political fortunes of Mr. R. K. Shanmukham Chetty. The fact is that the suggestion of giving a place in the Dominion Cabinet to Mr. R. K. S. Chettiar came from the Congress High Command in consultation with Birla and others. When the question arose as to who should contact Mr. Chettiar, C. R. offered his services. The rest is known to all. C.R. was not at all consulted in the choice and he never knew of it till the choice was made known to him finally by the High Command. It was the High Command that was responsible for renovating Mr. Shanmukham Chetty's dilapidated political fortunes.

Shiyali. **K. CHOCKALINGAM.**

Needless Hardship

Since 1st October 1947, lakhs of people depending on the post offices served by the Gudivada—Bhimavaram branch railway line, have been put to enormous inconvenience. Prior to that date, the mail was being despatched from these post offices by the last train which had connection with the Calcutta Mail at

Bezawada. Since then the authorities have directed the post offices concerned to close the mail bags, five hours prior to the departure of the last train. No time is now left to the public to attend to the day's mail and send replies the same day. This entails great inconvenience on the business community. It is to be hoped that the Government will put an end to this grievance immediately.

Akidu.

K. KRISHNA MURTY.

Right Direction

The legislation proposed by the Government of the United Provinces seeking to confiscate vehicles found in the act of illegal transport of food-grains, is a step in the right direction. Equally right is the move to offer a moiety of the smuggled goods to those who aid their detection. This will create such a strong barrier against smugglers and blackmarketeers that they will hesitate to so frequently break the law. Such measures as those sponsored by the U.P. Government will hasten the date of de-control.

Will the Madras Government follow suit?

Tanjore. **R. BALASUBRAMANIAN.**

Bapatla Agricultural College

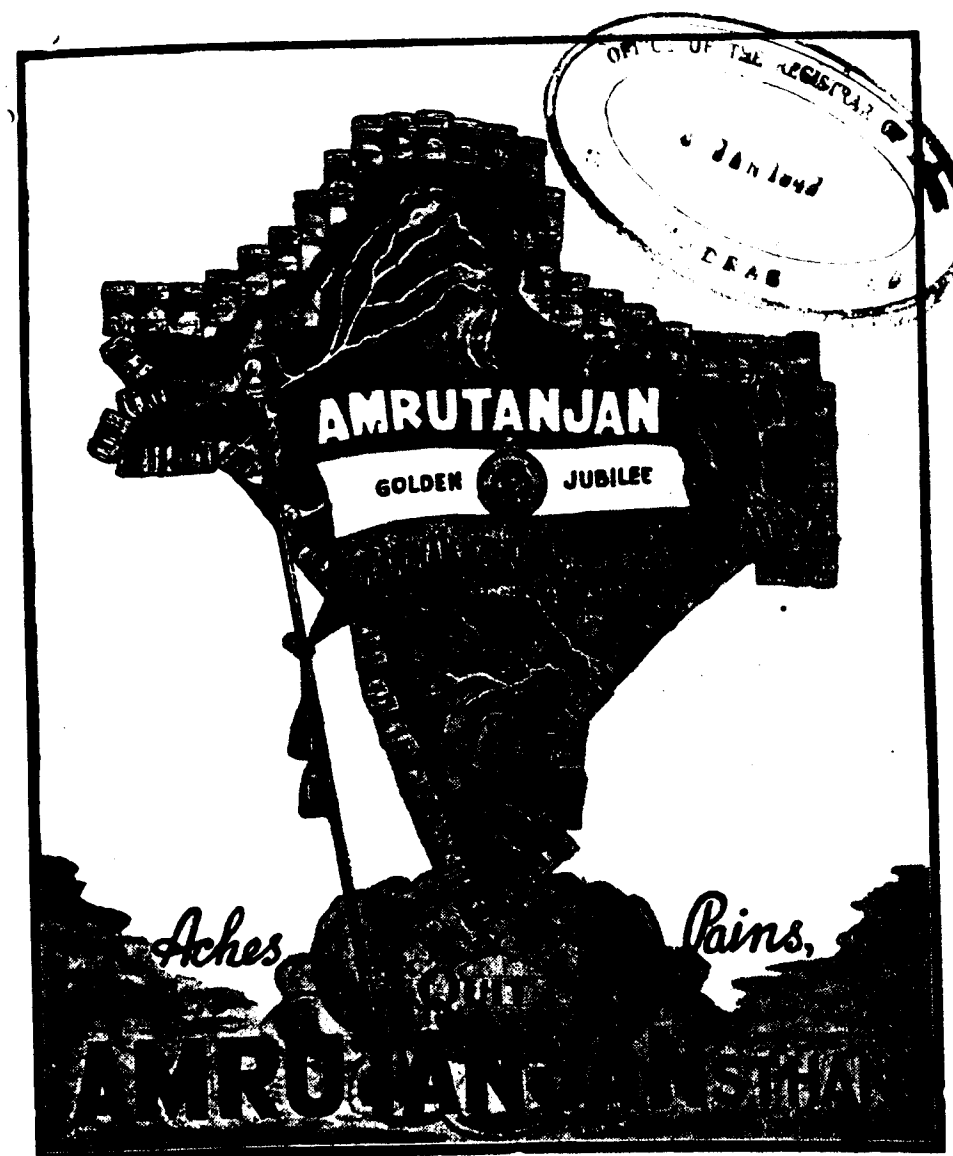
The Agricultural College located at Bapatla will be sending out its first batch of graduates in a few months. Agricultural graduates must have a thorough knowledge of the various modern agricultural implements. At present, for want of an agricultural workshop, the college students at Bapatla are taught, I learn, knowledge of machinery with the aid of drawings on a blackboard. As long as two years ago, the Madras Government realised the imperative necessity for locating an agricultural workshop adjacent to the college to manufacture modern agricultural implements to enable the students to have first hand practical knowledge of the instruments they are to handle tomorrow, and has even completed all the preliminary work such as preparing plans and sanctioning estimates for the workshop.

But after the advent of the present Director of Agriculture, Mr. Sivaraman, matters connected with this college have been going wrong. The construction of the workshop has not seen the light of day till now.

The location of an agricultural workshop at Bapatla is an urgent necessity to the Agricultural College here.

Bapatla.

P. L. N. SARMA.



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SWATANTRA

VOL. II. No. 46.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1947

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WAYSIDE TINKERING

—by H. V. Ram Gopal.

SWATANTRA

VOL. II
No. 46

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1947

ISSUED
WEEKLY

THE CENTRE AND THE PROVINCES

IT was not merely an unreal but unfortunate debate which the local Legislative Council indulged in on the theme of the centre and the provinces. The sponsor of the resolution, Dr. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar, made a bold plea for consideration of the future constitution by the provincial units before it was finally enacted. It was urged in favour of the resolution that the provinces had a direct stake in the constitution, that they alone would know where the shoe would pinch, and that the reality of provincial autonomy could not be vindicated in any other satisfactory manner. In essentials there is no cleavage of opinion in the country as a whole on this question of the relations between the parts and the whole. But the effect of starting with an undue emphasis on local autonomy is to attenuate the power of the centre, and render it impotent in unforeseen crises. Equally clearly, if we gaze at the centre too long and too fixedly, we are apt to be dazed into an imperfect vision of the parts which are after all the bases of the centre. That is why political ingenuity has devised the compromise scheme of concurrent jurisdiction side by side with the purely central and the purely provincial spheres. It would be grossly improper for a Constituent Assembly with sovereign powers to submit to piece-meal dictation by the parts; it would be tantamount to the abdication of the centre in favour of anarchy and chaos. But in the unlikely event of a cleavage between the centre and any part becoming too serious, it can only be on specific

grounds of hardship, inequity, injury or loss; and such grounds can be taken up for adjudication through constitutional and juridical channels for which the Federation would undoubtedly make ample provision. It is, for instance, a matter of history how much of the cementing and mediating work in making the U.S.A. a powerful organic whole of flourishing parts was due to the labours of the Federal Court. There is nothing in the posture of affairs in India to prevent a similar consummation from being achieved with the inevitability of gradualness.

If the thesis of the mover of the resolution were conceded, the consequences would be anything but gratifying. Flissiparous tendencies, of which the resolution itself is a studied instance of masterly camouflage, would have a field day. A chronic state of uncertainty would encourage the growth of disrespect for law and constituted authority rendering constructive activity sterile if not impossible. Evil communication would further corrupt good neighbourhood; and every provincial unit would be tempted to engage in a game of political shuttle-cock, the articles of the constitution being kicked about from pillar to post. Many years might well elapse before the country is given the chance to settle down under what is piously described as an agreed constitution.

The mover also made a curious complaint against the representatives of our province in the Constituent Assembly that they were free to vote as they liked, and so could not be expected to further our interests

fully. This is a most extraordinary complaint to make. If, on the other hand, they had been bound to vote as a block, the charge might well be made against them, more exultantly, that the Congress was using its brute majority in a brutal manner. An unshackled vote is not necessarily a corrupt vote; nor is a block vote always soulless. Dr. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar must have had personal experience of both kinds of vote, and so should be candid enough to admit that the complaint is wholly without substance.

As he put it, the virtue of a constitution is that it should withstand the ravages of time. One reference back to the province cannot guarantee this great desideratum. It is goodwill at both ends as a constant and unfailing factor that will smooth out the difficulties as and when they arise. But the spirit of the constitution, whether provincial or central, is best safeguarded when it is transmuted in terms of an enlightened, robust and tolerant patriotism that dissolves prevailing acerbities—regional, linguistic, communal and religious only to create instead a sense of new pride in a new kind of liberated citizenship. It is ironic that the present-day advocates of provincial autonomy are, almost to a man, drawn from those who had been abject in their zealous worship of a tyrannical centre when it ground the country as a whole with cynical impartiality and efficiency in the nightmare era that came to an end on August 15.

Unenviable "Victory"

THE non-gazetted officers' strike was called off after the members of the Negotiating Committee had a talk with the Premier. If a perverse sense of his own importance had not prevailed upon the Premier to decline to see representatives of the N.G.O. Association on the eve of the strike, the recent enormous dislocation caused by the strike in the work of

the Government would most probably have been avoided. The Premier's incapacity for tactful handling of a grave situation has been responsible for the mess into which the administration has sunk. The strike would have ended much earlier than it did if the Premier had responded properly to the efforts of the ex-Sheriff for a settlement and given the desired assurance for abstaining from a policy of victimisation. But unfortunately he felt once again called upon to assert his dignity and importance, and he did so by saying that no assurance as to non-victimisation could be given, but that Government would not be vindictive. What is the meaning of not being vindictive in a state of unreadiness to desist from victimisation? In the absence of vindictiveness there is no scope at all for victimisation. The distinction between the two drawn by the Premier is an example of ignorance of the plain meanings of words which in one occupying the position he does, cannot be passed off as a mere personal disability. It is a heavy liability to the people of the province—as dangerous as it is deplorable—and it has become a millstone round their necks thwarting their freedom and impeding their advancement on healthy lines.

This strike of the N.G.Os was called off without the demands of the strikers being met. It was the Government that came out victorious. But it was an unenviable victory—unenviable because nobody of any school of thought ever suggested for a moment that any of the demands of the N.G.Os was unfair or unreasonable or extravagant. From the standpoint of the actual claims put forward for redress of grievances, the case of the N.G.Os is acknowledged on all hands to be an unanswerable one. Far more exorbitant demands from other sections of wage-earners have in the recent past been conceded for the sake of avoidance of a strike.

Lack of resources put forward as a plea by the Premier as against the N.G.Os is partly the result of greater pampering given in the past to other sections in the service deserving less consideration on economic grounds; and it might have been addressed to such sections with greater propriety. When confronted with shortage of resources, the right course is not to bring it down as a hammer on the poorer elements precariously struggling on the borderline of starvation, it is to apply retrenchment to the richer grades still basking in the bequeathed affluence of the departed regime fashioned not for public good but for imperialist exploitation. This the Government woefully failed to do. Instead, they exerted the whole weight of their authority in a crushing manner against just those whose demands were on their merits the soundest and most reasonable and whose claims on their sympathies were the most urgent and indisputable.

If power is exercised for putting down the just demands of any section, the Government concerned develops the character of a menace to the public in direct proportion to the success seemingly attending its efforts for temporary periods, until it is replaced by a more desirable one. Because the Government fell into the initial blunder of ignoring the justness of the N.G.O. demands and set itself up to resist them instead of responding to them in a spirit of equity, it was dragged in the course of its resistance to the strike into employment of methods and tactics that were by no means worthy. In the complete absence of violence on the part of the strikers, the use of Section 144 and the arrests that were ordered of some of the strike leaders were totally uncalled for. It was a disgraceful thing for Sri Kamaraj Nadar to employ Congress volunteers as black-legs to break the backbone of a hard-pressed and indigent class fighting for food and better wages with their back to the wall. By his conduct

in the course of this strike he sank as low in public estimation as Mr. Jagadisa Iyer, the strike leader, rose in it, what with the exemplary restraint and dignity of his public utterances, his firmness, courage and steadfastness. According to all accounts, communal motives were worked into a high tempo for breaking up the morale of the strikers. We are constrained to remark that in the matter of promoting disunity and demoralisation for the ends of power politics, Congress leaders in charge of the administration of the province seem to have assimilated some of the worst traits of the system supplanted by them. This is a great pity.

The non-gazetted officers are a class of notoriously hard-up people, with no bank balances to their credit, no reserve of savings, no economic staying power. As a rule they are a heavily-indebted class at the mercy of money-lenders. In the strike it was their poverty that subdued them more than the terrors of the Government's or Sri Kamaraj Nadar's executive acts. It was the alleged deliverers of the poor that attacked and subdued them. The result is a very unhappy reversal in the position of the Congress *vis a vis* the underdog. The Government have to redeem themselves from their victory over the victims of Poverty as represented within the orbit of their own employment.

Mr. Jinnah Again

MR. JINNAH has again captured the head-line with his interview granted to British journalists. Those who had hoped for a clearing of the air after the mournful miasma of three months of misery have been treated to a still more grisly picture of impending disasters which he has indicated with an impersonal, objective precision that must send a chilly feeling down the back of all men of good will. There is something repellent in his statuesque impassivity in the face of colossal suffering which he must partly

at least have seen with his own eyes.

In the setting up of the League organisation in India, he has indirectly reaffirmed the validity of the two-nations theory. In its bearing on Pakistan, he has been frank enough to state that the time is not yet ripe for its abandonment in his own State. In India where there is a more numerous minority of Muslims than of Hindus in Pakistan, this is a challenge which has to be met squarely by the Indian Government. It must ban the existence or functioning of the Muslim League as a political organisation. The League must be denied the right to function as the opposition in the provincial councils. It must also be officially and peremptorily notified that its members will not be eligible for certain kinds of posts in the Indian Union. Let nothing more than what is being done in Hyderabad be attempted—but with more moral and political justification. The sooner a high level statement of policy on this question is announced, the better it is for all concerned.

The second point made by Mr. Jinnah is even more shady. He complained that the British Government is not exerting moral pressure on India. Why on earth should it do so? And what is the dividing line separating moral from political or economic pressure, and do they not ultimately converge on war? The indifference of the British Government in the dispute between India and South Africa was not so much as hinted at. What Mr. Jinnah wants is that the Indian Union should be browbeaten to run away from Kashmir, to concede all other demands of Pakistan and in other ways to stand perpetually and deliver uncomplainingly. A more monstrous position cannot be imagined.

The attention of our Prime Minister and Deputy Prime Minister

needs to be bestowed on a curious twist of propaganda on the other side. When recently agreement was reached between India and Pakistan over a number of controversial points, and the Indian Union had shown indubitable generosity, it was represented as due to the force of public opinion which the Indian Government dared not ignore, specially as this public opinion was said to have been exerted from outside the country! But when on some other points agreement is not reached, it is ascribed to cussedness on the part of the Indian Government with a view to putting it in the wrong. In short, it is the old technique of the highwayman. We are being squeezed out at both ends—while the other side always wins. This is intolerable, and we are shocked to note the unpreparedness of our leaders to call the bluff.

Mr. Jinnah has promised to remain in the Commonwealth. The surprise will be only when he musters courage to say that he will get out. Neither he, nor his successors for all time can afford to walk without the crutches kindly or contemptuously provided by some power or other which hopes to find its account in such friendly care. This invoking of the aid of Britain is the repetition of the old story in a slightly different setting. Britain is not thus appealed to by Australia or New Zealand or Canada. The conclusion is irresistible that Pakistan cannot function except as a storm centre of commotion and civil war. Peace which India needs badly, would spell the death of Pakistan through inanition. Hence the periodical scare or trouble-mongering which is indulged in with calculated nicety. It is chronic jitters through which our strength is sought to be dissipated. What is the lead which our leaders are planning to give the country in the face of such cynical insolence?

Sotto Voce

The Doomed Rickshaw



OUR Popular Governments exhibit a moderation in small matters which is strangely at variance with their passion for whole-hogging in big things. Thus, we are to have Province-wide Prohibition at one blast though that would mean a big hole in the budget. But rickshaws, if at all they are eliminated, will disappear by stages. The strangest part of the business is the reason officially given for this gradualism. The Government, said the Home Minister, will decide the future policy "after watching the reactions of the public." It will take some time for the public, I fancy, to get over the shock of the discovery of its own importance.

Anyway I shall not be sorry if the rickshaw goes. It is one of those foreign importations which we have found it difficult to assimilate; unlike the violin, for example, which we have triumphantly made our own. The rickshaw is neither a thing of beauty nor a joy to ride. I haven't gone for a camel ride, but I can confidently tell you, from the vivid recollection I retain of a fairly distant past, that the camel in its most contrary mood cannot be half as cruel to your nether parts as the commercial rickshaw.

But it was not the ever-present danger of dislocating the hip joint or barging into a taxi at the street corner that led to my renouncing this mode of locomotion. The utter ridiculousness of the spectacle provided by the rickshaw rider swept over me like a flood one morning. How exactly it happened I don't remember; possibly it was when I

saw one of these ramshackle vehicles drawn by an unnaturally hilarious puller tilt on its back, while the frightened occupant wildly clutched at the air, his feet signalling ludicrously. It was the affront to human dignity—*my* dignity—that riled me; not sentimentalism of the kind with which we are being drenched by our humanitarian legislators.

It is the fashion today to brand certain occupations as degrading; the extinction of the rickshaw is decreed primarily on this score. But scavengers and sweepers are not as easily dispensed with as rickshaw-wallahs, as *oderiferous* Pakistan is finding to its cost. The Mahatma has suggested that every man should be his own *bhangi*. But neither his unwearied example nor his skill in propaganda has stimulated anything more than periodical demonstrations of street sweeping by class-conscious Congressmen with their eye on the camera. A certain amount of unpleasant work there will always remain to be done, even after we have introduced all the latest gadgets, and it is not every man and woman that could or should take a hand in doing it.

It was into the mouth of a vendor of flesh that Vyasa put his grand formulation of the doctrine of *ahimsa*. The Dharma Vyadha pointed out that so long as men eat meat there must be hunters and butchers. And he explained that he himself neither killed the animals whose carcasses he sold nor ate them. Naive, you will say? But his *naivete* is to me any day more



wholesome than the sophistication of the Brahmin tin-god who would discard his wife rather than give up his butler or of his cousin who runs an abattoir because there is money in it.

Every man is a link in the world's destiny. He may not throw it out of gear by his wilfulness; but in spirit he may remain withdrawn and unsoiled. Cruelty is stupid because there is an element of sadism in it. Old Prachinabarhis covered the earth, says the Bhagavata, with the kusa grass of numberless sacrifices. And Narada opened his eyes to the enormity of his lust by showing him in a vision the millions of sheep, his victims, who were waiting to gore him with their iron horns at hell's gate. The scriptures enjoin sacrifice but do not allow you to for-

get that the highest sacrifice is that of the ego.

The Kshatriya as the sword arm of society had to harden his heart against evil. But the Brahman had to live a life of gentleness and compassion. Those who make fun of his vegetarianism because in the days before Manu he is spoken of as having indulged in flesh food forget that Indian society has been no more static in its ethic than that of the West. The difference is that its ethic has steadily grown in self-discipline. Our moderns who pride themselves on their freedom from taboos invariably use that as a pretext for pampering their appetites. They denounce animal sacrifice as a relic of barbarism. But they are all admiration for the efficiency of Chicago's meat-packers.

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SIDELIGHTS : :

The fire you kindle for your enemy often burns yourself more than him.—CHINESE PROVERB.

MR. KALA Venkata Rao has rushed to the Press with an account of what happened between the Premier and the President of the Non-Gazetted Officers Association on the eve of the calling off of the strike on Sunday. It would appear that the President said to the Premier, "We are your children. You should treat us fairly." The Premier answered, "That has been my view from the beginning." The President then said, "Please examine the question of dearness allowance, etc., and let us have your decision early." The Premier said the matter was being examined, etc. Commenting on his own account of the interview, Kala says, "I do not understand how Mr. Jagadisa Ayyar can characterise this conversation as a compromise honourable to the Government and acceptable to the N.G.Os."

The other day a pedlar offered a child a toy for four annas. The child said, "No, I will not have it for four annas. You must give it to me for eight annas." To the baby mind with its hazily formed notions of arithmetic, eight annas appeared a smaller sum than four, and it set out as an independent practitioner on the world's bargaining counter, fancying itself enormously shrewd. Something similar seems to be the mental condition of the Minister for Revenue. The N.G.O. President gave greater credit to the Government than the Minister is prepared to accept. The latter therefore got busy to pull the Government down from the high pedestal on which the President had placed it.

A compromise honourable to the Government and acceptable to the N.G.Os. Jagadisa Ayyar asserts, and Kala denies that such a compromise had taken place. The ministerial denial is a feat of

infantile self-deprivation, and it hurts the Government in the very effort of the Minister to play it up. What does Kala's denial amount to? When something honourable is attributed to the Government, he objects and says it is unjustified. When Government is credited with a compromise, he resents it as an affront. When it is said that something acceptable to the N.G.Os. has served as an incentive for the strike being called off, he says No, Do not save your face with any such excuse. The net drift of his statement is, apparently, an insistence that nothing has happened which should be treated by the N.G.Os. as acceptable—in other words, that the strike should have gone on!

Kicking at compromise as if it were a misdemeanour is an attitude that adults have to grow out of, even as an erring child has to grow out of the hallucination that eight is less than four. In modern democracy there is a continual struggle of divergent viewpoints for supremacy. None can establish itself by suppressing the rest. A little of accommodation with others, irrespective of agreement or disagreement, is the way by which freedom is ensured to all. The spirit of accommodation is manifest in the very composition of the Ministry itself. It is undeniable that some of the Ministers are inferior to a great many N.G.Os. in respect of the qualifications that count for employment and would get badly worsted by them in any competitive test. Power has to be tempered these days with a little humility if only because there is no knowing who will fall tomorrow and who from the ranks of the inconspicuous will be elevated to authority presently. Kala's ruling that "Government officers have no right to strike even for a good cause" is a pitiable exhibition of non-comprehension of the temper of twentieth century mankind. Even from the Almighty people will not put up with such dictation nowadays.

The N.G.O. strike has brought to the fore a great leader from whom Congress leaders in authority have many lessons to learn. Out of all that have played their several parts in the strike, Sri Jagadisa Ayyar has come out with the tallest stature. With an adorable blend of humility and firmness he has won the respect of all. He has met repression with patience. The manner in which he has employed moderation as a weapon for surmounting difficulties,

amounts to genius. He has played a noble and worthy part in infusing with a consciousness of power the tamest section of the underdogs of our economic world. Men like him are needed for demolition of the citadels of privilege built into the public service without regard to worth, for the bolstering of the decayed imperialism in whose footsteps our present Ministers are still evincing a deplorable tendency to stick.—SAKA.



THE EXPANDING FOURTH ESTATE

by 'SCRIBE'

THERE seems to be no limit to the number of new journals—weeklies, fortnightly and monthlies—that are bursting upon a bewildered public like Deepavali crackers. Some of them are good and attractive but many of them are just a hotch-potch of miscellany with no intrinsic merit in them. With their sudden appearance the position of the older newspapers and periodicals is being affected to some extent.

It is well to remember that seasoned writers and journalists are but few and far between. Since literacy has not appreciably increased during war-time, there is little reason to suppose that there is a growing circle of news-paper-minded readers. The spirit of public service that inspired Andhra Kesari T. Prakasam to start *Swarajya* is almost conspicuous by its absence today. It is undeniable that we have at least a few sharks and money-grabbing adventurers both among the old class of editors and the new. Novel are the devices they adopt to push up circulation and line their pockets. One weekly recently promised free education for one year to the reader's child provided he collected all the coupons that would appear in twenty-five subsequent issues! The details of the scheme and the nature of the offer would be announced later!

Some journals run crossword competitions or picture puzzles. Yet, some others reserve a page or two for 'hit-the-bull's-eye' comments on Illustrated Weekly Crosswords and other popular

competitions. In this era of high prices and all-round distress the get-rich-quick feeling among certain sections of the public has become accentuated, and lent itself to unscrupulous exploitation by many of these journals, both old and new.

Where do the poor sub-editors come into the picture? It is time the South India Journalists' Federation took up this matter in earnest and made a thorough-going investigation into the service conditions of sub-editors. In some offices they sign for double the amount they draw as their pay. To circumvent inconvenient questionnaires, young men fresh from college are engaged as apprentices by some editors. They are Jack-of-all-trade, drawing no pay, but they are buoyed up with the hope that some day they can turn out as columnists like Pothan Joseph or story-writers like Mulk Raj Anand.

Still others have sub-editors in their service but they don't call them as such. The editor of one weekly calls his sub-editorial assistant clerks who have to do all the proof-reading, typing, filing, scissoring and pasting, etc. They work for more than ten hours a day from 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. with barely an hour's interval. And twice or thrice in a week they have to keep an all-night vigil because the expected advertisements are late in arriving. The advertisement canvasser in this office, it is worth noting, is looked upon as a demi-god next in importance only to the editor saheb.

Dr. Joad, in a recent speech, recalled the small boy who when asked by a portentous uncle "what do you hope to be when you grew up, little man?" replied tersely, "Alive."—PETERBOROUGH IN DAILY TELEGRAPH.



Karachi: Pakistan is in the cross roads of her destiny. As I file this despatch, Karachi is the scene of intense political activity. The League Council is in session. Leaders who rent the welkin with the cry for Pakistan have gathered not only to take stock but also decide what they should do in both segments of the country. Though some time back it was known that the liquidation of the All-India Muslim League was only a matter of course, sharp differences of opinion seem to have arisen on the eve of the Karachi session. The vocal, militant, well-organised Punjab bloc is for the continuance of the League in Pakistan. They do not want to admit interlopers into the ring. They claim that Pakistan is based on the two-nation theory and nothing should be done to undermine this foundation. They are not in favour of admitting members of the minority community. They want to keep the Pakistan Muslim League as a virile political body which would win the next elections hands down and hold the strings of power.

The Punjab group wants the continuance of the League organisation even in the Indian Union. But members from the United Provinces are dead opposed to it. They fear they have no future in their province until they tear the League label from their back. If the League Council decides to continue the organisation in both the dominions, there will be mutiny from the U.P. bloc which may cut away from League moorings and

join the ginger group formed by Maulana Abul Kalam Azad.

The ultimate decision will rest upon Quaid-e-Azam Jinnah whose will will be law. He has to reckon with strong opposition from within. With a little more initiative and pluck, Chaudhri Khaliqzaman could have hurled a challenge to Jinnah's leadership but today he is frustrated and embittered. It is stated that he refused the offer of a Ministership in the Pakistan Government. Another potent source of danger to the Quaid-e-Azam's leadership comes from dynamic, idealistic Mian Iftikaruddin who recently resigned a Ministership in the West Punjab. His political stock is rapidly ascending and he has the backing of the Socialists. His future is worth watching.

The jittery atmosphere which prevailed a couple of weeks back has given place to a spell of cheer and the financial settlement arrived at between the Indian Union and Pakistan is having its repercussions on the political front. Representatives of the Indian Union Government arrived at Karachi to have talks with Pakistan representatives on the future of sterling balances and here too complete accord prevailed.

Pakistan will receive more than fifty crores from her share of the assets of undivided India and with this sum she would be able to keep herself going till the budget time. Mr. Ghulam Mahomed is not taking a pessimistic view of the future. Like Sir Archibald Rowlands he believes in tightening the belt. It is

reported that he is shortly proceeding to the United States to arrange a big loan of six hundred million dollars. The hardheaded Americans would not sink their money in Pakistan unless they get a whip hand over its economy and there is a powerful section in Pakistan itself which does not want this dominion to be mortgaged to the United States.

A steady improvement in the standard of living of the people to be brought about by harnessing to the maximum extent possible the forces and treasures of nature in the service of the people by providing gainful and legitimate employment to able-bodied citizens and by assuring them freedom from want at all times. This was the principal objective set forth for the evolution of industrial policy by Mr. I. I. Chundrigar, Minister for Commerce and Industries in his presidential address to the Industrial Conference. He laid stress on the potentialities of Pakistan. He said that the State would give all aid to the establishment and protection of private industry.

Coming to the scene in Sind, the local Assembly Congress Party decided to recommend to the All-India Congress to disaffiliate the local Congress from the parent body. The lead in this matter was given by Prof. N. R. Malkani who is of the opinion that after the partition of the country, the political set-up both in the Indian Union and Pakistan must undergo a change. Prof. Malkani and one Seth Issardas Varandimal have been empowered to negotiate with Mr. M. A. Khuhro about the inclusion of representatives of the minority community in the Sind Cabinet. Though Mr. Khuhro is in a mood to respond to this gesture, one does not know the mind of Quaid-e-Azam whose advice will be the final word on the subject.

Terror and tension still grip not only the city of Karachi but the countryside of Sind. Hindus are gradually being relegated to the position of helots, hewers of wood and drawers of water. Government servants who happen to be Hindus

have been subjected to enormous humiliation with the result that the handful of them who remain are thinking of resigning and starting life anew in the Indian Union. An order was promulgated recently that no Hindu employee would be eligible for getting loan, his provident fund or any other benefit till he had made it clear that he would stick to Pakistan. The Sind Government have issued a circular to all its revenue collectors warning the Hindu employees that their action in sending out their families to India implied disloyalty to Pakistan and unless a satisfactory explanation was produced they would be summarily discharged from service. The circular directed the revenue collectors to stop casual leave to Hindu employees and take all precaution to prevent them sending their families out of Pakistan. The Government of Sind have decided to withhold payment of salaries of those Government employees who have left Sind and gone to the Indian Union. A circular to that effect has been sent to the heads of all departments.

The office of the Indian High Commissioner in Pakistan is besieged by Hindus who want to get away from this land of insecurity where the ground is gradually being cut under their feet from day to day.

On the social front, Karachi's entire aspect has been altered. Today, it has become a cross between Cairo and Constantinople. Hindus are being ousted from their trade and industries. Hundreds of Hindu shops have changed hands. Cinema and cafes are frequented by Muslims. Political bitterness has entered even social relationship and there is no fraternisation between Hindus and Muslims. Muslim children are being drilled and regimented on fascist lines. The Punjab element is becoming all-powerful and a time will come when Punjab will make Sind its outhouse.

The Karachi Municipal Corporation which had a preponderance of Hindu members is to be dissolved on January 1st, 1948 and new elections are to be held. There is no doubt that Muslims would capture the Corporation.

From The GALLERY::

*"Behold a chieftain among you taking notes,
And, sure, he'll print them."*

IT is rather strange that no one should have explained why Madras was chosen as the headquarters of the Indian branch of the Pakistan Muslim League. One would have thought a better centre would have been in Calcutta or in U. P. But Mr. Jinnah whose leadership has been infallible so far must have preferred Madras for the following reasons. Muslims in Madras province are negligible in numbers, wealth, education, influence and prestige; and so there is real danger of their making their peace with the Hindus by forswearing the 'two-nations theory.' This calamity could only be averted by making the Madras Muslim dream, like Malvolio, of a greatness thrust on him. Secondly, Hyderabad which is the heart of Pakistan is nearest Madras; and so its outside supporters should have a rallying point as near its borders as possible. There are other scattered Muslim islets in the South which should be sustained with ideological food. The Prince of Arcot wants to be transported by the new State-buses somewhere near 1818 or so; and then there is the Muslim enclave in Mysore, not to mention Moplastan. All these are garrisons which must be heartened and geared up for future use.

But I reserve the most important reason to the last. It is that there has long been in existence a sort of political liaison between the sponsors of the League and those of Dravidastan. This liaison, like others, has been an open secret and has been acknowledged with an impudent gusto which has not been without humour. I do not think there are any Muslim writers to speak eulogistically of the Mahatma. But I can point to hordes

of 'Hindu' journalists, speakers and politicians of the black-shirt sartorial style who slobber over Jinnah as the *avatara purusha* of the *Dravidastan* soon to be born. All these honorary Muslims are being counted on to hasten a South Indian holiday in the interests of the Leaguers. In other words, the waters are now being troubled, so that the fishing might be fruitful later on.

If anybody is sceptical, I shall be glad to furnish further proofs of this *entente* if called upon to do so.

The Hyderabad Ministry as reconstituted furnishes an Islamic view of parity which is devastating. Out of fourteen ministers, eight are Muslims and six are Hindus. As the Nizam is always known to have acted on the principle of parity between the two sections of his beloved subjects, we must infer, not that 8=6 (which is repugnant to elementary arithmetic) but that eight Muslims are equal to 6 Hindus which is likely to be a political fact! There are other precedents in support of proportionate equations of different stocks of people in this bizarre manner.

I am sorry that the N.G.Os. have had to go back in abject surrender. But let them imitate Gandhi and say that as true Satyagrahis they know no defeat! I am even more sorry for the Government's pyrrhic victory. It is a prestige victory for them, which means that, at the moment, there is more feeling against them in the minds of the N.G.Os. than is openly expressed. I am tempted to define prestige as the extent of hatred felt for one behind one's back. The Government have

assured the public that there would be no vindictiveness. But what about black-legs?

A press note recently issued says that Government advertisements are given to periodicals only on the basis of their circulation and publicity value. The only exception that we know of is in the case of *Swatantra*!

The Government of India has appealed to me—and you too for the matter of that—to tell them of tax-dodgers with full particulars of how they dodge, and how often they have dodged. I was hugely flattered; but then it struck me to ask what the Government departments are doing. Is it not their primary duty? There was a great panic when the demonetization ordinance was issued. But did it lead to one single case of prosecution for tax-evasion? Instead of asking me to do an impossible and thankless task, let me ask the Central Government to ask for particulars of prosecutions launched or threatened but which were choked off at secretariat levels through back-stair influence.

In the local Assembly, Dr. Subbarayan was asked if officials were required to make annual statements of the extent of properties bought by them in their own names or in those of their dependants, and whether such returns are being scrutinised. The lackadaisical leader of the House airily replied that it would be impracticable!

The simplest way of tracing corruption in this country is to register bullion dealers, diamond merchants and workers in precious stones. Their accounts must be open to inspection, and they should be asked to keep a record of the names of all purchasers. Let also every deed of conveyance and registration be held invalid unless it also contained a statement as to the source from which the money for the transaction was obtained. Instead of working existing provisions stringently, the Government whether at

the centre or in the provinces is trying to get a good name for itself by shifting responsibility! All which tends to confirm the man in the street in his disillusioned view that the Government is in the hands of black-marketeers and their beneficiaries.

The Mahatma's latest nostrum is to abolish petrol-rationing. But I make bold to say, it is even more urgent to ration his post-prayer speeches. Thanks to his advocacy of unrationed sugar, we are all paying about 55 per cent more for our sugar than under rationing. Eventually, we are told, the prices are expected to come down. When is that event to be—that is the question!

Apparently there has been a split in our India Office in London. Our Menons and Ghoses are already reverting to type, by providing amusement, free of charge, to an irreverent if not cynical public. To make the diplomatic sphere a cockpit of personal egotisms is lamentable to a degree. It does not matter who is in the right or who is in the wrong. What is clear is that both are unfit for the diplomatic corps. Now that both are in the country, I devoutly pray that they may be retained here! Mr. Ghose might be asked to mollify Mr. Sarat Bose, while Mr. Menon might be detailed to undergo an intensive course of post-graduate training in the Hindustani Talimi Sangh. If this mislikes him, why should not Pandit Nehru have one more Secretary?

Australian wheat is to be purchased by India at slightly higher rates than those quoted for the mother country, in spite of the longer distance involved in the latter case. This is a touching instance of poor relations being shown special consideration. It is to be hoped that we will get back the excess through our exports.

GROUNDLING.



THERE was a gathering of the villagers on the verandah of Venkataswami's house. Everybody was there, men, women, and children, the rich and the poor, the idle and the busy, the farmer, the barber, the oilman, the village constable, the village munsif, the village accountant. An oil lamp was kept burning and beside it, on the seat of honour, was a low class Brahmin reading out from a book, and everybody listened to him with breathless interest. It was the new year's day which comes somewhere during the English months of April-May, and the purohit was reading out to the assembly the astrological forecast of what would happen to them all during the coming year. Astrology is of the life's blood of an Indian village. There is nothing the villager would do without consulting his astrologer as a very essential preliminary. No journey can be undertaken unless the day is auspicious. Sowing and harvesting must be done with the astrologer's blessings. When a marriage has to be settled the astrologer has to pass the horoscopes of the boy and girl as mutually adapted to each other. He settles the day on which the several ceremonials, which play so important a part in a Hindu's life, have to be performed. An astrologer commands the respect of the village.

The purohit was reading out of the book. He said: "This year the King is Sani: the minister is Guru: the leader of the host is Budha. This year, of the rain that falls on our earth, ten parts will drop into the sea, six on the mountains, and the remaining four parts will be all

the worthwhile rain we will get. This year there will be little rain and human woes will be many. There will be a shortage of grains and the summer will be ferocious. Sickness will prevail over the world." But to his listeners there would be grace shown. They would achieve fame and prosperity for they had listened to the reading of the holy panchanga, (the Indian Calendar).

When he finished his reading there was a murmur of voices as discussion started among his audience. The picture he had drawn of the future left them shaken but there was hope for them for they had listened piously to the reading of the calendar. They crowded round him and plied him with questions which he answered as best as he could, giving, all the time, a sort of sales talk that helped him to sell away the bundle of calendars he had brought with him for that purpose.

Mani was the village idiot. He was a young man of some twenty years with wide vacant eyes set deep in a long skull. His head was clean shaven and there was something startling about his face which, on a keener inspection, was revealed to be the result of his having shaven off his eye-brows too. He spoke with a stammer and listening children jeered at him with the heartlessness peculiar to them. He lost his temper with them and made as if to clump them on their heads and immediately they ran away from him in different directions, shouting insults more loudly than ever, calling him a tortoise and a croaking frog. Soon Mani dissolved into

tears of impotent rage which made the children happier still. The girls of the Village made mock at him as they went to the river for their daily bath, with pots on swaying hips. When he leered at them with idiot eyes they threw small stones at him and drove him off. The village school master had tried to educate him and Mani had learnt how to read Tamil. Numbers were too much for him and he could never penetrate the mysteries of addition and subtraction. On the few occasions he was given a quarter rupee or a half rupee by some kind-hearted villager, Mani delighted in making the gleaming silver coin skim along the surface of the village tank; he never bothered about the ultimate loss of the money. There was a peculiar affection in his heart for the animals of the village and he could never bear to see them ill-treated. On several occasions he had thrashed people, who had beaten their bullocks, with a strength which his thin, bony body did not seem to possess. He said the most foolish things with the utmost gravity and did not appear to be offended when the village laughed at him; he only objected to what he obviously considered to be the impertinence of mere children. He never bothered about earning a living, for at every house in the village he could get a meal whenever he wanted. He did odd jobs for them all, jobs that required the minimum of brains and some brawn. He bathed in the tank every day and used the same piece of cloth again and again until someone or other of the villagers gave him another dhoti. He slept in the pial of some house or other and was quite satisfied with his lot in life. In many respects he was the happiest man in the village.

"Sir", said Mani to the Brahmin who had been foretelling such black things, "Can you give me a copy of the panchangam?"

"Yes", was the reply, "A copy costs four annas".

"But I don't have the money", wailed Mani.

"How can I help that? I can't give you a copy without the money being paid for it."

A look of deep distress spread over his face; and Venkataswami saw it.

"Why do you want it so particularly?" he asked of Mani.

"Because I want it", was all that Mani could reply, sullenly.

"All right", said Venkataswami, "Give him a copy, I shall pay for it."

Holding his newly acquired treasure tightly rolled up in his fist he rushed away from the crowd and seated under a street lamp, devoured its pages with a fresh-found enthusiasm. He read page after page, understanding very little, skipping over quite a deal, staring fascinatedly at the grotesque pictures that adorned the pages. He stared at a serpent that appeared to have swallowed several stars, at a pair of bullocks that were ploughing a piece of land under the guidance of a farmer, and at the owl, the crow, the cock, and the peacock that were pictured in the calendar. Page after page he turned over until at last he came to the cover page. And there, under the heading, "Results of the lizard's sayings", he read that the lizard was quite a prophet. You had only to determine the direction from which the lizard made its peculiar clucking noise and then, by referring to the almanack you could foretell what was indicated. These prognostications would vary from day to day; for example, on Sundays, if the lizard clucked from an eastern direction there would come some fearful tidings, whereas on Monday it indicated gain. On Friday it indicated good news whereas on Thursday it was an omen of evil. Thus day by day, according to the direction from which you heard the cluckings of the lizard, the results would vary.

Nor was the prophetic powers of the domestic lizard confined to its cluckings. It was prophetic even when it fell on you or on the ground. If it fell on your hair it was an indication of troubles; if it fell on your face you would see some relatives; if it fell on your lower lip, you would gain money. You would become a prisoner if the gecko fell on your eyes and if it fell on your left ear you would get huge profits

in your trade ventures. The right ear was an indication of good health when the lizard fell on it; if it was your stomach that was visited by the falling lizard you would get lots of grains whereas, if it fell on your bosom, you would get money. If it fell on your head, however, it was an indication of death.

On reading this passage Mani fell into a reverie. The ordinary lizard was now invested with a divine fire of prophecy! What a fool he had been not to realise all these wonders all along! He would hereafter listen carefully to what it had to say and look keenly to observe where it fell down from the roof above. Even if it dropped on to the ground it foretold something definite; turmoil and trouble in this case. The lizard would hereafter occupy a prime position in his scheme of things. And at that moment a lizard dropped on his head, and then fled precipitately.

Death! Good God! Death! That was what that meant. Mani was in a panic immediately. Shivers ran through his spine and his whole body was chill with the fear of the unknown. He was no calm Socrates facing death, the inevitable end of life, with equanimity. He was a child of nature revelling in life in his own idiot way. He dreaded the end of it all and, in fact, he had never stopped to think of his death at any time. He was too much absorbed in his life from day to day, from hour to hour, from moment to moment, even to have bothered about the end. Behind his mask of idiot impassivity he had a mind that busied itself with a thousand fantastic schemes that would never have engaged the mind of any normal person. Out of all this peace the lizard that fell on his head startled him.

That night he could get no sleep; he, who had never known what a sleepless night was. He never suffered from a conscience because he knew not what that strange thing was. He never was bothered by the worries of earning a living because he had no ambitions beyond eating and sleeping, and that he could always do without taking any troubles over them. Not for a day

had he been known to be ill nor had he ever been worried by the fear of infection from others and other sources. He slept every night like a healthy infant; but this night was verily a night of horror to him. He tossed restlessly on his mat, and try as he would, he could think of nothing but his impending doom. He wept tears of impotent rage into his pillow and stifled his sobs therein.

At about five in the morning he got out of his bed, his eyes were red and swollen, his whole face bloated with the fear and agony of the past night. He rolled up his mat, rather surprised to find himself still alive and apparently quite well in health. But he never dreamt of doubting the prophecy of the gecko; if he were not yet dead, no doubt he would soon be. That was inevitable.

He slowly made his way towards the tank where he was accustomed to bathe daily. Normally he used to get up at about eight in the morning when the tank would be used



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by several men and women and children; but this morning he was too early for all that bustle. But old Venkataswami, the richest landlord of the village, was there, standing on the bank, slowly but thoroughly cleaning his gleaming teeth with a green twig. On the opposite bank there were one or two farmers having a morning dip in the cool waters of the tank before proceeding to their labours.

"What is the matter with you?" he asked Mani. "Why are your eyes swollen and red? Have you been weeping?"

There was no reply.

"Did anybody beat you, or anything?" again asked the old man.

"No, Sir," replied Mani, "I am going to die."

"Ramachandra!" exclaimed Venkataswami, "Who told you that? Don't be an idiot!"

"I am not an idiot," said Mani, "But I tell you I'm going to die."

"How do you know that?" asked Venkataswami, "None on earth knows when he is fated to die."

"But I do," cried Mani, "A lizard told me."

"A lizard!", shouted the old man, in surprise. "What are you blabbering about?"

"Yes, a lizard. It fell on my head, and the panchangam says that that means I'm bound to die."

"Nonsense. Did you read it carefully?" asked Venkataswami, hardly able to suppress a smile of incredulity.

"I did", replied Mani. "It definitely says 'Death'."

"Is that all?", cried the old man. "Death does not mean that you will die. Somebody else may. Don't you worry about it."

It was this remark that sent a thought flashing through Mani's mind, a thought that seemed to be of the very essence of genius to him. What a simple way it was of getting out of all this trouble! He would pass on his doom to another and thus escape it! Before old Venkataswami knew where he was Mani had rushed madly at him, butting with his head hard into the old man's stomach, upset-

ing him forcibly into the tank. Venkataswami could not swim and he shouted for help, floundering about helplessly, somehow keeping himself afloat though all the while he felt he was sinking and was on the verge of dying. The farmers on the opposite shore, who had been witnesses of the sudden unprovoked attack on the old man, had already started running towards Mani. One of them caught hold of him with no tender hands while the other hastened to the rescue of the old man and hauled him on to the shore, thoroughly frightened out of his wits and gasping for breath.

When he saw that the old man had reached the shore alive Mani tried to make another rush at him and cast him into the water again but the two sturdy farmers prevented him from doing this. He tried to break away from them, and bit and scratched at them; but they knocked him down senseless and tied him up securely with his own dhoti torn to strips. They knew that Mani had become mad.

And, he, during his intervals of sanity, still wonders why he is confined to the big building in which he is staying at present—the lunatic asylum.

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OUR BETTER HALVES

by BINOD

SHORTLY there will concentrate in this city, rich always in every form of beauty, such a bunch of pulchritude as will illumine the eyes, stir the heart, and quicken the pulse of even the dullest inhabitant.

For it is in terms of beauty, however much men many hate to admit it and women pretend to resent it, that a man's first mental image of a woman assumes its shape and form. Character, accomplishments, intellect—those qualities in men which commend themselves most forcefully to other men—play, in the case of women, but a secondary role.

At the All-India Women's Conference, which forms the inspiration for this article, many harsh things will no doubt be said about the unregenerate male. Woman's attitude towards that much-discussed menace known as man bristles with indignation. Too long, she feels, has he played ducks and drakes (and many another wicked game) with her. Too long has he kept her in thrall while he himself has gone forth and conquered the world. The time has come to put her foot down with a firm hand.

The prospect does not appall us men—because there is nothing we would love better in the whole wide world than to have dainty little feet tickling our broad shoulders. We wouldn't mind being conquered either—but for the fact that we are already conquered. Throughout the ages the hand that rocked the cradle has ruled the world. This saying, however much the rabid feminist may scorn it, is indicative of the power that woman has exerted in the shaping of civilisation. It expresses no mere nursemaid idea, but the psychological truth that attitudes, beliefs, morals and values can be marked indelibly on young minds and hearts, and characters can be formed which create the destiny of the human race. Woman's contribution to life was unconsciously (and

picturesquely) acknowledged by earlier peoples. The Egyptians used to represent a man without a woman by a single millstone which cannot grind alone. The Burmese say: "Of all beings woman is most excellent; she is the chief of supporters." In Hindustani it is asked: "What cannot a woman do? What cannot the ocean contain? What cannot death destroy?"

The thought that woman should be assumed to be "property" of man instantly brings a fire-away look in the feminist's eye. Looked upon legally the position would certainly be intolerable, but the idea arose naturally, and of the free will of woman—she tells the man she loves: "Myself, and what is mine, to you . . . Is now converted: but now I was the lord

Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,

Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,

This house, these servants and this same myself

Are yours, my lord . . ."

What am I for if not to express myself? says the man, and he does it in poetry, in painting, in architecture, discovery, engineering, philosophies and Utopias, as well as in sex.

What am I for if not to give myself? says the woman, and she does it in mother love, creation of homes (the most conducive to civilisation of all tasks) and social services, as well as in sex.

Neither is compelled to these affirmations.

The militant feminist exclaims against this giving by the woman and taking by the man as a kind of subjection forced upon the woman. But if more than a superficial view is taken, considerations will be seen that modify this assumption. Giving is not in itself a sign of subjection—generosity gives, not meanness; goodness gives, not wickedness;

royalty gives, not poverty. Ethically a giver gains rather than loses, so just imagine how much our women are gaining every day!

Now, women want to establish the "equality" of the sexes. I grant them superiority, but not equality. To speak of equality of the sexes is to use a vague and somewhat misleading term. It may mean that men and women are alike, a statement showing ignorance and foolishness. It may signify equality of rights, which again is vague, for what are "rights", and who "gives" them? Equality of value may be indicated, and this is the truest sense. But the term is not a good one, since, without qualification, it gives an impression of sameness; and this again, thanks to the extra chromosome in the female cell which medical men tell us distinguishes it from the male, becomes an absurdity! Woman can have the last word with man but not with nature: no arguments can alter nature and neither sex can escape its physical basis. In a healthy society everything that women touch should become feminine, just as bicycles, umbrellas, shoes are obviously and at sight masculine or feminine. So in the larger life every civic function should be transfigured along sex lines. I don't see it is anything to make a song about. It is the way the world works.

Among women at present there are two main types. There are those who claim equality between the sexes in all matters. With them the term equality is apt to mean sameness, and they affirm identity of aims and qualities in men and women. Their attitude to men is one of armed friendship and hostile cordiality. These women, it seems to me, unconsciously belittle their own sex in wanting to make it a shadow or imitator of the other. Woman's touch in the different realms of life is of value if it is a feminine touch and not merely an imitation of man's achievements. By all means have all the legal equalities possible, and no barriers for women in any way. This freedom from barriers will be universal in time, but

it does not affect the thesis that there are natural divergencies in the sexes, and it would be inartistic, anti-social, and suicidal to ignore them.

Another type of women—God bless them!—holds that the sexes should have mutually exclusive spheres. With these can be classed the great mass of women who without special thought on the subject follow the usual housewifely routine and bring up their children in the long-established ways. It must never be forgotten that woman includes *all* women and not merely the bright young things of society so busily engaged in painting the town red. The lower middle class and the poorer class mother has all the beautiful characteristics of womanhood, but with little opportunity of developing herself. She lacks education and leisure, which has created a barrier between her and her better-placed sister. Generations hence, when she has the means of culture, the world will be changed.

There is a third, smaller group of women who, more philosophic in temper and looking on the long history of mankind (in which they realise they have played as important a part as man without a special acquisition of "equal status"), claim for woman a share in the formation of civilisation and see her in the present as occupying a position at as high a level as man's but not on the same basis. In her entrance to professions which are characteristically hers, in her gaining of the suffrage and her greater social freedom they see not so much a breaking of barriers as a widening of opportunities for service and for further expression of the woman spirit.

We are proud of our women—and fond of them. Do we not know that our "goddesses excellently bright" are the oriflamme of our existence, making our life rich, like a lily in bloom? Let us recognise, then, our liking for each other, our dependence on each other, recognise, that, as long as the world lasts, together our tale must run. Just as the

great globe swings round the sun as one body, so all life moves forward as one whole, and when it is consciously carried on as a unity, progress will be intensified. May women move with dignity to the consummation of civilisation, steadily

fulfilling their duties, and taking their place, without loud-voiced demands or ill-natured reproaches, both of which betray a lack of strength and of that sureness which is serene and proceeds without haste and without rest.

A NARROW ESCAPE

by C. RADHAKRISHNA MOORTHY

THE venerable doctor took out an old rusty-looking anna coin from inside his coat pocket and handed it over to me with a chuckle.

"See this coin . . . It has a marvellous story behind it. Well, believe it or not, this tiny inanimate thing saved my life the other day."

I was much amused at this remark. An old anna coin saving an old doctor from death!

Egged on by curiosity I implored him to narrate the whole story. The doctor was only too glad to respond to my request.

He coughed a little by way of introduction and then began:

"It was a year ago," the doctor said, "yes, exactly a year ago, when I had this remarkable experience. I remember quite well the memorable evening when I stepped out of my house and started for the next village where I had a patient to see. On my way I had to cross a river which was at that time in floods. By the time I reached the river, a crowd had already gathered on the shore. All of them were jostling against each other in their anxiety to pay the necessary hire and get into the boat. With a great deal of difficulty I elbowed my way through the crowd. The boatman demanded the hire from me. When I took out the necessary money from my pocket and put it in his hand, he returned one of the anna coins saying that it was not a good one.

And to tell the truth, I had no more money left in my pocket. In my hurry I had forgotten to transfer the rupee notes from the suitcase into the purse, while starting from the house. So I was obliged to keep out of the boat. I stood there on the bank looking enviously at the boat which was passing swiftly through the water.

Suddenly I beheld a horrible spectacle. Lo! the boat had capsized and the unfortunate victims were struggling and shouting for help. I was moved by their agony, but what could I do? I am not a swimmer. I could only sympathise but could offer no effective help.

Soon a crowd gathered on the shore and the bravest man among them sprang into the river and swam straight towards the boat. He got there in a trice and catching hold of a man about to be drowned, he brought him safe to the shore. In this way he saved the lives of five persons. The rest were given up for lost.

What would have happened if I too had got into the boat? I owe my precious life to this anna coin and that is why I have preserved this little thing as a mark of gratitude.

"See, how marvellous," concluded the learned doctor.

"Really marvellous, sir," was all I could say.

It isn't tying himself to one woman that a man dreads when he thinks of marrying. It's separating himself from all the others.—LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

SPOTLIGHT ON THE



"I suppose that if the three other delegations are agreed on this issue of adjournment, the Soviet delegation will also have to agree. But that is their own responsibility." Thus M. Molotov, at the end of the London conference of the Big Four Foreign Ministers, fixing the responsibility for its failure on the other three powers. The Americans, for their part, have tried to put the blame on the Soviet by carrying on a campaign against alleged Russian intransigence. This campaign began weeks before the London conference actually started and now the U.S. Secretary of State has blamed Russia for the failure. The question however is not who is responsible for the failure but what are the underlying forces that are operating to prevent an agreed settlement.

Judging from the reactions to the failure, and the precipitate haste with which James Byrnes, of 'Speaking Frankly' fame, has called for a forty year non-aggression pact with Germany and a peace conference—without Russia if necessary—it seems as if certain circles had not only expected, but even desired the breakdown at London. In an earlier issue (*Swatantra* dated October 11) it was pointed out how the Anglo-American plan for making the Ruhr the economic hub of the proposed West European economic bloc was being put into operation. This plan, if carried through, cannot lead to the establishment of a central German democratic State assuring the German nation of its existence; it would not promote the destruction of militarism and Nazism, enable the payment of at least some reparations and the rehabilitation of a new Germany as a single economic unit. All these are objectives defined and accepted at Yalta and

Potsdam by the three Big Powers then fighting in alliance against Nazi Germany.

At Potsdam it was laid down that the equipment of certain capital industries in Germany should be dismantled and removed as part of reparations and as part of disarming Germany's war potential. But this policy was sought to be annulled from the very beginning by the U.S. As early as December 11, 1945, the U.S. State Department suggested the curtailment of the removal programme of German capital equipment. In May 1946, the British and American administrations refused to hand over to the Soviet Union any reparations deliveries from their zones. They refused to pay any reparations from current German production either. About the same time, General Clay, commander of the American military zone, disclosed before the Allied Control Council at Berlin that the dismantling of 150 military plants in the U.S. zone had been suspended. H. N. Brailsford, writing after a four months' tour of Germany, in a recent issue of the *New Statesman and Nation*, says of the British plan for dismantling of plants: "out of 294 works to be dismantled in the Ruhr, only 43 are officially classified as primarily concerned with armaments." Not only was the dismantling of armament plants slowed down or given up; even the policy of dismantling, where it operated, was designed so as to eliminate the competition from Germany in respect of certain essential consumer goods. Thus, "in this list was the name of the biggest manufacturers of soap powder, Henckel of Dusseldorf, who make 'Persil' . . . In Germany in these days there is an acute soap famine.

'Why' everyone asked 'was this firm with its enviable place in the export market, singled out for destruction?' The invariable answer which I heard from the Americans as well as the Germans was that the guiding principle of the British list is rather a determination to check Germany's commercial competition than to liquidate her military potential."

Yet another testimony to this policy of reviving those industries that the Potsdam decisions wanted to keep out, can be seen in the following extract from an article in the *New Republic* by J. S. Martin, Head of the U.S. Decartelisation Bureau in Germany till July 1947. "In October 1945 (!) Major General William H. Draper, a former member of the international banking house of Dillon, Read, and Director of the Economic Division of U.S. Military Government in Germany, proposed that the best way to get German industry going was to revive those industries that Potsdam had decided to keep at a minimum—export of complex machines, complex chemicals, etc., rather than coal."

How did Britain and U.S.A. carry out their economic policy in their zones? Not by eliminating the big industrialists who fostered the Nazis but by keeping them in responsible positions. Here is a sample list: Herman Abs, financial adviser in the British zone was a former Director of Deutsche Bank; Herald Resch, Deputy Director of Bizonal Committee for Economy was a former Director of the Mannesman steeltube combine; Alfred Hugenberg who continued to be Director of Vereinigte Stahlwerke, yet another steel trust, was a Minister of Economics in Hitler's first cabinet. The latest instance is given by Mr. Brailsford: "How are we to account for the choice of Wilhelm Roelen as the director of the coal mines, a man whose record as a leading figure in the Thyssen industrial and financial network and as manager for the Nazis in occupied Holland promises the survival of an accursed tradition?" Latest Press reports speak of Dr. Schacht,

financial adviser to the Nazi regime, working out a plan for Bizonia.

Thus not only was the demilitarisation policy outlined at Potsdam not carried out but in the administration of the Anglo-American zone, there was a revival of the power of the big business interests. The bizonal agreement between Britain and U.S.A. meant that the Anglo-Americans had given up the idea of treating Germany as a single economic unit. With talk of the Bizonia being expanded into a Trizonia, the division of Germany into two separate economic units, with the Americans all powerful and dominating in the one, will be complete. That American influence will be the most dominant is clear from one of the clauses in the latest Anglo-American agreement on the administration of Bizonia outlined in a Press despatch. It says that the majority control in regard to export and import and foreign exchange matters will be handed over to U.S.A.

The political counterpart to all these economic moves is the plan to create a separate West German State; the origins of this movement can be traced to 1944. Then it was that Schacht and his emissaries contacted Allen Dulles (brother of J. F. Dulles, Republican adviser to Secretary of State Marshall) and pleaded for a soft peace. In March 1945, Francis Biddle, then U.S. Attorney General, published a report disclosing the secret negotiations which Wall Street representatives had carried on in neutral countries with the German monopolies. In October 1945, Rechberg, a well-known West German industrialist, put before the American authorities a memorandum outlining a plan for saving German economy through a block of Western Powers and Germany against the U.S.S.R. A significant feature of the plan was the abandoning of reparations and the establishment of economic unity of the Western Powers and Germany. In January 1947, J. F. Dulles, speaking before the National Publishers Association of America, stated that instead of limiting the giant industry of the Ruhr to the output necessary for German reconstruction and reparation payments, it should be developed

as the pivotal point of a West European industrial combine.

Having got control over the Ruhr and Western Germany, the only obstacle in the way of the Americans going ahead with their plans was the fact that the German people and the world still looked upon the settlement of Germany as a single problem, the Soviet Union insisting on the implementation of Potsdam decisions regarding payment of reparations, etc. The ground had to be prepared for going ahead with the consolidation of the West German zone at least. Part of this preparation was the propaganda about Soviet intransigence. And the failure at London has been seized upon by sections of the American Press to go ahead on a 'new' road.

What is the American plan? In May 1947 ex-President Hoover outlined it in a letter to certain committees of the U.S. Congress. The substance of the plan is that reparations be stopped and replaced by German exports, that all restric-

tions on Germany's industrial capacity in the British and American zones be removed, that a temporary centralised German Government for this part of Germany be created and a separate peace be concluded with it. In his broadcast on return from London, Marshall has quite frankly stated that they cannot look forward to a united Germany and must do their best in the area where their influence is felt.

The Americans would seem to calculate that this plan will enable them to use the German industry revived under their aegis in the Ruhr to dominate the rest of the West European countries. And it is this danger of an economic enslavement that makes the working class of Europe look with suspicion on the American aid programme. That there is ground for such fears can be seen in the manner in which the British and French Governments dropped their proposal for the 'nationalisation' of Ruhr industries as the problem of 'aid' from America became more important for them.

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PALGHAT MANI

by KRISHNA

DURING the All-India Congress Session which was held in Madras in 1927 a series of music performances took place. One of the concerts was by Sri Chembai Vydianatha Bhagavathar. He was accompanied on the Mridangam by a young lad of twelve or thereabouts. Chembai produced him as a magician produces a rabbit out of a hat and was beaming with pleasure. The boy displayed both accuracy and skill. He seemed on very intimate terms with the instrument and both appeared to be enjoying themselves on the basis of a secret understanding. The senior critics, who never fail to hearken back to the days of Narayanaswami Ayyar of Tanjore whenever they got a chance said that the boy might develop into a sound artist in course of time. The younger enthusiasts frankly felt that a new star had arisen. Some, naturally, were apprehensive lest he should fade away into mediocrity as most prodigies do.

Since then Palghat Mani has steadily climbed towards an eminence that is more or less unique. Non-combative by nature, he has had to wrestle in the earlier years of his career, with acknowledged masters, only to be acknowledged as their equal. As an artist he is so nearly perfect that one hesitates to pile up appreciative adjectives in the interests of sound writing rather than sound feeling. His sense of "Sruti" is delicate. Today the tuning of the Mridangam, always a difficult art, is ill-understood and haphazardly done by several artists. In the general combination of loud noises from the platform several near approaches to correct tuning can be commonly detected. Mr. Mani's tuning, however, is extremely accurate and is partly responsible for the melody of what, for want of a more concise expression, may be called "right hand playing." One could detect a continuous background drone, as from a Tambura, during his playing; so much so he seems to supply his own Sruti! His

method of developing a theme also gives one the same illusion. He does not jump from phase to phase, clouding the combinations, and losing the art itself in a maze of dry intellection. This is a defect that technical skill in the Mridangam very often leads to. On the other hand he keeps a motif singing in one's ears all the time and works variations into it with classical restraint. I have often wondered why this style has not been copied by others. Perhaps it requires a vast repertoire of possible variations within a small circumference of sound and is beyond the competence of the lesser artists. His capacity for detail needs special mention. An eminent musician once told me that Mr. Mani has five fingers in normal life, but fifty fingers when he plays on the Mridangam. Like the sculpture of the Hoysala and Vijayanagar periods which, within the framework of a fine form contain minute details as if in silver filigree work, Mr. Mani's general themes are replete with little details, each of which is clear and bold, and not mere nebulous whispers.

There is a very good reason why musicians are anxious to have him accompany them. It is not merely that he is an eminent artist with whom one likes to be associated. It is due to the fact that he goes all out to make the concert a success. When the musician is singing he does not obtrude unnecessarily, though he might well do so. He stays in the background and gives just that sustenance on the drum to make the music sound good. Being a good musician himself, he develops the proper thala motifs to suit each piece, but only to give prominence to the musician and the song. He never drowns the musician with his own sound. This is no mere false modesty but a rare understanding of the proper place of the Mridangam in a music concert. I have often heard him gently retreating into a quiet routine as the musician started soaring into a cres-

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cendo of melody. At the same time I have also seen him increase his volume if he felt that the musician's voice might just fail. This never failed to give the impression that the musician's own voice was just right. Young artists, yet to make their name, always like him for this reason. Charity is the hall-mark of greatness.

In private life Mr. Mani is busy, non-gossipy, and except among a select circle, silent. If he has any conceit he conceals it. Both in life and art, generosity is his chief virtue. He has reached the top but does not look down from there. He is still young and one feels happy in the thought that he will be with us for a long time.

TRADITION IN MUSIC

by "GANARCHAKA"

THESE are days for people seeking novelty and getting crazy over something new because it is new. This is strikingly evident in the field of music. Lack of respect for tradition is the fashion. It certainly requires courage on the part of a lover of tradition to express his views and who can muster such courage as "Vighneswara" can?

Every lover of tradition will endorse "Vighneswara's" appeal in the *Swatantra* of 6th December 1947. The Music Academy's activities have unfortunately been reduced to a very limited sphere. They are concentrated in about a week during Christmas, the other 51 weeks of the year being practically devoid of any contribution to the advancement of music. Even this single week is taken up almost entirely of concerts by some of the leading musicians excepting for a few mid-day meetings of the experts' committee. Demonstrations are rarely held if at all. One or two that may be organised at mid-day cannot possibly be attended by a number of people on account of the inconveniences of the hour. Why should not really worthwhile demonstrations in raga, tana, pallavi and swara singing, traditional rendering of kritis of the Musical Trinity, padas of Kshetragana and others be held in the evenings and the public given an opportunity to know what sampradaya means? This will naturally mean trouble on the part of the Academy authorities to keep in constant touch with such of those surviving members of the earlier generation—not necessarily vidwans—who are luckily still available, and introduce them to the public at least during these annual functions. It is true that no cause can be furthered without monetary help. But cannot the box office programmes be supplemented by free educative demonstrations by eminent men also? The

Academy should aim at being different from a musical sabha.

The concerts arranged during the conference week are usually described as 'models'. Several of them will not stand the test. For one thing they are arranged with the "gates" in view; and for another the programmes hardly contain anything outstanding to remind one of tradition. Even the prominent vidwans do not demonstrate sampradaya in raga singing. "Mandara sthayi prasthara" is a thing forgotten. Pallavi is hurried through if not skipped.

The presidentship of the Academy each year gives an opportunity for men of the earlier generation to give of their musical experience to the public, to entertain and educate them with their rich association with the giants of the past. This office of president has somehow gradually come to be an honour to be distributed among the limited few around us.

"Rajasree" makes a point in an article in *Swatantra* of 29th November that Sri Semmangudi Srinivasa Aiyar is the youngest president the Academy has ever had. There can be no two opinions about Sri Semmangudi's ability to fill the chair. Without meaning any reflection on his worth, one is tempted to suggest that much older men are there to be honoured earlier. Let us listen to them before time snatches them away. The Academy would do well to establish better records than that of electing the youngest president. In fact, the older the president the closer will the tie be with the age of tradition.

The Academy should get out of its rut and enlarge its scope of work. I, for one, look forward to the Academy being active throughout the year. Musical discussions should be held oftener. Old men who have had a link with the

glorious tradition, now going out of vogue, must be persuaded to come out of their contented quiet life in villages and relate to us their musical experiences and describe thrilling and interesting anecdotes from the lives of the giants. The days observed in honour of the members of the Musical Trinity in the course of the year and the Conference week must include standard demonstrations (not concerts) on various aspects of our music. What a treat it would be if for example, a comparative estimate of the prayoga of a raga as handled by various savants and handed down to us is given as a

fullfledged demonstration to a listening public? Will it not work better in raising the standard of singing as well as listening than to decide on the swara prastharas or dry arohana-avarohana by a vote at an incomplete gathering of experts alone? The Academy has always had to contend with difficulties inherent in its aims. But is it doing all it can to stem the opposing forces? Let us take stock of the remnants and do our honest bit to preserve the broken threads of tradition for the benefit of those coming after us who otherwise can possibly have no idea of what the golden era of tradition was.

MODERN MASSACRE OF MUSIC

Translated by V. SUBRAMANIAN from the original in Tamil by BHARATHI

OF all living beings, birds and men alone can sing. Others cannot. Perhaps because of their habit of flying in the air, the mind of birds is adapted to song, and man, though he does not fly physically, can propel his mind to flight in the wide spaces, and song comes naturally to him then.

There are nine rasas or states of the human heart, namely, heroism, rage, wonder, peace, fear, hate, humour, sorrow and love. When a man sees or thinks of any object, one or more of these nine rasas may hold his mind. People who can entwine their minds with the rasas completely make great poets, composers and painters, and without rasa, the arts will wither. If a man who considers another's suffering as his own, and another who does not, both study prosody, the former will write true poetry while the latter will just string words together and the same holds good in all other arts. Those who sing or compose songs, without a knowledge of rasa, take the life out of music and exhibit its mere corpse. Most of the modern musicians do not realise that rasa is the soul of music.

Only those who sing the kritis of Thyagar, Muthuswamy Dikshitar, and Patnam Subramanya Iyer with as many variations (*sangathi*) as

possible are considered great vidwans. All these kritis are composed in Telugu or Sanskrit and ninety per cent of our vidwans are ignorant of their meaning. They massacre and swallow the words and sentences and one who does not know even the meaning cannot know the rasa which animates it.

I have been noting this from my birth till now. The performance begins. The vidwan begins with 'Vatapi Ganapatim,' 'Rama ni Samanamevaru,' 'Mariathagathura'. All follow. Alas! Alas! the same story again, and again. Go to whatever district or village, whoever be the vidwan, it is the same old story. Since the people of Tamil Nad have ears made of iron, they continue to hear the same seven or eight songs again and again. People with ears of flesh and blood, will not tolerate this infliction. It is not my pleading that we should forget the songs of great composers. One must sing them with their proper meaning—must not mispronounce words, must mouth them out clearly without swallowing them and must not make a nuisance of music by singing the same old handful of kritis.

We must bring out new kritis. The topmost of our vidwans must try to compose new kritis in Tamil.

They must learn the nature of the rasas and how to produce them. They must not be lagging behind and say that the old composers had God-given gifts while they have none. The Gods are not dead and their gifts are open to those with devotion, kindness, straightforwardness, truth and ceaseless endeavour. They need not be disheartened and lament, "There are no kings or lords to nourish music properly in our country. We find it difficult even to make a livelihood and rasas can be cultivated only if we are free from anxieties. It is our fate to learn a few kritis in a few years to seek a living." For, the time is past throughout the world, when the cultivation of arts depended on kings and dukes. One must look to the common masses. Hereafter all support for art will come from them. It is the duty of the artists to inculcate the right taste in them and thereafter the necessary support is certain. A king may give a hundred rupees per month, but the masses even if they give four annas each can give a thousand rupees for a town. The masses are the artist's masters. The masses are the king. If you give a little training at the beginning to this king, there will not be any decline of our arts. All the nine rasas must combine in good art. Good song always begets a good reputation and from that comes a good income. Song without rasa in sound or sense must not be heard in Tamil Nad any more.

The kritis of Muthusamy Dikshitar, Thyagier and Patnam Subramanya Iyer, alone, are mostly sung in practice. Of these, those of Dikshitar are in chaste Sanskrit. They have the majestic flow and grandeur of the Ganges. Though they have many other great qualities, they will not be of much use for our masses, as an exposition of rasa, as they are composed in Sanskrit. Thyagier had heavenly gifts. He was an ocean of rasa. The existence and vitality of Carnatic music are due to him. Like the rishis of old, by self-sacrifice before his chosen deity, he lost

his self in his art. Even though modern musicians, by their variations, word cuttings and swallowings, have distorted his kritis to their utmost, their inherent light does shine forth; for does not the good jeweller know the true diamond, even if it has lost its lustre by encrustations of dust and dirt; so also a true discerning lover of rasa, amidst all this confusion, can appreciate the workmanship of Thyagier. The sense must ring forth by the very manner of combining raga and thala. That is true rasa combination and Thyagier was supreme in this. For example, let us take 'Chakkani Raja Marugamu'. Sing it clearly without variations and twists. In the music itself, you will find the meaning "Why, my mind! do you wander amidst lanes and slums where there is the royal road?" Sing 'Marupalka' and the sense will ring forth in the music as "Why do you not reply to me?". At the very beginning of the pallavi "Nannubrovukintha," the meaning "Why such delay to save me" will break out clearly. Similarly are all other kritis composed. Thyagier did not work hard to make this so. If there is truth in the mind, the kriti will compose itself naturally thus. Later, this quality is not found in the song of Patnam Subramanya Iyer. In the kriti, 'Varamulosagi' it is clear that there is no relation between sound and sense. The words say "Is it difficult for you to save me with your mercy?" The music starts a thala-quarrel.

It is necessary for our artists to learn and practise the old kritis and time-honoured ways but it is improper in Tamil gatherings to sing the same old songs in other languages. That way, our people will eventually lose all knowledge of true music. Again songsters must understand that rhythm exists for music and not music for rhythm. It is proper to sing mainly for thala in certain dances, but even there one must not sacrifice the musical excellence for thala display. In a musical performance worth the name, to make prominent a riot of rhythm by a massacre of

music is highly improper. In singing kritis, the display of musical excellence must come first, and thala must be an aid to it.

Twelve years ago, I lived for two or three years in Benares. All the male musical performers there had fine ringing voices, while the women had thin golden voices. When I came south, I was surprised to find, with the exception of one or two, all other vidwans having ruined voices. What is the reason for this universal lack of strength and finesse in their voices? I asked certain vidwans about this and they replied that in the north, they eat sugar, milk and wheat and do not take chillies or tamarind while we make a feast of chillies and tamarind and that is why our voices are spoilt. On thinking over

this, I found that this was in some measure true but this is not the whole reason. Our people do not train their voices properly. One must roar in the wild open spaces, and train the voice on river banks, lakes and sea shores. There is also a lack of scientific *akara* practice in the south. Again there must be fearlessness at heart. People without proper strength of mind can do nothing. Boldness, strength and happiness of heart are found in greater measure in the people of the north than in the Tamils. Years ago, these virtues were predominant in Tamilnad. For the last few years, they have been diminishing. All our people must practise these virtues. If only our musicians practise them there will be fulness and majesty in their voice and their song will have life.

CARE OF PATIENTS IN HOSPITALS

by "SANTENA"

THE most important section of a hospital is the out-patient department, though unfortunately it is the most neglected and least cared for in the whole unit. The greater the attention paid to this department, the lesser will be the demand on in-patient accommodation. The out-patient department should be the acid test of a hospital, but in several hospitals it is a sham and a colossal waste of public money. Patients in large numbers come and go, day in and day out, with little or no benefit. The shrewder and the less scrupulous somehow find their way into the in-patient department, while the gullible and the miserable poor stop away in utter disgust after long and weary pilgrimages. Of course for statistical purposes it looms large and it might succeed as a public eye-wash. If hospitals are to be of any use to the public and if the poor are to get even a modicum of benefit out of the vast amounts spent, there should be a thorough overhauling of the entire system of running hospitals at present in vogue.

Under the present system all new cases that come to the out-patient department on a particular day are dealt with by one set of medical officers according as they are medical or surgical. The officer who has to get through hun-

dreds of cases within a short time does the best he can and disposes them off. On subsequent days the patient who is dubbed an "old patient" is seen (or rather unseen) by different sets of assistants on each day. The patient thus has the benefit of at least a dozen doctors. No two doctors agree and the lot of the patient caught in the midst of this number is much to be pitied. This sort of arrangement is to enable certain types of medical men to pick and choose their own patients on their admission days and it is worked in utter disregard of the welfare of the general public. The remedy lies in ensuring continuity of treatment to every patient attending the out-patient department by one set of competent and experienced wholtime medical men and assistants whose only care should be to cater to the needs of this class of patients. The progress of each and every case would then be watched daily and with immense benefit to the patient. It would also prove economical to Government in the long run as it would ensure quicker relief and earlier discharge of patients besides averting the need for the admission of a large number of them into the in-patient department later on.

Private practice should be debarred for all paid medical officers not only on paper but in reality.

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GOVERNMENT SERVICES AND THE PUBLIC

by D. V. R.

THAT the N.G.Os' strike which started on the 15th of this month (which was called off, to the relief of all concerned, during the course of the week) is a matter of grave public concern, no one will doubt. In a thoughtful article, "Can Government Servants Strike" published in *Swatantra*, dated 13th December 1947 Prof. M. Venkatarangalya discusses some important aspects with regard to the vital issues involved. The editor, in a note, comments rightly that prevalent corruption, among Government servants, alluded to in the article, "is not confined within any sectional limits" and that "it has spread over practically the whole of society and belongs to all classes these days."

But when the editor remarks that "It is no part of the social or economic duty of any worker or class of workers to solve the problems of government for those that run the administration," one may not wholly agree. Without disputing the moral right of N.G.Os. to go on strike, it may be pointed out, firstly, that the relationship between Government and its employees is not that of one between an employer and employee in the economic sphere, for, Government is neither a profit-making nor profit-sharing concern; secondly, a Government servant does not cease to be a citizen and as a citizen he too must share the responsibility in contributing his share to the solving of the problems of Government; and thirdly, since Government employees are public servants and are paid with the money collected from the public in the shape of taxes, the public is an equally concerned party in an issue like this. If it is contended that it is no concern of Government employees to solve the problems of Government, it can, with equal force, be contended by the public that N.G.Os' difficulties are no concern of theirs. In a de-

mocratic state, Government problems are really public problems.

The logical consequence of such a position would reduce society ultimately to a multi-sectional conflict where each section would be guided by its immediate sectional interest and where the section that possesses the highest bargaining and intimidating power would be able to extract the largest benefits whether it is just to other sections or not. The habit of taking a sectional view instead of a harmonious and socially beneficial view is becoming increasingly conspicuous of late. Thus, for instance, when postal and telegraph employees went on a strike, they were concerned only with their increments but hardly showed any solicitude for employees of a similar wage level in other spheres such as the teaching, clerical and the like. The same was true of railway employees. Where, then, is even the much-talked of class consciousness when different sections of the same economic class display exclusive sectional interests? Evidently class interest can easily be replaced by sectional interest, and strangely enough, even sectional interest is not always confined to economic issues. Do not the recent trends in student activities give one the impression that students and educational authorities are in opposite camps? And what guarantee is there that if things are allowed to drift like this, thanks to public apathy, that sub-sectional and still narrower sectional views will not come to be the order of the day? Can such a state of affairs lead to social stability and harmony?

Unless each one begins to cultivate the habit of viewing things comprehensively in the best interests of society as a whole, there can be no enduring peace or progress. And when people learn to subordinate their individual, as well as

sectional interests to the higher interests of society, no section need depend so much on its bargaining or intimidating power as on the moral influence of enlightened public opinion. This is the true democratic way and, by the way, the Gandhian way too.

Reverting to the N.G.Os' strike, what is the duty and responsibility of the public? The public attitude need not necessarily be one of either supporting this or that stand but may be one of enlightened concern both for the welfare of Government employees who are after all part of the governmental machinery, as well as for the stability of a popular, democratic Government.

While the just grievances of all low paid employees including the teaching profession and the like whether of Government or quasi public bodies such as local boards should receive sympathetic and urgent attention, simultaneous measures should also be devised to raise the requisite finances. Instead of meeting contingencies which involve additional financial commitments in a haphazard manner it would be desirable to devise simultaneous measures to ensure sufficient income to balance the additional expenditure whenever issues which involve additional expenditure are attempted to be devised: it should be remembered by all, however, that the lesser the percentage of salary bill of the total Government revenue the greater the chances of general prosperity. Nor may it be forgotten that the public can legitimately complain if a large percentage of the taxes they pay goes merely to maintain staff while the public themselves receive no corresponding benefits.

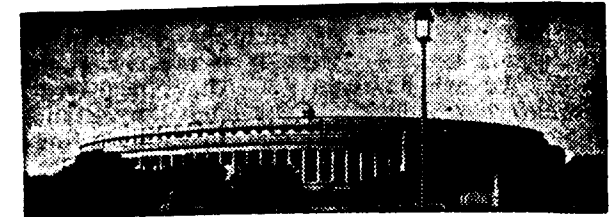
Secondly, all those that belong to the comparatively well-to-do sections should willingly submit themselves to the imposition of additional taxation whenever such taxation becomes necessary in the best interests of society as a whole, although it may be too much to expect them to actually come forward with suggestions for such taxation. If people show solicitude for increased wages and increased national

income, they, and particularly the well-to-do sections, ought not to adopt the attitude of "provided my pocket is not touched." This need not be taken to mean that for every contingency of additional expenditure a fresh tax is to be imposed. Wisely devised elastic taxes will always provide increased returns in proportion to increased prosperity without the incidence of taxation itself being effected.

And lastly, highly paid Government employees would be doing a graceful thing if they voluntarily agree to reduction in their salaries. The national savings by such reduction may not be much but the psychological and moral effect of such a gesture would be greatly conducive to social harmony. Moreover, it is an anomaly that some Government employees should be receiving salaries which are double and even more than those of ministers. Both propriety and commonsense warrant that generally no Government employee should receive a salary which is more than that of a minister; indeed, it ought to be a little less. Compared to the sacrifices made and privations put up with by most other sections, the higher paid Government employees, particularly those that draw four digit salaries barring very few exceptions, have not been put to any considerable privations let alone making sacrifices. It can hardly be called patriotism if it were to consist of merely serving masters loyally without distinction so long as one is fatly paid. It is, indeed, a sad comment on the highly paid staff that they should not have shown even a gesture in token of response to the pressing needs of the times.

And then let each one remember that strikes and the like are but the symptoms of a deeper unrest which if not remedied in time wisely, often tends to seek remedies through explosive means upsetting many a fond apple cart. If we all learn to conduct ourselves in such a way as befits an enlightened democracy, surely social stability can be secured without disturbing social harmony.

NEW DELHI DIARY



by V. V. PRASAD

THE enormity of the bungling of our political leaders was brought home to us once again when we paid a visit to the Kurukshetra Camp for refugees from the Punjab in the middle of December. Nearly three lakhs of them are there, sitting idle like mad. A working definition of hell, said Bernard Shaw, is a perpetual holiday. In this sense the refugees at Kurukshetra are enjoying a holiday. It must of course be admitted that the Army, which is now in charge of the Camp, has been very efficient in organising the Camp. The Brigadier in charge of the show told us proudly that there was not a fly in the Camp, which has a population equivalent to that of Amritsar City. The way they secured the flylessness was however very simple. They sprayed a lot of D.D.T. all over. This flylessness was wrongly equated by the Army with cleanliness. Many others seemed to accept this contention without question. It was left to a simple Sikh villager from Jhang, Nanak Singh, to know that D.D.T. did not do anything. He said the air all around was bad. He thought the number of deaths from typhoid and pneumonia were about fifty to sixty a day. This was of course not more than what was to be expected in any City with a population of three lakhs. It is quite true that the Camp has been maintained well, and that the military authorities deserve to be commended for what they have done, but there appears to be too much of a tendency on the part of these authorities to pat themselves on the back.

Two of us slipped out of the conducted tour of the four tented towns that constitute the Kurukshetra Camp, and talked direct to the re-

fugees. To our Hindusthani they replied in Punjabi. Their thoughts were so simple and direct that we could easily understand their speech. Punjabi is a rather unmusical language, but as spoken by the peasants it sounded sweet. (It was probably this Punjabi that led to the impression in some foreign countries that Punjabi was the language of the proletariat in India, and Hindusthani the language of the bourgeoisie). The peasants in the Camp spoke all together. They had so few opportunities to unburden their sorrows on those who appeared to be capable of pulling some weight with the demi-gods in Delhi. Of the military officials in the Camp—it must be admitted—the peasants (even of the Punjab) were quite afraid. They appreciated that the Army was less partial than the Panchayats, but they knew that the Army was also less human. We saw the Brigadier trying to pat some of the yokels on the back, but they allowed themselves to be patted, judging from their expression—because they feared the alternative might be the lathi. It was quite in keeping with this spirit that the boisterous Brigadier shouted during our visit to the Maternity Hospital: "I want canon-fodder for the next War." I thought this was levity.

The maternity hospital was very well-run. The children born there survive, and the infant mortality rate is very much less than in the rest of India. There are as many as 17 women doctors. For the whole camp there are 81 doctors including the women. This works out at a doctor for every four thousand of the population. An enviable figure.

The one thought that dominates the peasant-refugees of Kurukshetra is very simple. "Give us some land. We will cultivate it." That is what they shouted. These land-hungry peasants told us that they did not very much care where land was given to them provided the land was cultivable. Their passion for land appeared to be elemental. We were struck with pity and terror at the thought that all these people were uprooted because our leaders refused to foresee what was coming.

We met a student of the Tata School of Social Work, Shri G. L. Sharma, quite accidentally and he gave us a good deal of useful information about the refugees. He said that even well-to-do people among the refugees were so degraded that they did not hesitate to beg. Begging was not done directly, but in an indirect manner. From his study of the situation we concluded that rehabilitation was such a tremendous and urgent problem that the present pace must be said to be insufficient. The important thing was

not to accustom the refugee populace to depend upon doles from the Government. The Punjabis had displayed a magnificent spirit in withstanding the horrors of their uprooting from their homes, and they are very self-reliant people. But Government doles would create an altogether different psychology among the refugees. The *Hindustan Times* Special Representative in an adulatory article on the Kurukshetra Camp states:

Refugees have their grouses. The main complaint is that enough quilts, blankets and clothes have not been issued to them. The psychology behind this demand is to grab as much as they can from their Sarkar. The camp authorities have not inexhaustible resources and give only what is needed.

Our own analysis differs from that of the *Hindustan Times* man. We think that the main demand is for resettlement. The refugees could certainly protect themselves better with a few more quilts, and they need not be grudged that by those who helped uproot them from their homes.

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SECOND CHAMBERS OF LEGISLATURE—A SURVEY

by T. JAGANMOHAN RAO, M.A.

OF the many political institutions that go to make a Government the legislature is the most fundamental. And a two-chamber Government is almost a dogma of political science. The House of Lords in England is, by an historical accident, the earliest upper chamber as the Senate in the U.S.A. is, by force of circumstances, the most powerful. The commonplace argument for an upper and a lower house of legislature is not altogether correct; that there must be a delay for the rough impulses of Phillip the drunk to be tamed and rationalised by Phillip the sober. But while such an argument ignores certain conditions of modern politics, an endeavour to find a second chamber that would act as a brake on the rash legislation of the lower house, is far from successful. Most of the second chambers have thus come to be either useless as when they agree with the lower house, or terribly vexatious as when they, disagreeing, delay legislation.

The House of Lords is a classic second chamber. It is a purely hereditary body, an august assemblage ludicrous in its number. The members represent none but themselves. Since a long time it has been in a state of suspended animation and the only effort it has made to gain attention is by what might be called playing off "the whole artillery of fallacies" against the Commons. Even at its height of power this handsome legislature chamber with its 'air of luxury and leisure' was passive and in the words of Gilbert and Sullivan 'did nothing in particular and did it very well'.

There have been many efforts to reform this glorious non-entity. Before 1911, even money bills could be rejected by the Lords. But by non-usage even the right to reject a bill was lost. Again by non-usage few legislative proposals tend to be piloted in this house. The Act of

1911 clipped the wings of the Lords. The hands of the Lords were taken off the money bills. At the most the House can delay legislation in regard to other public bills for three years. These fundamental issues, once decided, left the Lords with the solitary privilege of delaying legislation.

But that an enlightened democratic nation as the English should tolerate the existence of a fossilised second chamber is a matter of surprise to strangers of British constitutional history. No further attempt at reform has contemplated the wholesome abolition of the House, for the English instinct is to bear known ills rather than to hazard unknown ones. Nor has the Lords ever felt so disgruntled as not to accept diminution of its powers. The final bolt is shut in our own time by the Labour Government.

A more interesting second chamber, the strongest and most efficient, which constitution-makers ever designed, lies on the other side of the Atlantic. This is the Senate of the U.S.A., neither hereditary nor nominated, nor directly elected, and representing not the people but the State legislatures. One of the smallest second chambers, it derives its efficiency from its size. It represents in a superb manner State equality in a country with forty-eight States of unequal potentialities. The lone, distant voice of the western States is no less effectively heard than the raucous voices of New York business.

The Senate of the U.S.A. is undeniably stronger than the House of Lords. Its legislative powers, save in regard to finance bills, are co-ordinate with those of the House of Representatives. Unhampered by executive domination it takes a fair share of legislative initiation, amendment and rejection. It does not merely delay, as when it disagrees with the other house, but thwarts

legislation against which its face is set. It has the judicial functions of the Lords with sole powers of impeachment of federal judges and even the President. Its most distinctive attribute, however, is its executive functions which it shares with the President—the right of confirming presidential appointments and ratifying treaties. This attribute is much too significant though custom and convention led to the establishment of 'the courtesy of the Senate.' It is too early to forget the historic rejection of President Wilson's foreign policy by the Senate.

This duality of powers with all its latent danger is woven into the constitution for the peculiar reason that the American President, unlike the English Cabinet, is not responsible to the legislature. Impeachment is the only clumsy weapon. As such, the responsibility is shared.

In the baffling maze of controversy over a second chamber one thing is clear. If a second chamber is merely intended, as in most cases, as a revising body, the power to revise, as Professor Laski says, is either largely verbal, in which case so substantial an institution as a second chamber is not needed or important, in which case it is a direct challenge to the elected assembly. Again a second chamber for all its wisdom is no more likely to be correct in its judgment than the first. Modern legislation is the outcome of a thorough and objective examination of the issues involved and not of an impetuous electoral will.

Moreover the form of a second chamber is, rarely satisfactory. A

hereditary one like the House of Lords is an anachronism; a nominated assembly like the Canadian Senate lacks the authority of a popular assembly; if carved out of the lower house, a second chamber is, as in Norway, but a shadow powerless to destroy, and if it is made to represent trades and professions, there is, apart from the problem of giving weightage to the different callings, the doubt that a member elected from the medical profession has no more competence than one elected by popular vote to judge issues on foreign exchanges and industrial conscription.

What then is the *raison d'être* of a second chamber? Could we not dispense with it? That discussions in a second chamber for all the pomp of their verbosity have had little influence on the lower house is evident. The dictum of Bacon that first cogitations are not so wise as the second has not much in it to warrant the creation of an institution that can at most be either superfluous or noxious. For modern legislation is not born in a vacuum.

A second chamber therefore is a political habit. Human nature is essentially conservative. Hence the dread of a single chamber government. Else why should Mr. Churchill refuse to be 'kicked upstairs' and still cling to the idea of resurrecting the ancient House? Talent inevitably moves to the more powerful house and it is a worthwhile political experiment to dispense with these upper chambers and have a legislature chosen from what Bernard Shaw calls a 'panel of legislators.'

Mankind need a holiday. There is healing in meditation. Light abides away from the traffic of knowledge and liberation from borrowed thought. The soul has its sustenance in solitude and freedom flourishes in good and graceful use. Behind the muffled splendour of the stars the seeing eye espies realms of fame. Mankind need a holiday on the finer seashores of life. We want reaffirmation of basic faith, edification of youth for the good life; rededication of the national spirit. We want to rally the better judgment for the biggest moral drive in our annals: our first puja offering to Freedom.—N. K. Venkateswaran.

RAJAJI IS SIXTY-NINE

by R. LAKSHMINARASIMHAN

THE one unique feature of last week's celebrations was the enthusiasm with which C.R.'s erstwhile opponents participated in it. But it must be said that few of the opponents have turned over a new leaf. Most of them are opportunists who find in C.R.'s far-flung isolation from Madras opportunities for getting themselves entrenched in positions of power. Being certain that C.R. would not compete with them in provincial politics in the near future at least, these counterfeit politicians are busy celebrating C.R.'s birthday.

The most important characteristic of Rajaji, as also the secret of all his success, is his *integrity*. He has exemplified by his own life how that abstract thing—'uprightness,' as we commonly call it—can be transformed into a fine art. Whatever acts he did, or even whatever errors (if any) he committed, were remarkable instances of his sincerity of purpose—a fact admitted even by his opponents.

But all this integrity could not have been so fruitful or effective, were it not combined with an incredible amount of capacity and energy. Whatever he touches he reforms. He brings to bear on his acts the indelible impress of his august personality and penetrating intellect. He held the Premiership of Madras in the first Congress Ministry and came out with a record and a distinction equalled by few and surpassed by none, drawing forth the admiration of all. His recent record as a Minister in the Interim Government of India has been remarkable, and he adorns his present position as Governor of West Bengal with a brilliancy that sheds its beneficent light on all.

Rajaji is a great believer in the services. He realises that no Ministry can hope to make progress unless the official machinery is purged and purified. He makes the right approach to the services. He feels that with the advent

of freedom, much of the responsibility of the politician for the good of the people has fallen upon the services. He has a remarkable capacity for raising the morale of the services and infusing in them efficiency and purity. This is due to the fact that he practises what he preaches. That is, he does not boss over the services or command them to do this or that, but holds before them a worthy ideal—his own example—to follow, and conducts himself as part and parcel of the services. It is said that when he assumed the portfolio of Industries and Supplies in the Interim Government of India last year, he performed his duties with such a feverish quickness and amazing alacrity that the officials under him were astounded and found it hard to cope with the volume of his work.

C.R. is essentially a *worker*. He carries out his work in all humility, with earnestness of purpose and single-minded devotion. He has the greatest sympathy for the common man, and everyone of his acts and measures is calculated to promote the welfare and uplift of the common man, of the oppressed and the depressed.

Rajaji is a man of immense simplicity and great charm. He is devoid of all the pomp and pedantry of power and position. He leads a saintly life; he is a Rajarshi. Power never sways him from his path. It is often said that power corrupts, but in C.R.'s case power ennobles and glorifies.

C.R.'s one end and aim of life is service. He looks upon whatever power he holds as an opportunity for service, for widening his sphere of service. There is no denying the fact that he wants power; but none can deny that he desires it not for any personal or selfish ends, but for the public good. This is also due to the fact that he realised the utility of parliamentary politics after the 1937 elections; and the no-changer of the past became the fast-

changer Rajaji; the non-co-operative rebel became the parliamentary revolutionary.

Courage of conviction is one other important trait in C.R.'s character. He fights for whatever he considers just, no matter from whom the opposition comes. Even inside the Congress he is a relentless fighter, and yields to none unless he is convinced. Of all our leaders only C.R. has the courage and privilege of being, at the same time, a follower and a challenger of the Mahatma. The greatest instance of C.R.'s courage was his resignation from the Congress in 1942 when he thought the Congress went wrong. He then sacrificed his popularity. He expressed his views in favour of Pakistan. He evolved a formula for granting Pakistan through a plebiscite. All other leaders opposed him then. But today! we have granted Pakistan without any plebiscite. Events have proved that C.R. was right. Had India followed him then, we would perhaps have avoided all the colossal carnage and calamitous conflagrations that are today marring India's prestige and progress.

Rajaji is a master in the art of speaking. His speeches sparkle with wit and humour, and he can keep an audience spellbound for hours together. He is the most ardent champion of prohibition in India and his continued and sustained efforts in this direction have borne fruit—at any rate in Madras which is rapidly progressing towards total prohibition.

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The versatility of C.R.'s genius extends beyond the realms of pure politics. He is a great scholar and writer, and an author with a powerful pen. He is a great lover of Tamil and his contribution to Tamil literature is immense and varied. Even as a writer, C.R. shines in diverse spheres. He was for a time the editor of Gandhiji's *Young India* during the latter's incarceration. He has written an English translation and exposition of *Kural*, the great Tamil poetical work. He is the author of a series of short stories entitled "Fatal Cart and Other Stories," treatises on Bhagwad-Gita, the Upanishads and the like, a pamphlet entitled "Prohibition", and several other works. Besides, he has contributed numerous articles and stories to Tamil and English magazines.

Rajaji has more momentous achievements in store in the future. He should either become the first President or Prime Minister of the Indian Republic. South India has every reason to be proud of such a noble and worthy son.

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CONGRESS AND SOUTH INDIA

by S. K. VERMA

RECENTLY South Indians have begun to complain that the Congress is dominated by North Indian leaders, and that the North Indian leaders keep the South Indian leaders out of influence, importance and prominence. When a complaint like this spreads among the people it becomes a threat to the integrity of the nation.

Such things as Saka's oblique reference to the so-called "North Indian leadership in the central Congress executive" while commenting on C.R.'s appointment as Governor and his description of it as "a relegation to West Bengal" of C.R. make people actually believe in the existence of the non-existent.

The complaints that are generally heard are: (1) that the North Indian leaders are dominating the Congress; (2) that the Congress is being influenced by Birlas, Dalmias and Goenkas—all North Indian capitalists—and that when the Congress's own ministry in Madras Province initiated a policy to put an end to exploitation by such capitalists, it manoeuvred its fall; (3) that the Congress selects only stooges from South India who would meekly obey the High Command; (4) that the North Indian trio of the Congress—Nehru, Patel and Rajendra Prasad—dominates the entire political scene while men equally able and intelligent from the South are not given any opportunity; and (5) that most of the foreign assignments and delegations are entrusted to men from North India.

In the organisational set-up of the Congress, the A.I.C.C. is the first all-India representative body. In assignment of quotas to different provinces for its membership, the populations of the Provinces are now the only determining factor. Since most of the British Indian provinces belong to North India, the Congress cannot avoid the presence of a permanent majority of North Indians in the

A.I.C.C. There cannot be any sensible complaint on this point.

The complaint is made that after S. Srinivasa Ayengar no South Indian has been given a chance to become Congress President. There have been only a few election contests for the presidentship of the Congress in its entire history of 60 years. The credit for this remarkable record goes to Mahatma Gandhi since 1919. Election contests for the presidentship of a party give rise to groups in the party. They are not healthy. The groups affect the strength and solidarity of the party and make unanimity of opinion difficult, if not impossible. The Congress, pitched as it was against a mighty empire, needed strength, solidarity and unanimity and in order to maintain these things in the organisation, Gandhiji, by virtue of his influence on the top leaders, prevented them from taking part in election contests. The election of the President has been, therefore, always by agreement among the top leaders with Gandhiji as the sole arbiter. Gandhiji, for his part, has been guided by the principle of giving every deserving man of top rank a chance to become President. Now the question is: During the period since Ayengar, did Gandhiji ever depart from this principle or did the North Indian leaders ever conspire to violate it and Gandhiji in his turn acquiesce in such violation?

After the expiry of the first term of Subhas Bose in 1939, Gandhiji's choice for the presidentship of the Congress fell on Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya. What followed afterwards is history now. Gandhiji saw justice on the side of Dr. Pattabhi, and seeing Subhas Bose adamant, went to the extreme necessity of agreeing to a contest. And there was no North Indian opposition to it. But Dr. Pattabhi was not wanted by the electorate and, in spite of the support of all the North Indian leaders—Dr. Rajendra Prasad, Pandit Pant, Acharya Kripalani, Sardar Patel

and Mahatma Gandhi to top all—he lost the election.

In 1940, more by way of political strategy than anything else, Maulana Azad was chosen for the presidency.

In 1946, when the question of choosing a new President came up, the claims of Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya, Mr. C. Rajagopalachari and Acharya Kripalani were foremost. But the people did not want any of these three. The reason was that the people did not want a mere intellectual; they wanted a President with a personality. People wanted either Jayaprakash Narayan or Jawaharlal Nehru or Sardar Patel. 1946 was a most vital year, a year of intense negotiations which required a President possessing both personality and shrewd intellect, a President enjoying the confidence of both the people and the Congress ranks. Sardar Patel was considered the ideal man. But Gandhiji advised: "Not Patel, this is not the time for him. He is a man with strong views and many groups in the Congress do not see eye to eye with him. Why incur the displeasure of any group unnecessarily?" This was typical of Gandhiji. He advised that Pandit Nehru be elected. There was nothing North Indian about it. Nehru was elected because both Hindus and Muslims alike wanted him. He was welcomed as President by all—Socialists, Communists, revolutionists and also Rightists. It was also welcomed abroad.

But when Nehru formed the interim Government, the election question again came up. C. R. was ruled out because he had by then lost his leadership. But Pandit Nehru, Maulana Azad and C. R. did not want the Acharya and did not leave any stone unturned to prevent his election. Gandhiji however saw justice on Acharya Kripalani's side and asked him to enter the election contest if necessary. When the Nehru-Azad-C.R. efforts could not move Gandhiji, Moulana Azad withdrew his candidature at the last moment.

These elections prove that Gandhiji has never departed from

his principle whether the election concerned a North Indian or a South Indian.

C.R.'s re-enthronement in leadership is another example to disprove the complaint that the Congress is dominated by North Indians. In spite of India-wide resentment against C.R. for his stand in 1942, Gandhiji brought him back into leadership. And the North Indian leaders not only did not disapprove of Gandhiji's favour for C.R., but also played their part to impose C.R. on Madras.

One of the main criticisms against the Congress is that it has associations with North Indian capitalists. The South Indians see a conspiracy in all this to exploit South India. They further point out that the fall of Prakasam and the creation of an obedient ministry have been manipulated only to ensure the interests of the North-dominated, capitalist-influenced Congress.

There is a technical mistake here. The complaint should be that the Congress has a soft corner for capitalism as such. The Congress High Command watched the fall of the Prakasam's ministry not because the ministry was anti-capitalist but because the Congress wanted to see the fall of one who challenged its dictatorial authority. That is the attitude of all "high commands." If today Pandit Pant or Sri Krishna Sinha by any chance find themselves in conflict with the Command that is High, they will also meet the same fate. There is no discrimination when the Height of a Command is threatened.

Sheer intellect is not enough for successful public leadership. If this had been so, C.R. and Acharya Kripalani would have been today far ahead of all. That great gift called stature and personality plays an important part in the evolution of an influential leadership. If Pandit Nehru and Sardar Patel are found dominating the Delhi scene, it is not because they are North Indians but because they are Nehru and Patel. Put them anywhere and they will make their presence felt by all.

The suggestion that C.R. has been shoved to West Bengal is downright

silly. Patel need not send C.R. to Calcutta to exercise unhampered authority in Delhi. He can do it even otherwise. What is C.R. today with not even one man behind him in the whole of North India and three-fourths of South India? He owes his official elevation to the favour of the High Command. Saka felt outraged at the dethronement of Prakasam, but he conveniently drops his conscience and high ideals when confronted with the question: What about C.R.'s enthronement against the wishes of the people?

As to South India's rightful place and just recognition in the matter of the composition of Government delegations to foreign countries, we need not go into details. One of the most important assignments since the Congress assumed power at the

Centre has gone to a South Indian—Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon, now High Commissioner in London. Not only this, one of our three important ambassadors is a South Indian—Mr. K. P. S. Menon in China. Also South India has been adequately represented in all other delegations sent out from time to time. If there are more North Indians in the delegations, there are also more people in the North.

Ever since the inception of the Constituent Assembly Mr. Alladi Krishnaswami Aiyar and Mr. N. Gopalaswami Ayyangar have been quite prominent in the work of constitution-making. The Congress has been remarkably democratic in this respect. Its attitude has been to take work from every distinguished hand. It has forgiven even those who deserved public flogging.

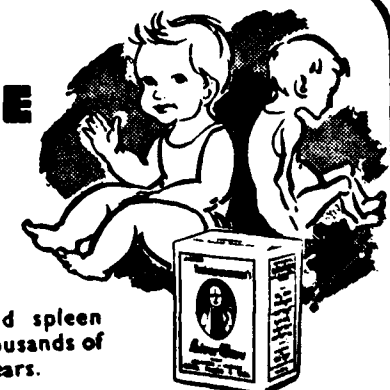
FOIBLES OF THE FAMOUS

Demosthenes, the stuttering Greek who wanted to become an orator, built himself an underground study. He planned to spend his entire time there for a while, but knew he'd be tempted to go out. So he shaved one side of his head, making himself look so ridiculous he was ashamed to be seen!

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BOOKS & AUTHORS

A Delhi-Chungking Diary. By K. P. S. Menon, I.C.S. (Oxford University Press (India). Price, Rs. 12.)

There are travellers and travellers. Some, like Ulysses, are born; others like Sugriva have it thrust on them. But there be a disreputable minority of irresistibly captivating liars, like Mandeville or Munchausen, in between, who never give up their arm-chairs, and yet manage to beguile us with colourful accounts of things that 'never were on sea or land.' Travellers' tales indeed account for a mass of choice fiction which neither Homer nor Shakespeare could improve upon—wherefore they plagiarised them with unabashed gusto.

But there is another type of traveller who runs the romantic close from the point of view of interest, and who definitely beats him from that of the addition he makes to the sum of human knowledge. Explorers, vagabonds, pilgrims and missionaries have been at it from times immemorial, and in their accounts are preserved, as in old scent bottles, something of the aroma of adventure and a dauntless curiosity that either beheld the vast expanse of the Pacific in a wild surmise or traced with aching eyes the endless and winding caravan routes that knit Eurasia into the common playground of modern man in his infancy.

Mr. Menon is the latest to join the goodly company of the world's great travellers. He has recorded in this handsomely produced volume an account of a journey of some 7,300 miles from Cape Comorin to Chungking by train, horse, yak, car and aeroplane. He chose one of the oldest caravan routes still in use—though trodden by men at long intervals. Such a record may be expected to be chock-ful of facts of a historical, topographical and anthropological interest. Mr. Menon gives us something very much more; he gives us glimpses into a charming, wide-awake and lovable personality who combines in a very surprising fashion the simplicity of a child and the self-possession of a very seasoned man of affairs. One is left in no doubt as to the equipment with which Mr. Menon started on his Odyssey. It began long before he was picked out for his ambassadorial duties by Pandit Nehru. He is perhaps the

only Indian civilian to have passed a maximum number of examinations in the first rank, to have risen high in the Indian diplomatic service, and to have held his own against his English rivals in the most exacting tests.

But Mr. Menon can also convey his impressions and thoughts in the unforced, effortless style of easy conversational English of the cultivated upper classes. There is neither ostentation nor a straining after effect. He makes good use of other travellers who had trod the path before him notably Chinese monks who visited our country in the palmy days of Buddhism. Apart from all other services rendered by the publication of the book, we must rank very highly the light it throws on the North-West caravan route which, in the altered context of a free and independent India, may well prove portentous to our future. The book must be prescribed as a compulsory text-book for all entrants into our All-India competitive tests.

Mr. Menon also quotes with judicious economy from earlier travellers to enforce the unchanging terrain of that desert belt that separates China in the East from Russia in the West.

The dry matter-of-factness of the narration is artfully variegated by premeditated intrusions of jokes, bits of high-level talks, anecdotes which are more appropriate to the haze of the smoke in the after-dinner atmosphere, and delightful quotations from a variety of Chinese sources which have the poise and unhurrying tranquillity of the Chinese temperament.

The other feature of the book that is most engaging is the frank revelations which the author gives of himself and of his family. He himself strikes the reader as a delightful amalgam of credulity and scepticism; as an Indian who though emancipated through an education culminating in an Oxford degree yet comes back voluntarily to embrace the myths of his cradle. Here in this volume are intimations of the remote infancy of our race which anthropologists and archaeologists must pursue to more fruitful conclusions.

Altogether a book which can be read without palling, and which would repay reading again and again.

Tea On Service. (The Tea Centre, 22, Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus, London. Price, 10 sh. 6 d.)

The tea drinker is apt to take his cup of tea for granted. It takes a crisis such as a world war, it seems, for him to realise how much this beverage which "cheers but doth not inebriate" really means to him—how much he can do with it, how little without. *Tea On Service* is an admirably written, admirably produced little book emphasising the part played by tea—"the main spring of our morale"—in the war. Through all the horrors of the successive blitzes on London, tea was to millions the complete anodyne; a comfort in the shelters, it became the elixir of life to the Civil Defence, Police and Fire Services above ground. On the fighting front it was even more of a sustainer. Had some fifth columnist or one of his own hounds given him the tip, Hitler should have been doing his best to prevent the flow of tea into Great Britain, and the Battle of the Atlantic might well have become the battle for tea.

However that may be *Tea On Service* is a grand production which does more than justice to its subject. It has several superb photographs, all highlighting tea-drinking and tea-drinkers, included among whom are Churchill, Montgomery, Alanbrooke.

The Indian Tea Marketing Board, which has already done some excellent publicity for tea, might be interested in *Tea On Service* with a view to producing something similar. But that, of course, is another cup of tea.

Indian Parliament. (A Monthly Magazine) 23, Prospect Chambers Annexe, Hornby Road, Bombay. Edited by K. Srinivasan.

Indian Parliament, originally published as a mirror of parliamentary activities in India, suspended publication on the withdrawal of the Congress from the legislatures in 1939. It has now been revived under the editorship of Mr. K. Srinivasan "Stalin Srinivasan" to his many friends. The editorial in the first issue emphasises rightly the danger of "discipline" swamping democracy in India. The cause of the "articulate millions" who need protection from the "peril of Swaraj" being converted into a long period of mercantile oligarchy is espoused by Pothan Joseph in a special article. There is a

Parliamentary Calendar giving legislative news. A noteworthy feature is a graphic illustration, by means of cleverly drawn sketches, of the history of British rule in India.

Indian Parliament makes interesting reading but the rather high price of Rs. 1-8 a copy may put it out of the reach of the wider public that it deserves.

TELUGU

Sri Sivaji Charitram. By the late K. V. Lakshmana Rao. (Third Edition. Edited by Digavalli Venkatasiva Rao and published by K. Vinayaka Rao, the author's son. Printed in the Abhyudaya Press, Governorpeth, Bezwada. Price: Rs. 3.)

The late K. V. Lakshmana Rao was one of the pioneers in the field of Andhra historical research who contributed not a little to create a keen historical sense among the Andhras. Unlike the late Chilukuri Veerabhadra Rao and others who were nurtured in the traditions of research of Kavali Venkata Borrayya and Kandukuri Veeresalingam, Lakshmana Rao was brought up under the influence of the Mahratta school of thought of Ranade and Rajivade, and hence his leanings towards Mahratta history. The present book under review is one of his early writings published some forty years ago of which this is a second reprint. It is needless to point out that this does not embody the results of the subsequent researches on the subject, though the editor holds the view that it is up-to-date in all essential matters. Some of the views of the author are no longer tenable. To take only one instance, it is stated that Shahji conquered Tanjore from Vijayaraghava, the Nayak King of the place, whereas the real fact is that Ekoji, son of Shahji, conquered it from the Nayak of Madura. A little care on the part of the editor would have rectified such errors. Lakshmana Rao was one of the pillars of the Granthic school of writers, and his prose became a model for later writers. In the present work, however, the style is marred by several lapses into the spoken dialect. The reason for this is not quite apparent. Nevertheless the publication of this work has to be welcomed, as it is the only work in Telugu on the subject. —N. V.



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.

Madura Bus Rates

Bus rates in the city of Madura have been raised by 50 per cent over those in force till recently. No notice was given to the public, no reasons have been adduced. One fine morning, the public were told to pay more, and the public whose interests are zealously protected by the Omandur Ministry meekly paid the increased rates.

One theory is that as the Government is soon taking over provincial transport as a State concern, it was considered politic to order the enhancement now so that the odium of it might fall on existing private companies, while the profits arising from present increases might provide 'cover' for the higher costs of operation by the Government. Will any legislator probe into this further?

Madura. A BUS-DEPENDANT.

"Do Or Die"

The decision of the Madras Government to increase the price of rice is a confession of incompetence. At such a time as this to increase the price of rice is to reduce the purchasing power of the already insufficient income of the public servants and factory labourers, who in turn will demand more pay and dearness allowance. A wise Government must strive to increase the purchasing power of the rupee, of the income of the public. The Government must make rice cheaper for the consumer.

As it is, the Government are dancing to the tune of mirasdars who are trading on the misery of the people, and the Ministers many of whom are mirasdars stand to gain by the transaction. To save the people from impending famine the Government must (1) commandeer paddy from the field itself, so that the mirasdar may not be in a position to dictate terms to the Government, (2) prohibit the growing of non-edible crops where foodstuffs can be grown, (3) subsidise production so as to keep the prices down for the consumer without affecting the producer, (4) punish the landholders who allow their lands to lie fallow and (5) hasten an immediate drive by the Ministers at procurement. Let the Government 'Do or Die.'

A. MASILLAMONEY PILLAI.
Pallavaram.

Betrayal Of People's Cause

It is regrettable, if the press report is true, that the Government of Madras has abolished all the village food committees constituted by the previous Congress Government. These committees were constituted to put down corruption and iniquitous practices among the procurement staff including village karnams and for a proper distribution of foodstuffs and other essential controlled articles. They have functioned on the whole more satisfactorily than expected both on the procurement and distribution sides, considering the want of previous experience among the villagers. Their success is remarkable in the face of the hostile attitude adopted by the revenue and supply officials on whom these committees were a sort of irksome check. The Collectors and the Revenue Divisional Officers often found that they could not ignore the opinion of the district and taluk committees. Therefore it is not surprising that the majority of the Collectors recommended abolition of these popular institutions.

The only disability under which these committees worked was the disfavour with which this Government viewed them and the consequent failure of the Government to entrust them with all the powers with which they were originally intended to be entrusted.

There were about 29,000 committees working to make the life of the people easy by an equitable distribution of the essential articles they need for their existence. If a few committees out of this large number were not functioning properly as the result of some undesirable elements having got into them, the Government could have removed them. If nomination did not work well, election to these committees could have been arranged. The abolition of this democratic and popular institution is nothing short of betrayal of the people's cause.

R. RAGHAVA MENON, M.L.A.

Is M.L.A. Above Law?

A sitting Congress member of the Madras Legislative Assembly was the Secretary of a Co-operative Stores during 1945-47. During this period he misappropriated large sums of money, committed breach of trust and falsification of accounts. A complaint was made by me on 28th February, 1947 to

the Registrar of the Co-operative Societies, Madras, about these offences. A thorough enquiry under Section 38 of the Co-operative Societies Act was held and the allegations levelled by me against the Secretary were all found true and a *prima facie* case was made out. Because he is an M.L.A. the Registrar of Co-operative Societies referred the entire matter to the Government after obtaining the legal opinion of the Public Prosecutor, Vellore, for orders to prosecute him. The Government have been hesitating for the last so many months to take action against this transgressor of law.

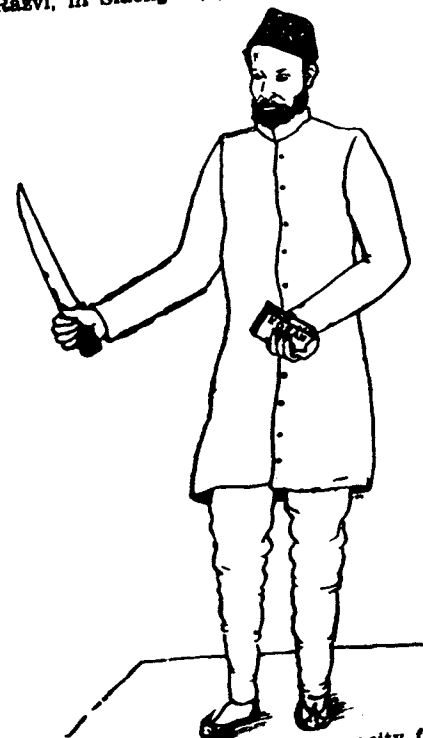
It is a bad day for the province when a person is allowed to evade the process of law with the knowledge of the Government, because he is a member of the party in power. Above all, the offender belongs to a party whose creed is truth and non-violence. The question is, whether a member of the legislature is above common law? Will the Government of Madras answer?

V. K. VENUGOPALAN.

Wandiwash.

Unconscious Humour

In your character sketch of Syed Kasim Rasvi, in *Sidelights*, you omitted a very



important trait, namely his capacity for unconscious humour, perhaps undiscovered by you then. Here is a practical

demonstration of it as reported in the *Hindu* of 16th December 1947, where he is reported to have lectured to an audience in Hyderabad (with Quoran in one hand and sword in the other), that some people were doing false propaganda that the Muslims were making forcible conversions to Islam in Hyderabad, and asked such people to come and see the situation for themselves. Here is my mental picture of that critical moment.

Trichinopoly.

V. S.

Remedy Worse Than The Disease

Mr. K. A. Kader Shah advocates in his article "The Way to Peace" the starting of "a Minority League embracing all the minority communities in the Indian Dominion, including the Scheduled Castes." Is the replacement of the Muslim League by the proposed All-minority Communities league, likely to eliminate communalism in Indian politics? If the Muslim League communalism by itself proved detrimental, is not the communalism of all the minority communities combined likely to be all the more dangerous? Is not such a development likely to further intensify and accentuate communalism? Does not the remedy prescribed appear to be worse than the disease itself sought to be cured? Has not the alliance of the Muslim League with the Scheduled Castes Federation during the days of the recent Interim Government of India taught us the same lesson?

In fact, what is required is, as stated by the writer himself, nothing short of "a drastic surgical operation . . . to heal the festering sore of communal wrangling" and to create "a new atmosphere free from the scourge of communalism". That is done only if and when a clean sweep of all sorts of communal parties is made and parties are organised afresh on the basis of progressive political ideas and programmes. The radical cure for the ills of the country is to cast away communal politics but not to camouflage communalism under a new cloak.

Bhimavaram. O. S. N. MURTY.

The R.S.S.

I am impelled to write this on reading the letter of Mr. K. V. Gopala Ratnam in *Swatantra*. I do not know why he, being a Hindu and seeing all the atrocities committed by the Ittehad-ul-Muslimeen in the name of Islam, towards Hindus in Hyderabad, does not think of the danger to people of other religions when the Muslim mentality is not at all changed. The R.S.S. is not preaching any communal hatred. It is

better for those who condemn the organisation to know the facts. Let those Hindus who abuse their Hindu brothers and take pride in doing so go and watch the movement and then only give their judgment. People will entirely change their attitude towards the R.S.S. if they really understand what it is.

N. C. LAKSHMANACHAR.

Kurnool.

Electricity Supply At Ongole

A memorandum was submitted to the Government on behalf of the townsmen of Ongole (including Congress Municipal Councillors, lawyers and consumers and share-holders of the Electric Company) urging the Government to take over the management of the Ongole Electric Company and extend the Hydro-Electric Scheme to this place in view of the tottering condition of the Company and its exploitation of the town without proper and regular supply.

The Company has completely ignored all rules and regulations of the Government. There are abnormal and frequent interruptions in the supply of energy every day, though the service is given only for limited hours. Most of the meters are out of order and charges are made as per whims and fancies of the Company.

The Government should depute a competent officer to conduct a thorough investigation into the matter and take over the management of the Company and thus relieve the sufferings of the townsmen.

B. NARASIMHA RAO,
Secretary, Power Consumers' and
Rate-payers' Association.

Ongole.

The Housing Problem

The scarcity of houses is more keenly felt in cities like Madras than in mofussil areas. When during the war, evacuation began in 1941-42 the house-owners sold out their houses at poor rates and thought it profitless to invest money on houses. Today, however, the capitalists find investments on houses the surest and safest way of getting high rates of interest for their capital. To relieve the present intolerable situation, either the Government should construct new houses, or the pressure of population in the city should be relieved.

Seeing the difficulties of getting cheap labour and materials for houses, it does not seem possible to construct any large number of houses within a short period. We may therefore adopt another way.

In England and in other European countries decentralization has been tried

and the result has been found to be remarkably beneficial in maintaining the even distribution of population over the land. If industries were to be located in mofussil areas, then the population will move with the industries and thus unevenness in the spread of population will be reduced within a short time.

Saidapet.

N. S. VASAN.

Socialism Thrown To The Winds

Let me congratulate you on the lucid and able analysis of the country's economic and social problems in your editorial in last week's *Swatantra*. After going through it, one is compelled to be less modest than you, in drawing inferences. The way in which things are being handled by the Central Government presents a gloomy prospect to the 'poor and middle classes' who have been hard hit by the war, perhaps not to recover for another decade or two. And how far the Prime Minister of India is really moving in the direction of Socialism is a matter for serious doubt. Judging by the present performances of the Prime Minister and members of the Central Government one has to come to the conclusion that Socialism has been thrown to the winds and a sort of Capitalism is gradually taking shape under State patronage.

P. RAMANATHAN.

Conjeeveram.

Sales Tax On Coffee And Tea

Mere parsimony, said Edmund Burke in one of his memorable speeches, is not economy.

The Madras Government's drive to levy tax on the sales of coffee and tea is unwarranted and tells much upon the poor who are living from hand to mouth. Further, our Finance Minister proposes to raise the sales tax to three ples in the rupee and in the case of certain luxuries to two annas in the rupee. It is no doubt a sound policy to tax luxuries heavily and the sales tax is an elastic one. But it should be borne in mind at the same time that this tax is an indirect tax which falls mostly upon consumers. Coffee and tea form nowadays bare necessities of life. From the rikshawpuller to the Governor, every one drinks coffee or tea.

Is the Government justified in taxing the masses to fill the gap of revenue which they have lost on account of the introduction of prohibition? Why should not the Finance Minister divert his attention to the agricultural income-tax? Kanigiri.

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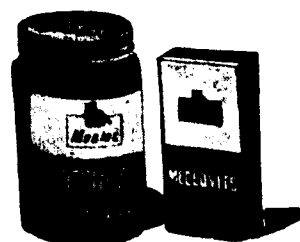
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