

13

13

SWATANTRA

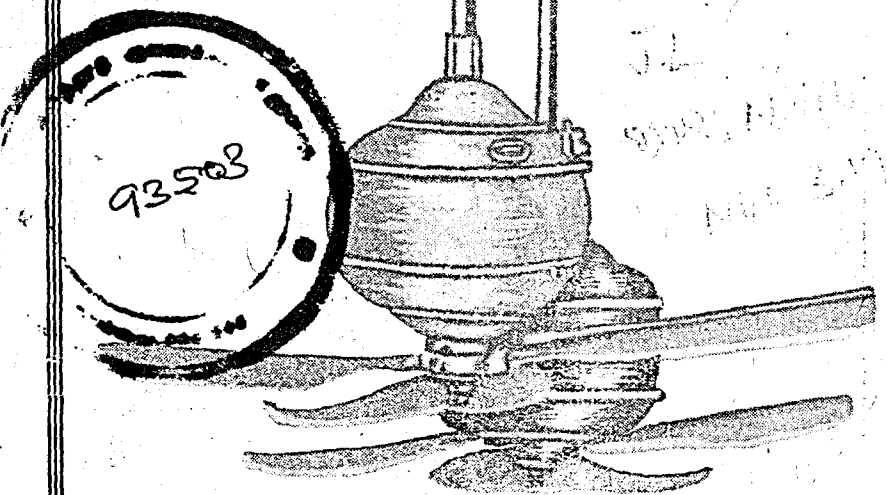
EDITOR: KHASA SUBBA RAO

Veinfil
12



SWATANTRA

Vol. 19
No. 19
1974


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 & Negapatnam.	4. South Arcot District inclusive of Karaikal & Pondicherry: Goodman & Co., 39, Duplex Street, Pondicherry. 5. Travancore State: Harry Sons & Co., Ltd., Cantonment, Trivandrum. 6. Madras, Ramnad & Tinnevely: International Trading Co., Bharat Mansions, Madras.
--	--

Sole Agents for: Andhra Districts & Hyderabad & Ceylon
 Machine Corporation (Madras) 310-311 Linghi Chetty St., Madras.
 Factory Representatives:
Messrs. K. Raghavachari
 310 & 311 Linghi Chetty Street, Madras 1
 Telegrams: "FIATPANIS"

~~~~~  
 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<br>Irregular, excessive or defective menstruation.<br>Pre- and Post-delivery ailments.<br>Colic,<br>Dyspepsia,<br>Gastritis,<br>Chronic Diarrhoea,<br>Chronic Constipation,<br>Other gastro-intestinal disorders | Phthisis,<br>Bronchitis (Acute or Chronic),<br>Coughs consequent on<br>Pneumonia,<br>Malaria,<br>Influenza,<br>Measles,<br>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.

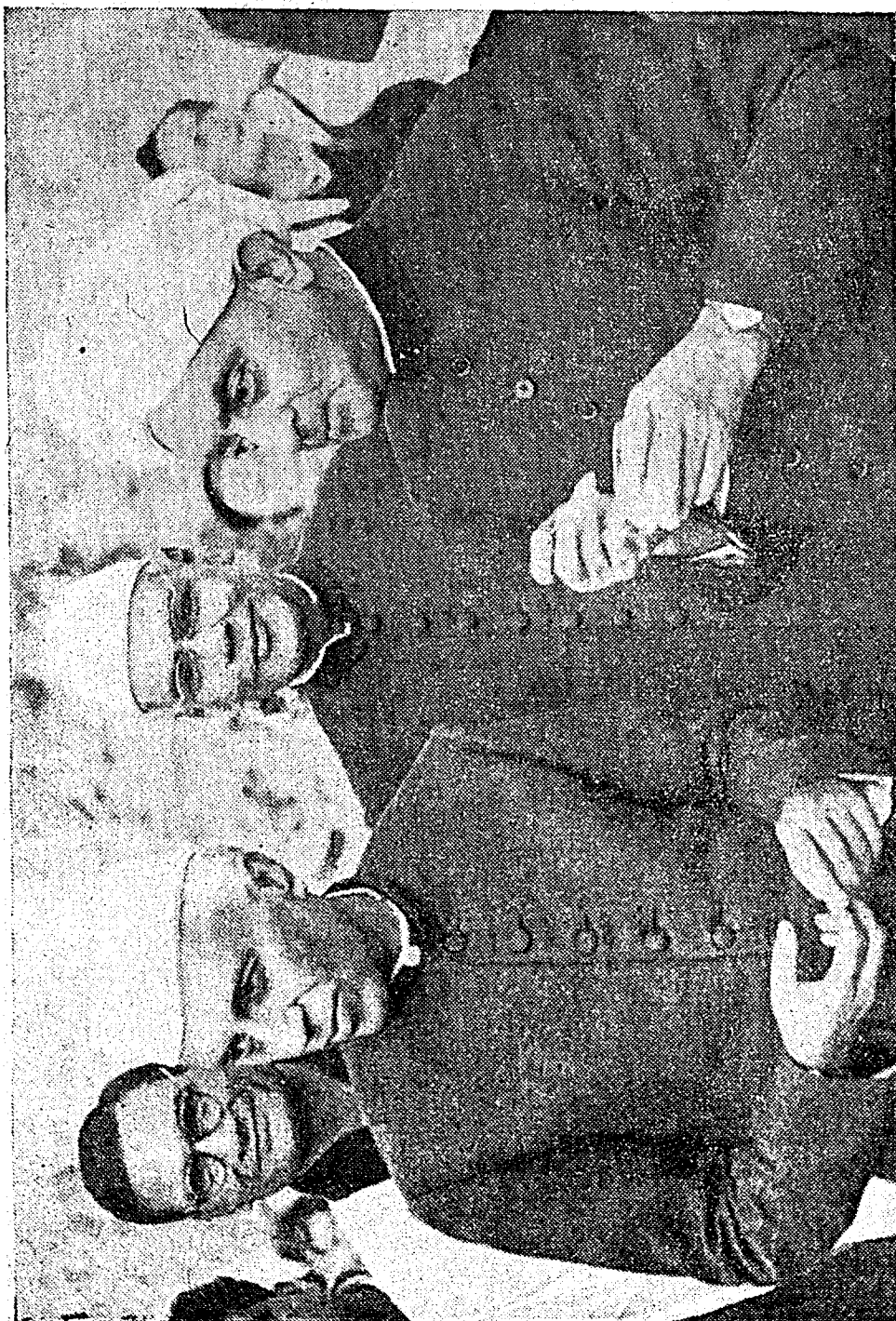
**SWATANTRA**

VOL. III. No. 19.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1948.

CONTENTS.

|                                                          | PAGE |
|----------------------------------------------------------|------|
| Cover Page—T. Surya Kumari                               |      |
| Editorial Comments .. .. .                               | 5    |
| Sotto Voce—By Vighneswara ..                             | 9    |
| Sidelights—By Saka .. .. .                               | 11   |
| Moneyed Monsters—By S. Parthasarathy .. .. .             | 14   |
| Palestine: World's Most Explosive Spot—By Wickham Steed. | 15   |
| A Reverie And A Dream—By K. S. Venkatramani .. .. .      | 17   |
| Mountbatten Quits India—By Pothan Joseph .. .. .         | 21   |
| Hyderabad Heading For War—By "Viswanitra" .. .. .        | 23   |
| Spotlight On The World .. .. .                           | 24   |
| Technical Examinations—By R. Lakshminarasimhan .. .. .   | 26   |
| An Economic Clearing House—By C. H. V. Pathy .. .. .     | 27   |
| Viet-Nam Ignored At UNECAFE.                             | 29   |
| She Went At Dawn (Short Story)—By Leslie Biswas .. .. .  | 31   |
| Azad Qalam—By K. A. Abbas ..                             | 35   |
| "Rajaji"—By P. D. Tandon ..                              | 41   |
| A Plea For Academic Freedom—By 'Bharadvaja' .. .. .      | 43   |
| Books And Authors .. .. .                                | 44   |
| Letters To the Editor .. .. .                            | 46   |



Pandit Nehru and Dr. P. Subbarayan photographed with the host at Sir C.P.'s garden party in Ootacamund during the recent session of the U.N. Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East



Tele { 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**

**AUGUST 6, 1948**  
**ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION:**

**Rs. 12**

**SINGLE COPY: As. 4**



*For Further Particulars please apply to*

*The Manager*

**'TELUGU SWATANTRA'**  
**156, Lloyds Road, Madras, 14.**



## SWATANTRA

VOL. III. No. 22

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1948

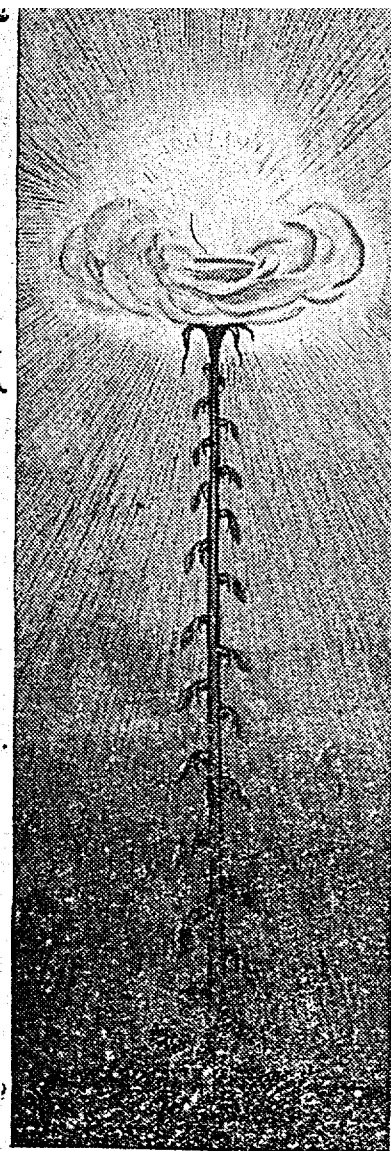
### CONTENTS

PAGE

|                                                                                 |    |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Cover Page—V. S. Pritchett                                                      |    |
| The Divine Rose (poem)—By Harindranath Chattopadhyaya .. .. .                   | 4  |
| Editorial Comments .. .. .                                                      | 5  |
| Sotto Voce—By Vighneswara .. .. .                                               | 3  |
| Sidelights—By Saka .. .. .                                                      | 10 |
| An Unedifying Spectacle—By S. Parthasarathy .. .. .                             | 12 |
| How Attlee Became A Socialist. .. .. .                                          | 13 |
| From The Gallery—By Groundling .. .. .                                          | 14 |
| A Common Language For India—By Adeltha Peterson .. .. .                         | 17 |
| New Delhi Diary—By V. V. Prasad .. .. .                                         | 21 |
| Spotlight On The World .. .. .                                                  | 24 |
| The Zamindaries Abolition Bill: An Analysis—By A. Kaleswara Rao, M.L.A. .. .. . | 27 |
| Brigadier Usman—By A. Lakshmana Rao .. .. .                                     | 31 |
| Earth's Surface And Interior .. .. .                                            | 32 |
| V. S. Pritchett: Story Writer—By Walter Allen .. .. .                           | 33 |
| "Father And Mother" (short story)—By Kum Kum .. .. .                            | 36 |
| Justice Is Done—By Janus .. .. .                                                | 40 |
| A Major Deep Sea Port In West Coast—By G. D. Kalyanasundaram .. .. .            | 42 |
| Books .. .. .                                                                   | 44 |
| Letters To The Editor .. .. .                                                   | 46 |

### SWATANTRA

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



## THE DIVINE ROSE

This is the season of the rose  
 With golden sun-glow in its petals:  
 No vagrant wind around it blows  
 To ruffle its divine repose,  
 Nor restless bee upon it settles.  
 And nothing more may ever baulk  
 My rose of stillness, pure and splendid.  
 How more than hollow is all talk  
 Which says it blows upon a stalk,  
 My rose, superbly self-suspended!

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA

Tiruvannamalai.

Tele 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

AUGUST 6, 1948

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION:

Rs. 12

SINGLE COPY: As. 4

★

For Further Particulars please apply to

The Manager

'TELUGU SWATANTRA'

156, Lloyds Road, Madras, 14.

## SWATANTRA

VOL. III. No. 23

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1948

### CONTENTS

|                                                                 | PAGE |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| Cover Page—Dr. James H. Cousins                                 |      |
| Spirit Of Delhi (Poem)—By Sister Lalitha                        | 4    |
| Editorial Comments                                              | 5    |
| Sotto Voce—By Vighneswara                                       | 7    |
| Sidelights—By Saka                                              | 9    |
| A Fantasy—By S. Parthasarathy                                   | 11   |
| From The Gallery—By Groundling                                  | 13   |
| Dr. James H. Cousins—By K. S.                                   | 16   |
| At The Party (Short Story)—By R. C. Raja Sekhar                 | 17   |
| The Editors' Conference—By A. D. Mani                           | 21   |
| Spotlight On The World                                          | 24   |
| Maker Of The New Kashmir—By Dr. Hafiz Syed, M.A., Ph.D., D.Litt | 27   |
| His Exalted Highness—By P. V. Subbarayudu                       | 29   |
| Political Neutrality And All India Radio—By Shyama Charan Kala  | 31   |
| Nationalism In Danger—By Dr. P. C. Alexander, M.A., D.Litt.     | 33   |
| Yoga Of The Train—By Janus.                                     | 35   |
| Genesis Of Hyderabad—By Dr. N. Venkataramanah, M.A., Ph.D.      | 37   |
| Retirement—By Achyuta                                           | 40   |
| Village Industries And Their Future—By J. C. Kumarappa.         | 41   |
| Walter de la Mare—By Roy Campbell                               | 45   |
| Letters To The Editor                                           | 46   |

### SWATANTRA

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

## SPIRIT OF DELHI

Her face is fair, and clear and proud.  
Her eyes are deep, green pools of thought.  
No woman's weakness in their glance,  
Nor gentleness, nor love of men;  
But love of power and wit and rule.  
A sovereign's heart lies in that breast,  
A heart that neither love nor faith,  
Nor tenderness can ever claim.

Her lovers sue with power and sword.  
The strongest wins her for his own.  
But should he falter or grow weak  
She casts him from her heart's proud throne.  
For only one with power and wit,  
And strength to rule the lives of men,  
Can ever hold her high, proud heart,  
Nor can she care for lesser things.

And he who holds her for a time,  
Decks her with costly gifts and rare,  
Builds palaces and gardens fine,  
Gives her rich jewels and garments fair.  
She takes them with her cold, bright smile,  
And values them while power lasts.  
But when that power shall fade and die,  
Discarded are the former joys.

Again she smiles and takes from him  
Who conquers, heedless of the past.  
With glance serene and proud she says,  
"You who would shrink to pay the price,  
Must set your love in other shrines.  
Turn to the hearths and fires of home,  
Nor yearn you for the greater heights.  
He who would hold my heart's proud throne,  
Must in himself such greatness have.  
And if he falls from strength and power,  
Lost to himself, must lose my love.  
Blame me not then, but blame yourself,  
If you have lost what once you held."

SISTER LALITA.

# SWATANTRA

VOL. III  
No. 19

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1948

ISSUED  
WEEKLY

## SIGNALS OF DISINTEGRATION

PANDIT Nehru said at Nainital, "Those who indulge in communal activities are enemies of the country and I shall treat and punish them as enemies, without mercy or compassion. I shall not tolerate them. I shall accept their challenge and fight them." In the prevailing atmosphere of rank communalism, it was very brave on the part of Pandit Nehru to have declared war on communalists in this downright manner. If the anti-communal attitude of the Prime Minister of India overcomes successfully the hostile forces ranged against it, there will be hope of justice and fairplay in government, happiness for the people and peaceful development towards increasing power and influence of our new young democracy. Communalism is harmful because it seeks to usurp for the benefit of a section rights and powers that belong to all, and mere majority rule as such provides no protection against it. On the other hand a majority may run wild. It may disregard the political and human rights of individuals. It may abridge the fundamental rights of citizens belonging to numerically weak minorities. The rule of the mob and the tyranny of demagogues who rise to power on its shoulders may clothe themselves with the trappings of democratic institutions. If democracy is not to become an engine of oppression, some sort of leadership is required to forestall the elective despotism

of uninstructed masses unused to intelligent application of the power of the vote and of unscrupulous politicians seeking to rouse the passions of the unintelligent to their own ends. Pandit Nehru seems marked out for this sort of leadership. As a true democrat the task has devolved on him of saving the government from being subjected to hatred and terror in the name of democracy—of preventing Ministers in any part of the country from destroying the rights of individuals at their pleasure—and of ensuring a dignified and useful life to all citizens alike, irrespective of caste or sect, not excluding opponents of the ruling majority party.

We demand an application of the Prime Minister's pledge of uncompromising resistance to the evil forces of communalism to this province where such forces have now come out into the open with unashamed brazenness. The educational policy of the Madras Government in particular calls for the immediate intervention of the Prime Minister if he is to prove true to his anti-communal pledge. Discrimination on caste grounds is the keynote of that policy. In the matter of admission to Government colleges, there is nothing like a uniform principle of selection applicable to all seekers impartially. To belong to one caste is to get admitted straightway however low the marks obtained. To belong to another is to get shut out, however

high the marks obtained. The whole of the examination system is being subjected to a ridiculous absurdity on account of the systematic manner in which its results are ignored. Education is not treated as a right open to all citizens alike. It has become a favour dispensable at the sweet pleasure of the Education Minister. The toxin of communalism getting into his blood has poisoned his whole outlook. He has reduced educational administration to a pitiable patchwork of preferences and exclusions. The exclusions simply mean that the victims of it are to that extent forcibly disfranchised.

It is clear that there is no correspondence between the spirit of the Prime Minister's solemn public pledges and the objectives of the Education Minister of Madras. While the latter find triumphant fulfilment in practice, the former continue to be ineffective. Nobody is any the better for their mere theoretical enunciation. It is not a happy state of affairs that this deliberate defiance of a positive assertion of the Prime Minister should be allowed to continue. Is Sri Avinashilingam Chettiar to rank as a mightier architect of India's educational policy than Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru? Or is Madras to strike the standard of revolt, cutting itself off from the moorings of the Centre? These questions are not of mere speculative or academic import. They have become a matter of deep concern to all who wish to see the unity of the country unsullied, as a result of unmistakable emphasis on separatist tendencies lately emanating from both the Education Minister and the Premier. Both seem to have gravitated definitely to the spiritual companionship of the sponsors of the Dravida movement with their craze for secession from the rest of India. We find a reflection of that craze in the odd arrangement by which Tamil Nadu is sought to be treated

differently from the other parts of the province in the matter of the status to be accorded to Hindi in schools. Also, in the even more odd phenomenon of the Premier running to Delhi for a comparatively unimportant engagement, voluntarily abdicating the privilege of welcoming as a host the Prime Minister of India on the occasion of his first visit to the province in that capacity. While the secessionists of the Dravida stamp at the seat of power in provincial administration specialise in outbursts of discourtesy at the authority of the Centre and of national leaders like Pandit Nehru, it is a pity that it does not occur to them that there can be no excuse for so many air trips to Delhi if any validity is to be given to their own point of view. We invite the attention of the responsible leaders of the Congress organisation to these signals of disintegration that threaten our hard-won liberty in order that prompt and effective measures might be taken before the situation gets out of hand for the elimination of undesirables from office and power and the avoidance of further deterioration in the already demoralised condition of provincial politics.

#### Not Fair

THE Government of India have accorded to the Indian National Trade Union Congress the status of "the most representative central organisation of Indian workers." Indian labour will therefore be represented at the forthcoming session of the International Labour Organisation in San Francisco by a delegation from the I.N.T.U.C. This arrangement has drawn a strong protest from the All India Trade Union Congress.

Disputes between the different workers' organisations regarding each other's representative character are not new. Nor is it anything new

that the Government of the day should be an interested party in the settlement of rival claims. Thus during the war years, the Indian Federation of Labour associated with Mr. M. N. Roy and the A.I.T.U.C. were the principal contestants for 'most representative' status. The then British administration found it convenient to conciliate and patronise both. For, both the organisations were, by and large, committed to the policy of restricting industrial strikes to a minimum and securing improvements in the workers' living conditions by other means, as part of their support to the Allies whose victory in the anti-Fascist war, they believed, would advance the cause of progress. The British rulers hit upon the device of letting the I.F.L. and the A. I. T. U. C. represent Indian labour alternately at international conferences. There were indeed a large number of workers owing allegiance to neither organisation. They were influenced by and acted under the leadership of Congressmen whose policy it was to promote the maximum disturbance in industries and weaken the war effort as part of the Quit India movement. Apart from the fact that there was no question of the then Government patronising them, the workers under Congress influence had no formal all-India organisation of their own. Some Congress labour leaders were in the A.I.T.U.C. and some others acted independently. Even after the war, in 1946, when the Government of India asked Mr. S. C. Joshi, Labour Commissioner, to inquire into the relative strength of the various workers' organisations, there was no separate Congress labour front. Mr. S. C. Joshi announced, on the conclusion of his inquiry, that the A.I.T.U.C. was the most representative workers' organisation in the country, and that its membership exceeded that of the I.F.L. by about 100,000. Since then the I.F.L.

has tended to fade out of the picture.

It looked for a time as if the A.I.T.U.C. would develop as the only considerable body of Indian labour, accommodating within its fold divergent political groups who would gain or lose their influence over it in proportion to their respective records in competitive service of the workers. Such a development would have been wholly for the good both of labour and of the ordered running of industry. Rival trade unions are a standing temptation to the less enlightened class of employers to benefit themselves by setting one union against the other and thus removing the sanction of united strength behind the workers' demands; rival trade unions are equally a standing temptation to the less responsible class of labour leaders to attempt a short-cut to popularity by making larger claims on behalf of the workers and touching off strikes more frequently than other trade unionists. A single organisation of workers can command greater respect and can do more for the democratic association of workers as equal partners of the managements in industry, than a conglomeration of mutually hostile organisations can ever hope to. The experience of trade unionists here as in other countries bears out the usefulness of a country-wide united labour body such as the British Trade Union Congress.

The process of polarisation that has recently been at work in the country's political life has, unfortunately, destroyed the chances of a united labour movement. Last year, the Congress leaders decided to form a new labour organisation under their exclusive direction. Those Congressmen who were still functioning in the A.I.T.U.C. broke away from it, alleging that the Communists were dominating that body by unfair means. At a conference in New Delhi in May 1947,

the I.N.T.U.C. was formed as the labour front of the Congress. The splintering of the labour movement has proceeded further this year, with the Socialists' secession from the Congress and, as a consequence, from the I.N.T.U.C. No central organisation of the workers under their influence has yet been formed by the Socialists, but they have, like the A.I.T.U.C., protested against the Government's nomination of the I.N.T.U.C. to the I.L.O. Conference.

Whatever be the actual position with regard to their relative strength, the procedure adopted by the Government in elevating the I.N.T.U.C. above the A.I.T.U.C. does appear to be unsatisfactory, if not improper. That the I.L.O. was to hold a conference this month has been known to the Government of India since the latter half of 1947. Yet it was only towards the end of January this year that the Ministry of Labour announced that the right of representation abroad, which the A.I.T.U.C. had enjoyed since Mr. S. C. Joshi's inquiry, was under question and that a fresh inquiry would therefore be conducted. Sri N. M. Joshi, who is a pioneer and veteran of the Indian labour movement in his own right and is also Secretary of the A.I.T.U.C., welcomed the proposal of an inquiry but asked that it "should be held by a strictly impartial tribunal and in an open manner." He suggested that a committee of High Court Judges, or at least a single High Court Judge, could be charged with the inquiry. The need for it, Sri N. M. Joshi said, arose from the close association of Congress leaders in executive power with the organisers of the I.N.T.U.C. and the possibility of an inquiry conducted by the Government being vitiated by such association. The soundness of this argument should have been evident to the Government who, in fact, while rejecting the suggestion made by Sri N. M. Joshi, did not at-

tempt to question the principle on which it was based.

It was pleaded by the Government that it was "very difficult to find the necessary complement of Judges," that "no judicial tribunal is likely to agree to conduct an enquiry under circumstances which would subject its findings to challenge and review by a lay committee (the Credentials Committee of the I.L.O. Conference)", and that "the time factor is all important." It was evidently not the fault of the A.I.T.U.C. that time was short; if anything it was the result of the Government's anxiety, at a late hour, to help the I.N.T.U.C. to prove its claim for representative status. As for the other two objections, it was surely not impossible for the Government to secure the services of even a single Judge; and, as Sri N. M. Joshi points out, "High Court Judges have taken part in many enquiries, which were not conducted on strictly judicial legal procedure, the reports of which Government was not bound to accept."

Even the official inquiry through the provincial Governments that has actually been conducted has suffered from more than one defect. The A.I.T.U.C. has complained that many of its constituent unions could not submit to the inquiring authority their membership registers, accounts, etc., since these were seized by the police during the drive against the Communists which started early this year. In some cases, trade union offices were sealed by the police and, all over the country, many Communist trade union functionaries—who run a large proportion of the unions affiliated to the A.I.T.U.C.—have been arrested and detained. The I.N.T.U.C., on the other hand, did not suffer from these disabilities during the period of the inquiry. Another disturbing feature of the inquiry seems to have been a certain tacit assumption on the part of the

provincial Governments that the I.N.T.U.C. was the predetermined choice. The *Calcutta Statesman* writes: "The Government... made its own check, but its reliability is uncertain; it appears, for example, that the West Bengal Government telegraphed endorsing the I.N.T.U.C. claim before completing its inquiry." Here in this province, the Madras Government, it would appear, were still engaged in the collection of statistics, less than a week prior to the announcement by the Central Government of the I.N.T.U.C.'s nomination. In these circumstances it is not surprising that Sri N. M. Joshi has adopted the last recourse of asking the I.L.O. Conference to reject the credentials of the Indian workers' delegation.

This unlovely situation could have been easily avoided if the Govern-

ment of India had chosen to act with a little imagination and tact. There was, after all, the precedent of authorising two organisations to represent Indian labour alternately at international conferences. This expedient could well have been adopted, pending an impartial inquiry. Or, in the alternative, a joint delegation comprising representatives of the I.N.T.U.C. and the A.I.T.U.C.—and of the Socialists too—could have been sent this year and the inquiry deferred to a convenient date. The haste and the manner in which the I.N.T.U.C., just a little over a year old, has been granted representative status gives some legitimate ground for the suspicion that political considerations have guided the Government's choice to the detriment of standards of fairness.

## Sotto Voce

### The Philosophers' Stone



THE economists gathered at Ootacamund under the umbrella of UNECAFE have debated learnedly on the solution of the world's food problem. But a young Chinese maiden of twenty summers, Yang Mei, has gone and done it. For nine long years she has not eaten a morsel; unlike the apple of Eden, the mysterious bulb which she consumed has extinguished her appetite quite. But it is more than doubtful whether she knows her own good fortune. In any case American doctors are hot on the track; and once they begin worrying her as a dog does a bone she may bid good-bye to peace.

I fervently hope that the new Government in China will see the hand of Providence in this accidental revelation. That ancient land is not blessed with an excess of food and her people are by long training omnivorous. So why not declare a "Bulb of Manna Week" during which China's teeming millions shall live exclusively on a diet of tubers, botanists and statisticians keeping careful count of every variety of bulb that the chronic hunger and the patient ingenuity of John Chinaman can prise out of the parsimonious earth? I see the orthodox economists wrinkling their noses in disgust:

"Wild good chase!", they mutter between their teeth. It is a foolish parent who does not know his own offspring.

We in India have the reputation of being rather nice feeders; not all the eloquence of Food Members bred on wheat has convinced the South Indian that maize is his natural food, as oats (in Johnson's Dictionary) was that of horses in England and men in Scotland. But we are more alive than Yang Mei was to the possibility of luck passing by unheeded. We consume our wood apple scrupulously, not indeed by swallowing it whole as the elephant does, but scraping the shell clean of every bit of flesh and seed. For somewhere in that clammy mass may lurk the seed of immortality. The humblest of men has the quiet audacity to hope that to him may be vouchsafed the supreme desire—that will abate all desire.

The quest of the philosophers' stone was the dominant interest of the pre-scientific age. It stemmed from the fundamental belief that the man who would gain the key to the magic entrance must avert his gaze resolutely from the multitudinous face of Appearance. The trouble with the scientist is not that he does not concentrate but that he concentrates on too many things. He is like Arjuna who went on a *tirtha yatra* but acquired a number of wives on the way—a delightful experience, no doubt, but hardly compatible with sanctity. Our typical modern would possess both this world and the next, isolating them from each other, as does the wary man who has two domestic establishments.

Suppose Yang Mei was able in a moment of inspiration to recognise her mysterious bulb and plant ecologists succeeded in growing it by the million. How many do you think would be prepared to eat it if they

realised that it meant eating once for all? I doubt whether more than a handful will embark on the rash adventure. There are those who must have all or nothing. They will say, "The eating of this bulb may banish hunger for a time—Yang Mei's nine years, or even longer—but what certainty is there that it will banish it for ever?" You will notice the bland assumption of these careful souls that they are going to last for ever.

There will be others who, having swallowed the hunger-killer, will begin regretting their loss straightway. For hunger is man's *alter ego* and its propitiation is the most important ritual of his life. The rest of his time is one long preparation for it or one long rumination on it. And when all the world is eating around you, how can you support within yourself not an aching void but a dead fullness? Even the gods are not immune from this hankering after the common lot. When, thanks to their machinations, Parvati was denied the blessed tribulation of bearing her own child she decreed in her wrath that their spouses shall be barren; and the goddesses, unlike our emancipated women, were foolish enough to consider this a curse.

Progress is the label that conceit affixes to its own cowardice. We are avid for new worlds to conquer but our arithmetical imagination makes them faithful replicas of the old. We abhor the idea of extinguishing wants because we fear we should die of inanition; in much the same way might the ichthyosaurus have felt, if it had thought of the possibility of some day losing its mountainous size and achieving more compact and workmanlike limbs. The complacent anthropologist declares that the monsters perished because they had no thinking cap on. Luckily for our comfort the philosophers can't get in a word edgewise.

VIGHNESWARA

There is no love sincerer than the love of food.—Bernard Shaw.

## SIDELIGHTS :

Friendship is the privilege of private men; for wretched greatness knows no blessing so substantial.—TATE.

LORD MOUNTBATTEN, the outgoing Governor-General, was once disowned by Whitehall. It happened in Siam and the story is told by Edgar Snow. Siam became during the war a shuttlecock between the British and the Japanese. During the four years of occupation, Japan extracted from Siam goods and services worth 600 million dollars. In these years the man of power in the country was the Premier, Marshal Pibul Songgram. He and his Finance Minister Luang Pradit were known prior to the war as the Siamese twins of politics. When Pibul, convinced that the Axis would win the war, made an alliance with Japan, Pradit resigned from the cabinet and organised and led a vast underground movement. The British and the Americans were his helpers. The end of the war swept Pibul from office into disgrace as a Fascist enemy of the people,



Pibul Songgram

while Pradit became the undisputed national leader. The Americans promptly greeted Pradit's regime. Secretary Byrnes announced that the U.S. would demand no reparations and would vote for Siam's admission to the United Nations Organisation. It was expected that the British would follow suit, but as Edgar Snow caustically remarks, they (the Americans) reckoned without their British cousins' acute sense of business before the beating of guns into ploughshares. Lord Mountbatten appeared on the scene saying that some terms had still to be met before Anglo-Siamese relations could be restored. He invited the Siamese to a luncheon at Kandy and smilingly he informed them that there would be a slight formality to go through afterwards—his political adviser had prepared a "little paper" for them to sign, and after they had signed it, the two countries would be at peace again.

The little paper so casually referred to by His Excellency turned out



Luang Pradit

to be a list of twenty-one demands that would have made Siam a slave state for years to come. The Siamese had wit enough to plead for time and meanwhile plead for American intervention. It soon transpired that Washington knew nothing of Mountbatten's twenty-one points. The U.S. State Department lodged a strong protest at Whitehall. They urged that, "having made some contribution to victory" they were entitled to consultation before the presentation of the Mountbatten terms to Siam. Greatly flustered when thus cornered, Whitehall escaped out of the difficulty by disowning Mountbatten and tamely replying that "he had exceeded his authority."

Casualness is Lord Mountbatten's supreme political weapon. In the battle of wits that goes on constantly in the world's diplomatic game, the parties are adepts in reading each other's minds and alertness runs in their blood. But Lord Mountbatten with his disarming smile gives no chance even to the most suspiciously cautious. He has the cinema actor's gift of inveigling people into the mood for relaxation. And then they get caught and taken unawares and committed to fateful unexpected decisions even while they fancied themselves in passive enjoyment of some agreeable social amenity. He is an expert in stampeding people into courses diametrically opposed to their settled convictions, and doing it all without any taint of that hustle which is commonly associated with stampedes. Pressure is relieved by pleasantness. A veil of ingratiation is thrown over the will to conquer. The result is that those whom Lord Mountbatten takes off their feet in submission to his wishes are conscious of no defeat. He was able to dislodge our Congress leaders from the seemingly inexorable obduracy of their devotion to United India and get them in a moment to agree to the partition which they had sworn never to accept. And yet while they yielded to him and lost what they had previously cherished as very precious, they were somehow left

with a sense of gain. It has been given to Lord Mountbatten to combine positive achievement in fulfilment of Mr. Jinnah's objectives with the trappings of service to India and the role of a trusted friend to Pandit Nehru.

Pandit Nehru's genius for friendship has not helped in the promotion of objectivity in his policies and administration. His foreign friendships in particular would seem to have been specially marked out for exalted treatment. When power has to be exercised, attachment to friends interferes both with impartiality and clarity of judgment. Pandit Nehru's glamour for Lord Mountbatten has been in a way a limitation on his capacity for independent action in the national interest. It has led him on occasions into decisions that strengthened Pakistan at our expense. Lord Mountbatten's successor, C.R., has no imperial affiliations to outgrow. He is therefore more suited to symbolise the full integrity of the freedom of our emancipated State. When Lord Mountbatten was reduced constitutionally to the level of a figurehead, he rescued himself from the discomforts of diminished power with a breathless social activity spread over the whole country. He had, too, the advantage of having put Pandit Nehru in his pocket. C.R. is not made for the pomp and festivities of ceremonial office. His passion is for practical work and administration and not for ornamental window-dressed exhibition in august capacities symbolic of sovereignty. There was cultural artistry in the way in which as Governor at Calcutta he cultivated the goodwill of Bengalees and won their affections. But New Delhi has no culture rooted to the soil. Its population is an assortment of dissimilar varieties of people thrown together mostly for employment, with no integrating bond of native character. How, from the promiscuity of a mixed floating population, to create the stable atmosphere worthy of a great national capital, it devolves now on C.R. to discover. Washington was

not unlike present-day Delhi when it was selected as the seat of Government. But the master of the White House there was both Premier and Head of State and the city was not subjected to any duality of influence, power residing in one place, pomp in another.

#### COVER PAGE

THE picture on the cover page of "Swatantra" this week is that of Miss Surya Kumari. A niece of Sri T. Prakasam, her choice of the cinema as a profession illustrates aptly two welcome recent trends. One is the spread of the desire for work and for economic self-dependence among delicately brought up girls hitherto looking to parental support as the right and proper way of life. The second is the invasion of the screen by the socially elect. A third tendency worth noting is that of Telugu film stars to turn to other languages for exhibition of their talents. Nagiah and Y. V. Rao have made as good Tamil pictures as Telugu. Rao has to his credit, in addition, one or two excellent Canarese films. I doubt if any Tamil stars have taken to Telugu. The comparative difficulty of acquiring enough knowledge of Telugu to speak it well, does not wholly account for the scarcity of Tamil artistes on the Telugu screen. Telugu pictures and Telugu stars are by the knowledgeable rated as artistically more appealing than Tamil ones. But it is the latter that secure the larger gains. There is less of exclusive inhibition on the part of Telugu people to pictures in other languages and far more of hospitality and welcome. Many more Telugu people see Tamil pictures than Tamil people see Telugu pictures. The market for Telugu films is comparatively poor in consequence. To make up for its commercial unattractiveness, a good few Telugu stars have turned themselves into linguists. Surya Kumari is quite an accomplished linguist,

and knows not only Telugu and Tamil but also Canarese. It would appear that she is now trying to acquire Hindi too.

In the acquisition of a language other than the mother tongue, it is the accent that presents the main difficulty. A wrong accent betrays alienness. Success on the screen is incompatible with it. Tamil has to be spoken as the Tamilians speak it, otherwise no Telugu artiste need think of playing an agreeable part in any Tamil picture. In *Samsara Nowka* (now running in several theatres in the Tamil districts) one could scarcely believe that Surya Kumari was not to the language born. Immense physical stamina is by the cinema exacted from its votaries, and film stars have to keep themselves in constant trim with vigorous exercise, discipline and propitious diet. A good deal depends also on congenital robustness. In the case of Surya Kumari strength is not so evident as delicateness. The impression is marked of over-condensed intelligence and emotion—an impression that branches off variously into vivacity and tragedy. This aptitude for portrayal of contradictory moods is a peculiarity of her features.

In *Samsara Nowka*, B.R. Pantulu as the unemployed educated man rises to towering heights of misery and grandeur. The realism of his powerful abandon seems to fill the whole theatre with the atmosphere of tragedy and recalls Irwin to one's mind. T. R. Ramachandran as Madhu gives a delicious performance as the good-natured idiot. In the rounded gaze of his wonder-laden eyes there is the picture of perennial bewilderment. How it is occasionally disturbed with splashes of luminosity from lightning comprehension, all on a sudden, of a baffling puzzle, is a thing to watch for, admire and enjoy. There is an Eddie Cantor touch about it all.—SAKA.

The bride yearns for beauty, her mother for wealth, her father for learning, her relations for family honour and the rest for a feast.—Kalidasa.

# MONEYED MONSTERS

by S. PARTHASARATHY

A VERY puzzling element in the make-up of many of our Congress politicians, including some of their top-ranking men, is their susceptibility to the blandishments of the moneyed monsters and others of that ilk. I say 'puzzling', because these men had braved the terrors of the lathi charge, the rigours of jail life and the jeers of their 'co-operating' countrymen. I do not think that the art of ingratiation is being practised to such perfection in any other country as in India. It looks so simple to the onlooker. A few bits of ostentatious charity, some display of lavish hospitality and the manners of a courtier of Moghul days seem to overcome any resistance that is offered by the politician. The finer points of the art are, perhaps a closely guarded secret. Once he has trapped a politician, the moneyed monster is sure of his next step. It is to place the politician behind a glass case, well displayed and nourished and to assume charge of the gate collections. The moneyed monster does not neglect the smaller fry. He always keeps a few members of the Civil Services tugging at his lines. If Prime Minister Nehru should feel helpless at the growing evidences of corruption in public life, you can form an idea of the extensive nature of operations by these monsters. But few men share the abhorrence of the Prime Minister about corruption. Perhaps the Socialist leaders feel like him. But to the Communists, corruption has come in handy for carrying on propaganda against the present Government. Can we blame the people if they are swayed by such propaganda, especially, when we confess to our helplessness. I remember reading some years ago the story (I cannot vouch for its truth) of a Committee in England which, while engaged in enquiring into the malpractices of solicitors, lost its Chairman on account of his being struck off the rolls for an act of malpractice. We cannot expect to put down the black-market by

constituting a Committee of black-marketeers to devise measures against it unless, of course, we believe in the wisdom of the adage 'set a thief to catch a thief'. Anyway, corruption is like cancer, and the longer it is allowed to exist unchecked, the greater will be its havoc on the remaining healthy parts of the body politic.

Next in prominence to the moneyed monsters, come the top toadies of the old regime. I do not refer to those who filled the ranks of British Administration in India and did their work competently and with a sense of duty. I mean those who occupied important posts of political-cum-administrative nature. They constituted the infiltrating Corps of the British and were intended to create confusion and lower the morale among those who opposed the British rule. They are men, capable of playing with equal facility the roles of the lackey and the boss. Their only weakness was love of gold, and their strength was complete absence of patriotism and loyalty. One would have thought that they would have died with British imperialism. But the Congress politicians seem to be good resurrectionists. They are being rehabilitated and are sent to man key positions. Being life-long friends of our moneyed monsters, they are relied upon by them to smoothen their difficulties and insinuate a good word in their behalf to the powers that be. They are held in high esteem by our ruling politicians, because they are 'experienced' in the ways of administration. In return, they shower compliments on our Ministers whom, not long ago, they called 'nitwits'. But they are dangerous not because of what they do openly but of what they do insidiously. Behind the scenes, they play the game of the British in which they have, by training, become adepts. It is the game of creating discord. Behind the recrudescence of provincialism, communalism, sectarianism, and all

other forms of reactionary activity, such as aggressive capitalism, one can, if he cares to pry deep enough, see the work of their hidden hands.

The writing on the wall is there in clear and bold characters for every Congressman to read, and unless the present intimate association between the ruling Congressmen and the moneyed monsters and others of that ilk is immediately broken, the people will ally themselves with the irresponsible political elements who promise to discover for them the 'Eldorado'. The prices of foodstuffs and essential commodities

are reaching fresh levels with the passing of every day. The wolf is today knocking at almost every door. The secret hoard of the moneyed monster is receiving rapid augmentation. For every pie that he pays into the Gandhi Memorial Fund, he wrings from the poor 11 more pies for his private treasury. There should be no half-heartedness about the measures to be adopted by us to check profiteering and corruption. It will not matter if we have to bring down the entire economic system in order to save the starving millions and the country's political future.

## PALESTINE—WORLD'S MOST EXPLOSIVE SPOT

by WICKHAM STEED

IF there is in this troubled world today a more explosive place than Palestine, I have not yet heard of it. Nevertheless, it is being handled in more than one quarter with a rashness that threatens to produce an international situation of which the dangers are matched only by the intricacy of their repercussions.

No fair-minded observer can acquit British Governments, past and present, of all blame for the position that has now arisen. In 1936 the ablest Commission of Inquiry ever sent to Palestine reported to the Conservative British Government in favour of partition of the country into Jewish and Arab areas with safeguards for the welfare of both races. No action was taken on this report though the British Mandatory authorities in Palestine could, at that time, have put its recommendations into practice with every prospect of lasting success.

### CHANGE IN SPIRIT

In 1939 another Conservative British Government issued, partly under the influence of an Arab agitation which the irresolution of British policy had encouraged, a white paper that amounted to a change in spirit of the British Mandate

and placed definite restrictions upon Jewish colonising enterprise.

A breach between the Jewish Agency for Palestine and the Mandatory authorities was the immediate result. Indirect results were the growth of armed Jewish groups on the one hand and Arab nationalism on the other. In both camps fanatical extremists began to overrule the prudence of responsible men. The scene was set for a Jewish-Arab conflict which ended by making the position of the Mandatory power untenable.

The first British statesman to recognise this fact was Winston Churchill. He urged the Labour Government to hand over the Mandate for Palestine forthwith to the U.N.O. His advice was not then heeded. But a year later the step he recommended was taken. Meanwhile, the situation had gone from bad to worse and the chance that the U.N.O. might be able to control it had not improved.

These, I think, were the main British shortcomings in regard to Palestine.

### IMPARTIAL ADMINISTRATION

Against them should be set a long record of impartial administration that would have been a credit to any country—an impartiality by

which Jews and Arabs alike prouted. Nor did any British Government or party misuse the Palestine issue for domestic political or electoral purposes.

If the same could truthfully be said of all the great Powers, the present outlook might be less troubled.

In this respect the Government of the United States cannot be held blameless, however comprehensible may be its desire not to estrange Jewish voters in the "Presidential year." It put pressure on the U.N. Assembly to accept partition of Palestine no matter what resistance the Arabs might offer.

Britain left no room for doubt that a powerful force would be needed in the present circumstances to maintain partition, but neither the U.S. nor the U.N. attempted to organise such a force. Matters were allowed to drift until the expiry of the British Mandate on May 15. Then (or even earlier) things began to happen.

The Jews proclaimed an independent "State of Israel". President Truman immediately granted recognition to the new State although it fulfilled few, if any, of the conditions required by international usage for such recognition. Soviet Russia, not to be outdone, hastened to follow this example. Meanwhile armed forces from Egypt, Transjordan, Iraq, Syria and the Lebanon had entered Palestine territory.

#### THREAT TO PEACE

The Egyptian Prime Minister explained that Egypt was fighting only against Jewish terrorist organisations and not against the Jewish people. Whether this was a distinction with a difference remains to be seen. In any event the U.S. delegate to the Security Council of the U.N., invoking Article 39 of its Charter, declared that fighting in Palestine constitutes "a threat to peace" and proposed that the Council order "all Governments and authorities to cease and desist from any hostile military action".

The Soviet delegate alone supported this proposal by pressing for

its immediate discussion. Other delegates preferred to await instruction from their Governments. They agreed only to send a questionnaire to the Arab States and the Jewish and Arab "Authorities".

What policy Great Britain will pursue must depend upon circumstances that demand careful consideration.

Recognition of the new State cannot properly be granted until that State has an established administration, is willing and able to fulfil its international obligations, and holds sway within known frontiers. How far the "State of Israel" corresponds to these conditions is a very open question nor is it certain that the neighbouring Arab States can legally be held to have invaded its territory. The British official view seems to be that precipitate decisions are best avoided. If so I should agree with it. But my personal view goes further. It is that to deal with a situation like that in Palestine mainly or solely on grounds of domestic politics is extremely ill-advised.

#### REAL QUESTION

If the question were merely one of recognising or not recognising a new State, Jewish or otherwise, the irregularity of the procedure might matter little. But the real question in this instance is that of preventing a Jew-Arab conflict both from endangering peace throughout the Middle East and from degenerating into a conflict between the great Powers.

The prestige of the United Nations itself is at stake. Either its Security Council will obtain compliance with any "order" it may resolve to give to contending Arabs and Jews in Palestine; or if an "order" is issued and not obeyed it will have to choose between failure to obtain compliance, and armed intervention by the great Powers including Soviet Russia.

Such intervention would be easier to begin than to bring to an end. And this is why I regard Palestine as the most dangerously explosive spot in a troubled world.



IT was the sacred confluence of the river and the sea—the Cauvery and the Bay of Bengal at the ancient city of Puhar, now more familiarly known as Kaveripoompatnam. As usual I went out all alone on my evening walk to this place of conjunction of the river and the sea, listening to the murmured lisp of land and water.

The southern breeze was blowing gently over land and sea pouring into me the liquid beauty all round. Nature breathed the mood of fulfilment spraying joy with every whiff of wind. Withal there was modesty and a deep silence as of the hills. The waves were mere ripples and the river was thin and emaciated with wistful eyes not upon the sea but upon the distant monsoon rains in the western ghats. Still there were the rolling eddies of love in the river, salt-water driven, mixed with anguish at Nature's sporting delays. There was rich philosophy all around, in the robust sea-weed, the endless grains of sand, the serpentine crest of the trembling waves, the eddies of the river, the frolics of the fish, and the sand-dunes embroidered with sea-foam.

Why not spend the whole night here, I said to myself, in this holy Sangam in prayer and reverie, at least as penance for Attlee's cruel division of India?

So I spread my Khadder towel on soft sand, heaping it at one end into a 'feathered' pillow. Twilight had gone. I stretched full on my back gazing at the eternal vigils of the stars on man's follies on earth. The crescent moon pale with thought was climbing down

fighting a scattered fleece of clouds. She looked as if wearied of the endless glory of motion in a trackless sky and the shedding of a light that seemed to make men more 'moony' on earth.

The slender line of stray fishermen's pedestrian traffic back to their homes was thinning till it came to a complete silence in which I began to feel my own pulsebeats. I paused for breath. Some stories I had heard at Tranquebar years ago when I wrote *Kandan*, flashed back to my mind, kindling a sense of uneasiness generally a stranger to me.

There was a *Brahma Rakshas*—the most majestic and stalwart of the race—in the old Danish Castle on the sea-edge of the fort at Tranquebar—a vital being and a spirit deeply interested in scriptures, learning and politics who was once a mighty Subedar under the Maharatta Kings of Tanjore. A love affair at the fag-end of his life made him commit suicide in the old Danish Castle and ever since his *spirit* remained there, selecting a niche in the loftiest turret of the castle. The local story further says that on particular constellations when the moon favours the search for higher occult knowledge, the *Brahma Rakshas*—for brevity's sake we shall call him B.R. hereafter—moves out of his niche in the nights, taking a giant human form 30 feet high and of ample proportions on a gentle stroll in giant strides on the sea beach from Tranquebar to Tirumalavasal, a distance of 15 miles. In the course of this march, sometimes alone and sometimes in a procession with a retinue of hum-

bler spirits, B.R. invariably takes a deep quench of water at the confluence from the river Cauvery till the eddies of the river rolled back into whirlpools. All this just at the place where I was sitting in meditative reverie and lassitude.

I felt a gentle shiver—English-educated man that I am who always nestled home at sun-set—and casually I turned south towards Tranquebar side just to affirm myself.

Lo, B.R. towering 30 feet high in human form, came in giant strides towards me along the beach but with a gentle smile of cordial greetings. Lo, he was dressed exactly like our Prime Minister Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, with the same luminous simplicity, softness and serenity of face—only five times taller than Nehru. I wondered at so much of Khaddar in the Danish Castle!

I spelled and muttered my *gaya-tri* and called for help to my tribal god at this unexpected revelation and stood up as best as I could to greet the phantom and know if it has a voice also in addition to eyes. At any rate I was ready for all eventualities and to a dilapidated aging man in ill-health and reverie divided India has no charm.

But B.R. seemed a perfect gentleman with poise and dignity and came slowly smiling pleasantly, gesturing by hand 'abhyam', 'Don't fear'.

"Don't be afraid of me, dear child", B.R. said in a voice of tranquillity and affection which I have not heard after my mother's death. "I know you, well, my dear son. Are you not 'Paper Boats' now happily stranded in the midst of your own native sand-dunes embroidered with sea-foam".

I was delighted to find B.R. accosting me quoting my own phrases and similes.

B.R. continued in slightly changed voice, "I came out of my castle a little earlier than usual, all alone without my retinue, just to meet you without fail, fearing that you might change your resolve to spend

here the night in penance for divided India and go back home timidly."

There was a deep pause and a shimmer in his eyes. Then he continued, "I am also like yourself deeply interested in Indian politics and the welfare of India, and that India should play her part and do her duty in the world's affairs. Once in my previous human life I did my bit for the improvement of the Cauvery Delta when I was a Minister. I could not finish the job before I died. So I keep on to this place till it is done. Will you do the job for me so that my soul may rest in peace. For instance, Tranquebar should be made into a major port—one single gauge speeding up all traffic from Cochin to Tranquebar without break."

I cried out, "Just the thing I like and wish to do. Tell me, I shall be your willing slave."

"I am quite pleased," B.R. replied in a soft voice, "ask for any boon, dear child, I shall give it to you, now. I am quite pleased with you. Ask for it in 5 minutes."

I was puzzled. The waves of the sea rose in anger at this strange intercourse between Man and Spirit and the sands seemed to sink beneath my feet.

I cleared my throat and shouted, "I am grateful, quite grateful. I wish for no personal favours—I shall bear patiently even the long, dry hacking cough which Pakistan gave me. Pray tell me how to guide India at this perilous hour, to reorganise Indian freedom on a constructive basis and save it from the gathering chaos. Pray, give me a realistic and workable plan and name the right sort of man for each major job."

"Pray, sit down, my boy," B.R. replied, "don't look up into my face when I speak again but simply follow my voice and note down in your memory my words."

Soon I posed as a listening devotee eager for the words of prophecy from the stars through the medium of a still human form and voice.

B.R. began in a calm, clear crisp voice, "I just heard over the radio from my eerie castle-niche that C.R. is appointed Governor-General of India! Good in its own way. But it is like using sovereign gold for feminine jewellery in the harem, like *oodyanam* (gold belt) only to be covered and hidden under *saree* folds—I admired the intimate knowledge of the feminine which B.R. showed—instead of using it for minting money for production. Power-politics sent C.R. to Calcutta—no doubt he is a restless man as second in any job and the best way to use him is to give him the best fitted for him and assign him the first place in that job".

B.R. paused a moment as if listening to the sea and then continued, "Alas, from the battle of Panipet to the battle of Wardha, the ill-luck has been in the selection of our leaders, men and material proper for the job. In Indian history how often have we not used diamond cutters for chopping potatoes or banana slices, and a vegetable cutter to shape the facets of a diamond and finally shifted the blame to *Karma*. The result is tragedy and every page of our history is witness to this up to this day."

The declining crescent moon was caught in the bosom of a cloud and all was darkness on earth. I was fast going into a *samadhi* in a state of mystic rapture. I was all silent attention.

B.R. raised his voice again, "The same thing is happening now. Why not make C.R. the Prime Minister. Taking things as they are, and without wishing for might have been, he is the best man for the job and even the limitations of a rich but feudal mind which he has, will sublime under the impact of power and work. The Prime Ministership of Madras awakened his full potential some years ago and ripened his gifts."

"Then what to do with Pandit Nehru?" I meekly protested.

"Ah, dear child, Pandit Nehru, like me, belongs to a higher order.



See how much I admire him—I have dressed like him today. Pandit Nehru is an elemental force like the roaring wind or the monsoon rains. Don't tether him to the iron peg of office even if gilded—this darling child of Mahatmaji's softness and grace." B.R. raised his voice to the stars, "Liberate him and send him all over the world as our real Ambassador. Relieved of office, our Ministers, provincial and central, will really be afraid of even a phone call from him, as U.P. Ministry was before he accepted in an unwary mood the offer of Wavell. C.R. is now the man for that place. C.R. as G.G. will be like a block of cool and sweet ice packed in saw-dust and lumbered in the Viceregal Chamber, all in mid-summer or useless like cellared wine in Prohibition days, or dangerous like a spark of fire in a bale of cotton!"

I admired the ease and felicity of command of similes in the spirit world and ventured to say, "But C.R. rose to power through an astute skill in the intricate chess-play of power-politics, throughout pro-British and pro-Muslim power politics at its most realistic and sharpest angle!"

"True, true, but that is the only ladder by which a South Indian

could climb up the steep heights of Indian politics in the mist and haze of British diplomacy. When you reach a definite goal of your mind, it is the easiest to shed these ways and means. After self-realisation, you need no *Yoga Sadhanas*, after passing the examination, you may throw away your text-books. Salt corrodes as well as preserves—it depends on the substance you throw in. So also power-politics."

B.R. seemed to rehearse his own views of C.R. for a final decision and C.R. seemed a knotty problem even for the ghost world. When there was a momentary pause I ventured to interrupt, "Then who shall be our G.G.?" "Well, well," B.R. said in a tone of assurance, "Dr. Rajendra Prasad is there. He will fit in like ruby set in gold. By honouring him, you honour all that India cherishes as the noblest in life."

It looked as if B.R. was getting tired of me and Indian politics and wished to move on in his giant strides. But, I, on bended knees, prayed for more light.

"My dear boy, don't worry me with minor details of mundane affairs. I read your latest in *Swatantra*. I agree with you in the main. Let India work for a new pattern of political life free of party affiliations. Give C.R. a complete Socialistic environment. Expand, as you suggest, the Cabinet to 30 Ministers—I am not afraid of numbers."

"Including all the present members?"

"Yes, don't send out anyone—all are good—some have recently married" B.R. said with a giant smile that revealed the love tragedy that ended him, "but make slight changes here and there. Sardar is O.K., but give him only Home. Distribute the rest. Make a genuine Socialist like Jaya Prakash or Dr. Lohia the Finance Minister, transfer Shanmukham, a clear-headed and compact thinker to Agriculture, Shyama Prasad to Education, if Abul Kalam Azad is willing pair

him with Panditji for general renovation work as Mahatmaji did. Any more questions?"

"Big Business and Communists? Can we use them?"

"When the ideal of a society is definitely settled and you have a real leader all can be used and should be used to implement it and the chief's duty is to see to it that the proper man gets the proper job and vice versa. Rolling variety is for rich use and not for conflict—use all from Communist to Big Business for the glory of India of the human kind."

B.R. seemed to stroke the air in majesty and the billows rose and fell in rhythmic cadence as if on a dance recital. I took the chance to say a word. "But, alas, my interview with you is too late. Not even God Almighty can revoke these high appointments already made. What use shall I make of these wise words of yours?"

"Ah, dear child, an Ariel like me and a reverie writer like you—why should we care for results, for fruits of our words and action. Let us do our job for the day as it comes. Ideas, vital ideas, arrive never too late in this world and Time is Maya, my boy, used or unused let us scatter our ideas like the wind that wafts the pollen from flower to flower caring not to know which changes to fruit!"

There was a blare of trumpets in the air and immediately B.R. summoned his retinue and moved on in giant strides but gracefully in a torch-light procession of a hundred minions. There was a rich perfume in the air cascading from the billows and the crescent moon was balefully sinking in the West.

B.R. while departing seemed to bless me with a kick up the heel and I fainted on the sand-dunes.

The morning sun peeped through my window bars. It was late for an early riser like me and I drew myself up in confusion.

What a dream last night? I said to myself in joy and hastened to put it on paper.

## MOUNTBATTEN QUIT INDIA

by POTHAN JOSEPH

IN General Stillwell's Diary, Lord Mountbatten, the S.E.A.C. Paladin of World War II, is described as the "undergraduate" which conveys the suggestion of the remarkable boy who never grew up. In the make-up, the manners and the mannerisms of the retiring Governor-General there are traits of the dashing play-boy who refuses to be bound down by the cares of life. Debonair and proud of his profile, Lord Mountbatten makes his presence felt at any Conference Table. In many ways he is the very antithesis of Lord Wavell whom he replaced by the orders of the Labour Government. During the visit of the Cabinet Mission to India, Mr. Attlee had given Lord Wavell many opportunities of winning the confidence of Indian leaders, both Congress and League, at least to the extent of their working together as a team in a Provisional Government. The task was beyond Lord Wavell; sluggish, unimaginative and incapable of warming the hearts of people, he blinked. Mr. Attlee had to make a decision, and when Mr. Winston Churchill raised a prodigious pow-wow in the Commons about the reasons for Lord Wavell's dismissal, the House knew why, without any formal answer being vouchsafed. Instead of messing themselves in further improvisations, the statesmen of the Labour Party agreed on independence for India, even at the cost of partition. The first proposal was that the British Government should fade out on June 1, 1948, the antecedent period being devoted to problems of separation. The Muslim League wanted Pakistan, and as the price of consequent independence, Congress leaders agreed to the division of the country. Mahatma Gandhi had always observed that Swaraj should be effective through the "peaceful transfer of power". When Lord Mountbatten returned from London with his plan of June 3 hastening partition-cum-independence, the period of transition had been compressed to danger-point. A refugee woman whom Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru tried to comfort during his first visit to East Punjab after the upheaval, asked him why proper arrangements were not made for the safety and transfer of people before separation was proclaimed. Jawaharlal had no answer, because what had been described as vivisection under anaesthetics had made room for a sharp cut with the battle-axe on the raw.

Between June and August 15, Lord Mountbatten held the dignity of being both Viceroy and Governor-General but on the appointed day the mantle of Governor-General chosen by India alone rested on his shoulders. In 1877 Queen Victoria had assumed the robes of Empire and in 1947 the office of Viceroy was extinguished over the head of her descendant, and the Royal title in the governance of India vanished. The resoluteness and the dash with which Lord Mountbatten presided over the different sessions of Partition Councils amazed the people of India. No excuse for delay was allowed and ambiguities were cleared up, all fighting against time but none foreseeing the extent to which pent-up forces of animosity would express themselves at the psychological moment. The glamour-Viceroy manifested a spirit of determination, and assisted by Sir Eric Miville and General Lord Ismay, he made short work of objections once regarded as insuperable. Members of the Services, Civilian and non-Civilian, were galvanised into the realisation that Britain really had made up her mind and there was going to be no retreat or reservation. There are some curmudgeons who still suspect that British officialdom had been aware of the preparations for the communal holocaust that followed. I do not believe in any such malevolence, and the burst-up was limited to the area of explosive incompatibles.

Where the British Government and Lord Mountbatten appeared to take a very risky chance was in declaring that the lapse of Paramountcy had left all the 670 States of India independent. There was nothing to prevent the expression of a dictum to the effect that plenary central authority had passed to the hands of the successor-Government. There seemed to be urgency that the decks should be cleared by the Viceroy as the King's representative before August 15, clarifying the obligation of the Indian Rulers to respect the Union Centre. I regard it as a miracle that a sequel marked by the assertion of independence in scores of States did not follow the vacuumatic opportunity. Mr. Attlee's farewell speech asked Indian Princes to take time to think and act as they thought best in their own interests, but it was a slippery situation. Fortunately the enthusiasm of hundreds of Princes and the resolute tactics of Sardar Vallabhai Patel, achieved a rally which is still in the process of consummation. A diehard

officer of the old Political Department had told V.P. Menon that on the abrogation of British power, there would be a scattered flare-up in Indian States with claims of independence. The anticipation was falsified by experience.

The tide of goodwill however kept swelling, and when he leaves it must be said to the credit of Lord Mountbatten that he kept up the atmosphere of goodwill by his demonstrations of affability making it dead certain that the democratic spirit alone has a chance in India, not ornate autocracy. Imperial pomp was steadily liquidated and Lord Mountbatten with glee welcomed opportunities of social contacts. In Colonel Blimp's eyes he must have cheapened himself by becoming an "ordinary mixer" but people were impressed by his genuine abandon, his association with Gandhiji and his friendliness to Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. Having transformed himself from "Lat Sahab" to a human being, he could move without being hemmed in by body-guards. He himself went to Bombay to see the withdrawal of the last British Unit from India, and if Col. Blimp thinks that he went "native", it merely means that the days of Kipling's ditties and the pukka sahibs' oaths are over.

Lord Mountbatten represented high voltaged action, but he was at every turn relying on his assistants who were at one with him on the basic idea of the transfer of power. In personal interview he would, as if in a neurotic fit, tackle an Indian Prince by suddenly summoning V.P. Menon and letting him come to grips with His Highness. With all his joy viveur and elan, there are some obscurities in his career in India. Did he seriously believe that after partition, he could be Governor-General both of India and of Pakistan? The Indian Cabinet were pre-disposed in his favour, but it is doubtful if Jinnah had agreed on any combined arrangement. Jinnah told Lord Mountbatten that separation meant separation, and that the Muslim League had elected him (Jinnah) as Governor-General of Pakistan, a decision promptly accepted by Prime Minister Attlee who was anxious not to delay transition for the sake of strings lying attached to the proposition of British withdrawal. Gandhiji wrote that the Quaid-e-Azam "had gone back on his word", but that gentleman stoutly denied that there had been any such word that Lord Mountbatten should have one leg planted in India and the other in Pakistan. Some day some intimate historian getting hold of diaries should be able to throw light on the incident.

Another odd circumstance in Lord Mountbatten's Governor-Generalship relates to the reference of the Kashmir question to the U.N.O. Security Council. Was he lost in the belief that Britain would appreciate India's policy and back her in the Security Council? They say Lord Mountbatten held that opinion, irrespective of Mr. Philip Noel Baker's "open mind". The embarrassing stage in connection with the affair at Lake Success is over, and no one is interested in looking further into the genesis of that appeal to the Security Council. The controversy lies frozen and the Kashmir campaign takes its own course. In the third place, there is the conundrum about Hyderabad since Lord Mountbatten had it in his power as the Viceroy to essay a decision in favour of accession by virtue of the authority of the Crown. He did not exercise it. After August 15, his position was that of the head of a Dominion, the same as that of Jinnah's, and the Standstill Agreement of November 29, 1947 eventuated. No doubt Lord Mountbatten in the third week of May invited the Nizam for discussion and those accustomed to thinking in terms of the old status were slightly shocked at the suggestion that Lord Mountbatten had better look up his Exalted Highness at his capital. Constitutionally what was the position? The Governor-General follows the advice of the Cabinet and his movement on such an issue cannot rest on individual humour. To be blunt, he is the Government of India's selection, indeed the Congress nominee in office, and the authoritative glamour with which a Reading or an Irwin could address the Nizam had become mildewed. As a matter of fact, I understand that the Nizam's invitation to Lord Mountbatten dates back many months; indeed the invitation had been couched in hearty language recalling the happy association that always existed between the House of Queen Victoria and the Asaf Jah dynasty. Anything like "Operation Mountbatten" turned obsolete on the midnight of August 14 when the Constituent Assembly sat, and at the auspicious moment a few minutes later, Pandit Jawaharlal proceeded to take over responsibility for the governance of India.

In personal relations, Lord Mountbatten was his own Public Relations Officer. Gay, unaffected, hearty as he was, he had the constant support of Lady Mountbatten who by her free and easy ways made social contacts, and confirmed the popularity of the two. With journalists he was "Hail fellow, well met". As a speaker he was no more stimulating than cabbage-soup. He has the touch of the Bohemian and

the unconventional in his composition. He loves being saluted and he salutes with equal cordiality. Indeed on the appointed day he folded his hands in Indian fashion and stood up in his carriage to say "Jai Hind". On August 15 his work was really over entitling him to say "Nunc Dimitus" but he smile-

ingly lingered a few months longer in deference to India's grateful importunacy; and he leaves the country with flying colours, bearing with him the goodwill of India towards Britain and marking the close of a memorable chapter in world history.—N.I.P.P. (Copyright).

## HYDERABAD HEADING FOR WAR

by 'VISWAMITRA'

I WONDER whether the Union Government is aware of the seriousness with which Hyderabad is talking of war and making real preparations for it. Government servants including Ministers are attending regular parades of Razvi Razakars. The jagirdars have organised 'Iron Guards' and 'Death-defying Squads' have been selected out of Razakars under an experienced ex-army man from Azamgarh, who is known to have seen liberation armies working abroad, and who is supposed to be a refugee here. It is believed that the Nizam has contributed Rs. 1½ crores for the purchase of arms and ammunition for the Razakars and for the training and equipment of an army of Frontier men in Pakistan to be available for him when required. The son-in-law of a jagirdar, Nawab Dost Mohammad Khan, is in Pakistan now as the commander of one of the brigades of that army, each consisting of 800 men. Unsuspected Muslim divines like Moulvi Manazani Hasan Gilani (he is a Professor of Theology in the Usmania University) have gone to Pakistan accompanied by men and money for procurement of war-material. The Hyderabad press and radio have been systematically broadcasting news and views calculated to antagonise the world to India and also to belittle India's moral and military strength. The Muslim tongawala sipping his tea in front of a tea shop talks of the utter uselessness of the Indian army before the superior strength of Hyderabad.

All this may sound mad, but there is a method in this madness. Those who think that all this is mere bluff and that the Nizam is playing a war of nerves to be able to iron out the problems to his advantage, may easily be disillusioned. That he is fanatically resisting the idea of acceding to what is called in Hyderabad by the Urdu Press the 'Hindu Union' is more than evident. He is reported to be constantly talking of 'Takht' or 'Takhta' meaning 'either the throne or the burial plank'. The proposal of Pandit Nehru suggesting a sort of 'subsidiary alliance' for ten years, with internal constitutional changes on the basis of 60-40 representation to non-Muslims and

Muslims, is undoubtedly a big 'come-down'. But it is becoming clear that even this has not the ghost of a chance of acceptance by the Nizam. The press report that the Nizam has been advised by Pakistan to accede to India has been promptly contradicted by Quaid-e-Azam himself. True to his fastidiousness in keeping up formalities, he refused to see the delegation of the Ittehadul Muslimeen, but he has pontifically declared that the 'constituted authority' in Hyderabad has every right to declare its independence, and that India has no right to force accession. How does this accord with the thick rumour that Hyderabad's Agent in the Middle East Mr. Takiuddin is already in possession of a signed document of accession to Pakistan to be delivered in proper time to Quaid-e-Azam? The 'Deccan Radio' recently broadcast the news that the Nizam had requested Quaid-e-Azam to help him with an army of 25,000 in case India invaded Hyderabad, and to despatch it by sea!!! I heard it myself and can believe my ears. And yet Indian leaders are entertaining hopes that everything will be decided by sweet reasonableness within a week. I for one do not understand the optimism of our misinformed leadership. I dislike frenzy and excitement temperamentally, but I equally dread a false sense of security and the tendency to underrate an 'enemy' though yet undeclared. What I feel honestly is that Hyderabad is heading towards war—which may prove completely disastrous to itself, but not less harmful to India. I heartily wish I am falsified.

### SWATANTRA

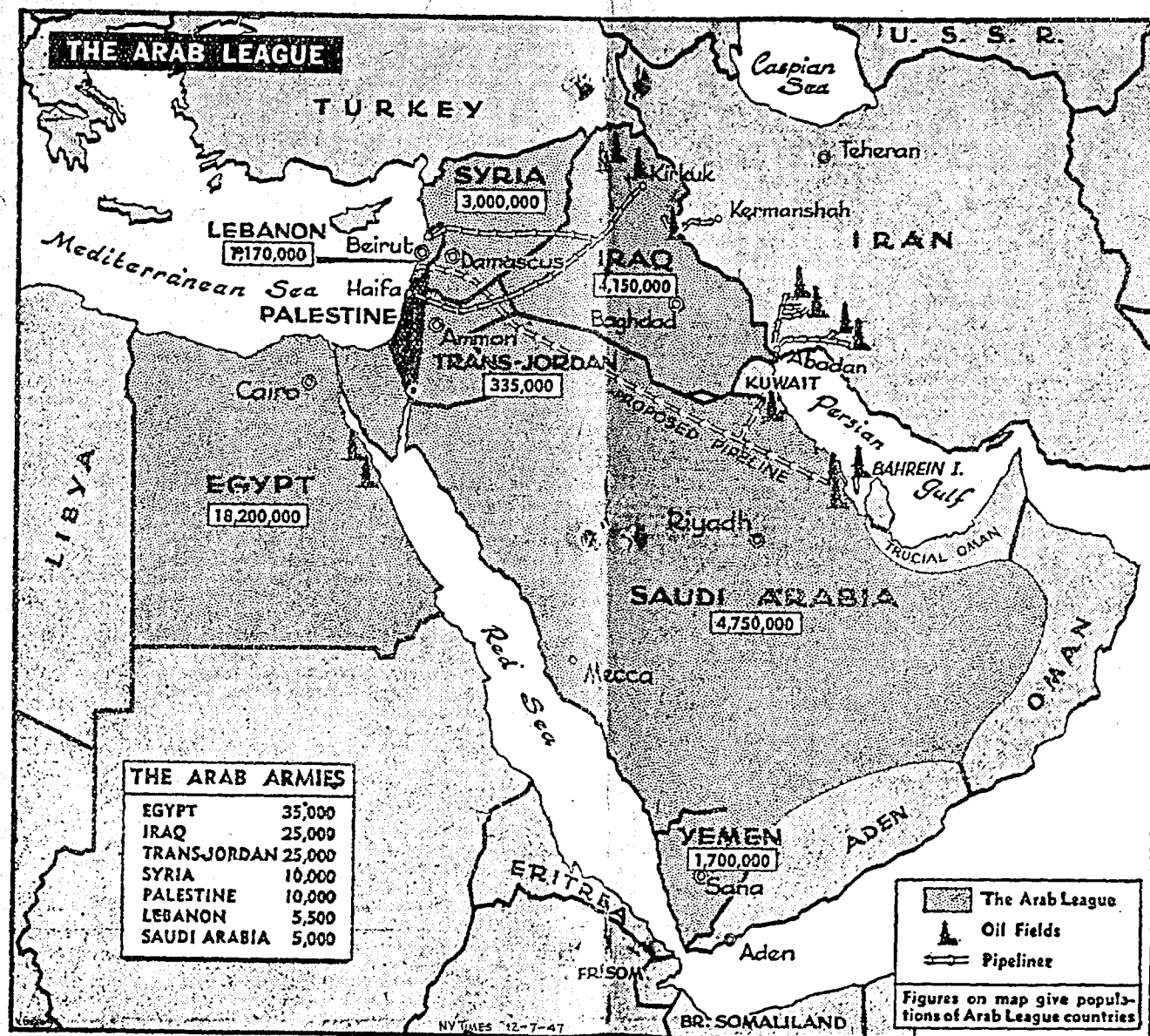
SWATANTRA is published every Saturday at 156, Lloyds Road, Royapettah, Madras (India). Single copy, six annas. Subscription: Inland, Rs. 20 per year and Rs. 10 per half-year. Foreign, £1 16sh. or 8 dollars (U.S.A.) per year. If return of manuscripts is desired, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must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

**T**HE four weeks' truce proclaimed by Count Bernadotte, U.N. Mediator in Palestine, is but an insecure bridge towards peace in the Holy Land. Politically, the truce is uneasy because it is not the result of that minimum agreement on the basic issues which is essential for the fruitful utilisation of a truce for peace talks. The Arabs have not so far given any indication that they will accept the creation of Israel as a *fait accompli*. King Abdullah has declared once again that the Arabs will not accept "any peace calling for an independent Jewish State in Palestine." And it would be contrary to the emphatic testimony of recent Jewish declarations and actions to suppose that an autonomous status within an overall Palestine Arab State will be accepted by the Jews. The proposed peace talks on Rhodes Island will thus have nothing like a commonly accepted basis for discussion.

Militarily, too, the truce suffers from the absence of an impartial supervisory authority. Military observers from a few countries have been sent to Palestine, at Count Bernadotte's request. It is curious that no action was taken to get the observers to the spot in adequate numbers before the truce took effect. It was only after complaints of truce-breaking were lodged by both sides that the despatch of military observers was speeded. Already within the short period that has elapsed since the cease-fire on June 11, skirmishes have occurred on various fronts. The Mediator's staff describe these as minor incidents and are confident that the truce will be successfully implemented. But in the absence of an effectively deterrent U.N. force, either side may resume full-scale operations in the name of defensive retaliation against aggression from the other side.

That the truce was at all accepted by the two parties must be credited to the pressure exerted by outside powers. Arab acceptance was due to British pressure, itself the result of American pressure. Threats from the influential Zionist section in the U.S. Con-

## SPOTLIGHT ON THE WORLD



gress influenced Mr. Bevin so far as to make him order the recall of British officers seconded to the Arab Legion and to impose an embargo on the shipment of arms to the Middle East for the duration of the truce. The Foreign Office advised

the Arabs to obey the Security Council's cease-fire directive. This new attitude on the part of Britain was a decisive restraining influence on the Arabs who would otherwise have liked to pursue their initial successes in battle.

The Jews, for their part, were equally compelled by circumstances to accept the truce, though it meant leaving the Arab forces in possession of the Jewish settlements captured by them. The United States had recognised Israel but showed no

inclination to furnish either arms or economic aid. And the Jews cannot sustain a long war, in the face of the State department's disapproval, with privately donated money.

American support of the truce move is quite understandable. Continued turmoil in Palestine means impediment of oil supplies from the Middle East. As the *Wall Street Journal* warned, "the battle over Palestine may well intensify a prospective global oil-shortage in 1950 and 1951 and thus affect U.S. defence plans which depend on ample oil and free peace-time access to the rich Near East fields." Now that Mr. Bevin has been brought into line, American diplomacy seems to be directed to the discovery of a compromise solution in Palestine which will meet the aspirations of the Jews sufficiently to keep Israel as a friendly state, and at the same time offer the Arab rulers some territorial gains as compensation. This plan, though officially unmentioned, is the most significant part of the current Middle East story. The terms of the plan are, as yet, tentative and obscure. But the essence of it is the transfer of the Arab areas of Palestine to neighbouring Arab States, more especially to Abdullah's tiny State of Transjordan, as *quid pro quo* for Arab acquiescence in the creation of Israel. If the plan is put through, Anglo-American requirements of oil and military strategy will be met and the danger of Soviet penetration into the Middle East will also be removed.

The apparent weakness of the plan, that it negates the demand of the Palestinian Arabs for independence, is not in fact a serious weakness. The Arabs of Palestine, curiously, do not figure as a considerable force in the struggle for power that is being waged on the soil of their country. Palestinian Arabs have not developed a political and military leadership of their own. In the Arab Revolt of 1936-39, they played a minor role; now again most of the upper-class Arabs of Palestine fled the country when the threat of war became acute. It was

lent to the foreigners who comprise the Arab League to wage the war in the name of Arab Palestine. The Mufti of Jerusalem and the Arab Higher Committee of Palestine count for little in the calculations of the Arab League since it is the League which holds the purse strings and controls the trained military manpower and arms supplies.

The real obstacle to any plan for a Jewish-Arab compromise involving the acquisition of the Arab part of Palestine by neighbouring States, lies in the mutual jealousy of the Arab League's members. Differences between the feudal Arab chieftains are so acute that when they met early in 1945 to form the Arab League, they put a 'joker' clause into its charter which allowed the member States free and independent action if they disagreed with or voted against any League resolution. The three great and individualistic figures who dominate the Arab League are King Farouk of Egypt, Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia and Abdullah of Transjordan. They fight their own battles inside and outside the League, but they all see the potentialities of such a body in their struggle for recognition in the world.

Behind the facade of racial and religious unity covering the present Arab invasion of Palestine,

there is a many-pointed pattern of conflict. King Farouk's Egyptian troops are now in Palestine not only to promote the holy jihad but equally to keep an eye on ambitious King Abdullah's Arab Legion, the only fully mechanised Arab army. Syria, the most independent and nationalist of the Arab states, is also deeply suspicious of Abdullah's Greater Syria plan. Abdullah's ambition is to unite Palestine, Transjordan, Syria, Iraq and the Lebanon under his own rule. Ibn Saud, with a sea of oil coursing under the hot sands of his desert kingdom, desires to do nothing to jeopardise his great wealth derived from oil concessions. He has therefore kept in the background of the present conflict in Palestine. He is, however, no less jealous than Syria of Abdullah's desire to enlarge his kingdom.

These trends in Arab politics bring out the significance of recent press speculations that Count Bernadotte may propose a confederacy plan for Palestine involving "territorial arrangements providing for the expansion of Transjordan and other Arab States, mainly at the cost of Arab areas in Palestine." If such an arrangement should be the result of the negotiations on Rhodes Island, it will be a fittingly arbitrary conclusion to the tortuous tale of power politics in the Middle East.

## TECHNICAL EXAMINATIONS

by R. LAKSHMINARASIMHAN

THE results of the Madras Government Technical Examinations in various subjects are published only in the official Fort St. George Gazette and not in the provincial press. While the results of other examinations—including some university examinations in which only a handful of candidates appear every year—are being published in the dailies, I can see no reason whatsoever why the results of the Technical Examinations in which more than 5,000 candidates appear every six months should not have the wide publicity that the dailies, and only the dailies can afford,

The Fort St. George Gazette is not available in the villages; it can never reach the remotest parts of the country as only the newspapers can. A large number of students retire to their villages after their examinations and it is very embarrassing for them to go in weekly search of the Gazette. And the pity of it is further enhanced by the fact that the date of the Gazette in which the results are to appear is not previously notified either in the dailies (as in the case of University examination results) or even in the Gazette itself. All these troubles may be saved by publication, after prior notification, of the results in the dailies themselves.

## AN ECONOMIC CLEARING HOUSE

by C. H. V. PATHY

A VIVID cross section not only of Asia but also of some of the leading European nations as well as the United States was represented at the third session of the United Nations Economic Commission which held its session in Ootacamund, the queen of hill stations. Days of intense preparation had preceded the opening session and an enormous publicity boost was imparted by the fact that Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru was to inaugurate the proceedings. The otherwise quiet and charming retreat, "Arranmore", the palatial property of the Maharaja of Jodhpur which was used during the inter-war years as a camp for European soldiers was a beehive of activity and when I taxied up the place three days before the commencement of the session, I found that the palace had been converted into a miniature city, with its own restaurant, hospital, post office, barber's saloon, post and telegraph office, bookstall, curio shop, bar and what not. One of the visitors to the place remarked that the authorities had gone out of the way to provide liquor to some of the assembled delegates in a prohibition area.

A fleet of cars had also been provided to the delegates and pressmen and others who had assembled to cover the proceedings. Something of the importance of this meeting could be gathered from the fact that more than forty accredited correspondents of the leading papers of the world as well as news agencies had trekked their way up.

Pandit Nehru's visit dominated the proceedings on the opening day. He and his entourage which included Miss Rita Pandit, Mr. H. V. R. Iyengar and photographers of the Information Department flew in a special plane from Delhi and alighted at Coimbatore where the party was met by the Governor of Madras. Pandit Nehru's car was spotted by thousands of people who had as-

sembled all along the route and as soon as they saw the figure of the Prime Minister, they broke out into spontaneous outbursts of cheering. I too had a glimpse of him from an aisle seat in the crowded Charing Cross and I marked the change effected in his features after the death of Bapu. His face has become van and weary though as usual he was wearing his infectious smile and holding his arms folded up to acknowledge the greetings of the people.

Imagine the biggest man of Asia being squeezed into a tiny little room which could hardly accommodate more than two hundred people. That happened in the case of Nehruji who was the central figure of attraction in the durbar hall of the palace whose walls were fringed with the trophies of the late ruler of Jodhpur. A battery of microphones had been fitted all along the rectangular table where the leading delegates were seated while on the dais were the Governor of Madras, Pandit Nehru, Dr. P. S. Lokanathan, Executive Secretary and a temporary Chairman.

Cameras cranked and photographers had a field day shooting the opening session of the Assembly. The Prime Minister of India, following the Governor of Madras who welcomed the delegates, made an extempore speech lasting more than half an hour, in which he pledged our country's co-operation in the work of the Economic Commission. "I want talk about India assuming the leadership of Asia to be dropped. We must think in terms of mutual co-operation and help," he said. He dwelt at length both on the political and economic aspect of India. He had also a dig at the United Nations which had not been a political success but hoped that in the economic field it would have a better showing.

Asiatic countries would welcome foreign aid but there should be no element of exploitation attached to it.

Politics can never be divorced from economics and right from the start, the Commission was face to face with political hurdles. The question of the admission of Indonesia as an associate member of the Commission provoked a storm of controversy. Neither Britain nor the United States had shed its imperial complex and the United States threw its weight with the bloc which was opposed to the admission of Indonesia. Russia, India, Pakistan, New Zealand and Australia were on the other side and an open voting on the first day that this question was taken up would have resulted in a victory for democratic forces. But the Chinese delegate interceded and postponed the final decision. On the second day, too, the decision was shelved.

Ooty is more or less an economic clearing house and several important problems to rehabilitate the war-shattered economy of the Asiatic nations was on the agenda. Speeches were free and fearless but it was apparent from the trend of debates that no western power, particularly the United States is prepared to come to the aid of Asia unless they get some sort of control over our economic life. I talked with a number of leading delegates and these talks left the impression in my mind that we would have to depend more and more on our own resources. An intense drive should be made to pool all our raw materials and there should be exchange among the Asiatic nations. Industrialisation would take a long time and some countries of the west want to keep Asia as a backward country so that they would be in a position to continue their exploitation. Dr. Grady, the chief of the United States delegation, hurled an economic bombshell over the proceedings when he made a speech that he could not understand the demand for aid from the west when all along measures were being taken to choke it. "To develop and expand one's economy obviously

means additional capital, both domestic and foreign. To increase the domestic capital available for development is a problem not unlike that of securing capital. To induce people to save there must be for their investments security and a reasonable return. To induce foreign capital to come to a country there must be the same assurances. If a country fears the domination of foreign capital, it is perfectly logical for it to pass laws and make administrative provisions that will keep capital out. But it is quite inconsistent for the leaders of a country to complain that capital does not come in when they are taking measures and announcing policies which can have no other effect than to keep it out," he said.

What in essence the United States and other exploiting countries want is support to private enterprise in Asia on a commercial basis and this will inevitably lead to foreign control and hence exploitation. All airy talk about a Nehru plan for Asia is moonshine. The political set-up of Asiatic countries which are torn by internal dissensions is not at the moment conducive to rapid economic growth. Instead of having rambling academic discussions such as what we have been witnessing in Ootacamund, it will be better if more precise information is gathered about the economic resources of each country and a plan of mutual aid devised free from the ramifications of redtapism. Asia at the moment is such a sprawling continent—each country is more and more concerned in setting up its economic house in order—that no overall Asiatic plan can be devised.

India naturally occupies a pivotal position and it is a circumstance of happy augury that Dr. John Mathai has been elected unanimously as the Chairman of the Commission at the Ooty session. In Dr. P. S. Lokanathan, the Commission has a very able and energetic Secretary and it is hoped that between these two, some leeway may be made and the economic clouds gathering over the horizon of Asiatic countries would be dispelled.

## VIET-NAM IGNORED AT UNECAFE

THE United Nations Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East at Ootacamund is once again marked by the significant omission of the Viet-Nam Democratic Republic. It may be re-called that on the former two occasions and also at the Rice Conference at Singapore last year, the French imperialists and their puppets were allowed to be represented despite strong objections from some democratic powers.

It is not merely a question of representation. It envisages the fundamentals of an approach to the project of economic recovery of Asia and the Far East, which will determine the extent to which the Commission can prove effective and useful.

The countries of Asia and the Far East stand divided as free, apparently free and colonial countries. It is no longer a question of dispute that the hindrance of the economic development of colonial countries is the usual policy of imperialism, therefore any economic progress under a colonial system is an impossibility. To put an end to imperialist exploitation of the colonial and semi-colonial countries in Asia and the Far East and to enable them to fully co-operate with other countries on the basis of economic equality is a primary necessity of any commission which is desirous of any constructive economic work.

French imperialism is fighting a war of reconquest in Viet-Nam. Its troops number nearly 1,50,000. It has spent over \$600,000,000 for military purposes and is spending an estimated average of \$1,000,000 per day. After nearly three years of war it has not been able to control more than a few towns in Viet-Nam. Under such circumstances, it is quite obvious that French imperialism and its puppets can neither represent Viet-Nam nor put forward any proposal concerning Viet-Nam's economy which has

totally escaped their grasp. Any economic aid administered to Viet-Nam through France will only prove an asset to her war of aggression just as the loans from America for her so-called reconstruction. It is because of this and because of the important role that Viet-Nam can play in the economic life of Asia and the Far East that the question of admission of Viet-Nam as a full member of ECAFE is a fundamental one.

Viet-Nam is the fifth largest rice producing country in the world, and the third largest rice exporting country. It also possesses immense forests rich in precious timber, and mines of all kinds of minerals.

The French imperialists did little to improve rice cultivation. During their 80 years of rule only two-fifth of the total cultivable land was brought under cultivation. Moreover, for want of fertilizers and owing to the lack of other materials its rice output per acre has become the lowest in the world, and in 1945 alone 2 million people died of starvation in North Viet-Nam.

When the Viet-Nam people captured power and set up their own independent Government they were faced with a grave famine situation. The Democratic Republic of Viet-Nam called upon the people to increase production. "Not an inch of land uncultivated, not an arm idle" became the watchword of every citizen responding to the call of his own Government. When the harvest was reaped it was found that the production had increased three-fold.

News is just now to hand that: "In Quang Tri province, Central Viet-Nam, French troops have committed unprecedented crimes against the Vietnamese population. They forced thousands of peasants to destroy with their own hands the crops they were gathering. Many were beaten and others shot by French troops

for refusing to comply". This is France's economic war against the Viet-Nam resistance.

In the North a big network of canals, dams and dykes exists since thousands of years. The French during their rule did not care either to repair or to extend them. It was mainly through local efforts that they are kept in working condition.

The Democratic Republic of Viet-Nam made a public appeal last year that the workers volunteering for the reinforcement and protection of dykes should not be attacked or taken prisoners. When, responding to the patriotic call of the Viet-Nam Government, thousands of youth were busy protecting dykes, the French swooped down and machine-gunned them from the air. They bombarded the dykes and canals. Amphibian tanks were driven over miles of paddy crops.

Can the rest of the countries in Asia and the Far East make economic recovery a reality while Viet-

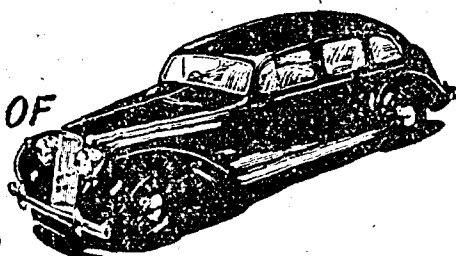
Nam is being so ravaged and devastated by the French imperialists in their war of reconquest?

A timely and suggestive pointer is given by Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru in his inaugural address to the Conference at Ootacamund when he said: "If one part of the world goes down economically or otherwise it has a tendency to drag others with it."

"I am not going to enter into the legal or constitutional aspects of such a matter," added the Prime Minister of India, "but it seems necessary from the practical point of view that an area like the Indonesian Republic, which is one of the richest areas in Asia, and which obviously cannot be ignored in any plan, should be directly and efficiently represented". The same can be said of Viet-Nam.

In the interest of the fulfilment of the Asian recovery programme all the democratic powers should translate these words into action.

**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.

Also transacts:  
\* FIRE  
\* MARINE  
\* WORKMEN'S  
COMPENSATION ETC.

Short Story

## She Went At Dawn

by Leslie Biswas

THE lean scraggy hands of famine had stretched out their awful lengths over the vast province of Bengal and had carried away in their grasp millions of emaciated bodies. Entire families had been wiped away by the "lean death". The sight of a healthy looking man or woman was strange and so it had seemed to Bimal when he saw emerging from the jungles of the swampy Sundarbans a damsel, all alone fresh with the glow of youth. He punted his boat towards the left bank where she stood invitingly shy and timid. She cast her eyes at the water as she spoke—at the swirling eddies that vied with the vanishing dimples on her cheeks.

"I am hungry," she remarked, looking up at him suddenly with a look so deep and tantalising, so disarming that Bimal could but remain silent for a while, before he spoke, bewitched with the spell of her charm.

"So am I. Let's eat the fish I have caught."

"Fish!" she exclaimed in disgust, "I have eaten nothing but fish, fish, fish this past month."

Bimal was stunned. "You are hungry, aren't you? Well then, we shall eat fish!" he ended sternly.

She cooked the fish while he mended his nets, then they both ate their meagre diet. She was an excellent cook and this additional qualification made it easier for Bimal to give her a generous place in his heart. She showed no signs of leaving him, nor did he desire her to go. So they began to live together at the village higher up the distributary, that had sprung rebelliously away from the powerful grasp of its parent river the Ganges, in an ecstasy of childish adventurousness, wandering aimlessly through the turmoil of vegetation and shrubbery of the Sunderbans.

Days passed and tongues began to wag in the village. Who was this young girl, Bhulo, anyway, whom Bimal had 'kept.' Now-a-days everybody was keeping famine-stricken girls. But she should remain true to Bimal, they said. Why did she take so much trouble over her clothes—not that she had many. Who had clothes these days? They had gone long ago in bartering. But Bhulo had a new *dhuti*. They said she had got it from the Congress *lok* by making eyes at them. Why, so many of their women had returned empty-handed from Bansera where the Congress *lok* had opened a relief centre. How had she been so successful?

But the tongues that wagged, never wagged within earshot of Bimal. How was he to know, lying in his hut on a bed of malaria, what all was being said about his unimpeachable Bhulo. She was a goddess to him. Her radiance set alight the gloomy depths of the farthest corners of his hut. Her smile was warm and welcome. When she laid her tender hand on his brows the cold and shivering that had penetrated to the very bones of his body vanished like clouds from the smiling skies. She had brought the 'bitter pills' from Bansera so many miles away and all for him. He had found in her behaviour towards him not the gratitude one would give one's protector, or the docility given willingly to him who shares his daily bread with a destitute, homeless waif. No! He had found in her, more than this, a tenderness growing steadily with the passing days, a companionship warm and welcome, born of kindness and love. She had begun to inspire him with a healthy desire to live, a desire not felt since the days when his whole family had been snatched away, within a couple of days, by the 'lean death.'

But suddenly a change appeared. It all started when the *babu* working at the Congress relief centre came to see him. He was the compounder at the dispensary and as work had considerably relaxed since the early days of the famine he had found time to come and see Bimal, having found out from Bhulo for whom she used to take the 'bitter pills'. Bhulo had brought away with her a generous supply on her last trip and had not been to Bansera for a long time. Bimal had begun wondering why Chatterji Babu should take so much trouble to come and see him. This had started the quarrel.

"Why did you ask him to come and see me?"

"I did not ask him."

"The charity must be greater than what it seems" he said dreamily.

"Don't be stupid," she retorted, "I haven't the faintest idea why he came."

"Oh-ho! I'll tell you why he came. You must have made eyes at him there, so he came here to see you, since you had not been there for some time!"

"Yes, he came to see me" Bhulo cried flaring up "and hear this too, he gave me this *dhuti*? These bangles, these ear-rings and—and—" she ended lamely catching a dangerous glint in Bimal's eyes as he sat up, his face flashed, on his bed of fever.

"What else had he given you?" demanded Bimal in a cold rasping voice. "Answer me!"

"Nothing—but he has promised to give me more things than you ever did and today he came to call me away to give me a real home, not a crumbling old fisherman's hut as you live in."

A wave of grief and fear surged over Bimal but he heard his pride

making answer through his tongue:

"Very well, then, go away. Go to your 'babu-lover.' I shall have nothing more to do with you."

"Yes, I shall," she said. "Early in the morning to-morrow."

They did not speak to each other again all night. Bimal could not sleep. He felt his fever rising. His throat grew parched. He wanted water and called out to Bhulo but she was asleep. He could hear her rhythmic and steady breathing. Yes she was asleep; better not to disturb her when their relations were so strained. He got up in the dark and groped his way to the water-vessel. He had become so weak. He felt the fever rushing to his head. He quenched his thirst and got back to the bed. "I'll make it up with her," said Bimal to himself, "first thing in the morning".

Bimal could not sleep. The fever and the torture of his self-condemnation kept him awake. He could see through the open door-way the pale light of dawn creep into eastern sky. A gentle breeze came whispering up from the river. It soothed his fevered brow, and sent him off to sleep, a sort of a short nap that one often gets during the small hours after a sleepless night.

Bimal woke up late that day with a heavy feeling on his chest. He had been dreaming. Yes, his dream was true. She had gone! A blank—an emptiness as vast as eternity filled the meagre space of his hut.

"Bhulo-Bhulo" he called out feebly, but she had gone. She had planted a new joy in his bosom. Life had become as fresh and cheerful as the *Kadamba* blooms of spring; but now like the chilly west wind her going away had blasted all its joy, all its pleasure. Out of darkness had she come: into darkness had she gone again—for ever!

There appears to exist a greater desire to live long than to live well. Measure by man's desires, he cannot live long enough; measure by his good deeds, and he has not lived long enough; measure by his evil deeds, and he has lived too long.  
—Zimmerman.

## Here's Brand Misra ...

just home from office, longing for a good cup of tea. It's a pity he won't get it because the water in the kettle has been boiling all day. Good tea demands freshly boiled water.



### THE FIVE SIMPLE RULES

1. Use only freshly drawn and freshly boiled water.
2. Warm the pot before use.
3. Use one teaspoonful of good tea for every person served and one for the pot.
4. Let the tea infuse for 3 to 5 minutes before serving.
5. Add milk in the cup, not in the pot.

A free booklet 'TIPS ON TEA' may be had in either English, Bengali, Hindi, Urdu or Tamil on application to the Commissioner, Indian Tea Market Expansion Board, 101, Netaji Subhas Road, Post Box No. 2177 Calcutta.



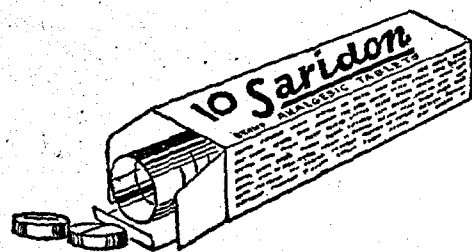
NOTHING SO GOOD AS

WELL-MADE

# Tea

ERTED BY THE INDIAN TEA MARKET EXPANSION BOARD

# Saridon



**STOPS ALL PAIN QUICKLY**

IMPORTANT  
TO INFANTS

**"BABY GRIPE"**

AN INFANTS  
PRESERVATIVE



Protects your baby from all ailments arising out of acidity, indigestion and other internal disorders.

Available at all Chemists.

Manufactured by  
**THE SOUTH INDIAN MFG. CO.,**  
MADURA



AGENTS: Rajan Drug Stores, Nynappa Naicken Street, Madras-3; Seetharama General Stores, Ramana, Berhampore & Secunderabad; Girija Medical Stores

# Azad Qalam

by K. A. Abbas

**L**IFE is funny business. It keeps us perpetually poised on an emotional see-saw—now up in the clouds of glory, now down in the pit of despair!

The world-wide celebrations on V-Day and V-J Day—when a war-weary world heaved a genuine sigh of relief and rejoiced on the end of the war and the ignominious downfall of Nazism and Fascism—have been followed within a couple of years by a series of smaller wars that threaten any minute to develop into another global conflict. Events in Greece, China, Palestine do little to inspire hope of peace.

Again, it seems but yesterday that we were celebrating the Independence Day on August 15 last year—singing and dancing on the streets, feeling a newer, quicker more exciting rhythm in our very pulse-beats. Then came the bloody aftermath of Partition and, stripped of the outer covering of our five thousand years old culture—the Hindu *sanskriti* and the Islamic *tamadun*—our souls were revealed in their hideous nakedness. Many an illusion about non-violence, about religion and about our much-talked-of cultural heritage was killed in the Panjab—in the West Panjab and in the East Panjab.

Every now and then one decides to give up all hope in India, in humanity itself. Peace, one feels, is unattainable in a world of wars, mass massacres, hate, prejudice, fanaticism and violence. Progress is an illusion and the ideal of

Indian unity a mirage. Never, never, will Hindu and Muslim and Sikh live like brothers in India! One feels that all this talk of a secular state, of inter-cummunal unity, of tolerance and goodwill is futile. Like Kipling's East and West, the twain shall never meet. Never! Never!! Never!!! And then—

Something happens—a minor incident reported in the press, a personal experience related by a friend or relation, a letter from a reader. And like a hesitant, bewildered but nevertheless venturesome child, Hope raises its head from under the lair of despair.

## "HUMANITY ZINDABAD"

A young Muslim boy of about eighteen writes from "somewhere in Pakistan" and tells me how his whole family fasted on the day following the death of Gandhiji and his old grandmother shed tears as if mourning the death of a blood relation. "I was ashamed of the atrocities committed by the Muslims of Pakistan on Hindus and Sikhs. I can never forget the evil deeds some of which I have seen with my own eyes. Since Gandhiji's death, I feel that my community can never live down this shame".

As if to counter-balance this, a few days later comes a letter from Ludhiana in East Panjab. A young Hindu college student of less than twenty writes in the course of a long letter: "When we are friends I will invite you to East Panjab and take you to my village which is

only a few miles from Ludhiana, and where hundreds of Muslims were killed simply because they happened to be the members of another religion.....(to show you) the barbarities committed by my people—people of my religion. Oh, friend, I am ashamed of it all, and I hope you will pardon me on behalf of those people.....Then we will sit at a table to dine together and have a glass of 'Hindu-Muslim pani'.....At the time of your departure I will take you into my little library and will give you a book on your choice with my autograph on the first page and on it written: **HUMANITY ZINDABAD**".

A sensitive young Muslim arrives from Lahore and says he is so ashamed of the horrors perpetrated by his community that he wants to change his name and religion. An equally sensitive Sikh shaves off his beard after witnessing the horrors in Amritsar and Patiala. A Muslim editor from Pakistan writes to ask for a short story and when I send him one (based on real life) which shows how the life and honour of a Muslim family was saved in Delhi by a Sikh neighbour, he publishes it promptly and writes back to say it has been appreciated "as an effort to restore goodwill between Muslims and Sikhs".

Little sparks of hope these are. Humanity reasserts itself and man is not dead—yet!

**UP, DOWN, UP.....**

But life is funny business. It keeps us perpetually poised on an emotional see-saw—now up in the clouds of glory, now down in the pit of despair.

An embittered refugee comes to see me and through what he relates of his experiences one glimpses the horrible, verily 'unsolvable' problem of millions like him, humanity uprooted from the soil, drifting towards despair and desperation. Mridula Sarabhai writes of the pitiable plight of abducted women—Hindu and Sikh women abducted by Muslims and held captive in Pakistan, Muslim women abducted by Hindus and Sikhs and held captive in East Punjab! And, on either side of the

border, there is talk in terms of barter—so many Muslim women as against so many Hindu and Sikh women. It is the new White Slave traffic. Social conscience, human sensibilities, ideals of decency and chivalry seem to be as dead in India as in Pakistan. There is talk of more riots, even of impending war with Pakistan.

The mood goes down and down, into the bottomless pit of hopelessness. But once again the little stars of humanity twinkle in the dark night and Hope gets a new lease of life.

There is an unexpected demand in Pakistan for Krishenchander's collection of Urdu short stories, "*Hum Wahshi Hain*" (We Are Barbarians) exposing the horrors of the Panjab massacres and sparing neither side. More and more magazines and papers in Pakistan are publishing stories and articles pleading for humanity, even though one of them had to lose its security for daring to publish Krishenchander's "*Peshawar Express*".

My friend, Ramanand Sagar has just finished his monumental novel on the Panjab massacres, based mostly on his personal experiences. He has called it "*Aur Insan Mar Gaya*" (And So Humanity Died). A grimly powerful novel, and a devastating title: *And So Humanity Died!* "No, not yet," I tell Sagar, "Read this letter from a Sikh boy who lives with his family in my house in Panipat, a refugee from Sialkote". In the course of the letter in which he tells me how his father's Muslim friends stood by him in Sialkote, the boy goes out of his way to tell me how we can recover the property of my widowed cousin sister which was looted in Panipat. He writes in shaky school-boy English but sincere words:—

"Believe me I wept when I read the lines about the torture of widow, possessing nothing but five daughters.....I wish that she should be helped at any cost as widows are the worst losers of all.....Most of my good friends were all Mahamedans and I cannot forget their biryani and pulao so sweet, and their last minute sincerity makes me weep and I long to meet them again. I have found

friendship in Mohamedans but exceptions are everywhere and all this is due to lack of understanding so far as religion is concerned. I came in December from Sialkote City and simply for the sake of my mother. They use to call me 'Oh, you are a Musolman' but now they have realised the value of my love and friendship for Muslims. I go twice in a month to the border to meet my dear Muslim friends (who come there to meet me from Pakistan side). I pray that this unnatural happening should end soon and we meet again. All promises of attending each other's marriages are simply satisfied with, presents now, and for taste I still get my sahré of the sweets at the border, but those frank jokes and moving freely in their families is for the time being over. Well I still hope for the best in future....."

No, Humanity is not dead—yet!—so long as there are boys with such feelings living in India and in Pakistan.

#### **KOESTLER AND BLIMP**

The worst kind of a Communist is an ex-Communist. He is just as fanatical, just as rigid in his adherence to the Party Line—which, in his case, is the anti-Party Line!—, and even more lacking in a sense of humour.

Ex-Communist Author Arthur Koestler's fanatical anti-Communism has led him into the arms of strange ideological bed-fellows. In 1945 the former hero (and almost martyr) of the International Brigade in Spain was flirting with Imperialism. Never too anxious to publicly support India's case for freedom, Koestler was issuing fulsome testimonials to the Imperialists. "If I have to choose between living under a Political Commissar or a Blimp", he wrote in his *The Yogi And The Commissar*, "I unhesitatingly choose Blimp....For the next decades, his muddled decency and clinging to traditional values (even if it is partly pretence) will be a great asset, to mollify the impact". In the same book he ridiculed Gandhiji's doctrine of non-violence as "inverted Machiavellianism" and mischievously misrepresented the historical role of Gandhism as a reactionary process: "Gandhi's slope started with

non-violence and made him gradually slide down to his present position of non-resistance to a Japanese conquest: the Japanese might kill a few million Indians but some day they would get tired of it and thus the moral integrity of India would be saved," further slandering the Mahatma's teachings as leading "to passive submission to bayoneting and raping; to villages without sewage, septic child beds and trachoma". No wonder the book was a best-seller among reactionaries and imperialists. The wonder, however, is that there are patriotic Indians who are so impressed with Koestler's anti-Red swash-buckling that they admire and revere him almost as a minor prophet.

The alleged progressive and radical who could praise Colonel Blimps of British Imperialism has now transferred his affections for American capitalism. On arrival in New York, Koestler (described by *Time* as "one time Communist and now a crusader against Communism") told pressmen: "Your democracy.....means the whole hope of survival and salvation.....Never in history has such a responsibility been placed upon a civilization as now faces America—for inevitably the world will have either a Pax Americana or no peace at all".

#### **"EASTERN" BARBARIANS!**

Whether it is the momentum of his bitter and fanatical anti-Communist "crusade" or the fascination of the glittering Dollar that has prompted Koestler to capitulate to Uncle Sam does not concern us. What does concern us, however, is his contemptuous reference to Russian Communism as "Eastern totalitarianism" which, according to him, "is black"! EASTERN, mind you!

Thus Koestler lines up with all the narrow-minded, prejudiced minds of the Occident who have supplied cruel and aggressive European imperialisms with a plausible air of self-righteousness by ascribing to Eastern, Oriental, "Black", "Brown" and "Yellow" peoples and nation's all the possible ills and vices. "Oriental cruelty", "Oriental

despotism", "Asiatic barbarians", "Yellow peril", "Indian mumbo-jumbo", "Asiatic tortures" are all phrases coined by imperialists to save their conscience.

We are no jingoes or super-patriots but we know that the record of the Occident in the matter of tyranny, cruelty, ruthlessness, torture and sadism is grimmer than the blackest of such deeds ascribed to Oriental peoples. Nero was not an Asiatic and Hitler and Himmler were Europeans. Neither Inquisition nor Dachau was an Eastern institution. The rack, the stake, the guillotine, the thumb-screw and other refined forms of torture (which can be observed in the basement of Madame Tussaud's museum in London) were all perfected in "Civilised" Europe. Mussolini did not have to learn anything from the East. And still Europeans like Koestler dare to sneer at the black "Eastern" totalitarianism!

It is good in a way, though. Let the Indian worshippers of Koestler see their idol in his true colours—the Blue and Red of imperialism and racial arrogance!

#### MEMO TO PREMIER NEHRU

Re: The allies, advisers and friends you choose as Prime Minister: "In choosing your allies you have to see who are the vital elements in your nation and who are the parties; who are going to profit by the freedom of India and who are those who profit by the British exploitation of your country. Choose the former and do not waste your time and energy in trying to appease or win over the latter. Above all ally yourself to the masses of the country—the peasantry and the industrial workers—and think of them when you envisage a free India. And if you do so you will automatically avow the pitfalls of reformism and petty compromise ..... your programme (then) will be a live programme with the sanction of the masses behind it. And freedom of the masses must inevitably mean the end of British as well as all other exploitation." (YOUR presidential address at Bombay Youth Conference, 1928).

#### BOOK OF THE WEEK

"SOCIAL BACKGROUND OF INDIAN NATIONALISM" by A. R. Desai, Oxford University Press. (Price: Rs. 20/-) is not light literature which may be recommended to the lay reader, but for the serious student of sociology it is a valuable source-book. Hitherto our nationalist literature has been coloured by emotionalism—in fact the religious-emotional approach may be said to have been a cardinal weakness of our entire national movement. This volume is perhaps the only attempt to record recent and contemporary history in the context of economic development and the changes in the social structure. Mr. Desai discusses in detail and with fullest documentary support the social and economic deve-

*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.

lopments since the advent of British rule in India—the break-up of the old village economy, the decline of cottage industries, the rise of modern industries and transport, the role of modern education in the development of nationalism, the rise of new classes and new social relationships, the religious and social reform movements, and the various political movements as the expression of Indian nationalism. The author's view-point is scientific and objective and may even shock some who are used to view each phase of the national movement, uncritically, emotionally and in a mood of hero-worship. But if the future of this country is to be based 'on science and not on magic', such a clear-headed analysis is essential for an understanding of political development which, in its turn, is the pre-requisite of future planning on scientific lines.

#### STRAWS IN THE WIND?

"Britain must be Great Britain or perish..."—THE RECORDER, an ultra-Conservative British weekly.

"It is not for a foreign State or any party interested in that foreign State to intimidate us into separation from Britain..."—His Excellency Shri C. Rajagopalachariar, Governor-General of India.

"Lord Mountbatten and the Premier will discuss (with Sardar Vallabhai Patel in Dehradun) a number of important matters, including the future of Hyderabad, INDIA'S LINK WITH THE COMMONWEALTH AND THE INDO-BRITISH DEFENCE ARRANGEMENTS".—New Delhi report.

"Prime Minister Pandit Nehru has now accepted the long-standing invitation of the British Prime Minister, Mr. Attlee, to visit the United Kingdom..."—A.P.I.

The birthday of the BRITISH King-Emperor was officially observed by FREE India.—A fact.

#### HINDUSTAN HAMARA

"ERNAKULAM: A stranger claiming to be 685 years old has appeared.... He looks quite young for his age—not more than 30 years.... He says he was born in 1263 A.D.... lived in the sea for 11 years continuously.... more than 400 years he spent in the Himalayas...."—News report.

"NAGPUR: Three Police Head Constables of Wardha have been dismissed by the district Superintendent of Police, Wardha for resorting to fast for getting redress of their grievances, it is learned."—Globe Agency.

"PATNA: As a sequel to growing unemployment among the Bihari youth a number of undergraduates, some of whom were receiving education up to the B.A. were among the applicants for the posts of literate constables who appeared at the headquarters of the Superintendent, Government Railway, Patna."—U.P.I.

(Copyright)

### 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

378, Esplanade

SECUNDERABAD

BRANCH

Mehata Mahal

James Street

Branches & Sub-offices all over the Northern circars.

All kinds of Banking Business transacted.

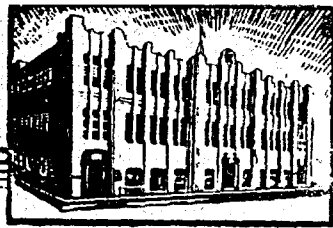
For Particulars:

Please apply to any office of the Bank.

K. VARNASY,

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

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.

**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.

## “RAJAJI”

by P. D. TANDON

WHEN one carefully studies the career of Shri C. Rajagopalachariar, one vividly realizes that there is a very thin line between success and failure in life. From 1941 to 1946 C.R. was one of the most unpopular figures in the political life of the country. In 1942, many of his colleagues even cursed him because his utterances pierced them like arrows. The more he tried to placate the Muslim League and the British, the more he hurt his comrades. A leader in the Naini Central Jail to whom I tried to read out some news about C.R. from a 'smuggled' newspaper, asked me not to give him any news about C.R. For several years C.R. ploughed a lonely furrow. During that period he was heckled at meetings, bitterly criticised in the press and once or twice mud and tar were flung at him. Some angry men questioned even his motives. But undaunted, he faced public wrath with equanimity and patience.

In 1941, he passed through Allahabad and I casually met him in a train. I told him that his speeches and statements were being greatly resented by the people. He replied, "It does not mean that they are right and I am wrong. It only shows they are angry and I am not. The judgment of angry men is not so sound as of those who are not angry." I could not pursue the argument further. He looked meditative and was lost in his own thoughts.

India has turned a new page in her history. For the first time an Indian assumes tomorrow the office of Governor-General of India. The choice has been widely welcomed. The honour has been conferred not on a hero, but on a statesman, whose ripe wisdom, keen insight and wide experience will stand him in good stead. It is good from the point of view of Indo-Pakistan as well as Indo-British relations. C.R. cannot be brow-beaten or hoodwinked by anybody.

If ever the saying, "a prophet is not honoured in his own home", was true it is in the case of C.R. He is definitely unpopular amongst his own compatriots in Madras. Despite his brilliant premiership in 1937, he is, perhaps, an unwanted man there. Even the High Command could not persuade the people to accept him as their Premier this time, though his ability and experience have practically forced the Central Government to choose him as India's Governor-General. It is really surprising that a man so simple and austere in his habits, so sweet in his personal relationship, so sacrificing by nature and so scholarly by temperament, should arouse such intense dislike amongst certain sections of the people. Perhaps, those who know him well, find it difficult to put up with his ruthless logic. He will differ with every one on most of the occasions and will not accept the intellectual superiority of anybody. It is well known that for some time even Gandhiji had despaired of him, but he liked and admired him too much to get rid of him.

Rajaji is not a man but a technique. Subtlety is his sheet anchor. He can convince people by his brilliant arguments and floor his opponents in debate, but he cannot inspire people to action. He is a master of peerless parables. The parable of the leaky boat which he narrated at the Tripuri Congress session, still lingers in our memory. This Brahmin Savonarola is an accomplished dialectician. His suppleness is superb. He has always some formula or other to offer for the most difficult and intricate problems. Pandit Nehru, paying a tribute to C.R. in his autobiography, wrote, "His brilliant intellect, selfless character and penetrating powers of analysis have been a tremendous asset to our cause".

C.R.'s dark glasses are associated with him as inevitably as the cigar with Churchill or the pipe with Baldwin. He sees into the eyes of others

but no one can look into his in order to have even a vague idea of the working of his mind. He believes in high moral values, leads a simple life and is utterly unostentatious. Even as the Premier of Madras, he used to wash his own clothes and one does not know whether he would continue the practice as the Governor-General. He is a man of great learning and it is a definite loss to the world of literature that he has devoted most of his time to politics. He is a fine scholar of the Gita and the Upanishads. About the unique quality and unfailing human appeal of the Upanishads, he wrote, "The spacious imagination, the majestic sweep of thought and the almost reckless spirit of exploration with which, urged by the compelling thirst for truth, the Upanishad teacher and pupils dig into the 'Open Secret' of the universe, make this most ancient of the world's holy books, still the most modern and most satisfying". In the words of John Gunther, "Rajagopalachariar is deeply religious, a fanatic Brahmin and a confirmed ascetic. He is probably the only man alive, except John Tunis, the American tennis expert, who until last year had never seen a moving picture. Some friends prevailed upon C.R. to go to a Mickey Mouse film. The great Brahmin was bewildered".

The stooping gait of C.R. will hardly give the idea to any one that in the days of his youth, C.R. once shot dead a man. He used to carry a pistol with him during his tours of Salem district which was notorious for goondas. On one such occasion, it was midnight and C.R. was dozing in his bandy cart. The cart pulled up and a red light was flashed inside the cart. C.R. was startled and, without a moment's hesitation, he fired at the intruder

who was mortally wounded. Then only did C.R. realize that it was the customs guard whom he had shot. They took the wounded man to a hospital, but it was too late. C.R. was acquitted in the case that followed, but from that moment he swore that he would not carry any arms.

In April 1942, a meeting of the Congress Working Committee was held at Anand Bhawan, Allahabad. There was a lot of discussion on various issues facing the country and C.R. had vital differences with the majority of the members of the Working Committee. He had also made some statements to which the Congress President had taken objection. C.R. resigned, was rather forced to resign from the Working Committee. But the decision was deeply regretted by his colleagues. A member of the Working Committee who had great respect for C.R.'s honesty of purpose, wept at the exit of C.R. from that body. Another member said, "We cannot agree with him. He has got on our nerves. He is carrying his dialectics to an extreme limit, but we will greatly miss him". C.R. went out of the Working Committee, unshaken and unbroken. He took it as a part of the game and followed the same line of action in which he had full faith. He is a man of faith and men of faith never falter, however difficult the path, however stiff the opposition.

C.R. has been closely associated with the Congress for a long time. His appointment as the Governor-General is the grateful recognition of the people of his distinguished services to the country. He has survived the onslaughts of his political opponents and his elevation to the Governor-Generalship is a well-deserved tribute to his unique abilities.—N.I.P.P. (Copyright).

There never was in any man sufficient faith in the power of rectitude to inspire him with the broad design of renovating the state on the principle of right and love.—Emerson.

## A PLEA FOR ACADEMIC FREEDOM

by 'BHARADVAJA'

**E**XECUTIVE interference with the internal affairs of the school, particularly after the dawn of Independence, has been too serious to overlook. Teachers, preoccupied with their attempt to keep the wolf from the door, have not yet sufficiently expressed their resentment at such meddling. It is high time that they spoke out their minds.

It is a matter of common knowledge how admissions are regulated by Government orders. To deny educational facilities on grounds of caste is the very reverse of democracy. And yet that has gone on with feeble protests here and there. Apart from deliberately restricting educational facilities to advanced communities it is even sought to regulate admission on the basis of the relative strength of the population. Instances are not wanting to illustrate executive interference even in the matter of promotions. To make matters worse, it is announced that Government would take over publication of text books for elementary school pupils.

Now the question arises as to what may be done to ward off such raids on the internal affairs of educational institutions. As things stand at present, the Minister for Education seems to be omniscient. There should be statutory rules to check excesses.

The Provincial Advisory Board of Education, the Board of Secondary Education and the Basic Education Committee are not statutory bodies. They can be created or done away with by Government order. Further, they are to offer advice when sought. It is open to the executive to accept or reject the advice given. There is therefore need for statutory bodies with well defined powers. These bodies should be composed of representatives of the Legislature, the Ministry, the Department and the organised

teaching profession. In the existing circumstances, the public and the Profession are almost negligible factors in the process of educational reconstruction. The two most important persons are, as they have always to be, the Minister for Education and the Director of Public Instruction. Progress depends very largely on their mutual confidence, respect and influence. There will be absolutely no difficulty if both show enterprise and interest in the advancement of education. If, on the other hand, a reactionary Minister, however well intentioned he may be, because of his political authority dominates the Director, what is to happen? The Minister, for instance, may take the reins in his own hands and the Director, who is the educational expert and the guardian of professional interests, merely follow him. Or again, a strong Director may check the Minister's zeal for reform. While it is not possible to find safeguards against such contingencies, it is advisable to have a statutory body that will preserve continuity of policy in education.

Any teacher worth his salt should feel it an insult if some outside authority sought to guide every one of his steps. He should enjoy reasonable liberty to leave out or take up any question, present or postpone a detail according to the level of the class. He should, of course, keep an open mind and be ready to profit by expert guidance. The task of the present day teacher is rendered more difficult because the university has not produced educational experts to give him guidance. It is all the more necessary therefore that teachers have to find their own experts and keep themselves abreast of the times. At all events they should strive to maintain their academic freedom unsullied by unnecessary executive interference.

# BOOKS & AUTHORS

**I Cover Europe** by J. M. Deb (Hind Kitabs Ltd., Bombay. Price Rs. 3-12.)

"I Cover Europe" contains few surprises—in fact portions of it sound slightly dated. It begins and ends, as any such book must, with the repeated failure of the United Nations Organisation to make any headway with the problems of peace.

With a series of revealing instances of the colour bar en route and in England as a significant background, the author covers the period of the London Conference and after, when Russia and the Western powers were irrevocably antagonised. The part of Britain in this estrangement—a part which has been obscured by the subsequent actions of the United States—is emphasised by Mr. Deb. As the war drew to its close, it became painfully clear to Britain that Russia, with the decline of France into a third-rate power, was headed for the first place in Europe, a position which would constitute a menace to Britain's influence in European politics and a serious blow to her prestige as a world power. It is this, says Mr. Deb that is the root of the conflict.

He has marshalled a deal of interesting incidents to illustrate the ignorance of the majority of Englishmen and European citizens about India. As a result of the black-out of truly significant Indian events imposed by the British regime and by the British press, to most foreigners India is still the land of the rope trick and barbaric customs. The inefficiency of India's publicity offices abroad and the absence of a nationalist Indian news agency are expensive shortcomings that we can no longer afford. This indeed is the 'moral' of Mr. Deb's book. For the rest it is an unpretentious account of European politics from the standpoint of an Indian journalist. It should have been published earlier but is nevertheless a sane balanced recapitulation, and a valuable introduction to subsequent world affairs.—P.G.A.

**Unemployment, Full Employment And India.** By Nabagopal Das, Ph.D., I.C.S. (Second Edition, revised and enlarged, Published by Hind Kitabs Ltd., Bombay. Price Rs. 2-8).

Full employment and social insurance have for some years now been acknowledged as the proper objectives of a sound economic policy. This increased

responsibility of the State towards its citizens is being accepted and discharged, in varying degrees, in all countries, depending on the character of the government. Mr. Nabagopal Das devotes the first half of his book to a consideration of current theories in the West in respect of these two vital subjects. A study is made of Sir William Beveridge's scheme of social security by which every Englishman would be protected by insurance against all kinds of risks from "the womb to the tomb". Beveridge, the author explains, admitted that his scheme was a supplement to, and not a substitute for, a full employment policy. There should be an overall manpower budgeting so that the State could effectively insure all its citizens against unemployment through various causes. Similarly, Henry Wallace's "Sixty Million Jobs" plan for the U.S. sought to give continuous employment to all Americans and thus stabilise that notoriously unstable economy. This by a mechanism which would be practicable within the framework of the existing free enterprise system—even without a planned economy in the Beveridgean sense. All this, says the author, shows how the idea of full employment has caught the imagination of statesmen, which is wholly for the good.

Mr. Das then proceeds to answer some traditional arguments against full employment and discusses in detail how the taxation and budget policy of a government could and should be utilised for achieving the goal of increased employment. Much of these details should be familiar to students of modern public finance. It has been usually the practice to urge greater government expenditure during times of depression when business and trade are low, in order to give more employment through extension of public works. But it is an altogether futile policy since it is only remedial and does not tackle the fundamental causes of economic depression. Therefore, the author rightly points out, the State should budget over a period of years and adjust its expenditure in relation to private investment, with a view to maintain a high level of employment at all times. "More redistributive taxation and deficit spending on the part of the government cannot result in full employment if they are unaccompanied by a number of controls on the one hand and positive measures

to re-allocate the productive resources on the other."

The second half of the book deals with the feasibility of providing full employment and social insurance to India's vast population. The difficulties are stated clearly enough—the enormous pressure of population on land, the scattered uneconomic nature of holdings, lack of mechanisation in agriculture, and underdeveloped industries. An analysis of the occupational distribution of working classes shows up these defects clearly. Any system of social insurance (against unemployment, etc.), however comprehensive, cannot solve the problem. No government can afford to pay unemployment benefits to an unlimited number of persons. A large scale employment drive is therefore necessary. In general terms the author offers the solution: "...it would be necessary to obtain large quantities of capital goods for the replacement of plant and extension of equipment; it would also be necessary to ensure a high degree of economic mobility by control of prices, regulation of private investment, control over the location of industry and control of the labour market."

But unfortunately all these findings are nullified when, in the next breath, so to say, the author questions the efficacy of controls in India. Arming himself with the "very picturesque phraseology" of Mr. G. D. Birla, Mr. Das pleads that the need for encouraging private investment is so great that the handicap of licensing of capital issues and factories should forthwith be removed! The abrupt descent from Beveridgean optimism to the gloomy conclusions of Shannukham and Shyamaprasad is accomplished by the author with a casualness that leaves the reader rather dazed. The book is also not free from the economic jargon which cumber any academic treatment of practical problems.

**After Gandhiji: Our Problems.** By K. S. Venkataramani. (Svetaranya Ashrama, Mysapore, Madras. Price As. 4.)

The draft constitution of India has already been subjected to a searching criticism. Yet it is to be doubted whether any of the previous exercises possesses that keenness of vision which so eminently characterises the paper on that subject which has been included in this booklet. The reason is plain: it is with a poetic faith that the author addresses himself to his task. He believes that the "Indian genius in politics is like the perfume of certain of our rare flowers". There are few writers equally qualified to remind Indians of

the value of their heritage and the folly of disregarding it.

With admirable perspicacity the author analyses the problems which have beset the country since the death of Gandhiji. Among these he includes the discovery of a "successor" to the Mahatma; the contribution of a "fully representative" Cabinet at the Centre; the foundation of a wise foreign policy; and the execution of a home policy that should make India "prosperous and God-fearing."

These are vital problems; but the author's handling of them is worthy of their momentousness. It will be difficult to find an equally competent survey in such a brief space as the author has allowed himself.

**Kashmir Speaks.** By Som Nath Bhat and Janaki Nath Bhat. (Price, Annas 8. Basavangudi, Bangalore.)

This is a timely brochure on the Kashmir issue which is engaging the attention of people all over the world. The authors should be complimented on having attained a fair measure of success in placing before the public a true account of the happenings in Kashmir within the short compass of some 38 pages. For a clear comprehension of the issue the authors have given a historical background and a brief resume of the events that preceded the actual invasion. The way Kashmir was acquired from the British, the autocracy that has been prevailing there for the last century, the genesis of the present crisis are described in dramatic detail. The authors believe that the key to real victory in Kashmir lies in the strict maintenance of communal harmony and observance of the path of Gandhiji in India. The book suffers from one flaw. The authors have failed to emphasise the necessity for the immediate liquidation of the last vestiges of the Dogra autocracy. Otherwise the book is written in lucid English and in a limpid style.—(Triloki Nath Moza.)

The balance sheet and accounts and the Directors' report of the United India Life Assurance Co., Ltd., received by us, disclose an impressive record of work during 1947. New business completed by the company in 1947 amounted to Rs. 4,06,58,535—the highest in its history. Among the investments of the company's funds, it is interesting to note, are certain colonisation schemes which go some little way to meeting the acute housing shortage and at the same time yield a profit to the company.

# 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.

## Inexorable Red Tape

The charge-sheet against the accused in the Gandhi Murder Trial refers to the late Father of the Nation in the following words:

"to murder one Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi known as Mahatma Gandhi"

Is the legal value or effect of the concerned provisions of the Criminal Procedure Code any whit lessened by employing more respectful language to describe our beloved Mahatmaji?

V. RAGHAVIAH, M.L.A.

Nellore.

## Self-Contradictory

Referring to the grant of lands to political sufferers at Chicacole the Revenue Minister, Mr. Kala Venkatrao, drew a distinction between ex-military-men and the heroes of the war of Indian independence. He said that, while the former were mercenaries and expected something after their return from war, the latter were selfless soldiers in the country's cause.

If Mr. Venkatrao's confident assumption that the personnel of Gandhiji's non-violent fighting forces laboured for the freedom of their motherland without any thought of return were true—which assumption by the bye was amply disproved by the non-participation of most of our politicians in the constructive programme of the Congress despite Gandhiji's unwearied directions—how can this noble band of patriots now contemplate accepting a worldly reward in the shape of land for their alleged disinterested exertions? I do not mean that political sufferers should go unrecognised and be left to languish in obscurity and want. But let them not be requited for their services and at the same time glorified at the expense of the ex-military-men.

K. SATYANANDA RAO

Amalapuram.

## "Miserably Neglected"

While our popular Ministries have been extending all sorts of concessions to war service candidates, it is rather surprising that they have completely forgotten those people who have taken part in the Indian independence movement. For instance, I was expelled for active participation in the August 1942 movement while I was studying at college when I was 20 years old. Recently I was permitted to complete my course and

accordingly I took my degree in my 26th year. Now I am ineligible to enter Government service, much less to appear for any of the competitive examinations by reason of my having passed my 23rd year. This is only an instance and there are several instances where persons like me who have done something for the cause of the country which our leaders who hold the reins of office now, cherish very much, have been miserably neglected. We demand only just and fair treatment in comparison with war service candidates who just helped to preserve British imperialism in India, to put it in the words of our accredited leaders. It is high time that our popular Ministers pay some attention to this problem and redress our grievances.

S. KUPPUSWAMI

Salem.

## A.I.C.C. And Hyderabad

I read Shri Subramanyam's letter published in the issue of "Swatantra" dated 28th May 1948.

I am glad to learn that there is unanimity of public opinion in favour of the views I expressed on the future of Hyderabad. These views are purely personal and they have nothing to do with the office I hold in the A.I.C.C. Secretariat. Nor have I committed the A.I.C.C. or the High Command in any manner.

N. V. RAJKUMAR

## "Unfair Journalism"

While the editor of "Swatantra" and his co-editors are fond of referring to the "enlightened conscience of the profession of journalism" I find neither "enlightened conscience" nor fair journalism in the press of Madras Province. The reason is not far to seek; it is the predominance of Brahmins with an anti-non-Brahmin outlook—an unpleasant communalism on the part of the Brahmin journalists, the end of which I wish to come soon. While journalists in Madras Province fail miserably in honouring the genuine function of the press, it is not surprising that Government should take to usurping the function of the courts. In both cases there is unpardonable deviation from "duties".

It is disheartening to find disagreement in viewpoints interfering with the presentation of facts about "opponents". Is it not wholly incongruous with the essential spirit of journalism to restrict opponents' viewpoints and prevent these

from being brought to the notice of the public? The press becomes anti-democratic when it begins repression or suppression of the viewpoints of those likely to supplant the power that is favoured by the press. Non-recognition of the powerful minority party, the Dravida Kazhagam, which is to become the majority of to-morrow in the South, and wanton suppression of information about their ceaseless political activities are not compatible with the much vaunted "true democracy" and "freedom of the press". Will the editor of "Swatantra" who claims to be a true democrat in the journalistic world, resist this malpractice in his fellow-journalists after resisting it in himself, as he himself is not free from similar guilt nowadays?

If there is any South Indian mass leader now propagating genuinely the non-violent creed of the Mahatma, it is none but Periyar E. V. Ramaswamy who had been an opponent of Gandhiji in various other matters. The recent Tuticorin Provincial Dravidian Conference was a grand one on a par with the Tripura or the Lucknow Congress and yet the Madras press did wanton injustice to the conference by suppressing information about it. It is a paradox of paradoxes that in Madras the press has to condemn nowadays all political parties and support none. The underlying reason is that the Madras Congress has nowadays become non-Brahmin spirited and hence unavoidably somewhat communal—a reasoned and seasoned necessity for non-Brahmin betterment. The next powerful party, the Dravida Kazhagam, is naturally anti-Brahmin. The third is the at-present-pitiable and unfortunate Communist Party. All these three groups are bitter pills to the Brahminised Madras press.

Thousands of men like me are earnest and eager to know what is meant by "enlightened democratic journalism".

K. P. VENKATESAN

Srirangam.

## To Atri, A Bouquet....

I entirely endorse the views expressed so exquisitely by ATRI in his article "Some thoughts on present discontents" published in "Swatantra" dated June 5. He has spoken for many of your readers and, for that matter, for most of the people. Let me say frankly that your own view in reply failed to convince me since it was not a clear-cut clarification of the issue raised and you tried to eyewash it by a negative argument.

It is clear as crystal that you have little or no sympathy for the present Congress regime, not to say in particular the Madras Ministry. Every word in "Swatantra" emits fire and hostility.

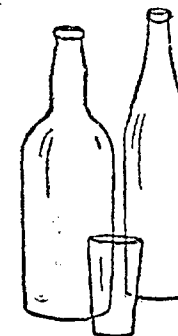
Why such an attitude from the "facile" pen of a genuine Congressman is what eludes my grasp of affairs. If it is out of any personal disappointment or discontent, then it is not worthy of the Gandhian ideal to which you seem to adhere at least in words. Even a child knows in what precarious position India attained her freedom and how much labour is to be expended to put it on a firm basis. Instead of co-operation, the Congress Government was thwarted in their every step by interested parties. The absence of reciprocal, if not unselfish tolerance, is discernible in the politics of the present day. Hence if the Government is compelled to take unpalatable measures, the public led by the unwise leadership of the Communists and people of their way of thinking are to be blamed. It is quite easy to win cheap popularity by destructive criticism not merely of the Government as such, but individually of the personnel composing it, especially during this critical time. There is absolutely no ground for fear of a capitalistic encroachment when the Government is in the safe hands of a veteran like Pandit Nehru.

C. A. MENON

Perambur.

# "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

# SWATANTRA

VOL. III  
No. 22

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1948

ISSUED  
WEEKLY

## BERLIN UNDER BARRICADE

THE situation in Berlin to-day has a superficially farcical character, while beneath the surface it would be no exaggeration to say that Fate is brooding again over the next big step in the international sphere. In the final phase of the campaign of the Allies, there was a race for Berlin amongst them which, though not very much commented upon at the time, increased the odds in favour of the Red Army. Wherefore it came about that alone of all the Allied commanders, it is Marshal Sokolovsky who is known as the victor of Berlin. Rights of priority were thus established by the Red Army which had to be tacitly or explicitly recognised in all subsequent steps for the governance of Germany. The most famous of them was the setting up of a four-power Komandatura to control and govern Berlin in sections. It was a concession shown by the Red Army chiefs when they allowed the Allies a share in the government of the city.

Hitler's plans of campaign had a two-fold aim—one was military and the other to which the military was ancillary was political. It was one of the major theses of Nazi ideology that danger had to be provided for from the East, and that the Teutonic assignment according to Destiny herself was to salvage Western civilization from the barbarian hordes, whether they came from Central Asia or Central Russia. When therefore the tide of battle turned against the Nazis one of two courses was open to them to make the best of a bad bargain. And true to his fanatical traditions,

it was Hitler who chose the worse of them, purposely and deliberately. For it was open to him to have entered into a pact with the Western powers with a view to stemming the tide of Russian advance from the East. The other was to open the Eastern door, and delay the progress of the Western powers for as long as possible. In a military sense, it was well understood at the time that the German Army had instructions to oppose the enemy on the Western front more fiercely than that on the Eastern front. That was how it came about that Russians were the first to reach Berlin, and have by virtue of such priority acquired rights of pre-emption. As the general situation deteriorated with inevitable gradualness, they had no hesitation in turning the screw, thread by thread, to indicate the worsening of the position between themselves and their erstwhile Western allies. The climax was recently reached when the Russian Governor of Berlin declared that the Komandatura was dead. It was followed up by punitive action which has cribbed and confined the Western powers in a narrow, uncomfortable and untenable corner.

That the legal position favours the Russians is tacitly admitted, for the British and American commanders have resorted to air-transport for sustaining their sectors of the city. The ridiculousness of the situation is only paralleled by the inordinate cost of the new methods employed to keep the line of communications open, and to feed a couple of millions of people. But

### ... And A Brickbat

Apparently ATRI is in the good books of the local Ministry and has even some influence with them. But it is positively in bad taste for him to say that the editor of "Swatantra" ought to be thankful to the local Ministry for not interfering with his magazine or with the liberty of his person. One is left to wonder whether this is not an inspired warning to behave properly in future.

ATRI wants the editor to declare himself to be a Communist or prove that he is not a Communist, because his writings are thought to show Communistic leanings. What is this if it is not rank intimidation?  
Tindivanam.

M. S. V CHARI

### Root Cause Of Regionalism

Critics of the movement for linguistic provinces have not, obviously, dived deep enough to search for the cause of this agitation. Apart from the urge of a particular class of people to build their homes on their own cultural basis, any thoughtful observer will perceive that the present ruthless exploitation of one province by another, is the root cause for the present agitation for self-protection of certain sections in the country. A mill-owner, a millionaire, a capitalist or an industrialist from Bombay or U.P. carries to his province annually several lakhs of the common man's money from the comparatively poorer part of the country, which is either prevented from expanding or unable to expand industrially. Is it any wonder if the dominated, oppressed, neglected and exploited section seeks to protect itself against this sinister and endless exploitation? I have no hesitation to demand the immediate formation of fresh provinces, though not in the cultural interests of the different sections, at least in their economic interests.  
Anakapalle. K. D. L. MANOHARAM

### Indian Commissioner To Mauritius

In 1946, a deputation of Mauritius Indians visited India and pressed the Prime Minister, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, to send an official representative of the National Government to watch their interests. The Government of India have since been in correspondence with the Colonial Office in London in regard to this matter. And now news comes that the Government of India have appointed Mr. Dharam Yash Dev, hitherto Director of Publicity, Constituent Assembly, as the first Indian Commissioner to Mauritius.

There are, in Mauritius today, over 3,00,000 Indians—roughly 66 percent of the colony's total population. The history of these Indian settlers dates back to the early part of the 19th century

when a large number of our people went to the island under a system of indentured labour to develop the sugar industry in Mauritius. They were mostly from South India, Tamils, Telugus and Malayalies. By sheer dint of their labour, these early settlers became owners of land and directors of industry and of trade. Some of the big sugar plantations in Mauritius belong to Indians, and they account for a large part of the trade in the island.

Indians in Mauritius, unlike their compatriots in many other parts of the Commonwealth, suffer from no legal disabilities. They enjoy full citizenship rights and they have made no mean contribution to the development of the island's industrial and economic betterment. Nevertheless, they have their other problems, problems of a cultural nature. One of their most serious handicaps is lack of proper facilities for the education of their children. In certain cases nationals of Indian origin have often been denied the freedom to preach or practice their own religion.

The appointment of a diplomatic representative in Mauritius at this stage has a special significance in that the new constitution promulgated in the colony in 1947, is believed to affect considerably the large Indian population in the island.

O. V. RANGA RAO

### "100 USEFUL INDUSTRIES"

(By K. Krishna Murty,  
Industrialist)

The only book of its kind, in which real manufacturing secrets are revealed by several experts, with practical details. Get a copy and start your own industry for your decent living.

Following are the extracts of "PRESS OPINIONS":—

"....The utilisation of waste or by-products, forms an integral part of Industrial planning and the author of '100 Useful Industries' has analysed the manufacturing processes of different articles in daily use....He has taken pains to reduce the processes to specific formulae to be followed by the amateurs in starting small scale Industries...."—The "HINDU".

PRICE Rs. 14-6-9 by V.P.P.

FREE INDIA PUBLICATIONS;

AKIDU (W. Godavary).

behind the legalistic rights of the Russians looms a direct appeal to force. Neither side is willing to invoke it for obvious reasons. The position of the Allies being more vulnerable, they are paying a heavy price for the maintenance of their prestige. But the position is essentially unstable and uncertain. The only thing that can be confidently asserted at this stage is that the Russians are seemingly better prepared for a show-down than the Anglo-American condominium. Russian foreign policy seems to be aware of this hesitancy among the Western democracies, and is consequently very eager to make the most of it.

What, then, are the reasons that deter the democracies from effective retaliation? Germany is already a mounting liability on the hands of America and Britain. The pauperising of Germany which has been achieved in three years has no doubt rid the Allies of a nightmare threat; but they are called upon to pay for their new-won security by subsidising a nation's whole existence. Germany is now a drone, and to keep it a drone, the people of America and Britain must work harder than ever. Their recovery will be much more hopelessly jeopardised if there should be any tussle with Russia. Already large sections of the masses in every country are potentially pro-Russian. An open breach with Russia will crystallise their pro-Russian sentiment, not because they are pro-Russian but because it is widely believed that Russian ideology is more democratic, humane and solicitous of the common man. Above all, there is the strong conviction that another struggle would be ruinous to the democracies. This is the sobering thought that moderates the policies of the Anglo-American powers in Germany. Withdrawal from Berlin would be a confession of defeat; staying on, in conditions of acute discomfort, would become

more and more of an unrelieved purgatory. There is no indication of a relenting in the attitude of Russia. After all, none of the major powers has any moral right to mount guard over Berlin; it is a right which has accrued from the fact of a military victory. Since all the Allies have benefited by the terms of the late enemy's unconditional surrender, there is no disposition in any quarter for a flagrant violation of the terms of the four power pact, though each has sapped it effectively, insidiously.

The truth was that the Allies had no unified objective in waging their war against Hitler. Each had its own mental reservations during the entire period of collaboration with the rest. When Hitler became convinced of the inevitability of his defeat, he sacrificed the Eastern front, and not till then. He has thus made the Western powers his reversioners in the anti-Communist legacy which he has left for them to liquidate. For agreement over all other matters will not neutralise disagreement over ideological considerations. Thus one more arch has been demolished in the bridge which might have led to an understanding between the Eastern and Western blocs. Even if the barricades that isolate Berlin are removed, it is highly doubtful if the four power pact could be revived hereafter. The triumvirate led to Caesarism enthroned in the purple. The Big Five have suffered such systematic attrition that only two now count; the final show-down is between these two alone, and we are marching towards it with the compulsiveness of Fate itself.

#### War On The Educated

"THE present agitation about the Andhra Province was started and kept going only by the educated who sought jobs while the common man did not bother himself about it" declared Sri Omandur Ramaswami Reddiar at a meeting

with press representatives this week. There is no meaning in the statement unless it be that what the educated demand is somehow not worth considering. Why should educated people be decried in this manner? It is simple commonsense that education develops the faculties of people and the educated are in a more favourable position for judging correctly on the merits of any issue than people with uncultivated minds that have not had the advantages of education. If this were not so, why should the Premier take pride that 10 crores of the provincial revenues were being spent on education nowadays? He might as well save the money and save too the prospective victims of education—he seems to regard education as a demoralising and not an enlightening process—from inclusion within the orbit of his disparagement.

The charge that the educated sought jobs has a comic element about it coming from Sri Omandur. People should not blame others for what they themselves do. Sri Omandur himself sought a job when he offered himself as a candidate for the Premiership. Let alone the Premiership, what are the responsible posts below ministerial level for which he would have been deemed qualified by any impartial Public Services Commission? The spectacle of the elevation of such a man to supreme power has fired the ambitions of the unqualified all over the province and resulted in a scramble for office-hunting in utter disregard of suitability and qualifications on a scale never witnessed before in the memory of the present generation. There are leaders in the public life of the province far more entitled and fitted to occupy posts like those of Governors and Ministers in the Andhra Province-to-be than Sri Omandur himself for his present position, and his contemptuous reference to these as job-seekers is an exhibition of

unbalanced egotistic offensiveness which is scarcely becoming. All people seek jobs and seeking a job is the only way to living in dignity with the fruits of one's own toil in avoidance of the wretched condition of parasiticism. What is condemnable is not seeking for jobs as such but thirsting for jobs for which one is unsuited and ill equipped and so cannot fill worthily and efficiently. The habit of mind that sniffs at job-seeking as such springs from ignorance of the economic realities of the modern world and lack of proper comprehension of the essential functions of the State in the complex conditions of our times. Our Premier should read Henry Wallace's book *Sixty Million Jobs*. Wallace therein develops the thesis that less than sixty million jobs would be insufficient for the economic needs of the American people, and to maintain State spending at the level of output providing for at least 60 million jobs is indispensable if poverty and economic dis-equilibrium are to be avoided in the U.S.A. The principles of economy pledged to restriction of jobs to which our Premier seems committed and the pangs of agony manifested by him when expenditure on a large scale has to be incurred reveal a mind in hopeless disharmony with the basic economic purpose of progressive administration in the world of today, which relies not on cutting down of jobs and restricted expenditure but on lavish—and wise—spending for the spread of comprehensive social benefit and popular contentment. Jobs are the life-breath of the economic mission of decent administrators, of eliminating unemployment and elevating the contributory sources of popular wealth, health and prosperity to their maximum possible levels. But they should be filled with equity on the basis of individual competence and not communally in accordance with the partiality of the Premier for

some communities and his aversion to others.

While Sri Omandur's strictures on job-seeking can only be regarded as the irrelevant aberration of a confused mind totally out of place for any proper consideration of the Andhra Province question, his argument that "the common man did not bother himself about it" makes flourish of a democratic sentiment which fails to carry conviction because of its ludicrousness. Are we to assume that the things the common man bothers himself about are of much account to the Premier? He is never tired of saying so, but saying is different from doing. Facts are more convincing than self-laudation. In the matter of providing food, clothing and shelter, elementary needs of the

commonest of men, the administrative record of the Omandurian regime has been not merely depressing but frightful. His Government has failed to check the soaring prices, and the province has become a paradise for profiteers. Civil liberties have ceased to exist and in several districts there is a regular reign of terror, the pampered police, especially the obnoxious M.S.P., having taken the law into their own hands. In the worst period of the war there was not so much acute popular misery and privation as exists now, beneath the communal smoke-screen of the administration, camouflaged by the Premier's periodical exhibitions of theoretical Gandhism. The "common man" has been reduced in the hands of Sri Omandur simply into a rod for beating the educated with.

## Sotto Voce



### Ambassador to Ethiopia

"HOW I should like to be Ambassador to Ethiopia!" I murmured to myself proleptically on a more than usually grey morning. And, sure as fate, there was the announcement in the papers that the Imperial Ethiopian Government and the Government of India "had decided to establish diplomatic relations at a legation level". I am out of my depth at these levels. I don't mind confessing that I cannot distinguish between an ambassador and an attache at sight. Much less am I conversant with the fine points of punctilio that must be observed when a mere *charge d'affaires* has to receive the daughter of a full-blown plenipotentiary. But there

will be time enough to learn all that; Pandit Nehru with his exquisite courtesy will always be ready to help. Meanwhile I am giddy with my destiny.

For imagine what it is to be accredited to the Court of the King of Kings. "I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon". Or, if you prefer the more flamboyant imagery of Egypt's queen,

*Think on me,  
That am with Phoebus' amorous  
pinches black,*

*And wrinkled deep in time?*  
It was a ticklish business being an ambassador to the Court of Cleo-

patra. When she gaily challenged Antony to "hear the ambassadors" that had come from Fulvia his wife—who, as he was dispassionately to observe, was "good, being gone"—"Fie, wrangling queen!", he laughingly parried. He knew her and her temper too well: "they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report." But luckily for me Haile Selassie is a perfect gentleman.

One little detail, however, bothers me. I must take a fitting present with me. Remember that I must sustain the dignity of the Grand Moghul in the country of the Queen of Sheba, of whom you read in the song of songs: "Thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels, thy neck with chains of gold". And Antony, who has set a standard for dusky magnificence, was rather expensive in his tastes. For example, he sent his absent queen an orient pearl, 'this treasure of an oyster'. And not content with kissing it—"the last of many doubled kisses"—he must needs boast:

*To mend the pretty present, I  
will piece*

*Her opulent throne with king-  
doms.*

But I am heartened by the thought that a Government which does not mind spending a spot of money in buying furniture at Stockholm for our embassy at Moscow will not stint me pearls and precious stones wherewith to shame the Roman. Our international status, judging by the number of ambassadors of one sort or other we have appointed in the past ten months, is inferior to no other country's; our field of the cloth of gold stretches literally from China to Peru. Magnificence on that global scale may provide quite a few headaches to the Finance Member and his myrmidons. But this is perhaps as good a solution of the problem of sterling balances as he is ever likely to find.

I am occasionally sense of my own ignorance, I do not know the language. I am a stranger to and customs; and my such as it is, is an extra. But when I recollect the tible conviction that flooded soul the moment that newspaper fell into my hands, all my despair vanishes. I am sure that those who make these appointments will be able to detect behind my unpromising exterior that indefinable something that marks the born ambassador.

You will perhaps tell me that this is a private delusion of mine, that the Government of India know very well that a genius for diplomacy runs in families with none of which I dare claim kinship. I admit that Kashmiri Pandits, Gujarati banyas and Parsi near-millionaires have so far got the pick of the bunch, though the distressed Punjabi and the thrifty Malayalee have been ready enough to snap up one or two unconsidered trifles. But let them flaunt their connections all they can; archaeology is on my side. A *rishi* ancestor of mine ruled in Cambodia. Unworthy descendant I may be; still I consider myself good enough for Ethiopia.

Above all, I believe in the stars; as the good old Raja of Tanjore said. "The enemy may destroy the great stone dam: can he put out of action the moon in Cancer which commands the rain clouds?" In the old days they had a rule that in order to qualify for direct recruitment to the post of Deputy Superintendent of Police a man must have at least a pass degree. A cynical satrap, who wanted to keep a friend in good humour, promptly appointed his *lout* of a son as District Superintendent because the rules prescribed not even the literacy qualification for the higher post. Nowadays we may do much better: we can all become ambassadors.

VIGHNESWARA.

The only perfect rule for the driver is to regard every other motorist as a homicidal lunatic and every pedestrian as a suicidal one.

# SIDELIGHTS :

Did the mass of men know the actual selfishness and injustice of their rulers, not a Government would stand a year. The world would foment with revolution.

—THEODORE PARKER.

**SRI K. S. VENKATARAMANI** once asked Sir Valentine Chirol what in his opinion was the cause of India's continual subjugation by invading foreign powers, despite the acknowledged capacity of Indians to display great valour and prowess when attacked. When Sri Venkataramani speaks he drops pearls of wisdom and gems of scintillating beauty of language, thought and culture. Unique felicity of phrase and diction come naturally to him without effort. To be spoken to by him is like having the works of the great masters of literature read out by their authors, not after completion, but in process of creation. The fine polish of literary craftsmanship generally associated with exertion, solitude and intense concentration is by him perennially achieved, without any strain at all, in the course of casual talk. We must have teachers like Sri Venkataramani. He has the gift of making liberal education pleasant and thrilling, and learning a treat and not a task.

National misfortunes have on him the effect of domestic sorrows. Since the partition of the country he has become a stricken man unnerved as by a great grief. When idealism clashes with tragedy and is overpowered by it, it is transformed into cynicism. A cynic is none other than an idealist turned philosopher with a grievance against the world. All grievances are deadly. To have a grievance is to have a sensitive conscience—sensitive to wrong and hurt—which is a fine thing. Nothing is so worth doing as trying to alter conditions, and only the aggrieved can do it—not the comfortable self-satisfied. The discontent caused by some grievance or other is the necessary ignition for the desirable energy

on which every insurgent movement for improvement of conditions has to depend. But the constructive urge of discontent is lost when, instead of being harnessed to some invincible faith, it is broken into fragments of dispirited frustration. Worst of in the conflicts of the present Sri Venkataramani turns to the glories of our ancient past with its grand concept of eternal *dharma* as to a reservoir of fortitude for the replenishment of the will to struggle.

When he met Sir Valentine Chirol, he was in the full flamboyance of unrusted genius in its teens. The veteran journalist was impressed by the young prodigy and invited him to *The Times*. The plan failed to fructify. Chirol was a man of fastidious social contacts who lacked the bumptiousness for mixing usefully with crowds. But he was a connoisseur in the choice and appraisal of printed matter. His selection of books to read and of reports to study was so well and wisely planned, and he was so skilful in estimating the value of their contents that without other aid he could get at the core of reality in contemporary happenings. Sometimes he gave reality the twist of the propagandist to suit the requirements of the Tory journalism in which he was steeped; but rarely, if ever, was he deceived.

To Venkataramani's question, Sir Valentine answered that India's historical disasters were due to one grave defect in the character of the leaders of the nation: they failed to bring up a second line of successors to take their own place when they quit. Much the same was the diagnosis of the venerable Doctor Besant. Our leaders are not hospitable to those in whom they discern the capacity to succeed them worthily, and instead of nursing talent for the future, they are unmerciful to it. In most politicians patriotism is a cloak to personal ambitions. The true patriot cannot fail to realise

that, more valuable than all the commodities that can be grown and the industrial products that can be manufactured, is the conservation of intelligence and talent wherever found and its improvement by means of every possible facility and encouragement. The inventive discoveries of the meritorious nursed and fostered with all the generous devices known to statecraft, saved millions of British lives in the last war. All the world over, the gifted among nations are lifted above communal illwill and sectarian treatment and cherished as national assets, and tyrants like Hitler who fancied themselves wiser by adhering to a different principle perished after temporary spells of hectic illusory power, dragging their countries to ruin in their train.

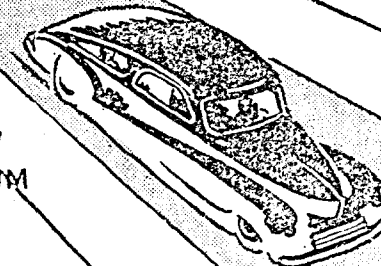
Hitlers have come to power in our midst and their rank folly is ruin-

ously endangering our hard-won freedom. They have no use for merit. They regard it as a menace to their continuance in power. There is a regular anti-merit crusade. Promising young men of brilliant attainments capable of advancing national welfare enormously are deliberately suppressed and dunces who are deemed safe are shown extravagant favour. It is reported that one who stood first in the whole presidency in the university examination was refused a seat for the medical course. Another who obtained cent per cent marks in mathematics was rejected for engineering. The murder of talent now going on is an exhibition of unpatriotic self-seeking on the part of the present wielders of power, and it can only have the effect of debilitating the State and imperilling its security.

—SAKA

INSURE YOUR MOTOR VEHICLES

LOW  
PREMIUM



EXCELLENT  
TERMS



With

THE VANGUARD

FIRE & GENERAL INSURANCE CO. LTD.

HEAD OFFICE: MADRAS. I.

H. 204

# AN UNEDIFYING SPECTACLE

by S. PARTHASARATHY

IT is an unedifying spectacle to witness the head of a Government holding a public exposition of the inefficiency and irresponsibility characterising the personnel constituting a department of such Government. The only occasion when such a public exposition is permissible is when we have decided to dismiss the entire lot or at least a major portion of the personnel with a view to reconstituting the administration with new men infused with better ideals of public service. We may then proceed to acquaint the public beforehand with our reasons for taking such an unusual step. On any other occasion, a public exposure is fraught with grave danger. If the head of the Government should become impatient with the progress achieved or should feel thwarted in his attempts at reforming the administration, he should rather quit his high office than assume the role of the propagandist (which is usually reserved to the public and the press) against the Government of which he is the titular head. By assuming the role of the critic before the public, the head of the administration can only succeed in undermining the confidence of the people in the Government. The man in the street will justifiably think: "So long, only the opponents have been finding fault with the Government. But now, the head of the administration is doing the same thing. Why should I pay my taxes or abide by the laws of this confessedly inefficient Government?"

There is another aspect which should not be ignored. Assuming for a moment the truth of the charge, namely, the growing indifference and inefficiency of Government servants in general, the causes leading to such deterioration must first be examined. They may be historical, present or psychological. The British administration was never seriously concerned with rural welfare. They perfected a system

mainly for the efficient collection of revenue and for the maintenance of law and order. The present causes may be our vague and conflicting ideas about what is good for the country, and as a result thereof, the lack of a definite directive or guidance to the officials. Psychologically, the causes may be traced to our lack of appreciation of honest and efficient work, the appointments and preferences made by us on considerations other than those of efficiency and aptitude, interference by politicians at every stage, lack of concern on the part of the Government at the spectacle of unjust and dishonest men being allowed to prosper at the cost of honest men. Supposing the official turned round and said (assuming he enjoyed equal immunity) "Why blame us alone when politicians have become dealers in permits and licences, when merchants are all profiteering and blackmarketing, and industrial and agricultural labour has become irresponsible?" Can we then say that they are wholly unjustified in exhibiting a lack of enthusiasm in their work? But fortunately they are not allowed to express their sentiments for the very valid reason that if every official were free to speak in public derision of governmental administration, there would soon be the end of organised society.

The head of a Government may have a difficult task ahead of him partly because of the heritage of previous administration and partly on account of the lowered morale of the people. Those who take up the reins of government inspired by a sense of public duty should not falter but should try to overcome all difficulties. We do not add to our stature by blaming the Central Government or our colleagues or the officials. Administrators will not be judged by their personal or dissociated qualities but by the concrete results of their administrative activities. By abusing our children in the presence of servants and guests,

we do not enable them to grow in their own estimation. Similarly, with Government servants. We are in the habit of saying, for instance, that the Railway administration is corrupt. By that, we do not mean that there is not a single honest official in the Railways or that the Chiefs of the administration are corrupt. But the sting is nevertheless there. For the people make no distinction between the individuals composing the administration and

the administration taken as a whole when they say 'the Railway administration is corrupt'. Heads of Government must prevent the impression gaining ground that the administration of the Madras Government is inefficient and incompetent even if the charge be true. And the last thing that they should dream of doing is to call upon the people to join in a chorus denouncing the administration.

## HOW ATTLEE BECAME A SOCIALIST

IN recent years many biographies have been written concerning men not only living but by no means at the end of their careers. Such biographies, in the nature of things, tend to flattery, and are often less valuable for this reason. This complaint, however, cannot be made of Roy Jenkins' new book on Attlee ("Mr. Attlee: An Interim Biography"—Heinemann, 12s. 6d.) which, not only does not flatter but is even mildly critical of Britain's present Prime Minister.

Clement Attlee is not of those who fought their way up from the lower strata of society. He is rather an example of the upper middle class idealist. Educated at Haileybury and Oxford, he followed his father in the legal profession. So far, his environment was more or less conservative: but other influences were soon to affect his thinking. It was after social work in the East End, at the Haileybury House Boys' Club, that he became a Socialist.

As he himself wrote: "I was not converted by the logic of Karl Marx.

Most of us became Socialists through our hearts first and our heads afterwards. It was certainly so with me. I felt there was nothing in the world so worth the doing as to try to alter conditions".

The conversion was lasting; and throughout his succeeding political career, Clement Attlee never swerved from the course which he was convinced was the right one.

Attlee has no showmanship, he speaks without glamour and photographs badly. But he is learned, honest, sincere and essentially moderate in outlook. He is, amazing as it may sound, a man without enemies, beloved even of his opponents.

Mr. Jenkins is well equipped for his task, since his father was the Prime Minister's private secretary for many years, and the son has been allowed access to almost all his chief's unpublished writings.

The book will be read and appreciated by people of all shades of opinion.—C. HARCOURT ROBERTSON.

There are now as many as five Secretaries of Ministries who belong to the redoubtable tribe of Menons. First among them all, of course, is Mr. V. P. Menon of the States Ministry, while Mr. K. P. S. Menon shares with Mr. Bajpai the departmental overlordship at the External Affairs Ministry. The Finance Ministry boasts of Mr. K. R. K. Menon, while Health can show Mr. P. M. Menon and Communications, no laggard, can preen itself on having Mr. V. K. R. Menon. New Delhi gossip goes that the Prime Minister takes kindly to Menons. In his view, it is said, the Menons have no provincialism as the Bengalis and the Maharashtrians, while they are equally efficient in departmental work. They score over Tamilian Brahmins in that they are good mixers and can cut their ways according to the days.—Argus in "Eastern Economist".



"A child's among you taking notes  
And faith he'll prent it."

**L**ORD MOUNTBATTEN'S first public pronouncement in England after relinquishing the Indian Governor-Generalship has both a piquant and relieving quality about it. It is certainly relieving to be told with all his authority that there is an abundance of good-will for Britain in India to-day which only 'criminal lunacy' could dissipate. This is an unmistakable broadside aimed at the redoubtable Churchill. Coming as it did close on the heels of Sardar Patel's emphatic 'Hands-off-India' speech, it must be taken as a genuine attempt to counter the mischief of fire-eating Tories. It is relieving for the reason that the speech gives the quietus to uneasy rumours in recent months that Lord Mountbatten was functioning as Pandit Nehru's evil star. Nothing could be more refreshing and to the point than his lordship's elucidation of Hyderabad's position. By the same token, it is equally evident that if the Nizam is stiff-necked at the moment, the reason for it must be sought elsewhere than in the outlook of the last Governor-General.

Mr. Ghulam Muhammad's attempt to debunk Lord Mountbatten is both ill-timed and unconvincing. It would have been more effective if the spokesmen of Pakistan had taken earlier and more decisive action. For instance, they might have declared Lord Mountbatten *persona non grata* for purposes of presiding over the Joint Defence Council for India and Pakistan. That he hastened the partition too rapidly is a still more curious charge

when it comes from the ardent evangelists of such partition. If partition was good, it is obvious no one can have too soon too much of such a good thing! But the *coup de grace* was delivered in the innuendo that the death of half a million victims in the Punjab riots should be laid at the door of Lord Mountbatten alone. Of the chivalry of such an indictment, I shall say nothing; but of the liberties it takes with facts, no condemnation can be considered too severe. The Punjab was the only Muslim majority province par excellence in the bad old undivided era; it was Pakistan *in posse*. Yet we are asked to believe that with all the advantages in their favour, the Muslims suffered there more than the Hindus and the Sikhs. It will be noticed that the same scarifying total of half a million is monotonously and mystically echoed by the big guns no less than by the small fry. Mr. Churchill has given it historical dignity, until it comes to be discredited in the next generation like the myth of the Black Hole of Calcutta which was one of the 'facts' of Indian history almost till yesterday. The truth is that Pakistanis kept on shouting for Pakistan not knowing what it meant; and finding in the sequel that it is neither an El Dorado nor a bed of roses, they are in a desperate hurry to find scapegoats on whom they could vent their acute disappointment and disillusionment.

Mr. Muhammad concludes with a pious wish that the relations between India and Pakistan might be friendly for all time; but he follows

it up by showing conclusively how such friendship could not be expected under the circumstances. For by bracketing Kashmir and Hyderabad as problems in which Pakistan is deeply interested, he gives the whole show away. In Kashmir it is the people whom he ostensibly means, while in Hyderabad, it is the ruler whom he has in view. This non-distributed middle term has a mischievous potentiality which events alone would bring out in all their seriousness. It used to be said of predatory, adventurous monarchies of old that they would embark on military adventures out of an obscure impulse generated by land-hunger. The Germans under Hitler called it *Lebensraum*. The minatory minority in Pakistan and Hyderabad is driven to stage foreign adventures in the interests of their survival. But as they have not the traditions or respectability of long established states, their land-hunger stands unmasked in its primitive crudity as LAND-LUST! The next phase in Indo-Pakistan relations is almost ineluctably bound up with the scramble for land—to claim more and more of the land for one reason or other is really to extend the frontiers of Pakistan until, as it is fondly dreamed, it once more becomes coterminous with the geographical boundaries of this great sub-continent. It is for this reason that I deplore the infirmity of purpose that prevented Pandit Nehru from cashiering the Maharajah of Kashmir when the chance offered itself at the time the troubles began there. The next best thing would be to send the Nizam, when the time comes, in company with the Maharajah; I suggest Coventry as the venue of their retirement!

During a flying trip to Trichy, I was struck the other day with an extraordinary, almost medieval sight. A Biblical enthusiast had set up his tent—literally—capable of accommodating about a thousand people, and was holding forth on an indescribable farrago of history, mythology and prophecy which whatever its other defects was

delivered in almost faultless English and with the aids of a well-cultivated elocution. It was an odd sight to see a crowd of five or six hundred sitting patiently and hearing the preacher quote chapter and verse—illustrated by means of lantern slides—in support of the second coming of Christ. Events from the campaigns of Alexander the Great to the bombing of Jerusalem by Arabs in the last few weeks were used with an appositeness and a felicity which struck me as uncanny.

I am sure that most of the audience were bemused rather than edified; for the speaker very clearly spoke over the heads of his listeners. It was a brand-new magnificent tent with all accessories and equipment; and I wondered who was financing this original venture in evangelism. The whole show was advertised under the appealing caption: "Prophecy Speaks." I must also congratulate the preacher—an Indian Christian—on his histrionic and elocutionary abilities. He reminded me of Irving, friend of Carlyle, and

## YOUR LUCK 1948

Name of any flower together with your name and address and we will send you for Rs. 2/8 only detailed account of your forthcoming 12 months, showing among other things profit and loss in business, promotion, transfer in service, birth, marriage, happiness and bodily ailments and direction will be sent to safeguard yourself from the evil influence of the stars. A trial will convince you of the accuracy of our prophecies. Correspondence must be in English. SHRI SWAMI YOGI RAJ, Jotish Ashram, (S.M.) Phagwara.

**Kapurthala State**  
(Punjab)

founder of what was known as the Catholic Apostolic Church, and of Joanna Southcot—a female visionary and enthusiast who announced that she would give birth to the Second Christ. In this land of ours, where religious pretensions are most easily made and sustained, the wonder is not that the Christian missionaries are copying us, but that they are not exploiting our methods more imaginatively.

Meet the *Deccan Herald*—the latest to join the ranks of Indian dailies, hailing from Bangalore. Pothan Joseph who is fast becoming the doyen of the Indian Press is god-fathering one more venture, has moved into one more editorial chair carrying his inevitable cup of tea, and spilling drops of it with an insouciance which has not yet felt the touch of old Father Time. This new venture strikes me however as being somewhat incongruous. The sub-title of the *Deccan Herald* is the *Voice of Karnataka*; and I hold that the two cannot mix. Deccan

is a Moslem corruption of Dakshina, and to me at any rate, Deccan conjures up visions of a stuffy atmosphere, unexplored zenana's, unpredictable politics and life punctuated by hair-breadth escapes and adventures by flood and field. How can the Voice of Karnataka be heard amidst the glare and din of the fire and sword used as instruments of policy? In fact the two contradict each other. I wonder therefore who are at the back of the new venture. As for the policy of the paper, so far as it can be gleaned, it seems to be orthodox enough, with just a calculated, delicately emphasised plea for state and provincial autonomy in the interests of true growth. That such autonomy is bound to be conceded and enjoyed in increasing measure only hereafter is so obvious that I for one cannot understand why any doubts should be expressed about it by people who have latterly been protesting too much their patriotism and zeal for a strong centre in our new set up.

GROUNDLING



## A COMMON LANGUAGE FOR INDIA

by ADELTHA PETERSON

Librarian, Adyar Library

INDIA is at the crossroads today. She can choose her own future and is choosing it in the political field. India's best and wisest citizens are building a constitution that shall be worthy of the Motherland.

But what do we find in the cultural field? Where are India's wisest students of language gathering to determine what will be an ideal common tongue for the new free India? Rather do we hear on every hand only of discontent and controversy. "Get rid of English." "No, English must be preserved." "Everyone must immediately learn Hindustani." "We will not have Hindustani imposed upon us," and so on. Those who are enthusiasts for Hindustani take it as pure perversity on the part of anyone who does not appear eager to learn.

But let us try to understand the position of the various mother tongues in the South and in the North. Long, long ago, no one really knows how many thousands of years ago, the Tamil language and its grammatical construction were put in order by the Rishi Agastya and an almost ideal grammar was the result. So Southern Indians find it very difficult to learn a language that has within it any element of haphazard, illogical, or inconsistent grammar.

In addition, every mother tongue in India expresses some individual uniqueness of a people that it alone can express. For what is the purpose of language? Is it not man's attempt to communicate not mere words and thoughts, but the very innermost essence of himself? Note how different peoples will change a language out of all recognition. An emotional people will soften it with final vowels, as do our Telugu friends. A mental people will feel that a language is naked unless it is clothed with final consonants.

Any Sanskrit word ending in a vowel will be clothed in Tamil by an "n" or an "m". A willful people will cut off final vowel endings, as in Hindustani, and leave the language short and terse. It is no mere accident that the Hindustani says "Namaskar," the Kannada and Marathi "Namaskara," the Tamilian "Namaskaram," and the Telugu "Namaskaramu." Had we the wisdom of the Rishis, we might discern why the Kannada man substitutes so often "h" for "p", why the Bengali uses for his first letter a short "awe" and changes all v's into b's, why the sound of "a" as in "hat" is found only in the North and the very far South Ceylon as a heritage from an unknown past, why the Sindhi must express himself through four upper resonances and the Punjabi through certain lower resonances, and other questions of great interest. Could we answer some of these questions we would have a better understanding of the life-forces that flow through our Indian peoples.

Dr. Besant and Bhagavan Das (reviewing the whole question of Indian linguistics in a preface to their translation of *The Bhagavad Gita*) have postulated that all sounds existed in the mother language in the past and that gradually were these sounds lost. We see evidence of this in the language of the Todas, a very isolated people, that yet retains a fuller expression of vowel sounds than most of our Indian mother tongues. Even such rare sounds as the French "u" in "lune" and "eu" in "feu" are heard. They do not use these sounds in Badaga, their means of communication with the outer world but only in the sacred Toda with which they converse among themselves.

Without counting consonantal blends and diphthongs, nasalized

vowels, very short vowels and other such peculiarities of dialect, one can isolate at least 94 sounds existing in India today, some 26 vowels and 68 nasals and consonants. When we consider that in Sanskrit are listed only 11 vowels (2 of the thirteen are diphthongs) and thirty-five consonantal sounds, including the pure nasal and visarga, we realize what the linguistic chaos must be when the mother language itself has retained only about half of the total sounds to be found in our sub-continent. But we are not so much concerned with the chaos existing in India and throughout the world but rather with the method by which the chaos may be resolved into a cultural cosmos.

The first suggestion is that we familiarize all of India's children with the sounds that are spoken throughout India. In the very absorbant period of early childhood, the baby will record in the sensitive mechanism of a receptive consciousness all speech sounds with delight. He will attempt to imitate them. They do not even have to be in words. A baby under two listening to one adult teaching another may even reproduce a strange sound with more accuracy than the adult pupil. Let there be phonograph records that acquaint the child and ourselves with all possible speech sounds, for nothing antagonizes us more than a sound that is unfamiliar to us and "grates" therefore on our ears. We term a man as "foreigner" who cannot reproduce the sounds in our language or who makes sounds that we cannot reproduce. Let all sounds that are preserved within our mother country be held as sacred and let us welcome them not only into our ears, but into our scripts as well.

A great reform is needed in Indian scripts today, for all of them are woefully lacking in facilities to represent every Indian sound. For example, Tamil could clearly show a *f* if it took its *v* (the most closely allied sound) and made a short forward stroke at the end. On the contrary it links *f* with *p*, an unphonetic union, and writes in conse-

quence *coffee* as *kapi*; February as *Pebruary*, etc.

But though we must become sympathetic to and receptive of all the sounds in India, when we come to the matter of a common language, there are four essential requisites:

- (1) It must be easy to pronounce and pleasing to the average ear;
- (2) Simple though adequate in grammatical construction;
- (3) The grammatical forms should tend to classify all men as respectable;
- (4) Its script should be easy to read and write with different symbols for every sound.

#### Easy and Pleasing Sounds

All sounds must be eliminated from our ideal common language that are difficult to pronounce. If we do not ourselves eliminate these in the beginning, we may be sure that such difficult sounds will be slurred and mispronounced until many dialects of our common language will be developed and finally there will be fission into separate languages and we will be back to our present position of disunity. So the special upper and lower resonances peculiar to Sindhi and Punjabi together with the Tamil will have to go. Why make arbitrary distinctions without actual differences? The upper and lower gutturals represented in Northern India by an underlined *kh* and *gh* and extremely difficult to pronounce correctly will probably have to descend to a breathy *h* which would be understood by those who still use gutturals and yet be comparatively easy to say. The short nasal as in the Hindi words *han*, *men*, *nahin*, etc., is very easy to say, but as some find this sound slightly disagreeable, one can prophesy that, if retained, eventually as in Gujarati and Marathi it will be reduced to the barest minimum.

#### Simple Adequate Grammar

An ideal grammar should show past, present, and future and other such simplicities in the most simple manner possible. Old Tamil grammatical forms and the present *al* for *if* and *alum* for *although* show how

a verbal ending can be used without alteration. The reason why English has gained such ready currency as a spoken tongue is that unnecessary grammatical inflections have been practically eliminated. In the past tense there is no change; "I rowed," etc. In the present only a change for the third person singular, already fast disappearing in the negative—"he don't do" is a common mistake for "he doesn't do." The utmost simplification is to be found in Malayalam which makes no terminal changes whatever to indicate person or number.

Then take the clever device in Tamil and other Dravidian grammars whereby through a large series of words the prefix *i* is used to indicate the near, *a* the far, and *e* the interrogative. *Inge*—here *ange*—there; and *enge*—where. *Idu*, *adu*, *edu*—this, that, what, etc. And the equally clever devices of adding *a* to any word to turn it into a question or *e* to make it emphatic. *Nane*—I myself; *maruma*—is this a tree? These are simple useful tools useful in any language.

In an ideal grammar there should be no sex given to inanimate objects. A South Indian cannot easily learn a language where he must discover that a pencil is feminine(!) before he can correctly say "my pencil".

#### No Invidious Distinctions

In a common language for a democratic country, let there be no grammatical forms that stir up antagonism among the under-privileged. In a democratic country all people insist upon being respected. So in Tamil today every man wants to be called *ningal* and we are fast losing the *ni*; in Hindustani every man wishes to be an *ap*—a third person form of address. So the second person is gradually disappearing. Let us restore these forms to their usefulness. Let there be a *ni* and *avan* cult in Tamil, with its equivalent in other Indian languages started by Brahmins who will insist on all others so addressing them until the fashion will spread throughout all the peoples and these words will have lost the explosive

character they now have to set the underprivileged aflame.

#### An Adequate Script

While you are developing the simple yet beautiful script which will truly represent India's many sounds, let all your scripts become open to represent the sounds of their neighbours. In the meantime, use the good old English script bridge which with proper diacritical marks can be most adequate for all your needs. We all will admit that English as at present spelled gives little idea of what sound is to be conveyed. *Ea* for example, may be the *a* in earn, the *a* in heart, the *e* in bread, the *e* in break, the *i* in guinea, the *i* in bead, the *u* the *o* in beau, and the dual sounds in *beauty*, *meander*, *create*, and *cereal*. In a proper transliteration where one symbol stood for only one sound, it could have but the sound of *e* plus *a*.

But also we have this same confusion when transliterating Indian languages. We have worked out a scheme of transliteration which will be published in a forthcoming issue of the *Adyar Library Bulletin* in which adequate tools in the shape of suggestive diacritical marks are given, so that not only all of the 94 sounds now existent in India may be represented but also the Chinese intonations, African clicks, etc. This is built on and only slightly modifies the oriental transliteration which has been so effective these many years in giving western scholars the correct values of Sanskrit words, and requires only a few additional types.

No one would tear down a bridge which had served him well, however much detested, until he had built a new and better one. Whether we like it or not, English is not only our bridge to the world at large but our present common tongue and common script. Let us correctly represent and become acquainted with all of the mother tongues of India in that script and our dream of linguistic unification will come many stages nearer realization.

On every side we read of huge endowments to build up dictionaries

and encyclopedias for individual mother tongues. Where is the generous man who will come forward to endow and procure pandits for the building of an Indian dictionary? There are such dictionaries for the major languages of Europe. Before a *lingua franca* can be born, we must first build on the common language we already have. Without such a dictionary we cannot discover it. There are many words that have currency all over India—*Jaldi, pakka, jalam, dost, mitra*, not to mention hundreds of English words like *postoffice, bank, stamps, pencil*. Then there are such words as the Hindustani *muaf* for pardon already simplified into *maf* and *map* and even in Malayalam and Tamil into such words as *mappu*. Why go backwards to the obsolete *muaf* and wait for time to erase the *u*. Better at once adopt *maf* as our common language word.

By all means let us study Hindustani which must include both Hindi and Urdu. But let there be groups everywhere making a comparative study of all of India's mother tongues in search of her common tongue, as we are doing in the Adyar Library today. We have had translated certain simple basic ideas dealing with common needs into Sindhi, Punjabi, Hindustani, Gujarati (both Parsi and Hindu), Bengali, Marathi, Telugu, Kannada, Tamil, Malayalam and Sinhalese, transliterated into English letters on a purely phonetic basis. The whole is now being collated and a most interesting comparative study will be the ultimate result.

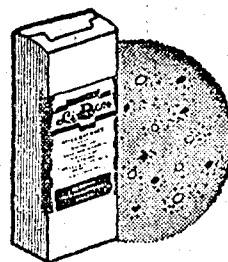
Children themselves love the game of learning what one word is in a number of languages and in time we may have a course in Indian in which at least a hundred or two basic ideas are given in all the Indian languages. It is easier to learn what one word is in twelve languages than twelve words in one language.

Let us take the best from the whole of India to build her common tongue. Tamil can teach us, as we have seen, splendid lessons in grammar. Telugu can show us how sweetly musical a language can be.

Hindustani can contribute fine terse words and roots with a wide currency. Malayalam can show us how to simplify grammar—Gujarati how to simplify a script. Each language can teach us something.

India's greatest trait has been her power to assimilate all that touched her consciousness. She has never excluded, nor narrowed herself to one path, either religious or cultural. She will not find her true self in the linguistic field by a narrowing or exclusive process, but by holding as sacred every language and sound within her borders.

In this transition from the old to the new young India of the future, let us not be satisfied with the "just-as-is." Let us take time to build a true and enduring common tongue that will last through the ages as a monument of India's cultural richness and power of synthesis.



## GIVE YOURSELF A HEALTHY BLOOD PICTURE

You cannot give a better gift to yourself than rich red blood pulsating in your veins.

# LIVOSAN-B

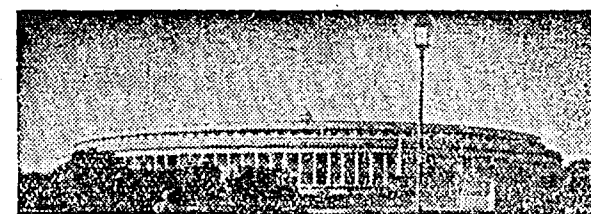
A liver concentrate with Vitamin B Complex. It will build new blood, and give you abundant strength and vitality.

ANDHRA PHARMACEUTICAL WORKS, LTD.  
BEZWADA (S. I.)

Madras Stockists:—

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

# NEW DELHI DIARY



by V. V. PRASAD

AN excellent attack on the present India Government was launched by Acharya Kripalani, who has been maintaining his independent stand—the stand which led him to resign from the high office of President of the Congress. With the exit of Mahatma Gandhi there appeared to be none among leaders who were political sympathisers of the Nehru Government to be courageous enough to say a word of friendly criticism. Kripalani was never afraid of anybody—although when he was elected President of the Congress it was thought that he had the support of Sardar Patel as opposed to Nehru's. But Kripalani, who is superior in intellect to most Congress gods, never toed anybody's line.

As a speaker in Hindusthani, Kripalani has a homely style almost like Gandhi's. He is not worried much about Hindusthani grammar, and uses the simplest possible words. His is a withering sarcasm, which is quite different from Rajaji's sly humour. He is extremely witty, and does not mind appearing to be slightly vulgar. Aldous Huxley, who wrote on "Vulgarity in Literature", may even acquit him on a charge of vulgarity. He speaks of everybody in the singular and not in the plural. For example, he would say: *Iss resolushan par doctor Pattabhi boleaga*. An average man from the U. P. would be terribly upset if he is referred to like that. He would insist on *boleaga* being replaced by *bolenge*. But neither Gandhi nor any of the true Gandhians ever bothered about that. After all God is always addressed as Thou. The use of the singular when referring publicly to a person seems to be liked by the masses, as being extremely democra-

tic in manner. Even people from the U.P. have lately been reconciling themselves to the idea of rather ungrammatical speech because they have now been taken up with the idea of making Hindusthani the *lingua franca* of India. Their attitude now is that it does not matter how you speak it, but please speak Hindusthani. The alternative is that there would be no common language for India, which, in their opinion, is a rather disastrous thing. If a language other than Hindusthani is to be the common language, it is believed that it would be equally disastrous for the country. Whenever I put in a Telugu word or a Tamil word to express my ideas in Hindusthani, my friends here offer to include those words straight way in the Hindusthani vocabulary—that being the price they are prepared to pay for the spread of Hindusthani. But I doubt whether Hindusthani will ever become popular throughout the country.

The tendency is for each Province to develop in a way suitable to its own peculiar genius. Even Pandit Nehru, who was regarded by me among others as a citizen of the world, has proved to be a citizen not even of all-India but of Kashmir and Allahabad. This cannot be put down as the special defect of Jawaharlal Nehru. It only means that Provincialism is a very real thing, and the better aspects of it ought to be developed. Truly great literature and art can be produced perhaps only among small communities, where the individual feels that he is a somebody and not a nobody. This is one reason for America's poverty in science, literature and art, and the greatness of those of England and European countries.

Coming back to Kripalani. J. B. was inaugurating the study circle of the Delhi Civil Liberties Union. One of the things he said was: "The present Government of India seem to be completely confused because of the large number of problems facing them. This confusion has resulted in their becoming frightened." He added that it was natural for them to be frightened, but what was natural need not be justified or justifiable.

The present Government, said the speaker, had inherited a machinery of civil servants who had worked under the old regime—and they were therefore trained only in the art of shirking work and pushing it on to someone else's shoulders. They lacked the spirit of service, and were unaccustomed to receiving new ideas and striking new paths. The Ministers unfortunately seemed incapable of doing without these civil servants. Such members of the services were suitable to the British Government, because they did not intend to do anything, but not to a democratic Government from which people expected much.

The problems facing a democratic Government were more difficult than those facing a foreign occupying Government, said Acharya Kripalani. The objective before them as long as a foreign power was ruling was simple because they thought only in terms of driving it out. But once their own Government was established, it had to be appreciated that the task of their Government was an onerous one. It was not so easy to get rid of that Government because it was elected by the people themselves. Very often, if one Government went, another Government came in which was as different from the first as Tweedledum from Tweedledee. In America they had the Democrats and the Republicans and it made very little difference whether the one or the other was in power. The people did not have any other alternative. Both parties stood for more or less the same thing. There was, moreover, no way of getting rid of their representatives once they were elected. Once they became

members of Parliament they were a law unto themselves for four or five-years until the next elections (Laughter). There seemed to be a divine right of Demos, which was in some respects even worse than the divine right of Kings which Louis XIV of France and others claimed.

Acharya Kripalani proceeded to refer to the by-elections to the U.P. Assembly in which the Socialists and the Congress were contesting. The other day, he said, there was a telephone call from Congress workers in Hapur and he received it. The call was intended for his wife Sucheta Kripalani, but as telephones went by numbers and not by names (laughter), he spoke to them in the absence of his wife. He asked them what the matter was. He was told that they wanted her to do propaganda for the Congress candidate who was being opposed by the Socialist candidate. Acharya Kripalani asked them why they should be so excited about it. Did the Socialists love the country less than Congressmen? (Cheers). Were Congressmen invariably more intelligent than the Socialists? (Cheers). One or the other would be elected, and it would probably make very little difference. Whoever occupied the chair of office, the colour of the chair seemed to stick to him. (Laughter). Those who were in power were cut off from their masters, the electorate.

Acharya Kripalani pointed out that the present Government did the very same things as the previous Government. Congress had fought the British Government on these issues. It was however possible to maintain that a democratic Government would be right in doing what a foreign Government had no right to do. Parents could punish their own children for the good of the children, but would fight their neighbours if they tried to punish one's children. (Laughter). He did not know whether the present Government was arresting people without a warrant but they were using Section 144. This was because the Government was confused and frightened. This had led to their

losing their judgment. The fact was that with the assassination of Mahatma Gandhi, who had no hatred towards anybody, the Government argued that the life of everyone of its members was in danger. This fright was natural, but what was natural need not necessarily be justified or justifiable. The result was that the Ministers erected around themselves walls—walls of red caps of the police, and walls of the military. Military and police guard surrounded every Minister. It became difficult for the people to approach the Ministers, and the Ministers were thus cut off from the people.

The task of any Civil Liberties' Union was to educate the people in such a way that they cast off violence as practical politics. As long as groups were organised, called themselves social gatherings, and manufactured bombs, it would be impossible for civil liberties to flourish. (Laughter). Freedom of speech was in danger as long as persons like Qasim Razvi of Hyderabad were allowed to speak freely whatever they liked. Freedom of the Press was in danger too, because to start a newspaper required lakhs of rupees, and only the capitalists had the money. Newspapers at present therefore extolled the virtues of the capitalists. The Press, moreover, printed whatever was of a sensational nature—news of kidnapping and murder—because the public was fond of detective novels and sensational news. He therefore thought that no harm would be done if all the newspapers were closed down tomorrow. (Laughter). A paper, if it was really to be useful, should be on the lines of Gandhi's *Harijan*, which printed no advertisements, and which omitted all references to news of a sensational nature like murder and robbery, but dealt with problems of real importance.

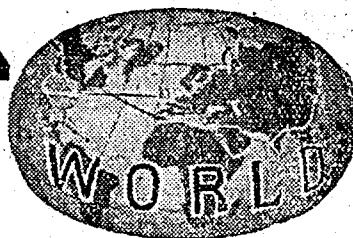
Although the British had not said so, they had accepted it as a convention that they would be non-violent as far as changes in their Government were concerned. Mr. Churchill could certainly have tried to create trouble when he, who was

victorious in war, was being defeated at the polls. He could have tampered with the ballot-boxes. (Laughter). But if he did, he would not have been occupying the position of honour which he did today. The Duke of Windsor could have created trouble before abdicating: but they had all eschewed violence to that extent. The British genius had evolved this system of doing things peacefully over a period of hundreds of years. Everything depended on how the electorate was educated.

Acharya Kripalani went on to say that real democracy was possible only when there were small units like the village where each man could meet the other and talk to him. Decentralisation was essential for a true functioning of democracy. A centralised Government was like a Ravan with ten heads. Then democracy would be merely formal. Power always went to the head of people. Gandhiji had suggested that decentralisation was the true path for the establishment of democracy. Whether it be factories or Governments, there was a tendency to abuse power in larger units.

It was the duty of all those who favoured peaceful government, said Acharya Kripalani, to see that the masses were so educated that they would not think in terms of resorting to force. The rights and liberties of people such as the freedom of speech, freedom of the Press and freedom of association entailed corresponding responsibilities. Restraint was a virtue which should be cultivated in order to make these freedoms possible. Acharya Kripalani recalled that Gandhiji was always prepared to defy the British Government whenever they held something was wrong which he held to be right. He was prepared to go to jail for his convictions. In 1942 even small children went about shouting that the foreign Government should get out. Those who sought to protect civil liberties in the present day should also be similarly prepared to do considerable sacrifice if necessary. Then alone could they hope to succeed. (Loud cheers).

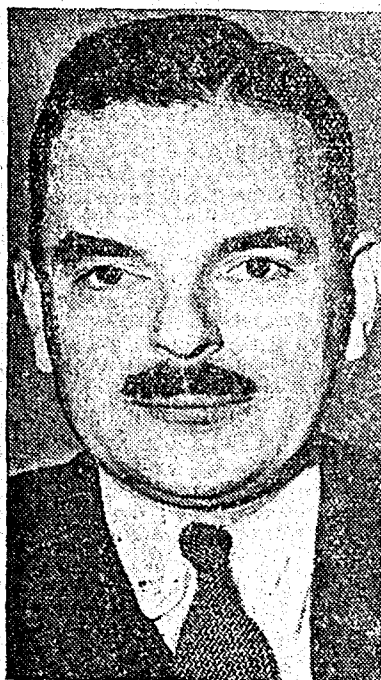
# SPOTLIGHT ON THE



**U**NLESS current estimates of the political temper in the United States are upset by events during the next few months, the election of Mr. Dewey as President is practically certain. He has achieved a decisive victory in the battle for nomination at the Republican convention. And there is not the least evidence of a revolt in Republican ranks either on policy issues or due to personal disappointments. The Democrats, by contrast, face the danger of an internal rift manifesting itself at their party's forthcoming convention. Mr. Truman's nomination is commonly assumed, but his civil rights programme has angered

Southern whites and a revolt against his nomination will not cause surprise. The outlook for the Democrats has already been dimmed by the defection of Henry Wallace and the 'fighting Liberals' who support him. Mr. Wallace's Third Party is small in itself but it will effectively tip the scales against the Democrats in states, like New York, where the margin between the Republican and Democratic votes has for many years been narrow. Besides these specific handicaps, the Democratic Party is expected to be affected adversely by the general reaction, expressed in the 1946 Congressional elections, against the prolonged ascendancy of the Democrats under the late President Roosevelt.

The Republican Party thus enters the election fight with a clear advantage. But Dewey is not merely a lucky holder of the winning party's ticket. In his own right he has been, for over a decade, a popular national figure. Thomas Edmund Dewey, born in 1902, rose to prominence when he was quite young. After a period of vigorous, typically American life at school, on the family farm and in business, Dewey began to study law. His greater interest, however, was in music and he found time to take lessons in singing. The story goes that he had a sore throat when about to sing at a concert. The incident is said to have determined his choice of law as his career, by showing how minor incidents could affect a musical career. Anyway, the choice of law proved to be wholly fortunate. In 1935, Dewey was appointed special prosecutor in New York to deal with the large number of gangsters and racketeers who were destroying the reputation of the city. In this job Dewey displayed qualities of fear-



Thomas E. Dewey

lessness, tireless activity and honesty which brought him fame and popularity. As a racket-buster, he became the hero of legend. Meanwhile, Dewey began to plan for election to public office. While still an unknown lawyer, he had become interested in Republican politics and worked doggedly at small party jobs. After he came into the limelight as prosecutor, it was not difficult for Dewey to secure the Republican Party's support in election fights. He successfully ran for public office for the first time in 1937 when he was elected a district attorney. He ran for Governor of New York in 1938 but was beaten after a close fight. In 1940 he campaigned for Republican nomination as Presidential candidate but Wendell Willkie's last-minute entry squeezed him out. Dewey ran for Governorship of New York again in 1942 and was successful this time. He became the first Republican Governor of the state since 1922 and retained that position in 1946 when he was re-elected to Governorship by the greatest majority in the history of New York.

Dewey might have become President of the United States in 1944 but for the exigencies of the war. He won the Republican nomination—it was his second bid for it—and was popular to a degree that was obscured only by the greater popularity of his rival, Franklin Roosevelt. What beat Dewey in 1944, it has been said, was not so much Roosevelt as the war. Roosevelt was running for the fourth consecutive term (an unprecedented event in American history) and yet he was elected because his continuation in power was felt to be essential for the speedy and successful conclusion of the war which had only been half won at the time. Dewey is now running again for President on the Republican ticket, but with this great advantage as compared with his previous effort that he has to face not F.D.R., but only F.D.R.'s shadow in President Truman.

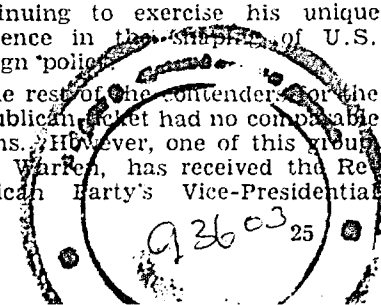
The Republican Party is usually unwilling to give a second chance to a candidate who has been defeated before. Therefore, securing the



Earl Warren

nomination is itself a considerable achievement for Governor Dewey. His choice was aided no doubt by the disadvantages of the other contenders for Republican nomination. Senator Taft, it must have been evident, would not fully draw the workers' vote due to his part in the Taft-Hartley labour legislation. Harold Stassen campaigned with great fervour and energy and is considered to be the "voice of the youth", but he is not favoured by the party managers who are uneasy at Stassen's unorthodoxy. Senator Vandenburg commands great respect as an enlightened and sober statesman but he never campaigned openly for nomination. His name was added to the runners' list at the last minute and it would seem that the Senator is really more keen on continuing to exercise his unique influence in the shaping of U.S. foreign policy.

The rest of the contenders for the Republican ticket had no comparable claims. However, one of this group, Earl Warren, has received the Republican Party's Vice-Presidential



nomination. Dewey's running mate is also a state Governor, hailing (usefully for election purposes) from the opposite end of U.S. territory. Eleven years older than his senior partner, Warren started his career, like Dewey, as a lawyer. He progressed slowly to become a district attorney and then attorney-general of California. Standing as a non-partisan, Warren won the election for Governorship of the state in 1942. It is interesting to recall that he was offered in 1944 the same place that he has now taken in the Presidential elections. But he then refused to run for Vice-President under Dewey, for two reasons it is said: one, he did not have an adequate private fortune to finance the campaign; second, he shrewdly guessed that Roosevelt could not be beaten and so refrained from inviting defeat. In 1946 Warren was re-elected Governor of California. The Californian votes gathered by him will be a valuable asset to the Republican Party in the November elections.

If the Dewey-Warren team, as appears likely, wins the elections, any consequent changes in American policies will be more in the domestic field than in foreign relations. The strength of the isolationist trend in the Republican Party has proved to be negligible, and it will conduct

the election campaign on the plank of continued intervention in the affairs of the Old World, especially of Europe. Until recently, Dewey himself has been conspicuously silent on controversial issues. But he is regarded as representing 'middle' Republican opinion, leaning neither to the rigid conservatism of Senator Taft nor to the Liberal fringe of the party. He was not an extreme isolationist during the Roosevelt era when it was incumbent on Republicans to take an isolationist line if only to oppose the President. In the post-Roosevelt era of vigorous anti-Communist intervention, Dewey has criticised the Truman Doctrine only in so far as it has not been implemented enthusiastically enough in China. He fully supports the aims underlying present U.S. foreign policy.

In domestic affairs the transition from a Democratic to a Republican administration may be expected to be more evident, though even here the Republican-dominated Congress has already prepared the way for the transition by passing some important items of the party's legislative programme. Republican victory in November will remove even such token resistance as was provided by President Truman's veto of the Taft-Hartley and tax reduction bills.



The United States made available in 1947 nearly 12 per cent of its total production of movable goods to foreign markets, compared with 7½ per cent in 1937 and 1939, and 10 per cent in 1946. The dollar value of U.S. exports of movable goods in 1947 reached an all-time record figure of 14,456 million dollars.

Imports in 1947 increased to 5,731 million dollars, which was also a record value. The total 1947 dollar value of imports was 17 per cent higher than the 1946 value of 4,909 million dollars and nine per cent over the previous high value of 5,278 million dollars in 1920.

In physical volume, U.S. industrial production showed an increase of 27 per cent, and agricultural production a gain of 35 per cent, over the 1935-39 annual average.

The United States produced about half of the corn grown in the world last year. The U.S. total was 2,400,952,000 bushels compared with a world total of 4,830 million bushels. China was the second largest producer with an estimated 285 million bushels, followed closely by Argentina.—USIS

## THE ZAMINDARIES ABOLITION BILL: AN ANALYSIS

by A. KALESWARA RAO, M.L.A.

THE Madras Zamindaries Abolition Bill is the most complicated piece of legislation ever introduced before the Legislative Assembly. It affects most vitally several long-standing economic interests and involves many questions of law. The Madras Legislature Congress Party has decided to abolish all the estates in the Province coming under the Madras Estates Land Act including all the inam villages, under-tenure villages and villages granted to religious, charitable or educational institutions, and to bring all the villages in these estates under the direct possession and management of the Provincial Government like the present ryotwari Government villages. The feudal system of collecting rents from the ryots through the zamindars established by Lords Cornwallis and Wellesley in the beginning of the nineteenth century in certain parts of the Province will be abolished and the land-holders as a class will go out of existence. The land-holders will be paid compensation for losing possession of the estates under them. Survey and settlement will be made of all these villages by the Government and the ryots will be given ryotwari pattas by the Government for the lands in their possession and the land-holders will be given pattas for certain lands allowed to them under the bill and the rents to be paid by all the pattadars will be at the ryotwari rates prevailing in the neighbouring Government villages. The cultivable waste lands which are not included in the pattas of the ryots or erstwhile land-holders will be at the disposal of the Government and the communal lands, porambokes, hills, forests, mines, tanks, rivers, etc., will be under the control of the Government. The bill does not apply to minor inams in the Government or estate villages except to the extent that in the case of any minor inams granted for rendering private or personal

service to a land-holder, the service will be terminated and the minor inamdar will be given a ryotwari patta for the land on ryotwari assessment. These are the fundamental principles settled by the Congress Legislature Party in pursuance of its election manifesto that had been drawn up by the All-India Congress Working Committee in a spirit of Socialistic idealism and with a view to doing social and economic justice to millions of agriculturists. The Congress Party has decided to levy existing ryotwari rates but not to go back to the rents in kind or cash of the year 1801 with a view to introducing a sort of uniformity in the rates at present and also in consideration of the proposed land reform law applicable to all villages in the Province by which a new mode of taxation will be introduced, the extent of acreage in the ryots' holdings will be limited and equitable rates and terms will be fixed in the case of sub-tenants holding under non-cultivating pattadars.

### The Defeated Amendments

The bill introduced by the Revenue Minister in the Legislative Assembly was defective in many respects. The chairmanship of Dr. Subbaroyan, the learned lawyer and parliamentarian, facilitated the taking of elaborate evidence by the Select Committee on behalf of all the interests affected, and free and frank discussion by the members on all points. But the Select Committee was so constituted by the Revenue Minister that he had an absolute majority in it and no amendment was possible even in language with out his agreeing to it. In the Select Committee the bill underwent considerable improvement in the arrangement and language. But in substance there has been great deterioration inasmuch as the Revenue Minister has accepted some reactionary amendments urged by the big zamindars who were most

vocal in the Committee and rejected all the progressive amendments proposed by some of us in favour of the ryots and in favour of the lakhs of small shareholders of the small estates whose lot was made extremely miserable by not providing in the bill adequate compensation for their livelihood. The result is that the big zamindars are getting much more under the bill as it emerged from the Select Committee than under the original bill itself, while the miserable plight of the innumerable small shareholders has not improved in any way. On behalf of the ryots five amendments were proposed namely, (1) that the rents to be payable by ryots wherever they are lower than the neighbouring ryotwari rates should not be enhanced to the ryotwari level; (2) that the service inam villages, about which a new specific provision has been introduced in the Select Committee by the Revenue Minister for the first time, should also be treated like all other inam villages in all respects and that ryotwari pattas should be given on ryotwari assessment to the ryots existing therein for the lands under them and that pattas should not be given to the land-holders for all cultivable lands as proposed by the Revenue Minister; (3) that the existing customary rights enjoyed by the ryots in the village forest to graze their cattle and to get green manure and housing, thatching and agricultural materials from them, should continue and not be disturbed by this bill in any way; (4) that all unlawful alienations made by the land-holders of communal lands since 1908 or encroachments made on them since that date should be declared illegal and void and the Government should take possession of those lands without paying any compensation to anybody; and (5) that the ryots cultivating the lanka lands should be given pattas and all the lands not in possession of ryots should be taken possession by Government and that there can be no private land of the land-holder in them. All these amendments were defeated in the Select Committee as the Revenue Minister declined to accept them.

#### What Is "Private Land"?

About 130 big zamindaries had been selected by the Madras Government and made impartible in 1904 in order to preserve them as big estates. The other zamindaries which number more than 2500 and the inam villages numbering about 7000 are all partible and partitioned among innumerable shareholders. The inam villages especially have been so partitioned that the land possessed by an average shareholder does not exceed ten acres of land. There is a provision in the original bill that ryotwari pattas should be given to land-holders for all their private lands. Private land means land let as such by the land-holder before July 1898 or cultivated by his own servants or hired labour continuously for twelve years before 1908, and mentioned as private land ever since in accounts or leases. In the case of an inamdar who has been brought newly under the purview of the Madras Estates Land Act in 1936 the continuous direct cultivation should be for twelve years before 1st November 1933. As the attempt to introduce an Estates Land Bill was being made since 1898 though it was finally passed in 1908, the big zamindars were careful ever since that time to show thousands of acres as private lands in their accounts and also to get recorded all those acres as private land under Section 182 or 183 of the Estates Land Act, 1908. The small shareholders in the smaller estates would not use such care and forethought. As the inamdars were taken unawares in 1936 it was not possible for them to keep older accounts of direct cultivation. So this provision would mostly benefit the big zamindars and it is only they that get ryotwari pattas for thousands of acres. The small shareholders of smaller estates might be cultivating small extents of lands themselves but it will be impossible for them to prove that they were technically private lands. The original bill, without making any distinction between big zamindars and small shareholders, stipulated that the Government would take possession of all the lands not proved to be private land

even if it be in the direct cultivation of the small shareholder. So in the Select Committee a suggestion was made that the small inamdars and other small shareholders might be given pattas for lands under their cultivation where no valid claims could be made to them by any ryots. The big zamindars took this clue and pressed for applying the same to all land-holders and the Revenue Minister accepted their amendment with the proviso that the lands should be under direct cultivation from 1945 in the case of inamdars and from 1939 in the case of other land-holders. This is in addition to but not in substitution for the private lands provided under the original bill. The zamindar would get ryotwari patta for all private lands even though they are in the possession of tenants and in addition for all other lands if they are in his cultivation by his servants or hired labour. *I am told that one big zamindar would get patta for ten thousand acres of wet lands.* A strong protest was made by some of us and we introduced an amendment that the aggregate extent of land for which a land-holder or a ryot should get a patta under this bill should not exceed three hundred acres of wet land or its equivalent by calculating one acre of wet as equal to two and half acres of dry land or to one and half acres of garden land and that the land-holder or ryot should select to that extent if he has more land under him and the excess should be taken possession of by the Government for the benefit of the nation. The Revenue Minister is talking everywhere of introducing land reform law by which the extent of acreage of land under every pattadar would be limited and in Bombay a Minister suggested fifty acres as the maximum. Our amendment was very moderate. But the Revenue Minister declined to accept it and got it defeated in the Select Committee. The zamindars would sell away most of these lands as soon as they get pattas and get several lakhs of rupees by the sales before the so-called land reform law is introduced

if ever it be introduced. The zamindar above referred to may get a crore of rupees very easily.

#### Thrown To The Wolves

In the matter of compensation gravest injustice had been done in the original bill itself to the lakhs of small shareholders, especially the inamdar shareholders including widows, minors and disabled persons by depriving them of their present income by which they are living and not providing adequate compensation for their livelihood. Even the small mercy shown by the Revenue Minister in the Select Committee by taking the whole ryotwari assessment minus the quit rent as the basic income instead of half of the ryotwari assessment does not make any practical difference in their miserable lot. To take an example, a small shareholder in an inam village possessing ten acres of wet land in a delta district is now getting at least ninety bags of paddy worth one thousand rupees for year by leasing it to tenants. He or she pays a quit rent of ten rupees and water tax of sixty rupees to the Government. So the net annual income is Rs. 930. Now under the bill the tenant gets ryotwari patta for the land for ryotwari assessment. We do not object to it. But the compensation provided by the Select Committee to that inamdar is thirty times the ryotwari assessment minus the quit rent which would come to six hundred rupees, the interest on which per annum even at 6% would be thirty-six rupees. We wanted that the present net income of the small land-holder be taken as basic income and even if it be ten times the basic income the compensation would be Rs. 9,300. That is, he would get a value of Rs. 930 per acre for a land which is worth two thousand rupees per acre now. The Revenue Minister has not been pleased to accept this amendment which was defeated in the Select Committee. Lakhs of families of these poor shareholders will be thrown to the wolves and if most of these people turn against the Congress the public will have to thank Mr. Kala Venkata Rao.

### Further Concentration of Wealth

Another favour done to the big zamindar is the number of times of the basic income. My amendment to reduce the last three highest classes from 17½ times to 15 times, from 15 times to 10 times, and from 12½ times to 8 times respectively, increasing the number of times substantially especially of the lowest two was rejected and another amendment that the maximum compensation to be paid to any land-holder should not exceed twenty-five lakhs under any circumstances was also rejected. The result is that by the bill one zamindar in the Province is going to get one crore of rupees as his compensation and several others more than fifty lakhs of rupees. In another respect also the Revenue Minister behaved in a most reactionary way in the Select Committee. In the original bill it was provided that the compensation payable to an impartible zamindar should be distributed among the members of the joint Hindu family as in the case of all the innumerable partible zamindaries and other estates. But in the Select Committee that provision was removed at the instance of the Revenue Minister and it was decided, in spite of our protest, that the junior members like brothers and uncles should only be given maintenance, the aggregate amount of which for all maintenance-holders should not exceed one-fifth of the total compensation amount. Our case was that the compensation amount as well as the lands to which the zamindar gets a patta should be divided among the members of the joint Hindu family according to Hindu Law. Our proposal for distribution of wealth was negatived and the principle of concentration of wealth in the hands of a few big zamindars was adopted by the majority of the Select Committee. The Congress in its Election Manifesto declared itself to be as much anti-capitalist as anti-feudalist. It is against the concentration of wealth in a few hands and the creation of new capitalists. By reducing considerably the amount of compensation to be paid to the big zamindars

and by taking possession of the vast lands now concentrated under the big land-holders, the State could provide for the poorer and weaker sections and also provide lands for the landless. The compensation to the smaller land-holders could be even given in the shape of lands. If for the lands they lose, equally good lands are given elsewhere they would be satisfied. But the bill has not cared for Congress principles and it is made worse in the Select Committee.

### Lanka Lands

Another noteworthy point is that while the original bill was confined, so far as cultivable lands are concerned, to one-third of the gross ryotwari demand for settling the basic income for awarding compensation to the zamindars, new and special provisions were introduced in the Select Committee by the Revenue Minister and got passed by a majority with regard to lanka lands which are most valuable by which the zamindars are allowed to get ryotwari pattas for the private lands or lands got registered as private lands in them and one-third of the actual average net income on the non-private lands in many cases and high assessment in the other cases which are both much higher than the ryotwari demand, will be taken as the basic income for compensation to them. It is impossible to prove that the present lanka lands existed at the time of the permanent settlement or that their income was included in the assets for peishkush. I do not understand why these new provisions should be introduced in the Select Committee to augment the extent of lands to be given for patta and to considerably increase the amount of compensation to be paid to the zamindars. These provisions are most advantageous to some big zamindars like Challapalli in whose estates thousands of lanka lands exist.

### The Shelved Report

A very grave defect in the bill is that it is based on the assumption that the zamindar is the owner of the soil and of the waste lands, forests, mines, fisheries, etc., for

the loss of which compensation is provided for in the bill. The bill makes an admission that the estate is his property within the meaning of Section 299 of the Government of India Act. When the zamindars who are dissatisfied with the amount of compensation go to a court of law for recovering market price of the property as they are threatening to do, the Government will be estopped from contending that they are not the owners but merely rent-collecting officials. The Prakasam Committee Report, based on very eminent authorities, held that the zamindar is only a collector of rent and at the same time the owner of his private land and the ryots are the owners of the lands under them and that the rest of the village

belongs to the village community. It also declared that the forests, mines, tanks, etc., are the property of the village community. The Prakasam Committee Report has been accepted by the Madras Legislature and the then Prime Minister, Rajajee, supported it in his famous speech. An amendment that the bill should be framed on the principles established in the Prakasam Report and no compensation should be paid for prospective income on waste lands, forests, mines, fisheries, lanka lands, etc., was defeated at the instance of the Revenue Minister in the Select Committee.

These are some of the important aspects in the bill as it emerged from the Select Committee, which require overhauling.

## BRIGADIER USMAN

**B**RIGADIER USMAN has died in action. This 41 year old, Sandhurst-trained officer has been described by K. A. Abbas as one of the most significant and inspiring paradoxes of Free India. Abbas, who had the opportunity of meeting him, has personally seen the Mahatma's portrait hung on the wall of his improvised office at Advanced Base Headquarters in Kashmir. "Not only is he a teetotaler (probably the only Army officer who does not drink), he is also a vegetarian. He does not smoke either."

Hailing from U.P., he graduated from Allahabad University. Success at Sandhurst started him on his distinguished career in the Army. In the last war he commanded a battalion in Burma. Later he was sent to England for air training and was placed in charge of a paratroopers' brigade.

On August 15, 1947, Usman chose India for his home. He was posted to Multan to maintain law and order in some of the most obscure and recalcitrant parts of West Punjab. All the population was protected by his men, without any consideration of community or status. By his freedom from communalism, Usman earned the odium of Pakistan which branded him a *Kafir*. The

now defunct "Azad Kashmir Government" offered a reward of Rs. 50,000 for his head, dead or alive.



BRIGADIER USMAN.

A precious life, of imagination and unswerving patriotism, has fallen a victim to communal fanaticism. Brigadier Usman's brave example will be an abiding source of inspiration for Free India.—A. LAKSHMANA RAO.

## EARTH'S SURFACE AND INTERIOR

SOME 25 per cent firm land, 75 per cent ocean with 2,000 feet of mud on its bottom, the whole forming the earth's crust, encasing an atomic furnace—that is the description of the planet on which we live, according to the newest scientific findings. Thousands of feet below the Atlantic waters near Bermuda, and hundreds of feet below busy New York City traffic, American scientists have been measuring and recording with instruments what no human eye has ever seen or ever will see: the shape of the ocean floor and the nuclear fission that goes on within the depth of the earth.

Geophysicist Dr. John B. Hersey is in charge of a six-man expedition on the ketch *Caryn*, sponsored by the U.S. Navy and the Wood's Hole, Massachusetts, Oceanographic Institution. The scientists' task is to chart the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean by means of sound waves. Two echoes from a small explosion, one reflected from the bottom of the sea, another one from the rock layers below the mud, are registered and timed on the *Caryn* through an underwater microphone. Since the speed of sound in water and mud is known, measuring depth is simple.

The floor of the North-western Atlantic, the *Caryn* scientists found, is relatively flat, the solid rock crust of the earth covered with mud and clay. From Iceland to the South Polar regions there extends an "Atlantic ridge," with mountain peaks 6,000 to 10,000 feet high; the island of Bermuda is a 15,000 foot oceanic mountain.

The Atlantic floor, just as dry land, has its valleys, and plains—and also its plant life: microscopic to be sure, but full of vitamins, proteins, fats, oils, carbohydrates and other important ingredients of human diet. The ocean floor's fertility equals some of the best surface farm land and, in the view of the explorers, might one day play a part in feeding the rapidly increasing population of the earth.

Meanwhile, other studies are being made as to earth's crust radiation and what is going on within the globe itself. Independent studies by Dr. William D. Urry of the Geophysical Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington D.C., and two scientists of Fordham University (New York City), measuring radiation emanating from rock in a subway station deep under a New York street have thrown new light on the subject.

They found that radio-active potassium, just like an atomic pile, radiates heat. This heat apparently is responsible for 75 to 80 per cent of the warmth the earth releases into the universe. In other words, the "original heat" of the earth, stemming from the cosmic nebulae from which the earth congealed, has become a comparatively minor factor. Thus, in contrast to previous theories which conceived the earth as slowly cooling off, the globe appears to be a self-heating body, a gigantic atomic fission pile. It is the heat of this radiation which keeps the earth livably warm. Indeed, the planet is now radiating four to five times more heat than it would if it were dependent on its original cosmic heat alone.

As to how long the earth's atomic fuel will last, Dr. Urry calculated that between the earth's original formation and its total heat exhaustion some 20,000 million years must elapse. Since the earth is considered much younger, it is still good for serving man as an abode for some hundreds of millions of years to come.

On the other hand, there are indications that the crust might be getting warmer. Its temperature appears to be rising on continents, but falling in oceanic portions. Perhaps, Dr. Urry thinks, this is due to a lack of granite shell under the ocean. The probes of the Atlantic floor may help to obtain the answer.

—USIS

## V. S. PRITCHETT—STORY WRITER

by WALTER ALLEN

THE talent of V. S. Pritchett has always been recognised, but it was not until the war years, with his short stories in *New Writing*, *Horizon* and other magazines, collected in the volume *It May Never Happen*, his critical essays in *The New Statesman and Nation*, of which he is now literary editor, and his literary talks on the British Broadcasting Corporation, that the promise of his early work was fulfilled—in a way rather different, perhaps, from that which might have been anticipated.

Victor Sawdon Pritchett was born 58 years ago in south London, that traditional home of the lower middle classes, a milieu which has supplied the settings for most of his recent stories; indeed, stories like *The Saint*, *Aunt Gertrude* and *It May Never Happen* indicate faithfully the physical and mental background of his childhood, a background typically Anglo-Saxon, compounded of intensive pre-occupations with small-scale commercial undertakings and what Pritchett himself has called the "mad religions", the crankier manifestations of religious dissent.

Educated at Alleyn's Grammar School, Dulwich, at 16 Pritchett entered the leather business, whence he derived the material for his novel *Nothing Like Leather*, and then—a radical departure from south London and nonconformity—spent some years wandering in France, Spain, Italy, Ireland and the United States.

Of these countries the most important to Pritchett has been Spain. As he has said in a broadcast talk: "For Englishmen, I would say that Ireland, Russia and Spain have a delving fascination and a really destructive effect. Each of these countries exalts things in the mind and soul which the western European represses, and if these coun-

tries get under our skins we have to remake our lives entirely."

The liberating influence at this time; from the associations of his early environment was the work of Unamuno, whose "tragic sense of life" he substituted for the English nonconformist's sense of personal, even chatty, familiarity with God. Yet, it is not entirely easy to remake our lives, and in the light of the work for which he now mainly is known, it seems typical of him that, according to his first book, *Marching Spain*, almost the first man he met in Spain should be a convert to the Protestant faith and the third, a Scotsman, Protestant missionary.

Pritchett's early books, indeed everything up to the stories collected in *You Make Your Own Life*, published in 1938, give the impression of an attempt not so much to get away from his background as to dodge it. *Nothing Like Leather* alone of his pre-war fictions has a wholly English scene; the others are set variously in Spain, Ireland, Italy, the forests of the Amazon. Despite their obvious distinction, none of these books can be considered successful. Yet from time to time, vivifying them, emerge two qualities inseparable from the world he was trying to escape.

One is the pre-occupation with the certain kind of comic character, the kind Pritchett finds in Dickens: "People caught living a world of their own. They soliloquise in it. They do not talk to one another; they talk to themselves. The pressure of society has created fits of twitching in mind and speech, and fantasies in the soul". Do not the words describe the triumphant characters of the stories in *It May Never Happen*? They describe, too, such a character as Colonel *Drummer*, in Pritchett's first novel *Clare Drummer*. Whenever he appears he bursts the confines of the book. For Pritchett cannot resist him; once he is present

his creator's powers of invention, his delight in creation, are immediately challenged; and the haggard Colonel fills the picture in all the exuberance of his dottiness.

The other quality that emerges in these early books is a pre-occupation with puritanism, the extreme of the nonconformist attitude in religion. The quality is to some extent disguised because Pritchett was then far from a sympathetic acceptance of puritanism; so that the puritans of *Nothing Like Leather* and *Dead Man Leading* appear as intellectual constructions based on such an analysis of the puritan conscience in its modern manifestations as is implied in the following question from *Dead Man Leading*: "Is the heart a little Bethal—some sectarian organ which has lost its religion, the texts on the wall and the Israelitish fantasies, but not the fear and the guilt which were the root of the religion?"

In these novels, then, the author's sympathies are withheld from his characters; and this is the great difference between his early work and that of the Pritchett we know today. Today his characters are seen in terms of humour. What we have witnessed is something like the transformation of a satirist into a humorist.

It is at this point that his criticism throws light on his creative work. He himself disowns the formal title of critic. In the preface to *The Living Novel* he has told us how the essays in that book came to be written. The war had put a stop to the novel he was writing. "Without leisure or freedom to write what I wanted," he says, "I could at least read what I wanted, and I turned to those most remarkable men and women: the great novelists of the past, those who are called the standard novelists. We were and are living through a revolution, and revolutions stir us to a total reconsideration of the past: a reconsideration of the novel might tell me where my own half-finished novel was wrong; it would certainly tell me, if I regarded each classic as it came along as a new just-publish-

ed book, what a good novel ought to be."

Pritchett does not, then, write as a scholar but as a novelist looking at other novelists; he has made, so to speak, a series of plundering raids into the past to carry off whatever he may find there that may help him in the present. Since there is always implicit in his essays the reference to the tasks of the novelist of today, he is often perceptive in a way the scholar can seldom be.

No British critic of our time has written better or with more insight on the great Russians or on Scott, Dickens and Arnold Bennett, while for many readers his essay on George Eliot has come as a revelation. And always the point he seizes on in these writers is the quality in them which would be most valuable to, would most enlarge the scope of, the contemporary novel.

What has Pritchett himself got out of his studies of the great novelists? Part of the answer lies in the fact that it is scarcely possible to discuss or even think of his later stories, the work in *It May Never Happen*, separately from his criticism, for what he has discovered as a critic he has expressed in his stories. He is now—and it is not the commonest position for a contemporary British writer to occupy—well in the broad tradition of British fiction.

Through his studies of the eighteenth and nineteenth century English novel in particular he has, I believe, found out for himself the value of precisely those qualities which made his early background distinctive; and in doing so, he has found himself. Such stories as *The Saint*, *The Sailor*, *It May Never Happen*, *Aunt Gertrude*, *The Chestnut Tree*, are of their kind unrivalled in modern English fiction. It is not the material, as such, that is new; Pritchett is, in fact, drawing upon the familiar *milieu*, the social and psychological background of half the inhabitants of urban England.

What makes these stories unique is Pritchett's relation to his material. The customary attitude of the

novelist towards the lower middle class nonconformist *milieu* has been scorn or superiority; contempt in the case of Gissing, impatience in that of Wells, grudging admiration in that of Bennett; but certainly repudiation.

This is not Pritchett's way. As a result of his experience of life and literature he is able to see it as it were with a double vision, to see both its absurdity and its enduring qualities; and his powers of observation, sympathy and humanity are such that he can make the richest comedy out of it without ever sneering at it. He is never "superior."

For he himself, the narrator of the story, the man telling a story of his boyhood, is always in the picture; it is always by implication *his* story, *his* people he is writing of; so that

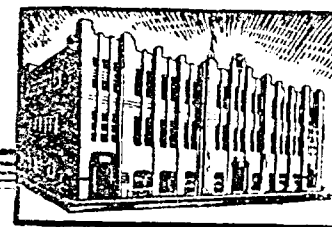
one has an illusion at one and the same time of detachment and of identity. It enables him to combine acute social comment with warm-hearted humour.

And the importance of Pritchett's work is this, that he has chosen and accepted as his essential material one of the most enduring and least understood aspects of the British character, that part of it which originates in puritanism, as he has pointed out himself, puritanism is not only a religious phenomenon: "In an irreligious age, puritanism simply becomes scientific or political." It is for this reason, together with his great literary gifts, that one believes that of all living British writers none is better equipped than he to write a great novel of contemporary English life.



(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.

# “Father and Mother”

by Kum Kum

It was a bright afternoon. They let the cattle graze on the vast grassy plains and sat under the shade of one of the banyan trees which stood there in two rows on both sides of the foot-path that went through one end of the plain.

“What shall we play now?” Achu asked her.

“Let us play hide-and-seek,” Devaki suggested. She always liked that game.

“O! In this terrible heat? No, we will play Father and Mother.”

“Oh, yes. I’ve no objection.”

So they built a small home with twigs and leaves and furnished it with a grass bed, some pots made of leaves and other household utensils.

It was early morning—so began the play. Father took conjee which mother prepared and started for the field, with plough and yoke on his shoulder and driving a pair of bullocks before him.

Mother engaged herself in household work. She had to husk the grain, churn the curd, sweep the floor and so on. But then the child, whose part was played by a piece of wood, began to cry. Mother took it, lay it on her shoulder and tried to console it.

“Vavo-o-o! Vavo-o-o! Don’t cry, my child, don’t cry. Your father will come now. Mother has to prepare food for him. Won’t you too want food? So don’t cry. Vavo-o-o! Vavo-o-o!”

“Is Sankaran at home?” somebody called from outside.

Sankaran’s wife came out asking: “Who’s that?”

“It’s me, Raman Nair.”

“Oh, Is it you, Achuthan?”

“I am not your Achu now,” he said angrily. “I am Raman Nair, thampuran’s karyasthan. So you must ask me: ‘Oh, is it you, Raman Nair?’ respectfully and not haughtily.”

Devaki said accordingly. “Is it you Raman Nair?”

“Yes, is Sankaran at home?”

“No, he’s in the fields.”

“When’ll he come back?”

“He’ll come back at noon.”

“I see”.

Both of them kept silent for some time.

“Now, Devaki, you don’t know anything about these things. When Raman Nair comes, what will your mother do? Will she blink like this or ask him to sit down and offer him chewing pan?”

“I am sorry, Achu, I quite forgot that.”

Devaki then said to Achu as her mother would tell the thampuran’s karyasthan: “Raman Nair, take your seat on this mat. And don’t you want to chew?”

She offered him betel to chew and stood there respectfully.

“Now, what shall I say, Achu?”

“You are a wooden-headed girl. What will one ask if somebody comes? Ask him why he has come.”

Accordingly, Devaki said: “Raman Nair, may I know why you have come?”

“I want to see Sankaran. You see, he has not paid the pattom for the past three years. And thampuran says if he doesn’t pay all the arrears within a week, he’ll be evicted.”

“Ayyo! don’t tell us that. Don’t you know that we are very poor, Raman Nair? We have paid what little we could. Last year we paid it by selling our cattle. What a fine pair of bullocks that was! Yet we sold them in order to save ourselves from the wrath of thampuran. As for this year, don’t you know, Raman Nair, that the crop was very poor?”

“Yes, yes. But what am I to do?”

“If you’ll try, everything will be alright, I know.”

“What shall I try? I’ve to execute the orders of thampuran, that’s all.”

“Don’t tell me that. When he comes, I shall send him to you. You must see to it that everything is set alright.”

“I shall try my best.”

The house-wife apologised: “I wanted to offer you some tea. But, you see.....you know us.”

“That doesn’t matter.”

He began to walk. She followed him to the gate.

Father came back from the fields at noon. Mother was serving him with food.

She complained: “Raman Nair came here, when you were away, and asked for you. He says that thampuran is particular that we must pay him all arrears of pattom within a week or quit the land.”

Father said nothing. He sat there immersed in thought for a while. Then gulping a mouthful of food, he said: “What did you tell him?”

“I said, I shall send you to thampuran in the evening.”

“H’m.”

“How can we pay the amount?”

“How can we? Money doesn’t grow on trees. Moreover, thampuran knows very well that this year’s crop was a complete failure.”

“But he’ll surely insist on full payment and if we don’t do it, he’ll evict us, no doubt about that. He’s such a man.”

“Who doesn’t know that? But what are we to do when there’s not a single pie nor a grain in this household? Let him do whatever he likes.” He lost his temper.

Mother did not reply, allowing the father’s anger to cool down. Father silently gulped his food.

“Yes, yes,” he said after some time, “what you say is right. We must pay him something and end this affair soon. I shall go to thampuran in the evening.”

Father finished his meal and washed his hands and mouth.

“The cattle are ruining the crop!” Their play was interrupted by this cry. They looked for their cattle and saw them freely feeding. They ran to bring the cattle back. Somebody from the other side of the field also came running, shouting to drive them away.

“What were you doing all the while? Have you no eyes or ears?” he shouted at the children.

The children drove back the cattle to the plain.

The other man, the cultivator of the field, kept on shouting: “To which house do you belong? Oh, you belong to Govindan’s house, don’t you? Let me tell your father.....”

They did not reply to his queries nor pay any heed to his threats. They came back to the banyan tree and resumed the play.

“Now, Devaki,” Achu said, “I am the tenant and you are the jenmi. I will come before you for remission of pattom. I’ll entreat you most humbly, but you mustn’t reduce a single pie. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

Accordingly, the jenmi sat there on a chair. The tenant appeared before him and bowed respectfully.

“Who’s that?” asked the jenmi with a serious face.

“It’s your slave, Sankaran.”

“Why have you come, Sankaran?”

“Your slave has to submit a matter before your respected self.”

“What’s that?”

“About that pattom.”

“If it’s for that you have come here, you needn’t wait here. Raman told you everything, didn’t he? I have nothing more to say. You may go immediately.”

The tenant stood for some time silently, staring at the ground. Then he said: “If thampuran says that, how can your slaves live in this world? This is a very bad time for your slave’s family. Thampuran knows your slave’s father died some months back. If he had been alive, your slave wouldn’t have been in such a difficulty. But he went out of this world, leaving his family helpless. Then your slave’s wife fell seriously ill. A large amount of money had to be borrowed for meeting the medical expenses. As for your slave’s only son, he’s still a boy and not able to work. Your slave is the only breadwinner in the family.”

“But what’s the use of telling me all that?”

“Without your kindness, your slave won’t be able to drag on. Last year itself, the bullocks had to be sold to pay the pattom. As a result, money had to be borrowed for buying a pair of them this year. Above all, thampuran is aware that the crop is very poor this year.”

“Yes, yes, I know all that. That’s why I have already reduced the pattom from six-hundred to five-hundred rupees.”

“That won’t tide over your slave’s difficulties.”

“A good argument, indeed! But Sankaran, have I entered into a contract with you that I shall help you in all your difficulties?”

“Not that. But you’re the only man who can help this slave at this time of difficulty.”

"What do you want me to do then? Do you want me to remit the whole pattom? If that's what you mean, I am not going to do it. After all, I too have a family."

"Your slave doesn't mean all that. The only request is, the pattom may be reduced to three-hundred rupees."

"No, no, I have reduced it to the minimum. You may go now. Don't wait any more."

"Your slave has submitted everything before your good self. Now, it's for you to decide."

Both of them were silent for a while. At last the jenmi spoke, "There's no need for your waiting, Sankaran."

"If that's thampuran's wish....."

"Yes, yes, don't wait."

The tenant bowed before the jenmi three times and left.

"You've acted very well, Devaki," Achu complimented his play-mate.

"Have I?" she replied somewhat shyly. A smile appeared on her face, when she said, "Let us resume the play."

It was night. Father returned from the jenmi's house. He and his wife took dinner and sat down on a mat and talked, chewing betel.

"What did thampuran say?" asked mother.

"His position remains unchanged," replied father. "He says we must pay him five-hundred rupees as Raman Nair advised."

"Five-hundred rupees! We haven't even seen such big amount in our life."

"Yes, he knows that. That's why he insists on paying the amount so that he may evict us for not paying the pattom. Perhaps he may want to lease our land to some favourite of his or for a higher pattom. I begged him to reduce the amount to three-hundred at the least. But no good. He was quite unmoved."

"What are we to do now?"

"What are we to do?" Father was enraged. "Let the beast go and hang himself."

"Don't say such a thing about thampuran."

"Don't say such a thing about thampuran! Then what else am I to speak of him? Do you know what he had said? He said: 'I too have a family, I too have to feed them.' As if we are to provide for him and his

family and he's not prepared to reduce the pattom for that reason. Let him go to the fields as we do and feed his family. Let him enjoy the scorching heat of the sun and extreme cold of the rain."

"Sh-sh! It's a sin to say that."

"As if it's a sacred thing to live on the labour of others. We work very hard. We produce paddy. And yet, we starve, we are steeped in debt. The jenmi lives happily on what we produce."

"It's all our fate."

"Fate indeed! We've to starve—it's fate. We've to sell our cattle—it's fate. We're compelled to borrow money—it's fate. Then you sit here, your hands tied. Let fate bring you food."

"I don't mean all that."

"What do you mean then? Do you want me to sell what little things we've got here and satisfy the greed of thampuran? If that's what you mean, I am not going to do that. Do you understand?"

Devaki was not able to suppress the laughter which gripped her on seeing the actions of Achu. She burst out laughing. He too could not contain himself.

"You spoiled the whole thing," he said, after they had laughed to their heart's content.

"What am I to do?" she replied. "I tried to suppress the laughter as best as possible. But I could not."

"Anyhow, let's sleep now."

She stood by, saying: "I'm going home."

"Devaki!" he called her.

She did not respond.

"Devaki, please stop!"

She neither stopped nor turned back.

"Yes, yes, you go now. I won't play with you in future," he threatened.

She stopped. After all, it was Achu, her own Achu. Could she get away from him like that? She slowly turned her face and saw him sitting, his back on the banyan tree, in angry mood. She walked back and sat beside him.

Achu did not speak a word.

"Achu, are you angry with me?" she asked him in a sweet and repentful tone.

He turned his face away from her and looked at the paddy fields aimlessly.

She repeated the question, "Are you angry with me, Achu?"

Achu did not reply.

She attempted to turn his face towards hers. A sudden thrill passed all over his body as she put her smooth hand on his cheeks. Yet, he concealed his feelings and stiffened his neck.

"I'm very sorry, Achu. Please speak!" she begged.

He only put on a graver face.

"I beg your pardon. Won't you speak to me?"

"H'm, h'm," he nodded his head in the negative.

"Why don't you speak, Achu?"

There was no answer.

"Speak, Achu! I shall do whatever you want me to do."

She was coming down, thought Achu. He opened his mouth at last. He asked: "Would you?"

"Yes."

"Sure?"

"Sure."

"Swear by your eyes that you'll do whatever I may ask you to do."

There she hesitated for a while because she had heard people say that if once, you swore by your eyes and later had to break your word, you would become blind and your tongue would rot. If the task Achu wanted her to do was an impossible one? She would have to break her word. And the consequences? ....But if she refused to swear, Achu would not speak to her at all. So what was she to do to get out of this dilemma? Soon she devised a trick.

She said: "I swear by my eyes that I shall do whatever Achu asks me to do if possible."

"No, no," Achu objected. "You must say: 'I swear by my eyes that I shall do whatever Achu wanted me to do. Not if possible.'"

"How can I swear that? Suppose you want me to do an impossible task. For example, to carry this big rock. I won't be able to do it. I'll have to break my pledge."

"I won't ask you to do such a thing."

"Who knows? You may break your word later?"

"I won't."

"Then you swear first that you won't ask me to do an impossible task."

"H'm, h'm, I can't do that."

"Then I too can't swear."

"You needn't. I won't speak to you that's all."

Deadlock again, both keeping mum. After a time, Devaki devised another trick to break it. She said: "Achu, I shall swear."

"Do it then."

"I swear (not) that I shall do....."

"No, no, you're playing another trick. You said 'no' in a low voice. I can't allow that."

"I didn't do it."

"You did. Why should you tell me a lie, Devaki?"

"I am not lying."

"You are. Do you think I've no ears?"

She surrendered at last.

"Hear it carefully then, Achu," she said. "I swear.....swear.....that I shall do whatever Achu asks me to do."

"Again you added a 'not'."

"What do you mean, Achu? Have you no ears?"

"Anyhow, swear once more without a stop."

"I've done it two times. And still if you're not satisfied, I'm not going to repeat that again."

"Then I won't speak to you."

They returned to the starting point. This time also Devaki had to surrender.

"I'm swearing for the last time Achu. If you'll not be satisfied even after that, we'll remain enemies for ever. Now, hear it: 'I swear by my eyes that I shall do whatever Achu wants me to do. Are you satisfied?'"

"Yes," Achu smiled victoriously. "Now do what I order."

"Order! What's that order?"

"First address me as 'my husband'."

"H'm, h'm." She protested, casting her eyes on the ground.

"Then I won't....."

"Don't do it, I shall do as you say."

Without taking her eyes from the ground, she addressed him in a low voice: "My husband!"

"That won't do. You must look straight into my eyes and address me loudly, 'Achu, my husband'."

"Ou! How difficult to satisfy you. I can't do it."

"But your pledge...."

"I've fulfilled my pledge."

"No. You've to do everything I want you to."

"But didn't I do it?"

"I now tell you to call me your husband once again. If you refuse to do it, your tongue will rot, you'll become a blind girl."

"It's my tongue that'll rot. It's I who'll become blind. What does it matter to you?"

Was she not suggesting that he did not love her, that it was none of his concern if she lost her eyes and tongue? That suggestion pricked his heart as if with a pin. So he agreed for a compromise and said: "I'm not insisting on that, Devaki."

Suddenly, they heard someone laugh—a familiar and frightening laughter. Looking round, they saw that the jenmi's son was coming.

The jenmi's son was slightly older than Achu and Devaki. His whole body was covered with gold. He wore a gold elas on his hip, a gold bangle on his left hand and a gold ring, tied to a thread, on his neck. Half of his head was

shaved and a crop of hair grew on the other half which was tied into a tiny heap.

"May I join you in your play?" he asked Achu. "I shall be the father and you (pointing to Devaki) the mother. Of course, you (pointing to Achu) can act as our servant."

Devaki pinched Achu, thereby hinting her disgust towards the whole affair. Achu took the cue and said, "No, I have to go home. Father is alone there."

"And you?" he turned to Devaki. "You'll play with me, won't you?"

She did not know what to say. But Achu came to her rescue. He said: "She too has to go. Her brother is ill."

And they drove the cattle home without waiting for the little jenmi's answer.

Turning back after walking some distance, they saw him standing on the same spot, persistently looking towards them. And they asked each other why they hated that look so much.



## JUSTICE IS DONE

by JANUS

OUT on the breakers rode the frail catamaran, two stalwart brothers busily plying their nets—the catch was fine today. "May Lakshmi give enough so that our children and the elders can eat of the good rice so scarce in these foodless times," was their constant prayer.

All day in the water and broiling sun the men pulled their oars and cast their nets. A single slip and an accident might break a man's ankle like the ankle of the wife's younger brother Raju had been broken—and then only mending of nets—no more work on the sea. But these sure-footed men though weary with their arduous fight with the waves, made no false moves. Safely their boat made its way back to the beach.

And the wives were waiting to take the fish in to the city markets. In the old days they would have brought rice back in the baskets but these were strange times. The Sircar would not let them buy more than a tiny bit of rice at a store near to the village called "ration shop" and long hours they spent to

get their tickets for the right to buy a week's supply which would last only three days. Yet that same Sircar now for some time had let their cousin Murugesan's family buy as much rice as they liked in a nearby village—true at very high prices, triple the rationed cost—but then rice was rice and the old parents and young children were stomachsick when they tried to eat the coarse cholam once only fed to the cattle.

The women came home proudly displaying almost four rupees eight annas for the catch. The family gravely consulted. "Murugesan says that two measures of rice can be purchased for Rs. 3-12-0 in his village. Our rice is all gone. While we fish tomorrow let Raju walk to our cousin's village and purchase this rice".

Meenakshi timidly said: "The walk is long and Raju's foot is weak. Should I not go?" Raju expostulated to his sister: "I will go slowly. You are soon to bring forth a child and must walk to the markets at night. You cannot go twice."

The other wife, Alamelu, said: "I hear the Sircar will let us buy rice but will not let us bring it from our cousin's village." The husband shook his head doubtfully. "You women hear strange tales—if Murugesan can buy, why cannot we? If we have lawfully paid for the rice with good cash, then it is ours and surely we can bring it to our fire and cook it. Though the Sircar is hard, he is just."

To this unanswerable logic, no reply could be made. So early in the morning Raju set forth with a treasured family upper-cloth across his shoulders as befitted a young man entrusted with a gravely important errand. With his limping tread, he took over two hours to make the journey. But cousin Murugesan's wife had serious warnings to give: "Alamelu is right. The Sircar will let you buy the rice here and you are fortunate—today there is rice, but you may not take it home, unless you can slip it past the Sircar's men. There are no more boundary posts but still here and there they are watching their chance to pick up your rice."

"I cannot go home without rice. Our old mother and father have not long to live and rice only they will eat. The children cry for rice and there is only cholam which gives them stomach pain."

"Well, go and come. May the Gods guard you," and Raju set his face bravely toward Madras. But the spy system went into operation and a report had already gone forth through a passing jutka driver that two measures of rice had been purchased by a Madras boy on foot. As Raju approached the city limits he was rudely stopped. "What have you got in that basket, lad?" Truthful Raju answered, "Rice for our home".

"Show me your ration card. Boy, where did you buy that rice?" "At my cousin's village. I have never done it before. Why is it wrong?"

"I do not know. Ask the Sircar. I am only his man enforcing his rules and not a wakil to answer foolish questions. Who but the Sircar can say what is right and what is wrong? What is wrong today may be right tomorrow, but *this is today*." Then with a speculative eye, "You are wearing a fine upper cloth." "Oh, take it, Sir, and leave me the rice to take to my home."

"That I cannot do, boy—it would be sin. Are you trying to bribe me to forget my duty as the Sircar's man? I must take the rice—these are the Sircar's orders today—*tomorrow* who can say? But since you are young and I have sympathy for your trouble, and since it is a first offence, if you happened to drop your upper cloth, I could say to the Sircar, 'The man carrying the rice dropped it and ran away when I threatened him and I did not get a good view of his face'."

With mingled rage and fear Raju threw down the upper cloth and riceless limped panting away. He stumbled finally into the fisher hut and threw himself sobbing on the ground.

But in the office of the Sircar, a grey-haired official congratulated a young un-uniformed policeman with a fine upper cloth who presented two confiscated measures of rice as another evidence of his vigilance in stopping the dangerous crime of rice-running from the outlying derationed areas into the city. Madras could now breathe safely in her riceless purity. *Justice* was done.

No great leader, no great reformer, no great revolutionary—not even Marx—was moved merely by personal concern for his own material welfare. The assumption that others must be lured on to a better world by promises of physical things sets those others apart as a lesser breed, as men incapable of the self-sacrifice of their leaders. This is a Luciferian arrogance, a final negation of the equalitarian principle and a mockery of the dignity of man. It is, at root, the contention that man in the mass is soulless and unfree. It is the basic fallacy of our time, which all free men should deny.—Manas.

# A MAJOR DEEP SEA PORT IN WEST COAST

J. G. D. KALYANASUNDARAM

**T**HE West Coast Major Port Development Committee, appointed by the Government of India is busy collecting data for the location of a spot between Marmagao and Cochin in the West Coast for conversion into a deep sea port.

Two technical members of this Committee had visited recently the existing ports and also other sites which offer conditions for conversion as a first class deep sea port.

More than two decades ago the Madras Government deputed Sir John Barry from a London firm to report on the suitability of a site in the west coast for port development. He submitted a report pointing out MALPE, near Udipi, as the best site for a first class major port.

Now there are, including this Malpe, four minor ports which claim to be developed. Karwar, Bhatkal, Malpe and Mangalore each presents its claim. A brief elucidation of points bearing on the economic aspects of each port's development will not be out of place here.

**KARWAR:** About 45 miles from Goa, this port was rejected long ago by experts as uneconomic. Goa won't for long remain with the Portuguese and is bound to be part of India whatever the Portuguese may be thinking about it for the present.

**MANGALORE:** Sir John Wolfe Barry who in detail investigated Mangalore's suitability to be made into a deep sea port remarked: "In embarking on a scheme of deep-water development at Mangalore, unjustifiable commercial risks would be taken."

**BHATKAL:** Bhatkal has been long in the picture mainly due to Mysore's insistence. Political considerations in the past seem to have induced the Madras authorities to eye with disfavour the Bhatkal development scheme. The Madras Port Trust, the South Indian Railway and the Madras and Southern Mahratta Railway,

the three powerful British vested bodies would not allow any such scheme to materialise during British days.

Again Bhatkal's necessity to be made into a first class port has been pressed and one should say with signs of favour too. But it is hoped the authorities would not arrive at any conclusion without carefully going into all aspects. They would doubtless remember what experts had said about Bhatkal which "can only be a small port with no great economic possibilities." It has been conceded that Bhatkal can become an artificial harbour, like Madras, with its attendant handicaps and recurrent expenditure on constant costly dredging work. The present Madras Port's handicaps should be remembered. Its inadequacy to berth big vessels today as it was also in the crucial period of World War II has been pathetically complained of by naval authorities.

Then comes the case of MALPE: This small port is already a part of Udipi in South Kanara, 36 miles north of Mangalore and 43 miles south of Bhatkal. This is centrally situated between Goa and Cochin, about 150 miles south of Goa and 230 miles north of Cochin.

Parallel to this little port for about a mile and half run a group of islands known as St. Mary's Isles, offering as it were a sea wall in protection to Malpe. A future harbour located between these islands with natural shelter, in the view of experts, would afford a magnificent natural harbour like Bombay. These geographical facilities await exploitation for the people's advantage.

Also it should be remembered that any major development in the West Coast should be such as to be a first class naval base, at least as a subsidiary one to Cochin immediately. How far Mangalore, Bhatkal and Karwar offer these advantages would

have to be considered very carefully by the authorities.

Another advantage from the economic standpoint is that a larger Mysore area can be served by Malpe than by Bhatkal. Also Malpe is the nearest port to any west coast area than Cochin in monsoon period. With good motorable roads connecting Mysore and South Kanara, Malpe ought to be in favour of being developed into a first class port, that is completely strategically sheltered and economically maintainable.

The hinterland to this port is rich in raw products and will also open a huge market for the wellknown Malnad products.

It has been estimated that the development of Bhatkal will be costlier than Malpe.

Whereas Malpe's conversion would involve, according to 1920 estimate, only Rs. 10,600,000 Bhatkal's would involve Rs. 11,800,000.

At present day's inflated prices—putting the cost at thrice the above rate, Malpe may cost Rs. 50,850,000 and Bhatkal Rs. 52,050,000. That is, Bhatkal would be costlier by Rs. 1,200,000.

Both Madras and Cochin Governments had pointed out long ago that Bhatkal could serve only a limited area as would Mangalore, but the same is not the case with Malpe.

The Malpe hinterland comprises of the districts of Shimoga, Chitaldrug, Kadur, South Kanara, North Malabar, North Kanara and Coorg. These are rich in mineral resources and cocoanut. With Malpe as a first class port it will export iron and steel, cement, paper, manganese, mica, timber, areca, sugar, sandalwood oil, cotton and cotton seeds, groundnut and its products, coffee, spice, silk, ceramics, cashewnut, fishoil, cocoanut products, rubber, sea-island cotton and even jute.

Malpe is already having the biggest fishing industry in India, its annual catch worth Rs. 200,000,000 being exported. With its industrial importance accruing after its conversion its export in fish will be ten times, according to experts, and this will easily become the biggest

fishing centre in the East and the Far East.

For ship-building industry this port offers enormous scope in the West Coast in as much as it is expected to handle annually a minimum of 1,050,000 tons.

The time factor in making Malpe into a First Class port is no mean consideration. Experts who have already reported are of the emphatic view that within three years the project can be finished with eight months yearly as working period. This time is very much less than that required for other projects.

Large tracts of Government's lands to the extent of about 7,000 acres can be immediately put into use without the necessity of going through the usual process of acquisition, compensation and lot of other legal procedure.

Malpe will also be the nearest to the Red Sea.

These are the details about the West Coast Ports and which one offers the best advantage to the country should be decided with forethought and shrewdness.

## 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

378, Esplanade

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.B.,  
GENERAL MANAGER

# BOOKS

**Land Reforms.** By D. V. Rama Rao (Padmaja Publications, Baroda. Price, As. 12.)

To the vast literature on the subject of land reforms, Mr. Rama Rao has added yet another pamphlet. Arguing that the abolition of zamindaris would hardly touch the fringe of the problem, he considers other more fundamental changes that have to be brought about in Indian agriculture. But the consideration leads him only to the conclusion that the changes ought not to be too drastic, lest they should destroy much of what is valuable in the present scheme of things. For instance, on the question of redistribution of land, the author finds it difficult to 'define' the tiller of the soil. In a few short paragraphs he convinces himself that the land tie being an important social factor, too many non-cultivating classes should not be expropriated since it would, he fears, mean the disintegration of our very civilisation. An illuminating discussion follows on how useful income from land could be to non-cultivators and how it is a permanent insurance to most people.

Taking a strictly anti-mechanisation attitude, the author feels that collective agriculture is also unsuited to the peculiar conditions in India, for, it would mean a bureaucratic managerial system under the supervision of the State and the liquidation of an "independent" peasantry and disintegration of the present village set-up. He finds "much in the traditional set-up that merits attention without any need to bring in sentimental considerations".

Discussing the need for developing cottage industries (from pickle-making to wicker work) the author abhors any drastic industrialisation of the country as it might lead to new problems such as the need for finding new markets. The fallacy should be clear to any one who understands the starved internal market in India and its potentialities in view of the low standard of life of the mass of the people.

The author's suggestions for improvement of Indian agriculture are summed up in the last chapter "Measures for prosperity" and include provision of security of tenure to the cultivator, taxation of agricultural income, me-

chanisation wherever necessary and the conducting of experiments in collective farming.

**Hundred Useful Industries.** Edited by R. Krishnamurthi (Free India Publications, Akidu, West Godavari District. Price, Rs. 13-12.)

India was warned long ago that she should "industrialise or perish". Yet, little was and is being done to aid the small manufacturer whose cottage is as important to the economy of the country as Jamshedpur or Tatanagar. This default has been most glaring in the failure to spread a proper knowledge of manufacturing processes. The book under notice is a valuable and pioneering effort in this neglected field.

The formulae of a large number of popular products, obviously evolved as the result of long experience, are here provided with a scientific precision seldom to be met with in the few books of its kind which have been produced in India. The editor is eminently practical. He prescribes the use of few or no articles that cannot be procured everywhere and at little cost. He is concerned only with goods that are in almost universal demand. The industrialist whose means are limited but who will not descend to inefficiency, will find no better guide than Mr. Krishnamurthi. A directory adds to the value of this remarkable compilation.

**Rajaji.** By Nilkan Perumal. (Maya Publications, Calcutta.)

It is not likely that this work will be valued as the definitive biography of the Governor-General. No author, however perspicacious he may be, can be expected to consider adequately the variegated career and the inscrutable ideals of the Head of the State in little over a hundred pages. This circumscription of space can allow of only a brief sketch of the main incidents in a notable career.

The reader who thus restricts his expectation will not be disappointed. The author's language is not altogether unexceptionable. It permits itself certain colloquialisms not in keeping with the dignity of the subject. But no praise can be too great for a certain liveliness of mind, an acuteness of expression which distinguish this work. It will be of value to the general reader who will not fail to receive a clear impression of the career of one of the makers of modern India.

# SWATANTRA

VOL. III  
No. 23

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1948

ISSUED  
WEEKLY

## MEANS AND ENDS

THE proposals of the provincial Government for introducing a flat rate in the urban transport system of Madras City is in conformity with the practice obtaining in some of the important cities of the U.S.A. American experts hold that the cost of supervision and accounting inseparable from the old traditional system of charging different rates for different distances would not repay itself. As a result of their recommendations, an automatic method of payment has been introduced in buses plying in the bigger American cities. Ingress is regulated by a mechanical contrivance which opens and gives passage on the insertion of a coin in a slot attached to it and closes automatically to admit immediately the next passenger. This is but the beginning of a comprehensive investigation of which the effects bid fair to be tremendous, into the entire economy of public taxation in the country. If the cost of calculating and collecting a tax exceeds the yield, or if the margin between the cost and the yield is negligible, it may fairly be assumed that such a tax is not worth levying. Pursuing this line of thought American administrators are reported to be carrying on a vigorous investigation into the whole field of government with a view to distinguishing between productive and unproductive expenditure of energy. The Russians have advanced even further than the Americans. In the Moscow underground transport service, reputed to the best of its kind in the world, no fares are charged at all. It is the belief of the Soviet autho-

rities that free transport in the metropolis would benefit the economy of the country far more than any gain in money accruing to the State in the form of fares. For services like roads and street lighting, no special fee is anywhere extracted from the users. Why should a different principle be adopted in the use of public trains, trams and buses? Posing this question, Bernard Shaw argues in one of his books that when reason and commonsense get well advanced in government, many services now being rendered in exchange for payment would be provided free as in the case of street lighting and the use of roads.

The conflict between a narrow gain and a wider benefit that can be reached by its being surrendered, manifests itself in many forms, but administrators generally lack vision to prefer the latter for the former. The better is made an enemy of the good in this way and progress is thwarted. Narrow parochial minds, pledged to parish pump economics, tend to prove themselves to be enemies of progress if elevated to control of public affairs, and nowhere is the bane of their perverted character more harmful to the community at large than in the fissiparous administrations charged with violent communalism that have come into being in so many provinces of India in the wake of independence. The votary of sectional interests is often an enemy of comprehensive public good, and what he clings to as gain not infrequently strangles the promise of greater things and impoverishes eventually even the very

interests he professes to serve. The great task ahead of our national leaders is to devise means for rescuing the various regions and provinces from the strangle-hold of narrow-minded administrators who cannot see the bigger gain in their preoccupation with smaller ends.

### Defeatism In The Saddle

AT a press conference last week, the Minister for Information pleaded for the co-operation of newspapers in withholding publicity from provocative utterances like those of Kasim Razvi. Kasim Razvi had threatened to plant the Asaf Jahi flag in Delhi and to extend the frontiers of the Hyderabad State in the South to Masulipatam, and the Minister explained that his appeal to the press was with a view to quietening the public and preventing them from falling into a panic. We fear that this sort of nervousness ill accords with a Government charged with the duty of defending its borders against aggression from outside. People should be allowed to know the full measure of the menace they have to reckon with and the mentality of likely aggressors threatening their security. There is panic in the very assumption that Razvi's speeches

will throw people into panic. If that is the measure of the Government's method of dealing with the situation, how will they act if the crisis ripens from threats to actual danger? Helpless acceptance of popular liability to demoralisation is not the way of maintaining the morale of the people and infusing in them the spirit of resistance to aggression. From the pathetic spectacle of the defeatism that sits enthroned in Fort St. George, it is to be feared that the worst conclusions will have to be drawn about the fate in store for the people of the border areas in the event of Razvi passing on from the minatory to a marauding stage on a large scale. Publication of a prospective enemy's offensive threats is an essential part of the mobilisation of mass psychology to the needs of defence and resistance, and constitutes the secret of wise propaganda in war time. Hitler's forensic orgies formed the staple of British propaganda in the last war, and through infuriation it stiffened the backbone of British resistance to Germany. But the Madras Government seem given to the unnatural policy of doing nothing in particular to prepare the people militarily for a danger of the gravest kind which seems now inevitable.



### A CHINESE POEM

(by Su Tung-P'o, 1036 A.D. to 1101 A.D.)

#### On The Birth Of His Son

Families, when a child is born  
Want it to be intelligent.  
I, through intelligence,  
Having wrecked my whole life,  
Only hope the baby will prove  
Ignorant and stupid.  
Then he will crown a tranquil life  
By becoming a Cabinet Minister.

(Translated by Arthur Waley)

# Sotto Voce

## Kistna Comes To Courtelilar



IF perchance you happen to be stranded at a wayside station where even the starveling "hill plantain" is conspicuous by its absence and the sun in full panoply has ascended the mid-heavens, a little strenuous imagination will take the edge off hunger and thirst. You can make up fancy repasts according to the mood of the moment. *Bhagalabath* and Kulu grapes, if you happen to be a Southerner for whom buttermilk is the very breath of life; cool and succulent Cuddapah melons for those who do not mind the sanguinary squash they make; ice cream and *puri*-potato in unlimited quantities for the experienced traveller; anything that you can think of, in fact. For there are no ration restrictions in Cloud-cuckoo-land.

When, therefore, fresh from an unavailing struggle to coax from the whistling Corporation tap a trickle of the slimy smelling ooze that passes for water I read the news that the Kistna was to be brought to Madras to slake my thirst, my tongue seemed to be already relishing the grateful coolness. And to that was added a sense of exaltation. For I was to be purified as well as refreshed. The streams that feed the Red Hills and Pundi reservoirs have no tradition behind them; though Chingleputians are too loyal to admit this and in disproof point to the high-flown Sanskrit names they bear. But, though the Payaswini and the Kusasthali have their own *sthal*a puranams and patron deities, you do not expect me to carry my local patriotism so far as

to pretend that they are as good as the Kistna and the Kaveri.

I am sure that if we had a contemporary chronicler of the calibre of Vyasa we Madrasis could easily be made to figure in the eyes of posterity as cast in the giant mould of the saints and warriors of yore. The Kistna coming to the Courtelilar reminds me of what Sabari told Rama. You remember that when the sages of Matanga Asrama felt too weak to go out for a bath the seven seas duly made their appearance in their back-garden. The construction of the Poondi Reservoir, again, has its analogy in the digging of the ocean by the sixty thousand sons of Sagara; in fact the analogy is uncomfortably complete at the moment. Thank God, a Bhageeratha is in the offing.

But there will still be curmudgeons who will not be persuaded that the P.W.D. can bring salvation. It may succeed in making Kistna water flow into the Pennar, but no good conductor of sanctity is yet known to science. And our people have a habit of sniffing at anything new, however big it may be, which tidy rationalists turned religious at fifty naturally find annoying. My old aunt could never be persuaded that a bath in the fine new canal from the Kaveri that runs through Tanjore town could be half as efficacious as a dip in the village stream that runs past her door; for the former is a parvenu, having been dug within the past decade or two.

But it is not mere unreasoning love of antiquity that is at the root of our attachments. The hall-mark of an ancient civilisation is a highly developed sense of *locale*. The Ganges is sacred anywhere, but specially so at Benares and Hardwar. More specific is the virtue that resides in particular spots on other rivers. Nobody, except perhaps the half-believers who infest our age, is likely to think that it is all one whether you bathe in the Kistna at Tungabhadra or sit hopefully under your tap in Chintadripet when the Sangameswaram Project is complete.

Indeed a third of the population of Madras, at a modest calculation, still refuses to be polluted by contact with municipal water. At the other end of the scale was a man I knew who maintained that according to the Sastras *any* water was good to bathe in provided there was not less than twenty-four Madras measures of it. But most people are content to sail betwixt and between. They have no sympathy with the laodiceanism which resorts to pilgrimage

*de luxe*—by bus to Tirupati, by aeroplane to Badrinath *et hoc*. Neither have they the heart to repeat the exploits of the pioneers. Mortifying the flesh up to a point has at all times been regarded as the *sine qua non* of basic religious experience. The bridge is safe: but it cannot give you the thrill of the ferry.

#### VIGNESWARA

*P.S. for Editor:* I have every sympathy with the P.D., evidently a man of refined tastes, who has been moved to emend Shakespeare's line (*vide* last week's stint) by substituting the fine fluttering 'pretty' for the playwright's petulant 'petty'. But an irate bardolater has broken out in doggerel at the affront to his beloved poet and insists that his vile limerick be printed by way of amends. Here it is:

From 'petty' to 'pretty',  
Oh, what a pity  
That Shakespeare's ditty  
Should have suffered a sea-  
change:  
But, by thunder, it is no serendi-  
pity!

**FIRST**  
**and BEST**  
**MYSORE SANDAL SOAP**  
Cleanses and beautifies! Recommended for use on the most sensitive skins.

Available everywhere.

Govt. Soap Factory, Bangalore.

## SIDELIGHTS ::

That is the most perfect Government under which a wrong to the humblest is an affront to all.

—SOLOH.

THE Madras Ministry is visibly disintegrating. One day it is an exhibition of cross purposes between the Education and the Revenue Ministers. On another occasion the Premier and the Public Works Minister are seen at loggerheads regaling the public with open denials of each other's viewpoints. There is no longer any pretence of joint responsibility. Disagreements are washed on public platforms with unabashed gusto.

Though defeated, Sri Prakasam continues to have a larger following of legislators under his influence than any single one of his successful supplanters. It was a combination of smaller men that had ousted him. Fright over his possible return to power has till now kept the combination intact. But of late Sri Prakasam has made no secret of his being no longer interested in contesting the party leadership should ever it fall vacant. Had such an attitude come three months earlier, Sri Omandur would have been left without a banner to hoist. It was not on the basis of any positive qualities for which admiration could be enlisted that canvassing for votes was organised in favour of Sri Omandur—it was on the basis of the sentiment that was whipped up on regional and communal lines that neither an Andhra nor a Brahmin should be tolerated as leader in a legislature in which such a sentiment could easily be made to weigh against all other considerations.

The anti-Prakasam foundations of the Omandurian regime have begun to crumble with the circulation of reports of prospective withdrawal of Sri Prakasam from all future leadership elections in the present composite set-up of Madras Province.

Just as fear of Prakasam was the cement that kept together the fragmentary elements of the regime, removal of the fear has removed the cement. There is nothing that can take its place as a cohesive. For Sri Omandur has not used the spell of power that came to him to make himself loved. The unfortunate thing about him is his incapacity to evoke goodwill. He seems to have mistaken for honesty suspiciousness of others. Instead of trusting his colleagues and securing their co-operation he gave them surveillance and received in return hostility and resentment. He imposed the C.I.D. on Dr. Subbarayan and drove him to leave the Cabinet in disgust. The best work of men is done when they are raised to a pitch of pleasant conceit about themselves. To rob one of self-respect with insulting treatment is to throttle the incentive to high endeavour. There are in the Ministry some whose political inconsequence is such that they can ill afford to imperil their tenure of office with any chances likely to lose them the favour of the Premier. These have schooled themselves to tame and patient endurance of rough chiding, but other Ministers, more spirited, would seem to have been brought to the verge of exasperation by the Premier's hectoring ways.

The atmosphere of discontent against the regime of Sri Omandur is becoming more pronounced day by day. The puritanism affected by him has lost virtue. Asceticism has to be redeemed by humanity if it is to become a beneficial social influence. Otherwise it will breed harsh fanatics more engrossed in punishing the imperfect for their sins than improving their lot with benevolence. This is why there are beloved scoundrels and hated ascetics. Society has no use for an arrogant self-centred affectation of perfection that proceeds on Draconian lines hurting the disliked instead of soothing the needy. Within the

framework of the continuity of history there is a minor rhythm of the swing of the pendulum from one extreme to another, and in the matter of leadership, the pattern of the morrow is shaped by the reactions of people to the specimen of the day. There is panting thirst for relief everywhere from the blight of the Omandurian vagaries.

People are sick of the pretensions and oppressions of puritanism enthroned on the hatred-charged pedestal of communalism. The universal reaction to the prevailing despotism is a desire for an educated, broad-minded, pleasant-mannered, kind-hearted, socially attractive and easily accessible non-communal leader.—SAKA

## AN APPEAL

Dr. James H. Cousins will complete 75 years on July 22, 1948. It is understood that the occasion is to be celebrated at Adyar and that a number of friends are contributing to a purse in acknowledgment of his 33 years of continuous selfless service to education and art in India. We know that Dr. Cousins himself would deprecate anything like a public appeal. All the same there must be a number of his former students at Madanapalle and elsewhere who remember with gratitude the spirit of service that he held up to them and the national respect he inculcated by his disclosing to them, at a time when it was not fashionable to do so, the best things in Indian art, culture and life and who would like to add to the tribute.

It is not yet forgotten that Dr. Cousins pioneered the spread of knowledge of the Bengal revival of Indian painting to many parts of India, and ultimately round the world. He also created art galleries at Mysore and Trivandrum. In the twice five years

when he was Principal of Madanapalle College he was guru of students who in turn became teachers of others to whom they carried the message of National dignity and personal honour and idealism. And it was in recognition of this that the South India Teachers' Union conferred on him the ancient and proud title of Kulupathi. If some of these numerous chelas would send a contribution, the total would add substantially to the purse at a time when living in India is much dearer than it was any time before. We shall be glad to receive such individual amounts and pass the total on to the Manager of the Kalakshetra, Adyar, who is the custodian of the gift that was suggested by Srimati Rukmini Devi before her departure on her European and American tour.

B. R. KUMAR,

Principal.

E. N. SUBRAMANYAM,

Professor,

Besant Theosophical College,  
Madanapalle.

## LET US HAVE CANT

The more cant there is in politics, the better. Cant is nothing in itself; but attached to even the smallest quantity of sincerity, it serves like a nought after a numeral, to multiply whatever of genuine good-will may exist. Politicians who cant about humanitarian principles find themselves sooner or later compelled to put those principles into practice—and far more thoroughly than they had ever originally intended. Without political cant there would be no democracy. Pecksniff, however personally repulsive, is the guardian of private morality. And if it were not for the intellectual snobs who pay—in solid cash—the tribute which philistinism owes to culture, the arts would perish with their starving practitioners. Let us thank heaven for hypocrisy.—Aldous Huxley in "Jesting Pilate."

I wonder at the illusion that one is more real if one evokes sordid situations and bad smells than fresh air and agreeable and even noble people. For you and I believe that high-mindedness is not impossible to man.—Oliver Wendell Holmes in a letter to Pollock.

# A FANTASY

by S. PARTHASARATHY

IT is so difficult to resist invitations to dinner in this season of marriages. A late and heavy breakfast at a friend's followed by a heavier dinner within six hours at another's sent me into a deep slumber within a few minutes of getting into bed.

The bell tinkled and I ran to my boss's room. "You know", said God addressing me, "that complaints from my devotees in Bhupradesh are daily increasing. I have ordered typhoons, earthquakes and droughts to express my displeasure. They are not having the desired effect. Call all the Ministers from the several Governments to appear before me in my Durbar Hall immediately, and you be there also to take down in shorthand a note of the proceedings." I namaskaared in assent and went about the job. Within a few minutes, the Ministers had all assembled and the enquiry began. Here is the transcript of what I have recorded.

God: "I am going to ask several questions about the manner in which you are discharging your responsibilities. I call upon the Ministers in charge of the relevant subjects to answer each of my questions. Here is the first question."

God: "I hear many people do not get food. What have you done about it?"

Food Ministers: "We have abolished rationing mostly. For instance, there is now no restriction on Your Holiness consuming any quantity of rice in the temples."

"I hear people do not get enough cloth to cover up their gross bodies."

"We have abolished rationing and decontrolled the prices of cloth. Now, people are free to buy as much cloth and at whatever prices they like."

"I hear you have not found enough work for people to do."

"We have started the planning of industries with a view to ....."

God: (Interrupting) "Is it going to be a long story?"

"YES."

"I hear there is plenty of sickness among my people and that no adequate medical relief or preventive measures are being taken."

"We have also several plans, but ....."

"Another long story evidently."

"Yes."

"What is this I hear you have not enough money? How do you propose to make the country prosperous?"

"By taxing the people more and more, Your Holiness."

"Again, I hear that good relations do not prevail between the employer and labour."

"This is so, Your Holiness. The Communists and the Socialists are the cause of these troubles. Also, the Zamindars, managing agents and others. We are now engaged in eradicating them. When we have got rid of all employers and employees ....."

"You think that will solve the trouble?"

"Of course, of course."

"I hear that moneyed monsters are doing a lot of havoc. What is the truth?"

(Answered by a few, many keeping mum): "The whole thing is a libel, Your Holiness. These people have built temples to your Holiness, and are spending large sums of money in charity. In fact, if Your Holiness were not here, we would instal them as our Gods and worship them."

"What is it I hear about your not providing educational facilities for everyone, and that you are also discouraging the study of the Vedic language?"

(The answer was not heard amidst the discordant sounds that followed.)

"I hear that there are a set of people who are disloyal to me and who also defame me and are allowed to remain unpunished."

(The majority did not appear to understand the question. A small group at one end of the hall turned their looks towards one of their number. That individual hung down his head and continued to stare at his toe without vouchsafing an answer.)

"I hear there is a lot of corruption and inefficiency." At this question, one individual who had so far kept silent, stretched out his hands with palms upwards towards the rest, and began a harangue, "What can I do if these people ....." God stopped him.

"Now that you have answered my questions to the best of your abili-

ties, have you any favour to ask of me?" (A good number asked that they may be permitted to hold their offices for a very long time in order that they may prove their worth in course of time.) One of them said: "If your Holiness should accede to our request, we shall get two by fourteen brahmins to chant hymns in your praise in our council halls."

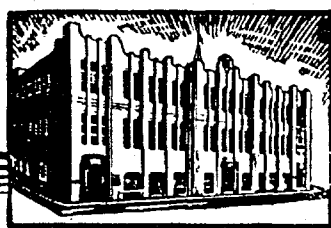
"How many brahmins did you say?"

At this, there was a brief consultation between the speaker and the members of his group before the answer came: "Half a dozen, Your Holiness."

I woke up at this stage to find my man Friday placing a tray on the table by the side of my bed, containing milo vadai and coffee made with reconstituted milk.

A method of preventing tooth decay by adding to sugar during refining chemicals checking the acids in sugar that attack teeth has been advanced by Dr. L. S. Fosdick of the Northwestern University Dental School at Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A. Of the 31 chemicals usable, glycerol aldehyde is considered best. It is a triose sugar, a natural constituent of muscle, harmless, without objectionable taste and mixes readily with sugar.—USIS.

(ESTD:



1907)

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

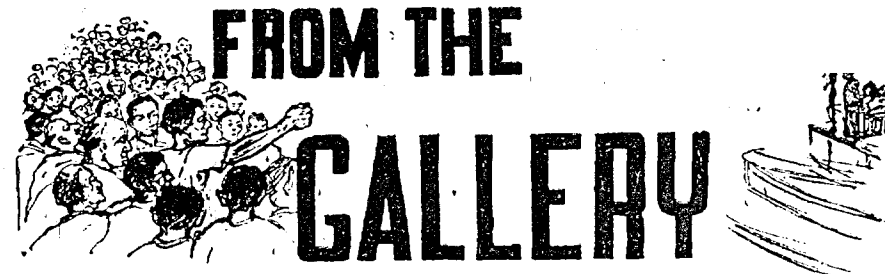
|                             |               |
|-----------------------------|---------------|
| Issued & Subscribed Capital | Rs. 72,00,000 |
| Paid-up Capital             | „ 53,00,000   |
| Reserve Fund                | „ 62,00,000   |

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 among you taking notes  
And faith he'll prent it."

THERE was a time not long ago when the British Parliament carried vicariously the White Man's Burden. Then it was Britain's assignment to treat every country's business as its own. But with the gradual attrition of its imperial powers and dignities, it is becoming more and more incongruous if M.P.'s show a disposition to poke their noses in others' affairs. The solicitude for Hyderabad in unlikely corners is a case in point. It would be more pertinent if British knights errant tackle the insolence of Russia which is 'cheeking' them in Berlin. Here is Britain losing face and place, and not a single M.P. is found to refer to it. But Hyderabad obsesses their philanthropic souls. I wonder if there is not room for a diplomatic representation from our External Affairs department to the British Foreign Office which would put an end to this sort of impertinence.

For the issue of Hyderabad is assuming a Janus-like appearance. There are those who speak of its right to get whatever it wants from anywhere it likes. Nobody questions this right; but the rub comes in when it is a question of delivering the goods. As they must pass through Indian territory, it is obvious that there should be some pre-arrangement with the Indian Government. The second line of attack which has just begun is to undo the India Government's blockade by an appeal to mercy. As Dr. Johnson said to the poor beggar who pleaded that he had to live somehow, we don't see the necessity for Hyderabad's existence. A claim

of independence ill assorts with a plea for mercy. Neither the Red Cross nor the White Feather are exactly appropriate as mediating agents in the tussle between Hyderabad and India. The present *non possumus* attitude on our part must be maintained rigidly. After all, Japan was encircled in a global fashion before she was finished off. Missions of mercy were not then talked of.

As I feared, the Malayan business is assuming serious proportions, and our Gurkhas have gone into action to save the relics of a derelict Raj in the Far East. It is curious by the way to note the ingenuity at work in giving the enemy an odious epithet. The Communist is the villain of the piece from after the downfall of Hitler. But he is known as *bandit* in China, as *terrorist* in Malaya and the East Indies, and as 'kisan' in our own country. If they are Communists at work, the racial antipathy which is featured must be deemed tendencious. If it is nationalist insurgence, then the Communist is nowhere in the picture. Actually propaganda is making a deft use of both motives with a view to creating a composite bogey! The return of the Indian representative in Malaya for consultations with the Pandit is a reminder that our Prime Minister is very much worried over the developments in the Far East. But whatever his diplomatic commitments, I hope he will get out of a situation where force of circumstances will consign us to the role of supplier of a praetorian guard or a regiment of

Janissaries. We must discourage the revival in any form of the mercenary soldier, specially as the U.N.O. seems on the high-way to form a first contingent of them.

When Greek meets Greek, then there is the tug of war. The clash between Pakistan and the tribesmen is a faint but disturbing indication of worse things in store. I am not one of those who are likely to dismiss it as an exclusively Pakistan affair, since its repercussions are bound to affect us in the rest of India. It is an irony of fate that the Pakistan Government should bomb the tribesmen out of their mountain fastnesses precisely as the British did, and for almost identical reasons. The Islamic world has heard the news of the faithful being mown down from the air with dry eyes. When half a million (mythical) Muslims fell victims to Sikh fury, the U.N.O. rang with a lurid tale of Genocide declaimed in an unending threnody by Sir M. Zafrullah Khan. But the Millat has now seemingly nothing to say when the brave Waziris or whoever they are are butchered from the air.

That apart, I must confess to a sneaking sympathy for Pakistan as against the tribesmen who would, if they had the chance, reduce Pakistan to their own level. Mr. Jinnah must reflect ruefully that his own slogan is coming home to roost in a very unexpected manner. For it was to protect Islam in danger that Pakistan was carved out; and the tribesmen demand the consummation of the dream by asking for the proof of an Islamic state—namely the enthronement of the Shariat. Between Pathan nationalism and Islamic fanaticism, Mr. Jinnah has a choice of two

evils. If he has hesitated or shown no disposition to truckle to the opposition, I must attribute it to his sub-conscious Hindu make-up. For if the pull of Islam were as strong as commonly claimed and ignorantly conceded, there should not be such bitter opposition between the Pakistan leaders and the tribesmen as apparently there is. Wherefore, in opposing the tribesmen, Mr. Jinnah is partly at least fighting India's battles as well. Consequently, I wish him luck in his attempts to set his house in order.

The resumption of hostilities between Arab and Jew though not unexpected seems to have been directly due to the exuberance of Arab leadership. In this connection, it is interesting to note how world opinion is ranging itself on opposite sides under the leadership of Britain on the one hand and America and the Soviet on the other. Hardly a single English journal of note is pro-Jewish. The cue is of course received from the Foreign Office—the same source which at one time enthused international Jewry and mobilised it in favour of Balfour's declaration of a Jewish home in Palestine. The Mail is naturally pro-Arab and marvels at the generosity of the Arabs in offering the Jews more than they have a right for. Which reminds me of India's generosity in offering Muslims half and half in everything in return for a United India. But the latter was belittled and discredited, until to-day the protagonists of Pakistan go about complaining that they have been given partition too quickly. Circumstances alter cases!

GROUNDLING

From time to time a small, aluminum-colored plane lands at an airport in the United States, sheds its wings, tail and propeller, and drives off on the road to the city. Pilot, driver, inventor and manufacturer of the "Airphibian" is Robert Edison Fulton, Jr., descendant of the inventor of the steamboat. He travels on business in his invention, up for licensing approval by the U.S. Civil Aeronautics Administration and soon to be sold commercially.

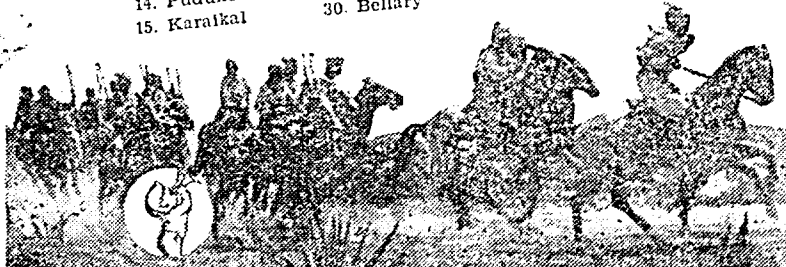
# 15<sup>TH</sup> WEEK

SHOWING TO ENTHRALLED AUDIENCES  
THROUGHOUT THE PROVINCE...

## GEMINI'S CHANDRALEKA

AT MADRAS : WELLINGTON & PRABHAT

|                  |                   |                      |
|------------------|-------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Madras        | 16. Negapatam     | 31. Nellore          |
| 2. Madura        | 17. Cuddalore     | 32. Vizianagaram     |
| 3. Coimbatore    | 18. Dharmapuri    | 33. Amalapuram       |
| 4. Trichy        | 19. Ambasamudram  | 34. Tadepalligudem   |
| 5. Bangalore     | 20. Tenkasi       | 35. Nandyal          |
| 6. "             | 21. Villupuram    | 36. Guntakal         |
| 7. "             | 22. Arcot         | 37. Ramachandrapuram |
| 8. Salem         | 23. Vaniyambadi   | 38. Gudivada         |
| 9. Tinnevely     | 24. Sonkaran Koll | 39. Chirala          |
| 10. Mysore       | 25. Bezwada       | 40. Madanapalli      |
| 11. Kumbakonam   | 26. Rajahmundry   | 41. Adoni            |
| 12. Pondicherry  | 27. Cocanada      | 42. Tiruthani        |
| 13. Robertsonpet | 28. Tenali        | 43. Hospet           |
| 14. Pudukotta    | 29. Masulipatam   | 44. Marteru          |
| 15. Karalkal     | 30. Bellary       |                      |



# DR. JAMES H. COUSINS

by K. S.

DR. JAMES H. Cousins, who is 75 this week, has spent the latter half of his life in our midst; his presence here being one of the greatest and most precious of Dr. Annie Besant's many great and precious gifts to her adopted motherland.

Though Dr. Cousins has travelled several times all over the world, lecturing and teaching, observing, reflecting and writing, yet he has always returned to Adyar or Tri-vandrum or Kotagiri with a real sense of home-coming; and we in South India are lucky and should be grateful to have such a poet and philosopher living and working and shedding his benignant influence among us. He has steadily and fearlessly followed Wordsworth's advice:

*"Shine, Poet, in thy place and be content!"*

For having chosen Madras, he has been content to be obscure and neglected here, rather than be lionised in the limelight in America or elsewhere. The source of his illumination is from within and not from without.

If he has been faithful to one place, he has been equally faithful to one order of poetry and that the highest. Men with far inferior gifts have made much more out of them by "coming to terms" with the reading and paying public and by occasionally abandoning Saraswati for a little flirtation with her sister, Lakshmi. But Dr. Cousins has chosen and stuck to the more excellent part. While other artists behaved like the bird that eagerly "ate the fruit", he like the other bird has preferred "to look on." Thus he is not merely an exponent, he is our one living example, of the aesthetic ideal which views all pain and joy, all success and failure, one's own as well as others', under the aspect of eternity.

It would be a mistake to set down Dr. Cousins as an Irish or English or Indian or even as a twentieth century poet; for beyond era and location and language he has long looked on all myth and scripture, on every sincere and significant word, act and movement, as "eternally contemporaneous". Like our own Bharati, he belongs to that small band of "God's fools", who translate their divine folly into song, as Gandhiji translated his divine folly into action. A spontaneous idealist, he looks to poetry for the making of a perfect world in which the police and the magistracy would become *functus officio*; "for if men lived poetry there would be no need for law".

In a long and impressive succession of prose works Dr. Cousins has pleaded for the due recognition of the uses of art in education and in practical life generally. Like that other wise critic Dr. Ananda K. Coomaraswami, Dr. Cousins thinks little of the art which is divorced from practical life and is enjoyed as a luxury by the few. Dr. Cousins, the reputed connoisseur of art and the organizer of museums and exhibitions, sees too and celebrates the beauty of holiness in a coolie-woman's offering of a handful of jasmine flowers and rice at a dim wayside shrine. When all life becomes artistic and all art becomes alive, then and then only will "God and man hold friendly talk."

Dr. Cousins has been abetted in his long-sustained folly by his life's partner, whose work in the cause of women and in the cause of Indian freedom has passed not only into history but into some of the most moving passages of Dr. Cousins' poetry.

In true Indian fashion we offer to Dr. and Mrs. Cousins our humble and affectionate namaskars and our sincere wishes for many happy returns of his birthday.

Short Story

## At The Party

by R. C. Raja Sekhar

IT was one of those parties someone throws for someone else, and everyone who knows why is invited. As usual, all the vernacular poets, the A.I.R. people, the Pioneer and Herald men, and the inevitable gang of black-marketeers and climbing politicians—always an unattractive lot, but reeking with strategic value—were gathered there. And, of course, there was that charming group of coffee house habitués, who have eternity, petrol coupons, and currency notes at their sweet disposal. Decorating the entire show with plenty of glitter and twitter, were the Society dames, very prettily made up. Between patting the coiffures absent-mindedly, and moistening the rouged lips purposefully, they smiled and chattered, chattered and smiled. Much of the party's success depended on them, beyond doubt.

Mr. Saxena, the host, overcome by the Good Samaritan mood that evening, frisked about from one table to another. Throwing a smile here and picking another there; inquiring kindly and listening interestedly, he was the perfect Boy Scout that day, all service and help. He was introducing Nagaraj to Mrs. Bhatnagar when Shankar arrived. As soon as he fixed them up at a table he hurried beaming to receive him.

Mrs. Bhatnagar's big guileless eyes reminded one of a cow deep in its brown-study of cud-chewing. But she was more attractive. Oh yes, much more attractive. She screwed her eyes perfectly round,—toy saucers, Nagaraj thought to himself,—and shot at him a question: "So Mr. Nagaraj, you write short stories?" Nagaraj hadn't the heart to damp her; so he said, "Yes, I do." That was the first occasion in all his writing life when he had owned up unflinchingly. There was even a trace of pride in his tone as he said it. Mrs. Bhatnagar drew up her face closer to his and asked in a soft conspiratorial voice, "Now, tell me. How do you do it?"

Nagaraj was evidently flattered. He began to explain his methods, in a suitably elevated tone. "You see, I just take a few people and well... turn them into characters. People I meet in the course of the day, you know. I clean

and make up the girl's face, write up a clever dialogue for her... with a couple of high-brow gags thrown in... and presto, there's your heroine. The same for the remaining characters also." After a minute's thought, he warmed up again. "Yes, I make my hero too the same way. Only I don't put any make-up on him; though, clean him, I sure do. You wouldn't guess how he stinks, in real life. I usually let him go about in all his ghastly ugliness. Make 'em rough, that is the catchword. That sort of thing makes for realism. The good, handsome hero is as extinct as God. That kind of man is left to the antiquated Hollywood producer and his beastly cousin over here. You know... by the way... I think it is for this reason that men are more easily tricked into marriage and also regret earlier than their wives. The woman," he went on to say, "sees her man in all his nasty trueness and cold-bloodedly lands him. Hence she has no regrets. I quite agree she often regrets and says so quite early in clear tones. But what I mean to say is, she has much less reason to do so than her man."

Mrs. Bhatnagar let him finish and then said very archly, "Oh, Mr. Nagaraj, you are very hard on us women". Nagaraj felt the occasion called for a bit of flattery. So he answered, "My dear lady, you seem to think that this world is strewn all over with lovely and intelligent women like you." The blush that rose to the surface of her painted cheeks, gratified him. He looked at her intently but she soon steered the conversation back to the methods of character portraiture. "But Mr. Nagaraj, that's falsifying life", she protested. "Why don't you show people as they are really?" Unflustered in the least, Nagaraj went on, "Lady, if you knew the girls I come across, and the chaps they go about with, what they talk and how, feel and do, you wouldn't have put an innocent question like that. If I showed them as they are in my writing, I wouldn't be turning out a story. Hollow cheats! That's what they are. They never say a clever word nor do a beautiful thing in all their stupid, glazed lives."

"Well, I guess you have something there. By the way, what are the maga-

zines you usually write in, Mr. Nagaraj?"

"Ask me another, Mrs. Bhatnagar. I have written to all the magazines in our beloved country. May its hoary culture rest in peace! But if you mean, are they published, I shall have to say 'No', italicised and underlined. I have a large collection of rejection slips. Thanks to the editors, I have learnt a new hobby!"

"But", she persisted, "Mr. Saxena was telling me that you were published in the Skyscraper or something."

"Oh, that! A story of mine came out in the Windmill, an English magazine—some years back. It was a story that did the rounds here in India; and I wanted to get rid of it somehow. I sent it to England. Luckily I remembered not to enclose the 'adequately stamped, self-addressed envelope' along with it. And, well, it was accepted."

"What fun! The editors here must have looked mighty foolish then."

"An Editor looking foolish! My, what a sacrilegious notion! Oh no, he won't. Why, a blushing editor is a contradiction. You know what happened when I went in triumphantly to one of the rejecting editors with that issue of the Windmill? He coolly told me; tastes differ; Indian reader and English reader,—poles apart. And that, besides, he had to publish a provincial leader's—the II class category—speech to the tribesmen of...I forget what. He was promising them civilization, the genuine stuff, all packed and tied in blue ribbon. If I remember right, they chased him out of the colony. They felt deeply insulted, I suppose. All that is by the way. And so...."

"It must be awful then, writing stories," she butted in.

"Awful?" asked Nagaraj, puzzled.

"I mean," she explained, "It's such an undependable job. And if one had a wife and children...."

"Oh, I have been spared—I mean, I haven't had the good fortune yet. Still I guess it is only partly true. It is said that while Karl Marx wrote his classic, his wife and children starved. Shaw says that proves Marx was a true artist. I suppose a starving wife and children are good for art, and one shouldn't blame it on the editor."

"Whatever you say, Mr. Nagaraj, I am certain he was wrong."

"Who?"

"Why, that man Shah. Besides those Marx brothers are an immoral lot,

especially the youngest of them. He must be the fellow who wrote that book you talk of... I do think these editors are a rude lot of people."

Nagaraj recovered from trying to remember if Marx had an immoral younger brother, and said, "Rude? I am afraid you don't know them. They are a charming species. Very. Until it comes to accepting a story, of course. Even then they do it with the grace of a Ram Gopal. "The Editor thanks you for your kind offer, but regrets he is unable to accept it." Beautiful sentence that. It has broken more hearts than Sinatra will ever do. Regrets is the one jarring word. But then it is a technical term in the editors' lingo. I have often dreamt of receiving a rejection slip in which the word 'regrets' is substituted by some other word. But no, such dreams never come true. Originality is never an editor's forte. I believe the Big Baniyas who run the show don't encourage it."

Mrs. Bhatnagar heaved a sigh. Her eyes were broken dreams as she said in a lost manner, "Mr. Nagaraj, I have something to confess to you. I wrote a story some days back. I was thinking of sending it to an editor. Now, after all that you told me, I think I will put it in the fire."

"Do it, Mrs. Bhatnagar, do it before the impulse fades. Who knows, you may yield to temptation if you postpone. Once you succumb, you are lost. The habit grows and will begin to haunt your dreams. Before long you will be taking your position in the ever lengthening queue of the unfortunates, doomed all their lives to collecting rejection slips. Here comes an editor. Don't droop, Mrs. Bhatnagar. Yes, that is him, looking a cross between Cyril Connolly and Sydney Greenstreet. Avoid him like the devil. And, my sweet lady, thanks ever so much for the lovely chat."

Thus taking leave of her abruptly, Nagaraj skipped away from the table and left the party unnoticed by any.

Unable to bear the discomfort of the tiny chair allotted to his Gothic proportions, Shankar, roaming in search of a better seat, sighted the empty one beside Mrs. Bhatnagar. He smiled at her and looked questioningly at the vacant seat. She offered him the seat with an indifferent gesture. Not being the sort of man to be upset by the ill-temper of other people, he sat down bumpily. He then took out a three-pice cigar from his inner pocket, lighted it and puffed ecstatically huge clouds of stink. Seeing

that the smell offended her, he tried to make friends with Mrs. Bhatnagar.

"Nice party, What?" he ventured. "That fellow Nagaraj, what has he been talking to you all along?"

Mrs. Bhatnagar snorted as though she had no wish to discuss Nagaraj with a presumptuous fellow like him. A minute later, however, she changed her mind. She said to him in a very clinching sort of tone, "Oh! The usual sob stuff of a poor journalist."

Shankar was rather irritated and expressed himself tersely. "As if any editor knows the travails of a journalist! Nagaraj is talking through his hat."

"Editor? Who?"

"Why, Mr. Nagaraj, of course."

"Are you sure?" She asked fighting against hope.

"My dear lady, I ought to know. I work under him. Besides, I never lie except to editors and creditors", Shankar retorted hotly.

Then she flared up. "The cheek of the wretch!" She fumed. "He pretended he was a poor journalist. He even advised me to burn my story to cinders."

"That doesn't surprise me, lady. An editor will stoop to any extent in order to dodge a writer brandishing his or her story at him," Shankar explained.

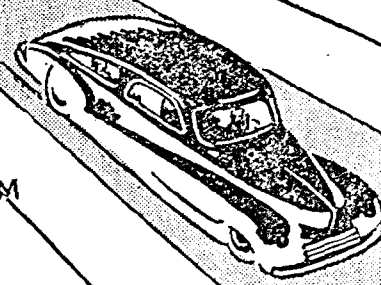
"Well, I'll teach him manners, and something besides. I will send that story of mine and more stories still, until he surrenders. Publishing me shall grow into a habit with him."

"If I may say so," Shankar started to dissuade her, "It is wiser that you change your mind. I am sure he will teach you the rejection-slips-collecting hobby. Tell you what, why don't you become an editor yourself? I will assist you, tell you all the tricks. That will settle your problem for you. Most frustrated writers become editors. It is a method sanctioned by tradition."

"I have heard this nonsense before. Nothing will shake my resolution now. Impersonating and doling out wrongful advice!"

And as she turned round ferociously, Mr. Saxena, innocent of all the high drama that had passed, walked right into the middle of Mrs. Bhatnagar's glaring look, and pleasantly asked, "Where is Mr. Nagaraj?"

**INSURE YOUR MOTOR VEHICLES**



LOW PREMIUM

EXCELLENT TERMS



With

**THE VANGUARD**

**FIRE & GENERAL INSURANCE CO. LTD.**

HEAD OFFICE: MADRAS. I.

**IN ALL CLIMES AT ALL TIMES**

**FOR COUGHS  
And COLDS**

*Rely on*

**SIROLIN**

**"ROCHE"**

**USED ALL OVER THE WORLD**



## THE EDITORS' CONFERENCE

by A. D. MANI

THE All India Newspaper Editors' Conference which is meeting in Bombay on 23rd July is an institution which started with much promise but whose performance has not come up to public expectations. It was in 1940 that editors felt the necessity of having an organisation to guard their professional interests. Before that time, attempts had been made to start a professional body of journalists but they had failed as the feeling of unity was not compelling in those years. In 1940, the Government of India announced a series of restrictions in connection with publication of news relating to Gandhiji's individual satyagraha movement; leading editors of the country felt terrified at the scope and the extent of these restrictions and, consequently, realised that unless some energetic protest was lodged against them, Government would be emboldened to go further and promulgate more restrictions whose cumulative effect would be to destroy the liberties of the press.

Largely as a result of the lead given by the members of the Indian and Eastern newspaper society, at the time under the leadership of Mr. Devadas Gandhi who was deputy president of the Society, a Conference was convened at Delhi in December of that year and Mr. K. Srinivasan was elected President. The choice was a happy one. *The Hindu* which Mr. Srinivasan edits, has stood for certain definite traditions in Indian journalism and was perhaps at the time the only journal which was respected in India and abroad for the sobriety and clarity of its views. I remember vividly the scenes at the first session of the Conference. Mr. Pothan Joseph, the enfant terrible of Indian journalism, was one of the leading figures at the Conference. Nobody had any precise idea as to what should be done when Mr. Srinivasan announced that the Government of India had agreed to set up Press Advisory Committees to advise the Govern-

ment in regard to the administration of restrictions relating to the press. Government also promised to use their influence with the provinces to see that similar Advisory Committees were set up in their areas.

The All India Newspaper Editors' Conference had thus a flying start. It had secured in the very first session the imprimatur of Government which was further underlined by Government agreeing to pay members of the Standing Committee of the Conference (they were about twenty-eight in number) their first class travelling allowances. The members of the Standing Committee were bitterly criticised by their fellow editors for accepting travelling allowances, but such criticism did not lead to the revocation of the decision of the Conference to accept travelling allowances as it was contended that the Conference was a part of the Government machinery to administer press restrictions and that therefore members were entitled to receive travelling allowances like members of any other Government committee.

The Press Advisory Committees which were set up all over India worked with an appreciable measure of success. They were perhaps necessary at the time because an irresponsible government was in power at that time and there was a war on. The number of newspapers which were saved from the executioner's axe under the Defence of India Rules is countless and the Conference can well claim that it defended the liberties of the press as few institutions could have done. Much of the credit for the success of the Conference during the war years goes to Mr. K. Srinivasan who, inspite of a vague manner of speaking, was always clear in his mind about what he wanted to do. His standing with the Government was very high and I can testify that the highest officials of the Government of India respected his candour and

sincerity. It was he who kept the Conference on an even keel during those difficult years.

The attitude of the Government of India in those days and that of the provincial governments generally was more friendly to the Press than it is today. The British Government, consisting of officials brought up in the traditions of a free press saw more easily the anxiety of the press for objective presentation of news and dispassionate comment than some of our Indian ministers. There was also a substantial reason for Government trying desperately hard to be friendly to the press. They were being supported by no party in the country, except the War Committees and Mr. Roy's Indian Federation of Labour and later on, after Russia was attacked by Hitler, by the Communist party. They were anxious to enlist the support of the press, which, I must say, they secured in a considerable measure. Though the Press editorially attacked the policy of the Government towards the Conference, its news columns generally carried the Government's versions about the progress of the war. It became more or less a reciprocal arrangement. The Editors' Conference successfully defended the liberties of the Press from executive encroachment and Government for their part secured publicity for war operations news and announcements.

In spite of the price which had to be paid, I feel that the Editors' Conference chose the path of responsive co-operation wisely. No other course was possible except that of open defiance which would have led to the closure of many printing presses.

There were two presidents of the Conference during the war years, Mr. S. A. Brelvi succeeding Mr. Srinivasan who held the office for three years. Under Mr. Brelvi, the Conference maintained the effectiveness of the Press Advisory System. Mr. Brelvi was succeeded by Mr. Tushar Kanti Ghosh whose absence from India for four months and whose personal pre-occupations

in dealing with a difficult labour situation in his press prevented him from concentrating on the Conference as much as he would have liked to.

Mr. Ghosh was succeeded by Mr. Devadas Gandhi who has been re-elected for the second term as President of the Conference. It was after the conclusion of the war that the All India Newspaper Editors' Conference lost in importance and effectiveness. As long as the war was on, editors were united in defending the liberties of the press but the moment the National Government was installed, the angle of vision changed. Many among the editors felt keenly that the Government should be given the widest possible support and were prepared to co-operate with the Government in regard not only to the imposition of statutory restrictions but also the working of conventions which have the force of statutory rulings. The result has been that more often the All India Newspaper Editors' Conference has found itself in agreement with Government than in disagreement.

There is nothing which can be more disastrous than journalists turning politicians. And the weakness of the Editors' Conference today is that it consists largely of members who are more politicians than journalists. The Press Advisory System has, therefore, become a theatre for the play of conflicting political opinions, those who are with Government trying to co-operate with Government and those who are against it, being out of it, extremely critical of the Press Advisory Committees.

I feel that with the advent of party governments, it is necessary for the All India Newspaper Editors' Conference to revise its attitude towards the Press Advisory System. A party government is bound to misuse the Press Advisory System to crush opposition criticism. It is not becoming of the press to be associated in any manner with a scheme which would, consciously or unconsciously, lead to the suppression of freedom of opinion. The work of the Editors'

Conference does not lie in sitting cheek by jowl with the ministers, nodding assent to what they say or emitting feeble dissents when something outrageous is done. Its work lies in the building up of standards for the profession; like for example the setting up of a Council to regulate professional conduct among journalists and to stand up as an independent body fighting for freedom of opinion against executive encroachments.

It is a pity that for the last eight years, the All India Newspaper Editors' Conference has done nothing to regulate professional conduct among journalists. There was an occasion for it to make a beginning when the Lakshmikantan case was referred to the Standing Committee

but on account of factions among members, nothing could be done. Actually some were pleading that the late Mr. Lakshmikantan was "purifying" public life!

If the All India Newspaper Editors' Conference is to have a useful existence in future, it must pass into the hands of working journalists or persons who have been working journalists and whose editorship can be justified not merely by the imprint line but by real capacity to work. It has too long been the nest of proprietors, (some of whom have also been journalists) but the proprietorial class is a very busy class and to it, the Editors' Conference is just another iron in the fire.—N.I.P.P. (Copyright).

#### THE WALLACE CRUSADE

The days of the great evangelists are gone. Probably the radio, or the manifest durability of sin, put them out of business. But the technique they perfected of winning souls lives on. And its most able practitioner at the moment is Henry Agard Wallace. In rallying recruits to his Gideon's Army Mr. Wallace is, of course, seeking votes instead of souls. But he is going about it as if the order were reversed.—Cabell Phillips.

## 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<br>PHARMACEUTICAL &<br>CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES |
| Liquor Ammonia, Forte and Ammonia Compounds. |   |                                                              |
| Sulphate of Ammonia                          |   |                                                              |
| Mixed Fertilisers                            | } | for AGRICULTURAL<br>PURPOSES                                 |
| Super Phosphate                              |   |                                                              |

# SPOTLIGHT ON THE



**T**HE turn of events in Palestine has only confirmed the sceptical view taken in these columns (*Swatantra*, June 19) of the Security Council's handling of the Arab-Jewish war. "The four weeks' truce proclaimed by Count Bernadotte is but an insecure bridge towards peace in the Holy Land," we said. "Politically, the truce is uneasy because it is not the result of that minimum agreement on the basic issues which is essential for the fruitful utilisation of a truce for peace talks. Militarily, too, the truce suffers from the absence of an impartial supervisory authority."

The truce, now ended, has proved to be nothing more significant than a breather; the belligerents have returned to their sanguinary task. The United Nations Organisation has suffered, in the total failure of Count Bernadotte's mission, yet another blow to its waning prestige. The

only political development of importance during the truce was the tightening of the Arab front as a result of talks at the highest kingly level. The ruler of Transjordan has taken the initiative in seeking to remove mutual suspicions and differences among members of the Arab League.

For some time there has been a fundamental division in the Arab ruling class between Transjordan and Iraq on the one hand, and Syria, Saudi Arabia and Egypt on the other. Both Transjordan and Iraq are ruled by members of the Hashemite family. 66-year old Abdullah of Transjordan is the son, and 12-year old King Feisal of Iraq is the great-grandson of Emir Hussein of Mecca. When Abdullah was a youth, the Turkish Empire was still in existence. At 19, after his education in Constantinople, Abdullah entered the Turkish Parliament as De-

puty for Mecca. While serving in Parliament, he joined a party of young Arab revolutionaries who hoped to liberate the Arabs from Turkish rule. It was Abdullah who secretly opened the negotiations with the British at Cairo that led eventually to the Arab revolt on the side of the Allies in the first World War. But T. E. Lawrence, looking for an Arab leader who could fan the revolt into a holy crusade, rejected Abdullah in favour of his brother Feisal. Lawrence explained later: "I became sure that Abdullah was too cool, too humorous to be a prophet; his value would come in peace after success."

When the Turks had been defeated and the Arab lands liberated at the end of World War I, Emir Hussein (Abdullah's father) became King of the Hejaz, western province of Arabia. Feisal was installed by the British as King of Syria. But Feisal was soon expelled from his throne by the French who acquired the mandate over Syria and Lebanon from Britain. Abdullah was angry at the treatment of his brother and would have marched at the head of his Bedouin bands to his rescue. But the British advised Abdullah to desist, and created him Emir of Transjordan, which was till then part of Palestine territory. Feisal

was given another throne, at Baghdad in Iraq, where his grandson now reigns.

Emir Abdullah became King Abdullah under a treaty with Britain in March 1946, which conferred on Transjordan the status of a sovereign independent state. Abdullah's kingdom is not large, and the greater part of it is rock and desert. Its population is just a little over 400,000. That this little king should nevertheless be taken seriously by his neighbours is explained by the impressive weapon which he wields in the shape of the Arab Legion, the only fully mechanised Arab army. It was financed, trained and officered by the British who wanted that their most faithful ally among the Arabs should be strong enough to be useful. Abdullah's pet ambition is the creation of a "Greater Syria" under his rule. The name of the project derives from the fact that present-day Syria, Lebanon, Palestine and Transjordan were all, before World War I, part of a single country known as Syria (itself part of the Turkish Empire). The Syrians, who recently established a republic for themselves, are alarmed at the Greater Syria plan. So are the Lebanese Christians who fear engulfment in a Moslem sea. King Ibn Saud of Arabia has reasons of

## ARAB LEADERS



King Abdullah of Transjordan, head of strongest Arab army.



Haj Amin el Hussein, ex-Mufti of Jerusalem and Arab spiritual leader.

## JEWISH LEADERS



Dr. Chaim Weizmann, veteran Zionist leader and first President of Israel.



David Ben-Gurion, Premier and Defence Minister of Israel.

his own to dislike any increase in Abdullah's power. The quarrel between the two dates back to 1924 when Ibn Saud expelled Abdullah's family from Mecca and the Hejaz. Abdullah has been periodically making claims to the Hejaz and the pilgrim centres of Mecca and Medina, an important source of Saudi Arabia's revenue. Finally, Egypt too views ambitious Abdullah with misgivings, since the emergence of a Greater Syria might upset King Farouk's primacy in the Arab world.

Such is the background to King Abdullah's recent visits to Cairo and Riyadh. If the royal pourparlers were really as amiable as claimed, there must have been some understanding by which Abdullah would be content with a partial fulfilment of his ambition through the acquisition of the major portion of Arab Palestine. It is widely believed that the objective of Transjordan's ruler is to secure the Mediterranean port of Gaza. It is also believed that Britain would look upon it with favour since His Majesty's forces would be enabled to develop a line of communications via Gaza, Jerusalem and Jericho to Transjordan, through friendly Arab territory. It is interesting to recall, in

this connection, that Britain's recent treaty with Transjordan speaks of help in the "development of Ports," though Transjordan at present has only one Port, Aqaba, on the Red Sea.

Lebanon, with her slight Christian majority, does not want any disturbing addition of Arab territory, but other Arab states are not without designs on the territory of Palestine similar to those of King Abdullah. Syria, for instance, would be glad to have a portion of Northern Galilee, and Egypt would not refuse part of the Negeb desert. These schemes, of course, leave no place for the creation of an independent Palestinian Arab state. Their fruition depends, in the ultimate analysis, on the sanction of Britain and America. These two powers, who are as indispensable to the rulers of the Middle East as the oil of the Middle East is indispensable to them, do not appear as yet to have perfected a common plan for Palestine. For the present, however, their policy seems to be to express commendably pious wishes for peace in the Holy Land and to allow the blood-letting to continue until both Arabs and Jews become too exhausted to object to the terms of any peace plan that may be devised for them.



#### BRITAIN'S CHILD PRODIGIES

At the age of six, John Stuart Mill, the philosopher, had read Xenophon, Herodotus, Lucian, Diogenes, Laertius and six dialogues of Plato.

James Crichton (16th century) took his M.A. at 15, being then master of no fewer than 12 languages.

John Evelyn records in his "Diary" that he examined a boy aged 12 years who answered experts in law, history, mathematics, geography and astronomy.

Lord Macaulay wrote a world history at seven; at the same age John Ruskin wrote his first poem.

Samuel Wesley could play the organ at the age of three and wrote an oratorio when he was eight.

## MAKER OF THE NEW KASHMIR

by Dr. M. HAFIZ SYED, M.A., Ph. D., D. Litt.

SHAikh M. ABDULLAH, popularly called "the lion of Kashmir," was born in a poor middle class family. His father was an ordinary shawl merchant. He was born in a village called Sawda, seven miles from Srinagar. He was educated upto matriculation in Srinagar and took his F.Sc. diploma from Jammu and obtained his B.A. degree from Lahore. Later on he joined the Aligarh Muslim University where he took his M.Sc. degree. During his stay in Aligarh he had to move among two divergent sets of people: one, those who only aspired to enter Government service and had no interest in public life. The second, those who believed in the value of social service and political struggle. Being by nature inclined to be serviceable to others and safeguard the interest of his less fortunate brethren, he took great interest in the corporate life of the University and made stirring and stimulating speeches at the Students' Union. It was this training in his early days that stood him in good stead on his return to Kashmir where he identified himself with the poor labourers and tried to ameliorate their condition. He had always been conscious of the poverty of the people of Kashmir and so from his early days he had brooded over the ways and means of bettering their condition and raising the standard of their life.

For some time he served as a Science Master in a High School in Srinagar, Kashmir. During this period of his life he came in contact with such people as were dissatisfied with the then Government of the State. On the occasion of the Maharajah's return from his trip to Europe, Shaikh Abdullah published a number of posters protesting against the undemocratic regime. As freedom of press was denied in Kashmir in those days he started two newspapers from Lahore

with a view to exposing the weaknesses and shortcomings of the Maharajah's administration. He also delivered lectures in defence of democracy and self-government as a result of which he was arrested by the order of the Maharajah. After some time he was released and it was then that he laid the foundation of Kashmir Muslim Conference in order to safeguard the political interests of his Muslim brethren. The first civil disobedience was launched under the auspices of this Conference and once again he was clamped.

Although the majority of the people numbering over eighty per cent are Muslims, the State has been mostly ruled by Dogra Rajputs without an adequate share of the Muslims in the administration of the State. The descendants of Maharajah Gulab Singh have been the virtual rulers of this State since it was taken over by him for seventy lakhs of rupees along with the bordering districts. As Kashmiri pundits were more educated than the Muslims, naturally they held most of the administrative posts. Shaikh Abdullah started agitation against this state of affairs and wanted a fair deal for his people and raised his voice against the undemocratic system of government that prevailed in those days. It stands to the eternal credit of Shaikh Abdullah that he was wholly responsible for creating political consciousness in the rank and file of the people of Kashmir. In 1933 Shaikh Abdullah started the National Conference, the platform of which was thrown open to all Kashmiris, naturalised and domiciled in the State, be they Muslims, Hindus or Sikhs. The followers of this National Conference without any distinction of caste or creed, are now waging war against the intruders who are attacking the hearths and homes of the Kashmiris.

Shaikh Abdullah is a staunch nationalist and has no faith in communalism. Some years ago during his visit to Kashmir Mr. Jinnah invited Shaikh Abdullah and advised him to break up the National Conference and join the Muslim Conference again. But Mr. Abdullah flatly declined to do his bidding and told him that he could not be a party to any sectional or communal organization. He told Mr. Jinnah that he had absolutely no desire to retrace his steps from the National position he had spontaneously adopted. Shaikh Abdullah is much too democratic by nature, temperament and conviction to stand any autocracy in his own or in any other state. He is therefore against the one-man rule of all the Indian States.

From the economic point of view Shaikh Abdullah is a Socialist. He has published a book called *New Kashmir* in which he has laid down a plan for the New Government of the State according to the Soviet model. His intense desire is to make Kashmir a free State. At the same time he wants to keep up its connection with the Indian Union Government.

By nature and temperament he is a gentleman of amiable disposition and a good loyal friend. He is acquainted with every part of Kashmir and is in contact with practically the whole of its population. He has wonderful command over the Kashmiri language and can sway the audience with his matchless oratory. This accounts for his popularity. His people look upon him as a friend and guide. It is the good fortune of both the Kashmir State and the Indian Government that at this critical juncture of our political life a leader of

Shaikh Abdullah's calibre, holds the rein of government in his hands. We have no doubt that he will eminently succeed in defeating the Pakistan raiders and establishing his own Government for the good of his people whom he so dearly loves.

There is a Persian proverb which says that one who serves others unselfishly ultimately becomes their lord and master. This well-trying maxim holds good in the case of Shaikh Abdullah as well as in other cases. It has already been stated that from his youth upward he had no desire for personal gain but took keen interest and a special delight in the service of what is called the common man. When the writer visited Kashmir in 1936 he came in contact with Shaikh Abdullah on several occasions and noticed from his day to day life that his waking and sleeping dream was the betterment and the progress of his own people. By virtue of his selfless service and love of his people, even then, he was adored as their trustworthy leader and on many occasions he was taken in public procession. His popularity was not confined to the big towns alone. His fame had spread in the far-flung and out of the way villages in the hilly country of Kashmir. Some of the lowly peasants, herdsmen and labourers had begun to compose songs in his praise and sing them to delight their hearts. It was entirely due to his unrelenting efforts that a commission was appointed to enquire into the administrative machinery of the State and to find ways and means of improving it.

To sum up in the words of an old decrepit Kashmir woman, "What is there which he has not done for his people and country?"

"Our own death is the premium which we must pay for the far greater benefit we have derived from the fact that so many people have not only lived but also died before us. For if the old ones had not in course of time gone there would have been no progress; all our civilisation is due to the arrangement whereby no man shall live for ever, and to this huge mass of advantage we must each contribute our mite; that is to say, when our turn comes we, too, must die."—Samuel Butler.

## HIS EXALTED HIGHNESS

by P. V. SUBBARAYUDU

THERE is an interesting story about the Asaf Jahi dynasty, of which the present Nizam of Hyderabad is the seventh descendant, widely current in the State. I wonder how many readers of these columns would have heard of it, much less would give credence to it.

Asaf Jah the First, after the final defeat of the Nawabs of Golconda, goes the story, was camping in the wilds in the outskirts of Golconda fort. So attached was he to his wife, and so devoted was she to him that she always accompanied him to the battlefields and personally attended on him. One evening just after dusk came a stranger to Asaf Jah's tent. He was a *fakir* says the Muslim version of the story and the Hindu version asserts he was a *sanyasi*. Asaf Jah's wife, a hospitable housewife as she was, welcomed him and offered him food. She was at the oven preparing *chappatis* for her husband and herself. The visitor pleaded that he was very hungry and demanded every *chappati* as it was fried. She gave him thus seven *chappatis*, and he wanted more. She could not feed him any longer as no more flour was left. "Upto seven generations shall your dynasty thrive" blessed the guest. He walked out of the tent and soon disappeared. Mir Osman Ali Khan is the seventh of the Nizams and according to the story he is rumoured to be the last Nizam. Superstition apart, a careful observation of the state of affairs in Hyderabad today makes one wonder whether the story might come true.

### NIZAM, AN ENIGMA

This tiny little man barely five feet and odd in height and hardly a hundred pounds in weight is to many an enigma. He is the richest man of the world, yet he looks like the poorest in the State—the cheapest fabrics he wears, the ugly roomy cap he puts on, his often unshaven face, with sunken cheeks

and famished features make one feel whether famine has overtaken the State. Physically he is the weakest of men, yet he aspires to be the most powerful. He is greed and avarice personified.

The Nizam knew long ago that being a Muslim ruler of a State whose people were predominantly Hindu his position was precarious and unless he consolidated the Muslim minority into a very strong bloc and disrupted the Hindus in all possible ways he could not rule the land his ancestors had ruled. Therefore he spread his net in all walks of life—in education, in the services, in the army and police forces, by means of conversion and so on. In fact the first seeds of this rancour were sown as long back as 1918 when the much-glorified Osmania University was started.

The political awakening outside the State, and the gradual progress of the provinces surrounding the State towards freedom, the Nizam felt, had their repercussions on his people, however backward they were deliberately kept. In order to check the awakening spread by the Congress, and suppress any nationalist movement within the State, the Nizam encouraged certain goondas to start a rival communal organisation. Thus came into existence about a decade ago the notorious Ittehad-ul-Muslimeen (the Union of Muslims).

The Nizam was in search of a man who could assume the leadership of this reactionary body. Then came in handy a hefty fanatic called Nawab Bahadur Yar Jung. This man had some charm about him. His was a dynamic personality and he was gifted with marvellous oratory. Those who heard him once became his followers the next day. The Muslim population had more than admiration for him and they named him "Quaid-e-Millat" (leader of the nation). Gradually he became very popular among his co-religionists and his popularity

Was so great that when he suddenly died four years ago, rumours were afloat that certain men at the top conspired and drugged him.

#### WHO IS THIS RAZVI?

The sudden death of Bahadur Khan created a void in the leadership of the Ittehad. None could be even second to him. However, elections were held for the presidency and a plous old gentleman, Abdul Hasan Syed Ali, was duly elected. Kasim Razvi, a moffusil lawyer also contested the election but lost against Syed Ali. The Nizam and his henchmen did not like a plous and quiet man like Syed Ali to be at the helm of what was designed to be a martial organisation. Mischief therefore started from the very next day and ultimately the old man was ousted. Razvi then got into the saddle. This briefless lawyer is a very mediocre sort of man and he just came in handy to the Nizam to play the appointed role. No doubt he is doing it alright.

#### IS NIZAM RAZVI'S PUPPET?

If any one in the Indian Union believes, more so the Indian Government, that the Nizam is a puppet in the hands of the Ittehad and that it is Razvi that is standing in the way of India and Hyderabad arriving at a compromise, very soon he is going to be disillusioned. I can quote a number of instances to show that the Nizam is a very strong-willed man and scores of the Razvis have to dance before him if he frowns. He is very arrogant and power-mad. Never in his presence, any human in the State dare be seated—Sir Akbar and Chattari being no exceptions. When Ittehad was still a frail organisation Bahadur Yar Jung carried on talks with Sri M. Narasinga Rao for a working compromise between the State Congress and the Ittehad. The progress of the talks was very satisfactory and at a stage everyone felt they would be terminated successfully. News reached the Nizam that Bahadur Khan based his talks on "responsible Government". Immediately he summoned

the Ittehad chief and asked him whether what he heard was true. Bahadur Yar Jung innocently nodded in the affirmative. The Nizam roared and questioned whether Bahadur Yar Jung knew what responsible government meant. The poor man blinked. Then it is said the Nizam pointed his thumb at himself and vehemently said "Mai Nai Rahta hum" (I will not be here). Soon came out Bahadur Yar Jung, after apologizing to his King, and it was flashed in the local press that the "Rao—Jung talks" had failed.

#### QUAID-E-AZAM SNUBBED

That a strongwilled man like the Nizam who had the nerve to snub Mahomed Ali Jinnah, the most arrogant man in the East, should subject himself to the dictates of a pigmy like Kasim Razvi passes one's comprehension. Just before the historic partition of our country, Quaid-e-Azam paid a diplomatic visit to Hyderabad, a result of which is what we witness to-day in Hyderabad and her attitude to Indian Union. Jinnah who had the unusual privilege of being offered a seat by the Nizam sat at ease and lighted his favourite cigar. The Nizam couldn't tolerate another man being so unmindful of His Exalted Highness' austere presence. He straight admonished the great leader saying "If you want to continue the conversation please put out your cigar and sit right". Naturally Jinnah blushed as he walked out of the court room and could only say, swallowing the snub, "Oh! H.E.H. is thoroughly changed since I met him last".

The Nizam is deliberately heading for a clash with the Indian Government. Kasim Razvi and his Razakars are but the creation of this super-diplomat and the meaningless outbursts from Razvi's lips only emanate from the Nizam's heart. It remains to be seen whether the economic sanctions imposed by the Indian Government would bear fruit in bringing this mad man to senses but of one thing there is no doubt whatever: the Government of India cannot afford to be complacent any longer.

## POLITICAL NEUTRALITY AND ALL INDIA RADIO

by SHYAMA CHARAN KALA

MANY people expected the strong silent man of the Congress, Information Minister Sardar Patel, to make an abrupt, revolutionary break with the past of All-India Radio, to liberalise its political policy, to change its administrative structure, to set up new traditions in broadcasting, to branch off in new directions. They have sadly been disappointed, because A.I.R. continues to be what it was, a lazy, complacent and unimaginative organisation, thriving because it is the only broadcasting institution in the country.

Most intelligent, politically conscious listeners feel it is high time something was done about A.I.R., its monopoly ended and separate and rival broadcasting organisations set up. To continue with Government-controlled A.I.R. would mean condemning broadcasting to the fate that would have attended the Indian Press if it had been financed and owned by the Government from its birth or cinematography if there had been only one film company. There can be no excellence without competition. The virtues of American broadcasting are generally attributed to the competitive spirit.

The unwritten ban on the formation of new broadcasting organisations in India can, perhaps, be justified on the ground that the resources of a poor country like India have to be husbanded. But nothing should stand in the way of converting A.I.R. into a public corporation like the B.B.C. so that A.I.R. may transmit the vivid variety of public opinion and cease to be a megaphone of Governmental propaganda.

Since its inception A.I.R. has been functioning as a Government department run by bureaucrats rather than as a cultural organisation. The atmosphere in Broadcasting House is not the free liberal atmo-

sphere of journalistic, educational and art circles. For instance, the relations between Programme Assistants, who are the backbone of A.I.R., and the Station Directors smack of the manners of the yemen.

All India Radio does not appreciate the unorthodox, the individualist and the independent. Dull people with regular habits win quick promotions. Good form is rewarded rather than originality. For instance, it was the late Mr. Adwani, a Station Director well-known for his insistence on strict discipline, who used to order about such a brilliant, versatile and gifted artist as Harindranath Chattopadhyaya. Many gifted people, including Harindranath, left All India Radio because A.I.R. could not tolerate their harmless idiosyncracies, because they did not fit into the A.I.R. pattern of caution, dull orthodoxy and conservatism.

Under Lionel Fielden, the first Controller of Broadcasting, A.I.R. tried to ape the liberal traditions of the B.B.C. and to achieve objectivity, but officialdom frustrated Fielden's efforts to give a catholic, broadminded bias to A.I.R.'s policy.

Fielden, who was a Bohemian at heart, an eccentric journalist, and a naughty relic of the Purple Nineties, believed in radical liberalism, but his ambition to import the liberal traditions of the B.B.C. was not realised. The reactionary administrative set-up did not conceal its hostility to this man with ideas and as years went by his enthusiasm for free thought waned; and for all practical purposes, he became a tool in the hands of the bureaucracy.

Under Bokhari, All India Radio completely repudiated the conception of political neutrality. Bokhari, a clever adventurer, went out

of his way to publicise the war effort. He reduced A.I.R. to a branch of the B.B.C., the National War Front and the British Ministry of Information. He took orders from the brass hats of GHQ and won the C.I.E. During the August movement, specially, A.I.R. traduced the national leadership.

The tradition of political partisanship in favour of the government in power set up by Bokhari has assumed the respectability of a rigid convention and A.I.R. under Sardar Patel seems to be in no mood to welcome free thought. Criticism of the government is invariably distorted, if not completely suppressed.

Jaya Prakash Narayan's famous statements demanding reconstitution of the Central Cabinet after the assassination of Mahatma Gandhi were blacked out by All India Radio. Most talkers and commentators know that A.I.R. officials censor even mild strictures on government policies or institutions.

The B.B.C., comparatively speaking, allows almost all points of view, except perhaps the Communist, to be represented on the air. Explaining the B.B.C.'s attitude to political neutrality, Harold Nicholson, former Governor of the B.B.C., said in 1942:

"We are not a private concern in the sense that a newspaper is a private concern. We are a public concern. It is our duty not merely to inform and entertain our own public, but to present a picture of British life and character which shall be coherent, balanced, representative and true.

"We must avoid, at all costs, taking political sides. I am always delighted when my friends of the Right tell me that the B.B.C. is a seed-bed of Leftist opinions and when my friends of the Left deplore the fact that it should be a sanctuary of reaction. When I hear that, I feel satisfied that we are fulfilling our duty of being fair to all, of keeping the middle way".

Few people will pretend that All India Radio is fair to Socialists and

Communists and other Leftist groups.

In times of crisis, A.I.R. leans instinctively towards the status quo, towards conservatism, if not reaction. During the strike of postal employees, A.I.R. allowed the then Director-General of the Posts and Telegraph Department to deliver a broadcast which was blatantly unfair to the strikers. It need hardly be said that no representative of the strikers was invited to reply to the broadcast.

Again when railwaymen threatened to go on strike, a spokesman of the Railway Board—I believe it was Lt.-Col. Emerson—was permitted to make a highly-coloured pro-Government speech on the air. Had A.I.R. been eager to hold the scales of justice even, a spokesman of the railwaymen would have been invited to present their case.

"It is important to recall", says Hilda Matheson, "that during the general strike in Great Britain of 1924, the British Government did not commandeer the B.B.C., as they were entitled to do by law. They asked the company (as it then was) to develop closer personal contacts with the Government.

"Thus encouraged, the B.B.C. succeeded in preserving its separate identity and in discharging its duties to its own as well as to the Government's satisfaction.

"It is no secret that it was owing to the insistence of the B.B.C. that the bulletins of the Trades Union Council, as well as the communiques of the Government, were both broadcast.

"It is not suggested that the weight of the B.B.C. was not thrown preponderantly on the side of authority. The important point for the social historian is that a degree of independence and impartiality could be preserved at all."

August 15 affected A.I.R., as it affected all fields of life. A.I.R. could not have remained uninfluenced by the forces of liberation released on Independence Day. But the change did not transform the

character of the organisation or the personnel manning it. The men who ran the propaganda drives of British Imperialism with enthusiasm continue to occupy key positions. Though they have, like automatons, transferred their loyalties to the new Government, they can hardly be expected to view the prospect of radical social and political changes with equanimity. Steeped in the effete traditions of the pre-August 15 India, they are a part of the status quo. They have no sympathy with liberal ideas.

The selection of I.C.S. men as Secretaries to the Information Department and as Director-General

of All India Radio hardly encourages the belief that All India Radio is functioning in free India. Men from the permanent services, believers in red tape methods, can hardly do justice to the tasks facing a fast-growing cultural organisation like A.I.R. We need men with vision and imagination, qualities for which civil service men are hardly famous.

It is high time the Information Minister tapped fresh talent from the liberal professions. People like Mr. Pothan Joseph, Dr. Amar Nath Jha, Dr. Zakir Hussain, Dr. Radhakrishnan and Dr. Saiyidain would have shed lustre on All India Radio and thrown off the yoke of the bureaucracy.



## NATIONALISM IN DANGER

by Dr. P. C. ALEXANDER, M.A., D. Litt.

INDIAN nationalism arose mainly as a protest against foreign domination and during the past fifty years it had been largely sustained by hostility to the British rule. In the early phases of the growth of nationalism in Europe, the opposition of the subjected peoples had been to the misrule of foreigners. The Ottomans, the Dutch and the Russians were opposed not as foreigners but as oppressors. It was only later that people refused to be ruled by foreigners—whether their rule was good or bad. The doctrine that good government is no substitute for self-government became popular during this period in the history of the growth of nationalism. It was during this period that nationalism began to take its roots in India. The greatest achievement of the Indian National Congress was that it could rouse the opposition of the people to the idea of foreign rule. This opposition to foreign rule was unfortunately only a negative force. National enthusiasm could be maintained in tact so long as there was need for opposition to foreign rule. But with the

disappearance of foreign domination nationalism has been thrown back on its own legs. It is only now that we realise that the nationalism which had nearly half a century of existence in this country had not been built up on secure foundations.

It is a universally admitted fact that the safest foundation of nationalism is love of the country. In the words of Burke, "next to the love of parents for their children the strongest instinct both natural and moral that exists in man is the love of his country". This instinct has to be nursed and nourished and made the chief force to sustain the spirit of nationalism. But unfortunately it cannot be said of Indians that their nationalism is based on the love of their country. Muslim communalism and the partition of the country would not have been possible if our nationalism had been built up from the very beginning on our love for the mother-land. Hatred for the foreigner had always taken precedence over love for motherland in India, and loyalty to political parties has always been stronger than loyalty to the native

land. The triumph of communalism in India is a sad commentary on the strength of our nationalism.

Communalism is not the only force that is sapping the vitality of Indian nationalism, though emphasis is often laid only on this point. With the achievement of freedom certain new forces have shown their ugly heads threatening to strike at the weak roots of Indian nationalism. There is a tendency on the part of many to underestimate the potentialities for danger inherent in these new forces. And unfortunately some of the strongest advocates and active patrons of these antinational forces are found in the so-called nationalist camp. This makes the position all the more dangerous.

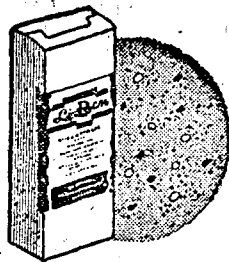
The chief among the forces that threaten to weaken our already weak nationalism is Provincialism. One of the greatest mistakes committed by the Indian National Congress was that it laid undue emphasis on the idea of linguistic provinces. Of course it was a powerful force which succeeded to a large extent in rousing the fervour of the people. But it must be remembered that linguistic patriotism is no substitute for nationalism. In fact the former may be a danger to the latter, as it threatens to be in our country now. The linguistic fanaticism which had been whipped up by persistent propaganda by nationalist leaders has unfortunately created certain forces which may ultimately destroy nationalism itself.

"Castelism" is another dangerous force in whose suffocating fumes nationalism is being choked to death in our country. Preaching pious sentiments and pleasing platitudes from public platforms and practising entirely different things has become so common with the 'great men' of our country that it is not considered to be anything strange. Often the hallowed name of Mahatma Gandhi is being invoked in support of the doctrines they preach, but seldom practice. While exploiting caste loyalties may be advantageous to some in

appropriating an undue share of the loaves and fishes of office, it is important that they should remember that they are playing with a very dangerous weapon.

Another sinister force which is gaining steady ground in India today is the so-called grievance about the domination of the North over the South. Disappointed aspirants to high offices often find solace and shelter in this imaginary complex of grievance. Also it is being nurtured in the South by certain Quaid-e-Azams of pure Dravidian stock (!) who have a ready solution to offer in 'Dravidistan'.

The irony of the situation is that the danger for nationalism in India is from the 'nationalists' themselves.



## GIVE YOURSELF A HEALTHY BLOOD PICTURE

You cannot give a better gift to yourself than rich red blood pulsating in your veins.

# LIVOSAN 'B'

A liver concentrate with Vitamin B Complex. It will build new blood, and give you abundant strength and vitality.

ANDHRA PHARMACEUTICAL WORKS, LTD.  
BEZWADA (S. I.)

Madras Stockists:—

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

# YOGA OF THE TRAIN

by JANUS

"I LIKE to travel on trains," I remarked by way of conversation the other day, to a friend who had dropped in to visit us.

"Not really," said my air-minded merchant friend, politely incredulous. "How can you? You probably go first which is just endurable, but pity the poor people who must travel third."

"No, it is *third-class* I mean, and my wife agrees with me. The nicest people travel third."

"Yes, I agree, if I can go in the women's compartment," supplemented my wife. "The children and I cannot stand smoke. You will never get smoke in a *third-class* women's compartment."

"You see, when we go as a family, it is usually for an outing and the vacation spirit seizes us from the moment we begin the excitement of packing. My son and I separate all our things into two piles—No. 1: things *wanted*; No. 2: things *not wanted*."

"Yes, and then Mother separates our *wanted* pile into *needed* and *not needed* which reduces the whole into packability," interpolated my son.

"Not for us are taxies and such luxuries—a servant boy takes our luggage in bullock cart to the station. We take the bus."

"Now the art of travelling third class is to go hours ahead and wait comfortably in the station for the train. The dramas one sees as one waits on a station platform rival all the cinema stories that are shown. Each going and coming is usually a major episode in the life of a family or an individual. Men and women going to the sick or death-beds of their relatives, here a woman bearing child going back to her mother for confinement; another demure young girl going to be married, a boy adventuring forth to his first job in a distant city, jolly families like ourselves in vacation mood, and others on long deferred pilgrimages.

Rare stories could be written were all the truth known."

"All that's very well," objected my friend, "if you can get on at a terminus. You'd tell a different story if you set out from a way station."

"Very well," obligingly said I. "Let us *make* it a way-station—Mogul Sarai, Bezwada, wherever you like. Remember when we go forth we have to come back and usually from a way station, so we also know what that means."

"First there is the long but most interesting wait for a train perhaps three, four, five hours late. But you know that is likely, so you come prepared with food, and bedding rolls if there are no seats in the station. To enjoy your wait to the full, you must stay on the station platform. There you can learn more in a few hours about the people of that part of your Motherland than if you read descriptive books for a year. I am minded of a five-hour wait for the Calcutta mail at Bezwada. What impressed me most was the affection of Telugu people for each other—arms about each other, boys strolled past me. Men bidding each other goodbye embraced naturally and without reserve. Children were importunately fond of their fathers and called loudly if for a minute they disappeared from sight. Every few minutes men came back to their families and inquired if they were comfortable and if all went well. I have an impression of Telugu country that will be hard to erase."

"But now the train is coming. It stops and the first swift entrance is made as if we were animals stampeding—we break down doors barred against us with great bundles and boxes. We clamber over and through windows, and settle ourselves. The seats are full, the aisles are full of bedding rolls with sitters atop them. I'll grant you all the inconvenience you say and even more, perhaps than you know."

"The train starts, gains speed. In the soothing rhythm of the engine wheels, a brooding peace settles over all. We are safe and on our way—nothing else matters. And there is something else in the train—a spirit of comradeship and good fellowship one for all. There is no rich or poor, no high or low caste, no Hindu Brahman or non-Brahman, Muslim, Christian, Parsi, Sikh. All differences sink into the simple brotherhood of the train. I have seen a man sit on the floor so a weaker traveller could lie half down in the vacated space. I have seen a high-caste man move over so his no-caste brother could sit near him."

"And I have seen a Brahman lady soothe the crying baby of a no-caste helpless woman," said my wife. "I have seen Muslim ladies throw aside their veils and I could see no difference between them and ourselves."

"It is as if we were all companion voyagers, not into the known but the unknown," I continued. "It is as if we had set forth on that long journey we all some day shall make where differences must melt and vanish as they well should."

"But we are not unknown for long," protested my wife. "We soon tell each other more about ourselves than we would tell even to our own neighbours, for we think we shall never meet again—what harm is there in speaking freely?"

"Yes, my dear, so knowing each other more truly, we can understand more fully."

"A very faint reflection of the same thing is sometimes felt in a

bus or a tram. But there we carry with us our usual everydayness and preoccupations whereas in the train we are pilgrims, and where pilgrims foregather, how can there be differences?"

"Yes, give me the train—there old and young, educated and illiterate find a common ground of sympathetic understanding. The same thing is true in lesser degree of a ship voyage, but with a train there is a packing together in a narrow compass of humanity which has to mingle its essence if it is to survive."

"But why should this union, evidently a real act of Yoga, be reserved only for the train?" mused my broadminded friend.

"Ah, that is the rub," I answered. "In our own surroundings, we are insular, hidebound by pride and by prejudice. Only slowly, very slowly, are we breaking through the shells of our separateness, our ignorance. We live in the vicinity of those who know us and expect certain things of us and so we feel we must act according to their expectations, and the vicious circle has no ending. We wait for yoga or union with life until we can become Sanyasis, instead of seizing each opportunity in our way. And so we miss becoming the everyday yogis we could very well be were we to tear down the veils of separateness and so attain the moksha that inevitably we must achieve in lives to come."

"Well, some day, perhaps I shall become a train yogi, as you so ardently advocate," laughed my friend as he said goodbye to us.

#### Asia Being Reborn

"To-day Asia is being reborn, she is at once old and young: old in history and young in spirit, for she is eager to play an active and full part in the family of nations. It is a striking fact that Asian countries as a whole, Japan excepted, have always believed in the blessings of peace and the brotherhood of men. These are ideals which are most conducive to the concept of one world. There can be little doubt that the world needs the co-operation of Asia in bringing about concord and peace on earth no less urgently than it needs the co-operation of the other continents. Conscious of their responsibility towards the achievement of this universal ideal, the peoples of Asia, I am sure, will not disappoint the hopes of other peace-loving peoples of the world."—Dr. Wellington Koo,

## GENESIS OF HYDERABAD

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

SOME Britishers who are interested in promoting the balkanisation of India and undermining the strength of the Indian Union have begun recently to manifest love for the Hyderabad State and started a propaganda for perpetuating the feudal rule of a handful of Mussalmans under the Nizam over the vast mass of the Hindu population of the State. It is said that the Nizam's State is very ancient and that his family had been ruling over it for seven hundred years, probably with the object of inculcating the idea that ancient institutions are sacred and that however obnoxious they may be, they should not be tampered with on account of their antiquity. Neither of these propositions is true; neither the present Hyderabad State is ancient, nor did the Asaf Jahi family of which His Exalted Highness is a member rule over it for seven hundred years. It is true that Muslim rule over this region lasted for a longer time than over other parts of India, but it is not as continuous as the British propagandists would have us believe.

Mussalmans first came as conquerors to the Deccan and South India in the closing years of the 13th century A.D. There were at that time four kingdoms in the South (the Kakatiyas of Warangal, the Pandyas of Madura, the Hoysalas of Dvarasamudra, and the Yadavas of Devagiri) which were constantly engaged in warfare with one another for establishing their supremacy over the peninsula. The mutual animosities of the Hindu States and the consequent disunion of the country helped the Mussalmans to conquer them, rather than their own prowess. Each of the Hindu States offered stubborn resistance to the invaders; but each standing by itself was no match to the Sultans of Delhi who had the resources and manpower of the whole of Northern India at their disposal.

The Kakatiyas of Warangal who were ruling at that time most of the territory included in the present Nizam's Dominions were finally overthrown by Sultan Muhammad bin Tughluq in 1323 A. D.; and the whole of the Telugu country as well as the Pandyan dominions farther south were annexed to the Delhi empire. Though good as soldiers the Mussalmans were very bad rulers. The grinding tyranny to which the people of the Telugu country were subjected aroused feelings of bitter resentment, and gave birth within half a dozen years of the Muslim conquest to the first nationalist movement known to Indian history. The Nayakas of the erstwhile Kakatiya kingdom united together and formed a confederacy under the leadership of the Musunuri chiefs, Prolaya and Kapaya, expelled the Mussalmans from the country and re-established Hindu rule in 1336 A. D. From this time Telingana was free from Muslim rule practically up to 1425 A. D.

The downfall of the Tughluq empire did not remove the Muslim menace to the South. Though the Sultanate of Madura was finally destroyed by the Vijayanagara emperors in 1371 A. D., the Bahmany kingdom which was founded by Hasan Gangu in 1347 A. D. with Gulbarga in north-eastern Karnataka as its capital, constituted itself into a perennial source of trouble to the Hindus of Telingana. As the southward expansion of the Bahmany kingdom was effectively barred by Vijayanagara, the only direction in which the Bahmany kings could extend their dominions was towards the Telugu country in the east. The political conditions of Telingana favoured their designs. If the union of the Telugu nobles helped them to free themselves from the Muslim yoke, disunion in their ranks proved once again their undoing. After the expulsion of the Mussalmans, Kapaya Nayaka ruled the country up to 1365 A. D. He had to contend against the opposition of

Some of the Telugu noble families, specially the Velamas of Rachakonda, in his attempts to strengthen his power. The Reddis of Kondavidu asserted their independence and would not co-operate with him in defending his dominions. The Velamas entered into an alliance with the Bahmany Sultan, and having slain Kapaya in battle made themselves masters of Telingana. Their old ally the Bahmany Sultan, however, soon turned against them, and having invaded Telingana compelled them to cede him the western districts including the fort of Golconda. Though the Velamas allied themselves with Vijayanagara and offered stubborn resistance to the Bahmany Sultans, they did not succeed in retaining their hold on Telingana. Between 1365 A. D. and 1425 they gradually lost ground and had at last to submit to the rule of Ahmad Shah Bahmany.

The Bahmany Sultan could not long keep up his authority over Telingana. Though vanquished, the Velamas did not tamely submit to his rule. They gave him trouble continuously until at last they succeeded, with the help of Kapileswara Gajapati, King of Orissa and Kalinga, in ejecting him completely. Kapileswara was the most powerful Hindu monarch of his day. He was an able general, and he reduced to subjection the whole of the east coast between the Ganges and the Kaveri. He sent an army in 1460 A.D. to Telingana and having expelled the Bahmany Sultan made himself the master of the country. Though the Bahmanies, taking advantage of a civil war in Orissa after Kapileswara's death, managed to recover their lost dominion over Telingana for a short while, they were once again defeated and driven out by Purushottama Gajapati, son and successor of Kapileswara. From this time until nearly 1550 A.D. Telingana was under the Gajapati rule. But the war between Prataparudra Gajapati and Krishna Devaraya in the first quarter of the 16th century shook the Gajapati power to its foundations and it could not withstand the Muslim attack which came on top of it.

Sultan Quly Qutb Shah whom Mahmud Shah Bahmany II appointed as the Governor of Golconda asserted his independence in 1506 A.D. and founded the Qutb Shahi dynasty which ruled over Telingana up to 1680 until it was overthrown by the Mughal emperor Aurangzeb. Though the kingdom of Golconda was very limited in extent in the early years of Quly Qutb Shah, it rapidly grew in size. Taking advantage of the disorder and confusion prevailing in the Gajapati dominions as a consequence of the Vijayanagara invasion under Krishna Devaraya, Quly Qutb Shah attacked the Gajapati possessions in Telingana and succeeded towards the close of his reign in bringing the whole country under his control. His successors followed in his footsteps, and by the middle of the 17th century they made themselves masters of the entire Telugu country.

The Qutb Shahis were the most enlightened of the Muslim dynasties that ever ruled in India. They identified themselves with the people over whom they bore sway. They did not discriminate against their Hindu subjects but allowed them almost all the privileges enjoyed by the Mussalmans. They threw open all offices in the State to the Hindus and encouraged art and learning. The Hindu subjects of the Qutb Shahis enjoyed greater religious freedom than their coreligionists elsewhere under Muslim rule. It was the enlightened policy adopted by the Qutb Shahis that offended Aurangzeb more than anything else. He was particularly incensed against Tana Shah, the last Qutb Shahi king, for the tolerance and liberal policy adopted by him in dealing with the Hindus. To overthrow the rule of this pro-Kafir dynasty, and establish an obscurantist Islamic Government based on the Shariat, Aurangzeb invaded the Qutb Shahi dominions in 1680 A.D. and having vanquished Tana Shah in battle and immured him in prison, he annexed them to the Mughal empire. As the kingdoms of Ahmadnagar and Bijapur were already conquered by the Mughal

emperor, his authority extended practically over the whole of India.

Though Aurangzeb overthrew the Deccani Muhammadan kingdoms, he never succeeded in bringing them effectively under his control. Instead of orderly government, confusion and disorder prevailed everywhere. In vain, he strove hard to put down the elements of anarchy; but he failed miserably. When he died in 1707 A.D., Governors of provinces and local chiefs asserted their independence. Chin Kilich Khan, better known as Asaf Jah Nizam-ul-Mulk, who made himself master of the Mughal possessions in the Deccan and South India, declared his independence in 1724 A.D. and thus laid the foundations of the present Hyderabad State. He was the son of a Turani adventurer who came to India to seek his fortune. He distinguished himself under Aurangzeb who made him the premier peer of the realm. Asaf Jah became the Nazir of Muhammad Shah in 1722 A.D. and unable to check the disintegration of the empire, he retired to the Deccan of which he was the Viceroy and asserted, as stated already, his independence two years later.

As the Viceroy of the Deccan, the authority of Asaf Jah extended over the whole of the Deccan and the South. The Nawabs of the Carnatic, Cuddapah and Kurnool were subjected to his control. The Asaf Jahis could not long keep their hold on this extensive territory. The Mahrattas in the north and the west, and the Sultans of Mysore in the south, did not leave them in the undisturbed possession of their territories. The Mahrattas deprived them of their possessions in the northern Karnataka, and the Sultans of Mysore conquered Cuddapah and Kurnool. Helped by the French and the English East India Company, the Nawabs of the Carnatic severed their connection with the Asaf Jahis.

The Asaf Jahi dynasty survived more on account of historical circumstances than their own military strength or the excellence of their government. Viewed from the

standpoint of military power, they ranked last. The system of government favoured by them had always been medieval feudalism in which the faithful bossed over the infidels. The Government of the Nizam was modelled on the degenerate Mughal administrative system. The Nizam's power was assailed from the beginning by the Mahrattas, and it would have been destroyed in the 18th century but for the help of the East India Company.

The character of the Nizam's Government remains in all its essential characteristics what it was in the 18th century. His Exalted Highness still governs his subjects, 90 per cent of whom are Hindus, with the help of a handful of Muslim nobles. Like the medieval Indian Muslim rulers, he still recruits his forces from foreign Muslim adventurers. His Government is still supported by the Afghan, Arab, and Irani soldiers whom he enlists in his service. He gives large donations from his treasury to Muslim religious and educational institutions outside his dominions allowing the non-Muslim religious institutions to fall into ruin and keeping deliberately his non-Muslim subjects ill-educated and ignorant. From a linguistic point of view, Hyderabad is a heterogeneous State. The people of the State speak three languages: nearly two-thirds of the people speak Telugu, the rest speak Kannada and Maharashtra. Nevertheless the State language is Urdu, the language of the 8 per cent Muslim section of the population. The Nizam has never made any attempt to win the love of the non-Muslim subjects whom he treats as hewers of wood and drawers of water to the Muslim minority. The tyranny of a small religious minority over an overwhelming majority of the population has no place in the modern democratic age. This is, however, the type of government which some 'democratic' Englishmen want to perpetuate in the Indian Union. If the Nizam does not submit to the will of his people, he should not be allowed to rule. It is time that a serious attempt is made to put an end to his dynasty.

## RETIREMENT

by ACHYUTA

**RETIREMENT!** For the ill in body, for the weary, a vision of release. For the fit, for the strong, a dark shadow approaching too swiftly. For men like C. V. Raman who can transcend time and place and even opportunity, a new life beginning of further usefulness to the world.

But what a strange wastage of faculty and talent we have here in India. We bear with men in their youth and ignorance, we put up with their blunders and carry on, costly as they may be to us. But when they have really reached an age of discretion and mellowed wisdom, when they could recompense us for the inadequacy of their youthful years by fine service to school, court, or state—we retire them.

The ludicrously early retirement age of 55 is perhaps a heritage of the old days when all the offices requiring wisdom and skill were held by our foreign rulers. Naturally since they must not be forced to stay away from "home" too long, provision had to be made that they should return at an age when they could give the wisdom acquired abroad to their Motherland in further service on the home shores.

But all is changed now. Our officers, our teachers, our judges are home and that home needs their ripest judgment, their greatest administrative skill, their most penetrating understanding.

With one manifesto our Government appeals for emergency enlistment to fill the administrative jobs left vacant by our British friends who have now gone home. But at the same time do we raise the retirement age and draft those who are experienced and wise in India's service to stay longer to train these immature juniors? No, we are still letting men go who ache to continue at their posts. If, as the manifesto says, this is a time of emergency as in time of war, emergency age limits should recede and men remain at their work.

In China a man apologizes for his "insignificant age", if you ask him, unless he is at least over fifty, and each decade brings with it after fifty a greater respect for his counsel.

Of course we know that some of the greatest work in India has been done by these same men who, refusing to be retired, have served in honorary capacity in many private and public enterprises. But fifty-five should be an age of optional retirement only. When a man is fit and strong and at the peak of his intellectual capacities, he should be at the disposal of his country's need.

That is one side of the picture. Retirement for the poor is a far more tragic individual problem. Trembling with fear the worker approaches the dreaded age. If he is a Government servant he will be given a small pension which barely suffices to hold together body and soul.

If he has not even the security of Government pension, then God help him. Of what use can the small gratuity given by some private concerns be to a man who has been already half-starved on a wage which gave no chance to save a pie? Even that wage disappears while still sons have not finished schooling and daughters are not yet married.

All other countries are attempting to bring security to their poor. Let us not say in India that nothing can be accomplished, for we are too poor, until every resource has been exhausted. There have been past civilizations where the first care of the state was the aged, the sick, and the education and upbringing of the young. Why should we not do as much?

Poverty breeds poverty, squalor misery, and "the tears of the weak undermine the seat of the strong", say the sages. Let us strive to make of retirement a thing to be welcomed for the poor. Let all our people have reason to be proud and happy in their new Indian citizenship.

## VILLAGE INDUSTRIES AND THEIR FUTURE

by J. C. KUMARAPPA

(Secretary, All India Village Industries Association)

**I**T is almost a year since a popular government took control of the administration of India. During this period a great deal has been said about the industrial policy and the future development of the country, but it seems as though there has not been a comprehensive view of the place that industries should occupy in our life. Most of the so-called planning has been from the point of view of material production and the conception of the standard of life has been one in which the material wants are increased artificially. Even the material production aimed at has been of a desultory nature, as there has not been an underlying philosophy of life behind this planning.

It is necessary for us to have a clear conception of the type of the social order we envisage. The economic, social, and political structure will have to take its shape with this goal in view. Only then will there be co-ordination in the different departments of life.

As it is, for instance, the Educational Department is planning a curriculum which will probably have nothing whatever to do with life in India. They may plan on the lines laid down for English life in Oxford or Cambridge. Similarly, the industrialists are keen on introducing largescale industries to produce radios, railways and aeroplanes while the bulk of the people are starving and are underclad. Planning must be rational and the central figure in all planning must be the villager as we find him in India. Unless this pivot it clearly set out our whole effort will be in vain. Any planning which deserves to be called planning will therefore have to be set in such a way as to meet the needs of the people of our country. In such a plan there will be room for all manner of co-operation

between units which will ultimately relieve the distress and poverty that stalk the land today.

The method of production, distribution and consumption should be related to the conditions prevailing in our land. In a country which is largely agricultural and where the people are living on the barest minimum of food, rational planning should centre round agriculture which should have, as its main feature, the production of food and raw materials for clothing. All exploitation of the soil for industrial purposes, such as production of sugarcane for the mills, oil seeds for foreign trade, tobacco for export, long staple cotton for the textile mills, should be brought under a separate and distinctive department which will not receive the priority and support of government attention and finance.

The people's food will then be ensured as land will be allocated to grow such materials as are needed by the people, not only for current use, but also sufficient materials for building up a reserve for one or two years. After providing for these, surplus land can be utilised for industrial exploitation.

With the advent of quick transportation along with the expansion of credit and monetary exchange, the tendency has been to utilise land for trade and commerce rather than for food materials. This is one of the great factors behind our shortage of necessities in India. Until this mis-use of land is set right, no amount of propaganda on growing more food will solve the problem.

Having ensured the production of food materials, the next item on our programme should be to process these agricultural products so as to meet the actual needs of the masses. This will bring us to what are termed

agro-industries for processing cereals and other food products ready for the market. The form that these industries should take will be determined by the conditions prevailing in our country. It is a well known fact that there is a considerable amount of under-employment along with a great deal of unemployment. The labour power of the people is lying unused. We also have a shortage of capital in our country. These factors immediately indicate that our method of food processing should utilise the spare hours of our people without calling for much investment on plant or machinery. This deduction will put out of count rice mills and flour mills in rural parts as also sugar mills and textile mills for producing articles for the rural market. At the present moment what with the rationing system and the various controls, the mills have had free play and people have got accustomed to lazy habits. If this is allowed to continue our country will be demoralised and ultimately ruined. Our method of meeting our wants should be such as to put every able-bodied person into gainful occupations. "Gainful" does not mean that which brings the largest monetary return but the best utilisation of our resources to the advantage of society in general.

#### MEASURE OF VALUES

The introduction of the western type of industrialisation has brought with it various standards of value which are a misfit in our country. People ask whether village industries can stand competition; whether village industries products can be made cheaply; whether village industries would provide leisure; whether village industries will satisfy all our needs. These and such like questions confuse issues by the use of false standards. We have to choose definitely our measures of value in keeping with the goal we seek. In a social order built on the family pattern these criteria will find no place. In a home nobody would ask whether the food cooked by the mother is made up of the cheapest materials or whether the

cost of it will stand competition with the adulterated stuff that is obtainable from the roadside hotels and coffee-clubs. There is no question whatever that the mother produces "for use" and not "for exchange". Her main considerations are cleanliness and not saving of labour, nutritive food and not mere quantities, wholesome materials and not the cheapest available stuff. The application of standards which prevail in the market to appraise the mother's work is therefore unrealistic and unscientific. The principles that apply to products meant for use are different from those that govern products which are meant mainly for trade purposes. Hence village industries which will be the basis of the occupation of our people will have to be such as to utilise the labour and skill available with the least amount of investment in capital expenditure, and produce goods that will satisfy the needs of the people. These will have to be

**But... have you tried NIRMAL GLASSES**



**NIRMAL GLASS WORKS LTD.**  
PALAVAKKOT MALARAR

planned and set in their positions by an over-all consideration of the value of one industry in relation to another.

From this it will be seen that the future of our village industries will not only be great but they will also have to play a pivotal part in producing a culture which will stand the test of time. Mere production in large quantities will not make a people great. Amassing of material goods will not conduce to a people's happiness. Feverish haste in organising production will not bring peace to the world. If we aim at peace and prosperity to the general mass of the people it can only be through a properly conceived method of production and distribution with a guaranteed rational consumption.

One of the criticisms frequently levelled against village industries is that the prices of products by village methods are high compared with those of articles produced by standardised mass production machinery. This contention is based on a wrong appreciation of the situation. Centralised industries accumulate wealth. In such cases keeping the prices low would mean cutting down either the cost of the raw materials, which is a very difficult proposition, or the profits of management. The latter course is desirable. That being so, low prices of products of centralised industries are to be aimed at as a restriction on the accumulation of wealth.

#### HIGH AND LOW PRICES

In the case of village industries, on the other hand, as there is no entrepreneur to afford an elastic element, cutting down the price would mean lowering the wages. In other words, restricting distribution of wealth which is an unhealthy process in any society. Hence while we may work towards low prices in products of centralised industries our aim should be high prices for products of village industries and where the market is limited, as is the case for products of village industries, high prices will not bring hardship on the artisans because it will be distributing wealth from hand to

hand. High price of a charkha will mean higher wages to the carpenter and the blacksmith, who would be able to pay higher prices for their cloth and food materials and so the wealth that is produced circulates freely with high prices in village industries, provided of course the economic unit is not pierced into by outside elements which work under different principles of production. If India is to be enriched it will only be through a better distribution of wealth. As it is, the poverty of the villager is in no small measure due to the parasitic tendencies of middlemen and urban organisations draining out the wealth from the villager through the mechanism of money and transport organisation. We have to sterilise these two instruments of exploitation if we aim at conserving the wealth produced in rural areas for the rural people.

Apart from these purely economic considerations which will bring prosperity to the people of our land, there are also other moral and spiritual considerations which will again

#### YOUR LUCK 1948

Name of any flower together with your name and address and we will send you for Rs. 2/8 only detailed account of your forthcoming 12 months, showing among other things profit and loss in business, promotion, transfer in service, birth, marriage, happiness and bodily ailments and direction will be sent to safeguard yourself from the evil influence of the stars. A trial will convince you of the accuracy of our prophecies. Correspondence must be in English. SHRI SWAMI YOGI RAJ, Jotishh Ashram, (S.M.) Phagwara.

**Kapurthala State**  
(Punjab)

give the place of pride to village industries.

It is not generally understood that Gandhiji's devotion to truth and non-violence led him to sponsor village industries. According to his analysis our life under the regime of centralised industries is drifting towards more and more violence and greater and greater untruth. If this trend is to be checked or to be altered it can only be done by the help of village industries and the self-sufficiency scheme.

When a drunkard takes his earnings to the toddy shop and gets intoxicated, there is violence and dishonesty in his deed. His wife and children have a right to his earnings. He is depriving them of these and so there is dishonesty and untruth in his action. He loses his rational life and so does violence to himself. A devotee of Truth and Non-violence, therefore, will work for prohibition to realise Truth and Non-violence in the daily life of the people.

It is in this way that everyone of the eighteen items on the Constructive Programme has come into existence as an expression of Gandhiji's ideals. Thus it is that Gandhiji brings his teachings into practice. This is his unique contribution.

Just as the drunkard introduces violence and untruth into his everyday life, every one of us unconsciously becomes a party to a violent and untruthful life. It is not so easy to see the beam in our own eyes as it is to see the mote in those of the drunkards. We have got so accustomed to our humdrum life that we rarely stop to consider the normal consequences of each one of our acts. Some even resent the application of any moral values to economic transactions. One thing that distinguishes a man from brute beasts is his ability to recognise rights and duties to his fellow creatures and his understanding of spiritual and cultural values.

It is common knowledge that milk is mostly obtained from milkmen who neither allow enough for the calf nor even provide for their own children. They extract every drop of milk from the cow, sell it away and perhaps give their children a little tea which is cheaper.

Let us examine the moral implications of this transaction both as regards the milkman and his customer. He deprives the calf of its right and probably causes it to starve and die of malnutrition. In this he is guilty of both dishonesty and violence. He deprives his children of their due. Again he is both dishonest and violent, and cheats them of their rightful food—milk—and substitutes the stimulant—tea.

The customer who buys this milk takes over the guilt of the milkman, though he may not have performed the deeds himself. The passing of money between the customer and the milkman makes no difference to the moral setting of the transaction.

The solution offered by Gandhiji is perfectly simple. Use only goods manufactured within the range of your knowledge and by methods easily understood by you. This is the meaning of the programme of self-sufficiency through the organisation of village and cottage industries prescribed by Gandhiji to meet the situation. This will not only absolve us from participating in the terrific violence and untruth that prevails in the present day society but it will also lead the war stricken world from destruction to the fuller realisation of all that is noble in man.

Thus village industries have a great future before them looked at from the point of view of their rightful place in the whole economic organisation of the country. They fit in with conditions prevailing in our country—scarcity of capital and abundance of labour and skill.

—N.P.S. (Copyright).

## WALTER DE LA MARE

by ROY CAMPBELL

THE *Tribute to Walter de la Mare* with which the poet's admirers have commemorated his 75th birthday this year can be considered more in the light of an anthology than a collection of mere ceremonial panegyrics.

Unlike most living writers, but like his great contemporary the late W. B. Yeats, Walter de la Mare developed independently of the frantic controversies which have raged between the various schools of literature since he first became known, and which may be said to be the distinguishing mark of this century in English literature.

De la Mare, like W. B. Yeats, as this volume (published by Faber, 15s.) shows, seems to have been accepted alike by the most conservative and the most modernistically revolutionary of contemporary writers; and both camps, if they never agreed on any point before, are at least united here in their admiration for the veteran poet.

This in itself would be a singular honour indeed; but where we find writers so different in their outlook, style and function, as the Poet Laureate John Masefield, Lord David Cecil, Graham Greene, Edmund Blunden, C. Day Lewis, Dr. Marie Stopes, Sir Edward Marsh, J. B. Priestley, Ralph Hodgson, E. V. Knox, Gilbert Frankau, Henry Williamson, Robert Lynd and others, from the starkly highbrow to the frankly popular, all incongruously bound together in gratitude, affection and admiration, we realise that de la Mare has achieved something like a miracle not only on the plane of creative literature but on the human plane of friendship. For if there is one note that rings through even the driest of these appreciations, it is a note of personal affection which it is quite as much of a triumph to have aroused as is the admiration for his great gifts, which is the main motive of this book.

The chief quality in de la Mare's work is a kind of weird beauty such as you get in the old ballads of the Scottish Border, and also in Coleridge's *Kubla Khan* and *The Ancient Mariner* and (more fitfully again) in *Christabel*. It reproduces a sensation to which one was accustomed in childhood while listening to tales of ghosts and fairies; but it reproduces this sensation in the adult, and it is a highly exciting and pleasurable sensation.

How de la Mare produces this sensation defies analysis though several of his admirers have tried to explain his magic in this book. Edgar Allan Poe often attempted in verse and once or twice succeeded in his prose, in creating this strange, hypnotic atmosphere.

De la Mare does it partly by sheer verbal music, a music which sometimes borders on silence itself; but his visual imagery is as exquisite as the verbal music to which he sets it. He uses none of the stage effects that Poe, for instance, uses to evoke his melancholy and dreamy beauty. Out of the mere image of a man riding up at night to an empty house, hammering at the door, addressing the shadows in the empty house to the effect that he has "come again a second time" and then riding away again into the night, Mr. de la Mare, in what is perhaps his best known poem, "The Traveller", can send such a shudder of mystery along one's spine as would be impossible to derive from any other poem of the same brevity in almost any language whatever.

De la Mare is as deadly sure of his effect as if he were handling some modern streamlined machine, yet strangely enough he appears to affect a somewhat archaic and old-fashioned diction; an apparent affectation entirely justified by the results. He is one of the few poets of this century writing in English who can be sure, with Hardy and Yeats, of literary immortality.

# 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.

## "Cause of Abnormal Prices"

Mr. V. N. Rao in his Letter to the Editor in SWATANTRA of June 26, appearing under the above title, places the responsibility for the abnormal prices of foodgrains on the agriculturist and blames him of having "no heart or eyes". But what are the facts? It is not the ryot who is selling the foodgrains "at three or four times the Government rate" but a middleman, a merchant or a millowner. It is a fact that very few urban citizens purchase foodgrains directly from a ryot. An ordinary ryot has not any chance to hoard, since the pile of debts forces him to dispose of his produce in the harvest season itself for prices lower than the Government rates. Of course there are landlords and zamindars who own thousands of acres who can hoard, but they are not ryots—they never till the land. For them land is only an investment. It is this section whom our friend Mr. Rao wrongly calls ryots who are "taking to the joys of city life and idleness." Just as a textile-worker is not responsible for the high prices of cloth, so the ryot is not responsible for that of foodgrains. The men who can invest money do the mischief in both the cases.

Mr. Rao proposes that the State should take up agricultural operations if the ryots non-co-operate. It is not the ryots who are non-co-operating but the capitalists. The latest proof of this fact was in the case of cloth decontrol. This capitalist class is the common enemy of the consumers and of the real producers.

B. V. RANGARAO

Kodur.

## Nominated District Boards

It is a pity that the Congress Ministry is following the policy of Advisers' regime in resorting to nominated Boards instead of elected Boards.

The proposed District Board is smaller than the Advisers' Board. The fun of it is that, the President also is to be nominated, though popular M.L.A's. and M.L.C's. will be members. This will result in recommendations, requests and threats to the blessed Minister or Officer, whoever is in charge of the nomination.

The proposal is coming for discussion in the ensuing session of the Assembly. The Public is anxiously waiting to see the legislators' interpretation of democracy.

P. THIMMA REDDY  
Vice-President,

Andhra Provincial Congress Committee.  
Cuddapah.

## Sterling Balances

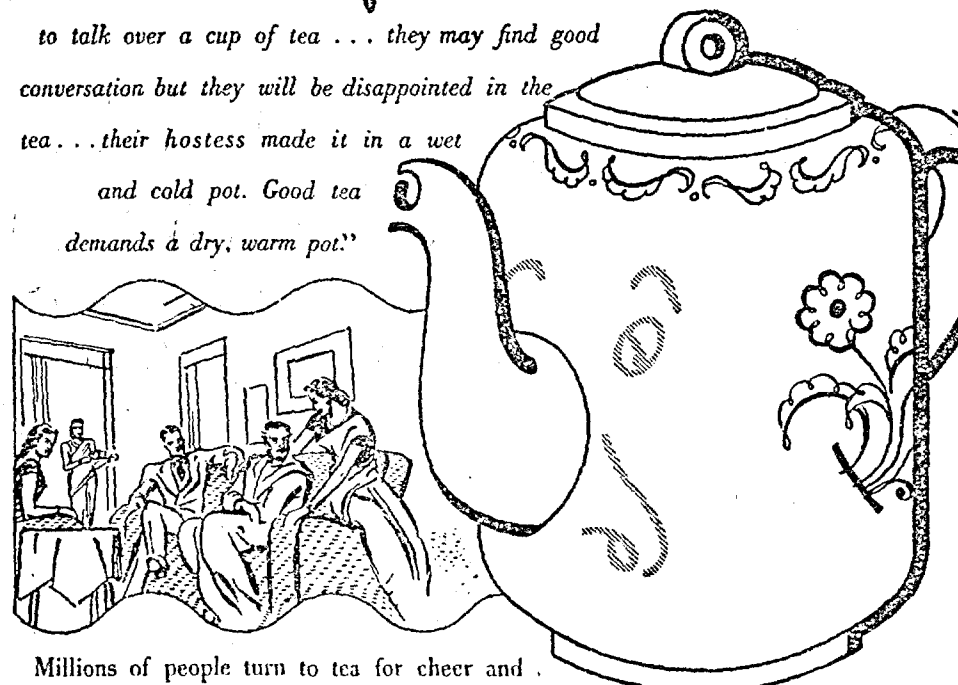
Further negotiations on our sterling balances may well be postponed sine die since the prevailing price levels and exchange rates are none too favourable to India. The present free exchange rates between the currencies of India and Britain, Britain and America and India and America are so very unstable and speculative that it is not worth while to agree to a longterm settlement. It would adversely affect our balance of payments. Secondly, at the present inflated price level, we will not be able to obtain as much goods as we could during normal conditions, when the purchasing power of sterling or dollar would be enormously greater than it is today.

If the much-talked-about global clash is averted and peace established, there is a possibility of many countries, including America and Britain, returning to the Gold Standard since, after the war, the total volume of gold in the world has increased considerably. At any rate, America would return to the Gold Standard since at present she seems to possess a large volume of the yellow metal. Many countries will then follow suit. With the establishment of the Gold Standard, the exchange rate between national currencies can be laid down rigidly between narrow limits and also accurately and fairly, so that wild speculation as to exchange rates would become impossible. Under such circumstances, India would, if she too adopted the Gold Standard, gain not a little.

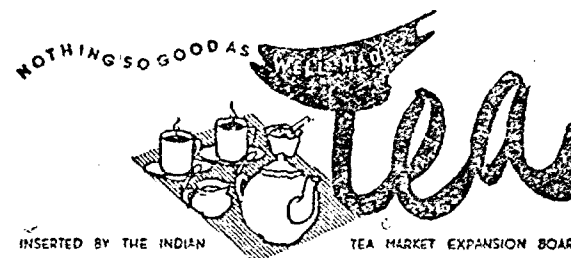
Moreover, Britain is at present in a precarious condition. After the injection of Marshall aid doses, she will have established her economy on a footing strong enough to enable her to honour her obligation to India. This point is especially important since Mr. Churchill

# 66 The guests have come ...

to talk over a cup of tea ... they may find good conversation but they will be disappointed in the tea ... their hostess made it in a wet and cold pot. Good tea demands a dry, warm pot."



Millions of people turn to tea for cheer and refreshment. How sad then that so many who drink tea do not know what good tea is. Good tea costs no more and is the result of observing five simple rules. To get the full value for your money and the full flavour of your tea learn these rules by heart and see that they are always followed in your home.



INSERTED BY THE INDIAN

TEA MARKET EXPANSION BOARD

## THE FIVE SIMPLE RULES

1. Use only freshly drawn and freshly boiled water.
2. Warm the pot before use.
3. Use one teaspoonful of good tea for every person served and one for the pot.
4. Let the tea infuse for 3 to 5 minutes before serving.
5. Add milk in the cup, not in the pot.

A free booklet 'TIPS ON TEA' may be had in either English, Bengali, Hindi, Urdu or Tamil on application to the Commissioner, Indian Tea Market Expansion Board, 101, Netaji Subhas Road, Post Box No. 2172 Calcutta.



and his friends, and other sections in England too, have raised the demand for scaling down of the sterling debt. It is gratifying that our Finance Minister has firmly said that there can be no question of scaling down a debt that has been built up at great sacrifice. Already the issue of paper currency (against the backing of the sterling debt in question) has proved disastrous in its inflationary effects. If, now, the sterling balances are scaled down, the effect of such an act on our monetary system would be terrible to contemplate. What happened in Germany after the last war and what now obtains in Kuomintang China will be re-enacted on a larger scale in India.

K. V. VARADACHARI

#### Ill-timed Repression

The Madras Government have chosen a very wrong and dangerous time to launch an oppressive campaign against the Communists. It is neither political sagacity nor good democracy to squander the energies of the Government in a campaign against internal opposition when the trend of Indo-Hyderabad affairs is indicating armed conflict with a neighbouring State. Those against whom the ordinance-war is being waged are the only people who have been carrying on an effective fight against the Nizam. They have even challenged the sovereignty of the Nizam in some areas of Hyderabad. How tremendously effective it would have been if our State Congressmen agreed to make a united effort with the Communists to throw off the Nizam!

K. SATYA SUBRAHMANYAM  
Rajahmundry.

#### Red Tape

In the Cheyyar taluk of North Arcot district, the rules and regulations issued by the Revenue Department are always

either ignored or lethargically followed.

In a case where there are more than one heir to a deceased pattadar, registry has been ordered only in respect of one member of the family ignoring the existence of the other two legal heirs. And this remains uncorrected even after being pointed out to the authorities. Though under the rules the benign Government have ordered the issue of advances under the Takkavi Manual, an application filed months back on 20-10-1947 remains undisposed of, though the rules contemplate disposal of applications either way within a month of their receipt.

'FAIR PLAY'

#### Decontrol of Foodstuffs And After

Is India really free? This is the question that haunts the man-in-the-street. Ever since the advent of Freedom, the common man has lost interest in living. To feel the air of political freedom, one should be able to find enough food for his stomach. Otherwise political freedom is a farce and a mockery.

The Provincial Governments, whether in Madras or elsewhere, are headed by selfish, parochial, communal and sectarian politicians. The decontrol of food stuffs has only brought the common man a step nearer the grave. Sugar which was selling at 11 to 14 annas a viss is now sold at Rs. 1-11 to 1-13 per viss. Rice is controlled at about 12 to 14 annas a measure. In decontrolled areas, it is selling at Rs. 1-8 to Rs. 2. A State is morally bound to relieve the suffering of the inhabitants. Failure to do so will result in the ejection of the ruling power either by democratic means or by undemocratic means.

R. N. RAO

For TUBERCULOSIS Consult

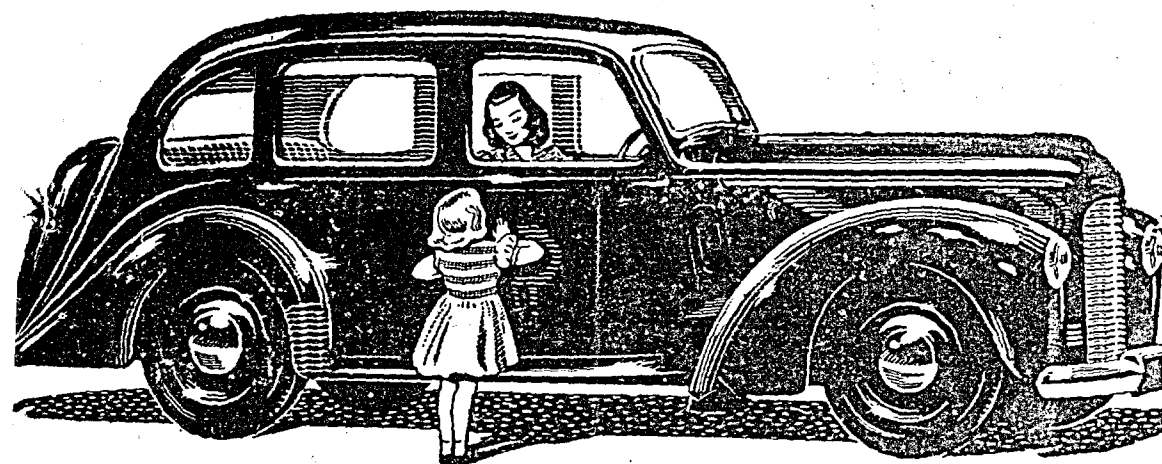
Dr. A. C. Raja Kannappan  
SON OF

Devi Pandit A. C. CUNNAPPA MUDALIAR

Tubercular Clinic

No. 3. A Madhavakam Tank Road Kilpauk P.O. MADRAS.

Consult. 9 to 10 a.m.



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.

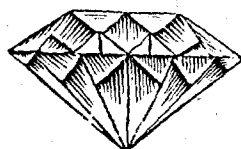
Branches: BANGALORE, OOTACAMUND, TRICHY.

**TO-DAY'S FRIEND**

**TO-MORROW'S NOBODY.**

Multi-pervading 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 part-time job for any person in any walk of life, be he the Peer or the Rich. Mere airy and tairy 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.**

23-1-85  
22.2.95  
12/6/25  
22/9/25