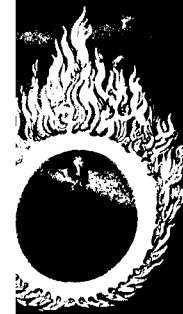


11

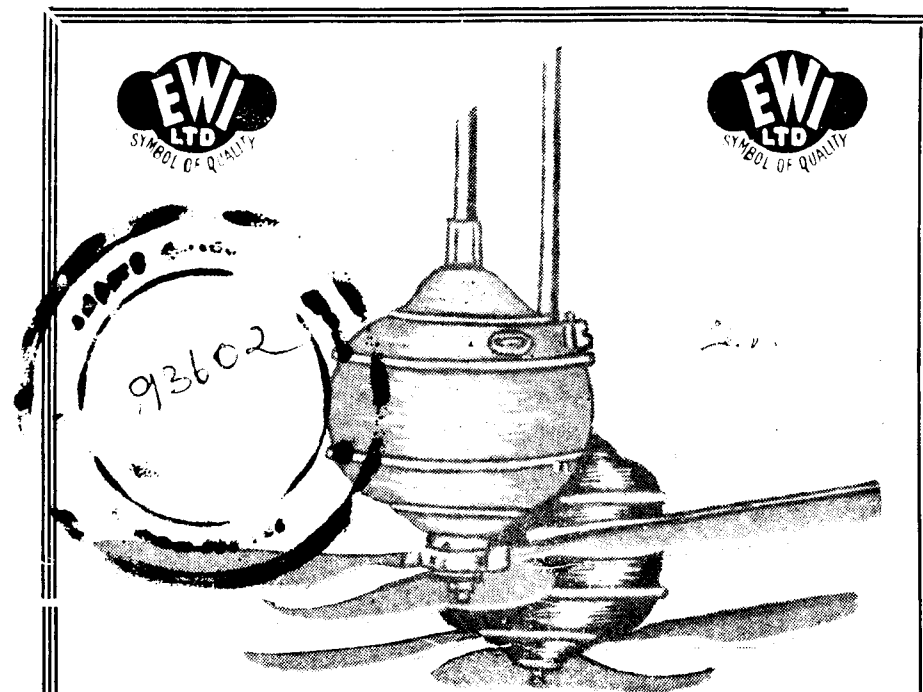
SWATANTRA

EDITOR: KHASA SUBBA RAO



SWATANTRA





PHOENIX FANS FOR MODERN AGE

Manufactured by

The Engineering Works of India Ltd.,

96, Chowringhee, CALCUTTA

You will have no summer if you instal Phoenix

**Sole Agents for Madras City, Southern Districts, Travancore,
Cochin & Mysore.**

R. M. S. & Company Ltd.,

Phone No.: 4060 96, Broadway, MADRAS. Grams: AREMESCO

Sub Distributors:

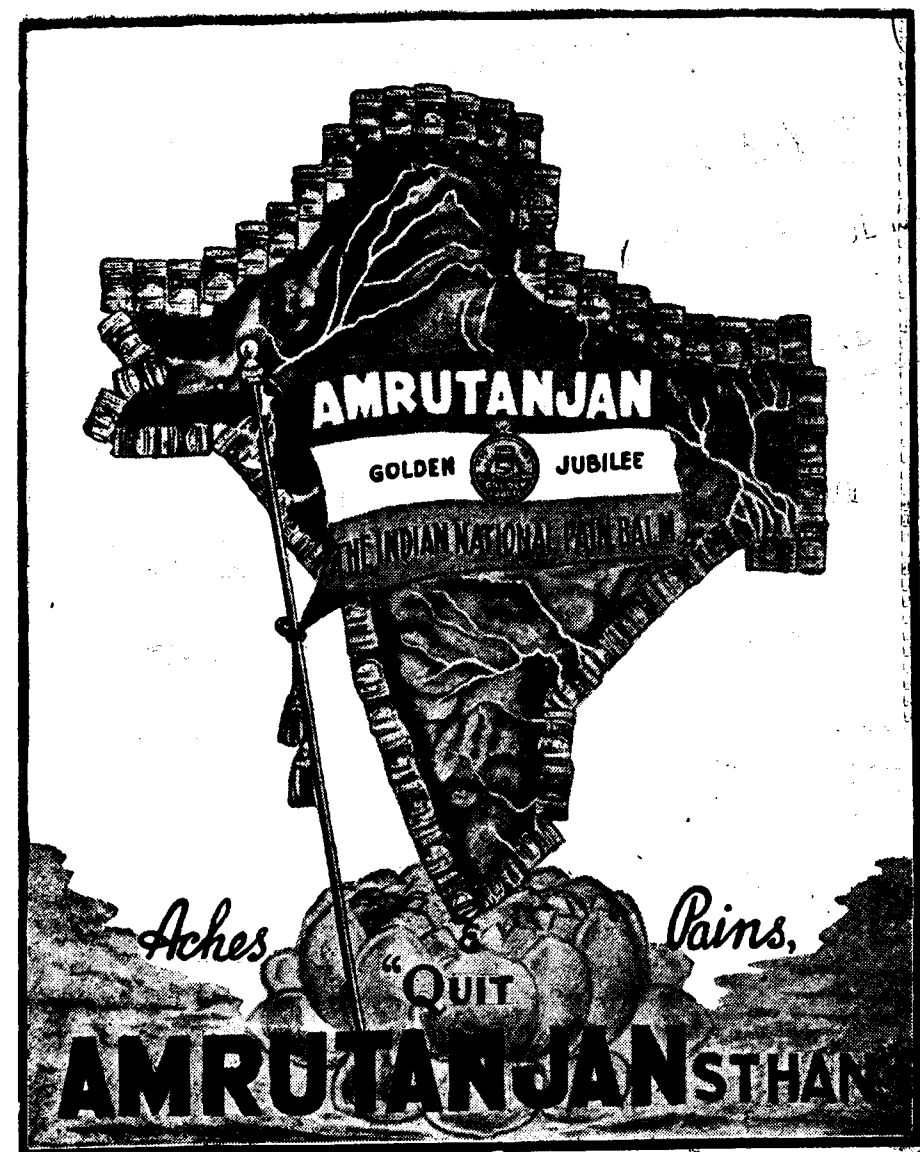
1. **Salem & Coimbatore:**
S. M. T. Velu & Co., Salem.
2. **North Arcot District:**
Electrical Machinery Syndicate, Tirupattur (N. A.)
3. **Tanjore District:**
Raju Electric Stores, North Main Street, Tanjore & Negapatam.
4. **South Arcot District inclusive of Karaikal & Pondicherry:**
Goodman & Co., 39, Dupleix Street, Pondicherry.
5. **Travancore State:**
Harry Sons & Co., Ltd., Cantonment, Trivandrum.

**Sole Agents for Andhra Districts &
Hyderabad & Ceylon:**

Factory Representatives:

Machine Corporation (Madras) **Messrs. K. Raghavachari**
310-311 Linghi Chetty St., **310 & 311 Linghi Chetty Street,**
Madras. **Madras 1**

Telegram: **[FIATPANIS]**



The Hub of Asia
and eventually of
The One World

PATRUDU'S
'BALASANJEEVINI' (Regd.)

Cures Infantile Liver & Spleen Disorders.

Dr. Pilla Papiah Patrudu & Bror.

11, South Mada St., Mylapore, Madras.

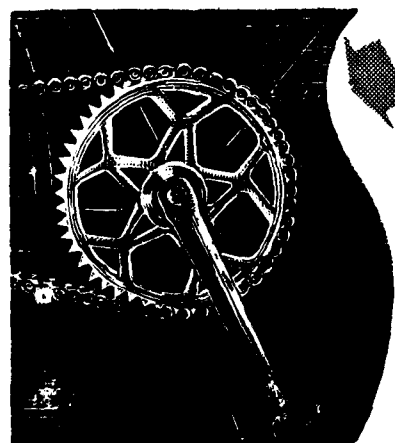
KUMBAKONAM BRANCH:

7, Sarangapani Koil
East Street.

TRICHY BRANCH:

15, Pugulai Pillai Street,
Teppakulam Post.

Consult our specialists at the above places.



**ONE OUT OF
200 PARTS**

... of a Cycle manufactured by
India's largest Factory—Hind Cycles
Ltd. Tested quality of the material
used and the intimate knowledge of
the country helps produce a tough
Cycle for any rough road.

READILY AVAILABLE
FROM ALL OUR
STOCKISTS.



HIND CYCLE

THE TOUGH CYCLE
FOR THE ROUGH ROAD

MANUFACTURED BY
HIND CYCLES LTD., BOMBAY.

Sole Agents for Madras Presidency (including Native States)
DE LUXE TRADING CO., Palakarai, TRICHINOPOLY.

Branch at: 11, Broadway MADRAS.

13, Silver Jubilee Park Road, BANGALORE City.

No Ugly Reactions.

No Deleterious After-Effects.

SRI RAMA YOGI'S
TRISULAM
THE KING OF TONICS

Analysis:

Calcium, Gold, Iron, Sulphur, etc.

When administered for any one of the diseases for which it is indicated, Trisulam not merely attacks that disease with specific effect, but it simultaneously attacks and cures any of the other diseases lurking in the system. Hence arises the safety of TRISULAM and its superiority to other specifics in the field.

DISEASES IN WHICH
TRISULAM IS INDICATED:—

FOR LADIES

Leucorrhoea

Irregular, excessive or defective menstruation.

Pre-and Post-delivery ailments.

Colic,

Dyspepsia,

Gastritis,

Chronic

Diarrhoea,

Chronic

Constipation,

Other gastro-intestinal disorders

Ptyhysis,

Bronchitis (Acute or Chronic),

Coughs consequent on

Pneumonia,

Malaria,

Influenza,

Measles,

Other stubborn coughs.

Pleurisy &

T.B. of the Intestines, Lung, Bone glands, etc.

Liver & Spleen DISORDERS.

30 Grains (for 15 days) Rs. 5/-

GAURI VIHAR

118, Purasawalkam High Road,
VEPERY P.O. :: MADRAS.

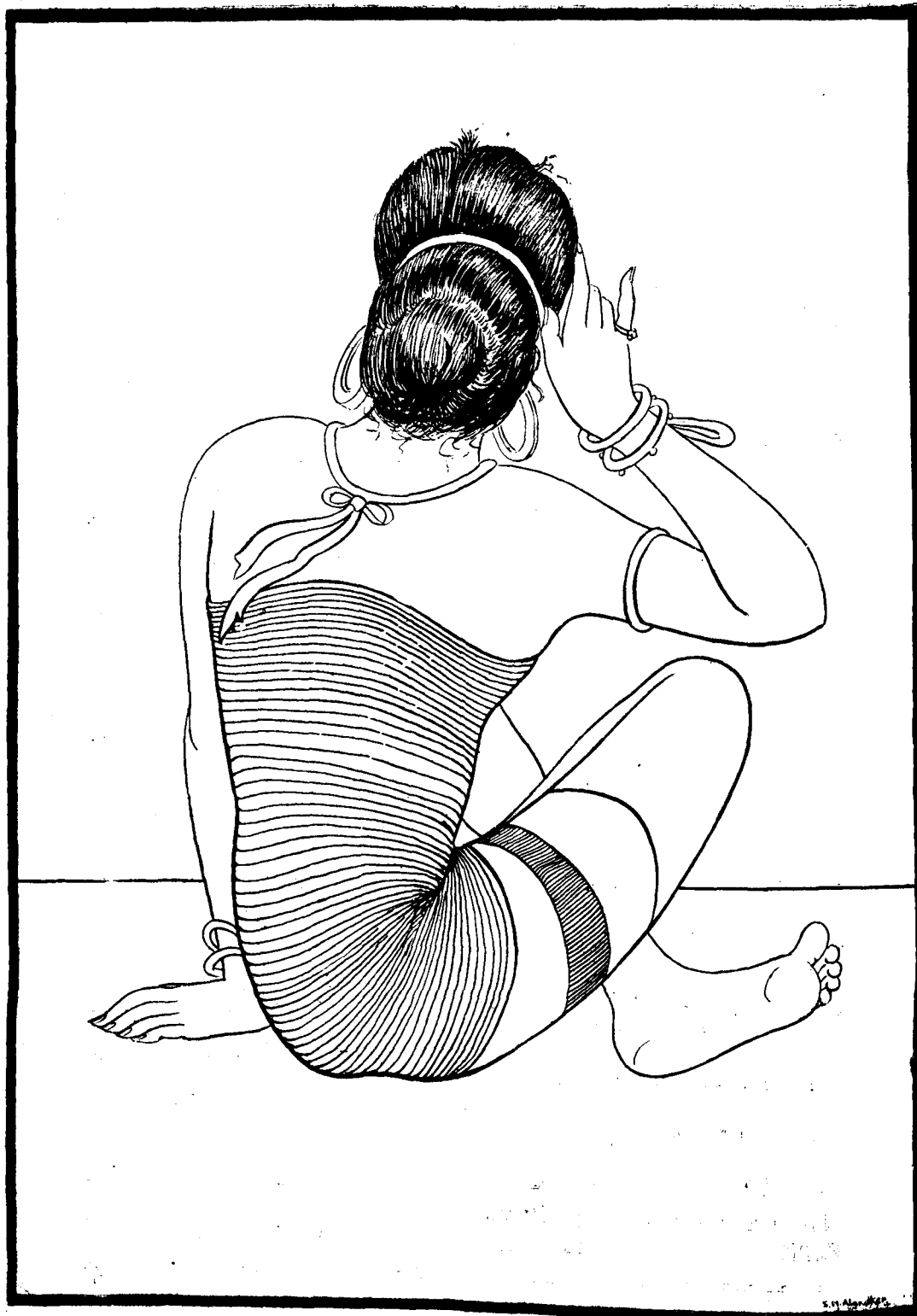
SWATANTRA

VOL. III. No. 17.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1948.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Cover Page—Mahatma Gandhi	
A Dasi Listening (Ajanta Drawing)—By S. N. Alandker ..	4
Editorial Comments ..	5
Sotto Voce—By Vighneswara ..	9
Sidelights—By Saka ..	11
From The Gallery—By Groundling ..	13
A Fascist Party—By A. Ramachandran, M.A. (Cantab) ..	15
Sacrifice (short story)—Rendered by Gora Sastri from the Original Telugu by Chalam ..	17
Spotlight On The World ..	24
New Delhi Diary—By V. V. Prasad ..	26
Sher-i-Kashmir Sheikh Abdulla—By Trilok Nath Moza ..	29
Azad Qalam—By K. A. Abbas ..	33
Some Thoughts On Present Discontents: Framing The Issues—By Atri ..	39
The Sunlit Upland—By N. S. R.	42
Books And Authors ..	43
Letters To The Editor ..	45



A DASI LISTENING

SWATANTRA

VOL. III
No. 17

SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1948

ISSUED
WEEKLY

FIRST THINGS FIRST

THE boost about the delegation from India to discuss Sterling Balances has been followed by inspired suggestions from New Delhi that the British Government should release a stated amount every year for the purchase of capital goods and machinery by India and that if Britain is not in a position to comply, the corresponding amount should be allowed in the form of dollars from the United States, Britain being responsible to the U.S. Treasury for a like amount in her dollar liabilities. A piston-rod arrangement to effect it can be designed to fit in with the aid proffered by the Marshall Plan to Britain. A few unsophisticated questions may however be put in the name of the Indian people. What Britain owes to India was built up during the war and it is the masses who suffered in the process through the economic conditions created by the war. The captains of industry whose voice is loud with the claim that priority should be given for the import of machinery and capital goods, belong to the class that amassed fortunes through Government contracts, high prices and black-marketing. According to the Finance Member not even half the aggregate of the income-tax really due, finds its way into Government coffers, and we know that on account of grinding poverty the masses are not considered good enough for the dragnet of income-tax. The Sterling Balances really belong to the millions of consumers in India through whose

war-time ordeals India's credit had been reared in London.

Is it not right that the asset should be regarded as common property meaning thereby that the first claim on it should be the pioneering of relief-measures in India that would benefit the people at large. Ventures like the Damodar Valley Project financed by Government require capital expenditure abroad for equipment and expert service. Sterling released for the purpose represents common expenditure for the people of India since on its completion thousands of acres of land would be opened for cultivation without fear of floods, and considerable voltage would become available for small scale industries. The sums so utilised become common property in India, and in justice to the masses we should not hesitate to recommend that the Sterling Balances should remain on tap for the organisation of measures in India under Government control for the economic uplift of the people. Next to such long term investments should come the claim for the import of tractors, fertilisers, agricultural implements, machine tools, the appurtenances of cottage industries, etc., so that the farmer and the small-scale industrialist who runs his own little concern, could taste the advantages of economic independence. The aim of our captains of industry with regard to the conversion of Sterling Balances into capital goods is to extend and

rehabilitate their own privileged position. It is well-known that the fortunes reaped from the war have not been ploughed back into industries, the principal complaint of the plutocrats being that there is not sufficient positive encouragement from the Government for them to stake their money. When they relishfully refer to Sterling Balances, what they have in mind is the development of ventures in international competition and the strengthening of plant for the factories they own. The *Rajput Princess* worth Rs. 37 lakhs is but one Constellation unit and it is natural that they should think of a tremendous expansion in aircraft. Similarly three mammoth shipping companies with a capital of Rs. 50 crores each are projected, so that India's flag may be found flying over the Seven Seas. As minor developments, is it not urgent that aircraft factories should produce Tiger Moths and other types of planes so that India can remain in the forefront of the world's advancement? For executing such grand programmes they have to import machinery and equipment from abroad; and with rupees in the frigidair at this end, they take it for granted that the first claim on India's foreign credits should be for themselves. The idea of rehabilitation and economic uplift through aid to the common man within the country, has not found its way into the imagination of our industrial barons.

A queer feature in this situation is that India's Socialists who have seceded from the Congress are vociferous in their protestation that the Congress has become the captive balloon of Indian Capitalism and that the Congress Government is under the spell of vested interests. They talk about the common man, but on practical issues they do not seem to apply their mind to economic tendencies under the influence of capitalist combinations and interlocked vestments which look upon

the Indian masses as representing a cow healthy enough to be milked but not strong enough to kick. On the implications of the plan to dispose of Sterling Balances, Socialists have not bestowed much thought in spite of their enthusiasm for the masses and the protective aid they offer them against the economic aggression of exploiters who take it for granted that India's credit is something like a pudding for them to share. If they are the watch-dogs of the masses, they could lead a protest "Hands off the Sterling Balances" with the object of insuring that they had in the first place appealed for the benefit of the common man and the small holders in the country. It would be sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark; though Walter Scott spoke of the watch-dog baying deep-mouthed, we should be happy if the friends of the masses raised some sort of a bark, at least on Pekingese key. Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel on his visit to the Indian Chamber of Commerce in Calcutta told the Marwari merchants that the new Finance Member, namely Mr. Shunmukham Chetty, "belongs to your class." There were loud cheers; and then louder criticisms outside by our Socialist friends. The Sterling Balances nevertheless belong to the people of India although the worthy lords of the bourse seem to have bemused themselves into the misapprehension that the asset really belongs to the class they represent. First things first, and the aim of the National Government should be to rehabilitate the peasantry, but not even Kisan bosses have time to say a word about the impending ramp.

Abuse of Power

THE South Indian Journalists Federation has for its President Sri N. Raghunatha Iyer whose antipathy to Communism is well known. Yet in the last annual session of the Federation held in April, none raised

his voice so powerfully as he against the Government's policy of suppressing Communist journals by resort to extra-judicial action. Without waiving a jot of his abhorrence of Communism, he expressed his horror of the Government's practice of usurping the function of the courts for inflicting penalties on the press. Under the lead given by him the Federation passed a resolution protesting against the practice that has now become general of putting down the Communist press with police measures to the exclusion of the normal operation of the courts. The South Indian Journalists Federation is the most important and considerable organisation of journalists in the country. The enlightened conscience of the profession of journalism as such was reflected in the Federation's unequivocal condemnation of the prevailing official methods of dealing with the Communist press.

This condemnation is valuable for two basic principles comprised in it of what may aptly be called the foundations of freedom. It emphasises that agreement in viewpoint should in no way limit freedom. If people in power restrict the enjoyment of freedom only to those that are in agreement with them, there is tyranny, and not good government in conformity with the essential spirit of freedom. Secondly, it stresses the importance of the courts as bulwarks of freedom. If the executive could be depended upon to deal justly with wrongdoers, there need be no courts at all, a department of Government would do just as well. Courts are a device of civilization for saving the subjects of a Government from potential tyranny at the hands of executive authorities prone to abuse their power on account of their being defective in the true democratic art of placing their own interests on an exact par with those of rivals and opponents seeking to supplant them at the bar of public

opinion. Political and administrative power does not confer immunity from the hatreds and passions of individuals that need to be held in check for the good of society by a body of trained experts like judges in assessing right and wrong and awarding punishments for offences. The human element in ruling regimes is as much in need of the restrictive jurisdiction of the courts as any conceivable non-official section liable to wrong-doing.

It is inherent in the very conception of democracy that power should shift from party to party. There should be full opportunity for every party to woo the public in its own favour. Repression of political opponents likely to come into power on a future day is anti-democratic. In a democratic State, there is no room for wielders of power that seek to freeze it in their own hands as a permanent possession, with repression of potential rivals. Democracy hangs on majority rule; not permanent majority rule which is inseparable from dictatorship, but a majority rule of changing and fluid elements. The democratic way is to arouse the membership of all organisations to assert the prerogatives of majority rule, but since today's minority may become the majority to-morrow, a recognition of the constructive worth of minority dissent is indispensable for the peaceful working of democracy. Disloyalty to the fundamental liberties and freedoms of the individual citizen is incompatible with true democracy. Such disloyalty is attributed to Communists on the ground of the viciousness of their fanatical doctrine that the end justifies the means; but it is no less reprehensible when it emanates from a Minister. In the former case the mischief of the doctrine is confined to the region of fear. In the latter, it tends to be turned into an actuality, up to the measure of the fear. But whatever the source from which it comes, it deserves to be

combated by all true democrats with all the resistance they can muster.

Serious infringements on the civil rights of innocent people are involved in the recent measures of the provincial Government to suppress the Communists. They are of the same pattern as the measures of the departed British power, which the Congress leaders now in office spent nearly a quarter century in resisting. On the basis of resistance to the tyrannical impositions of a despotism that brooked no rival to challenge its sway, the Congress won the hearts of the people and worked its way to primacy. Unfortunately it seems to have inherited the qualities of the regime that it ousted. The virtues of its own period of adversity seem to belong now to the victims of its repressive measures. The Government have it within their power to minimise the appeal of Communism by improving the status of the underprivileged in the country. But by seeking to build themselves into a new privileged order, subordinating most other considerations to that objective, they have made the Congress lose the great hold which till recently it had on the popular mind. The attitude of the people to the police continues to be indistinguishable from what it had been under British rule. The encroachments of the Congress executive on the power and authority of the courts have far surpassed the record of their British predecessors even while a war was on. In the worst days of imperial persecution, the treatment of political prisoners was never so bad as what it is now reported to be in the Vellore Jail where a hunger strike on a mass scale is going on

for elementary detention rights. The Government have imported far too much of animus into the treatment of Communist prisoners to be credited with balanced judgment in their politics. Two prisoners, Kalappal Kuppaswami and Moyarath Sankaran, died in prison in circumstances giving cause for suspicion of foul play, and the gravest charges have been publicly made in this connection, yet there has been no breach in the impregnable complacency of the authorities. Stern measures may be needed in the interests of social protection when the atmosphere is filled as now with violence, but unreasoning vindictiveness is conducive neither to social safety nor the credit of the administration. There can be no excuse for levelling down the treatment of political prisoners below the scale demanded as necessary for themselves by Congressmen in the past, nor for allowing the spirit of harassment to invade the precincts of jails in a manner having no bearing on any consideration of public security. The Government seem to have made ill-will and panic, and not the necessity of the occasion, the measure of their penal activities. Power meant for cautious use in the public interest, they have turned to a party end for putting down disliked opponents. A sacred duty has been converted into a dangerous licence. The bounds of decency have been transgressed. Are the bounds of legality merely a matter of determination by arbitrary executive prescription? We hope not, for the sake of the freedom for which so many struggled and suffered for so long a period, before the advent, to their much abused power, of our present masters.

THE INDIVIDUALITY OF PAIN

Pain is the most individualizing thing on earth. It is true that it is the great common bond as well, but that realisation comes only when it is over. To suffer is to be alone: to watch another suffer is to know the barrier that shuts each off, away by himself. Only individuals can suffer.—Edith Hamilton.

Sotto Voce

Ersatz



BEING one of that fast dwindling tribe which abjectly depends on the services of a professional for the control of hirsute exuberance, I was considerably upset by the news that my man, who should have punctually presented himself on Sunday morning, was nowhere to be found. Further enquiries revealed that he had gone to Kanchipuram for the Garuda Seva. Now, I could understand his going to one of those fairs and festivals where large numbers of people take a shave as a matter of pious obligation. But to go gallivanting on a holiday leaving his customers helpless—was that not thoughtless of him, to say the least? And what a holiday! Kanchipuram in mid-May is a sizzling frying pan and crowds everywhere are smelly.

But, truth to tell, what peeved me was not the personal inconvenience but the implied taunt. Here I was, thinking of myself, if not exactly as a religious person, as one possessed of a certain devoutness of temper. And yet I have never been to Kanchipuram for the great festival. Indeed I have a pathological horror of crowds which unfits me for what my unlettered barber could do with ease. To go nosing about temples when nobody is about, as I do, is, I now recognise, a kind of sybaritic self-indulgence. The crowds, the discomfort, the expense—these are of the essence of pilgrimage. The unsophisticated man who can effect that community of spirit with the jostling throng which transforms and sweetens these things is your true pilgrim.

So I am sceptical when I read of the Sarvodaya Samaj's plan for conducting Gandhi fairs. They self-consciously declare that "these fairs will be different from those at present being held and will have as the guiding principle the spread of learning and culture and the development of the character of the people." In fact they will be so many replicas of the year-end exhibitions which have long been a feature of our Congress and Swadeshi propaganda, with star artistes blaring over the mike and Bharata Natyam putting the coping stone on 'popular culture.' The restaurants will do roaring business and the "workers" of various kinds will have a good time; but the crowd that trails back home, dusty, dishevelled and foot-sore, will have none of that blitheness which my barber brought back.

Fairs and festivals grow round a nucleus of tradition. People hear of miraculous cures effected by a visit to the tomb of a saint or a *pir* and they go humbly and hopefully for relief. Leisurely travel in like-minded company loosens the tongue and the chorus of praise swells for the beneficence that dwells in the hallowed spot. From the curing of diseases to the granting of boons is but a short step and soon there grows up the most powerful of vested interests—the all too human desire to raise a vast edifice of sanctity over a good man's name. It is irrelevant if not impious to ask whether the cures were authentic or the boons objective. It is enough that people in large numbers believe in these things and their hearts are tamed.

Posterity may canonise Gandhiji as his contemporaries glorified him. But I do not think it will be done by such plans as the Sarvodaya Samaj favours. Any organised scheme of uplift, especially if it has political strings attached to it, must repress the spontaneity of mass adoration. But there is a real danger that those who set out with the object of popularising Gandhiji's teaching may succumb to the temptation of miracle-mongering. Alas, his strong and patient spirit is not with us to chide such back-sliding.

The world has great need of the Gandhian gospel, but there are no short cuts to it. It is ignorant presumption to suppose that the professing Congressman is an adept in the mysteries of this Vidya and that he has only to wave a magic wand over the crowd to make enlightenment descend on it like a thunder-clap. Let us educate the would-be educator first. The Gandhian way of life can no more be learnt by

turning the charkha and chanting the fourteen points than the eight-fold path could be attained by mechanically turning the prayer wheel and muttering Om mani padme hum.

Somebody suggested the other day that Dr. Rajendra Prasad should take Gandhiji's place as a religious leader. Others have poked fun at the underlying idea that Gandhism should be erected into a new cult with its own pontifical succession and nursery of neophytes. To one outside the charmed circle, the critics and the criticised seem equally astray. They are about as clear-sighted as our own Congress Ministry which proposes to attach hireling religious propagandists to the temples after having striven its conscious best to convert them into market-places. Mankind everywhere from Moscow to Madras asks for bread and its rulers give it ersatz.

VIGHNESWARA.



SIDELIGHTS :

To find out the true state of affairs, to report them with fidelity, to apply to them fixed and true principles of justice, humanity and law, to inform, as far as possible, the very conscience of nations, and to call down the judgment of the world on what is false, or base, or tyrannical, appear to me to be the first duties of those who write.—REEVE.

AT the annual dinner this year of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, President Truman said, "You editors make a distinct and important contribution to the operation of government in the United States. Your frank expression of views on current affairs has great value to our people in helping them to form their judgments." He added, "I'm amazed sometimes when I find that some of you disagree with me. When I consider how you disagree among yourselves, I'm somewhat comforted." Disagreement among journalists is a source of comfort to administrators, which means that the power of the press is diluted by the multiplicity of the voices with which it speaks. It is not the loudest voice, nor the size of the circle of listeners to which it is audible, that gives the correct measure of newspaper influence. The power of the press is an elusive thing, and it belongs neither to those that make most money by sale of newspapers nor to those that succeed in building the largest circulations.

Circulation is the tribute that the public pays to papers that are considerate to its weaknesses and know how to flatter its vanities. It is analogous to box office appeal in the cinema. The fetching power of films varies with the character of the multitudes to whom they are offered in exhibition. The commercial success of pictures is something quite different from their excellence as instruments of artistic perfection. The equipment required to appreciate art at its best does not belong to crowds. It is an acquisition of

which the possession is limited to the elect who are not strong in numbers. There is a conflict between the selective nicety of the gifted few and the power of comprehension and enjoyment of the uninstructed many. Improvement of the latter is the heart of the educative mission of papers as of pictures. The effort comprised in it is of the same pattern in both. The temptations to be overcome are the same.

The main temptation to be overcome by those who wish to regard journalism as a mission is finely illustrated in a story told by Kingsley Martin in his book *The Press The Public Wants*. J. A. Spender once told Martin that he was alarmed at the dangerous bellicosity of one of the new commercial newspapers. He called on the proprietor and asked him to consider whether this line of policy was not dangerous. The proprietor immediately sent for the circulation book and, pointing to the recent figures, said, "Oh, no, my dear fellow, I assure you, you are quite wrong. Just look at the figures. Sales have increased every day since we started this line." The search for "lines" that will increase the sales has become the supreme preoccupation of journals that are considered the most successful, and we owe to them many ingenious stunts that have profited their authors enormously without in the least elevating the standards of the press. Crossword puzzles as run in some papers have attained the hectic character of gambles on the turf. A good deal of journalism as now practised has lapsed into sheer calculated exploitation of popular weaknesses and vices. The astrologer is called into constant requisition in the columns of some journals to lure readers with prophetic prognostications of what the stars have in store for them. Others have punters in their employ specialising in tips lavishly advertised as certain to ensure succulent fortunes. Crime

stories and captivating pictures of good-looking women in seductive poses constitute the outstanding attraction of not a few journals that rank very high in popularity. As the press has become a stunt market for the exploitation of popular crazes, commercial magnates with no particular journalistic aptitudes have become its leaders and directors.

Reading matter calling for concentration of attention is not easily taken in by the bulk of newspaper readers who are generally tired men with only limited time for reading at their disposal between periods devoted to hard toil for the earning of their livelihoods. Against the competition of headlines, crossword puzzles, astrological forecasts, race tips and lascivious photographs, small print spread over the discussion of public issues has little chance of gaining the distracted attention of readers, however important the issues may be, unless the compulsion of sustained unflagging interest from the first line onwards or the inveigling power of star performers is enlisted for the purpose. The cartoon does not suffer from the limitations of the article in small print in this age of too multitudinous a clamour for the pockets of readers. Instruction, entertainment, a point of view, mirth, relaxation and all the drive of propaganda can be concentrated in a cartoon which is, in essence, a compendious blend of the qualities of all varieties of journalistic craftsmanship such as leader-writing, reporting, news presentation. A good cartoon is worth a whole newspaper and all forms of effects that newspapers are capable of producing can be worked off through it. But like coffee a cartoon should be of the highest quality or not at all.

India's ace cartoonist Shankar has brought out a weekly, **SHANKAR'S WEEKLY**, which is unlike any other weekly in the country. It is a weekly of cartoons and of features that reveal the characteristics of cartoons such as dramatic presentation, fun, humour, sarcasm, irony and an eye for the ludicrous.

The very first issue takes it to the pitch of the immortals and proves it fit to take rank alongside Britain's world-famous **PUNCH**. The cartoonist's art has not flourished on Indian soil partly because our politicians and leaders have not known the joy of that part of the art of living which consists in laughing at oneself. Given to melancholy seriousness, they have lived under the blight of a supersensitiveness that made them resent being made fun of and taking their cue from it, the great proprietors of newspapers have been unwilling to incur their displeasure by treading on their corns. The genius of the cartoonist which needs the daring of truth to flower, withered under the oppression of the inhibitions imposed on it by the desire of the proprietors to invest reality with palatableness to the *dramatis personae* of public and national life. It is a measure of the tough fibre and the grit and hardiness of Shankar that he has survived the hazards of so perilous a calling for an independent spirit until attaining mastery of a forum of his own subject to nobody's domination. In his early days he had the good fortune of Pothan Joseph's tutoring, a lynx-eyed discernor of merit, an inimitable fashioner of ideas for cartoons who may fitly be called the father of the cartoon as a feature of the Indian Press. As the presentation of reality with an accentuated emphasis producing an impression of grotesqueness is the method of the cartoonist's craftsmanship, he must have the playwright's gift of sizing up a scene or situation, a philosopher's detachment in comprehension of its oddities, a portrait-painter's flair for reproduction of a likeness, a perfect draftsman's skill, and originality and imagination for sifting the vital from the trivial. Shankar has all this combination of unique attributes to an amazing degree. In his weekly the figures in his cartoons seem to jet out of the paper on which they are printed, they are so packed with purposefulness and the impression of mobility. **SHANKAR'S WEEKLY** is a delightful addition to India's journalistic stock.—**SAKA**.



*"A chield's amang you taking notes
And faith he'll prent it."*

A NEWS-ITEM of commendable brevity and engaging candour says that the Madras Ministry has decided to defer further nationalisation of road motor transport. This has mystified me, and I am sure many others, not a little. When the plan of nationalisation was first adumbrated, expectations were raised that the scheme would be pushed through on a provincial scale without delay and without exceptions. The present decision to go back upon a major decision of policy has not been accompanied by that degree of explanatory plausibility to carry conviction. To be plain, I am inclined to smell a rat. The city bus service has been in operation as a State concern for a year. What are the results? If there has been a profit in their working, the case for extending the service becomes irresistible. If however there has been a loss, then clearly the Madras Ministry must take on itself the odium of proving governmental corruption, and incompetence to the hilt in the management of industrial concerns. Thus the Ministry presided over by such a saintly figure as Sri Omandur Ramaswamy Reddiar is believed to be is impaled on the horns of a dilemma. If there are profits, they are unwilling to give the benefit of them in the largest percentage to the public; if they are working at a loss, they prove themselves infinitely inferior to any joint-stock enterprise run with the profit motive. I suggest that the alternatives be squarely canvassed by our Premier. For the Minister in charge is on a sick-bed and his work is being attended to by other members of the

Cabinet without apparently dividing his salary pro rata. Presumably, the decision to scrap nationalisation of the bus transport industry is a Cabinet affair. Incidentally, there is no knowing how soon or late further deviations will be made in Government policy. There is legitimate ground for anxiety, since the industry has been known in private hands to yield tremendous profits through wise administration.

The proroguing of the Assembly and Council specifically to issue the latest ordinance suspending the operation of the *habeas corpus* provisions of the I. P. C. is a piece of ministerial clumsiness which makes martyrs of mischief-makers. It is an irony of revolutionary periods that it is the revolutionary who becomes the worst reactionary in them. How recklessly our Congress Ministries are squandering popular good-will by their acts of omission and commission may be seen from the sequence of events leading up to the latest ordinance. As the Latin proverb has it, the corruption of the best is the worst. There is too much dependence upon the big stick and too little trust in the people in all recent measures of the Government. Why is it that our Ministers are fighting shy of rousing the mass consciousness to the dangers of Communism? Unless they bestir betimes, the present apathy of the public left to its own resources might well be transformed into antipathy by skilful propaganda, such as the Communist leadership is capable of.

I hope that there is no foundation for the rumour that Dr. T. S. S. Rajan is to go on to Delhi on some higher job. I would object to it for two reasons. The timing of it will lead to the suspicion that the new Governor-General was responsible for it. The hand-picking of a doctor with a lucrative practice and thrusting on him ministerial greatness was one of the quiet audacities of C. R. which has not justified itself by results. Secondly, he has had enough of office to be sent back to the freedom of a private citizen without loss to the public or wound to his vanity. As one in charge of our uncertain food resources, he has been making periodic statements, no two of which cohered in regard to essentials. The zeal of our septuagenarians for office is something uncanny. The seventies are the dangerous period in Indian politics. There are many besides the versatile doctor who need, not so much a translation, as retirement!

After the quiet manner in which the Government of India has swallowed the looting of a train by the Razakars, I have decided to write off Hyderabad as a bad debt without getting rid of the item from our future annual budgets. Quite obviously, the Indian Government feels itself unable to call the bluff; and what is more to the point, the government of the Razakars seems to be aware of the fact. Even more deplorable is the handling of the news. One half is published by the Indian Government, while the other half is supplied by the Nizam's Government. Well, well, Sardar Patel is said to be convalescing somewhere at high altitudes; it is a pity that 'humble pie' should be part of the diet prescribed for him. Whether it agrees with him or not, it is very clear that the country cannot hope to thrive on it.

GROUNDLING

①

Baby cries
(FOR NO REASON AT ALL)



②

GIVE HIM.

Gripe Syrup
(NO NASTY TASTE)



③

Baby smiles



Manufactured By
THE MYSORE INDUSTRIAL & TESTING
LABORATORY, LTD.,
Malleswaram, BANGALORE.

Selling Agents:

BEST & CO. LTD., POST BOX NO. 63, MADRAS.
BGK-16

A FASCIST PARTY

by A. RAMACHANDRAN, M.A. (Cantab)

THE noble socialistic utterances of Pandit Nehru and the lofty ideals of Gandhiji are now dimmed; their once powerful flame has subsided into cinders. These appear to be buried in the cobwebs of hoary antiquity in the archives of the Congress Party. The repeated onslaughts by the Congress Leadership on the commoner's subsistence, liberty and freedom have brought about an inversion in the sentiment of the people who have to-day, to say the least, come to regard the Congress leadership with deep suspicion.

Those who say that the Congress is a people's party are grievously wrong; for quite apart from the fact that the Congress Party got the support of only 6 per cent of the population in the last elections which were based on property and literacy qualifications, there is the admission of Congress leaders like Prof. N. G. Ranga that they of the Congress had never promised any ameliorative measures to the common man. In keeping with this, the ruling party has supported and enriched the capitalists, zamindars and the black marketeers. Thanks largely to the Congress policy of de-control in all fields, the black market has been whitewashed with the authority and sanction of law. Now is the opportunity to loot in an unprecedented fashion the already suffering commoner and with what vigour and gusto the Capitalist-cum-Congress group sets about doing it!

To have forgotten or to have neglected the economic needs of the people, let alone the preservation of civil liberties, will be regarded as a heinous omission in any civilized country. But in India, with the Britisher out of it, the Congress Party has in every direction improved on every one of the oppressive measures adopted by the British against the common people; and Warren Hastings turns green with envy in his grave.

Credit must be given to the Britisher for never having ousted the jurisdiction of the courts. On the other hand, so high-handed and undemocratic are the orders of the Congress leaders, that they have shut out the courts of law under the Maintenance of Public Order Act, the Suppression of Disturbances Act, etc. The only statute now needed is an Act to prevent any court from hearing anything concerned with any order made or any deed done by any Congress Minister. Members of the Bar of this province were delighted to hear the present learned Chief Justice declare recently that in his court justice will be dealt without bias or favour to all political bodies. But alas! the jurisdiction of the courts itself is being taken away and non-Congress citizens are left without a remedy. All the Communist papers of this province have been banned under Section 9 of the Madras Maintenance of Public Order Act. Such suppression of the views of other parties is not merely undemocratic but is a Fascist step.

The application of Section 144 of the Cr.P.C. should be an exception and not the rule, for emergencies do not arise every day; but now, not only is this a daily feature, but astonishingly enough, it is applied over large areas like Tanjore district. Public opinion is shocked that these prohibitory orders have been in existence in some places for more than 18 months, although Section 144 contemplates only a maximum period of two months. In resorting to these measures, the object of the Congress leaders is clear; they would shut out all public opinion against themselves and significantly Section 144 does not obtain against Congressmen.

Day after day Communists in Malabar are being shot dead by the Malabar Special Police in an orgy of carnage. It is said by the leaders of the Kerala Provincial Congress

Committee that the Communists in Malabar are armed with guns for the purposes of plundering the jennies. One might pertinently ask why not even one M.S.P. constable is killed if the Communists are fully armed. But the folly of the leaders of the Kerala Provincial Congress Committee does not end here. They have passed a resolution urging the Madras Government to declare Malabar a disturbed area under the Suppression of Disorder Act.

Having lost the sympathy of practically all the trade unions in the country, the Congress leaders imagine that they can stifle industrial unrest by two methods, (1) detaining all the leaders of the Trade Union Congress and (2) inducing the workers to affiliate themselves to the Indian National Trade Union Congress. Yet remember, these were the very people who shouted themselves hoarse when they were detained without trial by the British! It is not merely curious but deeply significant that under the Maintenance of Public Order Act there is not in detention one blackmarketeer, one capitalist or any landlord.

The Congress leaders have spread a canard against the Hyderabad Communists who, they reported, were against accession of the State to the Indian Union. This blatant falsehood was pricked twice once by a denial from the Communist Party itself and again through daily reports appearing even in the Congress-controlled newspapers about the massacre of the Hyderabad Communists at the hands of the Nizam's police and militia. That the Congress Party has resorted to persecution of its opponents, to the spreading of false propaganda of the opposite side, to the curtailment of the jurisdiction of the courts, to the suppression of the press controlled by the opposition are but instances of the Fascist make-up of these people. What is there to prevent them from holding the next general elections after detaining all political opponents? They might even do this.

Phone: 8177
Gram: SWATANTRA

Announcing

THE INAUGURATION OF TELUGU SWATANTRA

A Progressive Socio-Political Weekly

★

Editor:

KHASA SUBBA RAU

★

Size: Royal 8vo

Number of Pages: 48

Column Depth: 8"

.. Width: 2.2"

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY

★

Will Be Published

From the

1st WEEK OF JULY

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION:

Rs. 12

SINGLE COPY: As. 4

★

For Further Particulars please apply to

The Manager

'TELUGU SWATANTRA'

156, Lloyds Road, Madras, 14.

Short Story

Sacrifice

by CHALAM

IT was in the club, where a member's social status and university education yielded a high premium of respect, that I first met Sitaram. None of the members relished the idea of admitting him (nor did I) into the club. We liked to save our skin, however, and when Sitaram mercifully informed us that anyone opposing his admission had better beware, we had to give way. We never accepted him as one of our coterie though, retaining the satisfaction of keeping aloof from him. Unruffled, he moved amongst us with an attitude that was at once contented and challenging, as if to say, "I know what sort of rats you are and I care two pins what you think of me; not being accepted by you is itself a tribute to my worth."

It all came out slowly. Sitaram, besides being a rowdy of the highest order, also expended a tidy fortune inherited from his father (a notorious miser who, unmindful of scorn, ridicule and derision, foregoing even elementary comforts, toiling like a galley-slave, built up pie by pie an immense fortune) on a woman—a common street-walker without even any physical attractions—and what's more, he was busy squandering his last resources on hitch-hiking with her in a motor car. His father's unhallowed memory evoked a strange sympathy now from the public, the very public who had sneered at him as a miser when alive. If only one takes care of one's riches, Mrs. Grundy excuses all other lapses in one's conduct. Sitaram's nonchalance appeared reasonable, even admirable, so long as he was rich. As time went on, as his monies went down the drain more and more, Sitaram became happier, his face registered a pride greater and he looked down upon people with a contempt deeper.

"What is he so proud of?"

"Of her."

"Let him go and let off his ecstatic steam before her, his Helen and Cleopatra rolled into one."

"He pities us: we are not so fortunate as he is. We have no such Helen to boast of."

"Helen my foot. You are telling me? I have seen her."

Thus would run our conversation in the club.

Sitaram was a friend very dear to my heart. Much of my pleasure in visiting the club lay in the prospect of meeting him and spending some time with him. Inheriting a fortune from a miserly father and going the whole hog in spending it away on a disreputable street-walker indeed! I wondered who the woman was that inspired such recklessness and how she looked.

And then he suddenly stopped visiting our club, after, I believe, a year of our friendship. They said he was ill and had left the town. After some time they said that he had returned to the town and that his ailment was consumption. His motor car and bungalow were auctioned. He and his companion, I learnt, started living in a hut on the fringes of the town. I had an impulsive desire to go and visit them once. But I could not hazard; firstly, I was afraid that such a visit might not be to Sitaram's liking and secondly it might not be 'respectable', I mean visiting such a home, in the eyes of society. But before a week passed, they had sent word to me, to come and see him at once. Being a medical practitioner by profession, I had no option left but to go.

(2)

When I stood before their cottage, my first reaction was astonishment. Did they really leave their former castle-like mansion impelled by poverty, I wondered, or did they, dreaming great dreams of an idyllic life, gladly and willingly move into this dream-cottage? There it stood, the cottage, the narrow avenue leading to it flanked on either side with potted shrubs and crotons, the thatched walls lined with rainbow-coloured wallpaper. Over the windows and the main door were hung attractive curtains. The patient's room inside was kept charmingly clean and around his bedstead were arranged floral festoons.

Hearing my footsteps, she came out from inside and greeted me. That precise moment when I saw her for the first time shall ever remain memorable in my life, a moment which enabled me to vaguely comprehend, through some mysterious extra sense-perception, divinity, if only for a flicker of a second.

Beauty as is traditionally understood by most of us she had none. A pair of wide black eyes, an aquiline nose, a generous and challenging bosom—she had none of these physical charms. But even so, looking at her face lit up by a radiant smile, I could feel the thrill of a certain sweet purity and soothing chastity that informed her personality. An unconscious yearning made itself felt and grew within me, to relinquish everything else and spend the rest of my life in her company. What lamps of happiness she must have lighted in the heart of Sitaram with her smiles, how illuminated his home must have been by her very presence! Given her unbroken companionship, even the prospect of lying in bed as a patient was worthwhile.

Every morning, as I entered their cottage, she would greet me with her serene smile, a smile that gave you the sensation of enjoying at once the fragrance of the jasmine, the soft tickling of the moonlight and the all-embracing infinity of the skies. Leaving the cottage and going back into the town was to me like leaving a saint's hermitage and entering a game-forest. I could never comprehend why, or how, emanated from her demeanour such pleasant tranquillity and magnetism. There are a unique few, the favoured of the gods, who when confronting us with their angelic personalities, lift us from this grubby humdrum world full of soot, dust and gutters that stink, and take us into cool-shadowed meadows lying beyond the abodes of celestial beings. And our hearts throb with the nostalgic memories of bejewelled happiness, of endless pastures under clear skies, of merry streams of crystal-clear water and of the soft unfolding petals of snow-white lotuses. Such experience imparts a new meaning to our existence and we chafe in vain at the unjust, unnatural and impure lives we lead. Hers was a personality that would inspire you to be away from the self-conscious friendships of your club-life, to run away and live anew amidst nature's beautiful surroundings, in the elemental fraternity of the wind, the stream and the perfumed field.

One look at her face in the early morning and for the rest of the day all my sense-perceptions collapsed, leaving a certain restlessness at things and a certain disgust with people. As perhaps they would to a devoted saint who experienced the pure joy of standing face to face with God, life's other pleasures appeared to me as petty and mean. Whether it was a mechanical act of receiving fees from clients or acknowledging the grateful greetings of recovered patients, I saw futility in all,

a haunting futility. And neither my comfortable cheque-book nor my high social status could give me any consolation. The whiff of a flower's fragrance or the stroke of a soft musical note was enough to violently bring her back to memory.

This restlessness, was it due to any infatuation for her, a mad desire to possess her, I questioned myself one night. I even mentally pictured taking her into my embrace, herself unresisting. At once I loathed myself for indulging in such low, contemptible thoughts. It was like imparting a mealy-mouthed kiss on a fresh rosebud; like standing in the holy light of a glorious dawn and shouting obscenity. What then was the cause of this unbearable agony that wouldn't leave me? Pining away like this for her, I thought, was unnatural, unjust; it was a hallucination from which I must escape to regain sanity. She who had no beauty to boast of, whose youth had withered away, what had she to offer me after all? Nothing.

Next morning when I visited the cottage, I looked at her searchingly to find out the reason for the irresistible spell she held over me. And what had I seen? In her eyes the reflections of tranquil blue skies? In her manner of walking the limping gait of birds? In the tresses of her hair dark shadows that lurk in dense reed-grass on riverbanks? In her complexion the rain-washed blue of the distant mountains? Maybe. I couldn't say. But like a helpless bird caught in a net, my heart groaned with agony the more I thought of her, the more I saw her.

Within one week, life became unendurable. I was possessed by a reckless impulse to brush aside all values of prestige, fairplay, friendship, duty, everything, and falling at her feet, beg her for—for what? I knew not what except that she agree to live under my roof. To that extent my longing was clear and definable. I found that it was impossible any longer to be able to live separately. But what was the way out? There was only one way and that was that she agree to leave Sitaram and live with me. I bit my tongue for such blasphemous thoughts against her. She who trusted me like a child, what would she think of me?

(3)

Gradually I observed that the jewellery on her person disappeared piece by piece—necklace, eardrops, bangles, trinkets and all. On one occasion I overheard her arguing with a stranger in the parlour. She, it appeared, sold him her silk saree for eight rupees, and because the wretched saree contained a

rent, he brought it back and demanded his money back. Stricken with horror, I hurried home and sent fifty rupees in an envelope addressed to Sitaram. Next day, when I visited the cottage, she handed back the envelope to me, money and all.

"Grapes and apples, are they absolutely necessary for him?" she asked me, a day after that.

"I am sorry to insist, but they are absolutely necessary. Your present state—"

"Oh, don't be sorry and please don't bother about our state," she interrupted, "and tell me what all he needs."

Each passing day saw her wearing thinner. Shades of pallor crept into her ever-cheerful face. Lips that defied Man and God, they drooped pathetically. Though apparently steady and cool-nerved, there was discernable in her pace a heaviness, a tiredness.

On that day she was standing close to me. Suddenly she said, "I think he is on his way to recovery, doctor. So, I'm afraid it's not fair to trouble you any more. Please discontinue the treatment."

You could knock me down with a feather then. I recovered after a while and said, "I understand, and as you wish, I will stop my medicine. But before I go, let me have a talk with Sitaram."

She left the room silently.

Approaching Sitaram, I told him what I thought of the situation. I said, "I am sorry for intruding into your affairs like this, but I cannot help it. I feel it is my duty as your doctor. You do need medical aid for some months to come. The disease will relapse otherwise. Don't bother about payment, allow me to treat you back to health first. You can pay me, when a brighter day comes."

Tears trickled down his eyes. With great effort he whispered, "My wife doesn't like such an arrangement. Please stop your visits. And the medicine too."

Reaching home, I thought over the situation and the next four days I posted to Sitaram a ten-rupee note each day.

(4)

It was ten days since I last visited their cottage. Life seemed to me like a continuous hopping on burning sand being prevented by a cruel hand from entering a cool garden lying just within eyesight. My feeble attempts to help her in her hour of need, my little acts of charity springing from a fundamen-

tal selfishness, mocked at me. Sitting before a well-laid dinner table, I would be suddenly reminded of her tragic figure; sitting at a game of bridge in the club, punctuated with occasional coffee-drinking, I would be suddenly seized by the thought that at the precise moment, there she was, immolating herself in the service of that wretched invalid. Whenever somebody's courage, sacrifice or patriotism came for discussion and praise, I used to turn blue with shame and almost shout, "Stop. What do you know about these things? Do you know anything about Sitaram's wife?"

Once, only once, I broached this topic in the club. One obliging and cultured friend said, "Oh, you mean her, Sitaram's harlot? And you mention her by way of comparison? But of course, I can understand. You are now treating Sitaram and that explains."

"Oh, shut up!" I shouted, looking red.

The topic was never raised again. But they had never forgiven her. Now and again voices were heard, "Is she still with him? She seems to be determined to bleed him to the last drop of blood. She has relieved him of the last penny and made him a physical wreck and still she is not satisfied. Perhaps nothing short of his corpse will."

People's merciful hearts now bled for Sitaram.

And all the while people were merrily airing their opinions, there she was, nursing him day and night, even sharing the unfortunate wretch's bed and every time he was seized by a convulsion of cough, she too suffered and experienced the pangs of death on her pulses.

(5)

The cool breeze from over the fields was refreshing. Frogs lurking in the embankment waters blinked at me queerly. Yellow marigolds and gourd-flowers caught one's eyes. She was standing before the cottage and seeing me approaching, gave an uneasy look as if to say, "Oh, why have you come again!"

"I have come just on a courtesy visit: and if you don't like it, I will go," I pleaded.

Drawing my hands into hers, she said, "Please, I felt so lonely after you stopped your visits. Those brief moments of consolation, I miss them much. Please do come, like this, every evening." She stopped abruptly, as though afraid of having said too much and bravely resisting the gathering tears in her eyes, went indoors. I sat by Sitaram's bedside for a while, till he went

into sleep, and came out and sat in a chair in the foreyard. She brought for me a cup of coffee.

To my 'please, won't you sit down,' she smiled and squatted on the bare floor. She looked pale, much tired out, with drooping cheeks and dark rings around the eyes. What was the way to come to her rescue? The small amounts of money I sent, had she made any use of them, I wondered. There we sat in that twilight hour, talking about the various moneybags she had known in her heyday. Wasn't it a great consolation, I asked myself, to have her by my side, looking at me with a sweet tenderness? And my longing for her was overwhelming in spite of her emaciated body, drooping shoulders and dishevelled hair. It was like a soul's loving call to another.

"I would like to bring you at least some flowers every day, but I am afraid you may resent it," I hazarded.

"That would be insulting me, which I cannot bear," she said huskily.

"What's the insult in it?"

"To take advantage of me." Her lips quivered.

I was seized by a catholic anger against all the men who with puerile lusts of the mind, with their contagious impurities, their arrogant beastliness of conduct, had driven this woman to become so desperately sensitive.

"I can never so much as even dream of insulting you any time in my life. I do not know how to convey in so many words my respect for you. From the first time of our meeting, I have been considering you almost sacred—"

"I imagine. Your courtesy itself is precious to me and I am grateful to you," she said.

Poor girl, what memories of past humiliation rankled in her mind, what condescending attitudes wounded her womanly self-respect.

I took leave of her. The moonlight was faint and I walked homeward, carrying a strange consolation in my heart, feeling buoyantly joyful. I walked on, alongside the fields, and in the enchanted night, I felt that the waters in the field, the sprouts, the worms, the insects—all were blessed with a serene contentment. That night, my life acquired a new meaning, a new justification.

(6)

It was the full-moon night in the month of Aswini. We sat in the foreyard, she and I, beside the jasmine bower. From inside came floating the heavy moanings of Sitaram: his condi-

tion was grave. She had to go inside now and again and seeing it, I offered to leave her and go home.

"Oh, no, please stay on. At least these brief moments...." She paused for a while and added, "Yes, spending the evening in your company like this is fast becoming a habit with me. And it is leading to laziness. All because of you!"

Her face betrayed no anxiety, not a trace of fear, in spite of the serious condition in which Sitaram lay. Her face, if anything, was full of tenderness and love. Was it her high degree of fortitude that made her so calm in the face of such tragedy, or was she merely actuated by an ordinary yet admirable sense of duty born of gratitude?

She brought coffee for me. I had been long struggling to tell her, and mustering courage, I said it then:

"If you insist like this, on my accepting your coffee, I think I must stop coming here. You don't allow me even to send you medicines. I too have some self-respect."

"Alright. When I call at your house" her voice expired on a wave of shame.

"Yes, when you call at my house?" I prompted.

"Oh, nothing."

"Please!" I pressed her for a reply.

"Nothing," she said. "It's absurd, isn't it? Imagine my coming to your house!"

I imagined. I imagined how my wife would receive this woman.

"Yes, supposing you come?" I said.

"Well, I wanted to say, if I come to your home, you can offer me medicine instead of coffee" she said. We heard Sitaram coughing. She went inside. The moonlight around blazed. A potted lotus nearby blossomed. There was a stir in the air.

Suddenly she came out and said, "Please come inside once."

Sitaram vomited blood and was lying unconscious on the bed. After the 'fit' subsided, I came out into the foreyard. It was a unique experience to watch her moving in the room, perfectly calm, steady and undisturbed, doing whatever was required with cool nerves and admirable presence of mind, as though she was unaffected by that harrowing situation.

We marvel at the steadfast fidelity of Sita and Savitri, what glorious examples of womanhood, we say. We are all praise for a Mrs. A or Mrs. B when accounts of their patriotic deeds, like

donating ornaments, are given in the press. But the sacred eyes of our society's guardians are totally blind to the tragedies of those unknown women, who, in every minute of their lives display a rare courage, the courage of their convictions and rise to dizzy heights of self-annihilation and sacrifice. They go unnoticed. A puranic Savitri could of course save her lover from the jaws of death. But this common woman, this fallen creature, how could she exhibit any strength of character at all?

"Are you going away?" I heard her approaching voice behind me. It sounded to me as a pleading to stay.

"You must allow me to give him an injection" I said.

"Is it so bad?"

I felt the nearness of her presence. I could not answer her.

"Please, please tell me. You need not hesitate, you know." Did she want to convey that I was underrating her courage? She took my hands into hers and lifting her eyes she looked straight into mine. There was the magic of the sea in her eyes, whipped with salt and air.

"Not that there is any immediate danger to life. But you see, it has relapsed, because of lack of treatment this one month. Tell me, do you really love him? If so, surely, you must be able to sacrifice your pride and allow me to treat him."

She dropped her eyes and stood silent.

"I shall go and bring the necessary things. Don't worry, it will be alright."

I couldn't resist touching her hand once. She looked like a lifeless statue. I left the place, without looking back, enveloped by my own thoughts. No, things could not go on like this, with nothing to hope for. This mad craving, this desire for her, it was destined to die down unfulfilled. Would that a day came when her endurance broke! Money, comfort, absence of this bondage to him, even these held apparently no charm for her.

It was strange, but at that moment of impure desire, the state of Sitaram had not evoked sympathy in me. Suppose, I wished madly, suppose he died? I hated myself for such shameful thoughts, but they came again and again in my mind with fiendish persistency. Just delaying the injection that night, and things would have worked out their own destiny. Of such stuff was infatuation, naked and un-

ashamed. I laughed a derisive laugh at the animal within me.

It struck ten when I returned. The sound of my footsteps brought her out. "He has just gone to sleep. Shall we sit here?" She suggested.

The fragrance of jasmine filled the air. The endless sea of moonlight around, the lovely cottage and this woman by my side. Lightnings flashed in my blood. Slowly, in a feeble voice, she asked, "His condition, is it beyond hope?"

Poor girl, passing through such desolate loneliness by his bedside, how futile, how false any consolation should sound to her! What measureless wastes she was traversing! Those eyes, would they gleam so passionately for any other man? That heart, would it ever throb with a different love? Gladly and willingly I would stake my everything—riches, prestige, influence—for her sake.

"You are silent?"

"May I be perfectly frank, without hurting you? You must have given up hopes long ago, hopes of his recovery. Isn't it?"

"I wonder," She thought aloud.

Deep within me, a sinister desire grew, a desire to tease her, to ridicule her ardour for him.

"Even our best efforts will only mean marking time," I added.

She was silent. The moon was moving up. Shadows trembled. A flower dropped over her head.

"It is a tortuous ordeal for him. And, it is a torture for you too. Am I right, doctor?" She questioned me with a surprisingly clear, unemotional voice and added "I have nothing to hope for, nothing to live for, beyond serving him."

I just listened. I had nothing to say.

Slowly, she opened up her heart and whether she was confiding her woes to me or just to the moonlight around her, I never knew.

"Orphaned at a tender age, I have never known what parental love is. Sisters and brothers or some one nearer still and dearer yet, I have none. One man, my brother-in-law, lured, coaxed and seduced me and finally, when he had got tired of me, sold me out to a rich cousin. He in turn passed me on to a friend. Yes, my dear doctor, yes, it is the same old story of sliding headlong down the primrose path. And I learnt many bitter truths about life. I wept. I rebelled in vain to free myself from that hellfire. No, it was futile. I was poor, I lost my social dignity

and my good looks—the last defensive weapon—and in the stream of life, like a frail straw, I drifted on, catering to the whims of every passer-by. It was then that I took a vow—not to accept any charity from anybody. I know them all—these philanthropists, these ‘benefactors’ who are too ready to help you with money, patronage, everything, only to extract from your body with compound interest what they had invested. Then, when I realised that the only way out of the hell was death, this man came to my rescue. Yes, this lion among men, this rowdy of rowdies. He accepted me unreservedly. He salvaged my human dignity and gave me a status. I was his presiding goddess. His circle of friends had to worship me as a princess. A word from me, and it was divine ordinance for him. An oblique look in the tail of my eye and it became a queen’s command. With an utter abandon he squandered an immense fortune just to please me, to make me happy, to decorate me with jewellery—in short before the altar of my love, he burnt his whole estate as incense. Not that I am attached to pleasures that riches can buy. The destination of his life, he passionately believed, lay in my happiness. And today, if he lies in that room, ruined, facing death cheerfully, it is for me, it’s because of me. It will be hardly any compensation even if I annihilate myself in his service.”

Her voice gradually expired as that of one in a trance. Shadows crept on to us. The continuous wailing of a seagull came floating in the air. The patient inside woke up, and when I gave him an injection, again went back to sleep. We were standing before the cottage, she and I, our hearts throbbing with mysterious emotions. That was an inspired night and I hated the idea of leaving her. But I had to, anyhow. “I’ll go home now” I muttered. Her eyes did they implore me to stay on? Maybe, but she didn’t say a word. I stood there transfixed. Her tragic story was ringing in my ears still. To try to console her by words would be the height of hypocrisy, and I lacked the courage to console her by any other means. A contemptuous word, or a look, would be enough to scorch me with shame.

“Please take my advice. Without medical aid, there is no hope of his recovery.” I said.

“But you don’t want him to recover evidently, do you?”

It staggered me. “God, what made you to think so?” I exclaimed.

“Oh, just nothing. You want to save me from this painful drudgery, isn’t it?”

“I don’t know. But when I see you wasting away like this, it pains me deeply. I do not understand the cruel fatality behind it—that you, who are capable of such superhuman sacrifice that impels me to believe in human goodness after all, should be subjected to such misery.”

“Misery and sacrifice, you are exaggerating both,” she said.

“Let’s leave it at that. The medicine, shall I send it?”

She consented, by remaining silent.

“And my visit, when do you want me to come, morning or evening?” I added.

“Alright, alright, come in the mornings for the patient’s sake, and in the evenings for your sake.....But you must send your bill.”

“Bills, why bills?”

“Please. Don’t be afraid, your bills will be paid.” She smiled artificially, with great effort.

“But I would like you to ask me not to send the bills.”

“No. You must send them. But tell me honestly, is there any hope of his recovery?”

“Let’s hope so. No reason why he shouldn’t” I said, to cheer her up.

“Really, doctor, I don’t know what to say. But for your sympathy and help, I shudder to think what would have happened to us.” Taking hold of my hands, she felt them on her cheeks.

(7)

After one month, she called for the bill. I sent it through my errand-boy, wondering how she would meet it. She sent me word to come and see her that night.

Hearing my cycle creaking, she came out and greeted me. The light from my cycle lamp fell on her. She wore a cream-white saree. Her coiffure was arranged in an exotic manner with profuse flower-wreaths. Her whole attire was exciting and strange. I wondered what the occasion was. Why all this dress-up? Going to any party? Was she receiving any guests?

She led me straight into the kitchen. The place was cleared of all litter and a coir cot was placed in the middle. A clean bed-sheet, obviously washed with her own hands, was spread on it. A rickety armchair, an improvised flower vase, a tray with *pansupari*—they completed the hideous picture. I even suspected a faint smell of attar coming from somewhere. Inviting me to be seated in the chair, there she stood

before me, affecting an artificial shyness. The whole thing seemed repulsive to me, and unnatural. Possessed by an unknown fear, I sat still, without uttering a word. She in her turn stood there, motionless like a statue. The oil lamp in the room was burning steadily. From the adjoining room was audible the patient’s painful respiration. Unable to bear the tense atmosphere, I cried out, “Woman alive, speak, for God’s sake.”

“There is nothing to speak. I am ready.” She said, in a drawl voice.

My heart thumped hard. “Ready, indeed? For what?” I asked.

She looked at me with a hurtful look in her eyes, as though I was cruelly and inhumanly making fun of her.

“Ready—for you.” She replied.

The whole thing was slowly dawning on me. My head reeled. I felt the room spinning around me.

“Please, be seated at least.” I begged. She sat on the edge of the bedstead, placing her hand on mine.

“What is all this?”

“To clear your debt.”

“In this way?”

“Yes, in this way. The only way I am capable of. There is nothing else left in this wretched house.”

“But—do you like this?”

“That is irrelevant. It is my duty and I must discharge it.”

“Then, do you think that I like it?”

She looked at me obliquely and said, “I thought you liked it.”

“What made you take it for granted?”

“Oh, I have seen enough of this world and I can understand things.”

“Perhaps, your opinions of the world are yours, but you must concede that here and there there are exceptions.”

“But I am sure about you.”

“Since when?”

“Since we first met.”

“But this is outrageous.”

“I entirely agree. My whole life has been a saga of outrage.”

“But really you know well how I regard you. I have the highest respect for your character.”

“Then how do you reconcile it with your desire?”

“The desire belongs to the animal within me.”

“The bill also I am paying to the animal within you.”

“That would mean insulting my dignity.”

“Will you please explain how? I am an ignorant woman you know.”

“To presume that I am so low as to be satisfied like this.”

“But the dear animal within you, it will be satisfied.”

“Sorry to disappoint you, but this is not what I want.”

“Then may I know what else you long for?”

“The love of your heart.”

“You are bargaining for the impossible. It is dedicated to someone else.”

“But then, don’t you realise that you are deliberately behaving like one of those daughters of nothing, ready for anything?”

“I agree. But receiving charity is worse.”

“Certainly not. We all receive help from our friends.”

“Friends I have none in this world.”

“Then have the decency to leave it at that. The wretched bill shall remain unpaid.”

“In that case I have to request you to stop your treatment.”

“You have decided?”

“Absolutely.”

There was fever in my brain. Then finally I pleaded, “In that case, let me take just the value of the bill. Taking more is unjust.” “Alright.”

I touched her cheek tenderly with my fingers.

“I can imagine the agony of your heart even for this humiliating sacrifice.” I said.

She came nearer me and taking my face into her hands, kissed it, whispering into my ear, “The bill has been paid of course but I am eternally indebted to you for your infinite mercy.”

“You have more than paid for all the bills I can ever send in my life time,” I assured her.

(Rendered from the original Telugu by Gora Sastri).

CORRECTION

M. S. Swaminathan writes:

In my article entitled “Mechanisation of Farming” published in “Swatantra” of 29-5-1948, the following sentence occurs. “In farms of moderate size (within 500 acres) a general purpose utility tractor of about 16 H.P. will serve the purpose”. (Page 24, Column II). I wish to point out that 500 acres is a misprint and the figure shown in my article is 50 acres.

SPOTLIGHT ON THE



MAY 1948 will be remembered for the loss of an excellent opportunity of ending the drift towards war. This failure to grasp and wisely utilise the opportunity might prove fateful. For, the present cold war, if it develops unchecked, might erupt into the hottest war waged on earth. Those who dread this possibility—and they form an overwhelming majority of the world's population—will regret that what might have been a move towards peace should have degenerated into a dreary exchange of monotonously familiar charges.

The Russians have had the better of the exchange. They started with the initial advantage of a constructive approach to the question of entering into peace talks with the Americans. In his note of May 4 to the Soviet Foreign Minister, General Bedell Smith, U. S. Ambassador in Moscow, had stated that "As for the United States, the door always remains open for discussion and settlement of our differences." Molotov at once replied that "The Soviet Government adopts a positive attitude towards the wishes of the United States Government and is in agreement with the proposal to begin in this connection a discussion and settlement of the differences existing between us."

Both General Smith and Molotov included in their notes a restatement and defence of the present foreign policy of their respective Governments. If no departure was made from these policies, even the proposed talks could not lead to an accord. But the very fact that the two major world powers had begun to think in terms of shedding their hostility was of great significance. The Smith-Molotov correspondence marked a welcome change from the

atmosphere of the preceding month's incidents in Berlin. Of these incidents H. N. Brailsford said: "Most of us are watching the undignified squabbling in Berlin with a mixture of shame and alarm. It is unworthy of adult minds and out of it may come only too easily an incident that will start the shooting war... History and experience warn us that two groups of powers cannot indefinitely indulge in public quarrelling, mutual frustration and competitive rearmament without stumbling eventually into war. Sooner or later, while it measures out retaliation against provocation, one side or the other will miscalculate. It is easy to argue that neither dare risk an early war. A contrary reckoning is equally plausible. Twice the older among us have lived through this nightmare of an armed and angry peace, and we know how it ends."

It looked as if, in the place of such public quarrelling, there would be recourse to the method advocated by Winston Churchill on January 23. "With all consideration of the facts, I believe it right to say today," Mr. Churchill had said, "that the best chance of avoiding war is, in accord with the other Western democracies, to bring matters to a head with the Soviet Government, and, by formal diplomatic processes, with all their privacy and gravity, to arrive at a lasting settlement."

For a moment, therefore, the exchange of notes in Moscow roused great expectations. But only for a moment. Promptly came a denial from Washington that any invitation had been extended to the Soviets for a bilateral conference. Secretary of State Marshall blandly explained that Ambassador Smith's

note to Molotov was merely intended to restate the U. S. Government's policy and distinguish it from the welter of unofficial statements during the Presidential election campaign. This explanation was patently inadequate. The *Manchester Guardian* commented: "One cannot imagine a British Foreign Secretary doing the same thing in the middle of a General Election campaign; he would not think it necessary and he would assume that another country would be clever enough to know what British policy was."

The Russians could hardly be blamed for supposing that the U.S. Ambassador's reference to the "open door" was something more than a conventional expression of desire for better relations. On the contrary, if the Soviet Government had not reacted positively to the suggestion, the U.S. State Department would have been able to say that its constructive offer had been turned down by Russia.

As it happened, the State Department found itself in the awkward position of having to repudiate an invitation which was not meant to be made public, quite apart from whether it was expected to be agreed to. The acceptance and publication of the invitation by Moscow obviously came as a surprise to Mr. Marshall, whom American commentators proceeded to criticise for having bungled the whole business and given away a diplomatic advantage to Moscow.

Stalin followed up this diplomatic advantage by responding cordially to the open letter addressed to him by Henry Wallace. Stalin's acceptance in principle of Wallace's peace programme will undoubtedly help the latter's election campaign. Indeed, the clue to the Bedell Smith episode seems to lie in the play of Presidential election politics. Writing from New York in the *Daily Express*, C. V. R. Thompson gives the most satisfactory explanation yet available: "Truman had tried a great political gamble. His objective: peace with Russia at America's price. The advantages of such a Rooseveltian coup—if it could be brought about—were obvious. The man who secured the peace for

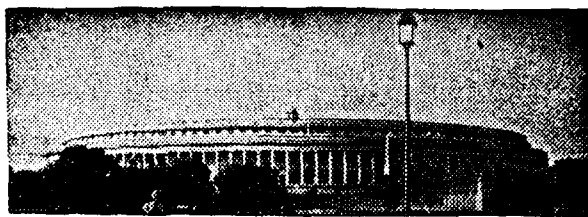
would not have to worry about Henry Wallace and his peace-at-any-price followers, or about the resurgent Republicans, who are America's Tories. What Truman hoped for was that his secret message emphasising America's strength and firmness of purpose would attract Russia, into making peace overtures. What happened, it now turns out, was that Russia led the world to believe that it was America making the peace overtures. And now Truman and his Government have been busy all day denying that there are going to be any Munichs, any talks with Molotov or Stalin, any changes in America's foreign policy, any let-up in the rearmament programme. It is too early yet to say that Truman's gamble has failed completely, but it has certainly backfired."



Photo taken when Col. S. L. Bhatia, Surgeon-General to the Government of Madras visited the factory at Ramavarappadu of the Andhra Pharmaceutical Works Ltd. on Friday, the 21st May, 1948. The Surgeon-General evinced keen interest and commended the work of the Company. He said that the drug industry in this province has got a great future.

93602

NEW DELHI DIARY



by V. V. PRASAD

"THE role of the U.S.S.R. in the future, as it has been in the past, is that of a champion of peace, and of a champion of the oppressed countries and peoples of the world", declared the Soviet Ambassador in India, Mr. K. V. Novikov, in an interview to this Diarist. This was the first interview he gave to any correspondent in India. The interview lasted eighty minutes, in the course of which he frankly and freely replied to questions put to him. In view of the meagre reports that reach India through *Reuter* of the news and views from the Soviet Union, it was extremely important to get the Soviet view-point from the horse's mouth, as it were.

Mr. Novikov stated that in spite of war-mongering propaganda by the U.S.A., the Soviet Press had not taken up a similar attitude in their columns. He stated that for her part Russia had demobilised her Army upto prewar level, whereas America was mobilising now. Only 17 per cent of the total Soviet Budget was set apart for Defence this year. This was a half per cent less than last year's figure. The total budget of the Soviet Union was 388 milliard roubles, out of which 66 milliards were earmarked for Defence expenditure (One rupee=1.6 roubles). The rest of the Budget was devoted to Civil expenditure, and social and cultural items got 30 per cent of the Budget: these included education, art and other subjects.

"We are ready to open trade on a wide scale in those goods which we have, both capital goods and consumer goods", said the Ambassador. "As you probably know, Soviet economic recovery after the War

has been going on very rapidly and has already passed the pre-war level, although in the Western part of the Soviet Union a lot of mills and factories have yet to be rehabilitated. We are, for instance, ourselves in need of tractors: nevertheless, we sold tractors to other countries like the Balkan States, for example."

Asked whether the Soviet Union was now in a position to supply tractors and energy-generating machinery to India, Mr. Novikov stated that some of the Indian Ministers and high officials had spoken to him about India's needs with regard to tractors, lorries, metallurgical machinery, electrical machinery, energy-generating machinery, etc., but so far it had been only an exchange of views. Everybody asked him whether it was possible to deliver such and such machinery, but there had been no concrete proposals. "Your Ambassador called on Mr. Molotov and said India wants wheat, and we are giving some wheat. If there is a definite approach, there will be a definite answer. Perhaps we can spare some tractors although we are ourselves in need of them", said Mr. Novikov.

The Ambassador explained that foreign trade was a monopoly of the State in the Soviet Union, and all negotiations took place between the Soviet Ministry for Foreign Trade and different firms or individuals in other countries. The Soviet Union had trade agreements with almost all European countries including Britain, Sweden and other countries. All the countries in Eastern Europe in turn had trade agreements among themselves. There was no single integrated

agreement but each supplemented the other agreement, and naturally they were connected with each other. For instance, said Mr. Novikov, Russia had a big trade agreement with Czechoslovakia. They supplied Czechoslovakia with a great deal of raw materials, food-stuffs and other things. But eighty per cent of Czechoslovakia's exports went to various Eastern European countries, although U.S.S.R. herself needed industrial equipment produced in Czechoslovakia for the production drive in the U.S.S.R. Industrialisation of Eastern European countries was thus helped a good deal by Czechoslovakia's exports of industrial equipment.

In reply to a question, Mr. Novikov stated that there was a lot of difference between the Marshall Plan for the recovery of Western Europe and the plan or policy for the reconstruction of Eastern Europe. "There is no secret", he said, "that American help under Marshall Plan is given under political, economic and military conditions, while in Eastern Europe the case is absolutely different. The Soviet Union does not impose any conditions under the bilateral agreements. Each of the countries of Eastern Europe has her own two-year or three-year or five-year plan for rehabilitation and reconstruction. There is no single integrated plan to cover the whole of Eastern Europe. That is to say, although the Soviet Union renders help to the countries of Eastern Europe, she does not dictate to these countries on any political, economic or military matters. There is no secret that even U. K. has to cut her shipbuilding so that America may supply her with ships. Other countries, like France, have to buy tobacco. Italy for instance, is being discouraged from producing Fiat cars."

Asked to comment on the Marshall Plan for Asia, which has been recently referred to by Dr. Grady, the American Ambassador, Mr. Novikov said that he had seen a copy of his address to the Indian Council of World Affairs. Dr. Grady had mentioned the Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East in his speech. There was, however,

no suggestion in the printed address that the ECAFE should submit the requirements of Asian countries and that America would see what she could do.

Asked what he thought of such a proposal, which Dr. Grady had explained in reply to a question, Mr. Novikov replied: "We can definitely say that we will not agree to convert this Commission into a Marshall Plan for Asia Committee." The Soviet Ambassador asked: "Is there any foundation for calling this plan 'Nehru Plan'? Were the talks of the Indian Ambassador, Mr. Asaf Ali, related to this?"

In reply to a question on the Stalin Constitution of the U.S.S.R., the Ambassador stated that the constitution set forth the manifold rights and duties of the citizens of the Socialist State. In no capitalist country did the working people have such rights as were possessed by the citizens of the U.S.S.R. Distinctions were drawn in other countries between the rights of the propertied classes and the property-less classes. Restrictions of every kind were imposed upon the majority as the logical outcome of the nature of bourgeois, capitalist society. The people of the Soviet Union knew neither crises nor unemployment, said the Ambassador. In Russia, work was a duty, and was a matter of honour and heroism. The right to rest and leisure and maintenance in old age, sickness and disability was made real by extensive social insurance from State funds, instead of from deduction from wages of workers as in other countries.

The right to education, Mr. Novikov continued, was inscribed in the constitution and was ensured by universal and compulsory elementary education free of charge. Freedom of speech and of the Press as well as freedom of assembly, including the right to hold mass meetings was ensured by providing all facilities. Since the adoption of the constitution, great changes had occurred in all branches of national economy. The socialist system of economy had made it possible to build thousands of new, first-class industrial establishments and to re-

construct and modernise old enterprises. The Soviet socialist system of agriculture, operated on a larger scale than anywhere else in the world, was equipped with modern machinery and had proved able to meet the country's increasing demand for agricultural products.

Asked whether Russia had proposed a treaty of commerce, navigation and friendship to India, as America is proposing, the Russian Ambassador stated that they had no such treaty or agreement with any country. With everyone of her western neighbours Russia had treaties of mutual assistance and help against German aggression. They had also separate trade agreements. The last of Russia's treaties was with Finland. Finland had ratified the agreement only the other day. They did not have one combined treaty which covered trade, friendship and navigation.

Mr. Novikov pointed out that in addition to trade relations, the

nations of the world should have with each other cultural relations and scientific relations. It was impossible for any country to isolate herself from the rest of the world. At present in the Soviet Union every child of nine or ten years learned either English, German or French in addition to Russian and the child's own mother-tongue (in non-Russian Republics). English was now the most popular of these foreign languages in the Soviet Union. Some years ago German was more popular, and a hundred years ago the ruling classes in Russia spoke only in French and hardly knew any Russian.

The Soviet Ambassador expressed a strong desire to see various parts of India. "We spent three months in Hotel Imperial", he said, "and now at last we have got a house in which our Embassy is situated. We are now trying to furnish 'Travancore House'. Just when we are finishing these arrangements, the weather has become too hot."

CIBOL

The best remedy for Itches, Scabies, Eczema,

CIBOL for RING WORM SOUTH INDIAN MFG. CO.

Pimples, and for all eruptions of the skin. Available at all chemists.

THE SOUTH INDIAN MFG. CO., MADURA

AGENTS: Rajan Drug Stores, Nyneappa Naicken Street, Madras-3; Seetharama General Stores, Bezvada, Berhampore & Secunderabad; Girija Medical Stores, Bangalore City; M.O.A. Ganey & Co., 96, Chatham Rd., Fort, Colombo (for Ceylon).

SHER-I-KASHMIR SHEIKH ABDULLA

by TRILOK NATH MOZA

THE life story of Sheikh Abdulla is a story of long and relentless struggle against poverty and disillusionment and of mighty efforts and glorious achievements, in the face of superhuman difficulties. It is a story of a lanky student from the backwoods of Kashmir who started 17 years ago "to fight the immemorial poverty of the peasant and the artisan" and the unmitigated helplessness of the people mercilessly exploited, plundered and profaned by the Dogra autocracy.

Sheikh Abdulla popularly known as "Sher-i-Kashmir" exemplifies in his work the true qualities of a people's leader. Born in 1905, in Soura, a village only seven miles from Srinagar, Abdulla had no attraction for his ancestral shawl trade, and chose to be a teacher instead. After passing his Intermediate examination from Jammu College he went in for graduation to Lahore in 1927. It was in Aligarh that his talents found some sort of encouragement and it was also there that he threw off "stage fright." As a student he applied himself diligently to the study of political problems and could not remain uninfluenced by the events taking place in those days in India. Returning from Aligarh, with the singular distinction of being the first Muslim from Kashmir to have obtained the M. Sc. degree, he had no difficulty in getting a job as a science teacher in a local Government high school. Seized by new ideas and a deep consciousness of the miserable plight of the people, his blood boiled at the sight of so much squalor, misery and injustice around him. In 1931 in the reading room at Fateh Kadal, Abdulla took up cudgels on behalf of the educated unemployed Muslims. By his unique power of argument he soon succeeded in producing a ring of friends around him which was destined to become the nucleus of a

big movement for regeneration of the Kashmiri people.

This small group of intellectuals began to attract a good deal of attention as a result of the systematic campaign they launched against the Government. Soon after, they founded the Muslim Conference. In 1931 Sheikh Abdulla and some of his colleagues were arrested, which led to a wave of popular resentment against the Government. From 1931 onwards Sheikh Sahib's life story is one of continuous struggle for the rights of the people, till in 1938 when the Muslim Conference was finally converted into the National Conference under his leadership. Out from the jail in 1939 after six months' incarceration he, along with his colleagues, began to dig deep the roots of the organization in the hearts of the people. This effort succeeded in bringing the hitherto unawakened masses into the fold of the National Conference. The demand for a responsible Government was becoming irresistible and realising this the Maharaja introduced a measure of reform by inviting two representatives of the people to join his Cabinet. But in the face of the growing demand for complete responsible government and the intrigues of the then Prime Minister Kak, this experiment was doomed to end in failure. Following the resignation of the representatives of the National Conference from the Cabinet came an upheaval unprecedented in the history of Kashmir, which carried the name of "Sher-i-Kashmir" to the corners of the world. In the year 1947 the decision of the British to "divide and quit" created the thorny problem of the future of the Indian States. Sheikh Abdulla wanted the question to be solved by the people themselves after they were free. But Mr. Jinnah would not risk any delay

and let loose the tribesmen to invade the fair valley of Kashmir.

The most important characteristic of Sheikh Sahib and also the secret of all his success is his *integrity*. Neither the torture of the Dogra aristocracy could cow down his high spirits, nor the bait of a high office deflect him from the path he had chosen for himself. Being essentially a worker he carries out his work in all humility with earnestness of purpose and singleminded devotion. It is truly said of him that he never coveted any posts in the organization and these were always thrust on him. His only ambition in politics is to work for humanity at large and everyone of his acts and measures is calculated to promote the welfare and uplift of the common man, of the oppressed and depressed. But all this integrity could not have been so fruitful or effective, were it not combined with an incredible amount of capacity and energy. As the President of the All Jammu and Kashmir National Conference he comes with a record and distinction equalled by few and surpassed by none, drawing forth the admiration of all.

Sheikh Abdulla 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. A firm believer in Islam, he regularly offers Friday prayers in congregation at the Hazratbal shrine where thousands of Muslims hear him with rapt attention every week. He does not drink and smokes occasionally and observes the Ramzan fast every year regularly. While maintaining a strictly non-communal nationalist outlook he has not lost contact with the Muslim masses. Courage of conviction is another trait in his character. He undauntedly fights for whatever he considers just, no matter who opposes him. A staunch believer in the unity of India, he frustrated the attempts of the Muslim League to give a communal turn to Kashmir politics, even though this provoked the

active hostility of some of his co-religionists. His profession and practice go together.

Sheikh Abdulla 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. Gifted with a persuasive and powerful tongue he reduces a complex political problem to a simple issue. There is beauty in his voice, grace in his gestures, magic in his language and logic in his argument. His forte lies in his capacity to inspire the peasants in the mass to whom he speaks as one of their own. He speaks with vigour and spontaneity.

Sheikh Sahib has socialistic leanings, though a member of neither the Socialist nor the Communist party. "New Kashmir"—a model constitution framed by him and his colleagues is definitely socialistic. In a scholarly preface to this book Sheikh Abdulla writes that "Freedom from all forms of economic exploitation is the only guarantee of political democracy and without it political freedom is a mere shibboleth—Freedom and privilege are the two sides of a pair of scales; as privilege gets lighter, freedom gets heavier." He therefore strives for the establishment of "an egalitarian society in which equal opportunities are provided for every member for self-expression and self-fulfilment and the adequate minimum of civilized standard of life is assured to each member, so as to make the achievement of this equal opportunity a reality."

Sheikh Abdulla is more than a leader. "His name is a legend in Kashmir. Fables and folk songs have been woven around him. In the remotest villages he is known, loved—and followed." Mr. K. P. S. Menon in his book "From Delhi to Chunking" writes of Sheikh Abdulla in glorious terms. He says people call him "Paigamber" (prophet) even in the far flung villages. Abdulla has given to Kashmir what Gandhiji gave to India—a national consciousness—a desire to be free.



FOR LIFE'S LITTLE TROUBLES

Turn to
Tea

THE GREAT COMFORTER

INSERTED BY THE INDIAN TEA MARKET EXPANSION BOARD

(ESTD:

1907)



Branches and Sub-Offices in all the important places
in the Madras Presidency and in Bombay.

Issued & Subscribed Capital	Rs. 72,00,000
Paid-up Capital	„ 53,00,000
Reserve Fund	„ 62,00,000

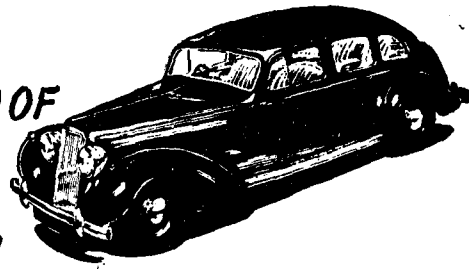
ALL KINDS OF BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

N. GOPALA IYER,
Secretary.

THE INDIAN BANK LTD.
HEAD OFFICE.. INDIAN BANK BUILDINGS,
NORTH BEACH ROAD.. MADRAS.

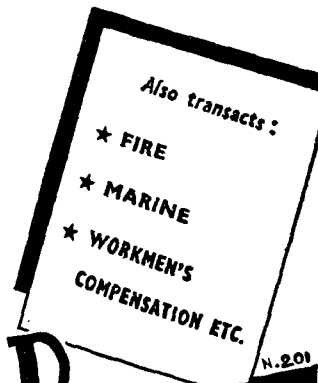
N.P.S.

THE CAR
YOU ARE PROUD OF
NEEDS THIS
Protection



Insure your car with the
leading Motor Insurance
Company, offering very
liberal policy conditions
and competitive rates of
premium.

The
VANGUARD
FIRE & GENERAL INSURANCE Co., Ltd.,
Head office:
MADRAS.



N.201



MORE irresponsible nonsense has been uttered and written on Non-violence than on any other subject under the sun. Capitalists, landlords, profiteers, Police officers, Army Generals, Defence Ministers—in short, all whose daily life is the very negation of the Gandhian ideals—can be heard piously proclaiming their faith in Non-Violence and recommending Gandhiji's doctrines to others. *Not to themselves!*

Here is the latest homily on Non-violence—delivered to the brave women of the Kashmir National Militia: "My heart is pained to see the rifle in your hands. I want women to become soldiers but I want them to be soldiers of the pattern of Bapu who never took up the rifle or the sword. Armed with weapons of truth and non-violence, I want you to be fearless. I want you to be like the great Sita whom Ravana could not even touch."

PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF!

This gratuitous advice to the women of Kashmir was tendered not by a hermit practising absolute non-violence on the remote, inaccessible peaks of the Himalayas, but by Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, a Minister of the Government of India which maintains

An Army,
A Navy,
An Air Force,

Home Guards and volunteer organizations of civilians—IN-

CLUDING WOMEN—who are being trained to use weapons, to shoot, to kill.

Arsenals full of bombs, grenades, rifles, revolvers, bren-guns, sten-guns, machine-guns, Howitzers, cannon, mortars, tanks and (soon perhaps) even atom-bombs.

It is the same Government which maintains an armed Police to enforce law and order, where necessary, by using batons or even rifles.

It is the same Government which allots tens of thousands of taxpayers' money to its Ambassadors and Consuls abroad for the consumption of the same spirituous liquor which it seeks to prohibit in India.

Rajkumari Amrit Kaur is a member of this Government which functions on the basis of joint responsibility and, therefore, she is equally responsible for Governmental behaviour even if her specific department does not deal in arms and armaments. Does it behove her, then, to preach Non-violence to Kashmir women in the sacred name of Gandhiji?

The delicate Rajkumari's sensitive heart was pained to see rifles in the hands of the women of Kashmir. But it didn't pain her heart when she saw rifles in the hands of hundreds of armed soldiers walking in front of, and behind, the bier of Gandhiji! It didn't pain her heart when the mortal remains of the great apostle of non-violence were carried on an arms-

carrier, accompanied not by *sat-yagrahis* but by soldiers and sailors and airmen, with bombing planes zooming overhead—in a complete atmosphere of violence and armed might!

As an ethical ideal, Gandhiji's teaching on Non-violence will ever remain before humanity. But as a practical code of contemporary life specially as a moral corrective of Governmental activity, Non-violence was never really accepted even by most of the so-called followers of Gandhiji. In deference to the Mahatma they paid lip-sympathy to it. With his death even that is no longer regarded necessary. Our Government is no more run on Non-violent lines than the Government of U. S. A. or Russia. For a member of the Government to assume a Mahatmaic pose and preach Non-violence is either rank hypocrisy or pitiful self-delusion.

GIRLS WITH GUNS

The Rajkumari's advice would have been presumptuous and futile in any case but in this particular context, it was particularly uncalled for, even in bad taste.

The Kashmiri women today are wielding arms not for any love of violence for its own sake but because they know that their rifles are the only protectors of their honour.

When the raiders came to overrun the fair valley, not only the women but the men of Kashmir, were unarmed. The Kashmiris were peace-loving and non-violent by nature and by force of circumstances—they had been kept unarmed by their rulers for centuries. And so the aggressors had their way. Towns were pillaged and burnt, men were killed, women were dishonoured or made captive and carried away. It was then that the Kashmiri took up the rifle to defend his homeland, in co-operation with the Indian Union army.

I have seen the Kashmiri women parading with rifles—these same women whom the gentle Rajkumari lectured on Non-violence—

and I know the circumstances under which they were forced to take up arms. A time had come when every self-respecting young woman in Srinagar had made preparations to die rather than fall in the hands of the raiders who were then only a few miles from the capital. Many carried poison with them. Others had persuaded their husbands or fathers to shoot them if the enemy got through. It was in such a desperate situation that a Women's Brigade of the Kashmir National Militia was formed. I saw them a few weeks later, drilling with rifles in the Zenana Park, often in driving snow, and in temperature below zero. Old women and girls in teens, wives of National Conference leaders and Government officials, peasant women and boat women, Hindus and Muslims, college students and middle-class purdah-observing women who had just discarded the veil to shoulder a rifle! The mood of desperate self-immolation had gone. As one of them grimly said: "Now we won't commit suicide. If we die we will die fighting".

Whatever Rajkumari might say, I know that Gandhiji would have admired these Kashmiri women. For he always emphasized that violence in defence of one's honour was preferable to the non-violence of a coward.

As for the Rajkumari's quite unwarranted reference to Sati Sita, there is no evidence on record that either Ram or Sita believed in non-violence. It would have been better if she had talked to them of Laxmibai of Jhansi whose example the brave women of Kashmir are so nobly emulating.

THIS PICTURE....

The accused in the Gandhi murder case are on trial—at last! For murder and conspiracy to murder.

In keeping with the demands of justice, a fair trial has been assured to these nine men who are charged with the most heinous crime in Indian history—the cold-blooded, cowardly assassination of the greatest man of this age.

They are allowed to arrange for their defence. A Defence Committee has been set up and money is being openly collected.

The first day's proceedings of the trial were an eloquent testimony to our Government's sense of justice and fairplay which is not to be denied even to those who are charged with the most dastardly of all crimes.

Mr. Bhopatkar, Counsel for Mr. V. D. Savarkar, one of the accused, requested that his client who was slightly indisposed, might be given a cushioned seat. The request was granted.

Before the proceedings began, photographers and cine cameramen were permitted by the court to "shoot" and cameras clicked and movie cameras whirled in a blaze of lights for about ten minutes.

A hundred Indian and foreign newspapermen 'covered' the trial. The accused cannot complain of lack of publicity.

The Chief Prosecution Counsel presented to the court a summary of the charges on behalf of the Crown. These charges will be scrutinised by the Special Judge who will formally frame them against the accused on June 14. Earlier, the Court will hold a brief and formal sitting to ascertain what facilities are required for defence.

The Judge asked the accused individually as to their defence arrangements and whether they wanted the Court to provide for their defence!

The accused looked cheerful and were engaged in animated conversation among themselves. Obviously they had not been ill-treated in jail.

And so the trial has begun and will go on till the Court is satisfied that, in accordance with civilised law, the accused have had every conceivable opportunity for their defence—legal aid, defence witnesses, cross-examination of prosecution witnesses, summing-up by Defence Counsel! Then—AND

ONLY THEN—will the Court award any sentence!

...AND THAT!

But, in dozens of prisons all over India, there are others held in detention without a fair and open trial, who are given no opportunity of offering legal defence, who are not even acquainted with the charges against them. Not for them the civilised processes of law and justice, the amenities and facilities, which have been given to Godse and his co-accused.

There are several hundred—perhaps several thousand—such detenus. Arrested and held in prisons WITHOUT TRIAL by the Congress Ministers who once carried on a raging campaign against the "Satanic foreign government" for this very offence of detentions without trial!

Who are these men? Thieves? Robbers? Murderers? Rioters? Looters? Abductors of women? Blackmarketeers? Profiteers? No, none of them.

Thieves, robbers, rioters, looters, blackmarketeers and murderers are all entitled to—and given—an open and fair trial. As for abductors of helpless women, they are not even classed as minor criminals deserving a ten-rupee fine; both in India and Pakistan, they go scot free, their only punishment being sweetly-worded appeals which are addressed to them, from time to time, by the leaders on either side.

Then who are they? They are Forward Blocists, Socialists, even some radical Congressmen, Trade Unionists, Kisan organisers. Most of them, however, are Communists.—

The same Communists for whose defence the Congress collected funds and set up a Defence Committee during the Meerut Conspiracy Case,

The same Communists who were vigorously defended by the present Prime Minister of India whenever the imperialist Government struck at them,

The same Communists about whose ideal Gandhiji wrote: "The Bolshevik ideal has behind it the purest sacrifice of countless men and women who have given up their all for its sake, and an ideal that is sanctioned by the sacrifices of such master spirits as Lenin cannot go in vain; the noble example of their renunciation will be emblazoned for ever and quicken and purify the ideal as time passes... What does Communism mean in the last analysis? It means a classless society—an ideal that is worth striving for. Only I part company with it when force is called to aid for achieving it".

For nearly ten years the Communists have been working in the open to popularize their cause—rightly, wrongly, childishly, foolishly, but determinedly. Their main weapon has been propaganda, backed by organised action by workers and peasants, strikes, mass demonstrations. Not always have they been right in their analysis and their approach. Too often they have adapted their policy in India to suit the changing needs of Soviet foreign policy.

But, with all that, they are not cut-throats, robbers, murderers. It has been alleged they have been guilty of violence or contemplation of violence or of collection and possession of arms.

If that is so, then they must be put on trial, their alleged crimes openly proved against them and suitable punishment awarded to them! So long as they are detained without trial the public will be justified in suspecting the motives of arbitrary executive action. Meanwhile, several of them have died in prison and at least in one case it has been admitted that the Police had arrested an ailing Communist who was almost on his death-bed and could, by no stretch of imagination, be suspected of active participation in any subversive, violent activity.

The Government will find it difficult to live down such gross attacks on civil liberties and suspension of the common process of law,

A Government that imprisons political opponents without trial is itself on trial!

MEMO TO PREMIER NEHRU

Re: Civil liberties, arrests without trial, press laws, etc: "A government that has to rely on the Criminal Law Amendment Act and similar laws, that suppresses the press and literature, that bans hundreds of organizations, that keeps people in prison without trial and that does so many other things that are happening in India today, is a government that has ceased to have even a shadow of a justification for its existence. I can never adjust myself to those conditions, I find them intolerable. And yet I find many of my own countrymen complacent about them, some even supporting them, some, who have made the practice of sitting on the fence into a fine art, being neutral when such things are discussed. And I have wondered what there was in common between them and me." (YOUR presidential address, Lucknow Congress, 1936).

BOOK OF THE WEEK

"WHITHER INDIA" edited by Iqbal Singh and Raja Rao, Padmaja publications, Baroda, (Price Rs. 6-8) is an anthology of socio-political analyses, which should interest both the serious student of politics and the ordinary reader. The compilers have sought to reflect in its pages the entire prismatic range of Indian thought, not in the philosophical, contemplative field, but rather in its practical application. Nehru's fifteen year old essay "Whither India" (which he should re-read), Nirmal Kumar Bose's readable and lucid exposition of Gandhism, Srinivasa Sastri's defence of Liberalism (which he equates with democracy!), K. S. Shelvankar's Marxist thesis on the necessity of Revolution, Jaya Prakash Narain's able and balanced view of the role of Socialism in India, M. P. T. Acharya's rather lone voice in support of anarchism, and Mr. Jinnah's strident phrases defining and demanding Pakistan

—it is an odd collection, but in its diversity it is representative, or even symbolic, of the complex that is India.

After the various "isms" have been explained—or shall we say 'exposed'?—by their respective protagonists, a constructive note is struck in the last four essays—The Future of Indian Women by Kamaladevi Chattopadhyaya, The Meaning of Constituent Assembly by N. Gangulee, Principles of National Planning by K. T. Shah and Problem of Planning by Bimal C. Ghose. The authors must be given credit for objective impartiality in bringing together expositions of all the "various ideological trends operative in India at points of their most crystallised articulation."

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

"CALCUTTA: A few capitalists are trying to coerce the Bengal Government and the Congress... It is reliably learned that they promised to support the Gandhi Memorial Fund only if three of their major demands are accepted. Their first demand is that the funds raised should be spent only on literary campaign and hospital establishments. Not a penny should go towards giving the people a type of education which makes them conscious of their economic and democratic rights. In the second place these capitalists insist that the idea of nationalisation will have to be dropped once and for all. They have finally demanded some sort of effective but veiled control of the Congress nominations for selection of candidates in the next General Election... to prevent men with Leftist sympathies from being elected on Congress ticket."—*Free Press of India*.

"BAREILLY: The All India Hindu Mahasabha, which had suspended its activities immediately after the assassination of Mahatma Gandhi, has now decided to resume its normal work. This decision has been taken on the suggestion of Mr. L. B. Bho-

patkar, President of the All India Mahasabha."—*Statesman*.

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

"LUCKNOW: Racial discrimination is not yet unknown in India, not at least in the East Indian Railway's "European" Club at Charbagh here. In spite of the name "European", all the members are Anglo-Indians, and Indians are refused entry. Last Saturday, serious objection was taken to the presence of Lt. Col. Dr. M. R. Chowdhury, a leading medical practitioner of the City, at a social function of the club. He was admitted by the clerk at the gate on payment of the usual entrance fee, but was asked to quit when the Club Secretary came to know that Dr. Chowdhury was not even an Anglo-Indian."—*Free Press of India*.

"PATNA: According to a report from Sitamarhi, caste discrimination cost a Harijan boy, Mangar Dhobi, his life. Mangar, aged about 11, was at a well taking his bath. A few drops of water happened to fall on the body of two 'higher Caste' persons who had been washing nearby. One of them became angry and is alleged to have struck the Harijan boy on the neck while he was stooping to draw water. Mangar fell inside the well. When he was taken out he was dead."—*Free Press of India*.

SWATANTRA

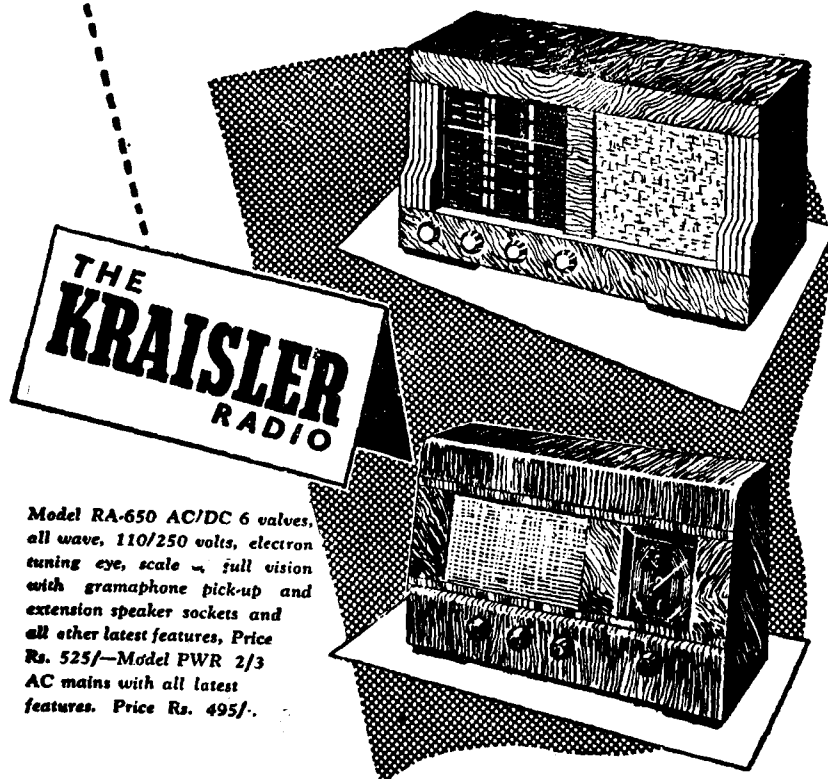
156, Lloyds Road,
Royapettah, Madras.

SWATANTRA

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

Music Superbly Interpreted

Never before have Radios of such outstanding quality, true-to-life tone, precision workmanship, custom-built by British craftsmen and fully tropicalized, been offered at such low prices as Kraisler British made Radios.



Model RA-650 AC/DC 6 valves, all wave, 110/250 volts, electron tuning eye, scale, full vision with gramophone pick-up and extension speaker sockets and all other latest features, Price Rs. 525/- Model PWR 2/3 AC mains with all latest features. Price Rs. 495/-

Enquiries at local dealers or sole Importers:
GREAT EASTERN COMMERCIAL CORP. LTD., ALLAHABAD.

Branches:- BOMBAY • DELHI • LUCKNOW

ADARTS GE 493 A

SOME THOUGHTS ON PRESENT DISCONTENTS

FRAMING THE ISSUES

AS one of your regular readers, I crave the hospitality of your columns for a consideration at some length of the instabilities of the present political situation. Your recent leader under the caption: 'Seeds of Conflict' makes this task imperative, for while the steady growth of a conflict is undeniable, your analysis of its causes suffers, in my humble opinion, from the defects of over-simplification. In view of the importance of the subject, and the vital bearing of it on public welfare no less than on the shaping of public opinion, I trust you will permit me to draw attention to some of the fallacies underlying your thesis.

Your whole argument is based on the notion that there are only two parties now in existence, and that these are the Congress and the Communists. If it were so, the conflict would have come to a head long ago, and a decision also reached. In point of fact, however, nationalist sentiment is still supreme, and the communal struggle is as acute as ever, though the exhibition of it is not so obvious. The Kashmir cauldron and the simmering Hyderabad kettle are cases in point. The Communist is nowhere in the picture in either case. If we hear of Communists in Hyderabad, they are about as real as snakes in Iceland. They are a fabrication of Razakar astuteness to justify the progress of an undeclared Jihad against the sheepish Hindu majority within that State. If really the Communists are as well organised and powerful as claimed for or by them, why is it that they do not come to a working arrangement with the Congress for the limited purpose of liquidating the Nizam—which is apparently the common aim of both? In a so-called people's war, the Communist and the capitalist agreed to sink their differences to destroy Nazism. But it is the Communist organs that

are carrying on a crusade against the 'Nehru-capitalist junta' as they call the present Indian Government, while at the same time professing to be against the Nizam also. In theory no doubt it is doctrinal correctitude to fight both anathemas; but in practice, it is an open question whether the Communists hope to succeed by antagonising two enemies at the same time. Communist tactics elsewhere have not shown the wobbling that we find in India.

You speak of a 'social conflict' now going on; it is a high-sounding phrase which hides from popular gaze, a gruesome reality. For what is now on is a series of political attempts at blackmailing the community. Strikes are being fomented on the flimsiest grounds; the calculation of the leaders is that repeated failures are as useful as partial successes in building up the revolutionary front—so that the 'bust-up' which is inevitable according to Marxist ideology may be hastened!

To claim as you have that there was a common opposition to British rule in the past is simply not true. The Communist made his peace with the Government during the progress of the People's War as he called it and ate out of the hands of the Home department. Communist leadership had no compunction in digesting handsome subsidies, many times the value of the proverbial thirty pieces of silver. The Communist Party of India has been capitalising Congress successes, wherever it failed to thwart them, and magnified the failures with malicious unction. It denounced communalism, but favoured the two-nations theory! It attacked Gandhi as an irrelevant medievalist and intolerable dictator, but burnt incense at the turned-up nose of the immaculate Jinnah! It conjured rosy visions of a proletarian paradise with which to bemuse the

ignorant, but it abjured its own principles and perjured itself as often as occasion called for them. Even the death of Gandhi has been used by it as a stick with which to belabour the living....!

You speak of a 'Left' and equate it to the Communist Party. This is a gratuitous insult to those who are genuine radicals, but who hate the Communist ideology lock, stock and barrel. The Communist with a bogus facade of revolution is in fact the most obscurantist person today. Even Fascist organisations like the R. S. S., the Razakars, the Dravida Black-shirts seem white-robed angels in contrast to Communist rank and file.

You make a right distinction between Socialists and the Communists. But you belittle the former while praising the latter for a reason which ought to shock any reasonable and fair-minded person. The Communists are in the news for two decisive reasons. They have the whole world for a stage; and they trade in hatred by appealing to the sullen downtrodden, and criminal elements in society by exploiting existing inequalities. The Socialists are still conditioned by certain inhibitions. Parity between means and ends is a major obsession with them and all those who have a sense of historical continuity. Spilling blood is not necessarily a sign of advancement or proof of grace. The best and most enduring reforms have been gradual or unperceived ones.

Your glowing chit to the Communist Party therefore strikes me as a piece of unpremeditated perversity. Their emotional and ethical subservience to Moscow is entirely ignored by you. When Stalin entered into a pact with Hitler, it was an imperialist war between 1939 and 1941; when Stalin was attacked in 1941, it suddenly became a people's war not only in Russia which was understandable, but in the colonial countries also which was ludicrous. They broke the back of the Congress opposition by all overt and covert acts in 1942-5; if that is your idea of their 'constructive and

peaceful policies', all I can say is that very few will be found to share your view.

Your subsidiary chit to them that they restricted strikes to a minimum during the war years gives the whole show away. For it amounts to saying that they have a weapon in their hand which they use according to political and not economic needs! This is the graven image of the charge against them; for it amounts to holding a loaded pistol at the head of the community itself.

The attribution of a vast representative potentiality to the Communists is another fallacy implicit in your leader which carries the seeds of infinite mischief. It promotes the notion that the Communist Party is the natural representative and spokesman of the majority of the people. Because they speak in the name of workers, it is automatically presumed that all workers are behind them, and subscribe to their nihilist policies. But it is a minority of 'tough' leaders who by methods of frightfulness gag the majority and then profess to speak for them. In our country, the sooner we have a show-down with the working classes, the better for the community. For the so-called solidarity of the workers is a fraud which has been exposed in all other countries; it needs to be in ours also.

Let me protest against your complaint that the Government is acting against the Leftist opposition in general and against the Communists in particular. If you claim to be a Leftist weekly, you will have to acknowledge that you have not been interfered with at all. It is true that you are not in the good books of the local Ministry; but you do not depend on their favours for your existence. If they give advertisements, etc., to their favourites you can afford to dismiss it as a matter of taste. If you are, as Churchill put it, a crypto-Communist, it is even more to the credit of a bad Ministry that it is leaving you alone. For your position is at least anomalous. If you find noth-

ing to condemn in Communist aims and methods, the straight course for you is to declare yourself a Communist. If you are Leftist merely—like me and the progressive and liberal sections of the community,—you will have to say how and where you differ from the Communists. If on the other hand, yours is merely a quixotic espousal of what you imagine is at the moment the weaker side, is it not high time that you should ponder over the consequences of such misguided chivalry? Referring to Communist-inspired disorders in Andhra and Kerala, you say you do not know the truth; yet you have no difficulty in deciding against the Government! Do you think it fair?—either from a citizen to his Government or from a critic to his opposition? And you wind up by indirectly justifying the Communist resort to violence, by making it appear that they are driven to it in self-defence, while in reality they have always and everywhere been the only begetters of trouble!

To conclude: Leftist and Communist are not synonymous terms. The Communists do not play the game, or play it according to rules which are subject to alteration, amendment and abolition without notice. So you do not know what they would do in any given situation. Their attitude to violence is a case in point. They have a cultivated callousness to human suffering and death in the mass which is appalling. And it is they (next to the communalists) who are responsible for imposing Rightist trends on Government policies by their underground or below-board activities. If you will permit me, I shall develop these issues in one or two more articles.

ATRI.

[Coming from a "regular reader", ATRI'S article reveals a strange misconception of the views of SWATANTRA regarding Indian Communists. Though we certainly do not agree with the writer that "Even Fascist organisations like the R. S. S., the Razakars, the Dravida Black-shirts seem white-robed angels in contrast to Communist

rank and file", on more than one occasion in editorial comment we have criticized the Communists on much the same grounds as those enumerated by 'ATRI'—their sudden shifts of policy in response to the purposes of Moscow, their intolerant suppression of views other than their own, their practice of violent methods, etc. We only plead for fair treatment of the Communists, as of all other citizens, through judicial processes. Imprisonment without trial, suppression of newspapers by executive fiat and other repressive measures are manifestations of the very spirit of undemocratic intolerance which we and fellow-liberals like 'ATRI' condemn in the Communists. Such methods do not automatically acquire virtue when they are employed against the Communists.—Ed. S.]

For Extra Nutrition!



CHICKEN ESSENCE

(HIGHLY CONCENTRATED)

Prepared from selected healthy chicken meat in a special hygienic process. Indicated in all cases of exhaustion, fevers, pneumonia and convalescence.

ASK FOR DETAILED LITERATURES

The Andhra Pharmaceutical Works Ltd.
Bezwada

Madras Stockists:—

Messrs. KOLVENS,
4, Stringers Street, G.T., MADRAS.
Also available at all good stores.

THE SUNLIT UPLAND

by N. S. R.

THERE is a superb passage in that little-read book of Kinglake, "Eothen", which describes how the Genius of the Desert comes stalking in and resumes possession as soon as the traveller folds up his tent. The glorious rhythm of that sentence never fails to stir in one's mind as one watches a cricket ground in these benighted months. From July to February that area resounded to jolly cries and groaned under the weight of frantic fieldsmen and eager batsmen hasting across it. Yet the ground now wears an insolent calm, for all the world as if the frenzy of an entire season had not been. This superciliousness is unbearable to the cricketer, who chafes in spirit that the day should soon arrive when he can again bend to his will the haughty tract. It is inconceivable to him that anything but cricket should ever be transacted on any plot of ground. What is it to him that Sir John Boyd Orr should deliver himself daily of a jeremiad, or that the F. A. O. should adopt frantic resolutions?

The extent of the cricketer's attachment, even veneration, to the ground on which his club plays has been under-estimated. In truth, it is his Jerusalem, of which it was said in a memorable sentence, "If I forget thee, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth." It is only an act of piety. For months yearly, one has grown along with it, watched its dust, brown of late summer, turn to the hesitant green of autumn, to the glorious verdant of winter, and finally to the first fatal flush which betokens the return of cruel summer.

One has known it in all its myriad moods. How somnolent it looks at dawn as if it had not yet got up from bed! The patch of sunlight, which slyly creeps into the field, soon races along it with a swiftness and an inexorableness which must give pause to the on-

looker in its philosophical implications. "When noon lies heavy on flower and tree," the ground looks oppressed. It has the appearance of a martyr, about to be led to execution. It is a paradox that all grounds look least inviting just when the matches are commencing. But the discerning cricketer knows better than to be repelled by the passing phase. He is content to wait until after lunch-time, when the first delicate pastel of evening blends in the landscape. One has missed many a catch in the outfield for watching the beneficence of evening slowly, almost one blade of grass by another, eliminate the harshness of noon until by early evening the ground is a benediction of green and gold. The justification of cricket arrives, not when one compiles a century or secures a hat trick, but when one stands under a tree at square-leg, watching the falling leaves whirling to the ground in a flood of sunlight. If the fieldsmen be fortunate enough to have read Old English, he will, as he observes the leaves dancing from the darkness of the bough to the brown of the ground across a shaft of sunlight, recall Bede's parable of the sparrow.

But, it is during twilight that the ground becomes instinct with literature. As the gathering darkness extinguishes the far sunlight, when the globe appears poised on the verge of incalculable things, one remembers one's 'Paradise Lost':

*"Now came still Evening on,
and Twilight grey*

*Had in her robes all things
clad:*

Silence accompanied."

For the players are all departed, the wickets have been drawn, the mat has been rolled; only the memory of a few hours of innocent striving broods over the ground, as it relapses into passivity. Soon darkness gains its own, and the field disappears from view for six mortal days. Yet one dreams of it at nights.



BOOKS & AUTHORS



Of Yanks And Others. By A. D. Mani. (The "Hitavada" Publications Division, Nagpur. Price, Rs. 4).

The temptation to perpetuate in the form of a book occasional articles on the subjects of the passing day is one which occurs to almost every writer. Succumbing to it has not always added either to the lustre of literature or the instruction of mankind. Mr. Mani's collection, however, is an agreeable exception to the normal rule. Though some of his subjects, notably Palestine, have advanced far beyond his conclusions, there is much value even now in his views of men and conditions in Britain and the United States.

The outcome of a tour of these two countries in the autumn of 1947, the book takes, it would seem, an unduly pessimistic view of Britain's future. The author's opinion is contradicted by the recent confident declaration of Mr. Bevin that he could see "the light at the end of the tunnel." However that may be, the author is scrupulously fair in his estimate. He has nothing but admiration for the Briton's cheerfulness in adversity and his civic consciousness.

An encounter with a suspicious customs official is not conducive to cheerfulness. But Mr. Mani's unfortunate experience at the La Guardia airfield was soon forgotten in the splendour of the new world. The paradox of that astounding country Mr. Mani observed to be acute: on the one hand, the Waldorf Astoria where the Indian delegation to the United Nations paid four hundred dollars for the hotel's orchestra to play India's national anthem, and on the other the squalor and the misery of the Negro race. It was perhaps only natural that he should feel that he preferred to that whirling madness the East "with its poverty and contentment."

Of only slightly less interest are the papers, vividly written and knowledgeably produced, on the problems that are vexing the post-war world. It is ironic that none of these has so much as moved towards solution since Mr. Mani wrote. It will be counted to the credit of the author that he has refrained from dazzling the reader with the paradoxes so beloved of the traveller. Instead, the reader will find a

balanced and human narration, and a careful and documented political account. There can be little doubt that the book is in the best traditions of Indian journalism.

It is much to be wished that the publishers had not given cause for offence to the blue blood of Boston by mis-spelling on the cover the name of their respectable city.

The King-Emperor's English. By Mulk Raj Anand (Published by Hind Kitabs Ltd., 261-263, Hornby Road, Bombay. Price Re. 1.)

The author believes that "any new way of life that we might evolve will have to be a synthesis of Asiatic and European values rather than a purely Indian way of life based on the India of the fourth century, or a way of life borrowed ready-made from the Americans." In order to achieve this synthesis, he pleads that we should free ourselves from the chauvinism which would have the English language quit India along with the British rulers. The days of the enforced learning of Babu English—or 'The King-Emperor's English' as Anand calls it—are gone, and we are free now to treat with the English language on honourable terms, learning it both for the intrinsic value of its literature and for its use as a language of international communication. The author would go further and suggest that other world languages should also be widely studied by us and their classics translated directly into the Indian languages.

The convocation address delivered by Maulana Abul Kalam Azad at the Patna University last December is reprinted as an 'Afterword' to Anand's booklet.

TELUGU

Tyagaraja Kirtanalu. With a Commentary in Telugu by Sri Kalluri Veerabhadra Sastri. Edited by Sri Vissa Appa Rao and published by the Andhra Gana Kala Parishat, Rajahmundry. Pp. 754. (Copies available from the Publishers or from the Editor, 1/13, Sriipuram 1st Street, Madras 14).

The increasing interest evinced by the public in Tyagaraja lore has created a demand for editions of the

saint's life and works and the recent centenary provided a stimulus to several institutions engaged in the development of music to focus their attention on this master-composer of Carnatic music. Although the rich musical heritage he left behind was carefully preserved and handed down to posterity by his Tamilian disciples, they were at a disadvantage in interpreting to the world Tyagaraja, the Telugu poet. For, Tyagaraja occupies a unique place in Telugu literature as a poet and composer of operas and in style, he closely follows the mellifluous variety used by an illustrious predecessor, Potana. And, as H. H. Sri Sankaracharya Swami of Kamakoti Peetam has observed in his Srimukham, Tyagaraja did not confine himself solely to philosophical and devotional themes but turned his illuminating mind on the social, moral and political spheres also as is evident from kritis like "Kasichchede" and "Karubaru". The interpretation of the works of such a many-sided genius required, as the Editor has remarked, the services of a profound scholar in Telugu and Sanskrit, well-versed in the Upanishads, the Gita and the Ramayana to which numerous references exist in the kritis.

The Andhra Gana Kala Parishat, which is the musical branch of the Sri Gautami Vidya Peetam of Rajahmundry, ought to be congratulated on their securing the services of Sri Kalluri Veerabhadra Sastri to undertake the formidable task of writing a complete Telugu Commentary on 662 of the saint's kritis. Possessing all the requisite qualifications for this exacting work, Sri Sastri has approached his subject with the reverence it deserves and has exhibited great insight into the spirit or "bhava" behind the songs. He wields a facile pen and the commentary in many places, particularly the portion relating to the Pancha Ratna Kritis, is brilliant. His style is a happy compromise between the ornate style of the pandit and modern Telugu prose.

The book opens with a Srimukham from Sri Sankaracharya of Kamakoti Peetam in which His Holiness has drawn pointed attention to the versatility of Tyagaraja's genius. Discussing the philosophical leanings of the poet, he remarks that the answer to the several questions put by him in the kriti "Dwaitamu Sukhama" is contained in the kriti "E Dari Sancharintura" which, in substance, is based on the sloka "Dehabuddhya tu dasoham" of Sankara. In his commentary on the latter kriti, the commentator has rightly stressed the fact that Tyagaraja was

essentially a Bhagavata and his religion was that of self-surrender to God.

With the exception of the Pancha-ratna group and the Utsava Sampradaya Kirtanas, the kritis have been commented upon in the alphabetical order. The reviewer is unable to commend this arrangement. It is well-known that the kritis of Tyagaraja can be divided into six broad categories, Vishnu Kirtanas, Siva Kirtanas, Divya Nama Sankirtana, Utsava Sampradaya Kirtanas and the two operas, Prahlada Bhakti Vijayam and Nowka Charitram and a commentary written in this order would have made the task of both the commentator and the reader easier.

Every endeavour has been made to give the reader all available information about Tyagaraja. Besides a detailed biography of the saint, based, however, on the popular version, an interesting appreciation of his manifold achievements as a musical composer, poet and opera-writer has been added by the learned commentator. More than ten unpublished kritis of the poet have been included but it is not known why popular ones like "Vanaja Nayana" in Kedara Gaula have been omitted. Different readings of each kriti have also been shown as foot-notes but the readings chosen by the commentator in certain kritis are not the best. For example, in the last charana of the kriti "Vinayakuni Valenu", the reading "Tyagarajuni hrdaya saroja vasini—murari sodari" is the most acceptable from the point of view of both meaning and 'prasa'.

The book is profusely illustrated with paintings and photographs showing the saint's birth-place, the shrines and deities visited by him, the idol worshipped by him, the manuscript Bhagavatam used by him for parayana, his samadhi, etc. The picture depicting the song "Hari dasulu vedele" is captivating. An interesting map showing places connected with Tyagaraja has also been added but it is not known why Sholinghur has been left out. The printing and get-up of the volume are excellent and the book is moderately priced.

The message sent by H. H. Sri Sankaracharya to the Editor through Sri Veerabhadra Sastri that a Tamil edition of this publication should be brought out at an early date will be endorsed by every Tamilian interested in Tyagaraja's kritis. The Editor in his preface has observed that the necessary arrangements are in hand and it is hoped that the book will soon be in the hands of the public.—T.S.P.

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.

Communists and Hyderabad

On May 7 the Communists in Hyderabad were reported to have joined hands with the Nizam overnight giving up their right for the establishment of a democratic form of Government. This was subsequently denied by the Hyderabad Communist Party and the "Bombay Chronicle" which first iron-paged this alignment had to admit afterwards that its headline was not justified and had arisen out of a wrong impression created by an inspired A.P.I. message. The "Free Press Journal" which was also guilty of the same indiscretion had to admit its error in the same apologetic tones.

It was therefore heartening to note that the Communists in Telangana had not after all betrayed the freedom struggle even though they have been cold-shouldered by those in authority everywhere. But in a statement issued from New Delhi on May 23 Professor N. G. Ranga speaks of the fears of the local population at the hands of "Razakars and Communists who have since May 5 begun to combine in oppressing the people."

I would therefore request you to state through your columns in unambiguous terms whether the Communists in spite of their outward professions are actually in the enemy's camp or whether Mr. Ranga got himself entangled like the proverbial fly in the dexterously woven web of malicious propaganda.

Is it not a fact that in spite of all our armed might we need have someone with guts inside Hyderabad to prevent complete annihilation of all the progressive forces by the servile courtiers round King Canute's throne before victory is ours?

"THE COMMON MAN".

New Delhi.

A Close Parallel

From the statement of Arab leaders it is now clear why the Arab States around Palestine are fighting against the Jews in that country. Putting an end of Zionist terrorism for the sake of peace and order in the Arab territories; destruction of the new born Jewish State as an independent and separate entity, in order to safeguard the integrity and security of the Arab world against possible interference or aggression by foreign powers; and the estab-

lishment of Arab majority rule all over Palestine with equal citizenship rights to the Jewish minority are stated to be their aims. It may be pointed out in this connection that it is essentially for similar objectives that the Indian Union is urging Hyderabad to accede to it and set up a democratic regime guaranteeing equal treatment to all subjects—lest otherwise, the State, left to itself, might steadily deteriorate, as it had already done to a certain extent, into a breeding-ground of communal tyranny and foreign political intrigue, undoubtedly to the detriment of the Indian territory surrounding it. The parallel between the geographical and political factors in the case of Palestine and India (Hyderabad) is too close to be missed.

People in India and elsewhere who clamour for support to the Arab cause should not, in fairness, fail to show the same enthusiasm in respect of the cause of Indian progress.

O. S. N. MURTY.

Guntur.

Corrupt Officials And Selfish Congressmen

Congress leaders and M.L.A's in our province have started sending "S.O.S." appeals to the Ministers to send police forces to protect them when they go to villages. These facts go to show that they are hated by the people. What a pity! They can't go to the villages to preach the gospel of non-violence without police protection.

If Congress Governments wish to follow the footsteps of the British bureaucracy by using a section of the people as tools and calling others who question the correctness of their political and economic policies, as unpatriotic rebels, they will land the country soon into chaos and anarchy. They must change their present attitude and take steps to clear the moral and intellectual confusion created by their wrong approach to the problems of the day.

It has become a habit with Congressmen to ask others to be honest and selfless. Yet the craving for securing ample reward for supposed sacrifices undergone by them in the past is deep rooted in them. Sri Konda Venkatappayya said that Congressmen as a rule have become "unprincipled and selfish." The publication of his letter has helped people who struggle to keep true to

the spirit of non-violence and have been fighting against the wrong turn in Congress leadership since 1942. I hold that it is dangerous to allow Congressmen to exploit the accumulated power and influence of the Congress organisation. If the support of corrupt officials and selfish Congressmen is relied on to rule the people, then, our country would tread the path of China.

C. V. RAJAGOPALACHARI.

Liberate The Congress

"Give the cur a bad name and then hang it"—This is the most popular policy that our Congress Governments have been pursuing in all spheres of administration. With Gandhiji's death the Congress has commenced Fascist rule in the name of Democracy. A national organisation like Congress which wants to own power permanently cannot sleep quietly without trying to crush the other political organisations one after another till it is completely freed from fear of opposition. And now the Congress Governments are taking coercive action against Communists not because any new crime is committed by them but simply because of their anxiety to get rid of these elements of opposition as early as possible. Banning various political organisations, jailing thousands of patriots and denying freedom of speech, thought, ideals and political convictions to the people are not the things expected to be done by the national, democratic and people's Governments. The Congress Party may think that Communism is a menace to the country. But Communism cannot be annihilated by merely banning the Communist Party and jailing its leaders and followers without trial. Every political organisation which wants to flourish must have some followers and followers are only masses of people. The people are the very foundation of every party. If the Congress wants to root out Communism from this land it must propagate the evils of Communism and convince people. When the people are so educated as to realise the evils of Communism, Communism will die automatically. Mere anti-Communist propaganda alone cannot produce the required effect. People must be thoroughly satisfied with the administration of the Congress and if such satisfaction is universally felt by the people, no other political organisation can flourish in this land. For this result to be secured, the Congress must be purified immediately. The Congress must be liberated from the hands of communalists, self-seekers and power-mongers.

Amalapuram. M. R. KRISHNA.

Co-operative House Building Societies

The Government of Madras has been financing the building co-operative societies for solving the housing problem in the presidency. A large portion of the cost is borne by the Government initially; to be cleared by instalments during the course of twenty years. The spirit of the Governmental aid seems to be to stimulate such of the people to construct houses, who, without the said aid, cannot build them. But it could never have been the intention of the Government to help the monied by allowing them to run the building co-operative societies.

But so far as the Kovvur building co-operative society is concerned, this is what is happening. The society divides its members into three water tight compartments, namely, A, B, and C. Each class of houses is distinctly separated from the rest. 'A' class houses are estimated to cost about Rs. 15,000 each and are meant for leading lawyers, big landlords, etc. 'B' class houses cost about Rs. 10,000 each and they are expected to provide all the comforts of the upper middle class. The 'C' class house is valued at about Rs. 5,000 out of which Rs. 1,200 has to be deposited initially.

The figures show how far the Government aid benefits the really needy worker who contributes a major portion

of the Government revenues. The Government must open their eyes to facts and see whether such building co-operative societies aid the class that needs succour. All the tall talk about a classless society is rendered nonsensical if the richer classes alone are helped in this manner.

G. MALLIKARJUNA RAO.

Kovvur.

Temple Inams

I am glad to note that the present Ministry is reconsidering the mandate of the Congress Legislature Party to include temple inams in the proposed zemindari legislation. South Indian culture is preserved intact because the temples have been its repositories. In the whole of India there is no institution that can stand comparison with the temples of Tamilnad. If South Indian temples perish, then South Indian culture will perish.

Hence it is the duty of the electorate and the legislature to preserve this sacred institution and if there are any irregularities we should mend them instead of ending the institution itself. Every member of the legislature should ponder over this aspect of the temples and then cast his vote.

It is our sacred duty to preserve the institution which has preserved our culture, music, dance, architecture and painting.

G. C. PATTABIRAM.

Rayalaseema

Rayalaseema is not so backward as is commonly described. In raw materials, Rayalaseema is one of the most favoured regions in the country. Of minerals, she can really offer a list that sounds like a chapter out of the Book of Revelations. The mica of Nellore, the white clay of Rajampet, the famous slabs of Cuddapah at Yerraguntla, the manganese of Sandur and the red oxide of Papinayakanahalli are all in this list. Bethamcherla of Kurnool district is a centre of ceramic concentration. The crops of Rayalaseema include paddy, ragi, jonna, sugarcane, cotton, groundnut, castor, turmeric and chillies.

Kodur can well be India's California very soon, with the able help of Mr. K. C. Naik, the fruit specialist with the Government of Madras. The melons of Sidhout are famous and the variety is under cultivation under the Pennar of Cuddapah and the Thungabhadra of Kurnool. In the matter of vegetables, Chittoor easily leads with her Bommasamudram brinjals. The jasmine of Kadiri flood the Flower Bazaar at Madras.

Rayalaseema does not lack facilities for manufactures. Electricity will be very soon her own when the present great thermal station at Nellore starts to generate.

The sugar factory at Hospet is already crushing 600 tons of sugarcane per diem. Textile mills, glass factories and vanaspati manufacturing concerns are being floated in these districts.

If every Rayalaseemite conscientiously strives to make the best use of his industrial and economic opportunities, very soon he will be able to wash himself with Rayalaseema soap, dry himself with Rayalaseema towels, clothe himself with Rayalaseema silks, eat abundant Rayalaseema food, drink Rayalaseema fruit squashes with Rayalaseema sugar, build his home with Rayalaseema timber and furnish his house with Rayalaseema furniture.

A. K. SHANMUGHASUNDARAM.
Cuddapah.

Eastern States Union

The States-policy of the Government of India is to form unions of those States that can stand together, establish popular governments in the major States and to settle the problems of merger, accession etc., in accordance with the wishes of the people. This policy has been followed in almost all the States except those of the Eastern States Agency. Without giving an opportunity to people to express their opinion, Sardar Patel has decreed that the Orissa and the Chattisghud States shall merge with the neighbouring provinces of Orissa and Bihar.

The Eastern States cover an area of 60,000 square miles and have a population of more than 80 lakhs. Of these, the Orissa group consists of 29,000 square miles with a population of 52 lakhs. These States are bigger in area and population than the other recently formed unions.

The bulk of the population of these States consists of aboriginals, and it will be hard on them if they are suddenly asked to adjust themselves to the new administrative system. Being very backward, their problems need special understanding and treatment; consequently, a separate administration for them under the aegis of the Eastern States Union will be more suitable.

If the Government of India really want to follow a common policy for all the States in India, it is expedient that the Eastern States be formed into an autonomous union, as demanded by the rulers and the people alike.

C. VAMANAMURTI,
President, Orissa Estate Employees' Union.
Berhampore (Ganjam).

THE ANDHRA BANK, LIMITED

Estd: 1923

Head Office: MASULIPATAM

Paid-up Capital & Reserves Rs. 33,45,220

Total Working Funds Exceed
Rs. FIVE CRORES

MADRAS BRANCH SECUNDERABAD

378, Esplanade

BRANCH

Mehata Mahal

James Street

Branches & Sub-offices all over the
Northern Circars.

All kinds of Banking Business
transacted.

For Particulars:

Please apply to any office of the Bank.

K VARNASY,

M.A., B.Com., LL.B., C.A.I.I.B.,
GENERAL MANAGER.

Economic Advisers For Districts

The villagers have been badly hit by Great War No. II and rural indebtedness continues to be on the increase.

Now that an economic adviser to our provincial Government is appointed, it is advisable that in every district also an economic adviser is appointed vested with the power to look after the economic welfare of the district. It is enough if a deputy collector with necessary qualifications and experience is recruited. He may be designated as the district economic adviser. A district economic council should be set up with the professors and lecturers in economics of the colleges in the respective districts as honorary members of the council. A leading lawyer of the place too should be nominated as a member of the council and naturally the district economic adviser should be the ex-officio president of the council.

T. N. CHELLAPPA

Thiruchirappalli.

Dr. Ambedkar's Amendment

Dr. B. R. Ambedkar, the Law Minister and chairman of the constitution-making sub-committee, is reported to have proposed an amendment to the preamble of the draft constitution of free India, to substitute the phrase "sovereign independent State" for the phrase "sovereign independent Republic". His main reason for proposing this amendment was that the word "Republic" would mean immediate and automatic severance from the British Commonwealth of Nations. To avoid this, he has chosen the neutral word "State" on the Irish model. One is amazed at this curious proposition. The people of India have had enough of the imperialist rule of Britain for the last 150 years and are eager to be completely independent of the British. It is surprising that Dr. Ambedkar should have ignored the historic Objectives Resolution moved by Pandit Nehru and unanimously accepted by the Constituent Assembly. Dr. Ambedkar should have advanced his amendment then and there.

S. V. SURYANARAYANA.

Vizianagram.

"Forgotten"

We have won our national freedom and the Congress is in power in the Provinces as well as in the Centre. But they have forgotten to take action against the Government officials who committed excesses against the Congress people during the 1942 struggle. If the Government take action against these officials, then only will the heart of officialdom change.

"PATRIOT".

"Too Much Of Frankness"

In the Letters Section of your weekly some have criticised the stand of the journal in rather a tempestuous tone. The highest standard of journalism is safe in your hands. Too much of frankness is not propitious now as the minds of readers are not well matured to infer the reality. See "The Hindu" which you often admire. Its views are moderate unlike most other dailies. Please therefore feel the pulse of the people and wield your facile pen accordingly.

A. K. RANGANATHAN.

"Pained at Heart"

In an article in "Swatantra" dated 22nd May 1948 entitled "C. R. in the Saddle," Mr. Pothan Joseph rightly admired the versatility of Rajaji. At the same time it is stated in the article that Rajen Babu is devoid of personality for the office. Such opinions should not be expressed, as the admirers of the unostentatious Congress President would be pained at heart thereby.

P. M. D.

Bangalore.

Abolish Political Parties

Besides communalism and provincialism, the party system is also breaking up the country's unity and peace. The party system adopted from western democracies converts free citizens into voting animals and kills the individual freedom which is the essence of genuine democracy. It is alien to Indian culture and tradition.

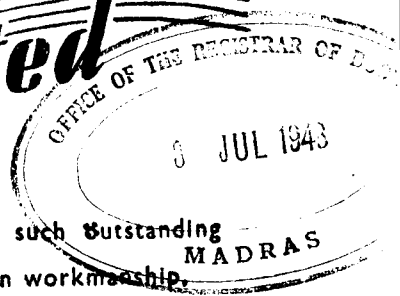
We must aim at a Swadeshi type of democracy in which there shall be no regimented parliamentary parties and no artificial Opposition, and in which every proposition shall be freely debated and decided by a clear majority of free votes, not by the command of a party leader with a Whip.

Political parties vitiate the elections with passionate appeals and organised pressure. Voters are prevented from voting according to their conscience. Worthless candidates win and better ones are defeated. We have seen voters being induced to vote for unknown and incompetent candidates, in preference to abler ones, because the party propaganda shouted that the vote was for the Congress and not for the candidates. How can this perverted system bring the best men or women into the Assembly?

Therefore, the parliamentary party system must be abolished.

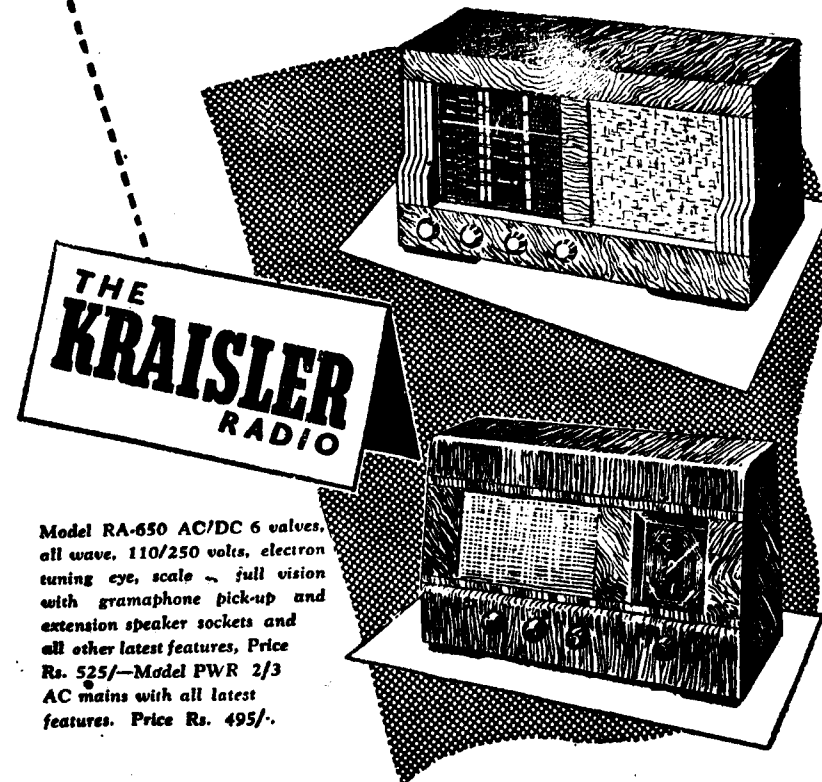
P. A. SANKARA SASTRI.

Music Superbly Interpreted



Never before have Radios of such outstanding quality, true-to-life tone, precision workmanship,

custom-built by British craftsmen and fully tropicalized, been offered at such low prices as Kraisler British made Radios.



Model RA-650 AC/DC 6 valves, all wave, 110/250 volts, electron tuning eye, scale - full vision with gramophone pick-up and extension speaker sockets and all other latest features, Price Rs. 525/- Model PWR 2/3 AC mains with all latest features. Price Rs. 495/-.

Enquiries at local dealers or sole Importers:

GREAT EASTERN COMMERCIAL CORP. LTD., ALLAHABAD.

Branches: BOMBAY • DELHI • LUCKNOW

ADARTS GE 493 A

THE MYSORE CHEMICALS & FERTILISERS, LTD.

WORKS :

BELAGULA (Mysore State Railway)
On the way to "BRINDAVAN GARDENS," Krishnarajasagar
Telephone No. 435.

REGISTERED OFFICE :

1129, Vani Vilas Road, Mysore
Telegrams: "CHEMI" Mysore. Telephone: No. 243

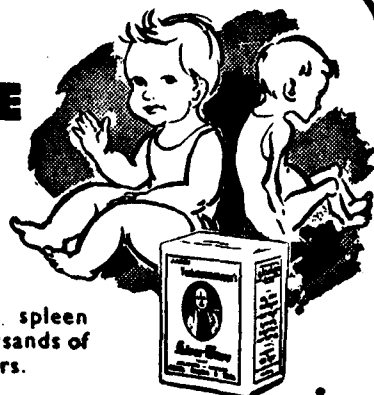
MANUFACTURERS OF :

Sulphuric Acid	}	for CHEMICAL INDUSTRY
Hydrochloric Acid		
Nitric Acid		
Chlorosulphonic Acid		
Liquid Anhydrous Ammonia	}	for REFRIGERATION PHARMACEUTICAL & CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES
Liquor Ammonia, Forte and Ammonia Compounds.		
Sulphate of Ammonia		
Mixed Fertilisers	}	for AGRICULTURAL PURPOSES
Super Phosphate		

Jammi's LIVER CURE

TAKES THE DREAD OUT
OF CHILDREN'S LIVER
COMPLAINTS

Unless it is too late, Jammi's
Liver Cure is the one infallible
remedy for enlarged liver and spleen
in children, as proved by thousands of
successful cures in the past years.



Jammi Venkataramanayya & Sons

Mylapore, Madras Sandhurst Rd., Bombay 4. Harrison Road,
(Phone No. 8139) (Phone No. 41593) Calcutta
Also at: Lucknow, Bangalore, Trichinopoly, etc.

SWATANTRA

VOL. III. No. 20.

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1948.

CONTENTS

PAGE

Cover Page—His Excellency Shri C. Rajagopalachariar	
Editorial Comments	5
Sotto Voce—By Vighneswara	8
Sidelights—By Saka	10
From The Gallery—By Ground- ling	12
Araku Valley Township—By Mr. & Mrs. P. Kodanda Rao	14
Soil And Water Conservation In India—By P. V. C. Rao	15
The Spice Islands Come Of Age —By Andrew Roth	17
Peep Into Pakistan—By A Spe- cial Correspondent	21
Way Out of Communal Hatreds —By Tenneti Viswanatham, M.L.A.	24
The Only Way (short story)— By S. Anantram	27
Nagging Wives Of The Great— By Ananth Rao Kanangi	31
Potatoes And Utopias—By K. Raghavachari	32
Azad Qalam—By K. A. Abbas	33
Farewells At Karachi—By C. H. V. Pathy	37
A Tinkering Reform—By C. K. Chowdary	39
Offices And Salaries—By K. G. Mashruwala	41
Books And Authors	43
Letters To The Editor	45

Announcing

THE INAUGURATION OF TELUGU SWATANTRA

A Progressive Socio-Political Weekly

★

Editor :

KHASA SUBBA RAU

★

Size: Royal 8vo

Number of Pages: 48

Column Depth: 8"

Width: 2.2"

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY

★

Will Be Published

From JULY

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION :

Rs. 12

SINGLE COPY: As. 4

★

For Further Particulars please apply to

The Manager

'TELUGU SWATANTRA'

156, Lloyds Road, Madras, 14.



Lord Mountbatten bids Au Revoir to Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru and H.E. Shri C. Rajagopalachariar at Palam aerodrome just before his departure.

SWATANTRA

VOL. III
No. 20

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1948

ISSUED
WEEKLY

NEHRU'S DILEMMA

THE net outcome of the failure of the talks with the Hyderabad delegation is the emergence of a policy of applying economic pressure to compel a less recalcitrant attitude from the State. In certain situations economic pressure can be as powerful as military action. If the region against which it is applied is dependent for its essential needs on the power applying it, it tends to be far more frightful in its consequences than even the horrors of war. Wars cannot be fought without hatred. In the last world war the propaganda machines of the Allies specialised in picturing the people ranged on the other side as monsters entitled to no human pity. The British, the French and the Americans had to be first dehumanised as against the Germans, in order to be roused to enthusiasm for inflicting the maximum possible amount of hardship, suffering and misery on the latter. A similar psychological attitude is out of the question in the case of India's quarrel with Hyderabad. The whole basis of the Indian contention is identity of interests between India and Hyderabad. It is claimed that the two are so united by common interests that administrative isolation between them is impossible. To treat the people of Hyderabad, as the Allies did the Germans, as a hostile element beyond the pale of human considera-

tion, would knock the bottom out of the entire argument on which the Indian case rests. This is Pandit Nehru's dilemma. It does not seem to be well appreciated by Socialists and others who have been clamouring for sterner measures against the Nizam and the Razakars. On whom would fall the main brunt of such measures? Not on the Nizam and the Razakars to start with, but on the already sorely harassed victims of their misgovernment, the common people of the State. There seems no way of reaching the Nizam and the Razakars without involving the people of the State in immense suffering. In an economic boycott, the worst sufferers would be precisely those for whose welfare the leaders of the Indian Union have been avowing great concern.

The Governments of India and Hyderabad are so unequally matched that in the event of a military conflict there can be no two opinions as to which side would win. Lord Mountbatten never made any secret of his ability, if called upon, to inflict a crushing military defeat on the State in a jiffy. The combined forces of the Nizam and Kasim Razvi would be no match against the armies which the Indian Union is capable of putting into action when it is realised that a military decision is the only way left for a

settlement of the Hyderabad issue. This is so obvious that it is unthinkable that the Nizam and Razvi don't know it. What, then, is the motive power behind their bravado? Partly, it might be that other powers in the world who are reluctant to see a strong India rise up, have made of Hyderabad a nest for their intrigues, and the continual defiance of the Nizam against India and his ridiculous assumptions of a status of sovereign equality might have been due to foreign encouragement. But in the main Razvi's sabre-rattling and the Nizam's stiffness reduce themselves to a technique of diabolical blackmail. They have it in their power before they are subdued to inflict appalling devastation on a vast section of the State people desirous of accession with the Union, and they are making the most of it at the moment. Whether all this is merely bluster or a prelude to organized genocide, only time will show. There is no escape for the leaders of the Indian Union from the responsibility for provoking an even more gruesome reign of terror in the State than now prevails, in the event of their deciding on military action, in the interregnum however brief before suppression of its ringleaders. But they can abridge its tenure by avoidance of indecisiveness. A policy conducive to swift victory will alone reduce the inevitable distress of the people concerned to the lowest possible minimum. Economic sanctions that take a long-time to make themselves felt will hurt the friends of the Union far more than its foes, and the policy underlying them is unsuited to the urgency of the situation. The Government of India should pack into the briefest compass of time the greatest concentration of striking power it is capable of for the quickest results in order to reduce to the lowest dimensions the scale of unavoidable ruin and suffering bound up with the situation as it has dev-

eloped. To prolong the agony is to increase it.

Three Defects

THE educational policy of the Madras Government as expounded by the Minister for Education during the past week is defective on three counts and should be suitably rectified forthwith. The arrangement by which Hindustani is to be optional in secondary schools in the Tamil districts and compulsory in other areas has no parallel in any other composite province. The Minister's explanation of this anomaly in Madras can only be characterised as an insult to the public intelligence. We are told that because of the introduction of the optional provision, certain persons who had distinguished themselves as opponents of Hindustani had modified their original attitude and adopted a more conciliatory one. The argument of the Minister is a revealing example of administrative inanity. It amounts to an invitation to troublesome elements to make a nuisance of themselves in order to get their demands accepted by the authorities. Such a tip as this could not have emanated in the absence of sympathy. Evidences of the sympathy of some of the Ministers for the Dravidastan movement opposed to Hindi and pledged to secession from the Union constitute a very disquieting feature of the present administrative set-up of the province, and it is not one that the Central authorities can afford to ignore and sleep over.

Secondly, the Government's measures for the development of the regional language have been conceived in a spirit of irritating illiberality. In bilingual areas there has been a progressive decline in the scale of facilities open to minorities for education of their children in their own mother-tongue. In Madras City, for

example, the elimination of opportunity for Telugu pupils to study Telugu in schools would seem to have become a matter of regular administrative planning. It is undeniable that several schools that had till recently made provision for study of Telugu feel no longer called upon to do so. In the face of protests, the Government have thought fit to appoint a committee of enquiry. A committee is needed for collecting material not within the comprehension of departmental authorities. It is a superfluity in the present instance, since the department is expected to know all that the committee is called upon to find, and by a mere reference to the departmental head, the Minister can at once know the facts without having to wait for any committee to enlighten him. The ostentatious appointment of superfluous committees of this character that can serve no useful purpose is part of a discreditable technique for avoiding quick decisions and gaining time when indefensible official actions are publicly objected to. The whole attitude of the Education Minister in this matter has been one of deplorable discrimination to the hurt of minority elements exposed to his jurisdiction. It is as if the ground is being prepared, in

anticipation of Andhra separation, for accentuated exclusiveness, scarcely compatible with common citizenship. Central educational authorities concerned for the preservation of inter-provincial harmony can ill afford to tolerate the emergence of inter-provincial barriers in the name of regional development.

The third and worst defect of the Madras Government's educational policy is the system it has devised for dealing with applicants seeking entry into colleges. The governing principle of this system, if it can be called a principle at all, is lack of a uniform standard applicable to all. It bristles with discriminations intended to favour some communities and penalise others. There can be no doubt that it runs counter to the pledge of equality of treatment to all citizens, irrespective of caste or sect, which leaders of the Central Government like Pandit Nehru have been lately making with increasing emphasis and frequency. It is intolerable that a national policy laid down for the whole country should be defied and sought to be defeated as it is being done in Madras by an Education Minister impervious to the constructive and non-communal content of the Congress outlook.



NOISELESS NEWSPAPER OFFICE

In strong contrast to the popular conception of a newspaper office as a noisy madhouse, here is a description from *The Press*, an excellent book on newspaper production, just published by the *Newspaper World* to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary.

"Although it is a scene of intense activity, there is no din. The typewriters are noiseless. Telephones are constantly in use, but no bells ring. A glowing light does the work of a strident bell.

"Messengers carry copy only a few yards from the tape-machine to the sub-editors, and from them to the suction tube which delivers the copy to the composing room. So a deceptive calm reigns in the news room."

The newspaper office described is that of the *Daily Herald*.

Sotto Voce

The King's Clothes



LORD Mountbatten, with that incomparable flair for making satire sound like praise, has congratulated Mr. Rajagopalachariar on his decision to occupy the Governor-General's palatial residence in New Delhi. It is necessary, he points out, to maintain the dignity of a great nation. And this might be gravely compromised if India's first indigenous Governor-General were to occupy humbler quarters—though the Commander-in-Chief's Lodge, which had been suggested as an alternative, might not seem particularly humble to the "unknown Indian" clad in loin cloth whose millennium has, credibly, arrived. If his lordship's *savoir faire* were not equal to his sense of humour he might have gone on to clinch the argument by reminding us that Stalin occupies the Kremlin and Il Duce used to live in the Quirinal.

Rajagopalachariar has indeed qualified for the big house in more ways than one. He has been, as Governor of West Bengal, in residence at Belvedere, that colossal copy of a magnificent proconsul's boyhood home. True, Belvedere is a thing of yesterday and Lord Curzon's Kedleston might not seem exactly a work of art to other than fond eyes. But Rajagopalachariar has in abundance that sympathetic imagination which can invest Lutyens' Folly with the glory of a second Parthenon. Has he not said that when the time came for him to lay down his high office he would be happy to think that he was the last of the line of Governors-General of whom the first was Warren Hastings?

Thus is Burke stripped of the last shreds of respectability. Let Mr. Churchill the historian take the tip. If he would apply himself to the pious task of whitewashing General Dyer's memory, now is the time. Indian patriots, whose souls are afire with generosity, may come to make allowances even for that redoubtable man of blood and iron; was not Dyer, according to his lights, safeguarding the heritage of Warren Hastings? We have now achieved freedom by protocol, but C. R. is racked by doubts whether Britain did not quit too soon. If he can help it, India will not make the same mistake by quitting the Empire in a hurry.

Our new Governor-General is famous for a copiousness of discourse which was never stumped for lack of a subject. And in the past few weeks he has found, in the his responsibilities of his office, a theme worthy of his eloquence. The fact that all the world, from the Carlton Club to the Qaid-e-Azam, has welcomed his appointment with marked unction seems to have inspired him with a relish for magnanimity which must be as pleasant as it is novel. The Governor-General, he has told us, must regard himself as the protector of the minorities. Who could better qualify for that description than the *burra sahebs* of Clive Street and the Sudeteners of Pakistan?

Constitutional pedants may contend that when in Britain the Royal prerogative has faded away no Indian Cabinet will allow a

Governor-General of its choice the pleasure of setting it right. But Rajagopalachariar can no more see these things than Charles I could see the case for the Roundheads. He should have been born to the purple; anyhow his soul is empurpled all right. You will remember that in Hans Andersen's fairy tale the King clad in nakedness and innocence was too kingly to notice the nakedness. It was the innocent eye of a child that saw and proclaimed the naked fact; but it was a different kind of innocence and Warren Hastings did not possess it, neither does Rajagopalachariar.

Indeed the last of the Governors-General (one hopes) reminds you of the first in many ways. While employed in conducting that little affair of the Begums of Oudh, Warren Hastings found the study of Sanskrit and Persian classics very refreshing; likewise C.R. braced himself with copious draughts from the Kural and the Upanishads for the unpleasant exigencies into which his famous formula led him. The founder of the British Empire was not insensible to the charm of

eyes, black as sloes, that flashed behind the purdah. C.R. as a puritan might not approve of such tastes but he can be justly proud of his own conquest, far more difficult, of the *Civilian* heart. Posterity's Homers in their halls will sing to the dulcet airs of *Tamil Isai*, of the taming of Brackenbury with a suit of Khadi.

Rajagopalachariar has been rather uncharitably accused of lack of charity. That may be mere malice on the part of troublesome ex-associates put in their places. For look at his splendid tribute to the late Raja of Chettinad. If a Srinivasa Sastri said that kind thing in the old days, Congressmen were justly contemptuous; what could you expect of Liberals but sycophancy? But with Congress in power and C.R. in the Governor-General's palace the world is O.K. and no mistake. All the same Warren Hastings' legatee might ponder the wisdom of Valmiki's tribute to Rama the *jitotsaha*. Exuberance ill becomes the hierophant of Marcus Aurelius.

VIGNESWARA.



SIDELIGHTS : :

Man! thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.—BYRON.

MR. JINNAH appointed himself Governor-General. Not so Rajaji. In Pakistan supreme power belongs to the Governor-General who towers above Cabinets and Ministers installing favourites and removing others at pleasure. In India it is the Prime Minister who wields most of the power. The Governor-Generalship is titular headship of State of an ornamental and not a dynamic character. On the holder of the office are enjoined reticence, non-intervention, abstinence from controversy; obligations which Rajaji may not find to his taste after the first relish of the glamour of the change is diluted by continuity. He is much too nimble-witted to remain content for long with the essential passivity of the Governor-General's lot in the midst of the seeming activity of its colourful festivities.

Rajaji's pattern of greatness has been cultivated on austerity. When he became Premier of Madras he took pride in publicising, as an example to all, his habits of simplicity and self-help. Photographs taken while he was washing his own clothes were then published in the papers. An assiduous and painstaking industry; continual exercise of the brain in intellectual pursuits and the solution of political problems; constant preoccupation with movements of social reform and subjects like prohibition and temple-entry; prodigious propaganda, through the platform and the press, for the promotion of public interest in some all-engrossing theme of the moment; an outlook on life permeated by rectitude, abstemiousness, non-acquisitiveness, and indifference to the profit motive,—these have been the distinguishing marks of Rajaji's eventful life of unrelenting toil and sensational controversies. In the case of the Mahatma the one act more illustrative of the grandeur of his character than any other was his assump-

tion of the loin cloth in symbolic identification with the privations of the country's half-naked poor. Through renunciation he found the key to unlimited wealth because it broke the boundaries of self and the distinction between what he owned and what belonged to others tended to diminish. Yet so many others who took him as a model in the path of sartorial sacrifice succeeded only in making comic figures of themselves. The Mahatma himself would have lost the splendid propriety of his eminence had he yielded to any attempt of admirers to give it an external form and deck it with imposing trappings. It would have put a limit on the unlimited. The saint would have been turned into a mountebank.

Rajaji is made for hard work. He is at his best as the central figure of a stormy controversy. When he stood embattled in unenviable loneliness as the guardian of a formula against which were pitted the derision of lifelong colleagues and the raging anger of insulting mobs that hurled at him contemptuous missiles of invective along with tar and rotten eggs, he reached perhaps the most sublime height of his whole career, for it brought him very near to breaking point, and all his faculties were put to the severest strain merely in order to survive and not go under. Subsequent events, conferring historical validity on his formula, have proved his gift of matchless prophetic insight. The horrors of the partition might have been avoided if, instead of the breathless stampede into it forced by Lord Mountbatten, there had been intelligent and timely acceptance of Rajaji's formula accompanied by careful planning to give effect to its essential points.

The plaudits that have greeted Rajaji's selection as Governor-General have been somewhat one-sided. They are relevant from the point of view of the post. It could not be better filled. But could not

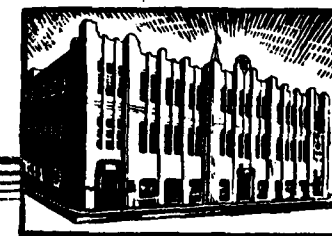
a better use be made of the man chosen to fill it? When Rajaji was taken out of the Central Cabinet and sent to Bengal, the honour conferred on him covered a blunder that should not have been committed in the national interest. For it removed him from practical participation in the administration and drove him to feats of ornamental exhibitionism for the ventilation of his talents without violation of the standards of detachment associated with the new office. A considerable proportion of Rajaji's capacities will have to be immobilised under the inhibitions that pass for constitutional propriety in the Governor-General.

He is not well suited for the sybarite traditions of Government House or its ways of luxury and lavish spending. Is it an ascent or a descent when a sanyasin becomes king? This riddle is enough to dishearten and put to flight the last vestiges of Gandhian outlook from Congress camps. In the present set-up of government at the Cen-

tre, the two rampant evils to be combated are corruption and communalism, and with Sardar Patel enfeebled by ill-health, Pandit Nehru seems to have no idea of how to proceed beyond helplessly wringing his hands and making speeches. He lacks the flair of the administrator for adjustment of means to ends. Innocent choice of misfits for important functions of State has already cost the country dear in the Nehru regime. A supplementary deputy to make up for the compulsory inaction through sickness of Sardar Patel is urgently called for, and of all politicians in the limelight Rajaji seems best fitted for the office. Rajaji has to repair a wrong or two which in weak moments he caused to happen to his native province, and the peace of South India hangs on how expeditiously such repair is brought about. But it is to be feared that the isolation and neutrality prescribed as appropriate for the Governor-General will act as a fetter on his initiative and abilities instead of releasing them for free and vigorous employment in the public interest.—SAKA.

(ESTD:

1907)



Branches and Sub-Offices in all the important places in the Madras Presidency and in Bombay.

Issued & Subscribed Capital	Rs. 72,00,000
Paid-up Capital	„ 53,00,000
Reserve Fund	„ 62,00,000

ALL KINDS OF BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED

N. GOPALA IYER.
Secretary.

THE INDIAN BANK LTD.,
HEAD OFFICE.. INDIAN BANK BUILDINGS,
NORTH BEACH ROAD.. MADRAS.



"A chield's amang you taking notes
And faith he'll prent it."

I SNATCHED a week's holiday in hopes of enjoying it; but an overwhelming sense of truancy seized me, only to make a toil of a pleasure. I do not know what my readers think of my effusions; but to myself the regular delivery of my hebdomedal quota of them is, I find, the condition of my continued mental health. If at any time, the esteemed editor should decide to give me notice to quit, I am afraid I shall find myself at a loose-end.

It is remarkable how tenaciously the Congress organisation is maintaining itself by perpetuating the status quo. Either an Amurath an Amurath succeeds or King Log is replaced by King Stork. All the P. C. C. Presidents have been re-elected without exception throughout the country. This is the clearest sign that the democratic principle in the Congress organisation is sickening to death; it would pave the way for a dictatorship which after some inevitable sparring with vested interests will eventually settle down into a rank reaction. That is at least the moral to be drawn from the continuance of the same gang in the saddle.

What is happening in the political field is also repeating itself in our so-called academic sphere. The Vice-Chancellorship of the Madras University has had to go almost begging; and but for the self-effacing devotion of the last incumbent coming forward most reluctantly to shoulder the burden of office for the third term in succession, the Uni-

versity might have had to go into voluntary liquidation. Such a disaster has been happily averted. In the old era when there was collaboration between the bureaucracy and its favourites, the office was a bait dangled before all communities but the Brahmin according to a system of rotation which proved that the master knew how to alternate kicks with kisses. Now in the new era of ochlocracy, there is no need to placate—either in form or in substance—any of the minority communities. Hence the remarkable result of a single nomination when the law lays down a panel of three as obligatory. I wonder, though, if the law would allow of a test case to decide the equity or propriety of this curious sample of electoral sharp practice. It is needless to disclaim any personal motive in discussing this issue; but that the most enlightened and (presumably) cultured electorate in the country should thus confess to a sort of mental vacuity or exhaustion is the most incisive condemnation of the Senate itself as now constituted. It is rather ironic that some people should enjoy power in perpetuity because they are alleged to be clever while some others should claim a like privilege for the precisely opposite reason, viz., that they are *not* clever! The man in the street whom both classes of adventurers affect to represent (but really exploit) is either way sped!

The reported spread of lawlessness in Malaya is a shrewd reminder of the fact that Gurkha troops are being stationed there. As we do

not know how much of the Malayan unrest is due to political factors, it is very likely that India and Indians might get a bad name as a result of the Gurkhas being used to put down the Malaysians for demanding a share in the government of their own country. It is a pity that we should have agreed to supply the empire in the Far East with a body-guard of our toughest troops. Some early opportunity must be seized to back out of this engagement.

When the American Civil War was raging, British commercial interests were most exercised over the prospects of their dwindling trade with the Southern colonies. The merits of the case hardly entered into imperial calculations. But £ Sh. D. reigned supreme; so it is to-day, to judge from the delicate and sensitive response of the British House of Commons to the reported break-down of negotiations between the Indian Union and a legendary person called the Nizam of Hyderabad. There was not a word of regret or concern expressed at the medieval anachronisms that are sought to be perpetuated there. It is as if the M. P.'s should be called upon to tear the Magna Carta to pieces to gratify the *amoures propre* of Hitler or Mussolini. None can beat the British in the art of making the worse appear the better reason. Freedom, liberty, democracy and other catch-words will come in a geyser if it is a question of downing the Communists or Russia or whoever is the most immediate rival; but backing the wrong horse has been Britain's consistent foreign policy, for only thus has its dirty work been done for it by its catspaws! My esteemed friend Mr. Razvi has reverted to his old threats of doing or undoing this or that. His latest is to threaten a march to Masulipatam. I have never been able to appreciate the psychology of some people in

hankering for an 'outlet to the sea'. It was the fatal lure that led Poland to its shambles in the last world-war. The Nizam has long been casting (I won't say covetous but bemused) eyes on Masula. Before it is too late, I wish his advisers would read out to him the Gospel according to St. Mark, chapter V which recounts one of the miracles performed by Christ. He drove the devils out of a number of unfortunate victims into the bodies of a herd of swine, and then drove the herd headlong down the Gadarene slope into the sea of Galilee. May I point out that this is one of the uses to which a sea-coast is often put even in modern times!

The death of Prof. Saranathan was an unexpected shock to the small circle of his personal friends. One of the last of his compositions was published in *Swatantra*, and was a characteristically militant expression of sorrow at the assassination of the Mahatma. Saranathan might have been a writer of great power if politics had not, in a sense, hardened and sterilised him. As a pedagogue, he did not suffer fools gladly; and the politician in him got the upper hand when he denounced frauds in the public sphere. One of his most mordant utterances in some context or other was something like this: "What else can the public expect when the Education department is run by ignoramuses like—!" He was a disappointed man, but I believe he carried himself proudly to the last. His eclipse in the academic sphere even by men smaller than himself indicated the gulf that separated him from his more supple and successful rivals. I shant say: Peace unto him, for he did not believe in it, nor gave it to his numerous *bete-noirs*!

GROUNDLING

ARAKU VALLEY TOWNSHIP

by Mr. & Mrs. P. KODANDA RAO

(*Servants of India Society.*)

LIKE Hawaii, the visitor to Araku Valley is tempted to stay and become a settler. The Araku Valley has the making of a "Bangalore" in the Vizagapatam district.

The Valley is over 3,000 ft. above sea-level, and its aspect is green and pleasant even in the hottest month of May. It is about seventy miles from the steaming town of Vizagapatam on the sea. A motorable road connects the two, and bus plies every day either way. For about forty miles from Vizagapatam, the road is in the plains which in summer are intensely hot. From about the fortieth mile the road ascends the ghats and winds its way up, turning hair-pin bends, until it rises to its highest point at Sunkarimetta which is about 3,800 feet high and is the boundary between the Vizianagaram and Jeypore Zamindaris. Above Sunkarimetta is the hill called in Telugu "Galkonda" or windy-hill, which is over 5,000 feet high and where high winds blow. Years ago a military camp was established there for British soldiers, but malaria drove them back. From Sunkarimetta the road descends to the Araku Valley.

The Valley is about seven miles long and two miles wide. At its closed eastern end rises the Patal River, a thin stream which runs down the middle of the Valley and leaves it at its western end and ultimately joins the Muchkund River near the Dodoma Falls. The normal maximum temperature is 102 (May) and the minimum 36 (Jan.). The average rainfall is over 50 inches. Humidity varies from 43 in September to 20 in April. The nights are always cool. The summer of 1948 was however exceptional; the temperature rose to 105 on May 21st. But it was only for a day, for it rained soon after and the temperature fell to 92. The climate was bracing and salubrious. One slept indoors and used a covering!

The indigenous population is scanty and scattered. The Valley had about 3,000 people in some twenty small and scattered villages, living mostly by cultivation. They produce rice, ragi and semai and collect tamarind and other forest products and exchange them for salt, cloth, etc., from merchants from the plains at weekly markets at Sunkarimetta.

The Araku Valley lies in what is called the "Agency" area, which has had a bad reputation for malignant malaria. It was impossible, particularly till a few years ago, to persuade people from the plains to visit the place or settle there. It was penal servitude for Government servants to be posted to the Agency. It is all changed now. Anti-malarial operations have controlled malaria to a large extent. Visitors hardly take any special precautions; they hardly use even mosquito curtains! The Valley has now become a most inviting, safe and desirable place, particularly during the summer months when the plains are intolerably hot.

During the last war, Sir and Lady S. Ramamurty conceived the idea of utilising the Valley to grow potatoes and "English" vegetables like cabbage, for the use of the troops stationed near Vizagapatam. While the Agriculture Department was finding its feet, the War ended, and with it ended the demand of the Army for Araku potatoes and vegetables. It was then decided to introduce the Hillmen Uplift Scheme for the benefit of the Adivasis. Later it was proposed to develop to the full the agricultural and human resources of the Valley and to supplement the local population with immigrant colonists from the plains. To carry out the project a temporary colony for the officials was constructed, to be followed by a permanent colony. It has been proposed to assign certain house-sites to non-

officials who may care to build houses in the Araku Colony. Proposals have also been made to provide piped water to the Colony. The electric transmission lines from the Muchkund Hydro-Electric Project pass through the Araku Colony and will provide electricity to the Colony. The survey for a new railway line which passes through the Araku Colony and connects Nagpur with Vizagapatam has been completed.

There has been the usual but nevertheless highly regrettable delay in sanctioning the housing scheme. It

is hoped that all necessary sanctions will soon be obtained and the project pushed through with speed and zeal. It is further hoped that some enterprising people, with adequate capital and experience, particularly of hotels and holiday cabins in the USA, will open a hotel in Araku Valley, equipped with modern conveniences, so that many may see the Valley and many who see may stay as permanent settlers. There is need for a second Bangalore, and Araku Valley provides it.

SOIL AND WATER CONSERVATION IN INDIA

by P. V. C. RAO

IN 1945 at the invitation of the Government of India, Dr. D. V. Shuhart, Soil Conservation Expert of the U.S.A. Department of State, had carried out preliminary investigations of the soil erosion control measures in vogue in our country. He made a rapid tour of the various Provinces and States and saw the immense damage caused by soil erosion. His report to the Government of India brings into light the destructive potentialities of soil erosion that had been responsible in a large measure for the decline of Asian civilization.

In his introductory remarks, he stressed the national importance of soil and water conservation in a predominantly agricultural country like India. He says, "Soil depletion principally caused by soil erosion is every nation's permanent enemy. Soil and water conservation is every nation's defence against soil depletion. During peace and during war soil erosion is universal. It is just as natural for bare unprotected soil to erode as it is for water to run down hill."

While erosion in the Damodar, Mahanadi and Asam valleys has been causing flood hazards, wind erosion has been playing havoc on the Central Indian plains and the Deccan plateau. From his observations in the Hoshiarpur districts of

the Punjab Province, Dr. Shuhart remarked, "The gradual increase of wind erosion as here observed should not be taken lightly. The gradual increase of sand accumulation piled up in small dunes by the wind is a beginning stage of man-made deserts. In this stage wind erosion can be combated with relative ease. But when disregarded too long, there is grave danger of reaching a stage whose control is uneconomic."

Rayalaseema is notorious for dust gales, and the recent heat waves and dust storms felt on the coastal belt and their origin in the dust bowels of Rayalaseema. If the present state of affairs is allowed to continue for a few decades more, there will be the replica of Rajputana in the South. The impact of this wind erosion on the Tungabhadra project does not seem to have been fully realised by the authorities. The erosional debris swept from the unprotected watershed by wind and water will rapidly fill the reservoir and canal bottoms thus shortening the effective life of the project considerably. A complete land utilization programme aiming at the conservation of soil and water on the whole watershed, coupled with structural protection for upstream flood is an essential pre-requisite for the successful execution, maintenance

and operation of any river project. Haphazard plans for the settlement of displaced families or for the growth of farm-villages, and unscientific planning of rural and urban highways will simply lead to a further acceleration of soil erosion and consequent sedimentation.

Among the several causes that have been responsible for soil erosion in our country, Dr. Shuhart mentions inefficient forest management, indiscriminate felling of forest trees, overgrazing of grasses, absence of range management, the destructive agronomic practices and the indiscriminate laying of highways. No serious attempt had till recently been made in our country to arrest the spread of erosion. Certain haphazard works were carried out in the form of contour bunding, but the bunding was never on the contour and Dr. Shuhart vehemently condemned these works, saying that water cannot be fooled. Such unscientific works can be noticed in the Nilgiris district. Punjab made a good beginning in forest regeneration on the contour, but Bombay formed the nucleus of a homogeneous organization for a widespread conservation programme. Dr. Shuhart had highly complimented this organization and said, "With some modifications dictated by rainfall, erosiveness of soil and other local factors, the soil and water conservation programme as started at Bijapur could well be expanded to all India. Improvements in this work should constantly be looked for, so that after a few years errors which now may be found, will completely disappear."

It is for posterity to pass judgement on the wisdom of the popular Government that succeeded the Advisers' regime in curbing the activities of such a highly useful organization in Bombay. The Bombay scheme achieved results which compare favourably with those of

the U.S.A. Soil Conservation Service. Whereas, in America, individual farms constitute separate entities, in India villages should be taken as units for such schemes. This method had been adopted in the Bombay plan and is recommended strongly by Dr. Shuhart. In America, conservation programmes are carried out by the farmers themselves organised as Conservation Co-operatives under State enabling laws. The Federal Soil Conservation Service lends the requisite technical assistance. In our country, such voluntary action by the farmers cannot be expected, and therefore the State should undertake responsibility for the planning and execution of schemes with the co-operation of the farmers.

Stressing the importance of the closest co-operation between the engineer, the agronomist and the forester for the successful operation of conservation programmes, Dr. Shuhart stated in his report that "the soil and water conservation job is one which calls for the full co-operation of every department or agency that has anything to offer to bring about the correct land use and correct land treatment in a complete programme for the specific purpose of conserving soil." It is three years since this report was drawn by Dr. Shuhart, but our Government have not yet made up their minds in translating these recommendations into action. We are constantly being threatened by famines and we are aware that our river schemes are not going to yield us the results expected of them for a couple of decades to come. There is no reason why we should not be benefited by the invaluable recommendations of this American expert, by embarking forthwith upon a nationwide intensive programme of soil and water conservation, so that we may quickly overcome our present difficult food position and at the same time lay the foundations for the preservation of our rich national heritage.

THE SPICE ISLANDS COME OF AGE

by ANDREW ROTH

(The ECAFE Conference at Ootacamund has again brought into prominence the problem of Indonesia. In this article, the writer gives a vivid picture of the little known islands that constitute Indonesia on whose multi-coloured stage one of the world's most exciting dramas is taking place, the conflict between nationalism and colonial rule, between democracy and feudalism).

Makassar, East Indonesia: When the Dutch delegate Dr. Eelco Van Kleffans asked during the Security Council's hearings last summer that the state of East Indonesia be admitted as a witness in the Dutch-Indonesian dispute, he drew blank glances from most of the well-informed delegates there. Little wonder, for "East Indonesia" is a new phrase in political geography.

More people would have understood if he had referred to this area as the "Spice Islands" for actually East Indonesia includes such isles as Ternate and Tidore whose spices were considered so fabulously valuable in the 15th and 16th century that all the maritime states of West Europe battled for their possession, and small sailing ships made voyages of two and three years in the knowledge that a few tons of spices would repay their effort. It was while seeking a new route to the spice-rich Indies that Columbus chanced upon America and named its inhabitants Indians.

East Indonesia of today is a scattering of emerald-green islands on almost a million square miles of azure-blue water between Java on the West and New Guinea on the East, reaching from near the Philippines on the North toward Australia on the South. It has ten times the area of Holland, and slightly more population.

On these isles strange and exotic customs have grown as profusely as their tropical vegetation. For some time Bali has been almost synonymous with "paradise" because of its handsome, artistic

people with their continuous round of colourful temple festivals and exquisite dances—all against a scenically beautiful background. Its well-built peasant women still have the quaint idea that it is improper to show the knees but quite proper to keep the breasts bare.

In Bone, a princely state in the South Celebes, a hundred scarlet-robed priests in women's clothes precede the Rajah at all ceremonies, driving away evil spirits, an inheritance from the Animist days before Mohammedanism became the prevailing religion. They not only dress like women but also pierce their ears and speak their special cult language in a high-pitched voice.

Anthropologists grow quite ecstatic about the Turajahs, a fairly primitive people living in the Central Celebes, who have retained many of their Animist burial customs. They mummify their dead and keep their rolled-up bodies hanging for months in their prairie-schooner-shaped houses. After a gay burial ceremony in which scores of cattle are slaughtered and much money changes hands in wagers on cock-fights, the rolled-up mummies are sealed in rock vaults and a wooden effigy of the dead person is placed in a gallery carved high up in the rock cliffsides.

On this multi-coloured stage one of the world's most exciting dramas is taking place: the conflict between nationalism and colonial rule, with the subordinate conflict of democracy versus feudalism. While in Java and Sumatra these conflicts take place largely across

An income is something you can't live without or within.
—Galt Daily Reporter.

the boundaries between the Republican-held and the Dutch-held territories, here it is encompassed by one stage.

It has taken a war and a national revolt to bring these islands back into the world limelight. When the spice trade fell off the Dutch turned their attention to Java and Sumatra, whose rubber, quinine, tobacco, tin and petroleum became the new "riches of the Indies". These islands were revealingly referred to as the "Outer provinces" and the Dutch didn't even bother to establish direct military and political control in all of these areas until 42 years ago. Until then the local rulers, who owed allegiance to the Dutch sovereign, were left fairly undisturbed in their feudal principalities, which cover 75% of present-day East Indonesia. After 1906 they were left as a facade behind which Dutch officials actually ran their states. Small business was left in the hands of the Chinese middlemen. But large-scale business—such as inter-island shipping—became the monopoly of such concerns as the KPM, the Dutch shipping company. If a small Indonesian firm challenged it, well-financed KPM drove it to the wall in a rate-war.

When Dutch administrators returned here in 1945—many of them haggard men just released from Japanese prison camps—they found the area's importance greatly increased. Java and Sumatra, the prewar seat of Dutch political and economic power, were fairly securely in Republican hands. And this area's chief export, copra—which had soared to more than 50 times its prewar price—was virtually the only dollar-producing export in Dutch hands.

Although nationalism did not reach the intensity of Java and Sumatra, control of this area was not simple to come by. In 1946 the South Celebes was up in arms, young Balinese formed armed bands in the mountains and even the ultra-loyal Minahassan troops revolted because of unequal treatment. In suppressing these insurrections the Dutch sometimes used

extreme methods. In the South Celebes two rajahs, some 200 nobles and thousands of villagers were killed—many of them allegedly by a notoriously trigger-happy Captain J. ("The Turk") Westerling whose reprisal killings and shooting of people without trial as "extremists" bore many resemblances to Nazi methods.

Even before the turbulence had fully subsided here, Lt. Governor-General H. J. Van Mook, Holland's canny political architect here, hastened to erect the state of East Indonesia. This was the first of several Indonesian states headed by pro-Dutch Indonesians which have been set up by Dr. Van Mook. In this way he has hoped to give the lie to the Republican charge that the Dutch would not allow Indonesians to rule themselves. Furthermore, in the event that a United States of Indonesia—including the Republic—does become a reality, he hopes in this way to have some pro-Dutch states as component parts.

At the Den Passar Conference of December 1946 at which this state was set up, virtually all the delegates bore the Dutch stamp of approval and Republican newspapers and Republican newspapermen were banned. The Dutch-controlled Batavia Government retained 21 powers for itself and East Indonesia emerged with a pro-Dutch Balinese nobleman, Prince Sukawati, as President.

Although the fingermarks of Dr. Van Mook were all over East Indonesia, at its inception and there is still a strong pro-Dutch trend here, a pro-Republican trend has become increasingly powerful as nationalist forces have shifted from armed insurgence to political persuasion. At present one can say the East Indonesian chariot of state has two wheels, one loyalist and one nationalist, and that the lynchpin holding them on is the new young Premier.

The symbol of the loyalist group is President Sukawati himself, a dull but very wealthy Balinese nobleman who was appointed by the Dutch to represent Bali in the impotent *Volksraad* or *People's*

Council. He is surrounded by a "palace-guard" of Dutch and pro-Dutch officials and derives most of his support from the feudal princes, who fear that any real democratization of East Indonesia will threaten their position, and from the loyalist groups in Ambon and the Minahassa. These are Christian areas which have been traditionally loyal to the Dutch—and fearful of the Moslem majority—and have provided Holland's most loyal Indonesian troops. These two areas are closely attached to Dutch ways and co-operating with President Sukawati, to keep all of East Indonesia closely tied to Holland.

The Dutch are hopeful that President Sukawati can be re-elected and a Dutch adviser, sent specially from Batavia, has suggested a constitution which will keep the power in his hands. Under this proposed constitution the President would have power to issue decrees without the approval of parliament and originally it was hoped that he would have a cabinet responsible to him. Now the Dutch are advising that the cabinet be made responsible to a Senate made up overwhelmingly of rajahs and hereditary tribal chiefs. They believe that their influence will last longer if power is in the hands of the feudalists to counteract the rising power of the middle class.

This Dutch-feudal alliance is challenged with increasing vigour by the nationalist movement with its ideal of complete self-rule. The opposition is based on political as well as economic factors. The area's main export is copra which has soared to \$300 a ton. But the many small growers who produce over 90% of the crop only get about 40% of that from the Dutch-controlled Copra Fund which has a monopoly of purchases here. Dutch copra officials say that much of the profits on copra has gone to establish a stabilization fund but will not show the fund's books and cannot fully refute the nationalist charge that much of the dollar credits resulting from copra sales have gone to finance the Dutch military come-back in the Indies.

The main opposition to continued Dutch predominance comes from the Progressive Group in parliament and the G.A.P.K.I. (Union for Indonesian Freedom), both of them headed by Arnold Mononutu, a mild-mannered, French-educated, Christian copra-grower whose reasonable nationalism and mild socialism dates from prewar days.

Last winter the Progressive Group—which consists of all pro-Republican elements in parliament—won the support of almost all M.P.'s for sending an East Indonesian Goodwill Mission to the Republic. Mr. Mononutu headed this Mission which visited *Jokjakarta* in February and convinced President Sukarno and other Republican leaders that East Indonesia is no longer a Dutch puppet state. Then he returned to convince East Indonesians that the Republic is not the lawless, anarchic state that pro-Dutch sources picture it to be.

Patient Mr. Mononutu has his hands full knitting his forces together. For example, on the eve of the present parliamentary session, which is to decide the permanent constitution, he called a Congress of the nationalist coalition GAPKI to blueprint the nationalist strategy. His headache started when he went to the stiff-necked Dutch Resident to get the required permission for a meeting.

The Resident refused permission for a Republican journalist from Batavia to speak and even for delegates to wear little lapel ribbons with the red-and-white Republican colours. Mr. Mononutu wanted an inaugural meeting of 1200 in Macassar's largest hall. The Resident tortuously pointed out that GAPKI has about 3000 members in Macassar and—although he denied permission to use loudspeakers to broadcast the proceedings outside the hall—demanded guarantees that no more than 1200 would turn up for the available seats.

Experienced Mr. Mononutu thought it wiser to have a delegates conference. This conference demanded more civil liberties for the population. It also recommended

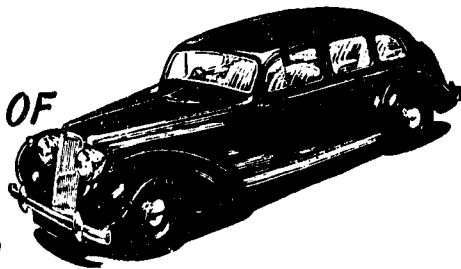
that in East Indonesia's new constitution the Government should be responsible to a popularly-elected lower house. The GAPKI conference urged, too, that an Interim Government for the Indies should be set up only after an agreement with the Republic.

Midway between the pro-Republican democratic nationalism of Mr. Minonutu's followers and the pro-Dutch feudal loyalism of President Sukawati's supporters stands 29-year-old, chubby-faced Premier Anak Agung Gde Agung. "Anak Agung" is a Balinese title which translates literally as "Most Important Child" and many feel this title most appropriate. The young Premier has a deep belief in this state, feeling that if the Indies return to their prewar centralization

this area will again be neglected, and he has fought several successful battles with Batavia to increase East Indonesia's local autonomy.

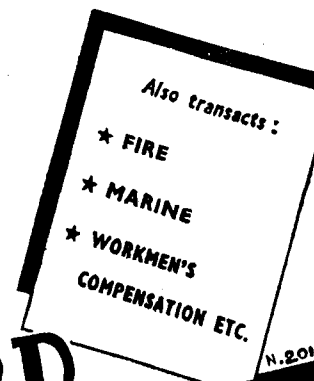
Although young he has tremendous executive ability and an amazing faculty for grasping and anticipating political developments. He is laboriously trying to steer a course midway between the loyalists and the nationalists, largely because he feels it necessary to keep the new state from being rent asunder. "In the conflict between the Dutch and the Republic" he explained to me, "we must remain neutral", admitting that a Dutch-Republican agreement is his best bet for keeping East Indonesia moving forward in peace.—N.P.S. (Copyright).

THE CAR
YOU ARE PROUD OF
NEEDS THIS
Protection



Insure your car with the leading Motor Insurance Company, offering very liberal policy conditions and competitive rates of premium.

The
VANGUARD
FIRE & GENERAL INSURANCE CO., Ltd.,
Head office:
MADRAS.



PEEP INTO PAKISTAN

(From A Special Correspondent)

THE political picture in Pakistan at the present moment is far from rosy. The structure of the new State revolves around the personality, the whims and the caprices of its founder, Quaid-i-Azam Jinnah. Anyone who crosses his path gets the short shrift. Mr. Jinnah tried frantically to win over Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan to his side. The first act in this drama of woeing took place in Karachi where the Governor-General invited the leader of the Frontier to lunch and pleaded with him to help him in keeping the new dominion on an even keel. Badsha Khan said no, as there was fundamental difference in outlook between him and the League organisation, of which Jinnah was virtually the source and inspiration. The second act in the drama of woeing took place in the Frontier itself during the recent tour of Quaid-i-Azam. There too, Badsha Khan continued his adamant attitude. It was after this that Jinnah made a furious speech that those who strove to find alternate organisations opposed to the League were Quislings and agents of the Indian Union. Notwithstanding this frontal warning, Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan continued his activities in regard to popularising his newly formed "People's Party" which held a convention at Karachi in the middle of May. There were subdued scenes of enthusiasm at this gathering. The new party was virtually the rallying point of the "have nots" in the political life of Pakistan. Its ranks were swelled by the accession of frustrated Mr. G. M. Syed, outlaw number one from the League and dynamic but disillusioned Shaikh Abdul Majid who at one time tried to cement Hindu-Muslim differences

at the Unity Conference held at Lucknow. In spite of the bland assertion by the chief sponsors of the "People's Party" that they would be loyal to Pakistan, there was no doubt that some of its leaders were intent on effecting a political coup which would overthrow the existing clique in Pakistan and capture power. Mr. Jinnah and his close associates are more than aware of this and the recent arrest of Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan shows beyond a measure of doubt that opposition to the single-track ideology of the League would be mowed down ruthlessly. The ostensible reason for the arrest of the Frontier leader is the unproved charge that he was trying to foment unrest among the tribes.

Another revealing factor which proves that all is not well in Pakistan is the sudden removal of two of its top-ranking personalities, occupying Ministerial status to the comparatively smaller posts of Ambassadors. I am talking of course of the plight that overtook Mr. I. I. Chundrigar and Mr. Ghaznafar Ali Khan. Right from his salad days in Bombay, Mr. Chundrigar was a loyal lieutenant of Mr. Jinnah and it is well worth probing the reason for his sudden fall from grace. Karachi has its own version of the causes that led to his removal from the ministerial scene.

As regards Mr. Ghaznafar Ali Khan, he was one of the most outstanding politicians in the Mecca of mediocrities which is Pakistan today. He had the gift of the gab and was very popular and powerful in his own province, the Punjab. It is stated that he fell out with the West Punjab Government on the question of refugees. This is too

flimsy an excuse for his removal from Ministership. The corridors of Pakistan Secretariat are replete with stories regarding Mr. Ghaznafar Ali Khan also.

Another tall poppy in Sind who was mowed down mercilessly was Mr. M. A. Khuhro, till the other day, one of the most devoted lieutenants of Quaid-i-Azam. Trouble for Mr. Khuhro started from the very day that he became the loud exponent of the cry of "Sind for Sindhis". He put up a frontal fight with Mr. Liaquat Ali and his cohorts over the question of refugees and told in so many words that Sind should not be made the dumping ground of Punjabi refugees. Beyond a particular limit, he stated that he would not take in any more refugees. This attitude of his infuriated not only Ministers of the Pakistan Government but Quaid-i-Azam himself and the political assassination of the popular Premier of Sind was only a matter of days. I have it on very high authority that Mr. Khuhro was called to lunch by Quaid-i-Azam at Malir where he was given a warning that he must behave better. The warning was ignored with disastrous consequence. Mr. Khuhro also refused point blank to surrender Karachi to the Pakistan Government. He obtained a mandate of the Sind Assembly in his favour on this issue. This infuriated Mr. Jinnah still further. Dismissed from office, driven from his house, painted in dark colours, Mr. Khuhro is fighting with his back to the wall to salvage his reputation but it is doubtful whether he will come back to his old position.

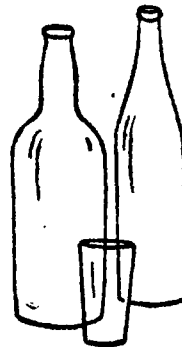
Meanwhile, the stage is set for what promises to be a grim and terrible fight between Sindhis and non-Sindhis who have virtually captured Western Pakistan and particularly Sind. The recent adoption of a resolution in the Pakistan Dominion Legislature that Karachi should be made the seat of Pakistan and that the city should be separated from the province and centrally administered was the culmination of a move which was being planned long in advance. The translation of this

resolution into action would deprive Sind of a priceless jewel. Sind without Karachi would be like Hamlet without the prince. Much of the income of the province used to be derived from Karachi and its loss would affect the finances of the province adversely. The present Premier of Sind, Pir Illahie Baksh is a stooge of the Pakistan Ministers. He has no guts to stand up and fight for the rights of his province. He is under an eclipse today and he and his Ministry would not survive even one session at the Legislative Assembly.

Over the question of the future of Karachi, the agitation is bound to grow in intensity and bitterness. There is not a single Sindhi who does not feel sore on this issue. There is no doubt that due to its superior force, the Pakistan Government, aided and abetted by the present Sind Ministry, would keep the peace of Karachi unimpaired but in the mofussil, refugees from the Punjab would have to face hard and critical

"Nirmal's"

A GREAT NAME IN GLASS



NIRMAL GLASSES
STAND FIRST IN
THE FIELD. WE
UNDERTAKE TO
SUPPLY ALL THE
NEEDS OF ALL.

NIRMAL GLASS
WORKS LTD.
OLAVAKKOT, MALABAR

times if Sindhi nationalism asserts itself.

The treatment accorded to Mr. Suhrawardy is another illustration of the fact that those who oppose the present lords of Pakistan would be given short shrift. The crime of Mr. Suhrawardy is that he was devoted to Gandhiji and exposed the sins of commission and omission of the Pakistan Ministers in his frank and fearless speech in the Pakistan Dominion Legislature. If he adopts the role of Hindu-baiter and Jinnah-worshipper, his praise would be sung and he may even be absorbed as a Minister of the Pakistan Central Government. Mr. Suhrawardy is feared and mistrusted.

The recent session of Pakistan Constituent Assembly achieved little. The formulation of a constitution for Pakistan will take several months.

It is in this set-up that one has to view the problem of the minorities. There is only a microscopic pocket of the Hindu minority left in Sind. Out of fourteen lakhs of Hindus on August 15th, 1947, there are today only a couple of lakhs left. The pace of exodus has been accelerated after relaxation of the permit system. I have talked to hundreds of Hindu refugees and no

one who leaves Sind because he happens to be a non-Moslem ever wants to return. Many prefer to starve and die in the streets of Delhi or Bombay than live hunted lives in their own province which has been sold to the Moslem League.

What the future has in store, none can say. But there is bound to be an alteration in the present political set-up. None of the present Ministers of the Pakistan Government is popular with the masses. Even the classes do not like them. Sir Zafrullah Khan and Mr. Ghulam Mahomed, Ministers for Finance are exceptions. The former is being groomed to stardom and would one day become either the Governor-General or the Prime Minister of Pakistan. I would hazard the prophecy that the time is not far off when Mian Iftikaruddin of the Punjab would make a bold bid for the capture of power. His influence with the masses is undoubted. Even Mr. Jinnah has to reckon with him. If the Mian is able to make common cause with Mr. Suhrawardy and queers the pitch of a crisis, then the entire political landscape of Pakistan would change. But Quaid-i-Azam who believes in "yes men" would use every power in his armoury to keep himself intact and also keep in power those who are prepared to worship at his shrine.

HOUSES ON WHEELS

During the vacation season in the United States this summer, more than 400,000 trailer "houses on wheels" pulled by automobiles will travel on the roads to national and state parks and other vacation places. There are about 750,000 trailers in the United States, with some of them designed as "permanent" houses to help meet the housing shortage.

The larger trailers have two bedrooms with double beds and a studio lounge in the "living room" that becomes a double bed at night. Shower and toilet facilities are included in these house-type trailers, the average length of which is about 30 feet. Each of these larger types weighs about 6,000 pounds. Although they were designed for permanent living, they also can be used for whole families on vacations or as summer homes.

Trailers, regardless of size, come equipped with bed, refrigerator, heater, stove, folding chairs, dining table, sofa, and drapes at the windows. Shelves, cabinets and dressers are built in.

There is an increasing number of trailer parks in the United States, where those travelling in trailers may stay overnight at a small rental or rent "trailer space" on a monthly basis. Electricity, registered on individual meters, is supplied the trailers at these sites. Many other facilities often are afforded, such as grocery and drug stores, playgrounds for the children, and motion picture houses.—USIS.

WAY OUT OF COMMUNAL HATREDS

by TENNETI VISWANADHAM, M.L.A.

TO me the best plan, in spite of the recent pronouncements from men of eminence, seems to be to forthwith redistribute India into Provinces formed on a linguistic basis and to carve bilingual areas into the separate Provinces altogether to be administered from the Centre. The experience we have of Provincial Governments of Madras, Central Provinces and Orissa does not inspire us with any hope that linguistic minorities, however large they may be in numbers, can get a fair treatment, if bilingual areas are to be divided, delimited and demarcated or tacked on to one Province or the other. This is why they should be constituted into separate Provinces under the direct control of the Centre. And the Provinces themselves should be made fully autonomous consistent with the safety of the Union.

If this is not to be, I venture to suggest that the Centre, consistent with its actions, should frankly avow its unitary beliefs and implement them effectively without fearing that the form of democracy will be thereby violated. Form without soul will only constrict and it should be changed when national necessity demands. As it is, our food and clothing, our important communications, our interprovincial export and import of essential articles, our cement, our steel and iron and our so many other things, are all controlled from the Centre. The Provincial Governments are largely reduced to the position of agents distributing a favour to their personal friends or friends' friends. While the real powers rest with Centre, the existence of Provinces only serves to breed and accentuate election quarrels and provincial jealousies. That this is a greater dent into national solidarity than anything else, is not ordinarily realised and a phantom power to

distribute petty patronage works up passions that fight for retention of the mere forms of democracy interpreted in terms of Provincial Governments. The responsibility for Provincial incompetence is shifted on to the Centre; the mistakes of the Centre are shoved on to the Provinces, while a little play with scruples puts a few people of a particular kind at the helm. These will constitute an elected autocracy, protected by a ring of subsidised interests, official and non-official. This process is inexorable and India cannot be an exception. She is now suffering from the results that have thus freely flowed from a form of administration where the real power rests with the Centre and Provincial Governments and Legislatures exist with just enough power for mischief. But the power that is retained is enough to disable the Centre from interfering with such mischief; for example, when the Madras Government has been playing havoc with a bright and useful section of the social machine by means of communal Government Orders, the Centre is obliged to stop with pious platitudes, condemning such orders but without the ability to take action to preserve the social and National efficiency.

I would, therefore, suggest that it would be better, in the present circumstances, if full fledged linguistic Provinces are not to be formed, to abolish the Provinces altogether. By their abolition we would not lose much; for, we have not much to lose under the existing conditions. All that we lose would be the election quarrels and a few memberships and Ministers' posts. But the gain far outweighs the loss. We shall have a unified Government, a unified Legislature and unified thought; we shall be compelled to cease to think on merely Provincial lines and

in multilingual areas like those now under the Government of Bombay, Central Provinces and Madras and Orissa, we shall cease to have attempts to overlook or suppress the interests of linguistic minorities; we shall have no occasion to do so. This is not a small gain. Schemes of irrigation and electricity, of industry and planning will not be prejudiced either in their conception or execution for reasons traceable to linguistic jealousies. Danger to peace in a Province arising from neighbouring "independent" areas will no more be neglected till the zero hour.

The one objection that will be raised almost as a matter of course will be that administration from the Centre will be unwieldy. But the argument of unwieldiness is largely a matter of imagination. It is concentration of power of disposal at the top that makes administration unwieldy and not the territorial extent. Devolve final powers on local officers to the extent of their local nature and there will be no unwieldiness. Else, even a district administration can be rendered as unwieldy as all-India administration. Besides I believe the Centre has already developed all over the country a machinery to administer so many subjects which had been Central prior to the war and the Provincial officers administering the other subjects can be easily switched over. If sufficient powers are given to local officers to pass final orders on local matters which involve no change of national policy, the argument of unwieldiness will lose all its force.

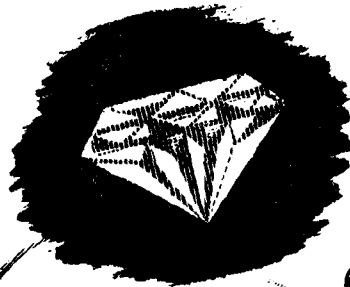
Instead of the Provincial Executive we shall have a simple machinery consisting of ten or fifteen territorial Commissioners; the territories themselves being formed on an economic basis. The district boards which can be elected on the new universal adult franchise may be enlarged both in their strength

and in their powers regarding purely local matters; municipalities will continue as usual but with extended finances and powers. While franchise for voting in elections to the Legislature will be on the basis of universal adult suffrage, the qualifications for membership should be statutorily placed on a higher footing, based on education, character and experience.

If unitary government not only in inner aspiration but in outer expression, is thus formed and Provinces are suspended for twenty-five or thirty years, our nation can make rapid strides towards the achievement of the ideal for which the Congress has struggled for over 25 years; we may go so strong under such a government that before the end of such a period, India might get back the areas now allotted to Pakistan and these and the States might all become a homogeneous and united country that will reach the highest level of strength and prosperity all round.

I am making these proposals not because I am an admirer of unitary government but because I shudder to think what the Provinces can do with regard to linguistic and other minorities which are under them, as I review the experience which the Andhras have gained in the bilingual areas of Madras, Orissa and Central Provinces. What has happened to the Andhras can happen to others too; I also shudder to think of the widely condemned but widely spread communal hatreds, and the communal structure of services and education. In my opinion, they can be eliminated only by removing the Provincial shelters under which they are thriving. The way of unitary government is the way to gain social harmony; that is the way to put progress on a firm footing, and that is how passions will cease and tyrannies will rest.

If we were warned that sudden death lay five minutes before us, if we were given five minutes in which to tell what everything had meant to us, every telephone-box would suddenly be full of people trying to ring up other people and to stammer out how much they loved them.—Die Lupe, Berne.



Diamonds & Diamond Mounted Jewellery

P

urity, exquisite blue white colour, exceptional brilliancy, perfect cut and fashioning - each of these factors is present to a maximum degree in the diamonds used by us. Since the very beginning, we have spared no effort to help in supplying high quality products at fair and consistently low prices. You may be sure of our personal attention to each order sent to us.

A varied selection of jewellery of high style and exquisite craftsmanship is always available for your selection.

Vammi
RAMIAH CHETTY GURUSWAMY CHETTY & CO.
Jewellers

23-25, CHINA BAZAAR ROAD, MADRAS.



Short Story

The Only Way

by S. Anantram

AN advertisement caught the attention of Natarajan when he opened his morning paper. It announced a classical Indian dance performance by Nalini, a new find and featured an attractive photograph of the artist which made Rajan stare at it for long with surprise and eagerness. He was not an enthusiast for the art of dancing which had gained so much importance and popularity. Ordinarily he would have passed over such announcements without so much as glancing at them. But this particular announcement was entirely different. It was not the art but the artist that arrested his attention. Yes, there was a story behind it and it began five years ago.

Natarajan was then a college student and Nalini was his neighbour. Rajan's father had died some years back and he, the only child, lived with his mother. He was a reserved sort and a serious student who took uncommon interest in history which was his subject at the college. He took his first love also equally seriously and was very much gratified to find that his pretty neighbour, Nalini, returned his love. In Nalini's love he found a rare treasure and he considered himself the happiest man on earth. Rajan's mother soon came to know of her son's desire and that worthy woman was well pleased with his choice. Nalini's father, Ramaswamy, (who managed an automobile company) and mother were equally satisfied and it was settled to have the wedding as soon as Natarajan's and Nalini's examinations were over. But an incident changed the course of the young lovers' path. Rajan and his mother had gone to visit some of their relations and on their return, they were surprised and shocked to find that Nalini and her parents had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. They heard that Ramaswami had mismanaged the finances of the company and when he scented trouble, he made good his escape with his family in good time. No one knew where they had gone. There were all sorts of rumours which did not help Rajan to locate Nalini. It was not surprising that Rajan broke down and could not forget her, espe-

cially when he had passed first in the university and had managed to become a lecturer in a city college. The mother and the son moved to the city.

Days became weeks, weeks months and months years but still Rajan thought of Nalini and his love for her. He was more serious than before and spent most of his time in studies and researches in history. His lectures were well received by his students. They liked their lecturer, but they would have preferred him to be less serious and mix with them more freely. The girl students who adorned the front benches were very much intrigued and they talked of a possible broken love affair of their young lecturer. They even tried to draw him out of his brown study but Rajan gave them only a cold shoulder. He went on with his lectures and researches which in course of time earned him a doctorate and an assistant professorship. His poor mother continued to worry about her son and advised him, even begged him to choose a wife. But Rajan said that he would wait for Nalini and if she did not turn up he would be content to be alone. The poor woman had lost all hopes of seeing her son happy again and gave herself up to philosophical resignation. It was five years since Nalini disappeared.

When Rajan saw Nalini's photograph in the paper he could not believe his eyes. He stared and stared at it. He looked at it from different angles. Every time he was convinced that she was his Nalini, only she was more beautiful now.

"Mother, Mother," he shouted with joy.

"What is it, Rajan?" His mother came running. She had never heard her son shout like this.

"Look at this, mother. Look at this and tell me who it is." He gave her the picture.

She looked at it and exclaimed, "Why, this looks like our Nalini."

"Not like, mother. She is Nalini. I am going to the theatre today and see her dance. I can make sure then. Are you coming with me?"

She thought for a moment and replied, "I don't think I will come. You better go and find out." She felt that she would be in the way of the young lovers if she accompanied Rajan. They were meeting after five long years and that too at a time when they thought that they would never meet Nalini again. Rajan's mother hoped that her son would at last be happy again. She did not exactly like her daughter-in-law to be a professional dancer although the recent renaissance in this ancient art had removed much of the contempt for the profession. But she liked Nalini and for the sake of her son's happiness she would suspend her old convictions.

Rajan went to the theatre rather early. He bought the highest seat. There was a large crowd although this was Nalini's first public appearance. The curtain rose. Nalini appeared like a nymph and floated in the air. Rajan fixed his eyes on her and would not take them off for a moment. He was certain that she was his Nalini. He did not understand the art but he saw that there was great rhythm and grace in her movements. The audience applauded her with enthusiasm and Rajan knew that Nalini danced very well.

The curtain dropped for the last time with loud cheering from the spectators. There was a stampede for the exit doors and for the backstage rooms by the connoisseurs of the art who personally wanted to congratulate the young and talented artist. Rajan also moved with them but he was not one of those who were privileged to get admittance. He saw Nalini and an old gentleman who was not her father, surrounded by many people who enthusiastically congratulated her on her success. For a moment Rajan thought that the old man by her side was her husband but felt comforted on somebody saying that he was her teacher and manager and that she was not yet married. The crowd seemed as if they would never leave her and Rajan decided that he would see her at her house and waited patiently for her to come out. After waiting for some time, he saw Nalini and her manager getting into a waiting car and drive away. Rajan jumped into a taxi and followed her. She got down at a bungalow and disappeared inside. Rajan paid his taxi and went in after a few minutes.

Nalini came running to Rajan when she heard who had called. She cried, "Rajan!"

Rajan whispered, "Yes, Nalini."

Then he folded her in his arms. Someone coughed. Nalini released herself

from Rajan's arms and they faced the old gentleman, her teacher and manager. She introduced him to Rajan as Kesavamurthy and said that she owed her success to Kesavamurthy. Kesavamurthy said something polite and left them in a thoughtful mood. Both watched him depart and did not speak for a while.

"Nalini, I have been waiting for you all these years, but I never thought that I could get you back."

"Oh! I am so happy today. I have found you and I have made a name, both on the same day. I was afraid that you might have married and forgotten all about me."

"Can I ever forget you? I was afraid you wouldn't recognise me."

"I was always thinking of you."

"Then why didn't you write to me?" demanded Rajan.

"I did write to you. But my father caught me at it and warned me that I shouldn't let anyone, even you, know where we were. Then I took to dancing and uncle Kesavamurthy taught me. He said that I would become a great artist if I took care. Dancing became a passion with me and I felt I could forget everything for its sake."

"And you forgot me also," Rajan said, with some resentment.

"Oh no. I never forgot you. Only I couldn't communicate with you. When we came to India I wrote to your old address, but my letter came back. I asked uncle Kesavamurthy to help me to find you out. He did his best but failed to locate you. I comforted myself saying that you might have happily married and forgotten all about me. Then I had my dancing lessons. I had no time to brood over things. I was determined to become a good dancer," she explained.

"You said you returned to India. Were you out of the country?"

"Yes, to Singapore. It was there that I met Kesavamurthy. After my father and mother died it was he who took care of me and made me what I am now. I owe all my success to him," she said.

"Sorry to hear that you lost your parents. When did you return to India?"

"Three years back. We were in Madura since then."

"Now that we have come together again would you like to be my wife?"

"I wouldn't like anything better."

"Darling! When shall we?"

"Any day you like."

"Next week?"

"I am ready. Let me inform uncle Kesavamurthy of the good news. Uncle! Uncle!" she called.

"I didn't know Kesavamurthy was your uncle."

"No. He isn't my real uncle. I call him so."

Kesavamurthy entered. "Did you call me, Nalini?" he asked.

"Yes, uncle. We are getting married next week," she said excitedly.

"Is that so? I was afraid this day might come. Have you decided?" Kesavamurthy asked with a trace of impatience and anger.

"Yes, uncle. Why? Don't you like it?"

"No, Nalini. When you marry you will lose the art and art will lose you. That is why, to tell you the truth, I didn't really help you to find him."

"Why? Nalini can be my wife and still continue her art. Can't she?" demanded Rajan, irritated.

"Nalini, when you become Natarajan's wife do you intend to continue your dancing?" Kesavamurthy asked Nalini ignoring the question put by Rajan.

"You know, uncle, that I can never give up dancing. It has become a part of me. I live only for the art," Nalini said.

"Then you won't be a good wife", remarked Kesavamurthy.

"Aren't you presuming a lot?" asked Rajan.

"No. I have only stated a fact," replied Kesavamurthy calmly.

"No, uncle, I shall be a good wife and a good artist too."

"You can't, my dear girl. You can only be one of the two. You can't be a good wife and a good dancer at the same time. You have to choose one or the other," pronounced Kesavamurthy.

Nalini thought for a moment. Then she made up her mind. "I have made my decision. I will be Rajan's wife and continue to be a good artist."

"As you please. But I warn you, you will regret your decision. Now, let me wish both of you as much happiness as you can get," Kesavamurthy said solemnly and left the two lovers together.

There was silence. Rajan broke it. "You don't regret, darling."

"No, Rajan. I don't. I am very happy today. Poor uncle. He is upset. After doing so much to make me a good dancer he fears now his efforts will be wasted. I will prove that his fears are false. You don't mind if I continue my dancing, do you?"

"No, dear. I don't. I wish you to become a greater artist," remarked Rajan.

Next week Nalini and Rajan were married. It was a quiet affair. The following few days were the happiest in their lives. Nalini neglected her dancing lessons, but not for long. Like a magnet the art drew her to itself again. She redoubled her efforts to make up for lost time. Kesavamurthy worked with new enthusiasm. Nalini gave a few more dances in Madras and drew full houses. The critics hailed her as one of the most outstanding exponents of the art. Success mounted on success and money accumulated upon money. Rajan was extremely

For Extra Nutrition!



CHICKEN ESSENCE

(HIGHLY CONCENTRATED)

Prepared from selected healthy chicken meat in a special hygienic process. Indicated in all cases of exhaustion, fevers, pneumonia and convalescence.

ASK FOR DETAILED LITERATURES

The Andhra Pharmaceutical Works Ltd.

Bezwada

Madras Stockists:—

Messrs. KOLVENS,

4, Stringers Street, G.T., MADRAS.
Also available at all good stores.

pleased with Nalini. He went to the extent of acquiring some knowledge of the art even ignoring his lectures and research. He was jovial and his students found a different professor in Natarajan.

Nalini's fame grew with every performance. She was given public receptions and honoured by eminent people. Rajan slowly developed a feeling that he was being severely left alone. He felt that he hardly had any time with Nalini alone and that this was not the sort of married life he wanted or hoped for. But he conceded that Nalini tried her best to make him happy. Rajan was patient and did not complain. His mother guessed at the truth but she did not say anything because she knew that her son was so much in love with Nalini.

Nalini too slowly came to realise that she was not proving herself a good wife to Rajan. Many a time she decided to give up dancing. But every time she failed to act on her decision. She realised that she could not give up her art. And unless she gave up her art she could not make Rajan happy. She felt miserable and Rajan became unhappy.

It was at this time that Nalini went on an all-India tour for two months. She, Kesavamurthy and party left. Rajan was left alone. He wanted to protest to Nalini not to go but he did not, because he knew how much she was attached to her art and how much it would hurt her if he asked her to stay behind. Bombay, Calcutta, Delhi and other places welcomed Nalini and gave her a great ovation. Rajan read about her tremendous success in the papers. The more she moved away from him the more he loved her. But every day made him believe more firmly that Nalini was slowly slipping away from him. He had a feeling that the day was soon coming when she would be lost to him for ever. He realised that he only stood in her way and made her unhappy. Without him she could devote her entire attention to her art and rise to greater heights. The thought of a separation between them was very painful but he felt that he should suggest it to her. Nalini also knew that it was better to separate but she lacked the courage to suggest it to Rajan. Rajan knew how desperately she tried

to make him happy and at the same time pursue her art. She knew that she failed but she would not suggest separation lest that should make him more unhappy. At last Rajan came to the decision that he would suggest a separation and make her free to devote her entire attention to the art she worshipped. The decision made him calm and he felt a little proud that he was capable of sacrifice.

"Nalini, I want to speak to you about an important matter," Rajan said, one day, after Nalini had returned from her successful tour.

"Yes, Rajan? What is it?" she asked softly and looked at him kindly. Her husband's voice sounded unusually serious that day.

"Nalini, I know that I make you unhappy and stand in your way. I also know that you try to do your best to make me happy. You know you have failed and therefore you feel miserable. Now I realise the truth of what Kesavamurthy said. Your art stands between you and me. If we are to be happy, you have to give up your art. But you can't give it up. Your art suffers because of me. The only solution is that we should give up each other."

"Rajan, I confess I am guilty. I make you more unhappy everybody. Dancing has become a part of me. I tried to fight it. But I could not. I thought I should run away from you but I couldn't leave you. Rajan, I love you and I love my art too."

"But you can't have both. Since you can't leave your art you should leave me and become a better artist. That is the only solution have to be sensible and brave."

Nalini was silent for some time. Then she said, looking at Rajan straight in the face, "Will you promise that you won't make yourself unhappy when I leave you?"

"I promise," Rajan knew that he was uttering a lie.

Nalini suppressed her tears and left the room. Rajan felt a lump in his throat. His mother wept and gave up all hopes of seeing her son happy again.

Nalini rose to greater heights. Rajan went back to his researches and lectures. But he felt that he had lost his youth for ever.

NAGGING WIVES OF THE GREAT

by ANANTH RAO KANANGI

ABRAHAM LINCOLN and Leo Tolstoi, two of the greatest men of the world for all times, who had earned glory, fame, and power lived a miserable life at home because there was a woman there who nagged constantly. If these men had a peaceful home and an adoring wife, who knows, the course of world history itself would have been entirely different today.

In 1910, one day in the winter, Leo Tolstoi fled from his wife into the cold, dark night without any destination. Eleven days later, he was found in a railway station, dead.

His last wish was that his wife should not be allowed to see him!

Tolstoi could not bear the nagging of his wife. For years he had suffered and calmly endured the torture inflicted upon him by a hysterical woman.

The couple could have been happy. They had everything that went to make happiness. "Anna Kerinina", that gem of a novel is sufficient by itself to place Tolstoi as one of the brilliant novelists of the world. Tolstoi had fame and wealth. His writings go to make more than a hundred volumes.

Tolstoi had lived fiercely and intensely in the days of youth. He had sinned and even murdered. Appeasement of desire at any cost was his only aim.

And then a time came when remorse seized him and wisdom dawned upon him. He repented for the horrible life he had led and thought sadly of how he had ridden roughshod over the lives of others. A momentous change came over him.

His writings took a different turn. He began to preach non-violence and peace. He preached against war. He renounced the world; he gave all his lands away and began to live a life of poverty as if to atone for his past sins.

He had many enemies and he began to love them. He regarded fame as frivolous, and wealth a crime against fellow beings.

All this indicates the evolution of the human soul to greater nobility and perfection. Yet, Tolstoi's life was a tragedy.

The cause of it was his marriage.

His wife loved luxury and fame and wealth. She loved to be flattered by men and honoured by society. It was impossible for her to reconcile herself to the change in her husband.

So she began to nag. She made life a living hell for Tolstoi. She burnt his precious manuscripts and destroyed hard labour of many months. She screamed and howled and abused her husband.

She would roll on the ground if he refused her anything she wanted. She would threaten him (with opium at her mouth) that she would kill herself. Sometimes she declared she would drown herself by jumping down the well.

Tolstoi endured all this until he was eighty-two. Then, unable to bear it any longer, he ended his life.

His wife admitted she killed him. "I really think I was insane" she sobbed.

Abraham Lincoln who is remembered today by every American with gratitude and affection, had to endure harassment every minute at the hands of his wife.

She was worse than Tolstoi's wife who had some justification for what she did. Lincoln's wife took delight in criticising even her husband's physique in an unpleasant manner.

She laughed at his stooping shoulders. She said he walked awkwardly. She said he was not graceful in movement and he was not agile. She said his hands were too large, his head too small, his ears stood out like those of an ass,

Unrelieved gloom, like intense cold, soon ceases to act as a stimulus; it quickly numbs the senses and paralyses the muscles.
—The Economist.

his nose was not straight. She said he looked consumptive.

She said all this not a dozen times, not a hundred times; every-day she said this again and again with a fiendish delight.

She created disgraceful scenes in public. Senator Abert J. Beveridge writes: "Mrs. Lincoln's loud, shrill voice could be heard across the street and her incessant outbursts of wrath were audible to all who lived near the house. Frequently her anger was displayed by other means than words and the accounts of her violence, numerous and unimpeachable.

When the couple was living in a certain Mrs. Jacob Early's house,

where there were other boarders also, Lincoln had a very humiliating experience. One morning, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were having breakfast when Lincoln did something that aroused the temper of his wife. In a fit of rage, the woman dashed a cup of hot coffee into her husband's face. This happened in the presence of other boarders. Lincoln sat there in utter humiliation. Mrs. Early wiped his face and clothes with a towel.

Lincoln then began to evade his wife and her nagging. He spent most of the months in the year away from her.

Finally, she went insane after harassing her husband for twenty-five years.

POTATOES AND UTOPIAS

by K. RAGHAVACHARI

COMMUNISTS are active planning strikes and trying to grab power ultimately by violent means.

Socialists have come out of the Congress, the parent body under which they grew up so far. They do not want to accept responsibility when offered because they know they cannot do better. They have no definite policy of their own except speech-making. They say, day in and day out, that the Congress is dominated by capitalists and that the exit of Kripalani is an eye-opener.

These two parties opposed to each other are trying to establish their own State on political patterns suited to their ways of thinking.

The Congress is really putting up a fight against heavy odds, and instead of issuing grand contradictory statements on imaginary programmes, it would do well to take a serious view of the immediate things, and attend with grit and determination to them. Today they have to be all the more vigilant and realise the danger ahead and boldly and cleverly tackle the menacing situation.

Prohibition is slowly extending itself. Prices of the imported stuff are increasing. Let Government start manufacture of jaggery from toddy and thus provide food for those poor men who have no other means of livelihood. Coconut trees can be profitably work-

ed, the nuts sold through the tappers' associations giving them work for their bread. It is said that the Co-operative department is having some schemes for the tappers, but we do not know what they are.

Charka spinning has ruined this province. It has checked the growth of the textile industry. The slump has set in, the line is clear, and there is no money coming from the public. Most of the allottees are silent, some are making preparations, and one or two strong ones among them, having hacking from renowned foreign concerns in the shape of managing agency partnership, are going ahead with easily available Jap capital goods. Others who have ordered from England have to keep watch till 1953 when they may expect their goods.

What is the outcome of the great co-operative building scheme? We were told that many meetings were held and many persons who applied got houses sanctioned for them, and contrary to the fundamental rules some persons owing more than six houses were specially considered and favoured. We hear that first instalments have been paid, may be the second also. For whom is this building programme? For the homeless man who has to stay in Madras, or for the landlord possessing many houses who still wants another at a cheap rate?



HERE is the text of the running commentary that the All-India Radio did not broadcast:

Good morning, everybody, this is K. A. Abbas reporting from New Delhi.

The morning sun shines brilliantly on the gold braid and the yellow-and-red uniforms of the Governor-General's body-guard, mounted on magnificent chargers, lined two deep in the vast grounds of what was once known as the Viceregal Lodge and is now simply called Government House. The sun shines on the snow-white marble statues of the late King George V and Queen Mary, silently watching from either side of the balcony overlooking the courtyard. It shines on the polished brass of the military band, on the sleek, black knee-boots of the mounted cavaliers, on the battery of cameras and cine cameras ready for action, on the ornamental pools and fountains dotted all over the grounds, reflecting in their water the oversize, un-Indian dome and the Graeco-Roman columns of the palace.

Incidentally, the sun also simultaneously shines on the slim, red sandstone minarets of the Jame Musjid, on the homeless mass of refugees lying in camps all around the capital, on the miserable huts of the labourers who had built this great palace, on the jerry-built confusion of the refugee shops and stalls all over the city, on the piles of refuse left standing in the overcrowded streets and lanes and

bylanes of the old city. But on these mundane, humdrum, unpleasant objects the sun shines every day without making any difference—even without their being seen and noticed.

But today the sun is specially shining on a grand spectacle to which only Hollywood's technicolour cameras could have done full justice. Down these broad steps will walk down today in a few minutes, *for the last time*, the last of the British Governors-General. No wonder there is a solemn hush over the crowd gathered to witness the occasion. This is the final curtain in the "QUIT INDIA" drama!

Collected in an animated bunch on the top of the stairs are the various Maharajas and Rajpramukhs in their resplendent, bejewelled, colourful costumes. They have come, no doubt, to bid goodbye to the last of the line of their benefactors, patrons and godfathers. Even from a distance, how sad they look, their drooping spirits and black mood contrasting with the purple and gold of their picturesque dresses! Sorry, that was my mistake; they are not Maharajas but the liveried retainers of the Viceregal Lodge—the *chobedars*, the *qabdash*, the *kitmatgars*, the *khansamaans*, the *chokras*, the *bhishtis*, the *bhangis* and the *mashalchis* who all worked so hard to recreate for their masters the glories of the Mughal empire.

The crowd that has gathered to witness the historic occasion is

swelling every minute. Even at a conservative estimate there are no less than two thousand people, including Ministers, Government officials, clerks and peons. This vast sea of humanity, that stretches from one end of the lawn to the other, these mounted Bodyguards, this Guard of Honour of Gurkha troops, the pressmen and the photographers, are all seething with but one desire in their hearts—to catch the last glimpse of the noble Lord and the gracious lady who are not only walking out of this palace but, in their representative capacity, **WALKING OUT OF INDIA'S HISTORY!**

Did I say two thousand? I must correct myself. Two thousand two—a man in a dirty, soiled shirt, has just joined the throng, with his child astride his shoulders. This is the age of democracy, India is a free country, and the citizens of India, however humble or poor, are today free, FREE, free to walk into these hallowed precincts and pay their homage to the last of the *Laath Sahibs*. No longer need they be afraid of anybody, of the white man, the military or the police—just a moment, what's that confusion? Oh, it's nothing, really; a sergeant is just pushing back the man in the torn, dirty shirt who had over-stepped the line beyond which the common mortals are not allowed to go. Just a matter of discipline which, our beloved Prime Minister will presently tell you, our nation so badly needs!

Sorry, folks, it seems the proceedings will be slightly delayed. The Governor-General and Lady Mountbatten, I gather, are taking leave of their friend, Prime Minister Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. Meanwhile, I will give my voice some rest—I have a fairly long running commentary ahead of me—and play a record for you. Here is a passage from the recorded message of Her Excellency Lady Mountbatten which she addressed to the people of India yesterday and which rings with such sincerity and warmth of emotion that it is fit to be included among the world's great orations. Incidentally, I am sure all listeners will

note with genuine pleasure that in this message she has dropped a hint that "Quit India" may not be for all times and that there is yet a chance that the Mountbattens will return—as the anthem goes, "happy and glorious, long to rule over us"! And so here is Lady Mountbatten:

"Although in a physical sense, my husband, Pamela and I will be leaving India so soon, we shall always be with you in spirit, and I think you know that you will have our affection, our gratitude and our prayers at all times. The close links of comradeship that have been forged between us are such that can never be broken, and I know that it is inevitable that I SHALL RETURN. So this is not farewell but only *Au revoir*."

Here I am back at the mike. Don't you think I gave you the juiciest bit out of Lady Mountbatten's speech? And did you note that the trembling voice was, as the *Hindustan Times* so well described it, "choked with emotions"? Lady Saheb has made it clear that she and her husband believe in the spirit, which creates another bond of affinity between them and us, the spiritually-minded Indians. And surely even the carping Communists and the snooty Socialists must have glimpsed her golden heart in that reference to "comradeship".

Enough of this digression. I see some movement on the top of the stairs. There they come—His Excellency Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten of Burma in full Naval uniform, accompanied by an Army officer in Khaki. Doesn't he look grand—Lord Mountbatten, I mean, of course, not the Army officer.... But who is that? Oh, I am frightfully sorry, that wasn't Lord Mountbatten at all; they are, I presume, the Military and Naval A. D. C.'s. The Governor-General is coming down now, at a dignified pace, step by step. I think there is something symbolic in the way he is walking down the stairs—step by step, step by step, serenely, solemnly, dignified, well-poised—though what the symbolism is escapes me for the

moment. Oh, yes, I know. This is the way, the British have climbed down from power, and quitted India—slowly, very slowly (Oh, how slowly!), with short and measured steps.

I wish we had television so that you could see, as well as hear about, this historic spectacle. The colours are so fascinating—against the red sandstone background of the palace, with its tall slim columns, the red and blue and gold of the Bodyguard, the khaki of the Gurkhas, the dark glasses of Rajaji who, in a matter of minutes, will be our new Governor-General, the white and gold of Lord Mountbatten's Naval uniform, the beige, striped dress of Lady Mountbatten (she is also wearing a lovely net veil with golden sequins—fashion papers, please copy), the all-white figure of Prime Minister Nehru, the black of Rajen Babu's sherwani, the rainbow colours of the ladies' saris, the beetroot red face of the English police officer who is threatening to cane the man in the dirty, torn shirt if he continue to push forward to give his son a glimpse of the *Laath Saheb*—ah, it is a riot of colour, to be seen and cherished, not to be described!

There comes the gleaming state-coach. Perhaps you can hear the clatter of the horses' hoofs. But I wish you could also see the magnificent horses, the smooth, velvety sheen of their skins, the exquisitely-designed and luxuriously finished coach, the colourful fox-hunting type of uniform worn by the postillion riders. Also I wish you could see the dignified poise with which the *Laath Saheb* and Lady Saheb are responding to the greetings of the people. Look out...the great Lord is actually folding his hands to do 'namaskar'. Can there be a more striking demonstration of the change of heart on the part of the British? After witnessing this characteristically impressive gesture of goodwill, one surely expects the people to offer satyagraha by lying on the road to prevent his departure and to keep Mountbatten in India as our permanent Governor-General! But the coach now moves away... No, it doesn't....Yes, it does...No,

it has not moved at all. It seems two of the horses are refusing to budge an inch. You see they are thoroughbred English horses!

I can see from here that Lord Mountbatten, after consulting Pandit Nehru, is deciding to change over to a car. They are alighting from the coach. I must rush away to the Palam aerodrome to reach there ahead of them. Stand by for continuation of the commentary from the airport. Here we go....

The scene at the airport is only a little less colourful than at the Government House. Lined up, before the plane like school boys, and feeling self-conscious and ill at ease are the members of the Cabinet waiting...waiting...waiting....

Meanwhile, while we too wait, let me play a record of the speech in Hindi that Lord Mountbatten delivered yesterday at a public reception given in his honour by the citizens of Delhi. No doubt by speaking in the "vernacular" language, the noble Lord has fully justified the title of "Pandit" that was conferred on him on August 15, 1947. Listen, then, to Pandit Mountbatten:—

"Delhi ke nivaseeo, Main aur meri Shrimati bahut khush hain ke is same par itni bari party jamao hui hai. Ham dono ap se wida hote hain. Is judai se ham dono ko bara ranj hai. Lekan, apki dosti aur prem hamesha hamara dil main rahega. Mai Hindi nahin janta hun. Islye main pura bhashan Hindi mein nahin kar sakta. Baqi Angrezi mein bolunga. Mein aur Shrimati ap ka dhanyavad karte hain. Ishwar ap ki sahaita kare".

The thing to be noted about this chiselled prose is that Lord Mountbatten has deliberately broken the tradition of the "Roman Urdu" taught in the army. Discarding the mother tongue of Prime Minister Nehru, he spoke in *shudh* Hindi, according to the rules and regulations of Sardar Patel's All-India Radio.

AH! HERE THEY Come!...While Lord Mountbatten is inspecting a

Guard of Honour, the Prime Minister is obliging the horde of cameramen by posing for photographs with Lady Mountbatten and her daughter, Pamela. The little schoolboys... sorry, I mean the Cabinet Ministers, along with the Diplomatic Corps, wait patiently in the scorching sun. Doctor Ambedkar alone has the advantage of a hat, all others are wilting under their perspiration-soaked Gandhi caps. At last the moment has come for final leave-taking of the Cabinet colleagues and the three Mountbattens are now gallantly undergoing the hand-shaking process with their characteristic smiles and polite small talk.

"Thank you so much".

"Good bye".

"Thank *you* so much for the lovely present".

"Goodbye and good luck".

"Look after him, Mrs. Menon."

"Goodbye".

"Goodbye".

And so it is going on, Lord or Lady Mountbatten hitting upon an original remark. Now he is saying something to Rajaji, his successor. "Now *you* must look after him, Rajaji". The "him" is Prime Minister Nehru.

More handshakes, more Goodbyes, even cameramen and correspondents are getting this privilege. Democracy marches on.

They are going into the plane now. I am straining my ears to catch the last words uttered by Lord Mountbatten on the Indian soil. As he enters the plane last, he shouts to one of his A.D.C.s: "Keep it up, old boy". Then the door is closed, the plane is already taxi-ing, inside the faces are pressed against window-panes, outside hands and handkerchiefs are being waved. But where is the Prime Minister? Every one is anxiously looking for him, even his daughter. Has he been taken away in the plane?... Oh, no, there he is! He was on the other side and could not be seen till the plane had taxi-ed away. Thank heavens, he is still with us.. And now the plane is about to take off..there it goes up....

No, that was not the end of the world WITH A BANG (instead of a whimper) but only the first of the guns being fired to salute the outgoing Governor-General. There are thirty more to come, so we must switch-off the mike....

MEMO TO PREMIER NEHRU

Re: The emergency powers with which Congress governments are arming themselves and the harsh punishments being given to leftist political opponents: "The clumsiness of power spoils the key and uses the pick-axe".—TAGORE quoted by you in your Autobiography, page 418.

BOOK OF THE WEEK

INSIDE PAKISTAN, by K. L. Gauba, Rajkamal Publications Ltd., Delhi, Rs. 5, is the latest book from the prolific pen of the author who made a name for sensational journalism with his "Uncle Sham" and "H. H. or The Pathology of Princes". Mr. Gauba, obviously, means well by exposing the undoubtedly reactionary character of Pakistan, but unfortunately he has turned out a hastily written book, full of copious extracts from the daily newspapers, without digesting his material. While "Inside Pakistan" is readable, hard-hitting and crammed with grim and damning facts, the balanced analytical study of Pakistan has yet to be written.

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

"I, Chakravarty Rajagopalachari, do solemnly affirm that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to His Majesty George the Sixth, his heirs and successors, according to law and I, Chakravarty Rajagopalachari do solemnly affirm that I will well and truly serve His Majesty the King George the Sixth, his heirs and successors in the office of the Governor-General of India."—Oath of allegiance taken by H. E. Rajagopalachari, ten months after the independence of India.

"TRICHY: Mr. Kala Venkata Rao, Revenue Minister, Madras Government, disclosed that Madras will be incurring an expenditure of Rs. 12 crores towards payment

of compensation to zamindars alone. The Government had previously worked out the compensation payable at Rs. 10 crores, he said, but the select committee appointed to go into the question had carried out the instructions of the Congress High Command and recommended increased compensation."—A.P.I.

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

"BOMBAY: 'Even Shylock was better than this man' remarked Mr. Oscar Brown in the face of one Occhavalal Kesavalal Parikh, an avaricious merchant from Nadiad. Parikh, stated the police, had been engaged in 'selling the

flesh' of a thirty-year-old widow, Tharabai. The woman was brought to the city from Bhusaval under the arrangement that she should liquidate the debts of her deceased husband owing to the accused by selling herself, and put up in a Girgaum Hotel..."

"DELHI: Jaswant Singh of Pahar Ganj has reported to the police that two persons, Angad Ram and Ratan Chand, collect donations in the name of some fictitious orphanage which does not exist. It is said that a person named Guru Prasad is the leader of the gang besides four women, three girls and 13 children as its members...."—News items.

FAREWELLS AT KARACHI

by C. H. V. PATHY

KARACHI is the Clapham junction of the air and hardly a day passes when one does not witness the arrival or the departure of celebrities. They include actors, poets, playwrights, politicians, film stars, businessmen, journalists and even refugees with nothing to call their own except the clothes they wear.

Drigh Road where is located the civil aerodrome is situated nearly fifteen miles away from the city proper. Sprawling across a vast and arid expanse, the aerodrome is one of the biggest in Asia, and during the inter-war years, it underwent great transformation. Adjacent to the civil aerodrome is the R.A.F. air port, specially reserved for the arrival and the take off of military aircraft. When Hitler's shadow began to lengthen and Stalingrad was hovering on the brink, there was consternation in Karachi and another aerodrome hastily improvised. This is known as Mauripur.

There is an unusual burst of activity at Karachi air port whenever important people arrive. Some like Col. Lindbergh who arrived almost unheralded are publicity-shy and hate the sight of pressmen and photographers. Others revel in the sensation they derive when their

names appear in print and picture. During the war period elaborate security measures had been undertaken and newsmen were at a decided disadvantage in tracking down their quarry.

It was at the height of the war period that Lord Wavell, the first flying Viceroy of India arrived by plane from London. Though some of us knew that he was coming, the time of his touching Indian soil was kept a secret. Lord Wavell came in a specially chartered plane and landed one quiet evening at the R.A.F. aerodrome. After conversing with the Governor of Sind and a few military officers who had come to greet him, Lord Wavell took off and it was Delhi that gave the first news of his arrival. Lady Wavell, Miss Felicity Wavell and others came later. Newspapers in India merely carried the bald announcement that Lord Wavell had come.

Farewells are always sad but one of the most touching scenes that I ever witnessed was enacted in the tarmac of the Drigh Road air port when Lord Wavell and party took off. The special plane arrived at Mauripur air port in the morning where Mr. Ghulam Hussain Hidayatullah received the party and introduced Lord Wavell to members

of his Ministerial team. After a spot of breakfast, Lord Wavell drove to the Napier Barracks where he bade farewell to the soldiers of the Black Watch regiment who has won laurels in the Burmese campaign.

In a tear-laden speech, Lord Wavell said that in a few minutes, he would have crossed the border and from being the Viceroy of India, he would be reduced to a nobody. "You do not know what that means to me. I will have to clean my own shoes, polish my own buttons. I am going down the plane of life. Very soon, you too will join me in England." He almost broke down when he uttered these words, choked with emotion.

The farewell at Drigh Road where the Speaker of the Sind Assembly and some of the Sind Ministers had arrived was tense with drama. Lord and Lady Wavell went round and shook hands with some of the prominent members of the gathering. A guard of honour had been provided. Then Lord Wavell stepped up the gangway of the plane, erect but the shadow across his face was unmistakable. The giant propeller of the plane leapt to life and soon the silver-winged plane was reduced to a mere speck on the horizon of Pakistan.

In contrast to this pathos, Lord Mountbatten's arrival was the signal for a spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm. No doubt members of the public were not allowed to enter the air port at Mauripur and even to pressmen, admission was very difficult. But I was one of those fortunate few who were present as the shades of evening were falling fast at Karachi. Two planes were scheduled to arrive almost at the same time and we were wondering

whether Lord Mountbatten would be left behind in the race. But it was not to be and the hero of the Burmese campaign stepped out lightly from his personal York plane to face a battery of cameramen.

In the same plane were Lady Mountbatten, Miss Pamela Mountbatten and the members of the personal staff of Lord Louis. Lord Ismay had come a day earlier and was awaiting his chief's arrival at Karachi. Lady Mountbatten was sporting a tiny cine camera. Last to disembark was the black terrier which Mountbatten had brought from England.

After the usual introductions were over, Mountbatten and party drove to the palatial Government House where they spent the night with Sir Francis Mudie, the Governor of Sind.

I was the sole newspaperman to accost his lordship. He told me that he was pleased to be back in India but had no story to give. Lady Mountbatten evinced keen interest in the camera which I was carrying. She is herself an amateur photographer. She gave a few lines to the pressmen.

Lord Mountbatten was a contrast to the snobbish, official-ridden team of bureaucrats on whom falls the mantle of running the administration of patches of the far-flung British empire. From the fire in his eyes and the animation in his gait, one could sense that Lord Mountbatten had come here charged with a sense of mission. He was a realist to the core. To him Destiny had allotted the role of being the presiding deity at the liquidation of British overlordship over India.

A TINKERING REFORM

by C. K. CHOWDARY

PROFESSOR RANGA is reported to have said in a speech at Rajahmundry recently that the legislation brought forward by the Madras Government for the abolition of the zamindari system is a revolutionary one and that the Communist criticism of it is biased and vicious. It is quite inexplicable how the professor calls the bill in question a revolutionary one, a measure which envisages huge money compensation (even for national assets like forests, mines, fisheries, etc.) to the feudal interests and which does not touch the basic problem of agrarian economy, viz., the question of land concentration and monopoly.

It is true that the bill for the repeal of the Permanent Settlement does away with statutory landlordism in its present zamindari and inamdari form; but this, in itself, does not mean that landlordism is abolished root and branch. The history of legislation dealing with the abolition of landlordism in other countries will show that there are two ways of abolishing this vicious system. One is the reformist way adopted by the ruling class; this was done in Germany and Czarist Russia. The other is the revolutionary way adopted by the victorious proletariat and the peasantry in the Soviet Union, democratic China and Eastern Europe.

Just as in Russia in 1861, so in Prussia, the "emancipation" of the serfs was effected from above and was the work of the landlords themselves who extorted huge sums from the peasants in return for release from the multifarious feudal dues and impositions. As a result, with the exception of a few rich members of that class, the peasants were left impoverished and landless. The plundering of the peasants, the forcible seizure of the lands, the vast compensation payment exacted, accompanied by the creation of a supply of cheap free labour, furnished the stimulus for the transformation of the large estates from

feudal into capitalist enterprises, although pre-capitalist forms of exploitation in the form of a labour rent continued to exist.

But, in the USSR, Eastern Europe and democratic China, the abolition of feudalism was done in quite a different way. All land belonging to the royal family, nobles, feudal lords, church, was confiscated by the State (without any payment as compensation). In the USSR, the land thus confiscated was nationalised; a portion of it was directly cultivated and managed by the State itself as model farms (Sovkhozes) and the rest was turned over to the peasants for individual cultivation. (Only after 1928 was collectivisation seriously taken up.) In democratic China, the land reform was more thorough. All the land of the feudal landlords was confiscated and distributed to all, including the erstwhile landlords, equally. In the countries of Eastern Europe, all land of the feudal landlords and land of the others exceeding a certain limit (in Rumania, Poland and Czechoslovakia, the limit was 120 acres, in Hungary 142 acres; in Yugoslavia 48 to 84 acres), was confiscated and turned over to the poor peasants and agricultural labourers in allotments of 12 to 21 acres. The rent system was abolished. Private sale of land was equally prohibited, land being purchased by the State alone for allotment to the needy. Thus, landlordism, statutory and non-statutory, was abolished, so that no traces of it were left behind.

"Create a new form of landlordism as a bulwark against agrarian revolution"—this was the guiding principle of the German and Stolypin reforms, whereas the guiding principle of the reforms in the USSR, democratic China, and the Eastern Democracies has been "Land belongs to those who till it." The former resulted in the creation of "junkers" and kulaks, the latter resulted in the creation of a patrio-

DRINKING-WATER FROM THE SEA

Efforts to make sea water drinkable have for a long time occupied the world's scientists and technicians, and they have been carrying out new experiments and applying new methods. During World War II British experts succeeded in installing an apparatus capable of distilling fresh water from sea water small enough to be carried in aircraft and lifeboats. Larger plants, serving the same purpose, have been built for the last 25 years by a Scottish firm. The Dutch Government has now placed an order with this firm valued at £500,000 (Rs. 66.5 lakhs) for similar plant for the Dutch West Indies.

tic, healthy, cultivating peasant. The former resulted in Prussianism and Stolypin reaction; the latter led to Soviet democracy as evidenced in the USSR.

Judging from experience, the Madras Government's measure cannot be called a revolutionary one, by any stretch of imagination. It does not abolish landlordism in practice; it does not abolish the rent system; it does not solve the problem of land monopoly. A new type rich landlord is being created. Huge sums are being paid to the zamindars and inamdars, thus creating a new class of rentiers whose sole occupation will be "clipping coupons". Heavy burdens will be placed on the people in general and the peasants in particular, in order to maintain this new parasitic class. Through monopoly over land and through control over agro-industries and through usury, the new type of landlords will keep firm and even tighten their grip over rural economy. Thus, not even a single item of the agrarian problem is solved by the abolition of the zamindari system, as contemplated by the Madras Government.

The Revenue Minister, Mr. Kala Venkatrao, in a recent radio speech, admitted that a considerable percentage of arable land is concentrated in the hands of a negligible percentage of landlords. A survey of a few villages in the Kistna delta revealed that more than 45% of the cultivated land is concentrated in the hands of about 9% of the patadars (concentration of land is greater in the uplands, especially in Rayalaseema). At one pole, concentration of land in the hands of a few, and at the other pole, pauperisation of the poor peasants and the growth of tenants-at-will and agricultural labourers, is growing (according to Mr. Kala Venkatrao, 82% of the agriculturists have less than 5 acres each, 51% having less than 2 acres each). As per the census figures of 1931 in Madras, there are 120 cultivating tenants and 429 agricultural labourers per 1000 agriculturists, whereas their figures for 1901 were 151 and 345 respectively. This shows the growth

of the landless poor and this process was accentuated after the 1930-34 world economic crisis. Consequent on monopoly in land and pressure over land, rack-renting has become the practice. (Mr. K. G. Sivaswami, in his pamphlet, "Tenancy in ryotwari areas" gives the rents in various districts. In Tinnevely, the rent is as high as 42 bags, i.e. 90 imperial maunds; in Sholavandan, 36 bags. To my knowledge, I know rents of Rs. 600 per acre in Katuru area, and 24 bags of paddy in Proddutur area, both in Kistna delta). Still, tenants are mere tenants-at-will, without any rights over the land they cultivate.

None of these basic problems which are at the root of the present agrarian crisis is touched by the Madras Zamindari Abolition Bill. No doubt, the Madras Ministry promises to follow the present measure with reforms of the tenancy and land revenue systems. But, so far as we know the mind of the Madras Ministry, from the statements made by the Revenue Minister and others, these reforms will be only palliatives and do not touch the basic question of land relations. Land remains as the monopoly of a few rich absentee landlords and rich land-owners; the mass of the peasantry remain poor, debt-burdened, rack-rented and landless.

Only the confiscation of all land from the feudal landlords and the excess land over a limit from the big land-owners, without compensation to any; abolition of rent; cancellation of all agricultural debt; establishment of credit and marketing on cooperative lines; distribution of confiscated land and fallow and waste lands among the poor peasants and agricultural labourers; the replacement of the present land revenue system by a steeply graded agricultural income tax, with a tax-free minimum; only these can solve the problems arising out of the present agrarian crisis. No tinkering reforms which do not touch the basic questions will solve it. They will only result in prolonged agony and progressive distress.

OFFICES AND SALARIES

Need For A Moderate Standard Of Life

(As a rule articles previously published in other journals are not extracted in SWATANTRA. But an exception is made in the case of this article by K. G. Mashruwala taken from HARIJAN. It emphasises a point of view entitled to the consideration of Congress leaders, which they seem to have forgotten on their own accession to office and power.—Ed. S.).

ONE of the evils of the past from which we must break away as early as possible is the linking of offices to salaries. Public services have been organized not only on the principle that holders of responsible positions must be adequately provided for during their period of service to enable government to recruit efficient men and also to enable the officers to faithfully devote all their time, energy and attention to the duties of their office, but further on the principle that along with every increase of responsibility the salary, maintenance allowance, residential accommodation etc. must also go on increasing until the last stage of office is reached. Every service is assumed to be based on the contractual system, and money is regarded as the only means of appreciating the services rendered by an officer of the State or getting the best out of him.

Some years ago the Congress passed a resolution that after a stage there should be no increment of salaries, whatever might be the importance of the office in the State. A maximum of Rs. 500 per month was fixed under the then value of currency. In the present conditions that figure might have become altogether inadequate. It might be changed and another substituted to suit the present price of money. To my mind, the important thing therein was not the figure of 500, but, firstly, that after a state there was not to be a necessary link between office and its salary, and secondly, that our scales of payment must suit the purse of a poor country.

Both these ideas appear to have been now abandoned by the Con-

gress Governments and the framers of the Draft Constitution. The second schedule of the Draft deals with salaries of some of the most important offices of the State, like the President, Governors, Ministers, Speaker, Judges of the Supreme Court and High Courts etc. The salaries of the following officers are specified in exact figures as follows:

President, Rs. 5,500 per month plus allowances;

Governors, Rs. 4,500 per month plus allowances;

Supreme Court Chief Justice, Rs. 5,000; other Judges, Rs. 4,500;

High Court Chief Justice, Rs. 4,000; other Judges, Rs. 3,500.

The allowances of the President and the Governors are, I presume, meant to enable them to receive and feast guests and meet calls of a politico-social nature.

The British soon after their arrival in India quickly discovered one of the weak points of our nation. Pompous display of riches, through *darbars*, processions, festivals, and other crowd-gathering functions impressed our people as nothing else did. The poorest among us, living a miserable and half-starved existence from year's end to year's end, suddenly became lavish in his expenditure and gorgeous in the display of his artistic sense, when there was a marriage or death or other important event in the family. He even sold or mortgaged his property, borrowed dress, ornaments, etc., and until lately some even entered into an agreement of lifelong service to meet these expenses. The poorest tried to emulate his richest casteman. The British thought that unless they

maintained a "splendid" type of administration, it would not be respected by the people.

We have preserved intact this national weakness of ours both in joy and in sorrow. The way in which we celebrated the acquisition of Dominion Status on August 15 and performed the funeral rites and ash-disposal ceremony of Gandhiji was on a scale and on tastes comparable with—not to say, throwing into the background—similar functions in the times of the Moghuls and the then severely criticized Coronation Darbar of Lord Curzon. When Gandhiji went to the Round Table Conference, he took care to see that he appeared as befitting the representative of a poor country. When Gandhiji died we took care to see that his remains were disposed off and his *shraddha* was performed as if he was the Father of the most prosperous nation in the world.....

I do not ask for a puritan standard of life. But I do ask for a moderate standard of life, which should not be exceeded in public life. There might be a link between office and salary up to a certain stage, say, until a public servant became fit to be appointed a District Officer—Magistrate, Judge, Collector, Superintendent of Police, etc. Thereafter, none should be entitled as of right of seniority to be promoted to a particular office. Merit alone should guide the selection, and the selection should make no change in his monetary gains. The appointment to a position of greater responsibility is itself an appreciation of his worth. And the higher appointment brings with it greater prestige and respect, making additional payment superfluous. If the appointment to a superior office necessitates additional out-of-pocket expenses like greater amount of travelling, receiving more public guests, etc., these might be provided for. But otherwise there is no reason why there should be any difference between the salary of a puisne judge and the chief judge of a High Court, as also between them and similar officers of the

Supreme Court, and a District judge. The selection of a person to the office of the chief Judge of the Supreme Court is in itself an appreciation of his abilities and services as against his brother judges and members of the legal faculty. But the appointment does not require him to bring a different kind of acumen or technique or to put in more amount of daily work to discharge his new office than what he had to do as a Judge or an advocate. And though the other judges of the Supreme Court may have to work under him and take orders from him, it cannot be said that they would have to expend less energy and use a lower quality of legal knowledge than the Chief Justice. Whatever superiority a Chief Justice might possess over his brother judges, it cannot be valued in terms of money. If there is need to satisfy vanity, a higher officer might be conferred with an extra honorific title. But there is no reason why every superior office must automatically carry a bigger salary. The same arguments apply to the salaries of the President, the Governors, the Chief and puisne Ministers etc.

Another absurd rule which accompanies this system is that a temporary appointment carries with it temporary increments of salary. Thus if a Governor goes on leave for a week or a fortnight and the officer next in rank to him officiates for him for the period, he must get an extra allowance for that period, as if he was going to put in twelve hours of work during the period instead of his usual six or seven, or would be required to pay his son's college fees and the salaries of his personal assistants on a higher scale during the period! The sooner this false link is snapped the better.

A new tradition must be established making young men aspire to responsible offices and positions not for the salaries they bring but for the opportunity they give them to develop their personality along with the service to their country. And the example must be set from the top.



Atma-Bodha of Sri Sankara. With English translation, notes, comments and Introduction by Swami Nikhilananda. (Sri Ramakrishna Math, Myslapore, Madras. Price, Rs. 4)

Among the celebrated philosophical classics of Sri Sankaracharya, the foremost philosophical system-builder and exponent of the metaphysics of Monism (or non-dualism as a literal rendering of A-Dvaita) the *Atma-bodha* stands out prominently as a small treatise of 68-stanzas in Sanskrit within the short compass of which the basic and fundamental essentials of the doctrine of the doctrine of Advaita have been expounded in a remarkably direct and striking manner with all the paraphernalia of technical disquisition. It will be recalled that an American edition of this work had first appeared and the volume under notice constitutes the first Indian edition. The stanzas are first printed in Devanagari, and each stanza is followed by a rendering into English, explanatory notes, comments and critical discussions. In the course of a closely-reasoned "Preface", Swami Nikhilananda has endeavoured to remove or repudiate "three great misconceptions" regarding Sankara's philosophy existing "both in India and in the West". The charges against Sankara which are misconceptions are:—(1) he discourages all action, (2) he is an enemy of the gods and goddesses of popular religion, and that (3) he moved away from the teachings of the seers of the Upanishads. Swamiji has answered these charges, but I wonder whether any responsible critic can accuse Sankara of any departure from the central and cardinal teachings of the Upanishads. On the contrary, well-known orientalist like Thibaut have contended that while the system of Sankara is in perfect accord and consonance with the doctrines of the Upanishads, the system of Ramanuja is in greater accord with the Vedanta-Sutras, the point of the criticism being that Sankara has deviated from the import of the Vedanta-Sutras of Badarayana.

Then follows a full and exhaustive "Introduction" (running to 149-pages) which is based on the "Vedanta-sara" of Sadananda, and in which the doc-

trines of Advaita are developed and discussed in a detained manner. The vexata questio of all monistic systems of philosophy is:—How did the One become the Many? How can the Absolute be responsible for the Relative? The author of the "Introduction" observes "With regard to these moot questions Sankara maintains an attitude of enlightened agnosticism." I am afraid it is not quite correct to describe the attitude of Sankara as one of agnosticism, let alone the question whether it be crude and blind or enlightened. For, the very opening section of the Acharya's commentary on the Vedanta-Sutras, i.e. the *Adhyasa-bhashya* affords conclusive evidence of the unmistakable and militant anxiety of the Acharya to assign sufficient reason as far as it may be humanly and philosophically possible to do so for the existence of the cosmic phantasmagoria. While Scripture and scriptural authority take precedence over all other channels of valid knowledge, (Pramanas) reason and inference (Anumana) figure next in importance in the system-building of Sankara. The Acharya declares emphatically that Inference **not in conflict** with scripture cannot be prevented from being a source of valid and reliable knowledge. Hence, the conclusion is irresistible that Sankara's philosophical system should be classified as GNOSTICISM or GNOSTIC.

I notice that the term "Maha-Vakya" in stanza 29 has been rendered into "Vedic aphorisms". I am afraid it is a rather weak and ineffective rendering. A Maha-Vakya is a supremely significant sentence (vakya) the metaphysical greatness of which rests on the fact the entire system of doctrine directly depends on it. There are four such supremely significant sentences in Advaita known as the *Maha-Vakyas*. They are not aphorisms. For, the term "aphorism" has been reserved in all philosophical literature to be applied to "Sutras", like the Vedanta-Sutras. (i.e. short, pithy, concentrated utterances).

Further, the term "Jivan-Muktha" is rendered into "Liberated Man". (P-143). The concept of "Jivan-mukthi" is a peculiar one. When knowledge

of one-ness of all existence, particularly of one-ness of the finite and the infinite dawns in an effulgent and incandescent flash in an individual, such a blessed soul instantaneously becomes a *muktha*—free from the ills of finitude. This by no means indicates the end of the cosmic drama for that released soul. For unexpended residue of past Karma still haunts the said individual and notwithstanding the fact of self-realization secured, such an individual is obliged to drag on an existence with a nervous system, a neuro-muscular vehicle, which may reveal strange and even outlandish phases. It is such a peculiarly circumstanced individual who is described as "Jivan-muktha". In the rendering referred to the first syllable "Jivan" is left un-translated. **Liberated while still alive, or Liberated-yet, still living, or some such near equivalent would alone bring out the fullest philosophical connotation of "Jivan-muktha".** The "Appendix" contains a number of devotional prayers written by Sankara, all of which are rendered into English. The alphabetically arranged "glossary" at the end of the volume considerably enhances its usefulness. On the publication of this treatise of Sankara on self-knowledge, the authorities of the Ramakrishna Math are unreservedly to be complimented.—R. Nagaraja Sarma.

Delhi Diary. By M. K. Gandhi (Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. Price Rs. 3.)

It was said of England under the earlier Stuarts and Cromwell that it became the nation of one book, the Bible. Students of the Indian freedom movement will be struck by the comparable ascendancy which Gandhiji's writings in the *Harijan*, in so many ways not unlike the scriptures, exercised over India in the immediate past. The influence exerted by the "post-prayer speeches" showed no diminution in the authority of that upright and inflexible ethical teacher.

Of all these latter-day exhortations, none are so poignant as those delivered in the last months of his life. Preached practically to a raging mob, the collection of his speeches during the last four and a half months must take a high place even among his works. Never was there a more persistent peace-maker. He came to Delhi when it was, in his own words, a "city of the dead". On January 25, he was able to declare that peace had returned to the capital. It is possible that in all recorded history there has never been a more complete and bloodless victory

of peace over violence. Instinct in every word and deed of his was a sublime faith in a benevolent ordering of things, a premise which men of weaker belief could not always reconcile with the madness raging in the streets of Delhi. There can be no doubt that the faith fortified him to the end.

His observations are concerned with an extraordinary variety of subjects. There was nothing too low or too high for his attention. It is this comprehensiveness that entitles this collection to great regard. The reader will find the views of a mind singularly energetic and inflexibly honest, on many subjects which are likely to present themselves to him. It will be strange if he does not feel himself a better and finer man for his reading of this moving book of modern scriptures.

Whither India? Edited by Iqbal Singh and Raja Rao. (Padmaja Publications, Baroda. Price, Rs. 6-8.)

"Whither India?" is the question posed by Jawaharlal Nehru in the first essay in this anthology of what its authors term "socio-political analyses". Each succeeding author, like a true artist, paints his answer in the color he likes best. Between Nirmal Kumar Bose's non-violent violet and K. S. Shelvankar's revolutionary red fall Jaya Prakash Narayan's dreamy-blue socialism, V. S. Srinivasa Sastri's rosy liberalism, the lurid green of Mr. Jinnah's nationalism, and, to complete the spectrum, the exotic yellow of M. P. T. Acharya's anarchism. The concluding essays on the future of the women's movement, the meaning of constituent assembly, the principles and the problems of national planning reflect an awareness of the significance of Soviet Russian experience in these fields. For those who have never glimpsed the rainbow of political ideologies spanning the sky of the future in the brilliance of all its colors, these admirably partisan selections will make informative and rewarding reading.—Stephen Hay.

SWATANTRA

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

Letters TO THE EDITOR

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

Tails

We are told here that in India there are many English papers giving prominence to caste distinctions and writing about higher caste and lower castes. But in Fiji, there is no caste distinction at all. Hindus and Muslims intermarry with each other here and are having a happy life without any distinctions. Some of us have an ardent desire to see our motherland, India. But if we suggest to our children to go and see India, they say that in India people have got tails (appendages) to their names, such as Naidu, Reddy, Mudaliar, Iyer and Pillai. As we have not got any such tails, even if we go there, they may not take to us kindly. But if after some time these tails are cut off, according to the wishes of the Mahatma, then we can go there. We do not know when that will happen.

VAITHILINGAM

Varaka, Fiji.

Disappointing

The Madras Finance Minister's speech at Salem under the auspices of the District Congress Committee on June 10 was not only disappointing but also self-contradictory. After giving expression to appreciation of his colleagues, he referred to forces that were let loose to weaken them. What were these forces? Then, he says "Attempts were being made to divide them further either in the name of religion or in the name of language. Every province was asking for the revision of its boundaries. That meant conflict with neighbouring provinces". (*The Hindu*, dated June 13).

It appears from this that the Minister thinks that division by language is as bad as by religion. If he is so strongly against linguistic division, why should he not boldly criticise the Congress which accepted this principle long ago? Why should he think that by asking for revision of its boundaries, a province should be in conflict with its neighbouring provinces? After all, these present boundaries were made by the British, and why should free India not have more convenient demarcations? A conflict need not at all arise.

Is it too much to expect that whenever our Honourable Ministers speak in public, they will enlighten the public

with constructive speeches instead of harping on the same old slogans which are stale and out of tune?

D. S. SIKHAMANI

Bangalore.

Provincialism and Communalism

The Hon'ble Sri B. Gopala Reddi deplored in a speech at Salem the growing spirit of provincialism and communalism in the country. Furthermore, he asked the people to stand by the present Congress Ministry, which he said, is representative of tried Congressmen.

The composition of the present Madras Congress Ministry is certainly not either on the basis of more merit and competency or on greater popularity. The very basis of it is provincialism and communalism. Even during the recent election of leader for the Congress Assembly Party in the month of March, the spirit of provincialism and communalism worked behind the scenes. It is still surprising that neither the Congress High Command nor the Parliamentary Board has so far taken any steps to improve the situation. When such is the sad state of affairs, to deplore the growing spirit of provincialism and communalism in public speeches does not help anybody.

'RENTALA'

Caste Or No Caste?

"Caste or no caste". This is the dilemma of very many young men aspiring for collegiate education or governmental jobs. The stigma of birth stares them all. A forward Non-Brahmin gloats over the Brahmin while the backward Non-Brahmin frowns at his forward caste fellow. The Harijan is now gradually receding in the background after the solace he got from temple-entry. The greatest irony is that the Dravida Kazhagam which wants abolition of castes and of 'gods' should yet deride the people who attack the communal G.O. When we are trying all methods to lessen this communal acrimony, to jettison the educational career of young men on communal grounds is only to perpetuate the communal virus. It is a pity our Ministerial Party do not want to consider this aspect at all.

All the trouble is due to a misconception of Varnashrama. Mahatma

Gandhi called Varnashrama Dharma the universal law of spiritual economics. It has nothing to do with superiority or inferiority. It is the law of heredity (Vide *Young India* dated 2-9-27). Gandhiji further proclaimed, "Today there is utter confusion in the practice of the four Varnas. I wish all Hindus now voluntarily call themselves Shudras. That is the only way to demonstrate the truth of Brahminism and to revive Varna Dharma to its true state" (Vide *Harijan* dated 25-3-33). Do our Congress friends disown even Gandhiji's views? What we now have is only an over-emphasis of one's alleged rights while duties are given the go-bye. Everybody grabs. Nobody gives either in money, spiritual knowledge or service to the community at large. Much of the communal heat will die out, if we recognize that in a secular State, all must have equal facilities for knowledge or riches. Varna Dharma which is only a code of spiritual and social economics must not cloud the issue at all.

V. G. RAMACHANDRAN
Tirukoilur.

Why This Discrimination?

Newspapers are being filled with advertisements inviting applicants for emergency recruitment to the Indian Administrative Service and the Indian Police Service. Any second class graduate between 27 and 45 years of age working in a private concern and drawing Rs. 400 per month or more, will have a right to enter the portals of the Indian Administrative Service or Police Service. Equally eligible is a Law graduate who registered himself as a pleader and gone to Court for a term of 5 years. A practical man should appreciate the flexibility shown by our Government in this time of need. Necessity is credited to be the mother of invention. This is proved by our Government which has invented new standards to suit the pressing needs of the moment. One would have thought that the Government would utilise their present dire necessity as an opportunity to bring in a large number of women to responsible posts in the administration and thus set another new standard.

But one is hurt to the quick to read the fifth clause in the advertisement: "Women are not eligible for appointment to the I.A.S. and I.P.S." Why this invidious discrimination against a whole sex? Are women weak? Who can say that our women Ministers and our women Governors have not won credit for themselves and for their

sex? Everyone generally acknowledges that a woman is superior to man in diplomatic missions.

The manifesto issued by the Congress before the last election reads: "No disability attaches to any citizen by reason of his or her religion, caste, creed, or sex in regard to public employment, office of power or honour and in the exercise of any trade or calling". Even the chapter on fundamental rights in our new constitution drafted by our representatives long after the elections—and after much change has come our own leaders—contains a clause that states, "No citizen shall on grounds only of religion, caste, sex, descent, place of birth, or any of them, be ineligible for any office under the State." What then is the cause of this sudden and serious shift of views and objectives? Is it due to the dislike of members of Government to be dubbed as 'pandits of consistency' and consequent cultivation of a capacity to transform oneself, mind and soul, from time to time?

N. SUBBA REDDI

"Unjustifiable Criticism"

Lest the unintentional silence on the part of the "progressives" among the readers of "Swatantra" might be construed to mean their acquiescence in the sentiments expressed by "Atri" in the course of his article in the issue of "Swatantra" dated 5th June, I hasten to write this note to say that I for one—I am sure there must be a lot of readers sharing my view—do not wish to let his unjustifiable criticism against the Communists go unchallenged. I would not have ventured to write this but for the fact that Atri has refrained from taking cognisance of the realities of the situation. That he is much obsessed with ideas of anti-Communism is evident from the manner in which he attributes the blame on the Communists for each and every unfortunate situation in the body-politic of our country. To take only one of his many allegations, he asks of the Communists why they have not so far joined hands with the Congress "for the limited purpose of liquidating the Nizam (emphasis mine) which is apparently the common aim of both". One should certainly think twice before putting such a question. For, the policies pursued by the Communist Party of India and the Congress Party in regard to Princes in general and Hyderabad in particular, run diametrically opposed to each other. The Indian Union's policy towards the Nizam is one of rank appeasement. The less said about the struggle launched by the State Congress, the better. The State Congress does not go beyond

demanding establishment of "Responsible Government under the aegis of the Nizam". They are not for liquidating the Nizam, though Atri would like to credit them with such an idea. On the other hand, the Communist Party of India has time and again been demanding the complete annihilation of these feudal autocrats and democratisation of the system of government in the States. In regard to Hyderabad, their declared aim is to dethrone the Nizam and instal a people's raj. It is only the State Congress leaders and Union Ministers who are kowtowing to the Nizam. Under the circumstances, it really passes my comprehension as to how the Communists could be accused of refusing to co-operate with the State Congress whose policy is one of compromise with reaction. It is as good as asking a man who has gone ahead of you to retrace his steps so as to be on a par with you. That is something very difficult for the C.P.I. to do. Instead, the State Congress should revise its present reactionary policy and try to organise the peasants of Hyderabad against Hindu and Muslim jagirdars with whose support only the Nizam is able to ride roughshod over the people.

V. MANGACHARI

Blackmarketing By Millers

Ever since the decontrol of rice in this area, we have been witnessing a thriving blackmarket in rice and it is sold at Rs. 42 per bag today. The millers are mercilessly increasing the prices day by day. Poor and middle class people are feeling helpless and quite unable to make both ends meet. The millers are hoarding thousands of bags and commercial banks have been financing them and the Government is supporting them.

If proper steps are not taken to check this growing blackmarket and if the prices are not immediately controlled, the people will have to die of starvation in this so-called surplus district. The only way to solve this problem is by cancelling the licences granted to the millers and reviving the P.C.C. societies. The Government should realise the gravity of the situation and act boldly.

M. R. KRISHNA

Amalapuram.

Ways Of Indian Officialdom

Sir M. Visveswaraya who has travelled extensively in other countries observes that there is a big gap between the official attitude towards the people in those countries and in India. On other countries officials regard themselves as public servants and so make it

easy for the public to approach them. In India, far too many officials look upon themselves as rulers and make approach to themselves by the public difficult.

An Indian who has travelled abroad is also likely to be struck by the dispatch with which official work is performed in other countries as compared with the practice in India. Letters which in other countries are answered the day they are received, in India remain unanswered in an office for days and even for weeks. Matters which would be decided finally in the course of a few days in any progressive country are hung up in India for weeks and even for months. Legal delays are especially vexatious. It is the bribe that matters and not the service that is cherished.

Good results can be accomplished by simplifying the administrative machinery and regulating the hours of work and the holidays. As to holidays, no country comes anywhere near India in prodigality.

G. M. GANGANNA

Yemmiganur.

City Cinema Managements and the Government

The dispute between cinema employees and the managements was referred to an industrial tribunal with Mr. K. S. Ramaswamy Sastry as adjudicator. His award has been endorsed by the Government. It was to have come into force from February 25 this year. But most of the City cinema managements have not cared to implement even some of the fundamental terms of the award in the matter of pay and allowances. This attitude is an indirect challenge to the administration of the day. It is high time the Government take note of the seriousness of the affair.

"FAIRDEAL"

Cause of Abnormal Prices

Who is responsible for the abnormal prices of food grains? It is the agriculturist. He is not satisfied with the Government prices though these are fixed quite reasonably after allowing a fair profit margin and for the increased cost of agricultural labour and implements. The ryot is now not willing to surrender his stocks at reasonable prices but is hoarding to sell only to those who can pay three or four times the Government rate. Of late, middlemen have been eliminated and the ryot is now selling the grain direct for prices of his choice. He has no heart or eyes for the neighbour who is dying of starvation. No legislation by the ablest of

the politicians can bring about a change without a change of heart in the agriculturists that produce the grains.

Some of our politicians, with an eye to mass votes, have made the ryots their special study and taken to encouraging them in their demands. The ryot is not willing to enter upon his usual job of tilling the soil but is taking to the joys of city life and idleness. He has turned his attention from cultivation of land to grabbing power through politics.

The Central Government should take immediate steps to iron the prices of all commodities and take up agricultural operations under the State itself, if there is non-co-operation by the ryots. Otherwise the vicious circle pursuing the high cost of foodstuffs will never end.

Calingapatam.

V. N. RAO

Prohibition Versus Education

The Congress pledged itself to the eradication of illiteracy and ever since it came into power it has been making frantic efforts towards that goal. But at every stage it finds itself in a tight corner for want of sufficient money in the Exchequer. What if the Congress Government is wedded to total prohibition? Could it not introduce it in slow stages as is done in other provinces instead of taking a headlong plunge? If the Government had some foresight and seen that total prohibition would be more successful when illiteracy is reduced to the minimum and utilised the ill-gotten Excise revenue for adult education and removal of illiteracy and introduced prohibition by stages, the Government need not have been niggardly in pushing through schemes for education.

Anantapur.

'MAHESH'

The Food Outlook

Neither Dr. Rajan's statements assuaging the soundness of the food situation and giving hypothetical assurances to "the people at large", nor the gracious but hurried visit paid by India's Food Minister, Mr. Jairamdas Daulataram, to the famine-stricken areas of our province, indicate either an improvement in the food outlook or a correct approach to the food problem. Mr. Jairamdas Daulataram's visit to the deficit areas was devoted to a virulent propaganda in favour of maize. For those who complained of the unpalatable flavour and indigestibility of maize, he had no alternative to offer except starvation itself. He offered starvation to the already starving millions that India's Food Minister after all came to Madras? Is it so unavoidable for people in deficit areas to eat maize? Cannot India's Food Minister balance the rations—I mean

rice rations—of people in the deficit areas and people in surplus areas in a manner satisfactory to both and avoid thrusting this unwanted maize on them? These are questions that had to be examined by one who avowedly came to "study" the food situation in the province. All that the FOOD MINISTER could do for the starving millions has been a trivial increase in the rice portion of the ration supplied in the so-called relief shops and a proportionate cut in the maize portion of the ration. This great act of India's Food Minister reminds me of the discovery of an M. Sc. student who after vigorously studying the sea for four weeks discovered that there was a lot of water in the sea.

K. S. SUBRAHMANYAM
Rajahmundry.

Avoidable Hardship

Andhra candidates from Madras City who desire to undergo teachers' training for secondary and higher elementary grades have to run up either to Nellore or Chittoor as there are no Telugu sections either in the Teachers' College, Saldapet or the Government Training School, Egmore. This causes avoidable inconvenience and hardships for the candidates and makes them either put off or altogether give up the idea of undergoing training.

The Government could easily open Telugu sections in one of these institutions and facilitate Telugu candidates of the city undergoing training in the city itself.

Madras.

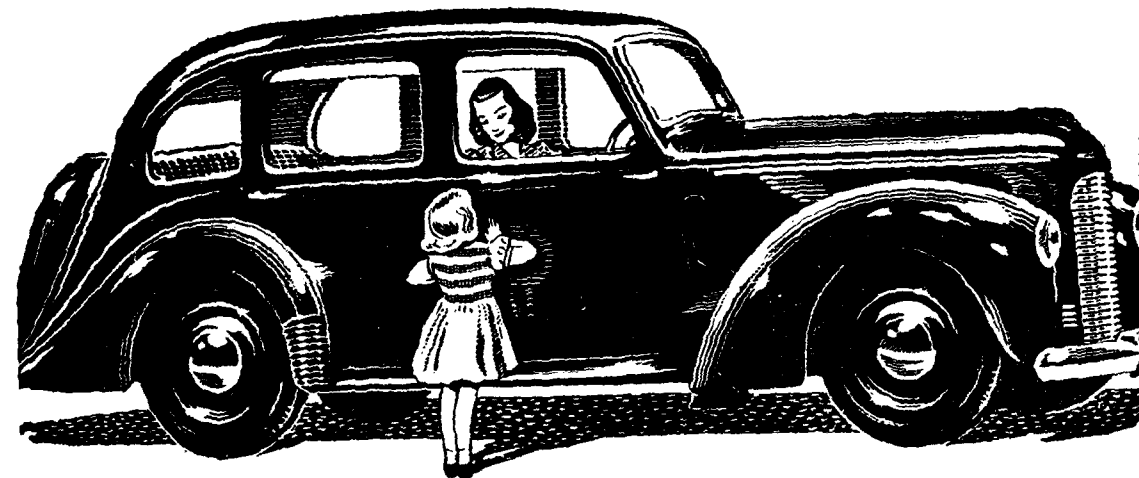
R. NAGARAJA RAO

Hindusthani For Competitive Examinations

It is learnt that one of the compulsory subjects for the coming Federal Public Service Commission competitive examinations is Hindusthani. No doubt there should be an inter-provincial language and as Hindusthani is spoken by a large number of Indians, it should be the lingua franca of the country. But it is not reasonable or wise to introduce Hindusthani overnight in All-India competitive examinations as that will negate the object of the competitive examination by disqualifying a large number of otherwise capable South Indians.

Moreover, when the Government of India have not yet reached a decision over the script of the lingua franca, it is premature and undesirable to introduce Hindusthani for All-India examinations. I hope the Government will reconsider their step and introduce Hindusthani first at the university level and then for All India competitive examinations.

N. SRINIVASAN.



THE MAGNIFICENT 1948 MINX

A Product of the Rootes Group

with Synchromatic Finger-Tip Gear Change in conjunction with new fully proved, 4-Speed smooth action Crash-proof Synchromesh Gearbox.

Enquiries may please be addressed to:—

SIMPSON & CO., LTD., MADRAS.

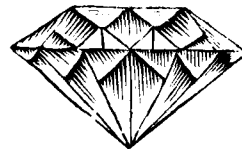
Branches: BANGALORE, OOTACAMUND, TRICHY.

71

TO-DAY'S FRIEND TO-MORROW'S NOBODY.

Multi-persuading are the activities of the Touts. Just think of buying diamonds, many will become your relatives, family friends and what not(?). Acting as experts or Connoisseurs, they volunteer advice.

Toutism in diamonds is not limited to some few. With no Capital investment, risk or responsibility, this voluntary advice in diamonds proves a great paying job for any person in the city. It is the lot of the Poor or the Rich. More city and jany talks pay them enough.



The dealer accommodates the Tout, the Tout in return fulfils his obligations to the dealer. A Hand-in-Glove transaction takes place. The quality is set aside, your interest is sacrificed and you are nowhere.

**ROUT
THE
TOUT**

Trust one instead of two, three. You will save a lot. Choose a merchant of course—the reliable, where your interests are always safe.

Not one or two decades but since three generations Surajmal's is serving the public of India and Burma with unimpeachable reputation, worthy of your patronage.

Choose **THE JEWELLERS**
SURAJMAL'S
"For Sound Deals" • **313, Esplanade,
MADRAS.**