

Swatantra

1948

vol.

July - ~~3~~ 31, 24, 25

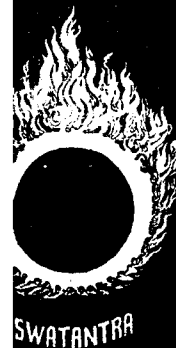


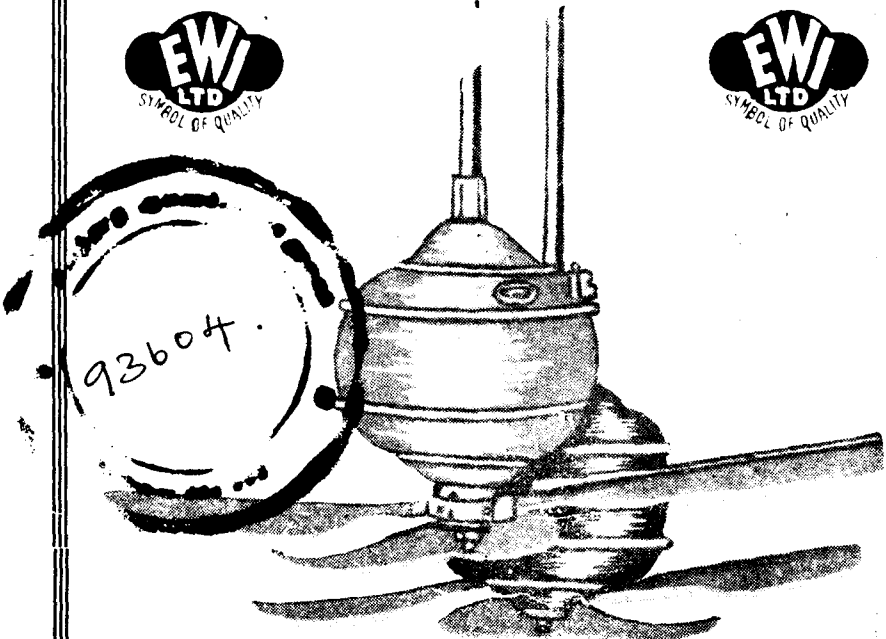
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SWATANTRA

EDITOR: KHASA SUBBA RAO




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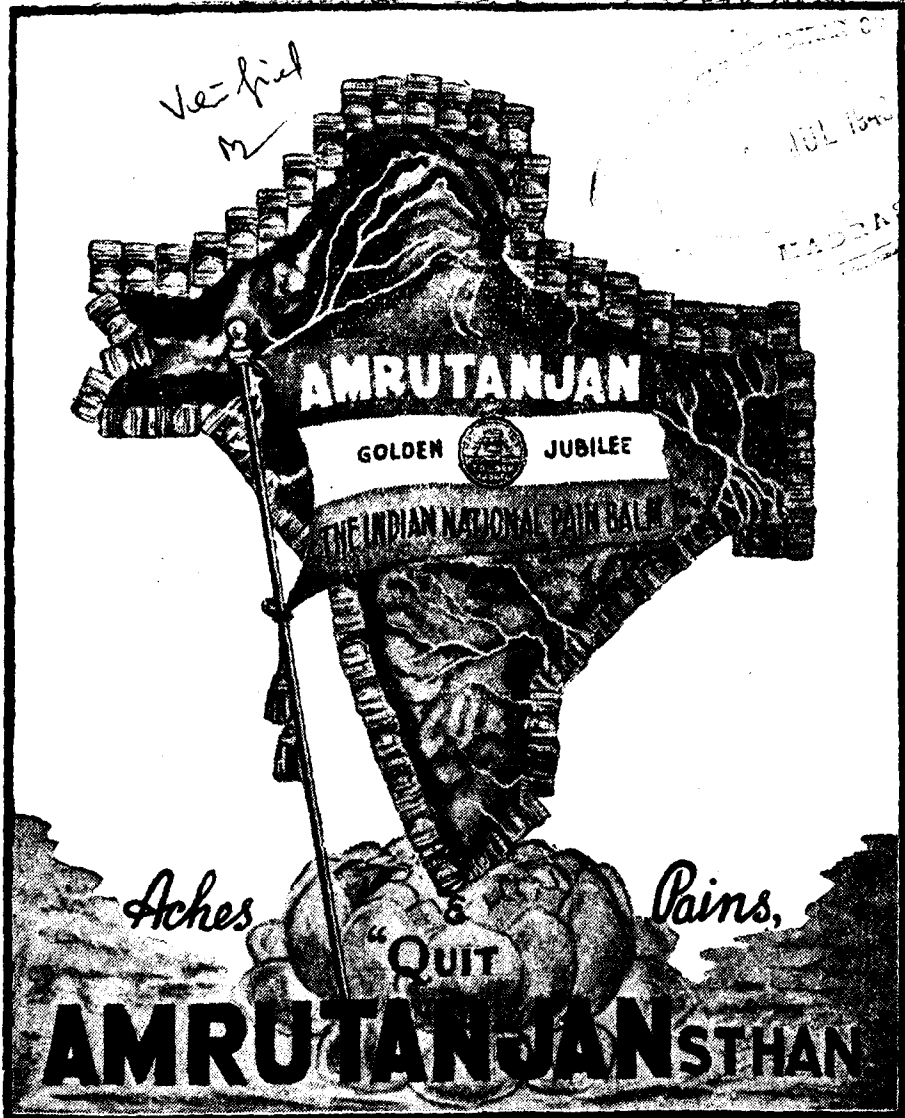
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SWATANTRA

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SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1948

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SWATANTRA

VOL. III
No. 21

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1948

ISSUED
WEEKLY

REFORM THROUGH THREATS

IN a speech at Vellore opening the North Arcot District Political Conference, Premier Omandur Ramaswami Reddiar lamented that Congressmen did not help officials in making prohibition a success and the officials also did not play their part satisfactorily. Why do Congressmen not help officials and why do the officials not play their part satisfactorily? The Premier did not care to consider these questions but he seemed to think that the remedy lay in levying punitive fines "over the whole village". The ruler who imposes punitive fines on all and sundry when his plans and projects miscarry is like the teacher who inflicts corporal punishment on an unresponsive pupil who fails to grasp his teaching. Both are uninspiring specimens. In both cases others are punished for one's own fault; and severity and arrogance are miserably mistaken for efficiency and exhibited as such. The tendency to blame others when things go wrong is a very dangerous one when indulged in by those whose duty lies in seeing that they do not go wrong; for they are apt to search for scapegoats to punish, when disaster comes, and seek the solution of all evils in impressive extensions of harshness that leave their primary root causes completely untouched. The chronic habit of blaming others has led our Premier to think that the failure of rains is in a way due to the excessive sins committed by people. The modern method when rains fail is

to seek to discover why they have failed and scientists are reported to have made good progress in the art of inducing rain to come when required. Primitive man, lacking knowledge for intelligent comprehension of natural phenomena, sought refuge in superstition, and it was one of the superstitions of the pre-scientific past that rains would fail and famine and pestilence take their toll when people sinned. If the regimes of the present day are to be fashioned on the pattern of ancient superstitions resuscitated from the dead past, the whole machinery of modern science as a means of social benefit will have to be abandoned, and our Premier, after closing down irrigation works and engineering colleges, will have to go out in search of a Rishyasringa to appease the hurt gods and bring rain down to the parched earth. But even when weighed in the scales of primitive superstition, the sins of the people cannot be treated as more deleterious in their effects than the sins of the rulers. From the "people" the ruler is not excluded. On the other hand, a graver responsibility is imposed on him. In the traditional concept of sin, when it results in harm, it is traced to the ruler first before humbler people are called to account.

The practice of brandishing threats against people in general when the administration fails in carrying out a declared policy is not a civilized one according to



"Dr. S. Gurubatham, Eye Specialist, Vellore, has been appointed a Minister of the Madras Government."—
News item

modern standards. Nor can it pass muster these days by claiming the sanction of primitive superstition. If Congressmen have not helped officials in making prohibition a success and if the officials have not played their part satisfactorily, the remedy is not the imposition of collective punitive fines on people helplessly subject to the administrative jurisdiction of the Premier. Even if Sri Omandur strains all his power to the utmost to levy the maximum possible aggregate of collective fines on the largest number of people conceivable, it will not improve the cause of prohibition to the slightest extent. Both Congressmen and officials have lost the faculty of promoting popular benefit; and in whatever manner the reality might be camouflaged, it is wrong leadership that is to blame. The influence of Congressmen was built up in the past on principles of non-communal dedication to national welfare, and while they preserved the integrity of such principles, they commanded the respect of people, and movements like prohibition taken up by them found cordial support in the responsive allegiance of millions of people profoundly moved by their teachings. But on the accession of Congress to power, here at any rate in Madras, the principles on which the Congress rose to power were discarded. The spirit of non-communal identification with national purposes disappeared. We have now representatives of exclusive categories such as Andhra, Tamil, Brahmin, Non-Brahmin, adorning the provincial Congress hierarchy, but few relying on commonalty of Congress objectives as a cementing bond of fraternity. The Congress camp has dissolved into hostile groups charged with rancour and hatred. The ruling group is more closely knit with non-Congress parties that fought the Congress in every past election and even thwarted the cause of freedom, than with the

other groups in the Congress fold. In the moment of the political victory of the Congress over British power, it is the spirit of the old discredited Justice Party that got under the skins of the Congress leaders in control of provincial administration, and though Congress in name, the Ministry is actuated by the Justice spirit in all essential particulars. Sri Omandur's periodical theoretical outbursts against communalism do not make him any the less a communalist. The plain truth of the matter is that our Ministers have renounced the right of comprehensive popular guardianship. They have abandoned the duty of serving all people impartially and started a system of power groups for maintaining their claims to political importance. In this process they have lost their power of efficacious appeal to the common man. The common man no longer looks upon the Congressman in office as a leader or friend. He looks upon him as one who has turned politics into a very good business. In the prevailing atmosphere of self-seeking, moral appeals from ruling Congressmen cut no ice, but the Premier, unable to grasp the reality of the situation, hopes to make people give up drink with threats.

As for officials, how can they be expected to work satisfactorily under a regime like the present? Efficiency in the public services cannot be maintained in the absence of proper recognition for merit. It can no longer be said of the administrative services of the province that good work is appreciated and suitably rewarded. Recruitment and promotion are to a very large extent based on communal considerations. The attitude of devotion to work and of dependence on conscientious exertion for winning recognition and reward has received a serious set-back. Aspirants to coveted posts have taken to cultivating the favour of a com-

munal godfather as the sole means of gratifying their ambitions. Merit as such is orphaned. In the atmosphere of chaos and confusion caused by the abandonment of standards of fairness and uniformity, there has been disruption in the integrity of the services. Officials look to communal tin-gods for all favours and are fast losing faith in diligence and honest work.

Sound administration resolves itself on analysis into the rendering of even justice between man and man. Communalism and justice are incompatible. Rampant communalism, gravely interfering with the capacity of officials for justice and impartiality, has undermined popular respect for the administration, and its evil effects are registered in corruption, inefficiency and waste. All the grand plans of the Ministry for supposed public benefit will remain theoretical and unfulfilled, unless the effectiveness of the administrative machinery is safeguarded by means of a proper reliance on standards of fundamental justice untainted by the vicious virus of communalism. Fines will not repair the effects of bungling and incompetent leadership.

Linguistic Tyranny

A VERY large section of the population of Madras City consists of Telugus. It has been customary for many of the city schools to provide teaching in Telugu. But now under the impetus of the misguided cultural regionalism of Sri Avinashilingam Chettiar, Telugu is being eliminated from school after school in the city. Telugu residents are being deprived of immemorial facilities they have been enjoying for education of their children in their own mother-tongue. What is the object of this vendetta? The drive against Telugu for which the Minister for Education has made himself notorious,

does not seem to have been pursued by him with the same zeal against the other non-Tamil language of comparable importance in the area, Malayalam. In the Government Presidency Training School for Girls, while Telugu is to be removed, Malayalam is retained. It is right that it should be so retained. But there can be no excuse for the heartless manner in which the Minister has been abusing his authority to cause grave inconvenience to the Telugu section of the city population. In a composite province the Minister for Education should look to the educational needs of people of all languages, and in a cosmopolitan city like Madras, all residents are entitled to considerate treatment in the matter of the continuance of customary educational facilities. The indifference, or worse still, illwill evinced by the Education Minister towards Telugus is a measure of his unfitness to be allowed to continue in a position where he can with impunity harm them while administratively responsible for the safeguarding of their interests. A provincial Educational Minister has to look to the educational requirements of the people of the whole province without discrimination. If, instead of this, he identifies himself with smaller sects and imagines that their interests are best served by hurting others, then he has a soul too small for the range of multi-lingual provincial responsibility. Disfranchised Telugus under the present educational administration in the province cannot evidently turn to the Andhra Ministers for help. Their voice is too feeble and does not count, or they are too nervous of their positions to risk a clash with their more powerful colleagues in the Ministry. It is a pity that irrespective of regional affiliations there has not been enough good sense and fairmindedness in the Ministry as a whole to bring the aggressive sectionalism

of Sri Avinashi to some reasonable restraint. If the spirit of linguistic tyranny is allowed to run wild in this manner there can be neither inter-provincial harmony nor any progressive development of the culture of national unity. The outlook exemplified in the anti-Telugu policy of the Education Minister of Madras is an insult to the conception of national citizenship that the leaders of the nation profess to hold dear. The Centre should step forward as the guardian of victimised interests in misgoverned provinces.

Dangerous Innovation

THE name of the new Minister Sri Gurubatham was unknown to us as to most people when his appointment was announced. Subsequent enquiries have elicited information highly favourable to him. According to all reports received it would appear that he is a man of integrity, sincerity and unostentatious devotion to social welfare. For once an appointment has been made to ministerial office, free from the sickening calculations of how many votes it would bring to the elbow of the leader making it. For this act of commendable daring, Sri Oman-dur deserves credit, especially in the condition of unstable equilibrium to which his Ministry has been reduced after Dr. Subbaroyan's defection, despite the appearance of security masking its precarious fortunes. Whether Dr. Gurubatham will turn out to be an efficient Minister, none

can prophesy for certain. His record and experience belong to a much narrower sphere than that of the office to which he is now called. That it came to him without his seeking lifts it out of the mire of intrigue and clannish machinations that disfigures so large a terrain of our provincial politics, and to that extent gives him a worthy start that can in time be befittingly followed by worthier administrative fulfilment. The new appointment marks however a dangerous innovation. In a regime of avowed responsible government, constitutional propriety prescribes that the pathway of the legislature should be adhered to for reaching the goal of cabinet office. The ordained traditions of democratic government are violated when novices to public life are suddenly elevated to the level of Ministers through the easy short-cut of nomination in defiance of the plain intentions of the electoral system. It was not a healthy precedent that C.R. introduced when he made a Minister of Dr. Rajan while he had no seat in the legislature. The multiplication of unhealthy precedents is not a thing to be encouraged. After all the Government is not the Premier's patrimony. To elevate a whim into an all-sufficing reason for bestowing great power and high responsibility on the untried cannot be rated as wise or safe, especially when it entails ignoring the just claims of so many superiors of ampler service and more active experience.

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Sotto Voce

The New Look



TO an audience of headmasters our popular Minister of Education expounded the new evangel. One of the sparks he struck was the brilliant idea that Tiruvalluvar could be made the subject of a projected study. But it would be wrong to suspect him of an undue limitation of sympathies. For, he went on to draw up an impressive and representative list of great men who could be "projected". Pothana and Vemana, Akbar and Shivaji, and of course, Gandhiji could all help to make a pedagogic holiday.

Not content with throwing out the suggestion he indicated in a few broad strokes how Tiruvalluvar could be made to subserve the educational ideas of Kilpatrick. A whole class could fasten upon the poet for a period. "A few could learn the verses, others their substance, the artist could draw a picture of the saint, others could make cartoons. The whole class could think of Tiruvalluvar." After that entrancing picture of group activity how could you possibly doubt the Minister's triumphant conclusion that "such a class was bound to make much more progress than any amount of 'mugging the verses'?"

And yet rather illogically my mind reverts to the baleful picture of the traveller ant described by Arthur Schweitzer. On their great migrations these ants, we read, march five or six in perfect order. "All at once they break up the column and disperse.... Anyhow, in the twinkling of an eye a huge area is covered with a quivering, black mass, and

every living thing upon it is doomed. Even the great spiders in the trees cannot escape...." The poor shade of Tiruvalluvar might feel like those wretched spiders, pursued by the industrious all-devouring ants bent on making a "project" of him.

It is all very well for the artist to make a picture of the saint and for the others to make cartoons. The latter may be even more successful than the former, because they will have so much the less to go upon by way of fact. The artist might be constrained by his conscience to make a servile copy of the image in the temple at Mylapore. But the cartoonists can give free reign to their fancy and depict the author of the Kural as weaving at his loom, instructing kings in their craft, enlightening the gods on that little incident during the Great God's dance at Kailas which even "the Unwinking Ones" had overlooked. But, did the Minister stop to consider what the protagonists of Dravidistan might have to say?

Leaving aside those ill-conditioned folk, it is not easy for a pedestrian imagination like mine to visualise how exactly "the whole class could think of Tiruvalluvar." Seeing that no normal child can think of anything consecutively for two seconds, it seems rather ambitious to expect that forty of them could together achieve that *yoga samadhi* in which they will realise and be made one by the ineffable wisdom of the "Kural". But, then, possibly the Minister has in mind, not so much the unregene-

rate children of today, as the paragons that his revolutionary system of education is expected to hatch in a few years' time. Forty children thinking of Tiruvalluvar may then become as familiar a spectacle as forty head of cattle feeding like one.

But still one has doubts. The play way by itself may be all that is claimed for it by modern educationalists. And the "Kural", as taught by the old pandit class, may not have been wholly useless from the pedagogic point of view. But by combining the two, as the Minister suggests, we might end by making it neither fish nor flesh. Minakshisundaram Pillai would have bridled up at the bland suggestion that for some boys it would suffice if they just "learnt the substance" of the Kural—as if it were one of those ephemera prescribed for non-detailed study. Even the average school-master must be baffled by the strange enthusiasm that marks this lyrical outburst of an admirer of the Project Method: "No one knows,

not even the teacher, how exactly it will turn out; no one knows the answer, for in many cases there is not one."

It is part of the tragedy of our public life that in our anxiety to cultivate the "new look" we forget that we might seem a perfect fright to an amused world. Educational opinion in the West is coming to recognise that it is a dangerous heresy which discounts the need for discipline and the value of a hard core of knowledge acquired at an impressionable age. The "new education", which encourages infantile exhibitionism in the name of giving the child free scope for self-expression, is now seen as part of that escapism which breeds wars as surely as it is bred by them. As with tilth so it is with education. Unless you sow a bushel of good seed in a carefully prepared plot and pull up the tares as they come, it is the birds of the air that will benefit by your husbandry.

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SIDELIGHTS : :

No pain, no palm; no thorns, no throne; no gall, no glory; no cross, no crown.—PENN.

THE content of popular loyalty to leaders varies with each leader. In the case of Pandit Nehru deficiencies are willingly overlooked. People talk of his partiality for the Nehrus. But instead of being irritated, they make allowances for it. His handling of the Kashmir issue is not regarded as happy or skilful. Many are of the view that he has been bungling in his dealings with Hyderabad. His outlay on foreign embassies has not aroused enthusiasm. There is general scepticism about the national value of the embassies and disquiet over the mounting scale of the cost of their upkeep. The ordinary popular view of the ambassadors sent abroad is that they are clever wingers who know how to rub the Prime Minister on the right side and make it pay. With all this Pandit Nehru remains unscathed in public esteem. Through all misgivings over particular acts of policy or administration, people are proud of him, sympathetic, nervously apprehensive lest he should fail, anxious that he should succeed. The glamour that has come to surround Pandit Nehru has disarmed the critical faculty of public opinion of its fangs so that no harm will ever come to him from it however contrary the appearance and no notice is ever taken of his periodical threats of resignation. Pandit Nehru's leadership has meant the enslavement of the people to the point of losing the power of rational and unbiassed judgement over his acts and measures.

Sardar Patel is not loved as Pandit Nehru is. But he is feared and respected. People who regard themselves as progressive love to denounce him as a reactionary. Deploable pro-capitalist leanings are attributed to him. But through

all storms of scathing indictment, the Sardar stands calm and impregnable, with a mind unruffled and a dauntless unquailing spirit. And the most bitter of his critics are compelled to pay reluctant homage to him as a strong man of whom the nation has great need in these difficult times. There are few that are not pervious to a sort of furtive comfort that he is there as a tower of strength and security. He holds the ship of State in safe anchor, and as a sense of safety makes for loud complaints just as fear of shipwreck tends to quieten them, the Sardar's presence at the helm is an incentive to continual outbursts of revolutionary fury in the country. Sardar Patel's leadership has meant an insurgence of the spirit of revolt with all the fillip that a sense of safety confers.

The great bid of Sri C. Rajagopalachari's endeavour has ever been for the love of fellowmen. Had he been more moderately endowed, he would have succeeded enormously. It is not easy for people to put up with superiority. It tortures them to have to admire in others great qualities which they themselves lack, and the vulnerable conceit of mediocres hastens to defame men of genius as a cheap way of getting even. The great riddle of Madras politics with its herd emanations of animosity against merit and talent is a continuation of the distaste roused by C.R. in inferior politicians hungering for the limelight, dwarfed by his stature. From the embitterment of frustration that occasionally found vent in retaliatory wirepullings, C.R. has been saved by the resplendent glory of the Governor-General's status now conferred on him, but it is not a quite congenial setting for one of his complex mind and simple tastes.

Discipline has been defined as a "device for substituting the certainty of being shot for those who

do not go over the top for the probability of being shot for those who do". Most soldiers go over the top propelled by dread of the consequences of failure to do so and are acclaimed as courageous. The collective security of ordinary men who are of very defective individual heroism is in this way ensured. It was the Mahatma's distinction to have evolved a new code of courage without any external terrorising impetus to sustain it, but C.R. improved on it by substituting as

its motive power reason which all could grasp, in place of the inscrutable Gandhian inner voice. C.R.'s role in our politics has been that of a lone pioneer, subjected to temporary martyrdoms in pursuit of policies of reason, eventually succeeding in subduing antagonists who at first decried him for propounding them. His leadership has meant to people reconciliation to distasteful courses after outbursts of initial resistance.—SAKA



SMALL STATES NOT A MENACE

by KARUMUTTU THIAGARAJAN

IT is alleged that small States are a menace to the safety of India, and, therefore, it is thought that all should be pressed into a large Union, or merged in a Province. This notion is wrong.

That small States are happier than big ones is well proved by the Swiss, who are acknowledged to have attained the first form of republic in the world. Switzerland, the land of peace and liberty, as it is commonly called, with a population of less than 4½ millions, has as many as 22 cantons or independent states. Larger units, being unwieldy and difficult to administer, three bigger cantons are again sub-divided into two smaller sections. So Switzerland has in fact 25 cantons. With smaller units, the Ministers can be in direct touch with the people, can remedy their grievances and attend to their needs. There will then be ample scope for efficient training in the high art of self-government and leadership.

Consequently no State, whose liberty is inviolate and held in honour, is likely to agree to a union or merger that spells fatal suicide or doom to its freedom or autonomy.

Secondly, the centralisation of powers deprives the Provinces of their independence, takes away the charm and makes a farce of responsible government. A mistake committed in the centre will affect all the Provinces. Further, the centre, in days of unrest and wars, should, unobstructed and undistracted by home problems and perplexities, concentrate its whole attention and direct all its energies to defence and foreign relations.

In Switzerland, which stood out of two terrible wars, the powers of the

centre are mainly defence and foreign relations. Its regular revenues are only from Customs, State monopolies and communications. Revenue from taxes on income and property pertain exclusively to the individual States; besides, cantonal treasuries receive from 20 to 40 per cent of the proceeds of federal taxes as contribution from the Federal Government. Here in India, on the contrary, the Finance Minister of the Indian Dominion proposes to tax the income of the Provinces. Alas for even the phantom of Provincial autonomy!

We have sacrificed for the nation's freedom whatever measure of personal liberty we enjoyed. The little rights that were ours under foreign rule are now ruthlessly relegated to the leaders. How different is the present order with the curtailment of civil liberties, from that of the ancient days when the Tamils had rational forms of government—as can easily be seen from Tirukkural and other Tamil literature, written two thousand five hundred years ago. In the view of students of Tamil literature, the present system of government and laws is a caricature—a crooked democracy.

Therefore, while a federal government, as envisaged in the Government of India Act of 1935, would indeed be fair, appropriate, effective, and fruitful to the States and Provinces, the proposed delegation of all powers to the centre is unjust, inept, and dangerous.

In India, the ignorant voters are at the mercy of demagogues who can play on their ignorance and superstitious fears—not to speak of the corrupt agents who easily buy the votes of an impoverished peasantry.

EDUCATION IN THE CHOSEN COUNTRY

by S. PARTHASARATHY

SRI Aurobindo, writing in 1921, said: "God always keeps for himself a chosen country in which the higher knowledge is through all chances and dangers, by the few or the many, continually preserved and for the present, in this Chaturyuga at least, that country is India.... But the time is at hand for a first movement upward, the first attempt to build up a new harmony and perfection. That is the reason why so many ideas are abroad for the perfection of human society, knowledge, religion and morals." We see nothing of that upward movement: but, on the other hand, we see all the forebodings of a great tragedy in the present attempts of our politicians to evolve a system of national education. Throughout the ages and until British rule started, education has been entrusted to learned and selfless men who taught more by precept than by oral instruction. To the early Hindus, education was a life process and within the Parishad which was a miniature of the outside world, the student was made to live the ideal life enjoined by social laws. The education that we received under British rule had such a sterilising quality that it has made us only fit for the opportunist industrial order of today. The late Ananda Coomaraswami, in one of his essays, wrote of present day India as "a land of cultivated peasants and uncultivated leaders." The educated Indian of our universities, he said, has lost the incalculable advantages of familiarity with the vast epic literature saturated with our great philosophy and tradition, which the illiterate peasant has been able to maintain through vocal tradition.

The opportunity is now afforded to us of righting that grievous wrong: but we are holding out our left hand to grasp it. The politician is least fitted to tackle our educational problem. He is, after all, an oppor-

tunist. His daily decisions and formulations of policies are more closely related to his party's chances in the next election than to the interests of the country as a whole. In propounding a scheme of education, his objective is to turn out from the educational institutions of the country a uniform and nondescript type of youth endowed perhaps with an aggressive type of nationalism—not very much unlike the Brown Shirts of Hitler. He can achieve this only by a leveling down of intelligence, by the uprooting of traditions and by the suppression of individuality. He must pay homage to the modernistic theories of superiority of matter over mind by training the youth to become carpenters and carpet-weavers. The product of this jumble of ideas will be the 'evolved citizen' or the common man of the future.

Where do we see in the scheme of the Madras Government an opportunity for India to rise once again to her former heights of spiritual greatness and to redeem mankind from the depths into which it has fallen? Aggressive nationalism should find no place in education in a country which is politically free. Nationalism in a free country is often a cloak for power politics, and it assumes various forms such as provincialism, communalism and other isms. Again, the relegation of Sanskrit to the lumber rooms of our schools is a serious obstacle placed in the way of a youth seeking higher spiritual knowledge. The philosophies propounded by our Tamil saints are not different from the philosophies of the Upanishads, and for a correct understanding of the philosophy of the Tamil saints and for a reverent appreciation of their lives, a knowledge of Sanskrit appears indispensable. No true scholar or cultured person would perpetrate this hostility between Aryan and Dravidian and between

Tamil and Sanskrit. It is only a politician who is capable of perpetuating this hostility by giving it life and form. Normally, a politician's mistakes can be set right by a successor Government; but a mistake in the educational policy will cripple at least one generation of youths for the remainder of their

lives. Is it not high time that education is lifted out of the political mire and set on safe ground? And will not someone more competent than the writer propound a scheme of education which will give every youth an opportunity to discover himself?



INDUSTRIES IN ANDHRA DESA

by 'NAMBS'

MADRAS Province can be justifiably proud of the two important industries that have taken root in the Andhra districts. In the pharmaceutical industry and in the scientific apparatus manufacture industry the Kistna district has actually led the way. The Andhra Pharmaceutical Works at Bezwada, the pioneer in the line started over a decade back has now raised the name of the Province to all-India importance. The Andhra Scientific Company at Masulipatam has also done yeomen service by the manufacture of many delicate instruments required for industrial and educational purposes. These institutions have got a definite part to play not only in the provincial but in the all-India sphere. The KCP sugar factory and distillery at Vuyyuru in Kistna district is the other major industrial undertaking in Andhra Desa. The Andhra Cement Company at Bezwada and the Kistna Cement Works at Mangalagiri are also happy results of the industrial initiative in Andhra Desa. The India Canning Industries in Bezwada is a unique one in its special nature and the people are justly proud of this.

As one looks deeper into the real economy of the area, one is struck by the void that still exists. The cry for linguistic provinces, originally prompted by Congress influence, has done enough damage to India as a whole. But it is particularly in the exclusiveness that manifests itself in Telugu areas that one finds the most baneful results thereof.

The Telugu areas can develop a textile industry, a match industry, vegetable oil industry and other industries of great importance to the public in general. In the interests of progress and prosperity of the general masses the provincial barriers should be thrown

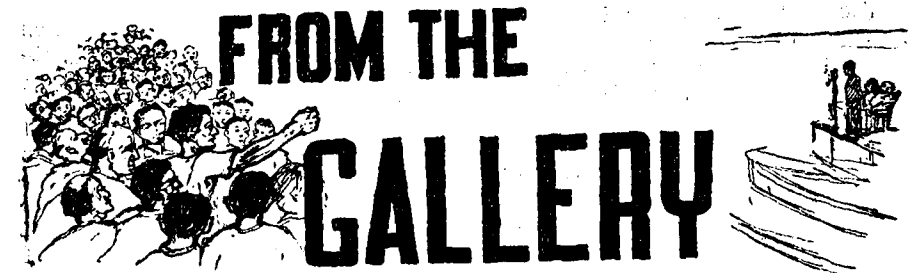
overboard and a tolerant outlook for development cultivated.

These areas are generally rich because of the wealth that the agricultural produce like rice, tobacco and chillies has brought in. But the rich are few in number and the middle class is larger here than anywhere else. This naturally means that capital available for investment is limited. This capital is to a certain extent shy. There is a general aversion to foreign capital being used for developing these areas. This is a most pitiable feature. The chequered history of the Andhra Paper Mills at Rajahmundry is solely due to this cause. It is hoped that the vociferous leaders would keep the interests of the general public at heart and avoid the deterioration that exclusiveness causes. Capital can be usefully brought in to the advantage of all concerned.

English literacy and consequent development of skilled industries has been retarded by the linguistic cry. Naturally efficient and skilled labour is not so much available as should be or is available elsewhere. The best remedy is to send out people for proper training and also utilise outside talent at least in the initial stages so that firm foundations may be laid.

The more experience there is the better will be the management of industry. Here again Andhra Desa can be benefited by taking suitable talent from outside to start with, at the same time getting their own men trained from outside.

Political bickerings are really hampering the vital economic interest of Andhra Desa. The need of the hour is to throw away all narrow feelings and in a tolerant mood join hands with all outside who can help in the industrial development of the area.



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

I MUST congratulate the Education Minister on making a graceful withdrawal from an untenable position. The bad eminence which he designed for the youth of Tamilnad—the option to remain ostentatiously ignorant of Hindustani has been averted. The only other objection that still remains to be met is the very carefully planned expropriation of Sanskrit from the secondary school course altogether. The revised syllabuses on all the other subjects are so overweighed with matter that the liquidation of Sanskrit cannot be justified on the ground of lightening the course. The one thing that children all the world over pick up most easily is language—the younger a boy or girl, the more and the merrier are tongues picked up. The plea in favour of a study of a classical language is based on the fact that the classics alone have the power of germinating new idioms and phrases in the mother-tongue. Mr. Avinashilingam is obviously keen on doing the right thing; but apparently he is in the predicament of Launcelot Gobbo. Budge says reason; budge not says Dravidastan. It is all to the good that the pull of the latter should be weakened. Of all the Ministers, I believe he is the only one with a sense of mission in carrying on his work. I therefore hope that he will combine constancy of aim with adaptability and accommodativeness in regard to methods or details.

The appointment of Dr. Gurubatham as Minister in the place of Mr. Daniel Thomas is so unexpected

and so absolutely right that my gratification is immense. First of all, office has gone in search of a man instead of a host of aspirants running after it in an unseemly scramble. Secondly, A true Gandhite who has also gifts of head has come to strengthen the Ministry. Dr. Gurubatham's greatest asset however is that he has been unknown so far without being obscure. For he has laboured to translate Gandhism as a living faith in a rural setting. I have had the pleasure of meeting him once or twice; and have been struck by his John-sonian ruggedness, sincerity and strength. I hope he will galvanise the Ministry, for I am sure he has the needed vitality and vision. Just as many pious Christians thought Gandhi a Christian in all but name, so do I consider Dr. Gurubatham one of the best Hindus in all but name.

From some recent correspondence in *The Hindu*, it seems that there has been an unnoticed slaughter going on in the professional examinations in recent years,—the percentages of passes in the Engineering being less than 50. Will some statistical soul look into the matter, and prepare a tabular statement showing the principles of selection to professional colleges in recent years, and the percentage of results at final examinations. If the percentage of passes has been going down, it can only be because of the deteriorating quality of candidates, which in its turn must be accounted for by the enthronement of 'minimum' standards for maximum ones

in the name of communal representation. Since the community is called upon to pay for this kind of failure twice over, is it not high time that a formula which was vicious in conception and is discredited in practice is given up? My own suggestion would be that the Brahmin or other so-called advanced communities be debarred from Government service for a specified period—say five or ten years, during which period the inequalities might be redressed. The present system has the effect of cutting off the nose to spite the face. For, not only is the community fobbed off with incompetent or ill-trained men, but the efficient ones are choked off at the fountain source as it were.

There are conflicting reports about Sir Walter Monckton resigning or continuing to hold a watching brief for the Nizam. One message from London frankly acknowledged that with an Indian Governor-General, the role of a British *amicus curiae* on behalf of the Nizam becomes superfluous or suspicious. Now that the Nizam has been, figuratively speaking, embraced in the capacious and fervid sweep of Mr. Churchill's tenebral oratory, there is no need for lesser dummies to be saddled with an equivocal assignment. Mr. Churchill who has fought the greatest tyrants of the age can still close his picturesque career with a foot-note which might well record in modest and blushing italics how he salvaged a moth-eaten, medieval monstrosity in the interests of an empire that died a twelve month before he sought to revive it by all manner of amateur quackeries. In

one of the late Galsworthy's novels occurs a character who is represented as living to a hundred, surviving the first world-war and yet wholly ignorant of it. Mr. Churchill beats that fictitious freak by his mournful utterances and sibylline prophecies at seventy! But while the rotundities of his speech still remain, virtue has gone out of them. Mr. Churchill is almost the sole exception to the rule which applies to British elder politicians. Retirement from high office has usually found the best of British publicists embracing voluntary impressive and patriotic silence!

It is odd that nobody should have noticed the wording of the messages exchanged between the Nizam and the new (and last?) Indian Governor-General. The Nizam used a complimentary occasion to wedge in a bit of political special pleading in his own interests which is understandable enough. But he carefully avoided 'Your Excellency-ing' C.R. In striking contrast to it was the gushing—I had almost said garrulous—manner in which C.R. plastered 'Your Exalted Highness' over the Nizam. These are trivial things, and don't amount to much; but they show how in matters of etiquette, the new era at Government House, Delhi, is marked by solecisms. It may be urged that courtesy costs nothing; unfortunately, however, the other side acts on the principle that discourtesy pays! C.R. has a subtle repertory of irony and sarcasm; but he cannot afford to use them in his new sphere. Wherefore his amiable exaltation of the Nizam must be presumed to carry no undertones with it.

GROUNDLING

The Century of the Uncommon Man

Our era should be the era which endeavours to find the man out of the common lost in the masses of common men; and to draw out that which is out of the common in every man. For the issue is neither of class nor of wealth but of spirit. There is always something common in uncommon men, and something out of the common in common ones. There are splendours of abnegation, courage, heart, in the humblest folk. The century must look upwards and not downwards, must seek the uncommon, not the common man.—Salvador Madrigal.

FORCED LABOUR IN SOVIET RUSSIA

by WICKHAM STEED

OF all the problems that worry Western statesmen and peoples that of Soviet Russia is the most persistent and acute. It is even more acute than the anxious question whether things are moving towards peace or war; for if the Russian problem could be stated in terms reassuring to the West the idea of war would recede into the dim background.

The imposition of a Communist constitution—which President Benes firmly refused to sign—upon a people preponderantly non-Communist, whom Thomas Masaryk and Edward Benes restored to freedom after three centuries of servitude, has strengthened the suspicion of Russian aims in every Western democratic country. It has also accentuated the misgivings of the Western Socialists, many of whom clung tenaciously to the belief that Russian Communism was after all merely a somewhat advanced form of social democracy and ought, therefore, to be regarded with friendly and tolerant eyes.

Foremost among British Socialists of this confiding type were the editors of the British weekly review, the *New Statesman and Nation*. Even before the British Foreign Secretary welcomed the Marshall Plan and Soviet Russia opposed it, they accused Mr. Bevin of siding with the United States against Russia and of subordinating British foreign policy to that of Washington. The Russo-Communist coup in Czechoslovakia and the subsequent death of Jan Masaryk surprised them disagreeably and caused them to wonder whether they might not have been mistaken.

On May 15, the *New Statesman and Nation* published a review of a new book amounting to an indictment of the Soviet Union called "Forced Labour in Soviet Russia". It allowed the reviewer—Edward

Crankshaw, one of the most competent of British writers on Russian affairs—to express his conviction that slave labour forms an essential part of the Russian Communist system, and to conclude that "forced labour as an institution could not now be abolished quickly without ruining the Soviet economy".

Against this damaging conclusion, a partisan of Soviet Russia, Andrew Rothstein, protested vehemently in a letter to the *New Statesman*, declaring that the author of "Forced Labour in Soviet Russia" had not produced a single piece of evidence in support of his indictment. Other competent writers then dealt severely with Rothstein and charged him with not having made in his protest a single statement that would bear examination.

This controversy has now lasted several weeks; and it leaves me, who am always ready to weigh evidence for or against any opinion I may hold, with the impression that many millions of unhappy human beings are undoubtedly herded by Communist Russia into camps where they are forced to labour and often to die under conditions far worse than Czarist Russia inflicted upon its political exiles.

I learned something of Czarist conditions both from revolutionary exiles and from other political offenders who had escaped from or survived them. Even as described by Lenin's widow—hardly an unbiassed authority—in her account of Lenin's exile in Siberia, they were not barbarously cruel. I doubt whether the same could truthfully be said of the conditions in Soviet forced labour camps today.

Apologists of Soviet Russia denounce such doubt as unwarranted and malicious. But so long as Soviet rulers refuse to publish any statistics of their slave labourers or to permit any inspection of their

camps, protests and denunciations can carry little weight.

Meanwhile the chief editor of the *New Statesman and Nation*, who has been allowed to visit Communist Hungary, has recorded some impressions of his visit. They are enlightening even if, as I imagine, he has no knowledge of the Magyar language, through which alone trustworthy information on Hungarian affairs can be gained.

This I say from experience; for it was not until I had learned enough Magyar to study those affairs at first-hand that I could see behind the deceptive facade which the old Hungarian oligarchy presented to Western Europe. Now, I fancy, the Communist oligarchy, representing hardly one-quarter of the people, are showing another and no less deceptive facade to trustful visitors.

Nevertheless, the editor's impressions are enlightening. Hungary, he says, is undergoing "forcible conversion" to the new Communist religion. And the effect of his experience was to deter him from repeating to an English speaking audience at Budapest the criticisms of Mr. Ernest Bevin which he has printed each week in London. Instead he tried to explain the difficulties which confront the British Government today and the strength of the British tradition of moderation, compromise and fair play, which extends to the working class. His remarks pleased the greater part of his audience, but sorely disappointed the Communist zealots.

Perhaps he may now revise his own opinion of the new Communist "religion".

HYDERABAD WITHOUT ILLUSIONS

by YOUSUFF MIRZA

IT was recently announced in the papers that the Madras Mail on the G.I.P. Railway was attacked, people wounded and women and children abducted by miscreants in Hyderabad territory. Robbery was not the motive. The motive was political. Mr. Laik Ali, Hyderabad's Prime Minister, told a lie when he denied Kasim Razvi's speech at the Razakar Rally. I am a Muslim and my contacts with Hyderabad are intimate. It is no use Mr. Laik Ali denying things that have happened. I have heard blood-curdling speeches at the Milad-ul-Nabi meetings. I have heard open incitement to war and bloodshed. Not only that. These very speeches have been transmitted by the Hyderabad Radio at about midnight. I have been told by people that know that Razvi was not willing to deny his speech. The Government forced him to retract for fear of complications. I know the Hyderabad Urdu Press. I know the low class of their mentality, with the honourable exception of the *Payam, Imroz* and the defunct *Razal*. Even a Bombay man like Ghulam Mohamad Calcuttawalla has fallen victim to the communal virus that is raging there. The Hyderabad Publicity Department has no more scruples than Goebbels' propaganda machine. I read Hyderabad papers every day and I happen also to know that the reality is quite contrary to what I read there.

The illusion has to be destroyed that Hyderabad means honest business. On the contrary it is playing for time; Mr. Jinnah has advised it to play for time, and it is winning hands down. Hyderabad diplomacy is winning all along the line. It will win still further if the Indian Union does not wake up and realise that it is being duped each and every time. It is a fatal mistake to think that the Nizam is willing to join the Indian Union if he could

get rid of Razvi and the Razakars. The truth is that this ruler has made up his mind to hold out to the last minute. He will capitulate only when the game is lost. He is not Razvi's prisoner, but Razvi's partner in this bid for power and dreams of a vast Hyderabad empire. I was shown the map and the sword that were presented to the Minister for Education, an ex-labour supplier. The map includes Goa, Masulipatam, Vizagapatam, the Ceded districts and Berar. The outrage on the G.I.P. Railway was not a sporadic incident of mass frenzy. It is part of a long hatched scheme to paralyse the Indian Union. Kasim Razvi has sworn to avenge the Delhi and Punjab massacres, which, he declared, were worse than any that Nadir Shah had perpetrated. Their plan is ready. Their plan is to massacre as many Hindus as they can before they go down. This is the crazy plan of the un-intelligent Muslim in Hyderabad. On the contrary the intelligent and cultured Muslims of Hyderabad are in a predicament. They clearly foresee that Razvi and his fanatics are driving them to a catastrophe. But they are helpless, even more helpless than the Hindus in Hyderabad. There are large sections of Muslims that wish to throw Razvi overboard, but cannot. The Shias are in a sorry plight. Many intelligent non-Shia Muslims feel that they cannot fight Razvi without organisation and for that they need money. On the contrary Razvi has the backing of the Nizam and all the finances of Hyderabad State at his disposal through the Hyderabad Finance Minister, Moin Nawaz Jung, Laik Ali's brother-in-law. The Cabinet of Hyderabad has on it three members who are Kasim Razvi's collaborators,—Zubeiri, Raoof and Ikramullah. No decent Muslim will today dare to state that Hyderabad is an Islamic State. It

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is a State that has fallen into the hands of goondas just because they happen to be the co-religionists of Muslims. The fight in Hyderabad is not for the survival of Islam but for the survival of the last stronghold of feudalism. Islam does not support feudalism. Modern Islam has produced the Attaturk and a progressive Turkey.

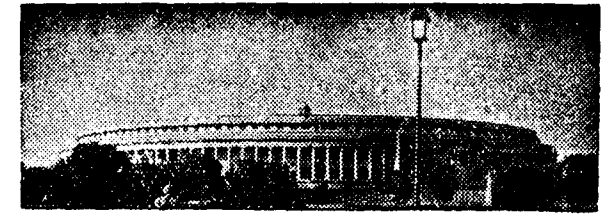
Every day Razakars and the police of Hyderabad are creating border incidents. This is a deliberate plan. I know it for a fact that a large group of Razvi's followers have become fanatical extremists. They demand action. Even Razvi has to shriek along with them. They demand breaking off all connections with the Indian Union. They feel that they are ready for war, and that by September Pakistan will be ready for war. This section believes that with shock tactics on the Hitler pattern and with Pakistan tying up Indian troops on its border Hyderabad has a decent chance to cut right across India and isolate the South. These brain waves have not come from Hyderabad heads. These came long ago through the last Resident in Hyderabad, Herbert. British officers are helping reorganise the Hyderabad Army and there are talks of a secret understanding between Hyderabad and Portugal. I am reliably informed that Hyderabad secret agents have been spending lavishly in order to alienate the South in case of a war. The Indian Union must remember that Hyderabad is today a fully fascist State. The Munich Pact has cost the world seven years of war and millions of lives. The Stand-still Agreement that the Indian Union entered into with Hyderabad was the biggest blunder. Any further delay in dealing firmly with Hyderabad will only lead to danger for the Indian Union itself. It must act immediately and finally—before it is too late.

The Indian Union has held out too many threats. Threats without action are worthless. Mr. Jinnah made only one statement and Kalat had to join. There is too much deference to the U.N.O. We have been badly let down by the U.N.O. The Palestine war is going on in spite of all the vetoes from the U.N.O. Egypt has bombed Palestine, whether the U.N.O. likes it or not. Hyderabad is a menace to the Indian Union. This is the only point that matters.

Mr. Razvi has called upon Muslims in the Indian Union to be Quislings and fifth columnists in the event of Hyderabad clashing with the Indian Union. We, Muslims in the Indian Union, have been betrayed once already by our leaders who have safely migrated to Pakistan leaving us in the lurch. If Hyderabad loses in this grim battle, I have no doubt, knowing the antecedents of all the leaders there that they will leave our Muslim masses in the lurch and escape to Pakistan. We have suffered enough through communal politics. The crazy ambitions of 25 lakhs of misguided Muslims in Hyderabad are endangering the future of 45 million Muslims in India. We ask the Pakistan leaders only one question. In the event of their tacitly or openly siding with Hyderabad's intransigence, are they aware that we, 45 million Muslims in India, shall be rightly denied our place here? We cannot have it both ways. In that case is Pakistan prepared to accept all of us, because one thing is certain. We shall have no right to claim the right to live in India any more. All the more must we resent Hyderabad's behaviour since it is completely wrong and undemocratic. Mere religious ties do not prevent us from rejecting the wrong-doer. This is our reply as Muslims in India. Let that be clearly understood by Hyderabad.

Iron rusts from disuse; stagnant water loses its purity and cold water becomes frozen; even so does inaction say the vigour of the mind.—Leonardo Da Vinci.

NEW DELHI DIARY



by V. V. PRASAD

THE general impression left in the Capital is that far too much fuss has been made about the departure of the Mountbattens, as though it was a national calamity that had occurred. One or two members of the Cabinet looked as though they had gone into mourning. This was not in keeping with the spirit of the *Bhagavad Gita*, which Rajaji said was the spirit in which Lord Mountbatten served the country—with detachment, devotion and energy.

Lord Mountbatten himself shed tears as he boarded the plane for England. This was more in keeping with the spirit of Yagnavalkya than of the *Bhagavad Gita*. Yajnavalkya's ideas of non-attachment are of great significance, and non-attachment as described by him is even more difficult of attainment than the *Sthitaprajna* mentioned by the Lord.

Yajnavalkya wants you to go about as though you are affected by the happenings around you just as any other. If there is sorrow, you weep; and if there is joy, you are happy, just like any other. But you remain unaffected, unmoved, non-attached. Gandhiji's non-attachment was perhaps of the Yajnavalkya type.

We are a nation of idolators, and it would not be a contribution to progress if we encouraged people to go on worshipping tin-gods. Mahatma Gandhi had a terrific dread of this kind of idolatry, and he therefore used to be almost rude when people tried to touch his feet.

Rajaji has conquered the hearts of Delhi Press Correspondents by

calling them all for tea a few hours after the swearing-in ceremony on the very first day of his assumption of office. He cracked his jokes in his well-known manner, and made personal enquiries about the Correspondents who gathered together. "I am not giving you much to eat or drink," he said. But pakoda, jahangir, laddu, tea and cool drinks were some of the items served. It was the precedence given to the Press that touched their hearts, though the menu too was quite substantial. But most Pressmen in the Capital think nothing of solids, and believe only in imbibing liquids, for they trade mostly in gas. Newspapermen all over the world are supposed to share the sentiments of the humourist Petroleum V. Nasby, friend of Abraham Lincoln, who wrote:

*Water is good
No man of sense denies it
An excellent thing
For washing feet.
But as a beverage, laugh!
My stomach turns
And for relief
I fly.*

Some at least of the Correspondents would have been quite satisfied if they got coffee, the *amrit* of South Indians. Rajaji during his Premiership of Madras told Queen Mary's College girls: "You may be able to prepare coffee all right. But as far as cooking is concerned, it seems to be a lost art." Few in Delhi seem capable of even preparing coffee tolerably! I guess at this rate we would be grateful when the age of synthetic food drops on our heads. Rajaji himself is said to prepare excellent coffee, and is a connoisseur of it.

C.R., who was dressed in spotless white khadi as usual, presented at the swearing-in ceremony, a remarkable contrast to Lord Mountbatten, who was sworn-in last year in the same Durbar Hall. While Lord Mountbatten had given the impression of regal splendour, Rajaji presented a picture of extreme simplicity, illustrating the Indian ideal of plain living and high thinking. Indeed, the contrast between him and his predecessor (though not on these points) was the secondary theme of Rajaji's brief speech. When he said: "I hope I will be judged by the standards suitable for one who is not experienced either in arms or in diplomacy unlike my predecessor", there was high appreciation of his modesty. Those around seemed willing to concede that he was inexperienced in arms, but few were inclined to agree with him on what he said about diplomacy.

Whether Rajaji would become Indian Republic's first President is a question which has come up and is being discussed by observers. Dr. Pattabhi was the first to predict several months ago at a South India Club meeting in Delhi that C.R. would become the first President, and added that he made the prediction although sometimes he went wrong in his prophecy. Rajaji underlined this possibility of the prediction going wrong, and said Dr. Pattabhi sometime ago foretold that Rajaji would become Prime Minister of Madras. There was much good-humoured banter.

The B.B.C. Correspondent in New Delhi, Robert Stimson, also mentioned the possibility of Rajaji becoming India's first President. The latest is the *Manchester Guardian*, which says that India could not find a more distinguished President, and it is pleased that Rajaji should have "allied his family by marriage with that of Mr. Gandhi". It was Aga Sahi, I think, who, as President of the Presidency College Students' Union six or seven years ago, requested Rajaji to speak on "the present political situation" in the country. He then said that Rajaji's views

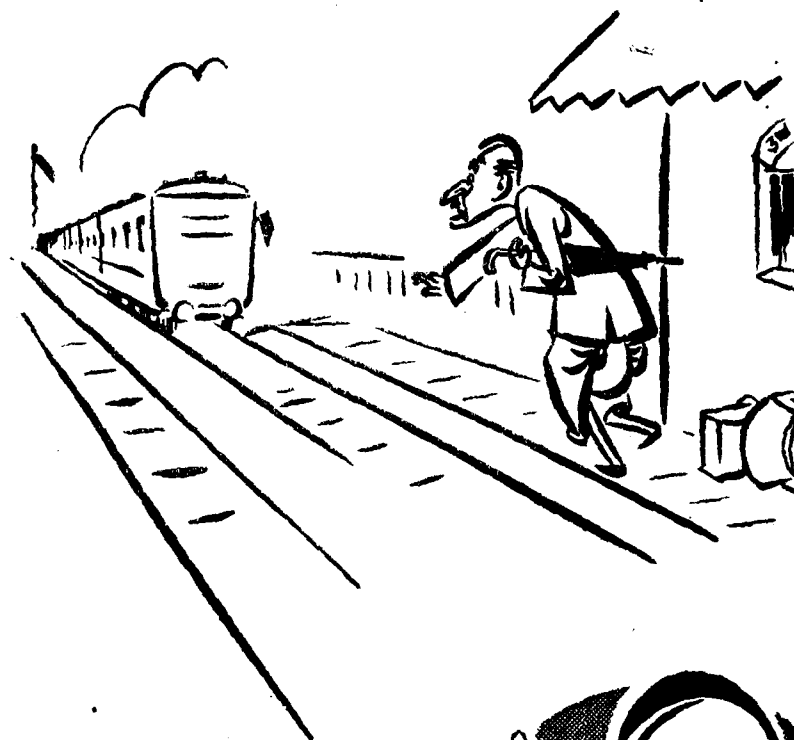
were of the greatest interest to us because his was an acute intellect, and besides, he was associated with the Mahatma spiritually, politically, and matrimonially. Rajaji dismissed the "matrimonial association" as irrelevant, and gave his thesis that India was one nation and not two. Aga Sahi, I understand, has opted for Pakistan, and is now one of Pakistan's best civil servants—being, of course, a product of Presidency College. Rajaji then had a good dig at College patriotism and at the old-school-tie in his speech. He said he felt nervous to address the educated audience before him. The Presidency boys cheered lustily at this compliment. Rajaji said he himself was not an educated man. How could he be called educated when he had not been a student of the Presidency College, he asked. There were even louder cheers. Then Rajaji added: "I am only repeating your Principal's joke." There was loud laughter, but no cheering.

Rajaji's own reference to the Presidentship of the Indian Republic is contained in a letter signed at Calcutta by his Secretary to Mr. Vaikuntam in Delhi. Vaikuntam had expressed his hope and gave his prayers that Rajaji would become India's first President. In a master-piece of sly humour, the note, which bore the unmistakable stamp of C.R., said that while appreciating the sentiments which prompted the good wishes, Rajaji hoped that the prayers "for further troubles" for Rajaji would not be fulfilled.

SWATANTRA

156, Lloyds Road,
Royapettah, Madras.

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



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I AM A REFUGEE

by C. H. V. PATHY

BY the time these lines appear in print, I would have bidden good-bye to Madras. I am a refugee, one of the thousands whose careers have been blasted by the partition of the country.

The advent of Pakistan has uprooted all the Hindu journalists who had been plying their trade in comparative ease and comfort in western Pakistan. The showdown at Lahore came with the suddenness of a shock to the "Tribune", the leading nationalist daily of the Punjab and all that its management could scrape was a solitary linotype machine. The businessmen and politicians of the Punjab had ambitious projects of starting a chain of daily newspapers, both in the English language and the vernacular. All these went by the wind when arson and looting reduced the province to reeking shambles. Hindu newsmen had to flee Lahore posthaste, leaving everything behind.

I remember the pathetic S.O.S. sent by a trapped correspondent of a news agency who was awaiting with fatalistic resignation his liquidation by goondas. After a few weeks of suspense, "Tribune" came out from Simla—a pale ghost of its former self. It has subsequently moved down to Ambala.

Similar has been the fate which has overtaken all the leading Hindu dailies and weeklies of the West Punjab which had either to put down their shutters or migrate elsewhere. There is no parallel in the history of this country to the journalistic earthquake which rocked West Pakistan, wrecked many promising careers and catapulted young men to the far off corners of the Indian Union.

Fifteen years ago when I shook the dust off my feet from Madras and careered up to fast growing Karachi, I had made a stern resolve that I would stay put and make good. I was appointed as the chief

Assistant Editor of the leading English daily of the capital of Sind province. I literally gave my blood, sweat, toil and tears in building up the paper—a task in which I was not only inspired by an enthusiastic chief but assisted by a band of willing colleagues who lived laborious days and nights. From a ramshackle news rag with a truncated telegraphic service, we made the "Observer" a first class newspaper. Circulation figures shot up week after week. My chief Mr. K. Punniiah who nursed the paper with tenderness and devotion took legitimate pride at the giant strides we were making.

War gave us another impetus and the peak of our popularity was registered when Hitler was crashing towards his doom. Never did any one of us even dream for a moment that the end of the war would be rapidly followed by the advent of freedom, preceded by the partition of the country.

"If it comes to the question of conceding Pakistan some of us would wage a civil war", shouted one of my colleagues and curiously enough he was the first to desert his post of duty in the first week of September. With Karachi as the seat of Pakistan Government, "Dawn" glided down from Delhi and became the authentic mouthpiece of League nationalism. Mr. Punniiah is one of the most implacable enemies of the vivesection of the country and carried on an unrelenting campaign against partition. No wonder he was ill at ease when both the Congress and the League had agreed to the division of the country. He was holidaying in the south when the Mountbatten scheme was approved.

Returning to his editorial sanctum, I found Mr. Punniiah sad and weary. He was torn between conflicting emotions. He could not reconcile himself to the political set-up of the new dominion. One of the cardinal tenets of Pakistan in its infancy was Hindu-baiting. Day in

and day out, some of the refugee newspapers which had trekked down to the city indulged in a hymn of hate against the Hindus, painting their columns with atrocity stories and the alleged hardships of the Muslims marooned in the Indian Union. No wonder the exodus of Hindus started in right earnest. No amount of verbal assurances or pep talks by Sind or Pakistan Ministers would arrest this stream.

"Sind Observer" tried hard to safeguard the interests of the fast dwindling Hindus who by their industry and intelligence had built up the prosperity of the province. But Pakistan authorities were so sensitive to criticism that anything that was unsavoury to them was looked down upon with suspicion and mistrust. "Dawn" pitched into some of the comments of both "Sind Observer" and "Daily Gazette" and branded its Editors as persons whose loyalty was to the Indian Union. The climax of this persecution was reached when one fine morning, an amazing order was served on the editor, asking him to submit not only leading articles but also headlines, contributions and even news items to the Sind Government for scrutiny. The idea was to reduce the editor to a non-entity and to elevate the censor to the position of a super editor.

Mr. Punniiah was taken aback at the Draconian nature of the order. He said that he would not be a party to submit to this humiliation and resigned. There was a hasty conference among the directors who resolved that the paper should not be allowed to peter out. They asked me to step in as editor. But it was beneath my self-respect to act contrary to the decision arrived at by my ex-chief. The ban order of the Sind Government was to be operative for a period of two months. For four frustrated weeks, I brought out an apology of a newspaper, without headlines, leading articles, contributions and letters to the editor. But our readers stuck to us. After a month the order was revoked. A week prior to that, the entire city of Karachi was looted by goondas and there was hardly

a Hindu shop or Hindu business house which was not affected. This was the last straw on the camel's back.

With the exit of Mr. Punniiah, there was a regular procession of departures and almost all the Hindu staff of "Sind Observer" evaporated. It was difficult to run a daily newspaper with refugees but I had no other go. I recruited some half-baked journalists who had come from Delhi and the United Provinces, some of whom had to be taught the grammar of subbing and reporting. For five months, I held the banner aloft. Every syllable that I wrote came under the microscope of not only "Dawn" but also the Pakistan Government. I was convinced in my heart of hearts that no honest political journalism was possible for a Hindu in Pakistan. The showdown of January 6 when thirty square miles of territory were looted with pin-point thoroughness shook the foundations of Hindu faith in Pakistan and Karachi witnessed what may be called a Dunkirk-like evacuation. Hindu businessmen sold away their concerns, Hindu employees of the Sind Government either resigned or asked for transfer. The office of the Indian High Commissioner in Pakistan, Mr. Sri Prakasa was besieged by refugees. Even the Congress Party members of the Sind Assembly packed their kit and took the road to Bombay.

The Hindu Directors of "Sind Observer" saw that there was no point in clinging to an illusion of security, hoping that the good old days would return. The entire Hindu population of Sind was on the move. Even Mr. Sri Prakasa who went on a fact-finding mission told me that in vain did he appeal to the Hindus to stick to their hearths and homes. Only the bottleneck of transport prevented the complete evacuation of Hindus from Sind.

It was such a state of affairs that transformed the fate of "Sind Observer". The directors made a deal with the Premier Mr. M. A. Khuhro who acquired a controlling interest in the paper. It was but

inevitable that he would change the policy of the paper. Mr. Khuhro was good enough to allow me a free line so far as policy was concerned. Occasionally, I had to cross swords with the giants of Pakistan but I took the risk. I knew all along that I was at the end of my journalistic tether in Sind. There was no point in being the lone Hindu editor in a dominion where not only public opinion but even the press was orchestrated to the League ideology. Anyone who followed a different line was characterised either as a Quisling or Fifth Columnist.

My exit from "Sind Observer" was hastened by the political misfortune which overtook Mr. Khuhro who fell from grace. We had to write a series of articles justifying the action of the Premier. For that we earned the odium of "Dawn" which started a two-pronged attack, one against the Premier and another against "Sind Observer". Within a week of the sacking of the Premier, I received an order from the Sind Government, suspending the publication of "Sind Observer" for the period of one month. There were rumours that I would be arrested or detained.

I told my employers that I wanted some rest and was programming to proceed on leave. My leave was granted. In my absence, I found that the entire policy of the paper had been changed and it had become like "Dawn", the mouthpiece of the fanatic section among the Leaguers. After deep deliberation, I submitted my resignation. Fifteen years of my hard work have crashed around me in ruins. All that I lived and laboured to achieve for a pro-

vince notorious for its political freaks has been reduced to dust and ashes.

In middle age, I have to start life all over again. In my own city of Madras, where I once occupied an aisle seat in the journalistic world, I am a back number and a nobody. I have to keep the domestic kettle boiling from the precarious income derived from freelancing.

I find a quite different Madras from what it used to be. It has become cold, hard and pitiless. Everything is measured in terms of money. None cares for the immensities and eternities of existence.

If you happen to be a refugee, you are shunned like a plague wherever you go. While others too have suffered, the partition of the country has hit hard the fourteen lakhs of Hindus once living in Sind. Millionaires have been reduced to beggars. I have seen artists, poets, philosophers, hard-headed businessmen whose income ran to thousands, wandering like disembodied ghosts in the streets of Bombay. I have seen journalists with big families to support, working for less than a living, in the prosperous newspapers of Bombay. Some of them sleep on the pavements. I have seen little Sindhi children hawking knick-knacks in the streets of Bombay.

I too belong to these orphans of the partition of the country. I have bidden good-bye to Pakistan and have been reduced to a log of wood in a sea of chance. I go back to Bombay to pick up some crumb of newspaper work, armed with a battered camera and a much-used typewriter. Strange are the ironies of journalism!

A famous psychologist had finished his lecture and was answering questions from the floor. A meek little man asked: "Did you say that a good poker player could hold down any kind of executive job?"

"That's right," answered the lecturer. "Does that raise a question in your mind?"

"Yes," was the reply. "What would a good poker player want with a job?"—*Washington Post*.



RAMAN is a South Indian boy living near Madras.

George is a Southern California boy in the far-off United States.

Both are children of physicians with a desire to carry on the arduous but noble profession of healing the sick. From childhood both have seen their fathers called out in the dead of night on some errand of mercy, and neither have any illusions that the life of a doctor means other than one of continual sacrifice, often with poor and delayed remuneration. Yet to both there is the greatest urge to carry on. They can hardly tear themselves away from the office and surgery of their fathers where they browse among strange books and study the curious instruments therein.

Now what are their chances of fulfilling their dream?

For George there will be a straightforward path. He will start his scientific specialization in secondary school itself. If his marks are at all creditable he will be admitted into a science course in one of the several California universities—there is a southern branch of the State University in which he need pay no tuition charges. From there he will go to the general course of the Medical College, finally finishing his study with practical work in some of California's many hospitals, before he is admitted to full practice as his father's assistant.

Theoretically that is the course that is open to Raman. But actually a very different and much more uncertain future awaits him. He takes his public examination for the secondary school leaving-certificate (S.S.L.C.). He anxiously awaits the printing of the results in the Madras newspapers. Joy to the Gods

his number is among those who have passed.

He goes from college to college attempting to make application for the very uncertain college seat. "We can say nothing until your marks are out." After weeks of further anxiety he is told, "The marks will be ready on Thursday." On Thursday, "They will come on Saturday." On Saturday, "They will surely be here Monday." Ah, Monday the marks have finally come. There are high marks in the sciences as befits a doctor's son whose whole bent is along these lines. Just passing marks in history, geography and mathematics pull the general average down, though, on the whole, Raman has excelled the average of the Presidency and even his own school for the examination.

So with high hopes he takes the precious book of marks and sallies forth again from college to college. He is encouraged when he hears, "Your marks are good—you will surely gain admittance into the science group. Come again in three days for your final answer. Again the days drag by. Now a very different story is heard. "Since you submitted your application we have had others with higher general averages. You had better apply for group three—history and economics—that is your only chance of a college seat."

So Raman, whose highest subjects were the natural sciences, especially chemistry, now has to face a closed door to the profession in which he, with those long sensitive strong surgeon's fingers, could well excel. He must face a future as an indifferent history and economics teacher—subjects in which his marks prove he had least interest. He groans inwardly when he finds

that Krishna with a much lower science average, though with a few marks better general average, has gained the coveted science seat. And Suryanarayana, whose marks were about even with his, in some mysterious manner has found a seat in the college, because a friend of his father knows some of the college authorities.

Raman has the additional misfortune to belong to the Brahman community which, though recognized everywhere as being intellectual leaders, are for that very reason handicapped by quotas, to make room for students from other communities. George has the good fortune to belong to a nation that has for several hundreds of years been striving towards democracy.

LABOUR UNIONS IN U.S.A.

ORGANIZED labor in the United States has witnessed a steady growth since the war. Total union membership has reached an all-time high of 15 million, an increase of almost 500,000 since 1945. There are two major labor organizations—the American Federation of Labor (AFL) and the Congress of Industrial Organizations (CIO). The AFL with about 105 national unions reports a membership of over 7,500,000 while the CIO reports six million for its 40 affiliates.

In addition, there are several important independent unions. The four train and engine railroad brotherhoods have about 450,000 members, the International Association of Machinists 600,000, and the Communications Workers of America about 180,000 members. The 40 to 50 remaining national independents' membership totals about 500,000.

Generally speaking, most AFL unions tend toward the craft or multicraft type, while most CIO unions may be classified as industrial or semi-industrial because, although they may include all production workers in an industry, they frequently exclude certain maintenance, technical, or clerical groups.

So, regardless of the status of his family, he can claim his rights in all Government schools on an equal footing with every other student.

Pity Raman the boy whose soul is thwarted from following the life work for which by heredity and environment he would have been so well fitted!

Pity the pupils Raman will instruct in history in a future decade when his soul is in revolt against having to become a teacher.

Pity an India in dire need of skilled medical attention, yet continually deprived, because there is not only a lack of educational facilities, but a dearth of imagination in administering those available.

The international unions and their subordinate organizations, such as local unions, joint boards and district councils, are primarily concerned with protecting and improving the working conditions of members. City and state groups—the federations of labor or the industrial union councils—are devoted chiefly to legislative, political, and educational matters.

"Departments" composed of those international unions having jurisdiction over many crafts in a broad industry may be set up under the AFL constitution to provide organization machinery for co-ordinating common interests. Each of these departments holds conventions and functions through local, district, state, and in the case of railways, "system" organizations.

Collective bargaining is now widely accepted and practised as the basis for sound industrial relations in the United States. The number of collective bargaining agreements currently in effect greatly exceeds 50,000. In manufacturing industries, more than 69 per cent of the production wage earners work under the terms of union agreements.—USIS,

SENTINEL OF ILLUSION by GORA SASTRI

IT was a sharp afternoon in mid-winter with a faint chill in the air. Reclining on an easy chair I was puffing, with concentrated effort, at a cigar and gazing through the window at a vista of dry, rocky heath covered with wild shrubs and clusters of acacia trees. Ramu the bungalow watcher was enjoying his afternoon nap in the verandah. The atmosphere was dull, dusty and tedious; and for want of a nobler piece of occupation, I engaged myself in trying to trace the variations in the symphony of Ramu's snoring.

Reclining in front of me, in another chair, was Chayanulu, pulling at a cigarette with closed eyes. He was day-dreaming. Both of us were possessed by a mood of inertia after eating the strange food cooked and served by Ramu. We never knew to what "godless heathens" recipe was prepared that food which sent us at once to such a state of *nirvana* as made us speechless first, then thoughtful and finally thoughtless. The hordes of bugs that tenanted the chairs tried with commendable sincerity and determination to drive away our inertia but the task was much beyond them. Two of them died a martyr's death in Chayanulu's hands.

We were staying at a dak bungalow near the village B—in the Godavari agency. Our destination, another village, lay five miles ahead. The fact was we had just then launched a 'cute' film-producing company and were doing some travelling to sell shares. Rai Saheb Distillery Naidu, on his recent visit to the city, had chanced to step into our office. We explained to him all about our plans and about the pictures we had scheduled to produce. The gracious gentleman was immensely pleased, looked over the "stills" and photographs of our stars and starlets. Finally he offered to buy some shares in our company and invited us to his village; he even modestly hinted that should the occasion arise, he wouldn't mind taking upon himself the task of directing the pictures. Our present

destination was Naidu's village and the dak bungalow a halt on the way.

Suddenly, apropos of nothing, Chayanulu warmed up and suggested, "These wretched cigarettes, they are no good. Feeling too otherworldly. Call Ramu and ask for some tea, will you?"

Brilliant idea, I thought; and as if by clairvoyance, Ramu happened inside the room. I appealed to him, "Look here, Ramu, this seems to be the land of lotos-eaters. We feel awfully sleepy. Get us two cups of tea, will you?"

"Certainly, Sir. Sure you get it. I know it is tea-time for you and I have already sent word to the palace. In a minute you will get tea that works like brandy," he assured.

Palace? Was it the name of any hotel. I wondered. But then, the very idea of a hotel anywhere near was absurd. I asked him to explain himself, palace and all.

He smiled faintly through his walrus moustache and said, "Please, sir, it is tea that matters, isn't it? Please have a look through the window, across that hedge, beyond that willowed patch of moorland and yonder you will see a black spot that looks like a ruined castle. Well, it is a ruined castle and you will get your tea from that place."

"Oh, cut it," said Chayanulu, "after all what we want is good honest tea." He then lighted a cigarette and embarked on a revolutionary song with a refrain, "Arise and shoulder your arms, ye the hungry of the world". In that tidal wave of music, Ramu was washed out of the room.

The music halted. The song of hunger rendered with an extra relish of hunger, the after-silence was twice-delicious. Even the rustle of breeze-stirred dry leaves and the chirruping of swallows sounded in tune with the prevailing silence, somehow making it more profound and deep. Those rare moments of soft silent noises in nature could be experienced only in similar surroundings.

Suddenly I heard sounds of footsteps on crackling dry leaves. I wondered if our tea came along trotting and looked out. It wasn't. Then, what was it?

It was a walking apparition with a huge flowing turban and down under the turban was visible a bunch of silver-white, sharply drawn out whiskers mounted on an emerald-green, silver-laced *sherwani* and a white *surva* followed by a pair of huge sandals with puffs and frills.

I felt the ground under my feet giving way and for a split second I staggered. Was I suddenly geared back into time. I asked myself, to be thrown into an eventful chapter in Rajput history which was in the making around the hill ranges of Aravali?

"Chayanulu", I shouted with frenzy.

"Yes, my dear", he responded with sympathy.

"Look, look at that approaching personality! Is he the illustrious Dushyanta of our Puranas come to life suddenly? Then how can he be carrying a blunderbuss in his hand? Or is he a Rajput warrior? Or is he by any chance the father of the heroine in our projected film-story? Speak, for God's sake!" I said.

Chayanulu walked up to the door. Meanwhile, the personality was climbing the bungalow steps. Chayanulu looked suddenly important. Turning to me he winked significantly and smiled. The personality walked straight into the room and beamed at it. He was perspiring profusely.

Bowing to him with respect and humility, Chayanulu said, "Pray, Maharajah, accept my humble salute. It is a memorable day and I am privileged to have your *darshan* now after a long time. Oh, since that time, Sir, since that time. You remember your poor servant, I venture to hope?" And taking the blunderbuss from the Maharajah's hand, put it on the table. Wiping his ancient face with his sleeve, the Maharajah said benevolently, "Of course, of course, Mr. Chayanulu, how can we ever forget our loyal subjects! Truth to tell, the loyal service rendered by your maternal uncles to our *jagir* always lingers fresh in our memory. I am very pleased to meet you here today, after a long time." And indicating me, he said to Chayanulu, "Your friend, I presume?"

All the while I stood gaping. Chayanulu winked at me again on the sly. Catching the cue with an intelligence

almost human and rare in me, I bowed to the Maharajah to the accompaniment of Chayanulu's enthusiastic voice introducing him as, "Sri Sri Sri Dastagir Nawab Huzoor Tabji Raja Ratiskandha Rai, Jagirdar of the late Jagir of Pharangi-Jankipur."

We took our seats. Hearing the commotion in the room obviously, Ramu the watcher came with extreme hurry and prostrating full-square before the Maharajah apologised profusely for his inexcusable conduct in not recognising the Maharajah's arrival earlier. Ramu's daughter silently came on the scene and served tea in ancient ornamental china. Tea over, I offered with trepidation a cigar to the Maharajah and lighted it for him.

"And now, Mr. Chayanulu," remarked the Maharajah, taking the situation into his hands, "we must hear all the news about you, for instance how you have suddenly landed here." Chayanulu told him about our projected film company, share-hawking and the offer of Distillery Naidu, the local captain of brewing industry.

A smile, cool and benevolent, escaped from the old man's lips and spread over his wrinkled face. A broad and shining face, a long edged nose, a pair of blue eyes, the Maharajah's years stood rather lightly on him. To me he appeared as a person who gave you a sense of our conventions and hoary traditions. Gazing at him intently I tried to realise him and add him together but failed. Obviously in his seventies, reflecting in his eyes the ageless hills and landscape of my homeland, he appeared to me nonetheless an outsized baby. That gold-laced *sherwani* and the turban evoked in my plebian heart a passionate sympathy. They groaned under generations of wear and tear. His puffed and frilled sandals looked only a little older than himself. Who was this "Maharajah"? I could only guess. He and Chayanulu went on talking, quite excitedly, about things I knew not and my mind wandered. Across my mental screen were flashed all the picturesque images lying dormant in the subconscious, of the historical Maharajah Pratap Singh and the heroic battles he fought, of tales of Rajasthan, of Moghul palaces dreamy and nostalgic, of royal princesses taking beauty-baths in tubs of donkeys' milk, of the languid and gradually silenced indirectness of purpose called the pageantry of purple life now only a factor in recorded history.....

Until that moment that afternoon life hadn't given me an opportunity to run into a Maharajah in flesh and blood. I had to console myself with reaching them only through pictures and books. One of the few destinations of my limited ambitions in life was to know all about blueblood, how they lived and how and what they ate by first-hand observation. So, at that moment sitting face to face with a real Maharajah, my heart cried with a wild joy. I felt big. After all, I thought, life had its own moments of consolation.

Chayanulu was asking the Maharajah, "I hope the jagir's affairs are running smoothly?"

I couldn't have done it myself, I mean shooting questions at a real Maharajah like that in a left-handed manner.

The Maharajah opened up his heart and said with tenderness, "We have just come out on a stroll and incidentally for a bit of game too, with our gun and entered this spot for a brief rest. And imagine our finding you here! Well, Mr. Chayanulu, we have to say, and it is not particularly happy for us to say it, that the affairs of our jagir are of late proving themselves a cause for anxiety. We are painfully compelled to believe that the loyalties of our *mokhasadars* have been manifestly registering a progressive deterioration. The happy problem of our second princess's coming wedding has to be thought of. But even so, Mr. Chayanulu, as our wise men say, the old order changes...."

He stopped abruptly as if afraid of his own voice and then added as a postscript, "They were really great, Mr. Chayanulu, your maternal uncles. With essential nobility and admirable loyalty they served our jagir and departed honoured and cherished. The times are different now. Well, friends, allow me to part company with you now." So saying, he rose from his seat.

"Just a minute, Sir," begged Chayanulu, and taking me out into the verandah, asked for the purse and took fifty rupees from it. Approaching the Maharajah, he thrust his hand into the pocket of the Maharajah's ancient overcoat and said, "Sir, I am ever your loyal servant. My fathers and grandfathers were born, lived and died on the soil of your jagir under the kind patronage of your family. I always cherish you just as I cherish our family deity *Srirama the poorvabhashi*. I hope your blessings will be always with us."

A pearly-like tear trickled down the patriarch's blue eyes and I thought that I saw in them at that moment fleeting rain-clouds of mercy.

A pale yellow moon rose over the hedges and we were walking across the heath to the village of Distillery Naidu.

"Chayanulu," I said.

"Yes, dear!"

"Will you please explain this incredible drama?"

"The Maharajah himself is enough explanation. What more do you need to know?"

"Then why call him Maharajah?" I asked.

"Well, for one thing there is no harm in it anyway. As a matter of fact, the jagir was lost to their line even in the days of his father. Yes, it melted away slowly, spreading over generations; in utter abandon they ran after mostly two things, the cups of wine and the lips of women. And in the delightful process lost their jagir. Today stands this dear old inheritor of that jagir, vertically wakeful in these modern horizontal times. At this late hour what could you expect him to do? He regularly issues *firmanas* to his *mokhasadars* to expedite despatch of their dues to the jagir. In plain words it means paddy and other things to his kitchen larder. The *mokhasadars* are so far obliging with affection. Theirs is a relationship that could be traced back to generations. You will understand it better if you ponder the fact that all of them are children of the same soil, including this Maharajah. Hence the people's love for him. But you may turn round and ask, what will this helpless man do, if people do not help him? He could do nothing really. But they do help. There is no reason to hate him. He strives with none."

"But this farce of calling him Maharajah and these stagey manners—why all this?"

Chayanulu chuckled and added, "Yes, what about them? Do these innocent satisfactions hurt anybody? He would never intrude upon you. He comes to you only if you invite him. Otherwise, he moves on."

I couldn't help bursting into laughter. I said, "The whole thing is silly though. Why all this illusion and self-deception? He will be more at home with life, I believe, if he tries to behave like any other ordinary human being."

Chayanulu was silent for a while and said, "You and those of your ilk can never comprehend these things, these pleasant though illusive whirlpools in our stream of life. Your progressive thinking suffers from proceeding in geometrical patterns. Both in his own right and on the collective agreement of the local people, he is a Maharajah alright. It doesn't matter if he hasn't an inch of land, let alone a jagir. And he will continue to do so, so long as he rules the hearts of these people. They go by instinct and understand it alright."

"One more question, Chayanulu. What is the blunderbuss in his hand for?"

"You chump," shouted Chayanulu with impatience, "for the first time in your beastly life you have seen a real Maharajah and you are full of wonder. The blunderbuss doesn't work. It is just ornamental."

I understood.

(Translated by the author from the original Telugu.)

ON GETTING PENSION

by YEN KAY

I think (of course with due deference to the poet) that to see ourselves as others see us is quite unsound business. Others cannot see us as we are but as they themselves are and that does no good either to them or to us. So the only thing for intelligent people to do is to see themselves and not others and further not to mind if others look at them instead of at themselves.

These reflections arise out of my own experience. The facts are: till yesterday I was in service; yesterday I retired; today I am a pensioner. There was a farewell speech, a pure specimen of dismissal in polite language. It concluded, "Long will you be remembered by us and long may you live, enjoying the merited rest." "Thank you," I said, though I could have made a much longer repartee, for I knew it was no use arguing the point. They would have simply said I had gone off my head under the calamity. So by looks and gestures I agreed with them in their pet opinion that what had happened to me was life's greatest loss and that my personality had become defunct. If I saw myself as these people had seen me I should have come home a heap of ruins.

When I passed the B.A. degree examination and in virtue of the success entered Government service it became clear as daylight to me that the only end and aim of employment was retirement and every day

and every hour ever since I did everything and omitted to do nothing to the accomplishment of this grand project. As many days as there were in these many many years so many times have I asked the wistful question in solitary moments of my life. Will not this public service end and private freedom begin? If I had said this in the hearing of others they would have at once put me down for a very queer fish; nay, they would have spread the story and I would have been dismissed the service to the abrupt collapse of my one and only goal in life. So I kept myself to myself in respect of this ruling passion, this paramount point in my soul—to be free and have nothing to do and yet earn a living thereby, which is what a pension is.

To tell the pure and naked truth, I had never felt such jubilation and gusto as when I came home with my first pension in my pocket. I nearly overlaid the whole way with the succulent bliss in my spirit, often touching the pocket to see if any crook had entered therein, for I looked upon every rupee of the sum as a pound sterling, having got it not 'by the sweat of my brow,' as the saying goes, but by merely 'sitting quiet' in my house. I looked at none as I came and can't say if others looked at me and saw the lure and splendour of personal freedom, the real Simon Pure!

There was a neighbour dropping in presently, one who was still 'under the yoke' and to whom naturally my heart went out, whereas he had come to console me for or to gloat over (I wasn't sure which) my vanished 'greatness'. I said to him, "Eureka, I've got it!" He said nothing in reply but went away, throwing pitiful glances around.

They don't understand it. The wonder is beyond them: the life without duties and responsibilities, the freedom to do what one pleases when one pleases, enfranchised from the stranglehold of the clock and the steel-frame of rules of conduct and the terrible dread of derelictions: to sweep or to dig, to grow more food or less, to dress oneself as one likes, to do everything or do nothing as one would! I had come into kingship and was the law and the judge. They don't understand it and they don't understand it either because they don't look at themselves or because they haven't the qualifications!

Why should I flaunt my freedom in the face of others?—but why shouldn't I, especially because it was so full of flowers and fragrances? I wasn't a miser selfishly and solitarily doting on my riches.

So I arranged for a party. Many dismissed the invitation as beneath contempt but some attended for the sake of the 'old tie' or for the 'tea,' which of course they took for granted. Some came in dhoties and puggrees; others sporting evening sticks and still others in silk shirts and pyjamas. There was also a sprinkling of romantic ladies in the party evidently come for the fun of it. I was dressed in a peculiar loin-cloth. Though it lacked in generosity of measurement it nevertheless had an illusory appearance of being plentiful. My freedom had already imposed to taboo on tables and chairs. Everyone was accordingly seated on a mattress on the floor and several of the company took their places on it as if in preparation to perform on parallel

bars. The ladies of course got no end of fun out of it. On a big brightly burnished bell-metal platter I produced a heap of vegetables, mostly the products of my free diligence: green tomatoes and ripe mangoes, tender coconuts hardly bigger, golden jack and crimson papaw, peas and beans soft and fresh and a special peppermint cabbage eaten best in tender leaf. It was a sight to bring water to the mouths of angels but excited amusement in my guests, though they tried their best to politely contain themselves. I could see a sneer looking out gruffly here and there and enjoyed it but the ladies enjoyed themselves better. All however were soon in a hurry to go and all had their fill though the platter remained mostly intact. It was no doubt a great hit that there was no tea at all. The function was a perfect success and I was only sorry to note that the perfect freedom of it was perfectly lost on the party though I am willing to admit that the ladies were not so perfectly in the plight.

But before the party dispersed never to taste my hospitality again I spoke to them thus:

"I thank you for the personal consideration prompted by which you have attended this pensioner's party and also for the refined courtesy with which you have got through with it. Before you depart permit me to strike a personal note appertaining to my official career. Whenever I got a promotion in service both friends and enemies deluged me with torrential congratulations. In order to avoid the onrush of these good-natured, well-meaning and accomplished souls I often used to wish that these promotions might not occur too frequently. But it has been my singular good fortune that the greatest promotion in my life has occurred to the accompaniment of funereal faces and pitying glances!"



ON the afternoon of Saturday, June 26, telephones rang incessantly in offices of Bombay newspapers and newsagencies.

"Can you tell us the result of the Joe Louis-Walcott fight?"

Evening newspapers were eagerly awaited and sold like hot cakes.

Odds in private betting were as high as ten to one. Most of the enthusiasts *hoped* for a Joe Louis victory but *feared* that the "Brown Bomber" might lose to the younger man, Walcott.

Then the flash came: JOE LOUIS WINS. Faces beamed and grins spread across faces, as newspaper offices were rung up again for details.

The Joe Louis backers were not merely the Boxing fans. Thousands of those who have never witnessed about of fisticuffs and even those who are completely disinterested in sports were no less excited about the triumph of the "Brown Bomber". Why?

For Joe Louis, who retained his heavyweight title for the twentyfifth time, has been more than a world champion and a great sportsman. He has represented, all these many years, the down-trodden Black Man asserting his personality and literally fighting his way to a position of superiority over the White Man—at least in one realm of sports. Every time Joe has met a white-skinned challenger, the entire coloured—Black and Brown and Yellow—world has breathlessly hoped and prayed for his victory. The fact of

his phenomenal Boxing prowess has been a political, inter-racial, international factor!

JOE AND PAUL

It is a strange commentary on American democracy that the Boxing Ring is almost the only place where the Black Man can meet the white Man on a complete basis of equality. It is not an accident that so many coloured boxers have triumphed in the ring—they have taken up the 'fighting' career as the only means of establishing their equality with, and even superiority over, the arrogant Whites. Behind each punch of boxers like Joe Louis has been the pent-up bitterness and anger of the entire Negro population of the U. S. A., smarting under racial discrimination of the most brutal kind. The "Brown Bomber", in a symbolic sense, has been avenging the indignities heaped on his people by knocking-out his White opponents.

It is not generally known that the sensitive and highly cultured artiste, Paul Robeson, too, was a champion boxer, before he graduated as Barrister and, later, won world-wide fame as a singer and actor. The careers of Joe and Paul have been complementary—the one knocking down the Whites with his fists, the other demolishing illusions of White-man's racial superiority by distinguishing himself on the stage.

Paul Robeson, in politics, has always been a confirmed progressive—friend of Indian freedom (he used

to sing 'Vande Mataram' at Indian Independence rallies in London), a friend of the Soviet Union which he visited and where he was honoured (he sent his son to study in Moscow because, he said, it was the only place where a coloured boy could grow up in an atmosphere of racial equality), a supporter of all progressive, leftist, causes in America (he was recently arraigned before a Congressional Committee and refused to answer the question whether he was a Communist). Now that 38-year old Joe Louis has announced his retirement from the ring, after 11 years of unbroken championship, and his intention of entering politics, one hopes that he, too, will join the forces of progress in his country and not succumb to the temptation of joining the small band of rich Negro Bourgeoisie who selfishly aspire to a "respectable" status for themselves, on the strength of their money, instead of fighting for equal rights for their entire underprivileged race.

Surely Joe Louis could not forget that even a million-dollar Negro "Champ" is a Negro first and suffers from the same handicaps as a coloured janitor or chimney-sweep or professor or scientist. For, though 46,000 White men, including many celebrities, paid nearly 850,000 dollars (about Rs. 30 lakhs) to see the two Negro boxers fight for world championship, the Champion, after winning the fight, could not have gone to one of the swanky Fifth Avenue hotels of New York and had to go, according to the reports, "to his hotel in the Negro district of New York", where a crowd of 10,000 admiring Negro fans gave him a tumultuous reception. The cause of Negro liberation and, indeed, the cause of Social Justice needs the sledge-hammer right-hand punch of Joe Louis to beat Reaction: Give it to them, Joe!

CORRUPTION IN THE RING

Boxing is Big Business in America. Of the gross takings from the fight, which amounted to 841,739 dollars, Louis's share will be about 2,52,000 dollars while the loser Walcott will receive half of this amount. The

film, radio and television fees will be added to the contestants' earnings. The ring-side seats at the Yankee Stadium where most of the championship fights take place are priced as high as 100 dollars a seat and are sometimes sold in the "Black Market" for as high as 175 dollars!

In Bombay a film producer bet five rupees against a film star's fifty rupees on the Louis-Walcott fight. In New York, betting must have gone on in five and six figures! In 1946 soon after he came out of the Army after four years, when Joe Louis fought and knocked out Billy Conn, a millionaire Texas oilman bet 300,000 dollars on Conn—and lost! (The odds were 13-to-5 in Louis's favour).

And, like all Big Business (in U. S. A. or in India) there is "Black Market" and corruption rampant in the boxing game, too. In February last year the Middleweight Rocky Graziano admitted before a District Attorney that he had been offered a hundred thousand dollars to "throw" a fight. The background was that a "syndicate" of gamblers had bet 125,000 dollars on his rival (at 4-to-1) and stood to win 500,000 dollars if Rocky lost!

BEST BET

The gambling craze in India may be as old as the days of the Kauravas and Pandavas when Draupadi was lost by a throw of the dice, but in its present popular forms, it is definitely a western importation. It is a disease of industrialism and seems to be inseparable from the capitalist system. The Bombay race-course, during season, is a veritable shrine of pilgrimage which tens of thousands must religiously visit every week. Rich men, poor men, industrial magnates and clerks, film stars and journalists, society ladies and singing girls, everyone goes to Mahaluxmi. During the monsoon, several thousand of them go to Poona—travelling 240 miles in a day in order to LOSE money! Some of them, at least, go as far as Bangalore to put their shirts on their favourite horses. In Calcutta, Madras, Ooty, Delhi, Lahore, on a

bigger or smaller, there are others doing the same.

Nor is horse-racing the only form of gambling popular in India. There are a variety of card games—being played in rich men's clubs at a rupee a point or in slums at a pice a point—not to mention *Sutta* and speculation in American cotton figures. The Crosswords are only a shade removed from the cards and the incentive is not the desire to improve one's vocabulary but (as with all gamblers) the wish to make a thousand by risking a rupee.

Why does a man gamble when he knows very well that, by the very nature of the game, the odds are against him and in all probability he must lose?

Here is the answer given some time ago, by a "reformed bettor" in an *London Weekly*:

"I started, as usual, with small stakes. Winnings from small sums soon ceased to satisfy, and when I staked and lost larger amounts, the anxiety occasioned was considerable. This anxiety has a twofold effect. It creates an inconsistency of disposition, good or bad temper showing itself according to the fluctuation of fortune—which is injurious to the backer's immediate circle and in particular to children.... Secondly, the anxiety which follows a losing run, the empty feeling in the stomach... in time come to be appreciated in masochistic fashion. They are part of the tension which gambling provides and which in my opinion is its principal attraction.... Waiting for the results after the bets have been placed has a peculiar effect on the mind... drains work of any interest it may have, and deadens initiative."

"Losing regularly does not cure your gambler, nor will taxation, curtailment or prohibition.... He gambles because it provides an emotional tension which his mind demands. He is suffering from a deficiency disease, and the only antidote he knows is betting."

The "reformed bettor" offered the following sociological analysis of the gambling habit:

"Our industrial civilization has produced, in spite of progress and the emancipation promised by

science a sense of boredom and frustration in the common man.

...A restriction on gambling in any form may merely serve to direct the emotional drive into other and perhaps less socially acceptable channels."

But when he said "industrial civilization", he must have meant "the capitalist system", based on profit-motive, with a premium on get-rich-quick, and all the unhealthy temptations held out by the prevalence of glaring contrasts between the luxuries of the few and the poverty of the many. Gambling, like prostitution, is LEAST prevalent in the one country which is completely run on a socialist economy—the Soviet Union!

The Best Bet of the Day, today and for every, is: DON'T. But no one seems to back this Dead Certainty.

"ARMY OF GOD"

The summary trial and the savage sentence of three years passed on Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan, the "Frontier Gandhi", once again focuses the attention, both of India and Pakistan, on happenings in the North-West Frontier Province. The indecent haste with which Pakistan authorities have locked him up only betrays a lack of confidence in the staying power of their own present regime.

While full details of the real background to the imprisonment of Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan have yet to be revealed, it is obvious that all is not well in the Frontier and the Qayum ministry is feeling shaky. Here, for instance, is a report from the daily *Imrooz* of Lahore (the paper owned by Mian Iftikharuddin, President of the Punjab Muslim League):—

"During the last few months the peasants of the Frontier have declared war against the jagirdars. It is reported that the peasants in their struggle, will not shrink from organising an armed resistance. The Government has so far arrested more than 900 persons and warrants have been issued against hundreds others: One and a half lakh of peasants of Hazara, Kohat and Charsadda started

a movement with the slogan: land to the tiller. They initiated their struggle by refusing *batal* (share of the crop) Charsadda, it must be remembered, is the centre of Red Shirt activities."

It is possible, therefore, that grave agrarian unrest is brewing in the N. W. F. P. Then there is the growing resentment even among the League circles of the Frontier against the suppression of civil liberties. A well-known Frontier Muslim Leader, Khan Ghulam Mohamed Khan, in a Press interview, recently attacked the Government "for the continuous suppression of people's fundamental right of civil liberties" and demanded "freedom of speech, writing and association". Added to these is the fact that the recently started People's Party was quickly gathering support of many disillusioned and discontented elements in Pakistan and, evidently, the Quaid-e-Azam and his lieutenants do not believe in taking any chances.

Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan may be locked up but it is doubtful if the freedom spirit which he patiently developed in his province will die out so soon or so easily. The *Khudai Khidmatgars* may yet prove a force to be reckoned with. In the villages and hamlets of the Frontier, they can still be seen and heard singing their famous Marching Song:—

"We are the army of God,
By death or wealth unmoved,
We march, our leader and we,
Ready to die!

In the name of God we march,
And in His name we die,
We serve in the name of God,
God's servants are we!

God is our king,
And great is He,
We serve our Lord,
His slaves are we!

Our country's cause
We serve with our breath,
For such an end,
Glorious is death!

We serve and we love
Our people and our cause,
Freedom is our aim,
And our lives are its price.



Prof. Saranathan, well-known educationist of South India and retired Principal of the National College, Tiruchirapalli, who passed away recently.

We love our country,
And respect our country,
Zealously protect it,
For the glory of the Lord.

By cannon or gun undismayed,
Soldiers and horsemen;
none can come between,
Our work and our duty!

MEMO TO PREMIER NEHRU

Re: The Constitution and the Constituent Assembly: "The test of a constitution is this: Whether it helps us to solve the economic problems which face us and which are the real problems.... A Constituent Assembly does not mean merely a group of so-called leaders coming together and drawing up a Constitution. The whole idea behind the Constituent Assembly is this: that it should be elected by means of an adult franchise, so that there should be really mass representation, in order to give effect to the economic urges of the masses. The present difficulty is that a number of upper middle-class people sit down and, instead of talking in terms of economics, they discuss the question of offices in the new Constitution..."

(Your speech at a meeting held in London, 1936).

BOOK OF THE WEEK

"ILLUSION AND REALITY"—A study of the Sources of Poetry—by Christopher Caudwell, (People's Publishing House, Ltd., Bombay, Price Rs. 6) is not recommended to anyone except the serious student of literature—or, rather, of the relation between literature and society.

The author of this book had written several novels, a collection of provocative critical essays later published as "Studies In A Dying Culture" a scientific-philosophical treatise on "The Crisis In Physics" and the aforesaid "Illusion And Reality", before he enlisted, fought and died for the defence of Republican Spain against Franco's fascists. At the time of his death he was less than thirty. Caudwell was not only a man of genius but also a man who stood by his convictions even in the face of death. Incidentally, he was also a Communist.

"Illusion And Reality" discusses the origins of poetry and other arts from a Marxist view-point—i.e. in relation to the social development of mankind under economic compulsions. "Art is the product of Society, as the pearl is the product of the oyster, and to stand outside art is to stand inside society".

Not an easy book to read—literary criticism here is apt to branch out into philosophy, economics, biology and even mathematics—it is yet a most thought-provoking one. It is not necessary to agree with all his Marxist conclusions to appreciate the profundity of Caudwell's contribution. The Indian edition has brought it within the reach of the small-income students, and it is hoped that many of them will take the trouble not just to read it but study it.

STRAWS IN THE WIND

"Nagpur: The C. P. and Berar Public Safety Act has been made considerably stricter under an amending Ordinance promulgated by the Governor. Operative in the



Prof. D. R. Gopal, India's heavy-weight weight-lifting champion, who has recently left for England, as member of the Indian Olympic Team.

whole province with immediate effect, the Ordinance takes away the right of applying for a writ of "habeas corpus" from a person detained under the provisions of the Act, for a prejudicial act likely to endanger public safety, or for having fomented labour unrest."—A. P. I. report.

"LONDON: Lord Mountbatten, lately Governor-General of India, informally discussed the Indo-Hyderabad situation with Prime Minister Clement Attlee, it is learnt. Lord Mountbatten is hopeful of a peaceful solution of the problem and is even willing to resume negotiations 'in an unofficial capacity'.... Lord Mountbatten has assured Mr. Attlee and other British statesmen that Britain will have the support and co-operation of India whether she remained within the Commonwealth or not."—Free Press.

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

"There are twelve lakhs of homeless people in the city of Bombay.... More than 4600 vacant flats have been brought to the notice of the Government. Of these only 142 vacant flats have been requisitioned.... The Government was unable to take over the scores of stately homes lying vacant until proper legal advice was sought...." Facts which came out at a Press Conference held by Bombay's Minister for Reconstruction.

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POLICE RAJ IN NORTH MALABAR

"People Live In Dread Of Their Own Shadows."

Dr. K. B. Menon, Joint Secretary, the Socialist Party of India, writes:

I HAVE spent more than a week touring extensively the three taluks of North Malabar—Chirakal, Kottayam and Kurumbranad—that were the storm centres of Communist disturbances. I have tramped many villages, met many people—men and women of all ages and of all sections, and strata, and discussed with them details about the recent unhappy occurrences in connection with the Communist uprising. It was an uprising; for, according to the Communists themselves, it was an attempt to upset the State. No loyal citizen of India can have any truck with such a move nor any association with such a group. They with this campaign of murder, loot and plunder terrorised the countryside, and brought sorrow and suffering to many an innocent home. Long before the police arrived, villagers for sheer self-protection organised *Desa Raksha Senas* and enrolled volunteers. The initiative in this was taken by the Socialist Party workers, but after the arrival of the M.S.P. the Congressmen started vigorously to organise these *Senas* to elbow out the Socialists. The Congress-sponsored *Senas* had the moral backing of the police. Communists who resigned from the Party after the trouble started, as well as their sympathisers, soon began to infiltrate into them for various reasons. The police discovered in them a handy medium and the members of the *Sena* used this influence with the police to settle their old village feuds, and extort money and payments in kind from the poor villagers on various pretexts. They went about at dead of night searching houses for absconding Communists. They often took the law into their own hands and beat or other-

wise molested poor villagers with whom they had old scores to settle. Those who escaped the cruel hands of the Communists now fell victims to the vendetta of the newly recruited volunteers. Many erstwhile Communists became trusted police informers with disastrous consequences to the villagers. The sooner these *Senas* are disbanded the better for all concerned. I hope the Government will move quickly in the matter.

A word about the police. Their conduct has not been above reproach. One can very well understand a certain amount of use of violence, but my information is that they have, in many cases, exceeded the limits. Certainly there is no justification whatsoever for burning the houses of poor Communist absconders and leaving their womenfolk and children as utter destitutes in the street. Very many houses have been burnt in Chirakal and Kottayam taluks. Some of the houses burnt do not belong to the Communists at all. Various figures have been given to me ranging all the way from 80 to 100. I have myself seen and counted 34 on my route. The burnt houses are all thatched houses of the poor. Tiled houses of the more well-to-do Communists are left undamaged, but for a few broken tiles. It is the poor who have suffered. The rich as usual have escaped.

Starvation and suffering stare many in the Communist-disturbed areas of North Malabar. Nearly a hundred poor families have no houses to live in during this monsoon. Their petty belongings, including a few tattered rags and broken pots and pans, have disappeared in the general conflagration. I have seen some of them go about collecting palm leaves to erect small sheds to live in during the rains. They are afraid even to go back to their own ruined houses

afraid lest they should be man-handled by the police or caught and molested by the volunteers. The people in these sparsely populated parts live in dread of their own shadows. Fear should be removed from their minds. These helpless and hapless old men, women and children should be fed and sheltered through the rainy season. This is our duty.

The Socialist Party has formed a relief committee to help them with

food and shelter and clothing. The need is urgent, because the rains have already set in. Those who wish to share in this relief work are requested to send their mite in material or in money to the Treasurer of the committee, Sri Appukutty Adiyodi, President, Kuthuparamba, P.C.C. Society, Kuthuparamba or to me (Dr. K. B. Menon, 40-F, Gangu Reddy Road, Egmore, Madras).

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS IN THE UNITED STATES

WHEN the people of the United States go to the polling places on November 2 to vote for their chosen candidates for President and Vice President, they will be exercising their right of personal participation in Democratic government. This public or "popular" vote on election day—the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November every four years—is the third of four major steps required to select the men for the highest elective offices of the country. The first two steps are:

1. The primaries or state party conventions, where delegates to the national party conventions are elected or named; and
2. The national conventions themselves, at which the party candidates for President and Vice President are chosen.

It is the third step, the actual casting of the ballot on election day, which is considered as the most important by the citizens of the United States, for outweighing the preliminary as well as the final and fourth step, the electoral vote. This final step constitutes a "historical vestige" of a practice followed in the early days of the American Republic, and thus has become almost a mere formality.

Voting Arrangements

The "ballot box" often has been called the cornerstone of Democratic government. Polling booths are

set in many easily accessible places in all cities, towns and rural centers—in stores, schools, and other public buildings. The polls open early in the morning and remain open late in the evening, allowing all citizens ample time to cast their ballots. Workers and business people thus may cast their ballots on their way to work in the morning or after work in the evening, while housewives and those who do not work during the polling period may go at any time during the day. Arrangements are made for those away from home to obtain ballots in advance and vote by mail.

Each voting place is supervised by election officials designated by the political parties. In order to cast a ballot, each voter must be registered on the public rolls. It is the privilege of a "watcher" to challenge the vote of any person not properly registered, and in case of a challenge, an election board investigates and decides on the validity of the vote.

Complete Secrecy Ensured

The citizen is free to choose whatever candidate he or she wishes, in complete secrecy, either by marking a paper ballot or by pulling a lever of a voting machine which automatically records the choice. Besides voting for candidates for President and Vice President by selecting electors pledged to them, the citizens of the United States this year also will choose one-third of the member-

ship of the U.S. Senate, or 32 Senators, and the entire membership of the House of Representatives, 435. At the same time, governors in 32 states, members of state and territorial legislatures, and countless other officials of the counties, cities and towns in the 48 states also will be elected this year. Many citizens also will vote on municipal tax laws and amendments to city charters and town laws.

(In order to take care of the great numbers of voters casting their ballots during a single day, the use of voting machines, designed for simple operation and thoroughly tested as to accuracy, has increased in the larger cities. The machines, which speed up the casting and counting of ballots, are operated by the voter in a curtained booth at the polling place, maintaining the secrecy of the ballot. Across the face of the machine are levers with the names of candidates and their party designations. There is a row of levers for each party. After the citizen has pulled a lever for each of his choices, he pulls a master control lever which records all his votes and returns the levers to position for the next voter).

Immediately after the voting day ends, officials begin their tabulation of ballots, and the count is reported to district centers as soon as it is completed. Newspapers and radio stations keep the public informed on the progress of the counting as the figures become available. In all villages, towns and cities throughout the country, the citizens gather at their radios or before newspaper bulletin boards. Results are flashed across the country and around the world by press services.

Why Electoral Vote System Was Set Up

Today, final results of the election of the President and Vice President are known soon after election day. However, one formality remains—the electoral vote—which is provided for in the U.S. Constitution. The "electoral college" system, as it is called, was set up by the framers of the constitution in 1787 in keeping with a situation prevailing at that

time, but which has long since disappeared.

At that time, educational facilities had not become widespread and a good education had been achieved by relatively few men. Therefore, the framers of the constitution sought to entrust the final selection of men to fill the most important offices of Government to those having the best knowledge and experience. The constitution provided that these men known as "electors" were to be chosen in each state in a manner prescribed by the individual state legislatures.

Thus, an "indirect" election procedure was created, with the people of each state voting for electors rather than for a candidate for President, and with the electors free to make their own decisions in casting their votes. The members of each state's winning group of electors were to meet on a designated day in December, cast their votes and send them to the President of the Senate at the national Capitol. Here they were to be opened and the winning candidate for President determined.

This early method was actually followed only for the first five Presidential elections. The people began following the practice of voting for an elector only after he had pledged himself in advance to vote for the man of their choice. Then, in 1808, one of the parties adopted the principle that the party's choice for President bound all electors nominated by the party. That decision, immediately adopted by other parties, transferred election power directly to the voters within each state. However, the constitutional electoral law has never been changed, and the forms of delegated choice continue.

Working Of "Electoral College"

The actual working of the "electoral college" procedure in elections today is fairly simple. First, the individual ballots cast for each party's candidate for President are tallied in each state. Since the party's candidate for Vice-President automatically receives the same

number of votes as its Presidential candidate, no separate Vice-Presidential tally is made. The candidate for President obtaining the most votes (plurality) in each state is considered to be the choice of the entire state. As a result, the winning candidate gets the state's entire block of electoral votes.

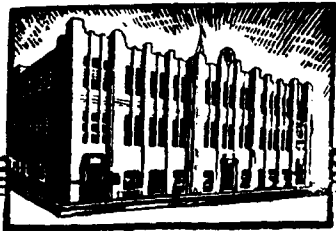
Each state has as many electoral votes as it has members in the U.S. Senate and House of Representatives. Since each of the 48 states is represented by two Senators, variations in their electoral vote spring from differences in their membership in the House, which is proportionate to population. For example, Nevada, the least populated state, has three electoral votes—one for its Representative and two for its Senators. On the other hand, New York, the most populous state, has 47 electoral votes—45 for its Representatives and two for its Senators.

After it has been determined which states each Presidential candidate has carried, the electoral

votes of each of these states are tallied. To win the election, a candidate must obtain at least 266 electoral votes—a majority of the total of 531 apportioned among the 48 states.

Because a candidate who wins a state's popular vote by even the smallest margin also wins its entire electoral vote, there may be a wide gap between his percentage of the national popular vote and of the electoral vote. In the 1940 election, for example, the late President Roosevelt was the choice of 55 per cent of the individual voters, but won 84 per cent of the electoral vote.

Also, a candidate, carrying enough states by small popular vote margins and losing the others by large margins, may have a minority of the total national popular vote and yet a majority of the electoral vote. This has happened only twice, however, in 1876 and 1888. (Legislation has been introduced in the current session of Congress calling

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for amending the constitution to prevent a candidate with a minority of the popular votes from receiving a majority of the electoral votes.)

"Pivotal States"

Certain populous states are classified as "pivotal", since the electoral vote of any one of them may swing a close election. States generally considered "pivotal" besides New York, are Pennsylvania with 35 electoral votes, Illinois with 28, Ohio and California with 25 each, Texas with 23, Michigan with 19 and New Jersey and Massachusetts with 16 each.

Following the popular election this year, as in other election years, on a designated day in December (the first Monday after the second Wednesday), the electors will cast their votes in their respective state

capitals according to formal procedure. Since they are previously pledged to one party and its candidate on the ballot, the results are virtually assured and already known. (Should no candidate receive a majority of the electoral vote for President, the House of Representatives chooses a President from among the three highest candidates, voting, not as individuals, but as states, with a majority, now 25 states, needed to elect.)

The votes of the electors, certified by the states, are then sent to Congress where the president of the Senate opens the certificates and has them counted in the presence of both houses of Congress in January. The newly elected President will be inaugurated at noon on January 20, 1949.—USIS

"CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH?"

Mr. V. V. Raman, President, Pulpamper Weavers' Co-op. Society Ltd. and Director, The Madras Handloom Weavers' Provl. Co-op. Society Ltd., writes:—

THE Committee of the Congress High Command in their Blue Print of future India have affirmed that they envisage creating a Co-operative Commonwealth. But in practice their Ministries are out to harass the co-operative movement.

The Communist witch-hunting has led the incorrigible British-trained police to invade co-operative societies said to be run by Communists, and arrest wholesale the office-bearers and paralyse the work of such big institutions as the Dulla Weavers' Co-operative Society and other societies in Andhra, Tamilnad and Malabar.

Dulla is twelve miles from Rajahmundry with 750 looms. In 1945 the local Weavers' Co-operative Society was having only 100 looms and was working under loss under a pro-rich management, Congress in outlook. But at the end of 1945 a new management representing true workers came into office and today the Dulla Weavers' Co-operative Society has under its fold 700 looms leaving only 50 looms in the hands of the local master weavers. This phenomenal progress has been an eye-sore to

the vested interests and many have been the attempts made by them to disrupt this premier institution. But thanks to the understanding and help given by the Registrar of Co-operative Societies the society has weathered many a storm and has built its own building (declared open by the Hon'ble Minister for Revenue on 30th December '47) and is giving work and living wages to 700 families.

But the recent anti-Communist drive has given the long awaited opportunity to the local rich who have in league with the police succeeded temporarily in stopping the working of this institution. On 14th June 1948 the Deputy Superintendent of Police of Rajahmundry with about 100 reserve police raided the office of the society, lathi-charged people in the premises and in the nearby houses, and arrested 36 persons, including the president, two directors, the secretary, the production manager and other staff. There was another raid on 17th June. The local Congress gentlemen, it is reported, are intimidating the poor weavers and demanding that they should sever their membership from the society so that once again the master weavers may exploit them. But what is the crime that these weavers have done to see that their living organisation is smashed thus? I therefore appeal to the powers that be to enquire into this incident.

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Letters TO THE EDITOR

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

Proconsular Palaces

The residence occupied by Mr. Rajagopalachariar, while he was Governor of West Bengal, is known as Government House. Belvedere, which I wrongly mentioned in this connection in a recent lucubration, is a different and later creation of the British genius for hybrid architecture. But it is of Government House, Calcutta, that Lord Curzon wrote, "It was erected by Lord Wellesley upon the model of my own home, being a complete reproduction of the design which Adam contemplated, but fortunately never succeeded in finishing at Kedleston".

VIGNESWARA

New Madras Minister

The following may interest your readers. In the summer of 1931 I happened to be at Ooty, when I had pain in the eye. At a friend's suggestion, I consulted Dr. Gurubatham at Coonoor. When I offered him a fee of Rs. 10 he declined to take it, saying that he had not rendered ten rupees' worth of service. I pressed him to take it as a gift to a charitable institution he was then running. Finally, he agreed to take the amount as a contribution to the institution and not as a fee for his services.

B. SIVAKOTA REDDI

Buchireddipalem.

"The Worst Communist"

K. A. Abbas in his 'Azad Qalam' that appeared in "Swatantra" dated 19th June, says the worst kind of a Communist is an ex-Communist. But what about the variety that, while disowning Communist Party membership seems, however, in every respect to barter away its soul (or whatever corresponding word in the new terminology) to the Party ideology? Readers of "Swatantra", I am sure, would be interested to hear comments from K. A. Abbas about this variety too.

Berhampore.

"A READER"

Unconvincing Plea

One can understand the Education Minister's passion for the Tamil language, even though it takes the form of a campaign against the Non-Tamil languages. What one cannot understand is the attitude of the Andhra Ministers. For example, when

it was brought to their notice that managements of several institutions in Madras City are closing down Telugu sections, the plea of the Ministers was that they could not interfere with the discretion of the authorities of private institutions. This is, to say the least, deceiving the public. They are not so helpless as alleged, as is evident from their order—all glory to them for that—directing the managements of institutions to reserve at least 10% of the seats for Harijans. In the matter of the Telugu language, they are perhaps afraid of a rift in the Ministry.

B.S.

Ensure Free Election

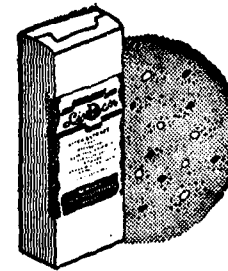
On 7th July a by-election is taking place to the Madras Assembly from the Vizag-cum-East Godavari labour constituency.

Today a police raj has been established in this constituency, especially in East Godavari district. Practically all forms of civil liberties are gagged. Almost all worker leaders are either forced to go underground or arrested and detained without trial. Section 144 has been promulgated at Ramachandrapur, Razole, Amalapur and Rajahmundry. In this atmosphere the Congress hopes to win the election easily. Let the Congress leadership contest the election in a free atmosphere and prove to the people what they so often proclaim loudly about democracy and people's rights. All democratic sections of the people should demand the withdrawal immediately of all repressive measures so as to ensure free elections. Coconada. V. GANGADHARA RAO.

Reply To "Atri"

I read with interest the baseless allegations so eloquently made by Atri in his article, "Some Thoughts on Present Discontents" appearing in "Swatantra" dated 5th June, 1948. I, coming from a working class family, did not have the opportunity for higher education, and cannot rebut his unfounded allegations with equal eloquence. But this, I hope, will not stand in the way of my letter finding a place in your columns.

Among many points, I am taking only some major ones. Atri sheds crocodile tears over the communal problem facing the nation. Nobody can



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deny the patriotism and the zeal with which the Communists in India fought and exposed the real culprits behind the communal massacre. They also suggested the way out of this tragedy. In return what did they receive? The national leadership, who are also the rulers of the country and behind whom Atri takes refuge, gagged the organs of the Communist Party. Why is it so? Because the bourgeoisie itself was interested in the disruption of communal harmony, because it was afraid of a growing democratic upsurge against its own reactionary deeds.

Secondly, the Communists gave a timely warning to the people and the Government when the question of Kashmir was referred to the U.N. Everybody knows what fate the Kashmir issue has received at the hands of U.N.

Thirdly, about Hyderabad. Atri asks: "Why is it that they (the Communists) do not come to a working arrangement with the Congress for the limited purpose of liquidating the Nizam—which is apparently the common aim of both?"

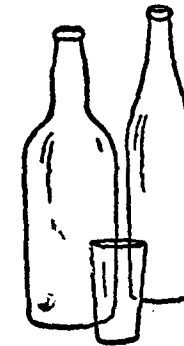
The author forgets, when he asks this question, that the Congress does not stand for the complete liquidation of the Nizam. Who is standing in the way of joint action? It is the Congress and NOT the Communists. The Congress is not prepared for any effective and militant fight against the Nizam. It believes in writing piteous petitions to His Exalted Highness, whereas it is the Communists and the peasants led by them, who are stubbornly resisting the Nizam and his Razakar Army. Bombay. T. K. KRISHNAN.

The Communal G.O.

If the communal G.O. is not abolished gradually, it will do a great disservice to India. The Brahmin youth is oppressed and down-trodden for a supposed fault of his elders and his enthusiasms is chilled. He is feeling humiliated while his co-workers are thriving. Economically he is a zero and socially he is depressed. If matters are not rectified soon, it is likely he may embrace Communism and prove to be a danger to society. It must be remembered that India has become politically free largely by the efforts of the Brahmin youth and all of us must therefore be indebted to them.

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The promulgation of the Communal G.O. cannot be justified in a Free India where peace and plenty should reign. If India has to thrive industrially and economically, merit and efficiency must play a prominent part in the services and in educational institutions. Without over-estimating the claims of the Non-Brahmins and other communities or under-estimating the value of merit and efficiency, I suggest a via media policy to satisfy all. In my view 50% of the jobs in the services or seats in the educational institutions must be reserved for candidates to be selected on merit and the remaining jobs or seats must be distributed amongst the various communities on the population basis as a temporary measure and the communal G.O. must gradually and finally be abolished after a certain period.

Yemmiganur. G. M. GANGANNA

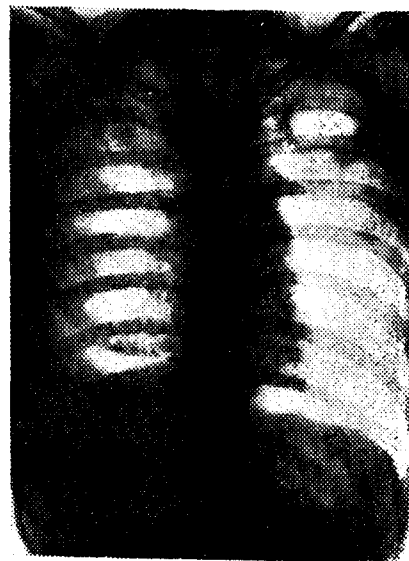
"Children are not Rabbits to Experiment Upon"

The Minister for Education is of the view that the regional language gets its rightful place as the first language. This proposition is not free from objection. It makes no provision for the students whose mother tongue is not the regional language. For instance, a Tamilian domiciled in Andhra Desa has to take up Telugu which will be the first language of the region and naturally he has to take Hindi, the national language, and English as the third language. The mother tongue, the student evidently learns at home. Thereby the particular student has to learn four languages of which three are alien to him, and it is doubtful whether he can be a scholar at least in one! Above all it is not necessary for scientists or doctors or engineers to know any one of these languages except for a working knowledge in English and the mother tongue. One who wants to learn a good number of languages may do so but putting the strain on the student who does not like to study so many languages, is very unpleasant.

It is the duty of the Government to see that the youths are educated in such a manner that it does not differentiate one another with respect to communities, religions, languages and so on. The present reorganisation of education is full of folly and confusion. It is not excusable to say that the educationalists are only experimenting. Children are not rabbits to experiment upon. Quick decisions and hasty actions would create only chaos and confusion and would upset the smooth progress of the educational system.

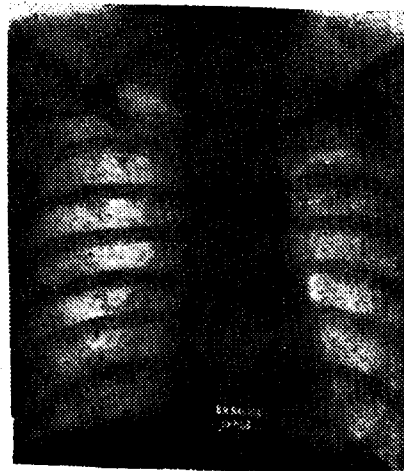
C. RAMAKRISHNA RAO

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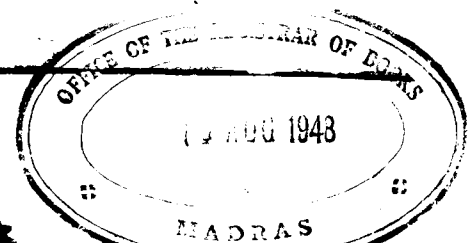


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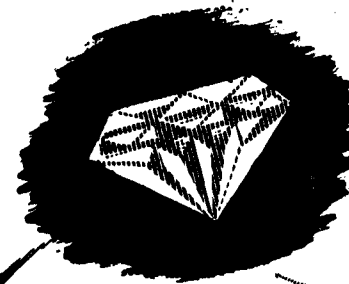
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SWATANTRA

VOL. III. No. 24

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1948

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NIRVANA

(dedicated to my Master, Sri Ramana Maharshi)

I blazed across the blank of merged will,
A boat of fire, leaving nor track nor trail;
With the outspread horizon for a sail,
It sped o'er darkling aeons, being still.

A blinding cancellation of all thought,—
No ruffled tide, no shore, nor wandering wind:
Point-fixed, the mind vanished beyond the mind,
Fulness fulfilled,—a state of naked naught!

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA.

11th July, 1948.
Tiruvannamalai.

SWATANTRA

VOL. III
No. 24

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1948

ISSUED
WEEKLY

HARIJANS, OLD AND NEW

MEMBERS of the provincial Legislative Assembly have exhibited during the week laudable interest in the welfare of Harijans. It has taken the form of pleading that more money should be spent on schemes designed to confer benefit on the community. One legislator went to the extent of suggesting that the Government should put aside all other schemes for a while and interest themselves in solving the problem of Harijans. If they would divert all attention to the Harijan problem in the manner suggested by him, he prophesied that the present squabbles, Brahmin - Non - Brahmin, Dravidian - Aryan, and Telugu-Tamil would all disappear. We are not so sure. The Harijan problem is a legacy of distorted social conscience caused by unhealthy over-emphasis on caste. While its effects can be repaired by ameliorative administrative measures, its causes are left intact. The result is that the traditional oppression inspired by caste exclusiveness which hitherto preyed on the Harijans, is let loose in other directions seeking new victims. The Harijan problem owes its birth to a particular type of social cruelty. Such social cruelty was made possible because of the spirit of caste exclusiveness. It dehumanised people, as even so civilised a section as white Americans have been dehumanised as against Negroes. The Negroes are America's Harijans. Harijans are the down-trodden of a community under the heel of the dehumanised arrogance of a powerful element in it worked up into a pitch of cruelty under the inspiration of some form

or other of caste exclusiveness. Wherever there is caste exclusiveness and it is harnessed to the power to hurt, there are Harijans, whatever be the name by which the victims are known, and in seeking to save Harijans of an established type, we shall be creating other new categories of the same old species unless the spirit of caste exclusiveness is attacked at its root and got rid of once for all. But this is precisely what is not being done by the formal exponents of Harijan service.

The proper way of dealing with the Harijan problem is to deny scope for the mischief of caste exclusiveness to operate. Now that they have come into possession of State power, Congress leaders running the administration are admirably placed for dealing with the problem efficiently. Had they given a lead through cancellation of State recognition to caste, a new power of fellowship would have been created capable of welding our society into a homogeneous unity on human lines. But they have lost the opportunity. They have made themselves, in this province at any rate, champions of sectarian urges. They have converted the perpetuation of social divisions into a vested interest for maintaining themselves in political power. Nobody is allowed to forget his caste. With deliberate abuse of State power, new Harijans are being created while a flourish is made of benevolence on behalf of the old ones.

The plea that for removal of social inequalities there should be State recognition of castes in order that the backward castes may be

specially helped, is only a pretension and is disproved by commonsense. Communal preferences tend to benefit the well-to-do in the favoured communities. The poor are left in the lurch. It is the poor that need the State's protection and not the rich even if they belong to communities classified as backward. Special State measures meant for removal of social inequalities should be planned with reference to economic status and not birth. The social oppression to which Harijans as a community are subject is removable by legislation and the sternest penalties should be worked into the law of the land to afford them adequate protection from it. Outside the sphere of traditional social tyrannies, most disabilities spring from poverty, and the poor of all communities deserve to be dealt with as if they were Harijans.

Food Minister's Illusions

WE are told by Dr. Rajan, the Madras Food Minister, that the latest estimate of production for the year 1947-48 is 4,005,000 tons of rice and 1,929,000 tons of millets against the normal production of 4.9 million tons of rice and 2.7 million tons of millets and against the production of 4.9 million tons of rice and 2.1 million tons of millets in 1946-47. And yet Dr. Rajan announces that the general food position may be considered satisfactory. How can the general food position be considered satisfactory when production is admitted to have been reduced while population has increased? Dr. Rajan seems to think that things are not worse than they are, therefore the food position is satisfactory. On this line of argument no condition need ever be considered unsatisfactory so long as there is something worse than it which can be imagined. Ministerial complacency may thrive on such fare, but to other stomachs it can give little comfort or satisfaction. Efficiency in food administration is

apparently conceived in terms of ability to import stock from abroad to make up for the deficit in native production, but its prospect of good is illusory. The world's population has been increasing at the rate of 20 million annually, and a large expansion in food production is required if the present level of consumption is not to be reduced. On the other hand there is nothing to indicate the prospect of any expansion in the world's total food production above the level of the pre-war years. Experts anticipate a grave food shortage. Famine is inescapable if the present policy of dependence on foreign supplies is to continue. Our Food Minister must look less to manipulatory devices and turn his attention more to the need for increasing production. The policy of squandering land on Satyagrahis for political ends is fraught with grave danger in the present situation, and it should be replaced by plans calculated to secure the maximum possible yield out of all the land available for cultivation.

Welcome

WE accord a cordial welcome to Pandit Nehru on his visit to the city. The time of administrators is precious and should be laid out suitably to the greatest public advantage. This visit of the Prime Minister to the South can serve a valuable purpose. Everywhere the common people are discontented. The cost of food has been rising. The poor are literally starving over a considerable area. No major need of the people has been efficiently tackled by the party in power. They are torn by factions. The voice of criticism is stifled with Draconian severity. Civil liberties have not improved after freedom. The same Ordinance raj for which the British were blamed, flourishes with no less vigour in the Congress regime. Practically every Congress election

pledge has been violated. On top of all, rampant communalism is making ducks and drakes with the morale of society. Under cover of special facilities for the backward, merit is discouraged and talent

killed. Equality of treatment to all has disappeared from the standards of government. This is a grave state of affairs and people look to Pandit Nehru as Prime Minister to set it right.

Sotto Voce

The Sibylline Office



THE law, like earthquake and sudden death, often comes down upon you when you are not thinking of it. Thus the jay-walker, happily oblivious of the rules of the road or apprehensively dodging potholes in the pavement, finds himself cordoned off with a hundred others and marched to the police station, submissive like a rogue elephant caught in kheddah operations. And the other day a Muzaffarpur Magistrate sentenced a man discovered munching ground-nuts in court to a fine of twenty rupees "or seven days." As he was watching a law suit in progress I am sure the fine was paid and added to the litigation expenses.

I consider the public muncher a barbarian. And I have a dislike, almost pathological, of the ground-nut as an article of consumption. But I am not above conveying to my mouth surreptitiously and ingesting inaudibly such a delectable thing as the cashew-nut if I happen to find myself anywhere within smelling distance of it. So I must confess to involuntary sympathy for the Muzaffarpurian caught in contempt. Who knows, he may have been really hungry and not merely indulging a sweet tooth. But the august traditions of Anglo-Indian jurisprudence would not allow it to take notice of such human needs.

I don't know whether under our Hindu rajahs judges went on circuit; if they did, I am sure they held court only in places where a royal choultry dispensed food to the needy. The civilised practice of District Magistrates camping in an inhospitable swamp fifty miles from the nearest railway station and posting the case for hearing at the unearthly hour of 9 a.m. came in with the British. The humane Civilian fresh from a hearty breakfast would have no doubt been horrified if he had discovered that the accused had not eaten for thirty-six hours and had no chance of eating for another thirty-six. But the obsequious camp clerk saw to it that such unpleasant facts were kept out of sight. Justice under a tent was doubly blind.

Contempt proceedings were practically unknown in the old days because Judges were a race apart. They were armed with the thunderbolt and knew it, but did not use it like a hunting-crop. The "divinity that doth hedge a king" would soon fade into a tinsel halo if the fierce light of publicity beat upon it continually. It was a duty enjoined upon the king, as Sri Rama reminded Bharata, that he show himself regularly to his subjects; but Judges were rarely seen and much more rarely heard—except on the bench.

Our Judges have lost the aloofness of the alien, which is pure gain. But they would do well to resist the all too human impulse to unburden themselves in public on all things under the sun.

"Justice," said Lord Atkin in a celebrated judgment, "is no cloistered virtue." Neither does it consort with bar-tenders in the pursuit of popularity; that is the exclusive privilege of the politician in a democratic age. Where every man's opinion is considered as good as every other man's, the act of judgment could be sanctified and secured only by an extra, palpable integrity. The knee-slapping hail-fellow-well-met attitude which is often mistaken for bonhomie dangerously lowers the defences for a man who outside his specialism may be no more remarkable than his fellows. Other amateurs may indulge their hobby in public, not the Judge, lest he should be judged; a justice Holmes is not born in every generation.

From this point of view the old judicial ignorance, at which so much good-humoured fun used to be poked, was far to be preferred. That was one way of bringing home the truth that the presumptuous know-all is too often a know-nothing, a

reminder specially necessary in an age which has forgotten that all honest work is worthy of regard because all craft partakes of the divine mystery. The poor pandit who expounds the Ramayana interrupts his discourse to greet effusively the bigwig who sails in and bows his acknowledgements with smiling condescension. Poor Rama is laid aside and forgotten what time the snots slobber over the Minister. What a fall for the successor of Suta Romaharshana!

The institution is everything, the individual nothing. That was understood in times when pushing had not become the most practised of all arts. From the humble 'pujari' at the moment of dedication to the poet in the throes of inspiration the ancient world bended the knee to all in whom a 'god' had descended. But the poet was poet precisely because he had forgotten himself in his creative afflatus; he did not simmer self-consciously to see the garlands round his neck. The Judge who still performs the sibylline office in a commercial civilisation must likewise empty out his ego. The silver mace and the laws of contempt are there for dignity, not for use: detachment must be the Judge's coat-of-mail.

VIGNESWARA



The picture opposite shows Srimati S. RADHA, B.A. (daughter of Mr. N. Sri Ram, Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras). She was the first Bharata Natya pupil under Srimati Rukmini Devi. After graduating from Kalakshetra in 1942, she has been giving dance recitals in various cities. The latest was at New Delhi last month, in the presence of the Mountbattens. In aid of the Prime Minister's National Relief Fund, Srimati Radha will give a performance at the Theatre, Adyar, at 9-30 p.m. on the 25th instant, in the presence of Pandit Nehru.

SIDELIGHTS : :

The great hope of society is in individual character.—CHANNING.

FEW Governors of Madras have ever cared to make themselves so popular as Sir Archibald Nye has been doing in his time. In the long list of his predecessors, the nearest approach to him was perhaps Lord Carmichael. But Lord Carmichael's time was quite different from Sir Archibald's now. Governors then maintained with exemplary strictness the British tradition of aloofness. The insurgence of nationalism had not yet begun to cut at the root of the prestige of the ruling class. By merely condescending to climb down a little from the Olympian heights of social exclusiveness, any pinchbeck imperialist of European extraction could then excite Indian minds and elicit all the passion of gratitude of their easy loyalties so overcharged with snobbery. A Governor of those days was a god in a temple difficult of access, from which unlimited power emanated. It was an office of glamour, honour, glory and awe. Lord Carmichael therefore had no difficulty in captivating the imagination of the vulnerable public over whom he was sent to rule. All he had to do was to descend down on them like a Haroun al Raschid, and at once stories would go round of his pleasantness and affability, the charming cut of his apparel, the graciousness of his florid face and the radiance of the fragrant rose in his buttonhole for which he was so famous. Students warmed up to him for nothing in particular and in the Presidency College he came in and went out like a phantom of delight, leaving a trail of delectable anecdote behind on which gossip industriously set to work exaggerating trifles to a gigantic scale. Of such stuff was the popularity of a Governor made in those days.

Sir Archibald Nye arrived at a time seething with hot challenges to the traditional status of the Governor's office. The fashion had changed

from adulation to revolt. The measure of it was the universal prevalence of the mass cry calling upon the British to quit. Governors imported imperially had ceased to be mighty and become unwanted. Power had left the office. It has been given to Sir Archibald Nye to be asked to stay the longest in the



Sir Archibald Nye

midst of the crumbling dust of liquidation of the empire of which he is a representative. He has thus excelled even the masterful Mountbatten in the art of exercising influence without power.

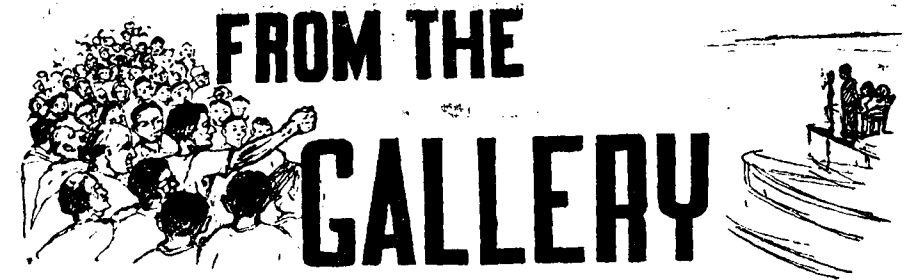
His Excellency has provided India with an excellent pattern of how a Governor should act in the changed conditions of the time. The secret of his success has lain in the avoidance of any pressure to force events to his liking. Likes and dislikes of his own he has put into the cold storage of a deliberately cultivated neutrality. His inhibitions have been the sources of his popularity. He has made a fine art of suspending his own private judg-

ment on important men and matters in order that the full integrity of self-government in the province may suffer no dilution at his hands. For example, though himself a teetotaler he has no belief in Prohibition. But no dissuasion of any kind to stem the headlong course of the experiment has ever marred the harmony of his relations with the Ministers of the day. A great admirer of Churchill, Sir Archibald seems to share some of Churchill's characteristics, for example, fondness for the Muslim League. But he has burnt all the dross of preference and prejudice in a fiery crucible of constitutional propriety. This has enabled him to move on terms of the friendliest cordiality with persons whose viewpoints on outstanding issues are diametrically opposed to his own. Nowadays, in the first flush of the power coming from freedom, assent is demanded as the price not merely of respect but even of tolerance. Criticism is resented by the ruling party and dealt with severely. Agreement is rewarded. There is no cordial response of power to the constructive urges of dissent, legitimate in democratic systems. Self-government, distorted by authoritarianism, is tending to degenerate into oppression and tyranny. In the midst of these manifestations of disequilibrium, the Governor has set a shining example in restraint and detachment which the Ministers might do well to study and copy. That so many of them seem to be in no mood to do so does not make the example any the less precious.

Sir Archibald Nye is apparently inspired by no theoretical ideology. A simple attitude of good fellowship to the human element beneath all perversions of social behaviour seems to sum up his conception of duty. It has armed him with a philosophy of life ample for all emergencies. It has enabled him to win from common people in the districts an enviable popularity such as no Minister of the province enjoys today. On not a few occasions he revealed the magnetism of superior character by stealing the thunder from the Ministry and deputising for the people more skilfully. It may be said that he then dwarfed the Ministry, not a desirable state of affairs. While Lord Mountbatten ran Pandit Nehru close in the affections of Indian crowds, Sir Archibald Nye has completely out-distanced the Madras Premier in popular estimation.

Sri B. Jagannadha Das has found in Orissa, through elevation to the High Court Bench there, the recognition that was denied him in Madras. His integrity, ability and unostentatious record of practical service in good causes entitled him long ago to the honour that has now devolved on him from a distance. But not being a wangler, he failed to win the favour of the local authorities which time and again went to importunate suitors of inferior worth. That Orissa has gained what Madras could not keep seems symbolic of a general glut of talent from uncongenial provincial moorings to more hospitable regions elsewhere.—SAKA.

Total book production in the United States is estimated at about 500,000,000 volumes during 1947. While this is about 100,000,000 less than in 1946, it is well above prewar totals. There are now about 1,000 book publishers in the United States. Although occasionally a book appears which sells an unusual number of copies, ("Gone With The Wind" by Margaret Mitchell, the third biggest seller in U.S. history, has reached 3,625,000 copies), most of the publishing houses derive their profits from backlogs of standard classics and from established authors (about 250 for the entire field). A smaller group of books by such authors as Ernest Hemingway and Sinclair Lewis are practically predestined best sellers.—USIS.



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

THE enforcement of the truce in Palestine is a seasonable indication that the U.S.A. is not prepared to stand any more nonsense from the Arabs who are *benami* for Britain. That Mr. Bevin should toe the Tory line in British foreign policy is one of those enigmas of history on which future historians will have a good deal to say. It might seem fanciful, but I am inclined to connect up the 'crisis' in Berlin with the truce in the Holy Land. The Berlin 'squeeze' affects the British worst as nearest to the scene; American super-fortresses are flying across for "routine exercises" coincidentally with the worsening of the position of the Allies in Berlin. They would not have so flown but for an S. O. S. from Britain; and so Mr. Bevin must have eaten humble pie and called off the Arab Jihad. The cashiering of Glubb Pasha is also a further indication of how America is getting the whip-hand of Britain in the Middle East. All indications point to the establishment of Pakistan in Palestine in the near future.

The present session of the Madras Assembly has signalled itself by a diversion created by a totally unnecessary discussion over the choice of a provincial emblem. Any sensible Government secure in the confidence of the public will have taken a decision and announced it as a *fait accompli*. To canvass opinion, and irresponsible opinion at that, on the subject is to ask for trouble. But all decency was thrown to the winds when an Opposition member made the suggestion that Iddalies

should be the emblem of Madras since it is the most characteristic and favourite dish of the Madras. For sheer vulgarity and insolence, the suggestion cannot be improved upon. As the author of this bright suggestion happens to be a Muslim, I trust he will permit me to ask him what his feelings would be if I should propose that Pakistan, newly formed to assuage the longings of 100 million Muslims, should have for its emblem a zenana or the purdah as the most distinctive feature of Islamic culture? It must be remembered that the official statement hinted at the possibility of a gopuram being chosen as our emblem. To counter it with iddalies is to betray the bathos that dwells in the speaker's soul. Unfortunately, such spontaneous gaucheries are not trounced as they should be for the simple reason that our front benches are peopled by parliamentary noddies.

As these lines are read, Pandit Nehru will be assisting in the formal opening of a great Research centre at Karaikudi. There are two features about this new enterprise to which public attention should be drawn. In the first place, it is a curious feature of recent Indian philanthropy that it is neither spontaneous nor unconditional. X offers to invest a certain sum of money in a philanthropic venture on condition that the major part of the cost of the entire scheme amounting to three or four times his single donation is found by the State. In return for this piece of sound business, the State agrees to name the venture after the philanthropist for all time, and to give the philanthropist and his successors and heirs and

assigns a controlling share or voice in the administration of the venture. Why Government which spends crores should show such owl-like obliquity as to agree to such unconscionable terms as these passes my comprehension. The Karaikudi show is expected to cost fifty or sixty lakhs; the donor's contribution is fifteen or twenty lakhs; and yet the whole thing is tacked on to the coat-tails of a private individual. I mention this at some length because philanthropy in these circumstances becomes a species of very successful business.

The second consideration is even more distressing. When Karaikudi was first chosen, grave doubts were expressed by many as to the suitability of it for the purposes of a great research institute. Sir S. Bhatnagar was specially sent to inspect the site and report on its suitability. His opinion as then reported in the press was that it was highly unsuitable and that he proposed to beg the donor to choose some other venue. What has subsequently happened shows that it is Sir S. Bhatnagar who has changed his views! This *volte face* on the part of a distinguished 'expert' has passed by without notice, much less comment. I only hope that Pandit Nehru will, after surveying the desert where he is going to lay the foundation stone of the new institute, be at least personally satisfied that he is assisting in an undertaking which has chances of justifying itself; *and him!*

The recrudescence of the anti-Hindi agitation is chiefly interesting for psychological reasons. That such a large number of otherwise clever and well-informed people should suffer from a dangerous form of the inferiority complex is distressing. All the arguments advanced against the study of Hindi (whether optionally or compulsorily) apply *mutatis mutandis* to the study of any other language but one's own mother tongue. This impulse in favour of linguistic isolationism has not one single writer of note to back it; its protagonists are political neurathenics, who see yellow when-

ever they think of language. Their subservience to English is an inexplicable marvel. If the present rumpus gets going, provincial acerbities are bound to be sharpened; for the issue would cease to be one between the so-called Aryan (Brahmin) and Dravidian, and become a triangular and bitter struggle between Tamil, Andhra and Kerala with Kannada between the acts. Few of those who love Tamil or who have made any living contribution to its revival in modern times is in this obscurantist group; few who are in this opposition can speak or write a Tamil which is free from so-called impurities.

This plea for linguistic purity is an off-shoot of the fascist spirit, and should be discouraged by all men of good will and good sense. As T. S. Eliot has put it in a recent article in praise of the English language, the greatness of it is due to the variety of elements of which it is made up. By the same token it has the largest vocabulary—more than half a million words. In language as in thought:

*The mouse that sticks to one little hole
Is a mouse of poor spirit and soul!*

The evangelists of Dravidastan may realise too late that they cannot live in vacuo—politically or culturally. In this confusion, it should be interesting to watch the reactions of the Minister concerned, who, by the way, has been embraced with ostentatious unction as one of the faithful by the patron saint of Tamizhagam.

The Zamindari Abolition Bill is being so handled as to render the remedy worse than the disease. My own private opinion is that the present Ministry has no more intention of liquidating the problem than of committing suicide—for the one would mean the other. Fabian tactics are being employed on both sides with such simulation of zeal and conviction that a final decision is not likely to be reached in the near future. Meanwhile the Zamindaries remain, which is what vested interests want!

GROUNDLING

SPOTLIGHT ON THE



TILL the other day Yugoslavia was regarded by Communists everywhere as a shining example of the "people's democracy" prevailing in post-war Eastern Europe. And Marshal Tito was accordingly lauded as one of the foremost leaders of international Communism. His excommunication from the Cominform came, therefore, as a startling surprise as much to Communists as to others. The Communists are accustomed to adapt themselves in no time to the not infrequent substitutions that take place in the objects of their veneration. And so the Communist press, in India as elsewhere, has taken the cue and already begun to discharge the duty of criticising its erstwhile hero. But non-Communists, free from such duties, are speculating on the reasons for Tito's fall from grace, and trying to construct as clear a picture of the true situation as might be possible, by studying against the background of recent events the (no doubt deliberately) vaguely worded charges levelled at Tito by the Cominform.

A conflict within the Yugoslav Communist Party has been evident for some time. In April 1948, two prominent Communists with long party records were dismissed from Government. One was General Zhujovich, deputy commander-in-chief to Marshal Tito during the Resistance and lately Minister for Finance. The other was Andrija Hebrang, former head of the Five-Year Plan and, later, Minister for Light Industry. Their dismissal from Government was soon followed by dismissal from the People's Front. Before the Cominform published its criticism of Yugoslavia, it was expected that the two men would be tried for sabotage. M.

Stambulich, General Secretary of the People's Front, said of them: "These double-faced individuals dared not openly express their attitude, but camouflaged their harmful work with theories that the Five-Year Plan was unrealistic and that the country would not be able to carry it out and had not the necessary strength."

By a strange irony, Western observers inferred from this, with cautious optimism, that the dismissed Communists must have had, and expressed, second thoughts on Yugoslavia's refusal of American aid. But the Cominform's resolution, published on June 29, makes it clear that the victims of M. Stambulich's wrath were not advocating the acceptance of help from the West. On the contrary, they had criticised the Yugoslav Communist Party for not relying enough on Russia and other East European neighbours. The Cominform resolution says: "The Information Bureau regards as disgraceful such facts as the exclusion from the Party and arrest of members of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Yugoslavia, Comrades Zujovich and Hebrang, because they dared to criticise the anti-



Marshal Tito

Soviet attitude of the Yugoslav Communist Party and to advocate friendship between Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union." It was only proper that such intolerance of criticism should cause pain to others, like the Czechoslovak Communists, whose devotion to democratic methods is well known! And so the Cominform resolution goes on to express pious horror at "such an ignominious, purely Turkish terrorist regime."

The Zujovich-Hebrang episode is the only point on which the Cominform resolution speaks directly and clearly. The other charges are much too vaguely worded to be examined usefully. They include references to the "excessive ambition, arrogance, and conceit" of Yugoslav Communist leaders; the 'dissolution' of the Communist Party in the People's Front instead of the party's hegemony; the unchecked development of capitalist elements in the country side; and the adoption of last-minute, ill-prepared, ultra-Leftist measures to camouflage earlier mistakes. But there is one other charge to which the Cominform returns again and again. The charge is significant though, understandably, it is not illustrated with particular examples. It is that "the Yugoslav leaders began to identify the foreign policy of the Soviet Union with the foreign policy of the imperialist powers and their (the Yugoslav leaders') conduct with respect to the Soviet Union was the same as with respect to the bourgeois State." This regrettable development is ascribed by the Cominform to "the undoubted fact that during the past five or six months, nationalistic elements which previously existed in a concealed form have become openly dominant in the leadership of the Communist Party of Yugoslavia. The Yugoslav leaders, seriously overestimating Yugoslavia's internal forces and possibilities, think that they can preserve Yugoslavia's independence and build Socialism without the support of the Communist parties of other countries, without the Soviet Union." Finally, the Yugoslav Reds are warned that

deviation from the Cominform's line cannot but lead to damnation: "The Yugoslav leaders evidently do not understand or possibly are pretending not to understand that such a nationalist line can lead only to the degradation of Yugoslavia into an ordinary bourgeois Republic, the loss of Yugoslavia's independence and Yugoslavia's conversion into a colony of the imperialist countries."

Since mention is not made of specific instances of Yugoslavia's excessive nationalism, several plausible guesses have been made. Perhaps Russian anger is due to Tito's insistence on the age-old claim of Yugoslavia over Trieste. It is worth noting, in this connection, that the Cominform's recent criticism of Tito is but a formal endorsement of the criticism made by the Russian Communist Party in a letter addressed to the Yugoslav Communists as early as March 1948. This date, preceding as it does the Italian elections in which Togliatti suffered a setback, might be significant. It has been suggested that the outcome of the Italian elections might have been different if Tito had been more accommodating and agreed to a solution of the Trieste question satisfactory to Italian national sentiment. It could have been presented to the electorate as a Communist diplomatic gain. As it happened, the Western powers substantially helped the Christian Democrats to win, by making a dramatic joint offer of Trieste to Italy.

Another region in which Yugoslav nationalism might have interfered with the purposes of the Kremlin, is Austria. Here, the Yugoslav claim over Karinthia might have prevented the Russians from bringing to a conclusion the prolonged peace treaty negotiations. Yet another sphere of conflicting national claims is Macedonia, whose territory is distributed over Bulgaria, Yugoslavia and Greece. Macedonia is one of the centres of support for General Markos' Greek guerillas, and the necessary coordination of policy between Greece's northern

neighbours might have been hampered by Tito's desire to incorporate Macedonia as a People's Republic within Federal Yugoslavia.

Any or a combination of these irritations might have provoked the Russians (private remonstrations having failed) to tell Tito brutally and in public that he is growing too big for his boots. They now have, through the Cominform, called upon the "healthy elements" in the ranks of the Yugoslav Communist Party to "compel their present leaders to admit their mistakes openly and honestly and to correct them...or, if the present leaders are found to be incapable of doing this—remove them and put forward a new, internationalist leadership of the Communist Party of Yugoslavia."

The Cominform's resolution concluded with the hope that the healthy elements would be able to carry out their "honourable task." But it does not look as if Tito and his colleagues are in a hurry to recant, nor does there seem to be anything like a revolt in the Yugoslav Communist ranks against Tito. It is indeed surprising that they should remain unmoved and unrepentant in face of the chorus of denunciations raised by the rest of the Communist world—and without making overtures to or receiving aid from the anti-Communist world. It is reported that Yugoslav nationals everywhere in Europe, even in Moscow and Prague, have reiterated their loyalty to Tito in public demonstrations. Also noteworthy is the news that within the first five days of July (after the Cominform strictures) 2,500 million dinars have been subscribed for the internal State loan launched by the Yugoslav Government in May. This amount represents five-sevenths of the target of 3,500 million dinars for the month of July. This is an unmistakable sign of confidence in the prevailing regime. The Yugoslav leaders have roundly denied all the charges levelled at them and have called upon Stalin himself to clear their name by getting the Cominform to withdraw the charges. Belgrade Radio has described

this appeal to Stalin as "the cry of an insulted people which cannot be ignored."

It is a piquant situation. Will Stalin sacrifice the prestige of the Cominform in view of the almost unanimous support of the Yugoslav Communists for their leader? Or will he evolve a compromise that would save faces on both sides? Or will he permit the Cominform to proceed with the task of bringing Tito to heel by political isolation (this has started already) and economic boycott? What Stalin decides to do will no doubt be influenced by the proceedings of the Yugoslav Communist Party Congress which would have opened when these lines appear in print. The timing of the Cominform's denunciation was evidently determined by the desire to secure Tito's recantation or overthrow at this Party Congress. No other consideration could have prompted Russia to risk the exposure of a family quarrel at the very moment when she is engaged in a momentous trial of strength with the Western powers in Berlin.

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Short Story

Strictly Professional

by Manjeri S. Isvaran.

THERE were seven, I counted—I had always an eye for details—including me, the conductor, and the driver in the bus, an Italian Diesel, a few of which the Government had put on the road in the early days of the nationalisation of transport. I sat nearest the entrance and took stock of the person facing me. My first rapid glance resolved itself into a series of furtive, then brazen observations; it didn't need a biologist to classify her as a camel, nor an ornithologist to identify her with a crane—she had qualities of both; but as she appeared, her anatomy in some parts and in its totality presented the possibilities of a girl in her teens, a woman past her second spring, and an old hag. Her hair was marcelled; her face made-up; her finger- and toe-nails were crimson with cutex—from some the paint had chipped off; and she, an anglo-indian, affected a sari; georgette splashed with gaudy blossoms, with blouse cut low at the neck to match. Round her throat was a string of spurious pearls, and in her lap lay a vanity case of leather, fawn-colour, its flank showing an embossed picture of the Persian school: a pair of lovers in each other's arms, and one big beautiful papillon flitting from amid a cluster of leaves and flowers, to cover with its wide-spread spotted wings their paradise from prying eyes. To the woman, her georgette sari, her low-cut blouse, her string of pearls, her vanity case, her high-heeled shoes seemed to be the final word in taste; to me.....the way she tried to stick up her breasts—of which she had little—by quick intakes of breath, sticking them up as if they were an eternal, votive offering to mankind.....to me.....the sweat mingled with the scent of some inferior brand of eau-de-Cologne emanating from her body.....

"Tickets," called out the conductor.

The bus stopped. It was a stage. Near by rose a red-bricked edifice: a lying-in hospital. One man moved up and tried to get out via the entrance; the conductor pushed him back gently by the shoulders, pointing to the exit in the front; he gave an irritated shrug and blundered out. Immediately there was a scramble, half-a-dozen passen-

gers blocked the entrance by rushing to get in, all together. The conductor let them in one by one, muttering that a herd of cattle had a greater sense of discipline; rang the bell in disgust, and the bus started gliding down the road again.

"Hullo, man! Fancy meeting you here!" I heard a voice cry, and looking up saw a young woman accosting her who had been the object of my study so far.

"Hullo, man!" greeted the anglo-indian.

I rubbed my eyes, opening them to their widest, at the form of the vocative. A sex-transformation! And before my very eyes! Incredible! O, horror of hormones! O, confusion of chromosomes! O, egregious endocrine! Greatly alarmed, I peered at the anglo-indian woman, but the change-over didn't happen; the address which I thought was a dreadful abracadabra had failed to confound the female of the species for the male and nullify the supremacy of the Omnipotent. Man was man and woman was woman yet; and the sort of greeting that I heard, denoted maybe, the desires and frustrations of adolescence, or maybe it was the manner indulged in by a community of girls belonging to a particular calling in which they didn't differentiate much between their own and the contact with the opposite sex.

The new-comer took the vacant seat near her friend. The two women smiled at each other and tittered. Their laughter sounded artificial.

They presented a striking contrast. The new-comer was black and tubby. In age she might have been twenty-two, perhaps a couple of years less. The crop of pimples on her cheeks had been bumper; she had blown the fragrant talc lightly over her face, its vagueness only brought into stronger relief the little archipelago of black-heads thereon. She wore a veil sari and a bodice of the same material, which showed distinctly the outline of her underwear, pale blue shoulder-straps and trimming of lace. She had a low forehead overshadowed by thick dark hair which she had parted in the middle, and plaiting it into two equal

braids wound them to the shape of a generous bun, held firm with pins and one little red rose stuck in the centre. Her shoes were *nagra* the leather of which was dyed a deep crimson and brocaded with tinsel, their toes tapering and curling in like tendrils. Part of her thin neckchain of gold was visible, the length of it that fell over her ample bosom shimmered beneath the folds of her delicate sari, the shimmer trailing into the tiny shadow of a Cross pendant: she was an Indian christian. On her right hand were four slender gold bangles; a diminutive rolled gold wrist watch adorned her left, also an opal ring in the plump little finger. She carried a velveteen handbag, zip-fastened, dangling it by its silken cord. Rigged out as she was, she looked plain, just plain. There was something unspeakably vulgar about her, the way she sat broad-based on her bottom, the knees wide apart; but for a merry twinkle in her snail porcine eyes she would have been positively frightful.

"Day off?" she began to talk to her companion.

"Day off," came the answer, accompanied with a smirk.

"Going to some show. Pity to have three good pictures running at the same time."

"Yes, a pity. But I'm not off to a show now."

They winked meaningly at each other.

It was the height of summer and a very hot afternoon; the roads were dusty with traffic, and everything around—shops, houses, trees, vacant lots, the sluggish Cooum—lay tired under the haze of heat and dust. From a cheap hotel a gramophone was grinding out a Hindi record.

"Rotten night, yesterday," said the anglo-indian woman.

"Serious case?"

"Serious. A midnight admission."

"Delivery?"

"Delivery."

So they belonged to the nursing profession. They talked in undertones.

"Hard labour?"

"You are putting it mildly."

"Forceps?"

"No."

"Caesarean?"

"No."

"Still birth?"

"Yes. And followed by a terrible haemorrhage."

"Is she alive?"

"She was, till I left the ward. For aught I know she might be dead."

"Poor thing!"

"Why poor? This one has an interesting case history. She's only twenty-five. Has had ten conceptions. Six full abortions. Three children born, lived to a year or so and dead. The eldest alone is surviving. Poor thing indeed! She ought to have known better. Oh, most of these creatures are an ignorant, imbecile lot."

"What about the man?"

"Her husband?"

"Hm."

"A seedy old fellow. Looks like her grandpa. A clerk in some government office."

"Perhaps she's his second wife."

"Second, third, or fourth. What does it matter?"

"Tickets," cried the conductor.

The bus pulled up at Thousand Lights. The anglo-indian woman stepped out, virtually into the arms of a young man standing on the kerb, smoking a cigarette. He was dressed flashily, pants creased from north to south, with patent leather boots, a flamboyant necktie, and hat perched at a rakish angle on his head. She snuggled up to him like a fond kitten; with one hand he took the cigarette from between his lips while the other stole round the woman's waist. She tittered, he grinned.

"So long, cheerio!" she called out, waving her hand to her companion.

"Cheerio!" sounded the answering farewell.

The bus moved on. I peeped out and at a bend in the road where every inch of a wall was covered with cinema posters, I spied an urchin vigorously at work with a bit of charcoal. To the most colourful of them all, to the lithograph of a film star in pose supine, one leg stretched out, the other bent at the knee, her arms spread wide, her eyes raised heavenward,—a delectable nuptial pose—he was supplying a detail which he thought was lacking: he was giving her a moustache. Then I turned my gaze to the girl in front of me and noticed that her look had become abstracted. Was she thinking of the woman in the hospital ward.....dead.....dying.....If only every bus-stop would yield a lover!

THIEVING AS A FINE ART IN ANCIENT INDIA

by U. VENKATAKRISHNA RAO, M.A.

KALIDASA'S "*Srutau taskarata Sthita*," (thieving was to be found only in scientific treatises) sounds exaggerated, but wonderfully enough, the needed corroboration comes from an impartial foreigner, Megasthenes, the Greek historian who in his "*Indica*" highly compliments the Indians on the very rare occurrence of thefts. He is stupefied by the complete absence of thefts in Chandragupta's huge army of four lakhs. By this it should not be supposed that the art of thieving was unknown in ancient India. Cases of thefts are recorded in the Rig-Veda and the epics, though rarely; it was even perfected into a fine art as shown from literary evidence in the works of Bhasa, Sudraka and others.

The Smriti writers before the Christian era were very serious in their strictures on theft. They decreed that thieves were to be summarily hanged or condemned to death, sometimes even to be eaten up by vultures or dogs. One could refer to the fisherman's scene in Act VI of the *Sakuntala* or to the opening scene in Act V of the *Vikramorvasiya* where the bird-thief is referred to as being responsible for its own death. It was only later Smritikaras who mitigated the punishment by decreeing that the particular limb employed in the act of stealing, namely the hand, should be cut off. With such drastic punishments, it was but natural that thieving should have become a rarity.

The Smritikaras also provided for tracing all the articles involved in the theft, if by chance one or two of these articles were found with some person. Such a person, they summarily declared, should be forced to surrender all the stolen goods. This is poetically referred to by Kalidasa in the *Vikramorvasiya* Act V when his hero accuses the swan as a thief who had stolen Urvashi,

since the swan had stolen her gait. Stolen property was referred to as "*loptrā*". Kalidasa refers to the proverb that there is no escape for a thief caught in the act. Another proverb instructs such a thief to say that he is only apprenticing, learning the A B C of the process!

Thieves there were who were past-masters in their art. Sarvilaka in the *Mricchakatika* or his model Sajjalaka in the *Charudatta* of Bhasa, deserve to be carefully studied in this connection. Minutest instructions are supplied and the necessary precautions are fully detailed to them. They ought to be equipped with some implements, a *pramanasutra* or a measuring tape, and some peculiar moths which would hover round the lamps and quietly put them out, themselves dying in the process; they could easily ascertain whether people were naturally asleep or only pretending to sleep; they could also cause drowsiness in them by mesmerising them or sprinkling some powder or liquid over them. A magic ointment called *Yogarochana* by which they could become invisible to the police and also immune from their sword-cuts was also supplied to them. They were trained to detect the presence of money secreted in underground cells by miserly people, by placing some kind of magic seed on the ground which would beam forth with shooting light if there were such underground treasures. They were instructed to first unbolt the doors so that they could escape in cases of abrupt detection. They were required to be ready-witted and resourceful. Sarvilaka has forgotten his measuring tape, but his sacred thread at once supplies him the circumference for the hole to be bored in the wall. The very same sacred thread, he declared, could be skilfully used to force open even an iron safe though securely locked. They had a very high sense of

AMERICAN IMPRESSIONS

by Mrs. J. M. KUMARAPPA

morality and Sarvilaka actually curses himself that he has been forced to resort to such despicable practice due to dire necessity. He is head over ears in love and risks even life and honour to buy the freedom of his sweetheart who happened to be a slave of Vasantasena. He even visualises the possibility that the person whose house he has burgled might have been rich once but impoverished now, and his regret is all the more poignant on that account.

Thieves were thus aware of the heinousness of their crimes, but they made such a fine art thereof that one imagines they must have had regular colleges where it was scientifically taught. Thieving was dignified into one of the 64 arts, and Dandin actually records that such arts like theft and gambling were in the regular curriculum of study for princes (one of the ten princes in his work is an expert thief) in his time. They glorified their art by declaring that the Brahmin Asvatthama first practised this art in the Sauptika Parva of the great epic. Kumara or Karttikeya became their favourite deity.

In the Mricchakatika Kanakasakti is spoken of as the author of a treatise in which reference is made to four different ways of boring a hole in the walls according as the material used was bricks, baked or unbaked, or again mud-bricks, or wooden-bricks. Well-baked bricks were to be dragged out, raw bricks could be cut across, clay-bricks might be easily dissolved in water and the wooden ones had to be cleft in two. The thief had to provide himself with the medicine for snake's and similar poison. If bitten in the finger, he could wind his sacred thread round it to prevent the poison from spreading into the system. He could then apply the poison antidote and heal himself as Sarvilaka does. No woman should be insulted or injured, and virtuous middle class or poor people should never be robbed at all. Boring through a wall should not be haphazardly or carelessly done; it should be done strictly according to geometrical plan,

and its artistic beauty must win the approbation of the people who must "give the devil his due" on the morrow. He was trained to move softly as a cat, escape quickly like a deer, swoop down on the prey like a hawk; he could judge properly the strength of men awake or asleep just as expertly as a dog could; he could crawl like a serpent; he could effectively change his physiognomy (and 'go underground'); he could imitate various voices and speak different languages. He was instructed to sprinkle water on the wall and find out if the hole could be bored without producing any sound.

Even modern 'pick-pockets' could, without any loss of face, sit at the feet of these ancient thieves who must certainly have been greater experts in the line. Some of them were styled '*granthibhedakas*' or knot-cutters as they could silently cut away the knots in the clothes (of their victims) in which they secreted their money. Yet others were styled '*pataccharas*' possibly because they bolted away immediately after their sudden operation. Sometimes again, they might be termed '*Aikagarikas*' if they were desperadoes choosing lonely or secluded houses for their operations. But it must be admitted at the very outset that they were not at all as unscrupulous as their modern counterparts. Their moral standards were really very high; they would not ordinarily steal unless circumstances drove them thereto. They had scientifically studied it, as a fine art, perhaps even perfected it, but there the matter ended—art for art's sake in the highest sense of the term. Even when driven to it they would use it as honourably as they could. It was thus no exaggeration if the prince of Indian poets should have remarked, as already referred to, that the art of thieving became restricted in scope to theory only. The same poet, in a different context, justifies the honest, sincere practice of any profession or calling however sinister it may be. Such a man will not be sinning and so he should not be scared away from his legitimate work by unsympathetic criticism.

NEW York City with its skyscrapers and its crowded streets is the hub of the United States and now of the world. When I visited it again after an interval of nearly nineteen years, I found that architecturally the city had not changed much. However, there are a few beautiful new buildings which have gone up since that time like the New York City Hospital near the East River, the Empire State Building, which is the tallest in the world and the Rockefeller Centre. The last mentioned is a block of buildings housing some of the largest firms in New York, many of the Consular offices and one of the most fabulous show places in the world called the Radio City Music Hall, where the best stage and screen presentations are to be seen. Besides Radio City, there is also a special theatre where a breath-taking three-hour performance of ice-skating is given every day. One real aspect of American democracy is seen in all movie houses where every one pays the same price for the tickets and sits anywhere they like in the hall.

City-bred Americans live a fast and hustling life which is more evident in New York City than elsewhere. Orientals like us, often find it hard to keep pace with them especially in getting in and out of their subway trains which make only a brief stop at stations and whose doors close automatically when they are ready to start. On account of this automatic closing of doors in all public conveyances—trains, buses and trams—no passenger is ever found hanging on the footboards. Such a system should be introduced in India and we, women, would do well to agitate for it.

In my opinion, New Yorkers are the best dressed people in the world—always chic and well-groomed. Frequently, it is difficult to distinguish a working girl from a society woman! No wonder, as New York boasts of some of the most excellent

department stores known to man, where everything a person may want can be bought. These stores are well-patronised by all classes of people, especially by middle class families.

It is amazing to see how very efficiently an average American woman can run her home without the help of even one servant. As labour is very dear they cannot afford such help and yet, they manage to do their own cooking, look after their children and have a moderate social life without much effort. This they are able to do with the help of the many labour-saving devices at their disposal such as the vacuum cleaner, the electric mangle and clothes washer, the electric dishwasher, the pressure cooker, the automatic toaster, the singing kettle and many others, as well as the numerous plastic materials which are easy to wash and clean.

Frequently, it is said that Americans are superficial and egotistic. Undoubtedly, they have not yet reached the spiritual maturity of older civilizations but one must admit that they are extremely hospitable. They are genuinely interested in all foreigners and are anxious to make them feel as much at home as possible. It is my personal experience when I visited American friends and stayed in their homes that they often went out of their way to entertain me lavishly and make my visit to the States a memorable one.

An interesting type of restaurant that has sprung up everywhere in America is the 'cafeteria'. Here business men and women are able to have quick meals as it is solely self-service, i.e. each customer has to pick up his own tray and cutlery and help himself to the dishes he fancies which are on display. As great publicity has been given to the research work done on foods and the need for a balanced diet, one can now get wholesome, nutritious and well-cooked meals at a reason-

able rate in these cafeterias. We have no such system of restaurants in India and our country would do well to study this system and introduce in our cities a chain of eating places where nutritious meals may be had at reasonable prices.

America has a large number of organizations which work for the welfare of its people. I should like to mention one which is not very well known in India. It is known as the *Children's Hospital Schools*. I visited some of these institutions in Cleveland and Chicago, which were maintained either by the State or by private agencies. All types of handicapped children between the ages of 3 and 13, are admitted to these hospital schools where they receive attention not only for their physical comforts but also for their mental, social and recreational needs. In conjunction with the regular women attendants and nurses, there are special teachers, who give the children lessons in all school subjects according to their age and ability. It was an eye-opener to visit such hospital schools where crippled children receive the very best of physical care and where their mental abilities are constantly stimulated by the same sort of education that normal children receive in regular schools. This is another of our weak spots in India. We have too few hospitals for handicapped children and even those we do have, are equipped to take care of only a fraction of our crippled youngsters, physically. Mentally they are allowed to starve.

The Community Chest Campaign which is an annual drive made in big cities like New York and Philadelphia to collect funds for social work agencies needs special mention. It sets itself a goal to collect a large sum of money, sometimes of a few million dollars. During the month set apart for the campaign, besides regular, paid workers, numerous voluntary women workers also devote much of their time to make it a success. Every

individual and every worker pays a certain amount like a tax. These collections are then pooled together and distributed among the various social work agencies. This system entirely eliminates the door to door begging and should appeal to us.

Women in America are very active and their organizations are many and varied, the chief among them being the *League of Women Voters* with its headquarters in Washington D.C. Though originally started as a social work organization, it has now developed into an active body somewhat like our All India Women's Conference. During the next few years the League of Women Voters hope to be able to effect many new reforms such as the control of atomic energy, strengthening of the United Nations, Government economic policies and reorganization of the Congress.

The International Council of Women is another large Women's organization which has branches in all the chief cities of America. It was under the auspices of this body that a World Conference was held at Philadelphia last September, which I had the pleasure of attending. Various problems concerning women and children such as their legal status, domestic economics, education, child welfare, youth problems, and international relationships were discussed and twenty-three important resolutions were passed. Among these resolutions was one which dealt with the establishment of a wage grade for domestic servants according to their training, qualifications and merit as in other professions, and the provision of schools for training them. This subject was very thoroughly discussed, as untrained servants in the States are now demanding 2 to 3 hundred dollars per month and even then their work is far from satisfactory. This is a problem we are also beginning to face in India, especially in our large cities and we should interest ourselves in solving it before it reaches insurmountable proportions.—N.P.S. (Copyright).

MADRAS PREMIER ON LANDLORDISM

by K. G. SIVASWAMI

IN a recent publication of his the Hon'ble Mr. O. P. Ramaswami Reddiar suggested that, in fixing the area of maximum land a person may own, its limit should be such as to provide as much income to agriculturists as that which an industrialist makes in a factory. He says "if the industrialist is allowed to enjoy an income of Rs. 4,000 there is no reason why a landholder should not also be allowed to have so much of land as would yield similar income". But he forgets that while an industrialist in a factory fulfils an indispensable function in its management, there are many landholders who are simply living on rents and whose elimination will in no way disturb the occupation of agriculture. If there are landholders who are willing to develop agriculture on a large-scale basis there can be no objection even to their making more than Rs. 4,000 a month from land. But such landholders will be few and far between. The Premier does not pause to consider how many landholders there are who, without being parasites on the land, are willing to undertake the risks of cultivation. The theory he has propounded goes straight against the Congress pledges and manifestoes which have promised the elimination of all intermediaries between the Government and the tiller.

Another extraordinary proposition made by the Premier is that if, after fixing the upper limit of land for a landholder so as to get him the income of a trader or an industrialist, any excess land remains in his possession and if such lands are purchased for redistribution he should be paid the market price for it. The Draft Constitution of India, prepared by the Constituent Assembly has a special clause for acquisition of lands for public purposes. The normal prin-

ciple of market price cannot apply when the whole economy is reorganised and lands are redistributed. That is why under the instructions of the High Command every province is passing a special bill fixing rates of reasonable compensation for acquiring Zamindaris. Market price depends on the law of supply and demand. The price of a land is not based on the actual capitalised values of its normal yield over a period of years. A speculator buys a farm not for his use but as a refuge for his capital earned in inflationary periods. Personal and selfish considerations of the need for investment of the surplus funds of the buyer and the need for credit for the seller should be replaced by economic and social objectives. We know that small farmers cannot compete with big investors in the purchase of lands. Lands purchased during periods of price booms lead to the locking up of capital and the incurring of irreparable debts for land improvements and domestic expenses in periods of low prices. It is for these reasons that advanced countries have legislation fixing the sale price of the land so as not to exceed the capitalised annual net income over a long period. Quite contrary to these sound principles of regulating land sales and as against the rates of compensation provided for Zamindars in the Zamindari Bill, and in further opposition to the normal principles of compensation provided for in all constitutions of the world in respect of purchases of land for purposes of social welfare, our Premier has made the retrograde proposal of paying the market price for landholders whose excess lands are to be purchased for redistribution among the landless classes. Individual greed for property without any consideration of the interests of the buyer or the ability of the State to pay cannot wish to go further.

THE OTHER SIDE OF CHURCHILL'S MEDAL

by AYANA DEVA ANGADI

"IT is all the fault of the human brain being made in two lobes", wrote Winston Churchill once, "only one of which does anything....As it is, those who can win a war well can rarely make a good peace, and those who could make a good peace would never have won the war".

There is, perhaps, only a half-truth in this, as in many similar pithy generalisations. Yet the unceremonious rejection of Churchill, the man who won the war, by the British electorate in the General Elections of 1945 seemed to have been fully justified by his own standards of judgment.

But a man of Winston Churchill's calibre, ambition, talents and industry will not take such defeats lying down. His star is gradually rising again, with the increasing tension in European affairs. Many people, directly or indirectly, a little sooner or a little later, are now found saying or doing things that Churchill himself has been saying or doing much more neatly for some time. All of which only enhances his prestige as a man of courage and foresight.

As regards courage, perseverance and many other indomitable qualities, very few would withhold recognition from Churchill. But it is legitimate for us to ask: Are we to praise him for those high virtues in themselves? Or, should we not inquire what uses such admirable qualities are to be put to and what may be the net result of it all?

Even among many people of what until recently used to be described as "peace-loving" countries, and what are today more restrictively called "Western Democracies", a few old errors are still persisted in. True, we all desire a world of peace and justice, and we should and must fight unflinchingly against all institutions and regimes that deny

the liberties and freedom of the individual. But can these objects be achieved under the leadership of men whose ideas of peace, freedom and liberty are restricted to their own race, country and class and who have consistently denied them to other classes, other countries and other races? Not to realise the full significance of this, is bound to lead to a third world war which, in spite of untold death and destruction will leave the problems still unsolved, which in their turn will produce the conditions of a fourth world war.

Since Churchill, with his Fulton and Zurich speeches and "United Europe Movement" is the leading member of the new crusade and set the pace in it for others, should we not ponder over a few main vignettes of Churchillian politics before we once again accept his guidance? With most people political memories are either short or nil. Therefore it becomes doubly important that we should think coolly what it might mean to associate with any movement, howsoever desirable the ends it might profess, if it is inspired, led or controlled by such men as Churchill.

Churchill has been in active politics for over fifty years now. Starting with an Under-Secretaryship in 1906, he has held all important posts in the British Government including that of Premier. His mental vigour and high literary capacity are revealed by his works of over twenty volumes. But what are his precise creeds and individual concrete achievements in the fields of peace, freedom, democracy and justice? In what way is he distinguished by his attitudes to great historical problems—of people of other than his own class struggling to make a better Britain, of women asserting their own rights, of other peoples and nations fighting for their own political, economic, social and racial rights?

Today Churchill fulminates against Russia and declares that the Soviet regime and all that it stands for are fouler and constitute a greater menace to western civilization than Hitlerism. Note the nature as well as the extent of the accusation. Now, whatever one may think of Russia, her essential structure and trends have not materially altered since 1942-44, yet the same politician used to sing in a different key then!

As early as 1908, Churchill used to denounce Socialism as "a monstrous and imbecile conception" and British Labour leaders as "Scarecrow intelligentsia and political fibbertigibbets". During the 1935 elections, he told an audience that "when the air-raids were on in the Great War (1914-18) you could not get into the tubes because of the Socialists scuttling into them like sewer rats and coming out the next morning saying, 'Where is the Air Force?'"

Even within his own circle, this ambitious and unscrupulous man does not spare whoever happens to oppose him at the time. In 1908, his opponents happened to be the British Tory Party and so, the Liberal Churchill said: "We know what to expect when they return to power. A party of great vested interests banded together in a formidable conspiracy; corruption at home, aggression abroad to cover it; the trickery of tariff jugglery; the tyranny of a well-oiled party machine; sentiment by the bucketful, patriotism and imperialism by the imperial pint; dear food for the million, cheap food for the millionaire. That is the policy which the Tory Party offers you."

All the great struggles of the British people, either of women fighting for their liberties or of workers for bettering their conditions, have found Churchill on the wrong side of the barricade. He may be a believer in peace, especially if it is the peace of a society ruled by him and his autocratic plutocracy, which he confuses with "England". But any threat to that peace from any quarter whatsoever calls forth the most

vigorous and the most reckless in Churchill. Armed police and troops were used by him to deal with labour strikes. In the General Strike of 1926, it was Churchill who took the lead against the strikers by issuing what was generally regarded as an incitement to violence: "All ranks of the armed forces of the Crown are hereby notified that any action which they may find it necessary to take in an honest endeavour to aid civil power will receive both now and afterwards the full support of His Majesty's Government". When previously, in 1908, during a railway strike in Lancashire and Yorkshire, Churchill had used troops, involving casualties in killed and wounded, a Conservative politician declared that no other Minister in recent times had committed so many outrages on liberty and justice within such a short time.

Very few of the great movements which, after long and patient days, of struggles and suffering, collectively won for us the existing liberties, freedom and democracy, can count among its supporters this champion of democracy. When over 40 years ago during the great Suffragette movement, Sylvia Pankhurst went to him begging for his support, he said, "Nothing would induce me to vote for giving women the franchise. I am not going to be henpecked in a question of such importance".

But what about his far-sighted warnings and, later, his proven stand against Nazism and Fascism? Does not that prove that he was fighting to save democracy and freedom for all of us? Yes, to a certain extent. Let us not however forget that actual fighting began only when he realised that Nazism, Fascism and Nipponism were going to threaten what he euphemistically calls "British interests" but what virtually are the interests of his own class. Not a second before, nor for any more altruistic reasons. The best we can say then is that, on such occasions, his objectives happen to run parallel to the cherished objects of democracy and freedom.

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When in 1931, the imperialists of Japan attacked China in Manchuria and thus initiated the beginnings of the war of 1939-45, Churchill distinguished himself from others and said, "British interests require us to keep out of the quarrel which has broken out in the Far East and not wantonly throw away our old and valued friendship with Japan". He further added, "I do not think the League of Nations would be well advised to have a quarrel with Japan.....I hope we in England shall try to understand a little the position of Japan, an ancient State, with the highest sense of national honour and patriotism.....On the one side they see the dark menace of Soviet Russia. On the other the chaos of China, four or five provinces of which are now being tortured under Communist rule".

In 1927, immediately after he returned from his talks with Mussolini, Churchill said, "I could not help being charmed, as so many others have been, by his simple, gentle bearing, his calm, detached poise, despite his many burdens and dangers; and secondly, anyone could see that he thought of nothing but the lasting good, as he understood it, of the Italian people and that all else was of secondary interest to him.....Externally, Fascism has rendered a service to the whole world". The effect of such an eulogy was made clear by the Rome correspondent of the London Times: "Mr. Churchill's parting message has elicited enthusiastic comments from all the Fascist newspapers, which speak of it as one of the most important judgments ever delivered on Fascism by a foreign statesman, and they express confidence that it will have the most favourable effect on world opinion. Mr. Churchill is to be congratulated especially on having understood the real spirit of the Fascist movement".

When however in 1944, he was pertinently reminded of all this in the British Parliament, Prime Minister Churchill replied, "I am not a bit afraid of anything I have said in a long political life. I certainly thought, at that particular time,

that the kind of regime set up in Italy at that time was better than a general slump of Italy into the furious Bolshevik Civil War which was raging in many other parts of Europe".

In his book, "Great Contemporaries", published in 1937, Churchill said of the Nazi Fuehrer, "Those who have met Hitler face to face in public business or on social terms have found a highly competent, cool, well-informed functionary with an agreeable manner, a disarming smile, and few have been unaffected by a subtle personal magnetism. Nor is this impression merely the dazzle of power". For Churchill, Hitlerism became an evil force only when he came to realise that it would not remain content with gobbling up other nations and other systems, but that it would seriously threaten the interests of British imperialism of which he, Winston Churchill, is such a true and zealous champion. Obviously it mattered little to Churchill that Hitler had strangled the German Labour, Trade Union, Liberal and Radical movements and built concentration camps to promote the glories of the Third Reich. To reach similar ends, Churchill would emulate Hitler. Speaking in November 1938, he said, "I have always said that, if Great Britain were defeated in war, I hoped we should find a Hitler to lead us back to our rightful position among the nations".

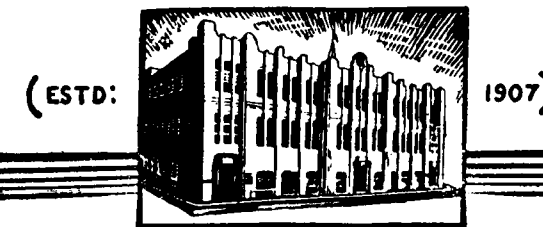
During the last fifty years—years of Churchill's active political life—over half of the world's population have lived, suffered and struggled under the racial, social, political and economic subjection of colonial and semi-colonial regimes. Therefore a man's attitude towards the freedom of colonial peoples during this period will be a test of his genuine belief in peace and democracy.

Here again, Churchill's politics were determined by what he believed to be the prestige, power and interests of his Britain. Indeed the various causes he espouses are closely conditioned by what, in his

view, constitutes the best possible way of preserving as long as possible the rights and monopolies of imperialism. That is why he consistently opposed and resisted the late President Roosevelt regarding the application of the principles of the Atlantic Charter to the colonial peoples as well. He proudly boasted that he had not become the King's first minister to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire. He vehemently denounced the leaders of the Indian freedom movement because he would not lose India—"the brightest jewel in the British crown". At the very time when he was freely throwing bouquets to Hitler and Mussolini, he was reserving his choicest brickbats for the well-known democratic leaders of India. As distinct from all the great men and women of the world who paid the highest tributes to Mahatma Gandhi for his services in the cause of international peace

and goodwill, Churchill could see in the Mahatma only "the alarming and also nauseating spectacle" of a seditious Middle Temple lawyer "posing as a Fakir of a type well-known in the East, striding half-naked up the steps of the Viceregal palace".

Such are the political beliefs and record of Winston Churchill; and Churchill, be it remembered, is not only a powerful personality in himself, but he is also the representative of a dying age which is hampering the birth of the new era. People who are impressed by Churchill's war records should realise the political causes and consequences of such wars. Every war is, as Clausewitz said, a continuation of politics by other means and warrior Churchill's campaigns are designed and conducted primarily to facilitate imperialist Churchill's political creeds.—N.P.S. (Copyright).



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ANDHRA PROVINCE AND THE DRAFT CONSTITUTION

by D. NARASA RAJU

THE formation of Andhra Province is no longer a matter of controversy. The principle has been accepted on all hands and the only question is when and in what manner it is to be constituted. At one stage it appeared as if the creation of the province was imminent and the provisions of the existing constitution would be made to subserve that end. In fact, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, as Prime Minister of India, representing the Government of India, made a statement on the floor of the Dominion Parliament in November 1947 that Andhra could be included among the provinces in the new constitution as was done in the case of Orissa and Sind under the Government of India Act 1935. The implication quite clearly was that the Andhra Province would be mentioned as a state in Part I of the first schedule in the New Constitution and that a Governor-General's order would be issued to carve it out as a separate administrative unit earlier than the date fixed for the New Constitution.

On second thoughts however this idea seems to have been either abandoned altogether or postponed for the time being. The committee engaged in drafting the constitution has recommended, as appears from the foot note at page 159 of the Draft Constitution (Constituent Assembly Publication) that before inclusion of Andhra as a distinct state in the schedule "preparatory steps will have to be taken immediately under the present Constitution in order that the new state with all the machinery of Government may be in being from the commencement of the constitution. The committee therefore recommends that a commission should be appointed to work out or inquire into all relevant matters not only as regards Andhra but also as regards other linguistic regions with

instructions to submit its report in time to enable any new states whose formation it may recommend to be created under Section 290 of the Act of 1935 and to be mentioned in this schedule before the Constitution is finally adopted".

Giving the above recommendation its prima facie and grammatical meaning, it seems to be clear that inclusion of Andhra as a state in the New Constitution is out of question unless the larger question of all the linguistic provinces and the ascertainment and delimitation of their respective boundaries is settled in such a manner that the new linguistic provinces with their defined boundaries are ready for inclusion in the New Constitution before it becomes law. There is no gainsaying the fact that there are acute controversies and disputes as regards boundaries, as to the areas to be included in the one province or another, quite apart from the fact that the creation of other linguistic provinces is also mixed up with the creation of Andhra Province which has already been accepted in principle. If there is a psychological feeling of urgency or immediate expediency, the result can be achieved in weeks if not in days. We have instances of the division of Punjab and Bengal for purposes of inclusion in the Dominions of India and Pakistan. But any such psychological feeling seems to be conspicuous by its absence at least on the part of those in whose hands the power is vested. Even the intriguing developments in the relations between the Union of India and Hyderabad and their reaction on the minds of the people immediately and directly concerned and the necessity to whip up and harness their energy and enthusiasm, do not seem to have induced an appreciation of the need for an immediate administrative separation.

The terms of reference of the recently appointed Linguistic Provinces Commission confirm and deepen rather than allay apprehensions. It is open to the Commission—not that it is likely to do so—that separation of Andhra is inexpedient or undesirable. So the progress made is that from the question of ascertainment of the boundaries we have gone back to the question whether there should be an Andhra province at all at present. It seems too optimistic, in the present circumstances, to expect that the question of boundaries could be settled before the constitution is approved for being enacted into law. Of course, if the constitution itself takes no definite shape for another year or more—and the way things are moving does not render this prospect unlikely—then there will be time enough to settle the boundary question.

But it should not cause surprise if the conditions precedent referred to in the recommendations of the Drafting Committee are not fulfilled and hence Andhra is not found as a distinct state in Part I of schedule I. The result will be that the Andhra state will have to be carved out of the Madras state under the provisions of the New Constitution. There can be no Andhra state except on a valid exercise of the powers under the New Constitution subject to the limitations contained in its provisions. And the provisions of the constitution may well render it difficult for the Government of India to achieve the result.

Assuming that the provisions of the draft Constitution will be the provisions as finally enacted, the relevant rules are contained in Articles 2 and 3. The power conferred on the Parliament under Article 3 for separation of territory from a state in order to form a new state is subject to two conditions: (1) it is only the Government of India and none else that can introduce a Bill in the Dominion Parliament for the purpose, (2) even the Government of India cannot initiate a Bill unless either: (i) a representation in that behalf has been made to the President by a majority of

the representatives of the territory in the Legislature of the State from which the territory is to be separated or excluded; or

(ii) a resolution in that behalf has been passed by the Legislature of any state whose boundaries or name will be affected by the proposal to be contained in the Bill.

A moment's reflection will open up a vista of difficulties of a fundamental character. In regard to the first condition it is the Government of India constituted after the elections under the New Constitution that has to introduce the bill. What guarantee is there that the Government of India so constituted will take it into its head to introduce such a Bill? It may be said that such a Government can be compelled by an agitation and a struggle. But the very idea of a situation requiring an agitation or a struggle, remote though it be, is repugnant and almost ridiculous in respect of a matter which is to-day accepted on all hands as beyond controversy. The demands of justice and statesmanship require that such a situation should be rendered impossible.

Assuming that the future Government of India is ready and willing to introduce a Bill, that does not seem to end the difficulty. Sub-clause (i) quoted above appears to be susceptible of two interpretations: one is that the representation specified should be made by a majority of the representatives of the Legislature of the State from which the territory is to be separated. This means that the majority is of the representatives of the Madras Legislature as a whole. Of course it will be argued that such a construction is unreasonable and is not the one intended by the framers of the constitution and that the reference to the 'territory' in two places in that clause makes it clear that the majority required is of the representatives of the territory to be separated and that this is the interpretation intended. But to one familiar with courts of law and ingenuity of counsel, the former construction is not an impossible one and if per chance that

turns out to be the correct construction accepted by courts, the result would be that even if all the Andhra representatives speak with one voice, the others can combine and render the requirement impossible of fulfilment.

Even granting that the correct interpretation requires a majority of only the representatives of the territory to be carved out, the rule as to majority representation can easily bring into play all the intrigues and personal considerations of which we have had clear demonstration on two occasions so far. By an inherent defect in the very working of the scheme of responsible government, the electorate or the constituency exercises no real or effective control over the actions of the elected representative during the period of his term. He may flout the wishes of the electorate and act in open and utter disregard of their known inclinations and yet there is no machinery to compel him to resign. In such a state of

affairs, is it an inconceivable possibility that the requisite majority might be found wanting?

In order to avoid the danger of the complications mentioned above, and to obviate feelings of disappointment and bitterness, one of two courses may well be adopted. One is that Andhra as a distinct state may be included in Part I of First Schedule with all the areas now comprised in that designation with Madras as part of the area and an express provision might be put in that the areas and the boundaries are subject to the result of the inquiry of a Boundary Commission. There can be no legal or constitutional or any other objection to such a course. The other method is to insert a provision in the constitution, as an exception to the proviso to Art. 3, that none of the conditions controlling the exercise of the power vested thereby shall apply to or govern the constitution of the Andhra Province.

BRITAIN'S SOCIAL REVOLUTION

by Dr. GEORGE GRETTON

THE story of Britain's Post-War Social Revolution, by which the standard of living of countless thousands of her citizens is being steadily increased, entered a new chapter at the beginning of July, 1948. Nothing less than the future health and happiness of every man, woman and child in Great Britain is the object of the Parliamentary Acts which now become operative—the National Health Service and the Insurance Acts and the Town and Country Planning Act.

There is nothing in the least new about the idea of the community accepting responsibility for the health of all its members. But it is only some 60 years since the first health insurance scheme was introduced in Germany. Since then members of the British Commonwealth of Nations have been in the forefront of progress.

In this respect one thinks of Britain's famous Lloyd George and his Health and Insurance Act of 1911—which produced a far greater storm of controversy than the current British health measure—and the Australian Maternity Allowance Act of 1912 which, revised several times, foreshadowed many of the provisions for benefits to expectant mothers given under Britain's new Health Act. Two other examples are the New Zealand Social Security Act of 10 years ago, which guaranteed the social well-being of all her citizens, and the Australian Child Endowment Act of 1941, which anticipated the British Family Allowance Scheme by four years.

Among European peoples the Austrian capital, Vienna, inaugurated a "golden age" of social security, under its Social Democrat Town Council, in the 1920's. This was later turned to useless scrap by the Austrian reactionary Chancellor Dollfuss and his successors, the Nazis.

Now, in July 1948, Great Britain leads the world with a social security measure unparalleled in the scope of its provisions. All over the United Kingdom, men, women and children can face the ordinary risks and responsibilities of life without fear and anxiety. They are literally looked after from the cradle to the grave. The Local Health Authorities are responsible for the well-being of expectant and nursing mothers and, at the other end of life, the insurance scheme under the new Insurance Act provides a funeral benefit.

Everyone is insured against what is termed "interruption of income", that is to say, such things as accidents, unemployment, sickness and old age. When a man is sick he receives a "benefit" not only for himself but also for his wife and children. For example, a married man with one child draws nearly £2 10s. (Rs. 33-2-0) a week if illness keeps him from his work. Nor does he have to worry about paying for a doctor. The State Health Service sees that he is given all the attention he needs, if necessary in hospital, or from a specialist, with treatment, medicines and appliances. And finally, when it comes to old age, there is a retirement pension waiting for the man and his wife.

NATIONAL REGISTER

There are some 26,500,000 insurable workers in Britain. The task of ensuring that the machinery set up under the new Health Act works efficiently falls for the most part on two Ministries, the Ministry of Health and the Ministry of National Insurance. Mr. James Griffiths, the National Insurance Minister, has his headquarters in London. In the north of England near Newcastle, a national register will be kept in the central record office there. Here will be kept the history of the nation's accidents,

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health, unemployment, pensions and general welfare.

A mass of paper work is inevitable in such a job as this, but all concerned with the administration, from the Insurance Minister downwards, are determined there shall be no bureaucratic "red tape", and that speed and efficiency will be their slogans.

Side by side with the health of the nation go its homes—not only individual houses, which are being built in Britain as fast as materials and available labour permit, but also "homes in the mass", which make up the towns and communities.

So perhaps it is no accident that Britain's new Town and Country Planning Act has come into force at the same time as her great new health measure.

The purpose of this act, as its name implies, is to plan the towns and countryside of the Britain of the future. The rushed building of the past has led too often to slums and ugliness. Visitors to Britain have often noted a lack of design in towns, and found even noted beauty spots spoilt by advertisement hoardings. But now Mr. Lewis Silkin, Minister for Town and Country Planning, has been given by the nation the powers he needs to prevent such mistakes in the future. He can halt haphazard development and ensure that homes are grouped together in the healthiest and most attractive manner possible. Also, the Act makes it much easier for land to be acquired by local authorities for parks, playgrounds and open spaces.

Britain's confidence in her ability to build a future even greater than her past is shown by these ways in which she is planning her health and homes. With such a basis for

the well-being of her people, she will go far towards abolishing poverty, and all the evils which it brings.

FREE HEALTH SERVICE FOR VISITORS

All visitors to Britain, whether of British nationality or not, are entitled to use the National Health Service in exactly the same way as people living permanently in England, Wales and Scotland. No contributions are payable.

People going to Britain with the idea of staying for more than three months will be handed, on landing, a leaflet setting out the main points of the Service and telling them that they may choose a doctor and get on to his National Health Service list. They will then receive a medical card. Lists of doctors, dentists and opticians taking part in the Service are available in Post Offices, and Executive Council offices.

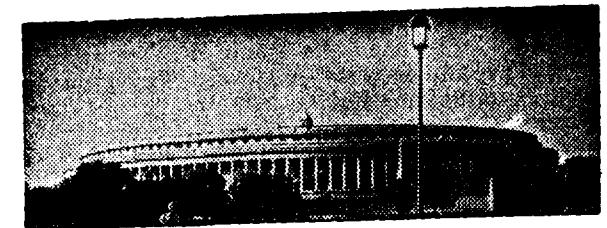
People on shorter visits to Britain will also be entitled to all the amenities offered by the Service but will not need to choose a doctor. They will be treated in the same way as "temporary residents" (i.e., people away from home or people who move from place to place). This means that if they are ill, all they need to do is to go to any doctor who has joined the scheme; he will then treat them free of charge, and any medicines which he prescribes will be supplied by the chemist without charge. They will be asked to fill in a simple form when they go to the doctor, stating that it is not their intention to stay for longer than three months and giving their home address.

Apart from the right to the services of a doctor free of charge, any visitor to Britain in the event of serious illness is entitled to hospital and specialist treatment.

In general, there have been three accepted ways of treating cancer—by surgery, X-rays and radium. A recent announcement by David E. Lilienthal, chairman of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, revealed another tool—radio-active cobalt—which might prove not only to be as effective as radium, but easier to use, and on a far wider scale.

Whereas there is only a small quantity of radium known in the world, radio-active cobalt can be produced in great quantities at low cost.

NEW DELHI DIARY



by V. V. PRASAD

OUR good friend, Aneurin Bevan, has set the Thames on fire by blurting out that the British Press was the most prostituted Press in the world. I am not quite sure that it is fair on Mr. Bevan's part to have claimed a distinction for the British Press which, in the interests of Big Three accord (as well as in the interests of Truth), he should have conceded to the other two. It is such indiscretions that lead to friction in the relations among the Big Powers. In any case, the All-India Newspaper Editors' Conference should take the matter up with Prime Minister Attlee, and in the manner of Sardar Patel, ask that Bevan be gagged forthwith along with Churchill.

Such requests for gagging people are apt to shock people like the British. Long before Sardar Patel's request or command was conveyed to the British Government through Reuter, the New Delhi Correspondent of the *Daily Herald* of London, Andrew Mellor, was telling students of journalism in the Capital: "My country has always had a profound belief in freedom of expression and never more so than at present when we see various types of totalitarianism in operation in different parts of the world." Mellor is one of the best foreign Correspondents in Delhi, and he has besides a keen sense of humour and a withering sarcasm. Mellor told the young journalists: "Those who attempt to muzzle the Press always do so on the grounds that public order is being endangered or the bounds of decency being overstepped. These grounds are of course legitimate, but what we, as journalists, have to beware of is authoritarian regimes which use these stock excuses merely for stopping unwelcome criticism." Mellor

went on to say that another method of crippling the Press which was gaining favour was the introduction of legislation by which newspapers could be forced to publish certain matter on the demand of the authorities. Imposition of censorship and the delaying of news-cables without due reason also seemed to be popular. He said that in newly freed countries like India and Pakistan, where there was as yet no effective Parliamentary Opposition, journalists had to be particularly watchful of their rights. Several times, already, the Press had to take up the cudgels on its own behalf as in Bombay against the new Press Law there. He thought it must be somewhat disturbing to newsmen in the sub-continent to hear of the editors being arrested because a policeman disliked what they wrote, as in the case of *Pakistan Times*, Lahore, and of reporters being sentenced to four years R. I. for Press offences, as in Hyderabad. He also drew pointed attention to Section 2B of the new Madras Maintenance of Public Order Ordinance because "anyone, who, when a detention order is in force against a certain person, publishes or keeps for publication any document or summary of a document of which he is the author, may be sentenced to two years' imprisonment and a fine of Rs. 1,000."

Mellor condemned the bad tendency which grew up during the war (and increased ever since) of the dependence of all kinds of journals on Government hand-outs. The more the hands-out increase in number, and the bigger the Government publicity organisations grow, the greater the disinclination of the newsmen to go out and get a story. The result was that we

would begin to find every paper running the same rather stereotyped, dull story which had the stamp of officialdom all over it. A Government Information Bureau was the source of tremendous propaganda power to the administration in office. As such Pressmen should watch carefully that it did not encroach on the fundamental liberties of the Press.

Journalism, said Mellor, is a profession which is particularly open to an insidious kind of corruption. While some people are prepared to pay to have a story put in the paper, others are equally ready to pay to have some other story kept out. Usually the first place we meet this situation, he said, is the magistrate's court. Several times when he had been reporting very minor cases, one or other of those directly concerned had come up to him afterwards and said, "I'll pay you 10s to keep my name out of the paper" or words to that effect. That was an invidious thing when one recalled that the operation of the law depended on the examples which it set. Punishment of a criminal or offender was not only a deterrent but an example to other weak-minded people not to go and do likewise. Since the whole country could not sit in court and watch the proceedings, the Press acted for the public in this matter. Therefore if the people were able to pay for the privilege of having their names kept out of the paper, justice would to some extent be interfered with and a monetary premium put upon it.

Apart from the courts it sometimes happens, Mellor continued, that a man will come to a newspaper office and offer payment for the publication of a story he has brought with him. By it he may wish to influence the movement of shares on the stock-exchange or put over a particular belief or advertise a product. These methods amount to bribery. Another form of corruption, which he believed was uncommon, was when a journalist, having secured a story which could damage a man's character or business goes and tells him about it and asks for money to keep it out of the paper. That is simply blackmail.

Speaking of Press Conferences, Mellor said they were not the place for arguments between whoever was holding them and the reporters who were attending. "At a Press Conference our job is to ask questions, clearly, concisely and to the point, and not to ask too many, for other people may have queries to the speaker as well. Further, we are not paid to enter into longwinded explanations of what we think is the correct approach to the problem the speaker is trying to explain. If we were the people who framed policy we should be in the Government, not outside it. Bad behaviour at a Press Conference is inexcusable on the part of any journalist, however important he may be. Trying to be clever and catch the speaker out appears to me to be a cheap method of self-advertisement. Put him searching questions, certainly, but only if you feel that they are really worth while and the public would like to know the answer." Mellor observed that ever since tea began to be served at Press Conferences, the attendance of Correspondents became much larger.

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WOOD-CARVING IN TRAVANCORE

by Dr. JAMES H. COUSINS

THE traditional arts and crafts of Travancore are mainly religious. This makes for a general solemnity. It is not easy to be funny in the depiction of divinity. The nearest step from solemnity to amusement in the representation in physical form of super-physical conceptions is in the figure of Shiva as the Chief of Dancers. But the quality in the image of this phase of Shiva that stimulates a quiet smile in the sensitive observer is not in the face of the image; it is in the laughter of motion, the energy of what is commonly called, and not quite truly, the Dance of Destruction by Nataraja (*nata* dance, *raja* chief).

The most famous representations of "the Lord of the Dance" are the bronzes created in the great Dravidian temples of south-east India in or about the ninth to the twelfth century. But the personification of the fundamental rhythm of life was a nation-wide conception, and was embodied not only in the bronzes of a particular area but in stone and wood and mural painting. Travancore has all three in the static arts, and a specially distinctive version in the dynamic *Kathakali* (dance-drama).

But the availability of toolable timbers in a State that is covered to one third of its area (total 13,000 square miles) by forests, and the variety of these timbers in forests that ascend the Travancore side of the Western Ghats from a few hundred feet above sea-level to five thousand and more, offered a natural temptation to the inherent skill of certain of the people to exert themselves in wood-carving; and right well they responded to the temptation. Their success beyond say five hundred years back has to be inferred, since heat and humidity in the most tropical area of India are not among the preservatives of wood-work, nor are borer beetles, though happily they prefer as homes the

flat spaces between details of carving.

The inferences of a craft-heredity are different from those of a literary heredity. A bright idea in a line of two thousand years ago may touch a post-modernist poet with envy, for true poetry may drop specimens of its perfections from the firmament of the imagination with no respect for chronology. But the chronological inference in a piece of perfect skill in one of the plastic arts is, that behind the achievement is a gradual ascension of technical mastery, and within it possibilities of variation and expansion.

Such inferences are involved in the small wood-carved panel of Nataraja in a temple in Central Travancore, made in the fifteenth century and still in a state of good preservation. There is no doubting the chief motif of the panel—the whirling dance in which, with other symbolical accessories, "the Lord of the Dance" carries in one hand the drum that gives out the rhythm of life (we call it wave-lengths today) and in another holds the symbolical flame of energy (today we call it radio-activity). Above and below the centre-piece are other figures, divinities watching a cosmic transaction, the symbolical "demon" of matter on which the foot of divinity needs must rest in the passing movements of the cosmic dance, and the sons of Shiva (of whom Nataraja is an aspect) supporting the central figure. These are in static postures that by contrast intensify the sense of movement of the central figure.

Of the architecture of Travancore the typical feature is the roof that, some say, goes back to the primitive ridge-timber (probably a bamboo) from which the steep-sloping sides conducted the monsoon deluges as quickly as possible to earth. The need of ventilation and the exit of smoke created the "Malabar gable" at each end of the roof. But exits

from within were also entrances from without, and the necessity to exclude rain led not only to the screening of the aperture and its adornment by carving, but also to a tilt forward of the apex. The tilt was a piece of natural art that, in its slight deviation from the perpendicular, attained a simple beauty of form. This, being natural and indigenous, became a distinct motif, and has been carried on from generation to generation.

Perhaps the most pleasing assemblage of the Kerala (west coast) roof and Malabar gable in both the tilted and perpendicular forms is on the group of palaces of past Rulers in Trivandrum Fort which form the architectural background and environment of the Ranga Vilasom Palace, now a delightful museum-gallery. A fine example of character given to buildings by the setting of the Malabar gable in varied juxtaposition as end-pieces and centre-pieces is seen in the main entrance to the temple at Thiruvattar, 29 miles south of the capital. The original shrine, and probably much lost primitive craftsmanship, goes back beyond the eighth century; but the present structure is dated by inscription to A. D. 1603-1607. A special feature of its wood-carving is that of the gables, the pierced pendants of the end gables and the supports to the central gable over the entrance. The latter being in a position of special dignity, it is supported by a pair of composite mythological creatures (*yalis*) that symbolise elemental forces. Along the front of the roof at the level of the third quarter downwards of the *yalis* and for some distance around the sides there is a line of panels richly carved in conventional patterns. The gable-motif persists in its finest development in form and carved decoration in many buildings in Travancore. The most notable present-day example of tradition artistically adapted to modern requirements is the recently built long range of Government offices crowned by groups of juxtaposed gables with wood-carved screens.

Thirty miles south of the present capital of Travancore is the former seat of Government, Padmanabhapuram Palace. In 1750 it was vacat-

ed when Maharaja Marthanda Varma extended his territory northwards. This necessitated a more centralised location for rulership, and the palace at Padmanabhapuram gradually fell out of general knowledge. In 1934, through the artistic taste and initiative of Maharani Setu Parvati Bayi, the brilliant mother of the present Maharaja (Sir Bala Rama Varma), the artistic riches of Padmanabhapuram Palace were brought to light—architecture, sculpture, carving, mural paintings. Formerly the Palace was visited by a few local people annually; but since the restoration became known, the Palace has become a place of artistic pilgrimage for many thousands of people from elsewhere in India and from other lands. We can only glance at a few specimens of its wood-carving.

In the oldest part of the Palace, dated to the fourteenth century, the carved beams of a special worship-room are supported by a remarkable ten-foot wooden pillar. The lower half of the single block between base and capital is a plain four-sided oblong, in complete distinction to the richly designed upper half of the pillar and its separate elaborate floral capital, yet in the satisfying artistic collaboration of simplicity and multiplicity, a first class "museum specimen" *in situ*.

Adjoining Padmanabhapuram Palace is a group of three small domestic buildings, separate in function but related in substance. How long these buildings were in their present position prior to the vacating of the Palace in 1750 cannot be said with certainty at present; but they were for two centuries, like the Palace itself, progressively disregarded, exposed without supervision to rain and dust and insects. Yet, with the restorative attention of those in authority, they have within the past five years emerged as another first class museum specimen *in situ*, with beautifully designed and exquisitely carved pillars, beams, doors, ceilings, cornices and dados. The restoration of the old Palace brought a group of suppressed traditional craftsmen back to creative activity, and stimulated a renaissance in Travancore wood-carving.

PRESENT TRENDS IN DANCE AND ITS PATRONAGE

by E. KRISHNA IYER

POPULAR enthusiasm and patronage for our dance art have nowadays increased by leaps and bounds and numerous are the types of dance that are found on the stage. But it is doubtful, how far the evaluation and encouragement of what is displayed is sound or discerning and based upon a fair understanding of the essentials of good Indian art.

The present-day popular trend in tastes is more and more towards variety in short pieces, and vivacity of group dances. Hence, much of the art is in the hands of troupes which regale the audience with light variety entertainments in the name of 'Oriental Dances', mostly consisting of folk art interspersed with unconvincing imitations or parodies of classical themes, poses and movements, all rendered in a hotch-potch mixture of styles, with a veneer of showmanship and glittering dress and make-up, stage-settings and coloured lights.

It is being realised by all competent connoisseurs that of the numerous types of our national dance art, two in particular, preserved and developed in South India, namely *Bharata Natya* and *Kathakali*, happen to be the most classical and to embody in themselves the true spirit and glory of our ancient heritage. Most of the globe-trotters and others who aspire for All-India fame, recognise this and attempt to include *Bharata Natya* too in their variety programmes. But they seem to do it more with a view to enhance their prestige than with any real faith in or understanding of it. Many of them find it easier to handle *Kathak* and *Manipuri* of the less classical variety, but they nibble at *Bharata Natya* and *Kathakali* also. In the result, an incongruous mixture of styles crops up and is sought to be palmed off as new and original interpretation of ancient modes!

Classical Indian dance, to be genuine, requires, above all, a wealth of facial expression which, in combination with hand gestures and other movements of the body and limbs, can bring out the meaning of songs and shades of inner emotion, all in a subdued manner in keeping with its renown as the supreme art of suggestion. The average notion among westerners and western-minded Indians, that Indian dance is all a combination of serpentine movements of the body and limbs with a sprinkling of *still* statuesque poses, must go. Some fondly imagine that they are recreating Indian dancing by merely observing the dance figures of our famous sculptures and paintings and incorporating some of them in all sorts of modes and movements of their own. These sculptured and painted figures—valuable as they are—are only the reflection of a few fleeting moments in the kaleidoscopic variety of poses and movements and facial expression in the best of our classical art. How to combine them in an attractive and characteristically classical sequence, is to be learnt from the traditional Indian teachers before any new necessary or attractive innovation is sought to be introduced. Lack of this training to a sufficient extent is the bane of most of our modern dancers.

Absence of public enthusiasm and prevalence of prejudice against our national heritage in classical dance, in the first quarter of the 20th century, as a result of British rule and English education, had erased our people's memory of our own early art. And the present generation has naturally no idea of how exquisite *Bharata Natya* was and should be. It is only of late, that two or three artistes of the younger generation, like Kumari Kousalya and Baby Kamala, have succeeded in recapturing the best aspects and fragrance of the art of the past age. But

most of them, though cultured and respectable, come from humble middle class families.



Kumari Kousalya

Unfortunately, in these days, the wealth and status, social pull and self-advertising capacity of an artiste seem to play a far greater part than any true worth of his or her art, in influencing public judgment and appreciation. The Goddess of Art however, does not appear to care for such things but lavishes her choicest blessings on whom she likes, rich or poor. It so happens that at the present day, only two or three artistes of humble families, like those mentioned above, are truly gifted. While these artistes make little fuss about themselves or their art, the more ambitious fire-eaters of rich and influential families and organisations, with lesser quality in art, manage to steal the limelight.

Among art lovers, the monied aristocrats are—with stray exceptions—the most to blame for this state of affairs. Many of these patrons, with their new born enthusiasm for art, go to see dances more for fashion and hobnobbing in high society, than to discerningly evaluate and encourage art. Even if what they actually witness on the platform does not come up to their expectations, they dare not say so, lest they should lose face in high

society or the esteem of the rich artistes they seek to cultivate. These conceited dancers of high life and their blind admirers among the aristocracy do not care to acknowledge worthier talents of humbler life. In the result, their judgment is invariably cramped, often snobbish and rarely free from bias.

In such a state of affairs, it is no wonder that when a chance comes for presentation of our classical dances on big occasions, like provincial or All-India conferences, or functions got up in honour of distinguished persons, ambitious adventurers from among the inferior but influential artistes somehow succeed in snatching the chance. They flaunt their wares of doubtful quality, while worthier talents with genuinely classical art are ignored.

It is time that in the interests of preserving the good work of those pioneers who laboured hard for the revival of classical art from oblivion, all honest connoisseurs and the art-loving public should wake up from their complacency, know which is which in present day art, speak out their minds without fear or favour and stand by worthy art, irrespective of the artistes' wealth or status.



Kumari Kamala

THE BARGAIN

by S. VENKATESAN

IT was but a little volume that I saw,
Little and shy, amidst the gathered heap,
The wreck and salvage of what once were books
(Books near-dead and books far better dead)
That made the pavement-bookstall—and the crowd
Passed heedless by—but I, Samaritan,
I who had beheld that little book
Drew up . . . not eagerly, but as one may
Who has no work, and all of time to waste.

Little the book had been, but littler now,
For front and back, title and frontispiece
Their several ways had taken, nevermore
To meet again, in all Eternity.
Yet nine successive names, struck out in turn,
And one that yet remained, bore witness still
Of ten poor mortals who had turned those leaves.
Turned, read and gone, but left a dead man's name
On the old leaves that bore a dead man's work.

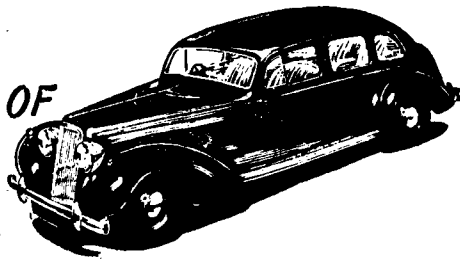
And still with the air of one for whom the world
Holds nothing more—who finds all things the same,
Yet tarries aimlessly—I turn the leaves,
Stealing a glance towards the One that sits
Half-asleep-seeming, yet with wolf-keen eyes,
Aware of every motion that I make.
Slowly I close the book, holding it out
Most casually (half-minded to replace)
And fain would know how much he wants for it.
Awhile he gazes; then is moved to speak,
Gauging more my features than the book,
And names the price . . . What, did I hear aright?
I ask; and remind him of its many woes,
The age, the writing and the pages gone;
How no one else would think of buying it,
And I myself am not in need of it,
And yet, because I rather fancy it,
I'll give him half of what he asks for it.
Now flames his native eloquence, furnaced
By respect for the book, and scorn for me.
Yea, it is old; and I may vainly search
In every shop in every town there is
Ere I obtain another such; besides
Look at the price when new! And yet again,
But fifteen minutes ago it was denied
To one who offered half as much again . . .
(Who may this be, he who goes ahead

Of me, and always wants the books I want,
And has made a better bid for every book
That ever I tried to buy? Are our souls linked?
Or are they twain, and is there another one
Who comes ten minutes behind me, and demands
The self-same books that I have wished to get
And passes unbuying, followed by yet another
(of a procession that never ends?)

But my resolve is made; a little more
I will hold out, in token of my zeal . . .
It is rejected; immediately I turn
As one that has a thousand things to do
And little time . . . Did some one call me back?
Faster I walk, but hear the call again,
And turn . . . Amazement! . . . There the vendor stands
Holding the book. And I retrace my steps,
Feeling my pocket while he moans his loss . . .
But I am the first to-day to buy from him,
Wherefore he will endure his loss, though great . . .

'Tis done at last. I take my book and end
The comedy that buys the tragedy
That tells the tragi-comedy of all.

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Ayad Qalam
by **K. A. Abbas**

“HANG the hoarder”, as the slogan, had more than just the ring of alliteration. It expressed the deep-seated popular resentment against those who fattened by starving the people. Thus they were worse than thieves or robbers. Objectively, they were guilty of causing the death of people—thousands and lakhs of them—and, therefore, deserved the punishment that is meted out to murderers. The Bengal Famine was their masterpiece of crime.

When, in 1944, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, on coming out of detention, heard the horrible details of the Bengal Famine, he was moved into raising this slogan which immediately struck the imagination of the whole nation. A national Government, he said, would give no quarter to such blood-sucking parasites. We shall hang the hoarder! Only we didn't! And the steep rise in the prices of foodstuffs and cloth in all the de-controlled areas is there to indicate the grim consequences.

THE NEW KASHMIR WAY

The Kashmir National Conference leaders had not specifically promised public hangings of hoarders and blackmarketeers but they had made it clear that if and when they got power they would not tolerate such anti-social elements.

The powerful grain-dealers of Kashmir (who, like all other classes of exploiters, are both Hindus and Muslims) heard these declarations

and smiled. The politicians, they knew, had to talk that way to capture imagination of the masses. Hadn't the great Nehru himself raised the “Hang the Hoarder” slogan and then forgotten all about it when he became Prime Minister. Moreover, hadn't several of them donated to the National Conference funds and paid lip sympathy to its cause? Who would dare touch them.

The grain-dealers of Kashmir—ghallaydars, as they are locally called—are a powerful lot. Between them they had a monopoly of the entire rice trade—and rice is the staple diet of all Kashmiris. Moreover they owned all the husking mills. So they could fix prices at their own sweet will and if the Government intervened they could transfer the grain to the Black Market through the mills.

They not only controlled the price of rice but, indirectly, all other prices, as in Kashmir the entire economic life depends on the all-important *shaali* — unpolished rice!

The invasion by Pakistani hordes, the blockade and the consequent disturbance of normal life gave the ghallaydars the opportunity they were seeking. The prices of rice shot up to thirty rupees per maund. Up went simultaneously the prices of all other commodities—vegetables, potatoes, salt, cloth, meat. The poorer sections of the population—the boatmen, the artisans, the factory workers—went on half rations, were faced with eventual starvation.

Rumblings of protest and resentment began to be heard among the people.

The National Conference administration which had just taken charge was faced with a major crisis and the first big test of its democratic character.

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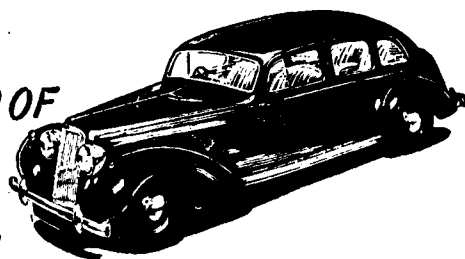
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Of me, and always wants the books I want,
And has made a better bid for every book
That ever I tried to buy? Are our souls linked?
Or are they twain, and is there another one
Who comes ten minutes behind me, and demands
The self-same books that I have wished to get
And passes unbuying, followed by yet another
(of a procession that never ends?)

But my resolve is made; a little more
I will hold out, in token of my zeal . . .
It is rejected; immediately I turn
As one that has a thousand things to do
And little time . . . Did some one call me back?
Faster I walk, but hear the call again,
And turn . . . Amazement! . . . There the vendor stands
Holding the book. And I retrace my steps,
Feeling my pocket while he moans his loss . . .
But I am the first to-day to buy from him,
Wherefore he will endure his loss, though great . . .

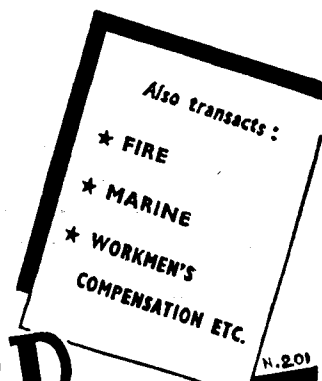
'Tis done at last. I take my book and end
The comedy that buys the tragedy
That tells the tragi-comedy of all.

THE CAR
YOU ARE PROUD OF
NEEDS THIS
Protection



Insure your car with the
leading Motor Insurance
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liberal policy conditions
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The
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MADRAS.



“**H**ANG the hoarder”, as the slogan, had more than just the ring of alliteration. It expressed the deep-seated popular resentment against those who fattened by starving the people. Thus they were worse than thieves or robbers. Objectively, they were guilty of causing the death of people—thousands and lakhs of them—and, therefore, deserved the punishment that is meted out to murderers. The Bengal Famine was their master-piece of crime.

When, in 1944, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, on coming out of detention, heard the horrible details of the Bengal Famine, he was moved into raising this slogan which immediately struck the imagination of the whole nation. A national Government, he said, would give no quarter to such blood-sucking parasites. We shall hang the hoarder!

Only we didn't! And the steep rise in the prices of foodstuffs and cloth in all the de-controlled areas is there to indicate the grim consequences.

THE NEW KASHMIR WAY

The Kashmir National Conference leaders had not specifically promised public hangings of hoarders and blackmarketeers but they had made it clear that if and when they got power they would not tolerate such anti-social elements.

The powerful grain-dealers of Kashmir (who, like all other classes of exploiters, are both Hindus and Muslims) heard these declarations

and smiled. The politicians, they knew, had to talk that way to capture imagination of the masses. Hadn't the great Nehru himself raised the “Hang the Hoarder” slogan and then forgotten all about it when he became Prime Minister. Moreover, hadn't several of them donated to the National Conference funds and paid lip sympathy to its cause? Who would dare touch them.

The grain-dealers of Kashmir—*ghallaydars*, as they are locally called—are a powerful lot. Between them they had a monopoly of the entire rice trade—and rice is the staple diet of all Kashmiris. Moreover they owned all the husking mills. So they could fix prices at their own sweet will and if the Government intervened they could transfer the grain to the Black Market through the mills.

They not only controlled the price of rice but, indirectly, all other prices, as in Kashmir the entire economic life depends on the all-important *shaali* — unpolished rice!

The invasion by Pakistani hordes, the blockade and the consequent disturbance of normal life gave the *ghallaydars* the opportunity they were seeking. The prices of rice shot up to thirty rupees per maund. Up went simultaneously the prices of all other commodities—vegetables, potatoes, salt, cloth, meat. The poorer sections of the population—the boatmen, the artisans, the factory workers—went on half rations, were faced with eventual starvation.

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Letters TO THE EDITOR

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

College Fees Not Raised

We are informed that there is no basis for the allegation of a correspondent in the Letters Section that unpublished orders have been issued to principals of Madras colleges this year to collect as fees 25 per cent more than last year.—Ed. S.

Are Small States not a Menace?

Mr. Karumuthu Thiagarajan in his article "Small States not a menace", cites Switzerland, consisting of 22 cantons, each enjoying independence, as an example of ideal democracy. But this cannot be compared with the situation in India, a sub-continent with 600 native states, each enacting its own laws. There should be a strong and central Government to control and co-ordinate the activities of each state and this cannot be done without wresting from the states some of these powers to make laws. If India is to stand with the other mighty countries of the world, she should have a co-ordinated Centre with all the states merged into convenient units.

Though we might be proud of our ancient systems of Government as envisaged in Tamil literature, we should keep pace with modern ideas of government in framing our constitution. There is no use glorying in our past without looking ahead.

L. NARAYANAN CHETTIAR, B.Sc.
Madura.

The Madras Agricultural Bill

The Madras Government will be sponsoring shortly the Madras Agricultural Bill, whose object is to vest in Government certain powers to control the cultivation of lands on modern scientific lines and also to regulate the market for the agricultural products.

According to the American conception, mechanical cultivation and conservation farming are the two phases of modern scientific agriculture. Mechanical cultivation requires imported equipment and consequent reliance on foreign markets. It also calls for large-scale consolidation of holdings as the existing fragmented pieces do not lend themselves for economical tractor operations. Mechanical cultivation will therefore depend on our success in

importing the requisite equipment from abroad and also in enforcing the various agrarian reforms. Conservation farming is a blend of mechanical, agronomic and forestry operations. It does not require any imported heavy machinery, and it calls for a minimum amount of State interference in the freedom of the cultivator. It will therefore yield far more effective and quicker results than mechanised farming.

Waste slopes and incultivable fallows will have to be afforested on improved methods so as to enrich the moisture and humus content of the cultivated lands of the watersheds. Forest regeneration is therefore ancillary to scientific farming. In America, the Forest Service constitutes a section of the Department of Agriculture, whereas in our country Forest and Agriculture are different departments. As the contemplated legislation will necessarily have to cover both Forestry and Agriculture, it may perhaps be found more appropriate to call the bill "The Agricultural and Forest Regeneration Bill."

P. V. C. RAO

Ramachandrapuram.

Rights of Co-operative Society Members

Every individual member of a co-operative society is expected not only to safeguard his own interests but also to watch the working of his society in accordance with the Act, the rules, the bye-laws and other instructions of the departmental authorities. It is therefore essential that he should possess the right of access at least to some of the records of his society such as Registrar's notes of audit with defect sheets, the minutes books, the circular files etc., of the society, apart from what the management may choose to place before a general meeting, which does not generally take place more than once or twice in a year.

As the Nellore Co-operative Urban Bank Ltd., of which I am a member, stopped access to any of the bank's records or registers, I made a reference to the Registrar of Co-operative Societies, Madras. The then Joint Registrar of Co-operative Societies (the present Registrar) wrote to say that a member can see no records of his society other than (a) the Act, (b) the Rules, (c) the Bye laws, (d) the list of members and

(e) his own personal account, that the audit notes can be seen by him only by obtaining copies from the Deputy Registrar on payment of fees (and not from his own society), and that the consideration of the Audit report is only intended for the general body as a whole at its meeting, and not for any individual member. My representation to the Registrar and my subsequent appeals to the Government for the revision of the orders of the Joint Registrar (wherein, I quoted authorities in support of my claim from Sir Austin's Manual of Co-operation and Calvert's Law and Principles of Co-operation) were summarily rejected though I had shown how access to certain records allowed for some time previously enabled a member to take to the notice of the authorities the grave irregularities taking place in a certain society, and enabled the Registrar to issue notice of supersession of the board of directors of that society. I had then to address almost all the leading co-operators to obtain their personal views in the matter, having reference to the authorities quoted above. Out of these, only Mr. A. Vedachelam Iyer and Dr. B. Pattabhi Seetharamayya Pantulu entirely agreed with my claim, while all the rest, including the present and past Premiers and Ministers in charge of our Congress Government, had not either cared to give any reply to me in spite of reply-card reminders, or had evaded committing themselves to any opinion.

I am at a loss to understand if such an attitude on the part of co-operators can really promote co-operation at a time when there is a clamour for running every concern on co-operative lines, and for preserving the fundamental rights of citizens in a free India.

I therefore venture to publish this for the information of all those who are interested in co-operation, in the hope that they will take pains to study the subject and take steps to secure for a member all the rights legitimately due to him, according to co-operative standards.

D. RAMAYYA

Ex-President, Nellore District
Government Servants Co-operative
Society.

Decontrol of Yarn

Today in our province 5 lakhs of handloom weavers and 20 lakhs of their dependents are starving, thanks to the gift of decontrol to millowners.

With the de-control of yarn, the ex-mill rates have shot up to double those of the controlled prices, and on a con-

servative estimate, the earnings of each weaver have come down to Rs. 7 per month, as against the average income of Rs. 27 (as worked out by the Provincial Textile Commissioner, during price control) and nothing short of 100 lakhs surplus profits are cornered by these Swadeshi industrialists.

The Central Government have now come out with a piece of news that the Hon'ble Dr. S. P. Mukherjee is calling for a meeting of the provincial Premiers and Industries Ministers, to discuss and devise ways and means of taxing the surplus profits made by the mill owners.

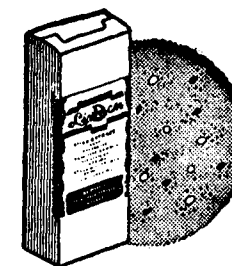
Presto! What a step! Mind you, not lowering of prices but sharing of the loot.

V. R. MOORTHY

Pullampet.

"Common Language For India"

The article under the above caption appearing in your issue of July 10 contributed by Adeltha Peterson of the Adyar Library, makes interesting read-



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'mauf' in Hindustani has already been reduced by the word 'u' and has been adopted in Tamil and Malayalam as 'mappu' bearing the same phonetic sound and meaning. Again, the writer says that 'Namaskar' in Hindustani has been pronounced and written in Tamil and Malayalam as 'Namaskaram', in Telugu as 'Namaskaramu', and in Kannada and Marathi as 'Namaskara'. This all sounds well. But although common words adaptable to all languages may be coined, the words used in each language in the construction of sentences to bring out the meaning through verbs, adjectives, adverbs, etc., certainly differ. For example, the question 'Where are you going?' in English takes the form of 'Ap kither jathe hain' in Hindustani, 'Neengal enge pokirigal' in Tamil, 'Ningal evide pokunnu' in Malayalam, 'Meeru ekkada potharu' in Telugu, '.....elli hogthare' in Kannada and so on. Hence the problem of language remains and will remain until and unless the question of teaching a common language (like Hindustani) alongside the mother tongue from the very beginning of the boy's school career in a compulsory manner is taken up in right earnest. If this is followed throughout India from now onwards, the future generation can at least be proud of having grappled with this question of language difficulty in that they will have mastered one lingua franca in addition to their own mother tongue.

V. K. SUBBARAMAN

Palghat.

Adult Franchise

Many people have chosen to praise the Draft Constitution of India in general terms while several others have extolled it for the provision of adult suffrage not realizing that it is not only unsuited to our country in the present conditions but that it is also foreign to its culture and traditions. India is noted for its Panchayat Raj which is proposed to be revived. I wish to invite the attention of the public and our legislators to the following extract from Jawaharlal Nehru's book "Discovery of India," which deserves serious consideration:

"Collectivism involves communal undertakings and co-operative effort. This again is fully in harmony with old Indian social conceptions which were all based on the idea of the group. The decay of the group system under the British rule and especially of the self-governing village, has caused deep in-

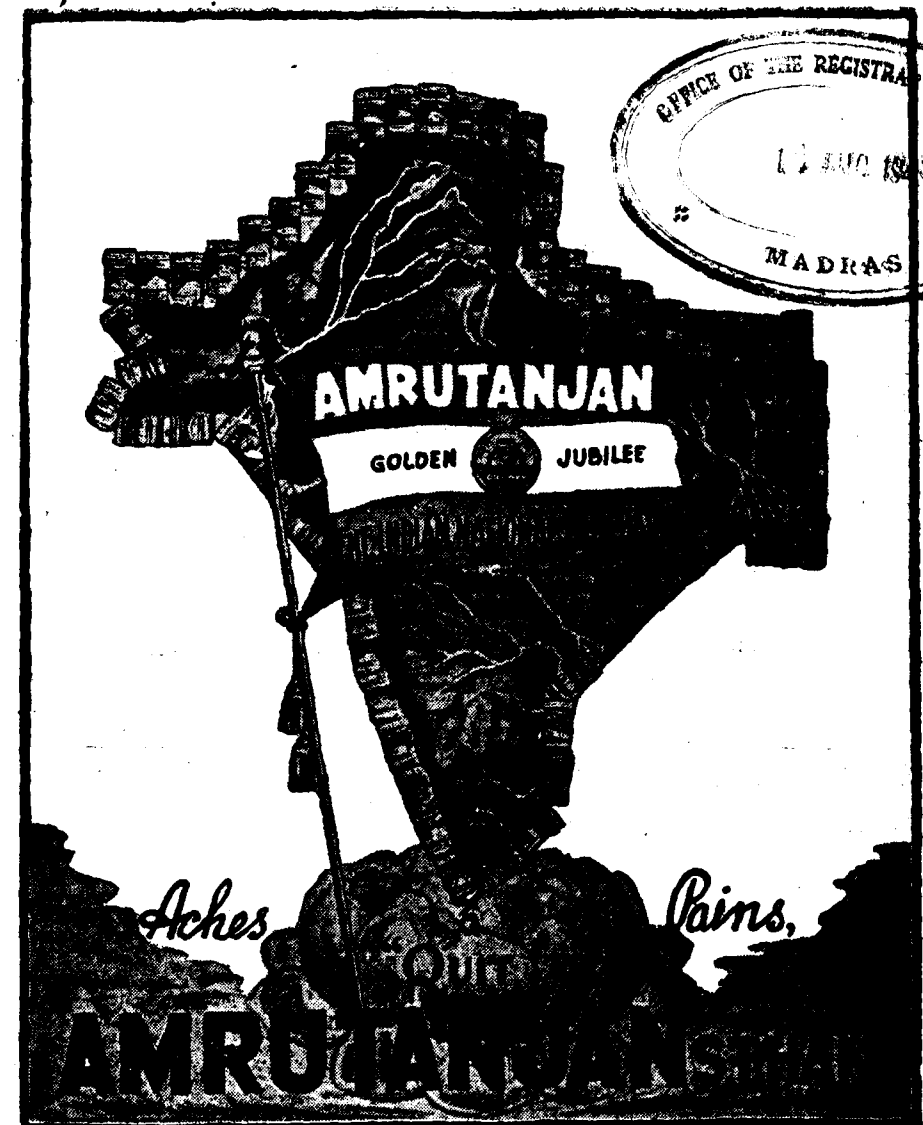
psychological than economic. Nothing positive came in its place and they lost their spirit of independence, their sense of responsibility and their capacity to co-operate together for common purposes. The village, which used to be an organic and vital unit, became progressively a derelict area, just a collection of mud huts and odd individuals. But still the village holds together by some invisible link and old memories revive. It should be easily possible to take advantage of these age-long traditions and to build up communal and co-operative concerns in the land and in small industry. The village can no longer be a self-contained economic unit (though it may often be intimately connected with a collective or co-operative farm), but it can very well be a Governmental and electoral unit, each such unit functioning as a self-governing community within the larger political frame-work and looking after the essential needs of the village. If it is treated to some extent as an electoral unit this will simplify provincial and all-India elections considerably by reducing the number of direct elections. The village council itself chosen by all the adult men and women of the village could form the electors for the bigger elections. Indirect elections may have some disadvantages but, having regard to the back-ground in India, I feel sure that the village should be treated as a unit. This will give a truer and more responsible representation.

"In addition to this territorial representation there should also be direct representation of the collectives and co-operatives on the land and in industry. Thus the democratic organisation of the State will consist of both functional and territorial representatives and will be based on local autonomy. Some such arrangement will be completely in harmony with India's past as well as with her present."

G. SRINIVASARAGHAVACHARI
Retired Deputy Collector.

SWATANTRA

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



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From

AUGUST 6, 1948
ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION:

Rs. 12

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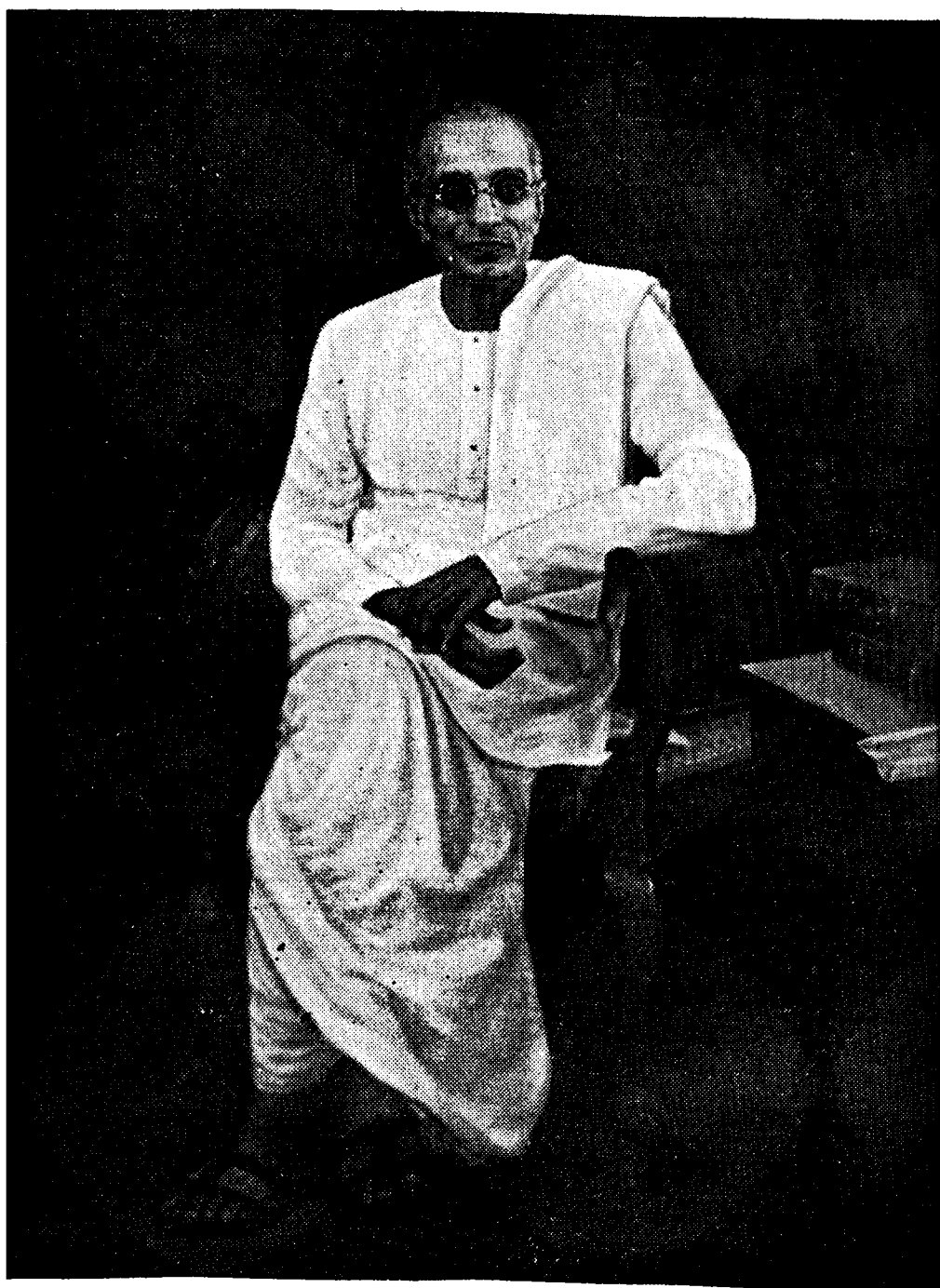
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S. N. Chamkur's portrait of H. E. Sri C. Rajagopalachari, recently unveiled in the Madras Legislative Assembly Hall by Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru.

SWATANTRA

VOL. III
No. 25

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1948

ISSUED
WEEKLY

HYDERABAD

PANDIT NEHRU'S spirited warning to Hyderabad is a signal of approaching swift military operations against the State. The Prime Minister ridiculed the idea of India going to "war" against a State within the body of its own territory lacking the status of an independent country. The appropriate action to be taken, he announced, was not "going to war" but starting military operations. War and military operations go together and their common characteristic is deviation from peace. The distinction between the two is scarcely one to make a big flourish about, especially as it was the Prime Minister himself who announced before the A.I.C.C. three months ago that Hyderabad had only two alternatives, war and accession. Since then the depredations of the Razakars have overspread the boundaries of the State and not a few Indian citizens entitled to protection have suffered grave injury. Some have been even killed. By whatever name called, the urgent and important thing now is to bring quickly to an end the gang in control of the State that has proved by its own acts that it should no longer be tolerated.

In view of the character of the enemy, it is not unlikely that he would answer the military operations foreshadowed by the Prime Minister with orgies of devastation deliberately planned to strike terror. There can now be no doubt that the withdrawal of troops from Secunderabad

was a blunder of the gravest magnitude and it will cost immense misery to a vast mass of State subjects, that might have been prevented if a little more forethought had been exercised at an earlier stage. Forethought was also lacking in the precipitate imposition of economic boycott against the State. The effects of the boycott will be felt more keenly by the innocent population whom the Union Government wish to save from the prevailing feudal tyranny than by the tyrants themselves. These blunders reveal the need for more careful planning in order that the risks of the unavoidable clash with the State may be brought down to the barest possible minimum. It is a simple axiom of commonsense that all the action to be taken should be compressed in concentrated form into the briefest compass of time. Civil collaboration with military authority is not less important, and this is a responsibility that belongs to the provincial Governments contiguous to Hyderabad territory. Are these provincial Governments suitably manned for the tasks ahead? In times of danger complacency is deadly. The safety of the State should prevail over the vanity of individuals. There should be no squeamishness over enlistment of the most suitable talent for necessary and important services. The war was won by Britain because the need of Mr. Churchill was thought of in time by the very persons whom his advent was bound to displace

from power, in the spirit of a duty in a national emergency. The present Madras Cabinet is ill manned for burdens of a quasi-military character. The Andhra Ministers in particular lack sturdiness. They are thoroughly unsuited for rallying the people of the border districts for defensive purposes. There is none in authority from whom enhancement of the morale of the border people in the impending crisis can be confidently expected. Every consideration connected with public safety calls for a drastic overhauling of the personnel of the Ministers forthwith.

Paradise For Opportunists

“THE National Government and the nationalist press were steadily drifting apart and this had to be stopped.” This remark was made by the Secretary of the All India Newspaper Editors Conference in Bombay. The phenomenon complained of is general to the whole country, but in this province of Madras it is aggravated by special regional peculiarities. The connotation of the adjective “nationalist” has varied considerably in recent months. Prior to the British withdrawal, the bulk of nationalist papers were of Congress sympathies. There was then great risk involved in lending support to the Congress. As part of the British effort to suppress the Congress, nationalist papers were subjected to continual harassment and repression. On the other hand, non-nationalist pro-imperialist journals who regularly fought the Congress in their columns, sought and received lavish favours from the ruling power. As the anti-Congress effort of British imperialists was devoted largely to the creation of divisions among the people, their allies in the Indian press fulfilled the need of the imperialists by propagating virulent doctrines of communalism. With the advent of freedom, a new curious alignment

of forces has taken place. The old communalists have now become the neo-nationalists. They have transferred their loyalties from British authority to the Congress regimes. The anti-imperialist journals, relieved of tasks connected with the political freedom struggle, have turned to social and economic objectives. As the record of the Congress Government in the matter of these objectives has been definitely disappointing, these journals have become critical of the Government. They have passed on from the pro-Congress phase to an attitude of detachment and independence charged with an opposition spirit. The result is that the Congress Government is now as harsh to them as the British Government used to be in the period prior to the British withdrawal.

On accession to office, Congressmen parted company from the genuinely nationalist section of the press that had served the Congress faithfully previously, and turned for comfort and counsel to the communalists and the pro-imperialists that had been the bulwark of British authority in pre-independence days. There is a lot of propaganda about rewarding Satyagrahis and political sufferers, but their counterparts in the field of journalism seem marked out for aversion and even persecution. The Indian press today falls into two categories: one, progressive, public-spirited, nationalist in outlook that has had the worst of both regimes, British imperialist and Congress; and the other, opportunist, communalist and unprincipled that has been having the best of both.

The lavish favours of the Congress leaders in power are reserved for erstwhile journalistic opponents and their frowns for erstwhile allies and companions. It is a paradise for opportunists. It is not surprising, in the circumstances, that the National Government and the nationalist press should have

drifted apart. The drifting will continue until a better type of leader emerges, a type different from the present clique of exhausted idealism, prone to resent criticism and given to imitation of the British tactic of fostering communalism.

A Disastrous Policy

DISQUIET over the educational policies of the Madras Government has been gathering momentum. The rules governing admission to colleges have been conceived in a spirit of gross perversity. Some very brilliant boys whom any sane Government would have delighted to encourage have been thrown out. Brains and talent of incalculable political worth and wealth have been throttled. All this is essentially anti-national and even anti-social, in whatever way it might be camouflaged. The Education Minister has made himself responsible for a disastrous policy calculated to ruin and throw to waste a most precious asset of vast promise for promoting the future well-being of the community. Instead of developing the intelligence of the growing generation he has made himself an instrument for the discouragement of merit and the spread of despair and frustration in young stifled minds. No punishment can be too severe for this atrocity.

Yet the poison of communalism has gone so deep and spread so wide that encouragement of merit is confounded with discouragement of backward communities. How, it is asked, are the backward to get even with the advanced, if they are thrown into a competitive struggle without protective aid? The answer is that the root causes of backwardness are economic and not

communal, and if the elimination of backwardness be the aim, the removal of the handicaps of poverty is the only sensible way. Educational opportunities are not available to the poor as they are to the rich, and if the disability of lack of means is removed through scholarships and the like, the disequilibrium between rich and poor which runs through all communities would be reduced gradually and in course of time all would be enabled to receive from the educational system the greatest benefit it is capable of yielding them. But if, in the name of encouraging the backward, merit is brought to a discount, the very purpose for which professional colleges are intended would be defeated. It is no substitute for the aptitude from which a doctor or an engineer derives value that he belongs to one community rather than another. If, instead of healing a doctor kills, the communal qualification will confer no benefit on anybody. The communal qualification is an irrelevance in such a case. Insistence on it will give rise to professional graduates of indifferent competence for their respective functions, and they will serve no useful purpose.

Education is the science of fitting merit with the opportunity for congenial fulfilment in work. To disregard merit is to undermine the very basis of the educative process. Beyond the boundaries prescribed by native aptitude no learner can go and it is a waste of effort to force him to the strain. If the directors of our educational policies had been men of sufficient education, they would not be so rash as they are to impair the integrity of a creative science with destructive anti-social urges entirely out of conformity with its central aim and purpose.

WHY USE SOAP?

“Why should anyone rub soap into his or her face? It hurts the eyes, nose and mouth, which all need cleaning. It makes children hate being washed. Sensible women use face creams instead. I plunge my head into a full basin of cold water with my eyes open and my ears well under and shampoo it with my naked wet palms until it is nearly dry, when I finish it off with a rough towel.”—G. B. S.

Sotto Voce

Moses At The World Fair



THE Government of Soviet Russia has, according to a newspaper report, informed our Ambassador in Moscow that it cannot permit Indian students to go to that country for scientific and technical training. It has been careful to explain that India is not being discriminated against on the ground of colour. The prohibition applies equally to all foreigners. In other words Soviet orthodoxy, while looking down its nose on the superstition of colour, hugs the superstition of nationalism with quite as much avidity as do the benighted bourgeois. Our Communist friends will no doubt rejoice that when Stalin says 'No' he means it whereas the capitalist countries when they say 'Yes' mean anything but that.

Britain and America have not been quite so crude in denying us training facilities. They have erected no objection in principle. But they find that in the great post-war rush for admissions the universities with the best will in the world can offer outsiders (not 'foreigners'—especially with that Commonwealth citizenship bait yet waiting to be dangled) but limited accommodation. As for industries, you know it is a free country. The Government cannot saddle them with apprentices whom they may not wish to take. Indeed there may be very good reasons for their refusal. After all trade secrets are not something new, though they are now called 'know-how.'

Withal the Government of India has managed to liquidate an appreciable part of the sterling balances

by sending to Britain (the contingent to America was smaller because of dollar scarcity) hundreds of young men who had the haziest of notions as to what they were going to do there. And when they found themselves walking the streets of London disconsolately for lodgings which were simply unattainable or queuing up for rations most of which they could not use, their hunger for knowledge was noticeably less keen. And the feeble spark went out when the aspiring bio-chemist was informed that the authorities had after considerable difficulty persuaded Edinburgh to admit him for training in midwifery. The one longing in life left him was to go home. But he is probably still waiting for his passage.

The Government of India are now dallying with the notion that it might be easier and more profitable to bring the Professors here, preferably on an exchange basis. That would be admirable—if we had Professors to exchange. I am not for a moment suggesting that there is any dearth of qualified men to get whom universities abroad might vie with one another. But somehow these men have rarely the good fortune to catch the eye of authority. They lack that statesmanship (salesmanship?) which is the sure passport to cushy jobs at home and gilt-edged deputations to the antipodes.

It is as well to recognise that you must lift yourself up by your own boot-straps, as the Americans say; which incidentally was what Russia had to do and has done so well. Meanwhile it might not be bad

policy to secure the services of men who may have made no European reputation in their subjects but who are thoroughly sound and who have the rare gift of stoking the fires that lie lambent in the heart of genius. The great teacher can still, notwithstanding all our surface sophistication, evoke a magnificent response in a country which has not quite lost the immemorial reverence for the guru. But it is important that the men whom we induce to come over should feel at home here. That is the secret of America's tremendous advance in the post-war years.

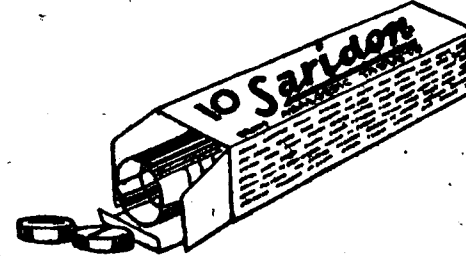
Substantial emoluments, academic freedom and those amenities that soften the rigours of exile would all be necessary to attract and retain the right sort of men. But far more essential than any of these would be that atmosphere of culture which really makes a university. Alas, of too few of our centres of higher learning may it be truthfully said that they exhibit this pervasive concern for culture. There are

plenty of good teachers, but also far too many of the other sort whose sole concern seems to be with extras and examinations. How many of them remember that there is an ineluctable obligation cast on the university man to be faithful to the Baconian ideal?

All the more necessary it is to cherish those powerful and friendly minds who have the gift of synoptic vision and are intuitively responsive to the promptings of our many-sided culture. It is not by sending ingenuous young men to America in shoals or by dotting the land with polytechnics that we can hope to discover a Raman or a Krishnan. Indeed Raman and Krishnan were lucky to be spared the dubious benefits of a European education. Let us have by all means more science in our universities and let us get our teachers from the ends of the earth. But let us remember that culture is racy of the soil and the complete man is the Aryan ideal.

VIGHNESWARA

Saridon



STOPS ALL PAIN QUICKLY

SIDELIGHTS :

Absolve you to yourself, and you shall have the suffrage of the world.
—EMERSON.

PANDIT NEHRU'S qualities have won the hearts of the people of Madras. No leader now is so beloved as Pandit Nehru. The Mahatma while he lived might have evoked a larger measure of mass devotion. But religion was mixed up with the influence that the Mahatma exercised. God was constantly on his lips. The sanctity of holiness surrounded him. God is never mentioned by Pandit Nehru. Such religion as belongs to him is never allowed to come to the surface. His ways are secular. His secularism is a quality of youth. Youth and age are ordinarily measured in years, but their real character eludes the customary gauge of time. Life exacts energy. But replenishment follows suit, replacing the energy lost. There is a race between the spending and the recouping. Youth survives so long as the pace of the latter is quicker than that of the former. When it is the other way about, youth ceases to be, old age is felt, decrepitude sets in.

Nehru is astonishingly young for his years. The same could be said of the Mahatma too while he lived. In the case of the Mahatma the freshness of youth was ever maintained through a discipline of detachment that left no room for worry over results. It was a product of serenity. Nehru is not serene but impulsive. It is a happy and charming impulsiveness that engages the whole of his energy for the time being, saving him from any kind of misgiving over the future. Because he has no misgivings he has no fears. He is therefore brave and intrepid. He is not over-awed by difficulties, but a sensitive conscience often catches him in the mid-career of an enterprise restraining its velocity.

After the swift initial momentum of absolutely headlong judgments, Nehru is given to fits of consideration for those adversely affected by them. He will then set aside all notions of prestige and do the right act of reparation whatever the cost to self. His sense of fairness is greater than his pride. This is what stamps him with a unique sort of greatness. It is the expression of a soul that cannot be corrupted by power. In the politics of our time, leadership entails the assiduous cultivation of the goodwill of lieutenants, which is the way in which a party to fall back upon is built. But Nehru knows no tricks of personal consolidation of power through organisational manipulations. He is unversed in the art of intrigue.

Some are bigger than the offices they hold and some are smaller. When small men come into high office they surround themselves with ramparts of isolation which are intended to emphasise importance, but are really the symbols of an inferiority complex. The truly great stand in no need of artificial stilts to elevate their status. One infallible sign of the competence of a man for an office is this, that when he leaves it, he continues to be of no less account in public estimation than when he held it. Pandit Nehru has taken the great office of Prime Minister gracefully in his stride and has honoured it by filling it as much as he is honoured by being chosen for it.

Again and again in his speeches Pandit Nehru reverted to the topic of "integrity." Ideology used to be the sheet anchor of his political striving. The shifting of emphasis from ideology to character is an interesting development in Pandit Nehru. It is evidently a sign of his revulsion against the prevalence of humbug and the vogue of the sanctimonious under the mask and garb of saintliness. Progress is different

from pretension and when the pretension of progressiveness reverberates and fills with its noise the stage of public life, a very favourable atmosphere is created for the perpetuation of the reactionary. It is a very limited view of integrity to equate it with the negative virtue of not taking a bribe. Corruption is not of the hand merely. Corruption of the soul is more devastating. When what belongs to all is turned into an exclusive privilege for the benefit of a section, the rudiments of theft come into play, but when the process is glorified with a grand name by the very authorities ordained to protect honesty, a culture of stealing flourishes under the protection of Government and the very foundations of social safety are imperilled. Pandit Nehru is a fine example of merit in the right place, and in all usurpations of power by the unqualified to the exclusion of the meritorious, there is breach of fundamental integrity. Communalism, which is redundant and meaningless unless merit is to be displaced, is incompatible with integrity, and integrity cannot be predicated of a

communalist, whatever be the pretensions with which his purposes are clothed.

The Prime Minister's visit has given a shake-up to the regime of local communalists. What he stands for is the very reverse of the system of values, inspired by the doctrines of communalism, which is elevated to the level of policies over so large a sphere of the provincial administration. In the light of the unparalleled adoration showered on Pandit Nehru, who is nothing if not an anti-communalist, it is simple nonsense to say that the people want communalism. The plain truth of the matter is that the Congress machinery in the province is captured by communalist wingers who lack the Congress spirit and the people await liberation from their rule. The pride of the people in the Prime Minister and the joy with which they listened to his crusade against communalists provide a measure of their reprobation of the apostles of the anti-merit gospel that have come to power over them.—SAKA.

This incident happened in New York: The other day Stephen Spender was waiting on the platform in Bronxville, when a well-dressed lady, a typical Westchester resident, approached him. "You are really Mr. Stephen Spender?" she said. He nodded. "I wonder," she went on, "if you would mind reciting some of your poetry for me while we wait for the train?" Spender said he was afraid he did mind. "Oh," snorted the lady, "so you don't know anything by heart!" And she stalked off. It's a hard life here for a distinguished poet.—CRITIC in New Statesman and Nation.

I am against bigness and greatness in all their forms, and with the invisible molecular moral forces that work from individual to individual, stealing in through the crannies of the world like so many soft rootlets, or like the capillary oozing of water, and yet rending the hardest monuments of man's pride, if you give them time. The bigger the unit you deal with, the hollow, the more brutal, the more mendacious is the life displayed. So I am against all big organisations as such, national ones first and foremost; against all big successes and big results; and in favour of the eternal forces of truth which always work in the individual and immediately unsuccessful way, underdogs always, till history comes, after they are long dead, and puts them on the top.—WILLIAM JAMES.



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

PANDIT NEHRU'S recent trip to Madras turned out to be a triumphal procession in honour of our leader; and is specially gratifying for the reason that he reprobated, in no uncertain terms, the basic aversions which are holding the Madras Ministry together. It also proves how mass consciousness is, on the whole, as yet free of the taboos and vendettas which have been the mainsprings of ministerial policy during the last two years. It was peculiarly inspiring to hear the ringing voice of the Prime Minister surveying the Indian scene, and placing first things first. Our national progress through the last year has been like that of the phases of the moon—waxing in some directions while waning in others. Our most formidable difficulties still centre round, or indirectly issue from the original evil of Partition; in proof of this, it is enough to remind ourselves of the twin dangers of Kashmir and Hyderabad awaiting liquidation. Pandit Nehru's references to them were precise and to the point. In face of them, all our other problems pale into insignificance, and the country is certain to support him in all that he may plan, to get over those dangers.

In his Island Grounds speech—a memorable performance in many ways—there was a characteristically ferocious and wholly unpremeditated sally at those who have been criticising him for speaking about a 'secular State.' While the Prime Minister's exposition of the phrase was both incisive and eloquent, it cannot be denied that the

trouble might have been obviated by avoiding the phrase itself. The real dichotomy is not between a secular and spiritual State, but between a democratic and autocratic State. A theocratic State demands the surrender of the individual will at some point or other as imperfect and fallible, and imposes a dummy invested with omniscience and infallibility. As against this, democracy sticks to trial by error both in its successes and failures. A secular i.e. democratic State is a growing State in which law becomes progressive; but a spiritual or theocratic State has a rigid, objective point of reference to which life has to bend or break in the event of refusal. All forms of autocracy ultimately base their justification on some element of mysticism such as Hegel formulated. Whether you worship the State or swear by the Shariat, the result is a species of political idolatry. If an Islamic State or a Christian State could guarantee citizenship rights and cultural autonomy without provoking incredulity, why should not a Hindu State make similar promises and implement them too? If a Christian civilisation could be spoken of with complacent pride by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Churchill and Oswald Mosley, I for one fail to see the enormity of Hindus wanting to vindicate the virtues of the Hindu way of life. There is no denying the fact that the more liberal-minded we are the less eager we are to speak openly of our culture or civilisation or social institutions as *Hindu*. Why is it so? I fancy that the reason is that

we are anxious to win the confidence or allay the unfounded fears of our Muslim brethren—which in their turn are largely the result of propaganda.

Apropos my remarks of last week, I was amused to read Sir S. Bhatnagar's explanation of how Karai-kudi came to be chosen as the venue of one of the research institutes. In effect, he says that while he is personally still against the locus, he has pocketed his objections in deference to a host of irrelevant but influential people! Being a layman, I am not competent to pronounce upon the gallant knight's scientific accomplishments and achievements; but I think he has the makings of a very successful courtier, and wish him godspeed in his new vocation!

Sri Jagannadh Das's elevation to the Bench is a grateful if belated recognition of one of the true Gandhi-ites who had been content for the most part to work and live anonymously. In the dark, dismal days of the '42 movement when every day brought its agonies and every agony seized its victim, Sri Das and a few underground workers carried on the struggle until every one of them was hand-picked and bundled into jail. Early in that reign of terror, the *'Harijan'* closed with a final issue which was the work of Sri Mashruwallah and in which, an ingenious argument was developed that for purposes of sabotage, removing or destroying installations, cutting telegraph wires, etc., were not inconsistent with the creed of non-violence. The article proved to be a disruptive and dispiriting influence, for while it washed out the veneer of non-violence which most of us only professed and gave us a moral sanction for acts of sabotage without qualification, there were a few true-blue Gandhi-ites who differed from Mashruwallah and dubbed him a heretic. Sri Jagannadh Das was one who belonged to this minority. As events proved, when the Mahatma was free to speak again, one of the first things which he did was to

repudiate Sri Mashruwallah's interpretation. Sri M. confessed, put on sackcloth and ashes and was in good time absolved. I mention this episode to indicate the stuff of which Sri Jagannadh Das is made. Of him and the like of him only can it be said that they are the salt of the earth. I do not think he is a very learned lawyer; but I am sure, Justice will never miscarry in his pious and God-fearing hands.

I do not deplore his exclusion from the Madras Bench; but what is really reprehensible is the methodical malevolence that is apparently at work in Madras ministerial policy of squeezing out all incumbents to appointments made by the previous Premier, Sri Prakasam. America furnishes the worst instance of a country which has carried the evils of the 'spoils system' to ludicrous lengths. A change in the occupancy of the White House usually means a change in all provincial and federal appointments from and above the level of a post master or a sub-magistrate. Security of tenure, continuity of tradition or policy and above all, efficiency, are sacrificed to the Moloch of the party machine. If the present Ministry should tumble, as it must some day or other, I shudder to think of the army of nepotees (if I may coin such a word) who will be thrown out of their jobs. This kind of patronage really amounts to appeasement of prospective friends, and estranging present enemies more aggressively. At the other end of the scale was C. R. as Premier. He was never known to have given a single appointment to gratify the faithful. He went out of his way to shower his patronage on declared political opponents. The story is said of him—perhaps apocryphal for all I know—of a devoted Congressman who had suffered in every way and who craved a minor judicial appointment for which he was also eminently fitted. C. R. is reported to have told the aspirant that his devotion to Congress would become suspect if he should aspire for a job, and that he should not hope for or seek any promotion!

GROUNDLING

SPOTLIGHT ON THE



AT the root of the present crisis in Berlin lies the question whether Germany is to remain—however formally—a single country. Russia says that she desires the unity of Germany, that the Western powers have destroyed it by promoting a West German State, and that for this reason they can no longer claim as a matter of right any share in the administration of a city that lies 120 miles within the Soviet zone of occupation. The Western powers, on the other hand, say that the Soviet's profession of desire for German unity is hypocritical, that the Russians have adopted a series of unilateral economic measures in Eastern Germany hindering at the same time the adoption of common policies by the four occupying powers, and that for this reason the blame for the projected creation of a West German State rests on Russia and not on themselves.

TWO GERMANIES

Any attempt to judge the truth of these charges will be rather futile at the present advanced stage of inter-Allied recrimination. It may or may not be conceded that the changes put through in Eastern Germany were reforms essential for the promotion of democracy and economic equality. Again it may be a question whether the Western powers have confined their reforms to the surface and retained the essential structure of the much-criticised pre-war German economy. But the basic fact cannot be ignored that one part (roughly two-thirds) of Germany has been governed by and integrated with the Anglo-American camp and the other part has been integrated, even more thoroughly, with the Russian camp.

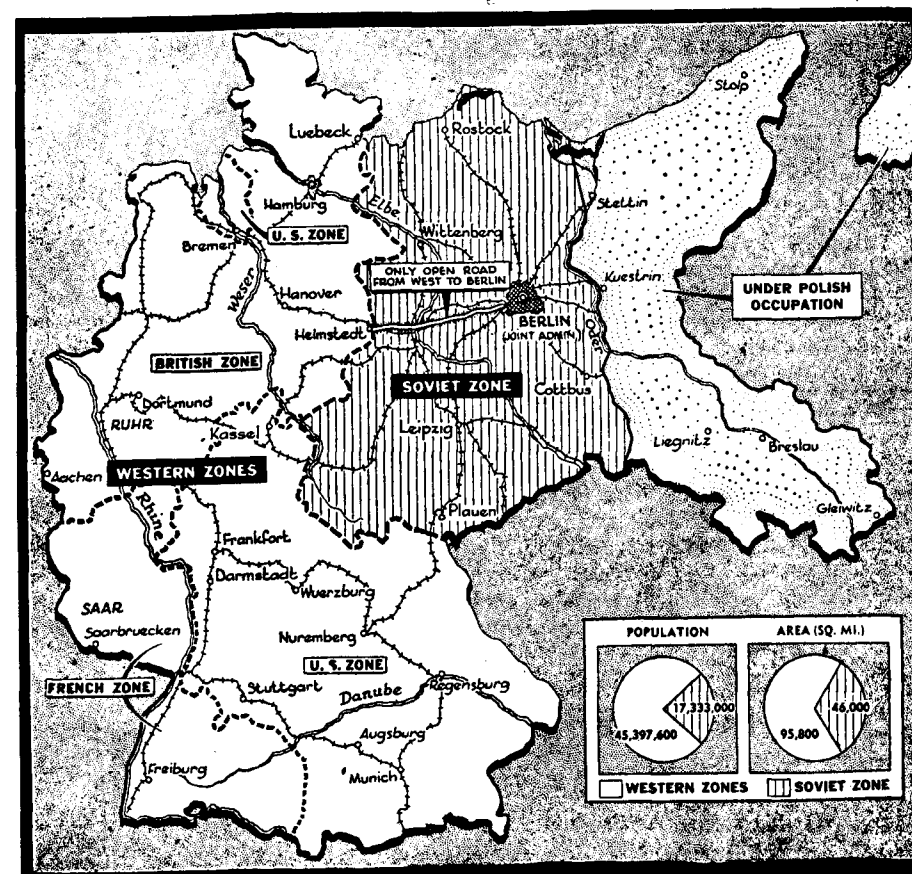
Three years after its commencement under the terms of the Potsdam agreement, quadripartite rule over Germany has become a piece of fiction. Why is this not yet recognised openly and formally by either side?

The recent London conference of Britain, France, the U.S. and the Benelux countries decided to grant self-government to the Germans in the Western zones and to form a German Government (in fact if not in name) with its seat at Frankfurt. This was considered essential for the economic recovery of Western Germany, such recovery being in its turn essential if Western Germany (with its population of over 40 millions and with a bigger industrial potential than any other country in Western Europe except Britain) was to play its appointed role in the working of the Marshall Plan. One might have thought that the Western powers, having made the decision to organise Western Germany into a separate unit, should have gladly shaken the dust of Berlin off their feet and concentrated on implementing their decision. Especially so because the presence of the highest military and administrative officers in Berlin has impeded instead of aiding the efficient organisation of Western Germany's affairs. Writing recently after a tour of Germany, R.H.S. Crossman said: "I did not meet a single British or American in Frankfurt who did not complain about the lamentable consequences of the mental isolation induced by life in Berlin. We cannot rule Western Germany from outside."

But while the creation of a West German Government at Frankfurt is an economic necessity, it is politically dangerous to the Western

powers. Russia might at once proclaim that the Anglo-Americans had partitioned Germany, and proceed to form a Communist-led "All-German Government" in Eastern Germany with its headquarters in Berlin as a serious competitor to the Frankfurt Government. An American commentator says: "To almost all observers of the German scene, the idea that Frankfurt ever could replace Berlin as the capital of a reunited Reich is as far-fetched as the belief that Vichy could supplant Paris in the minds and hearts of Frenchmen. And it is equally certain that a Frankfurt administration starting off as a parliament of partition would be handicapped from the beginning. It is therefore of prime importance to the Allies to remain in Berlin..."

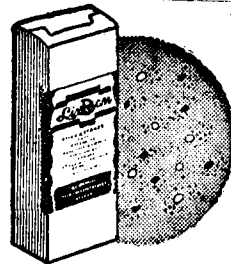
Here is to be found the main reason for the Western powers' determination to stay in Berlin. This determination has been impressively exhibited by the 'air-lift' of supplies to the Western sectors of Berlin, the land route through the Soviet zone having been blocked by the Russians. Whether the Russian blockade was, as they claim, justified by the confusion resulting from the introduction of the new Western marks is again a moot question. In any case, currency confusion afforded a convenient excuse to the Russians to start a 'Quit Berlin' movement which they would certainly have launched, sooner or later. In face of the challenge, the Western powers executed a brilliant piece of improvisation by organising an air operation unprecedented in peacetime history. They have



also expressed their readiness to continue the arrangement even through the difficult winter months, if necessary. But, in the words of Commander King-Hall, "more or less semi-permanent acceptance by the Western powers of this extraordinary situation would in itself be a Russian triumph."

After applying a series of squeezes which caused more suffering to the two million Germans in the Western sectors of Berlin than to the occupation officials, the Russians are now making a bid for popularity by offering food and fuel to the whole of Berlin—on condition that the citizens from all sectors register themselves at supply centres in the Russian zone. Whatever be the outcome of these clever moves and counter-moves, it is surely extravagant to compare the present situation in Berlin (as Mr. Ewer does in a commentary published elsewhere in this issue) with the Munich crisis of 1938. The significance of the present tussle in Berlin does not extend beyond the field of power politics and propaganda, though an indefinite prolongation of the tussle may lead to war. Neither side, according to present indications, yet desires or is prepared for war. In the circumstances the sensible thing to do would be to renew four-power talks. An American newspaper points out that "since the end of the war two out of five full sessions of the Council of Foreign Ministers have been devoted to the (German) issue. Sixty-one meetings of the Foreign Ministers' Deputies have tried to deal with it. In all 300 hours of discussion at the highest level achieved nothing." But this need not be a discouraging consideration. For the renewal of four-power talks can yield, at the least, a formula that would save

faces on both sides and stop the drift towards a dangerously war-like situation. At the best, the negotiations can be utilised to evolve a partition agreement, demarcating spheres of influence to be mutually respected, to replace the Potsdam agreement. There cannot be any harm in doing away with the tiresome and superfluous pretence of quadripartite rule. Growing realisation of this seems to underlie the recent reports conceding the possibility of renewed four-power talks on the whole question of Germany.



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TWO MARSHALS FALL OUT

by Dr. J. K. BANERJI

THE conflict that has arisen between the Cominform—the Russian-sponsored Information Bureau of the nine European Communist parties—and the Communist party of Yugoslavia has taken the political world completely by surprise. The public, used to the idea of two camps, one Russian, one Anglo-American, struggling for world hegemony from behind the secure shelter of their ideologies, was not prepared for an apparent breakdown in one of the camps. More surprising was that it should have taken place in Yugoslavia, considered as the model among Russia's satellites. The biggest surprise, however, was provided by the accused themselves who, instead of capitulating as the world expected them to do, struck back at their accusers.

The political pundits in the West who greeted the news with unconcealed joy are taking things more soberly now. The view that it is the beginning of the end of the Russian bloc is giving place to a more cautious estimate that the event is a family quarrel, serious but not serious enough to be of help to the Western powers. There are others who would even go to the extent of dismissing the whole affair as red tactics.

CHARGES AGAINST TITO

Here are the salient features of this remarkable affair. On June 28, the Czech C.P. organ "Rude Pravo" published a 3000 word statement by the Cominform which met in Rumania without Yugoslav participation. It condemned the four top-most leaders, Marshal Tito, Vice-Premier Edward Kardelj, Milovan Djilas, Chief of Propaganda and Agitation of the Central Committee, and Gen. Alexander Rankovitch, Minister of the Interior and Police Chief, for deviating from Marxism-Leninism by "undertaking an entirely wrong policy" both with regard to foreign and internal

affairs. What did the leaders do? They "created a hateful policy" in relation to the Soviet Union and to the Russian C.P.; they followed an "undignified policy of underestimating and discrediting" Soviet military specialists and the members of the Russian army. What is worse, a slander propaganda campaign "borrowed from the arsenal of counter-revolutionary Trotskyism" was conducted against the Soviet Union picturing it as "degenerate". Further, in wooing the Western states, Yugoslav leaders strove towards a capitalist ideology. Moreover, the accused identified Russian policy "with that of the imperialistic powers", and treated Russia in the same manner as they treat the bourgeois states.

Inside Yugoslavia too, the leaders "are retreating from positions of the working class and are parting from the Marxist theory of class war". The result is that "capitalist elements in the country are growing". The Cominform believes, the statement goes on, "that the present leadership of the Yugoslav C.P. is revising the Marxist-Leninist theory of the C.P." which results in "devaluating" the C.P. in that that in Yugoslavia "the People's Front and not the C.P. is considered the main principal strength". Finally the Yugoslav C.P. is condemned for "purging and arresting" Yugoslav Communists.

TITO'S COUNTER-OFFENSIVE

On June 29, the Central Committee of the Yugoslav C.P. published a point by point refutation, hurling defiance at the Cominform and through it at the C.P. of the Soviet Union and asking party members to close ranks around Tito. The Yugoslav statement virtually accused the Cominform of a conspiracy to undermine and overthrow the C.P. of Yugoslavia. In the entire statement, unprecedented in its violence of language, there is only one conciliatory note where it says that direct contact

was needed, not, of course, to listen to dictates, but to discuss on "basis of equality".

Also, for the first time in history, the C.P. of one country accused the press of another Communist state of malevolence and distortion. The Yugoslav C.P. charged that the Soviet press had not published a single item of news favourable to Yugoslav achievements and had used material out of context, and asserted that Russia had been recruiting agents in Yugoslavia to undermine the Yugoslav leaders. "Completely fabricated" was the epithet given to one of the "most serious slanders against Yugoslavia"—the charge of complicity with Western imperialism. The Yugoslav C.P. even took issue with the all-powerful Russian Politburo for not trying "to put away the lies".

The Yugoslavs were not content with merely refuting the charges brought against them, they took their defiance of Kremlin to a higher plane by formally proposing a Balkan Bloc, consisting of Albania, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria—a proposal for which Bulgaria's Dimitroff was severely taken to task by Moscow "Pravda" early this year.

NATIONALISM IN "NEW DEMOCRACIES"

Are these charges and counter-charges all tactics? But what advantage can Moscow get out of them? In fact, Yugoslav C.P. seems to be right when, referring to "a historic injustice" done to it, it says that it "will be taken advantage of by imperialistic enemies for propaganda and slander".

Now, are the charges really substantiated? The essence of the charges is that the Yugoslav leadership is nationalistic; it is leaning towards the Western powers and encouraging capitalism inside Yugoslavia.

The Yugoslav nationalism in foreign policy has expressed itself to a great extent through its intransigent demands on Italian Trieste and Austrian Carinthia. One always thought that these demands were in full conformity with

Molotov's diplomatic strategy against the Western powers. Both Italy and Austria are oriented towards the West. By remaining, therefore, nationalistically intransigent Yugoslavia kept vital Mediterranean areas diplomatically fluid and thereby contributed to Russia's "cold war".

The charge of Western orientation can only mean today a wish to get Marshall Aid dollars. That dollars are tempting for countries needing reconstruction and development was shown by the readiness with which Czechoslovakia accepted the Marshall Plan when it was first announced. But the conditions attached to the Marshall Plan are not such as can qualify a country out to destroy, as Yugoslavia has done so far, private enterprise; and it is not known whether Marshal Tito intended to reverse this policy in order to qualify for American aid.

PEASANT ECONOMY

The charge of not collectivising agriculture quickly enough and encouraging Kulaks and capitalist elements is perhaps the gravest of all. Yugoslavia, being an agrarian country, the policy with regard to land is naturally of decisive importance. The two most important features of Yugoslav agrarian policy, according to official publications, have been the formation of peasant co-operatives as the most appropriate means for changing capitalism into socialism, and voluntary agreement rather than coercion as the method to bring it about. Quick collectivisation of peasant farms has been deliberately avoided as it could be brought about only through the dictatorship of the proletariat. Now, what is wrong with this policy? Were not these very features acclaimed as virtues of the new system which is neither capitalism nor dictatorship of the proletariat, but "new democracy"? And was not Yugoslavia acclaimed as the proof of the success of the seemingly impossible process of democratically bringing about socialism?

MOLOTOV-ZHDANOV FEUD?

It has been suggested that this *affaire Yugoslave* is important not by

what it can do to impair Soviet prestige abroad, but by being a reflection of the conflict between Foreign Minister Molotov and the party boss Zhdanov, respectively Nos. 2 and 3 in the Kremlin hierarchy; between Molotov's policy of getting the Eastern European nations permanently on the side of Russia by identifying in some measure Soviet foreign policy with their national aspirations, and Zhdanov's belief that the permanent interests of the Soviet Union will be best served by more Communist infiltration on more orthodox Communist lines.

In support of this theory there is the circumstance that the Cominform statement bearing Zhdanov's signature should have been issued precisely at a time when Molotov happened to be in the midst of a first-class crisis in Berlin with the Western powers and when he required the united support of the entire Soviet bloc. Further, it is said that Marshal Tito could not have defied the Cominform so ruthlessly without being assured of some support from high Kremlin quarters. Whether this theory appears plausible or not, it may be worthwhile to recall that many a prophecy about Soviet differences in the past has turned out to be no more than wishful thinking.

COMMUNISM AND NATIONAL SOVEREIGNTY

What is then, after all, at the back of this Moscow-Belgrade tension? In the absence of any concrete evidence in support of the charges brought against Belgrade we must take it as a psychological crisis. It is a crisis of incompatibility as between a sovereign C.P. which demands real equality of status, and the Cominform dominated by the C.P. of the far too mighty Soviet state. It is a crisis due to the Kremlin's fear to let a strong nationally conscious dictatorship grow within its own sphere of influence. To put it in symbols, it is due to the incompatibility of having two Marshals, Stalin and Tito, in the same system.

THE WEST SCORES A POINT

Whatever be the explanation, the net result is a political point in favour of anti-Communist forces in the West. It may be recalled that the Cominform asked the "sound elements", i.e. the rank and file, to overthrow Tito if he did not capitulate. Now, not only has Tito refused to capitulate, he has told the Cominform off in the most violent manner. And yet, there is no tangible attempt to oust him. On the contrary, there seems to be a great movement of support all over Yugoslavia. This means that either the Yugoslav people accept the Cominform verdict, but cannot throw out a small minority in power. Alternatively, it means that the Yugoslav C.P. stands really behind Tito and that, therefore, the Cominform's call for overthrow of Yugoslav leadership is a clear refutation of what Stalin said at the time of the dissolution of the Cominform in May 1943, namely, that it put an end to the "lie of the Hitlerites that Moscow intended to intervene in the life of other nations and bolshevise them". Whichever alternative be right, it is a point in favour of all the capitalist and socialist parties in their attempts to prevent the C.P.'s becoming mass parties.

WHAT IS THE PERSPECTIVE?

Without being a prophet, one can say that neither Russia nor Yugoslavia can really afford to lose each other. While the passing of Yugoslavia into the camp of the West would mean the opening of the gateway to the Soviet sphere in S.E. Europe, for Marshal Tito it will mean the gallows erected by the very men, the King, the industrialists, the politicians whom he has driven away from the country into exile in the U.S.

The crisis is not, however, as acute as that. Mutual diplomatic contacts have not been broken. But if no solution is found and if Marshal Tito cannot be replaced by someone more amenable to the Kremlin, then the future may hold developments as dramatic as they may be far-reaching.—N.P.S. (Copyright).

DEENABANDHU ANDREWS

by M. S. SRINIVASAN, M.A.

"But he that is great among you let him be as the younger, and he that is chief as he that serveth."
—ST. LUKE.

"MAN is truly spirit. It is the spirit that quickens," wrote C. F. Andrews. It was the spirit that quickened Andrews in all his political, humanitarian and literary enterprises. He never met Aurobindo Ghose in flesh, but he met him in the spirit. He was the friend of Gandhiji and responded by instinct to his "appeal directly to the living spirit in man". He was the beloved companion of Rabindranath Tagore, and their comradeship of spirit which began as an echo of *Gitanjali* in the moonlit walks of Hampstead Heath, was as edifying as it was unique. Tagore says, "Such a rare companionship of soul existed between Andrews and me. Coming unsought it was a gift of God beyond all price.... Here, from a foreign land, I gained a true man." When Andrews first came to Santiniketan it was "a poor place of study", but he made it a part of the spiritual endeavour of his life. His spirit, moreover, was a torch which lighted many little lamps which sought to voyage on religious quest.

Andrews was "a Christian *sadhu*", as the Poet of Bengal called him. Cast amidst mediaeval Christendom, whose community of life appealed to him deeply, he would have been a lovable friar in whom meekness would not have run into weakness, piety into superstition, and zeal into fanaticism. Born in the seventies of the nineteenth century, he was the child of the heroic mood of imperial Victorianism with a Church that was a nest of unbending missionaries, whose one object was to educate the pagans of the East, once gorgeous but now shrivelled. He was the strong man of piety and was led by the star of Livingstone, the Patriarch of adventurous Christians, and his haven was Africa. He confesses in *My*

Life Story: "The story of Livingstone's great marches across Africa fascinated me most of all.... Every time I have made the journey I have learned to love Africa better. It is a continent that grips the heart." He stumbled upon India and stayed on owing to the moral genius of the Mahatma and the pure philosophy of the Gurudev. In Africa or in India, he was truly Christ's Faithful Apostle.

His versatility was unbounded. He was a spiritual adventurer, passionate pilgrim from the West, messenger of peace from the East, prolific writer with a purpose, poet of sublime religious fervour, talented painter and tireless fighter for the poor and the oppressed wherever they were found. The whole world was crossed and recrossed by the silken thread of his heart. Nature's unkindness here and Man's folly there, a famine in India and a human traffic in Fiji, touched him so keenly that he was always a traveller with a bleeding soul and searching mind. He enquired into the problem at first hand, understood its crux with an intuitive probing, prepared memoranda, exhaustive and practical, awakened the sympathies of leaders and Governments and took respite only through sheer physical exhaustion and then again began a new task with the same old enthusiasm and thoroughness. His reward was that "he rejoiced in the victory of his Christian faith over all obstacles". Often his friends complained that he would not tie himself down to any organised work. By temperament and training Andrews could not have been different.

He was one of fourteen children; and his father was a clergyman, "an idealist almost indifferent to human affairs", and from his mother he learnt "the faculty of using every moment of time in a thrifty manner." At Edward VII School, Birmingham, and Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he had

as his intimate friend Basil Westcott, the son of the saintly Bishop of Durham who, with Canon H. S. Holland, was his idol, he not only evinced keen interest in university missions to Africa and India, but showed his proficiency in cricket, golf and rowing. He says, "The passion of my early boyhood for adventure across the seas took possession of me, and became linked with a very deep religious conviction which had become at this time the centre of my life and character." For four years he was lecturer and don in the Cambridge University. Meanwhile, he was ordained and gained experience of social work in the midst of vagabonds of the slums of England. Basil Westcott died of cholera at Delhi while nursing a British soldier, and he felt that it was his "sacred duty" to complete his mission. Andrews, thirty-two years of age, had his eyes on Africa, but it was this unhappy accident that drew him to India where he was connected with the educational activities of the Delhi University and Santiniketan. Till his death on 5th April, 1940, in his 69th year, he was to us 'Charlie' and 'Deenabandhu'.

His transcendent love of India was both political and religious. He ceaselessly worked for her freedom and supported the creeds of non-violent non-co-operation and civil disobedience. He felt that the Gandhian movement was "a religious revolution which has taken a national form". He understood her spiritual greatness in the past and rounded renaissance of the present, and believed that she could broaden the streams of sympathy and understanding between the East and the West.

And yet his love of India was unlike the peerless love of the Aryan warrior, Annie Besant. She strove, as no single human soul has ever striven before in an alien soil, to recapture the majesty of India of yore, the spirituality of the Hindu of the Vedic age. She hated the gimcracks, the material ambitions, of "the lesser nations and lesser men" of the West. She could have said with Burke, "God

forbid we should pass judgment on a people who framed their laws and institutions prior to our insect origin of yesterday." She lived with India of the past of her own creation. She was in essence a Hindu.

Andrews, on the other hand, was thrilled by the throbs of modern India and its makers. He was animated by the reforming role of Ram Mohan Roy, Dayanand, Ramakrishna Paramhansa and Swami Vivekananda, but at heart he was a Christian, a Christ's disciple of the nineteenth century, or as he would have preferred, the twentieth. He was the flower of British manhood and was not ashamed of the Western civilisation. In fact, by a life of suffering and renunciation he showed to what uses that great civilisation had to be put. He was different from the hundreds of other missionaries in this vast sub-continent, the hunting-ground for proselytism, who are Christ's policemen and not angels of peace. If he dressed himself like an Indian it was to feel what it was to be an Indian and to touch India's imagination. In the East he led an eastern life and in the West a Western life. He was a Scotch missionary, a pleasing amalgam of idealism and practicality. His latest book *Christ and Human Need* harped on the same theme as his first pamphlet *Christianity and the Labour Conflict*; contact with India only made his Christian principles more tolerant and humane, in spite of the insults of the Europeans and the aspersions of the Indians.

Of all the ethics of the ruling race, that of racial arrogance shocked and pained him most. In his book *India and the Simon Report* he traces Indian antipathy to the "white" commission to the racialism of Lord Birkenhead. He observes, "It was like a racial superior acting with arrogance towards a racial inferior.... This lack of a true vision of Young India is a very serious affair."

In the months that followed the Rowlatt Act, gruesome crimes were committed by the authorities in the

Punjab. A retired Indian military officer was callously whipped for refusing to give false evidence. Andrews in his tour of the province approached him and requested him to narrate his sufferings. The officer distrusted the Christian missionary. But Andrews at once embraced him and disarmed his suspicions. When the Indian narrated the horrors that he had suffered, Andrews wept, fell at his feet and with tenderness entreated him thus: "Brother, on behalf of the English nation I beg your forgiveness".

Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, once in a mood of despair burst out, "Charlie, when will your country realize the wrong that she is doing to us by keeping our very souls in subjection?" Later Andrews wrote, "That one word 'souls' which he emphasized, made me wince as he used it."

Andrews shared the poetic faith of Tagore that the defeated Indian nation "is the bride whom God woos in secret" and that He would lead her into that heaven of freedom "where the mind is without fear and the head is held high." He himself in his poem *The Indian Nation* heartened the leaders in their labour of rousing the country from its wintry sleep and held out the hope,

*"Yet ye shall reach those
radiant mountain heights,*

*Where from the grave of
winter, shall arise*

*The spring flowers of a nation's
second birth."*

He saw that ignorance was the mother of folly, that the Britishers at home and abroad failed to understand and estimate justly India and the Indians. He, therefore, wrote books and pamphlets

to create a healthy public opinion. He was first the interpreter of India to Britain, and then of the East to the West. He raised the veil over Gandhiji and Tagore and took the Europeans along the frontiers of their teachings and philosophies, so that their capacity to understand the East might be tested. He edited *Mahatma's Ideas*, *Mahatma Gandhi: His Own Story*, *Mahatma Gandhi at Work*, and *Tagore Birth-day Book*, *Thoughts from Rabindranath Tagore* and *Letters to a Friend*. He discussed and threw light upon other live questions like the post-Mutiny period, the rise and growth of the Congress, the challenge of the N. W. Frontier, Miss Mayo's book and drink and opium evil. He said, "If the Englishman is able to show the moral courage of meekness and humility; if the Indian is able to show the moral courage of high fortitude and manly suffering without striking a blow; then by rising to such heights as these, a higher friendship may be engendered. It will not be the old patronising friendship of the nineteenth century, but the equal friendship of the twentieth." What he said of Tagore can be applied to him also: "He holds, however, that the two forms of civilisation and culture—the Eastern and the Western—are vitally necessary, as complements of each other. He regards the East as in danger of stagnating, unless roused by the practical activity of the West. He regards also the West as in danger of rushing over precipices to ruin and destruction, unless steadied and helped by the calmer wisdom and older experience of the East."

Santiniketan, "a little place of welcome for all men", was often disturbed by the political excursions of Andrews. It was slowly that he heeded the warning of Tagore that it "must be saved from the whirlpool of our dusty politics." Nevertheless, his interest in the poor and stricken was unabated. The "central factor" of his life, from the time Gokhale mooted the question of immigration of Indian labourers into South Africa, was

the abolition of the indentured labour, which Gandhiji characterised as "a movement of slavery". He visited the Natal, Fiji with W. W. Pearson and Kenya and cried halt to this shameless barbarity. The news of the British Government's decision in 1917 to end finally the indentured system was received by him as "a message from God". This was his superlative achievement. Further, the workers of the mill centres, the sugar fields, tea gardens and the jute districts and the victims of famines and floods of India, and the natives of Africa received his healing influence. He was the President of the All-India Railwaymen's Union and the All-India Trade Union Congress. But later in 1928 he parted company with the Trade Union movement owing to violence and exploitation of the labourers for political purposes.

His writings are marked by high idealism and lofty vision. His style is simple and graceful and speaks straight to our innermost being.

Tagore's estimate of W. W. Pearson is appropriate to Andrews: "We seldom meet with any one whose love of humanity was so concretely real, whose ideal of service so assimilated to his personality as it has been with him.....His patriotism was for the world of man."



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PAKISTAN LUMINARIES

by C. H. V. PATHY

AS in India so in Pakistan politics revolves round some leading figures. They are either inherently important or shine in the reflected light of Quaid-i-Azam Jinnah's splendour. Even before the partition of the country, Mr. Jinnah was a force to reckon with and twelve months of Pakistan have added to his political stature.

Except in his uncanny shrewdness, the Governor-General of Pakistan is just the opposite of his counter-part in the Indian Union. Whereas Rajaji believes in a life of Spartan simplicity Quaid-i-Azam lives like a grand Moghul. He is still a stickler for sartorial perfection though of late he shows a distinct preference for *sherwani* and *achkan*.

The Government House at Karachi is adorned with some of the most luxurious carpets in Asia. Mr. Jinnah entertains lavishly and is reported to have complained that the present residence of his is not enough for a man of his eminence. One can well imagine Rajaji taking a lonely walk in some of the unfrequented lanes of Delhi but Mr. Jinnah moves about with all the pomp and splendour of an emperor.

Power has a strange fascination for him. A personal photographer accompanies him wherever he goes. The archives of a big room in the Pakistan Secretariat are littered with a huge collection of pictures of the Governor-General.

In spite of his weakness for the superficial trappings of power, Mr. Jinnah is one of the most hard-worked men in Pakistan. He is not tired of wading through miles of files. He often boasts that, without him, Pakistan cannot exist. "I achieved Pakistan against the hostility of not only the Congress but half of the world and I shall keep it up even though the whole world may oppose me", he told a friend of his.

Aloof, ego-centric and supremely conscious of his mission, Mr. Jinnah

does not take anybody into his confidence. His only trusted friend, philosopher and guide is his 54-year-old fanatic sister, Miss Fatimah who nurses him with almost paternal affection. Except when he is glued to his files or his teleprinter, Mr. Jinnah shares the company of his sister.

In spite of his passionate protestations that he would safeguard the interests of the minorities, Mr. Jinnah does not mix with them. On one occasion when he threw a big party to which nearly four hundred persons were invited, there were only two Hindus at Government House and one of them happened to be the Indian High Commissioner in Pakistan. Even to the latter, Mr. Jinnah talks only in monosyllables.

As a rule he does not accord interviews to Hindu newsmen but shows a distinct preference to white journalists. Mr. Edgar Snow spent almost an hour with him recently and got bored with it. Mr. Jinnah prefers questions and answers to loose and rambling discussions which are likely to be played up in a way which may be uncomplimentary to him.

His only relaxation is an occasional visit to movies, a game of billiards or walks in the lawn of his garden.

Government House is the most heavily guarded house in Pakistan. There are armed sentries not only at the gates but even the bed and sitting rooms of the Governor-General. And when he drives through the streets of Karachi, the entire police force of the city guards the roads.

The Pakistan Constituent Assembly has made very little progress in drafting the constitution of the new State. Now Mr. Jinnah has taken up the task himself and is busy reading all the constitutions of the world.

Next in importance to the chief in the Pakistan hierarchy is baldish.

plumpy Liaquat Ali Khan, the Prime Minister. He lacks the glamour and the box office attraction of Pandit Nehru who is his superior in intellectual attainments. Liaquat Ali has however a hard core of realism in his nature and knows how to keep himself in the good books of his chief.

His family came to India five hundred years ago from Iran and claims its descent from the King, Nausheeran the just. In keeping with his aristocratic traditions, (he is a Nawab) Mr. Liaquat Ali was educated at home as it was considered degrading that the children of such descent should rub shoulders with the common lot. He later went to Aligarh where it is reported he was very studious. Within a year he was made monitor of the hostel and became the cricket captain too. He graduated from the Allahabad University in 1919. His father wanted him to enter Government service but Liaquat had other ambitions and went to England where he joined the Oxford University and took up honours in jurisprudence. He also qualified himself for the bar.

He returned to India in 1922 and soon after joined the Muslim League. He never practised but devoted a considerable portion of his time to social, political and educational activities. In 1926, he was elected to the U. P. Legislative Council. He made his mark there as a very clever debater. He was the leader of the democratic party in the Council.

In 1933, he married Raana Begum, a distinguished economist and educationist who has contributed in no small measure to the success of her husband.

It was at the Patna session of the All-India Muslim League in 1938 that Mr. Jinnah came into contact with Mr. Liaquat Ali and was impressed by his abilities. He was made the honorary secretary of the League, a post which he held till he became the Prime Minister of Pakistan. Elected to the Central Assembly in 1942, he became the deputy leader of the League party and made some notable contributions to the debates. An invitee to the Simla conference he

later became a member of the interim Cabinet and framed a revolutionary budget.

Despite his aristocratic birth and upbringing, Mr. Liaquat Ali is a democrat and chums up with all types of people. There is nothing in him of the strange aloofness of Mr. Jinnah. He is a brilliant speaker both in English and in Urdu. He never loses his temper. The story is told that at an at-home given by Lord Wavell, he asked Begum Liaquat Ali whether there was anything in the world which would drive her husband to anger. And the Begum Sahiba replied: "Nothing".

The Punjab element which dominates Pakistan does not like Mr. Liaquat Ali because he comes from the United Provinces. His wife is also suspect because she traces her ancestry to Brahmin stock. At the outset the Prime Minister held the portfolios of foreign affairs and defence but more than four months back, foreign affairs was taken away from him and entrusted to Sir Mahomed Zafrullah. Mr. Liaquat Ali almost burst into tears when he parted with it.

Mr. Liaquat Ali is of the earth, earthy. He believes in the quiet of his family circle rather than in the slapdashism of Nehru. He loves flowers. His drawing room is spick and span, adorned with two portraits, one of Mr. Jinnah and the other of Lord Mountbatten.

Like Pandit Nehru he goes to bed very late and gets up rather late. He spends more than an hour in getting groomed for the morning's work. He is a devoted father, passionately attached to his two sons, Ashraf and Akbar. Mr. Liaquat Ali has a mechanical bent of mind and can assemble broken watches or electric torches.

Interviews take much of Mr. Liaquat Ali's time. Today, Mr. Liaquat Ali is as much a refugee as anyone else. All his property in Karnal and other parts of the Eastern Punjab has been looted and Hindu tenants who occupy some of his property in Delhi refuse to pay rent.

Once Liaquat Ali had a cine camera and a magic lantern. He took delight in showing pictures to guests. He is a great connoisseur of Indian music.

Intellectually superior and supremely conscious of it is Sir Mahomed Zafrullah, the Foreign Minister of Pakistan. He is tipped to be the lineal descendant to Mr. Jinnah's crown, though he has no following.



Sir Mahomed Zafrullah

One of the cleverest of diplomats and a lawyer of outstanding ability, Sir Mahomed dazzles you with his skill and advocacy. His press conferences are full of light. He is never for a moment dull. He scintillates with epigrams and exploited the *genocide* stunt to full advantage at Lake Success. He was once tipped to become the chief of the Federal Court of Pakistan but preferred the grandeur of a Ministership. As member in charge of foreign affairs, he holds the most important portfolio in Pakistan. On his advice and guidance will depend whether there will be peace or war between Pakistan and India. Zafrullah has great pull on the

Anglo-American bloc and he will see to it that Pakistan resists the blandishments of the Kremlin.

Boyish face, chiselled features, a well-groomed appearance and gentle demeanour are the outstanding features of Mr. Ghulam Mahomed who is in charge of Pakistan's finances. He is possibly the soundest member of Mr. Jinnah's team. He does not remember the date of his birth. When I barged into his room during a busy morning hour, he compressed into a few fleeting words his background. He is a relation of the late Dr. Ansari.

Born in the Punjab, he had his education at Aligarh. He passed the audit examination of the Government of India and would have reached the highest cadre in the Government of India services if there had been no partition of the country. His services were loaned to the Bhopal Government and he later drifted to Hyderabad where he held the key portfolio of finance. It was due to his exertions that the Nizam parted with twenty crores of securities to Pakistan.



Mr. Ghulam Mahomed

Meticulous regard for detail and unflagging energy, allied with a remarkable intellect constitute the greatness of Ghulam Mahomed. He is a man of wide and catholic tastes. A linguist of high order, he speaks simple English. He is also fluent in Persian and has a smattering of Arabic. A lover of Urdu, his well-stocked library has a number of treatises in his mother tongue. A teetotaler and a non-smoker, parties bore him but he attends them nevertheless as part of the social obligations of a Minister.

On a recent visit to East Bengal, he astounded Hindu savants with a dissertation on Vedantic mysticism. Economics and the intricacies of finance no doubt fascinate him but he would be the first to disclaim being a highbrow.

He loves Wodehouse among English novelists. His first Pakistan budget which everyone feared would show colossal deficit was a masterpiece. He not only set the finances of the new dominion on an even keel but actually showed a surplus.

Gay, debonair, ease-loving Sardar Abdur Rab Nishtar is a contrast to Zafrullah and Ghulam Mahomed.



Sardar Abdur Rab Nishtar (right) with a friend

He comes from the Frontier and started life as a Congressman. He had a spell of jail life. Later, he drifted to the League camp and became the first Finance Minister of the Frontier Government which came into power in 1943. He held this portfolio for two years. He is one of the most trusted lieutenants of Mr. Jinnah. He is keenly inter-

ested in literature and poetry. He is also a scholar in Persian and Urdu. At present he is in charge of the communications portfolio but is tipped for big things.

Mr. Jogendranath Mandal is the most colourless Minister in Pakistan. He is in charge of law and labour. The secret of his success is that he is a cent per cent Jinnah worshipper. Mr. Jinnah uses him as a weapon in his armoury against the India Government. He is the counterpart of Dr. Ambedkar in Pakistan. But unlike Ambedkar, Mandal has no following even among the scheduled castes. He is at present tolerated but may be lopped off at any moment. Mandal suffers from inferiority complex. He always takes a back seat in big functions and is conscious of the fact that he is only a mascot.

One of the seniormost politicians of Bengal and a high-ranking Leaguer, Khwaja Nazimuddin is the latest entrant to the Pakistan Cabinet. He hails from Dacca and has had a prolonged political innings. At the age of 35, he became Minister of Education in Bengal and successfully piloted the Compulsory Education Bill in 1930. He was appointed to the Bengal Executive Council in 1934. Later, he became the Home Minister of Bengal. He has been a member of the League Working Committee for an unbroken period of ten years. He holds the vital portfolio of home and information and broadcasting.

He is a keen sportsman and is interested in cricket, hockey and tennis.

Safe, steady but not brilliant. This is the verdict of an impartial observer on Mr. Fazlur Rahman, Minister of Education. He too hails from Dacca and was a lawyer once. His inclusion in the Pakistan Cabinet was a surprise as, till the zero hour, his name was not at all considered for inclusion in the Cabinet. There is nothing spectacular about Mr. Fazlur Rahman. He is a plodding type.

Pirzada Abdus Satar is the solitary representative of Sind in the Pakistan Cabinet. A lawyer from Sukkur, he was discovered by the late Mr. Allah Baksh who made him a Minister in his Cabinet. Later, Mr. Abdus Satar changed colours and became a Leaguer. He made a bold bid for Premiership of Sind after the elevation of Mr. Ghulam Hussain to governorship. His chief claim to distinction is that he is one of the earliest to invite the Pakistan Government to have Karachi as its headquarters. He was a delegate of Pakistan to one of the sessions of the U.N.O. when Palestine was debated. Pirzada is the youngest member of the Pakistan Cabinet. He loves music and once gave a performance from the All-India Radio. He holds the vital portfolio of food.

Among women who have made their mark in Pakistan, the most outstanding are Miss Fatimah Jinnah and Begum Liaquat Ali Khan. Both are inordinately fond of power and publicity. As the first lady in the dominion, Miss Jinnah has a very arduous role to perform. She is a perfect hostess. Her main concern is to look after her lonely brother.



Miss Fatimah Jinnah, on her way to a League Council meeting

The rest of the time she devotes to visiting educational institutions, educational camps, hospitals and orphanages. She is a vital and dynamic personality.

For a while she was a dental doctor at Calcutta. She plays tennis and is fond of music, both eastern and western. After Mrs. Jinnah's death in 1929, Miss Fatimah took charge of her brother. In 1930 she

accompanied him to England. Miss Jinnah is very fanatical and has great faith in Pakistan. She has also a profound faith in the future of the women of Pakistan.

Petite and pretty Begum Liaquat Ali Khan is the most noted personality in the social landscape of



Begum Liaquat Ali, with two of her children

Pakistan. She does not believe in women taking part in politics. She is content to keep the home fires burning. She once acted as Secretary to her husband and takes jolly good care of him. Their marriage is the culmination of a romance which started long ago when she bumped into him while selling a ticket for a benefit performance. Begum Liaquat Ali is an M.A. of the Lucknow University and takes keen interest in educational questions. She has a beautiful library in which she browses. She is proud of her two little sons, in whose company she spends much of her time.

Begum Ikramullah is another of the colourful personalities of Pakistan. She is a member of the Suhrawardy family. One of the shining lights of the Pakistan Constituent Assembly, she has vivacity, grace and charm. She is

an able speaker and a writer of rare distinction.

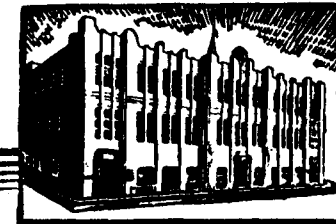
Aside from these, one who has played a great part in bringing about Pakistan and keeping it up is Mr. Ghulam Hussain Hidayatullah, the present Governor of Sind. He knows how to trim his sails according to the prevailing political wind. He was the pet of a succession of British Governors and the tradition has been kept up in his relationship with Mr. Jinnah who is very fond of him. There is no communal virus in the mental make-up of Mr. Ghulam Hussain. He suggests a typical country gentleman but when it came to a question of surrendering titles, he was the first to fling his Knight-hood. Mr. Ghulam Hussain knows

the art of keeping on the saddle and his recent victory over Mr. Khuhro is the climax of an intense feud which almost cost the old man his Governorship.

No review of Pakistan personalities would be complete without a passing reference to Mr. Altaf Husain, editor of "Dawn". He breathes fire and brimstone. Left to himself, he would have no Hindu living in Pakistan. He hates and mistrusts Congress leaders and has not a single good word to say about any of them. Altaf has a swollen head and sometimes boasts that it was he who achieved Pakistan through his pen. Whether he will keep it up remains to be seen.

Before the war European Jewry (exclusive of Russia) numbered 7,739,200. After the war only an estimated 1,700,000 survived—over 6,000,000 having been killed in Hitler's genocidal programme. Of these survivors the liberating armies found about 94,000 were "stateless and homeless". Today there are about 165,000 Jewish displaced persons still in camps, awaiting resettlement.

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TOWARDS A RATIONAL LANGUAGE POLICY

by D. V. RAMA RAO, M.A., LL.B.

THE language policy with regard to medium of instruction in the primary and secondary stages on the successful tackling of which depend the cultural well-being of, and harmony among, the various language groups of our country has not been receiving, unfortunately, the attention it deserves, especially in Orissa. It is generally agreed that the medium of instruction in the primary and secondary stages should be as far as possible the pupil's mother-tongue. In areas where the pupil's mother-tongue happens to be the regional language there should be no difficulty to implement it. In Orissa, no doubt, Oriya is the main language of the Province and although Oriya is the regional language in most parts of the Province, it should not be forgotten that in considerable portions of the ex-Madras areas of Ganjam and Koraput districts both Oriya and Telugu are regional languages. (Vide Census Reports.) In such areas both Oriya and Telugu should receive equal recognition for purposes of instruction through the medium of the mother-tongue. It is interesting to note in this connection that the Madras Education Minister Sri Avinashilingam Chettiar who some time ago declared that Tamil alone would be recognised as the regional language in Madras City had to respond to public opinion and was gracious enough to recognise Telugu also as regional language in Madras City and the bordering areas of Chingleput and promised all help for Telugu pupils to receive education through the mother-tongue. The Madras Minister, indeed, promised to provide adequate facilities for imparting education through the mother-tongue even to Malayalam and Kannada speaking people of Madras City in view of their considerably large numbers in the city. This is not only just and fair but it is also in full consonance with the

declared policy of the Congress. (Vide Bardoli Resolution of Jan. 13, 1939).

The Bombay Government's policy with regard to medium of instruction (U.P.I. Report dated June 19, 1948) is even more progressive. The Bombay Government's policy is to recognise even a *non-regional language* for purposes of instruction through the mother-tongue provided there is a substantial demand for the same from the people speaking such a language. The policy pursued in Orissa is in sad contrast to the policies in Madras and Bombay. Areas like Berhampur, Chatrapur, (with the contiguous coastal tract) Parlakimidi, Gunupur, Rayaghada, etc., are admittedly bi-lingual. The Andhra pupils in the schools of these bi-lingual areas are in substantial numbers and in some high schools they are in a decisive majority. Representative local Andhra opinion has been persistently bringing to the notice of the Orissa Government the just and urgent need to recognise Telugu also as a regional language for purposes of instruction through the mother-tongue in such bi-lingual areas. Representations have been made repeatedly for years together ever since the time of the Biswanath Das Ministry but with no effect. In other provinces, when such public issues are brought to the notice of the Government, the Government concerned usually responds suitably or issues a communique clarifying its policy. But in Orissa, strangely enough, even a popular Congress Ministry which is supposed to be responsive to enlightened public opinion maintains an inexplicable silence!

It is said that one of the reasons for the lack of response on the part of the Orissa Government is that if Telugu is recognised for purposes of instruction other non-Oriya sections might also demand similar facilities. There is evidently some

confusion. There are no languages in Orissa, as far as the present writer is aware, except Oriya and Telugu which can be called regional languages. There may be other non-Oriya sections but they are not to be found in any considerable numbers in contiguous areas to warrant the recognition of their languages as regional languages. So their case is entirely different from the case of the Andhras of bi-lingual areas where Telugu also is acknowledgedly a regional language.

Next let us consider the non-Oriya sections in places like Puri and Cuttack where the regional language is Oriya. The Bombay Government's policy, as pointed out above, is to recognise even a non-regional language for purposes of instruction provided there is a substantial demand. Such a policy, it may be noted, is in full consonance with the declaration of Pandit Nehru who in an interview, as reported in the papers, at Bombay on Aug. 13, 1946 (when he was the President of the Congress) emphasised that the general Congress policy was to give complete freedom to a group to develop its own language, even though it may be situated in *another language area*. If such a policy were to be carried out in Orissa, even in a place like Cuttack facilities would be provided to non-Oriya sections to impart education through the mother-tongue provided, of course, such sections are in sufficiently large numbers. But, as has been pointed out, the Orissa Government has not been affording such facilities even to the Andhras of the acknowledgedly bi-lingual areas where both Oriya and Telugu are regional languages.

It may be mentioned in this connection that complaints have been made in sections of the Utkal Press that the Madras Government has not recognised Oriya as one of the regional languages of Madras Province. The Oriyas of Madras should not stop merely with ventilating their grievances in the Utkal Press but should bring them to the notice of the Madras Government and one does not know whether any representations have been made on be-

half of the local Oriyas to the Madras Government. The present writer has many a time requested his Oriya friends to supply him authentic information with regard to facts and figures of percentages of Oriya pupils in the schools in areas of Madras which they claim to be bi-lingual with a view to giving publicity for it in the Madras Press, but so far no information has been supplied. It would be entirely wrong to view this as an Oriya-Andhra question. We should all view it simply as a language problem that concerns the cultural well-being of, and harmonious relations among, the various language groups of our country. It may also be mentioned that the present writer has all along been pleading for a fair, rational and uniform policy both with regard to language and domicile on an all-India basis which if enunciated and implemented would prove equally happy both to Oriyas and Andhras, as indeed, to all other language groups, irrespective of provincial boundaries.

It should be noted, however, that even when a non-Oriya language is recognised in certain schools, Oriya being the main language of the province, the Orissa Government can justifiably provide facilities for introducing Oriya as a non-examination subject of study as in the case of Hindi so that while every one in the province would be encouraged to learn Oriya and Hindi besides his mother-tongue and English, too, (till it comes to be replaced by Hindi) no pupil need, however, be burdened with too many languages as examination subjects of study. It may also be noted that, although the Orissa Government has been denying language facilities for purposes of instruction to the Andhras of the bi-lingual areas, the Utkal University has been generous enough to allow matriculation students to answer their papers in Telugu besides Bengali and Hindi. But it is understood that this concession expires after the 1949 examination. It is to be hoped that the Utkal University would continue to extend this concession even after the 1949 exami-

nation. It is also to be earnestly hoped that the Orissa Government, too, would soon adopt a wise, just and fair language policy consistent with the high ideals of the Congress and the enlightened public opinion in the country. Would it be too much to hope that in the matter of domicile also Orissa would soon adopt a more wholesome policy, for, Orissa is, perhaps, the only province where domicile rules, in spite of repeated representations, continue still to be applicable to some sections only instead of being equally applicable to all sections which is the case in all other provinces. It is, indeed, regrettable that while other provinces tend to follow progressive language policies, the comparatively younger provinces of Orissa and Bihar, instead of keeping abreast should lag behind other provinces.

Lastly, some sections of Oriya opinion seem to hold that unless the grievances of the Oriyas of

Madras are redressed the Andhras of Orissa should not be conceded their legitimate claims. It would be wrong to take the Andhras of Orissa to task for the faults of the Madras Government, if any, because, for one thing, even in Madras Province Andhras are in a minority and Madras Government is not Andhra Government. Moreover, instead of thinking in terms of retaliation it would be far more desirable to follow justice for justice's sake so that one can set a better example which is bound to have a wholesome effect on others. The Madras journals, one feels sure, would ever welcome contributions from all sections and throw their columns open to give publicity to any disabilities of Oriyas in Madras with regard to language facilities, for, as has been pointed out, these matters are, and should be viewed as, common problems and not, as unfortunately many tend to view, as Andhra-Oriya, Tamil-Telugu or Bihari-Bengali questions.

OUT OF OFFICE

by V. SUBRAMANIAN, M.A.

IT is often said that the greatness of a statesman should be measured not only by what he said in opposition but what he did in office. This is a good test indeed for those who have been too long in comfortable opposition for it is easy to fulminate against men in power when one has not tasted the sweets or bitterness of office. The Greeks with their unusual sense of propriety, put the demagogue Cleon to this test. But there is still another greater test of a statesman's character namely the way in which he takes his retirement from office forced or natural, after he has had his fill of power.

The Indian tradition of kings crowning their sons and themselves retiring to the forest was sound in many ways. It provided for a smooth undisputed succession, while it reconciled the old king to loss of material power. There are very few cases in our history, of a king who abdicated desiring to come back. While Diocletian, the Roman Emperor, abdicated and never looked back, Charles V of Hapsburg, never cut his mind off from the cares of Empire, even after his abdication. Queen Christiana of Sweden abdicated out of disgust, while Mary Queen of Scots who signed her abdication in favour of her son, never ceased intriguing to get back to her throne.

Leaving aside Kings and Queens, and coming to great statesmen, we have Aurel Stein, the statesman who paved the way for Bismarck's unification of Germany, who was model in this respect. Even when dismissed by his sovereign, he whipped up the enthusiasm of Germany against Napoleon their humiliator, and was largely responsible for his inglorious retreat from Moscow. It is to Stein's credit, that when patriotism was but a name in Germany, he put patriotic service to his country above his personal grievance and disgust at the king's ingratitude. Coriolanus the Roman

humiliated his co-citizens, for their ill-treatment of him. Alcibiades the Athenian, joined the enemies of his city, when thrown out of office. Aurel Stein however reminds us of Aristides the Just, who in spite of the Athenians' ingratitude in unseating and exiling him, helped them in their hour of need, Stein's letter from his country seat to the princes and people of Germany whipping up their faltering courage are like the letters of Thomas Jefferson from his country home, which moulded the destinies of the young republic of the new world.

Bismarck the Iron Chancellor of Germany is not quite a loveable figure to contemplate, when out of office. When Kaiser William II unostentatiously forced him to resign, Bismarck never reconciled himself to his retirement. He fell foul with everybody, and bitterly complained that all his work was being undone. The admirers of the great chancellor, would gladly draw a veil over his last years when he exhibited the defects of his qualities.

Count Cavour, the unifier of Italy is a much nobler figure in this respect. Just as he bore patiently when in office with his mean detractors, and the republican zeal of Mazzini and the amateurish military ardour of Garibaldi, so also when out of office after the peace of Villa Franca, he still laboured for his cherished ideal. Discerning historians would give a higher place to Cavour in the hierarchy of European statesmen, than Bismarck, in spite of the latter's miraculous achievements.

The last two world wars had seen not only the fall of three great empires, but also the fall of great many eminent statesmen. The end of the war of 1914-18, was followed by the fall of Venizelos in Greece, Clemenceau in France, Lloyd George in Britain, Wilson in America, and Trotsky in Russia. Venizelos though defeated still laboured hard for a place for Greece in the comity

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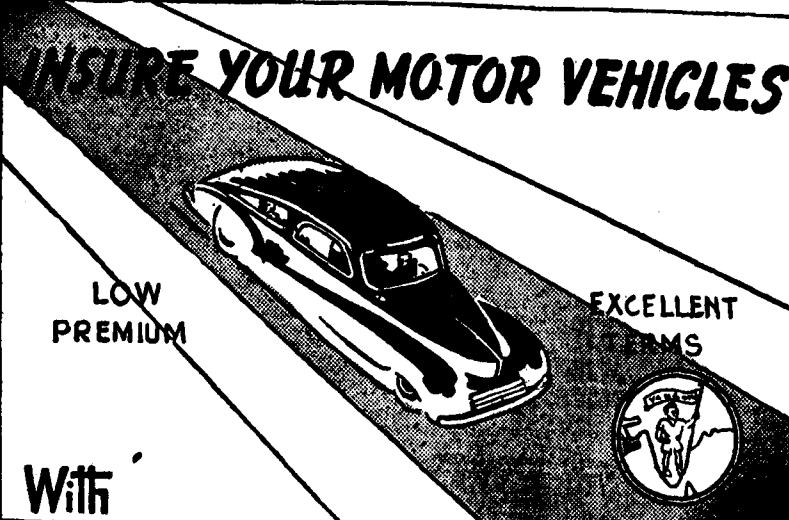
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of nations and eventually got back to office. Lloyd George after his fall in 1920, never had any political history thereafter, but the Welsh Wizard to his credit, did not indulge in unseemly fulminations against his successors. Clemenceau who resigned in 1920, was still respected as an elder statesman in France till his death. Churchill in his sketch of Clemenceau expresses very great admiration for his great nobility of bearing, when out of office, though his detractors hurled charges against him. Clemenceau's only reply to all of them was that his life was an open book, and a pipe and a horse his only luxuries. Wilson, however never forgave the Americans for their rejection of him and during his last years was a very irritable man, even to his old friends. Trotsky the advocate of world revolution had to flee his country, and he has had ever since plenty of admirers and detractors alike. As a great idealist and administrator who had fallen on evil days, he naturally attracted the sympathies of many, but no calm analyst of his career will give him much credit for nobility of bearing out of office. It is a strange irony of fate indeed, that American columnists like Fischer, who are dead against Trotskyism or world revolution on Communist lines, should now praise Trotsky as against Stalin, who confined his ambitions to Russia.

The end of the last war saw the defeat of victory bringers, Churchill and De Gaulle. Churchill with all his abilities and experience, has certainly belittled himself by his indiscriminate outbursts against all his opponents. De Gaulle seems to bewail the thanklessness of the French nation and its waywardness. In the case of Smuts, his party actually polled a majority of the total number of votes in the S. African elections, but it secured a minority in the legislature due to the single-member constituency system. Unlike Churchill, Smuts has not struck out in all directions against everybody. In the case of De Valera, he is still the leader of the

largest single party in the Irish legislature, and might have held office had he condescended to form a coalition. But with characteristic Celtic obstinacy, he refrained, and as an unofficial ambassador of his country, is furthering her cause in the international arena.

Our leadership, having been in opposition all these years and just now in office does not provide many instances of this type. The Mahatma cannot be quoted as an example in this respect, for he never desired office at all. The case of Subash the rebel president is however interesting. Only people who think that any opposition to the official Congress policy, is a crime against God and country can find fault with his later career. Ceaselessly organizing his 'Forward Bloc' he soon found out that to evolve a powerful counter organization against the Mahatma was futile. Seeing the golden opportunity of world war II, an opportunity that comes once only in a nation's history, he transferred his activities to other lands. His career is an example of noble activity out of office. If Bose provides an example of noble activity out of office, Rajaji provides the best example of noble passivity. When the most violent criticism was raging over his head in his home province, he coolly occupied himself in rewriting *Mahabharatha* in Tamil from Vyasa's original. Janaka and Marcus Aurelius could not provide better examples of philosophic detachment.

There must be a *Vanaprasthasrama* for statesmen, when they should voluntarily retire and train up younger men, to be their worthy successors. Such retirement of course cannot be based upon mere age but upon fitness and ability to serve. A statesman, who stays on in office long after he has finished his work is not only an ugly sight, but he really undoes with his left hand what he has done with the right, by denying an opportunity for younger men to be his worthy successors and carry on his work.

"DANGEROUS TENDENCIES AT WORK"

by K. G. SIVASWAMY

SPEAKING at the Madras Corporation Stadium, the Prime Minister, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru laid down the limits of agitation by workers, and of repression by Government in the interest of protecting the State. The principles enunciated by him were unexceptionable. About the Governments in provinces he passed the following strictures: "Our Government must think hard and deep whenever there is the slightest inroad into civil liberties and whenever any single individual liberty is taken away. To feel complacent and go about leaving power to the executive, the police, or everybody is a dangerous thing. I find these dangerous tendencies are at work in India today and I dislike them thoroughly".

This is indeed a mild censure of what is happening in Madras. While the magistracy and the police have more often than not used excessive power, and abused their powers too in many cases in favour of the landlord classes, ministerial interference has equally been active to pervert justice and the power of the police for personal party and class ends. The Premier himself had to promise protection to officials against their constant and unjust transfers. Again, His Lordship Mr. Yahya Ali of the Madras High Court had to pass severe strictures on the inordinate delay of the executive in the discharge of the primary duty to serve grounds of detention. He said it was not desirable for an authority in the position of a provincial Government "to make up defects by serving supplementary grounds, withholding particulars to the accused".

Violence has been provoked not merely by agrarian discontent and starvation but by the desperation caused by abuse of justice by local magistrates. I am reliably inform-

ed that the injuries committed on the two Congress leaders of Tanjore near Mannargudi were the consequence of heart-burning among the kisans whose near and dear relations have been convicted on false and concocted charges. Even the President of the Tamil Nad Congress Committee had to condemn the administration of the Government by his own party when referring to police excesses in Coimbatore. Instances of brutal treatment inflicting injuries on the accused in remand can be multiplied. Instances again of the refusal of the police to take cognisance of even serious injuries inflicted on labourers by landholders can be quoted. Landholders charged with offences against labour have always been let off.

A recent instance has come to my notice of the marching of the police in the streets at Gudiyattam with a view to preventing the people meeting a trade union worker in his private room. They pursued him to the Railway station and warned the station master that no person should be allowed to talk to him in the second class waiting room.

Section 144 has been in operation for years together in certain districts such as Tanjore. Section 107 is used or abused against all public workers working among kisans or industrial labour.

The Prime Minister's appeal that trade union workers and opposition parties should conduct their agitation on constitutional peaceful and co-operative lines, is eminently sound. But he should also see to it that the State machinery does not take sides, behave brutally, support violence by one class and thus drive the citizens to lose confidence in it as their protector and even take to violence in their self-defence. There is need for an open judicial enquiry into the acts of the magistracy and the police to restore public confidence.

THE MATHEMATICS PROFESSOR

By A.V. GEORGE

STUDENTS have a way of getting acquainted with the bad qualities of a teacher in his very first year at the college. And so a new teacher has to be very careful to get into their good books. The professors are further handicapped by the dogmatic belief of their disciples that they are, as a rule, always half-mad. Science professors are passed off as mildly insane since their study of hard facts and exacting science need all their senses. But the professors of the art section are invariably classified as half-cracks, especially so the mathematics professors.

Mr. Krishna Rao was the new mathematics professor of our college. He was a dreamy young man, very careless in his dress and behaviour. He looked as though he would never shine anywhere except the class room and I must admit he taught us very well.

His genius had made him an eccentric of the worst degree. His absent-mindedness had become, so to speak, proverbial among the students. There was the story of how, one day, on his way to college, he walked far into the bylanes of the city, for his mind was too busy tackling problems. Only when he happened to look up at a clock tower booming out the time, he realized his mistake. Then again, once, addressing the college arts union meeting, he broke off in the middle to mutter aloud to himself, "—Very funny—the problem is so simple as all that after all. What a fool to try that troublesome way of solving, first. What a fool!" You can imagine the state of the audience after that.

His mind was always preoccupied with problems. In vain his wife might remind him to get a pound of tea on his way back home from college. He invariably forgot all about it. Once in a while in a flash of remembrance he might recollect that his wife had requested him something. But what that "something" might be was always beyond his memory power.

There were days when he would start for college in his pyjamas and jubba, with a coat carelessly thrown over his shoulders and a tie without a collar. And his wife would have to call him back and see to it that he was dressed properly. What with lots of household troubles—it was no good enlisting his sympathy and guidance—she would have liked him to look after their small child during his leisure time at least. But knowing him as she did, she dared not risk it.

That day on his way back home in the bus he suddenly remembered that he had forgotten something. But, for the life of him, he could not remember what it was. It was something that the calendar at home, with a black ink mark against the date, had reminded him of. However he decided to get down from the bus in the faint hope that the sight of the shop windows might remind him of it.

He began walking along the road aimlessly, his hands working out a problem in the air. Suddenly his eyes brightened and his steps quickened towards "The silk palace". For, in a blare of sound, he heard a song from somewhere, "Happy birthday to you, Happy birthday to you,.....".

He felt triumphant and happy all at once. For he was at last going to succeed in remembering something. For once he would be getting the laurels from his dear Sheila. Yes, it was his wife's birthday and he must buy her a present. He felt it would be a fine diplomatic move on his part to make amends for his past neglect. He would buy a beautiful silk saree for her and won't she be pleased?

"Ah! yes," his thoughts went in another direction. "A good saree or blouse pleases my wife so much. It is heaven to her, while she has no liking for intellectual conversations. What a difference! I, a man, like training the intellect and my heaven

is a place full of magnificent mathematical problems to be solved. But she is more concerned with what is earthly. Poor girl! I must be more kind to her and loving. It is this nasty forgetfulness of mine. Henceforth I shan't forget anything. And that is the best way of showing my love for her. Just as my love for mathematics is shown by the indefatigable zeal with which I solve the problems.

The next moment, though his feet took him mechanically to the shop, his mind was slowly lost in the meshes of another problem. It was with a start he heard the attender addressing him. "What can I do for you, sir?"

He asked for silk sarees and soon a score of them were glittering before him. He selected a beautiful creamy one with an intricate pattern that began and ended nowhere. He began to muse aloud, "Such is the intricacy and depth of secret behind an apparently simple but very difficult problem. You have no signpost to show the right way to start and the end is hidden behind a mesh of integration, multiplication, substitution, etc." The professor beamed with pleasure and smiled the smile of a man of genius recognizing the genius in another. The attender goggled. His eyes were in danger of falling off. "A little cracked, I suppose," he soliloquised.

"What is its price?"

"Rs. 175 only, sir." (It was war-time, you see.)

"What!!—no, no, I mean, I don't want it. Let me see some cotton ones. —Yes, that is right. Ah! Here again, how marvellous the pattern is.—I say these weavers must be really brainy fellows.—How much is it?" The attender asked for the coupon.

"What coupon?"

"This is ration cloth sir."

"But why must cloth be rationed? I mean isn't there enough?"

"You forget it is war-time, sir."

"What war do you mean?—Oh! I know.—It is really a pity, isn't it? So much bloodshed.—Do you, by any chance, know the latest news, old chap?"

At that the attender stiffened and became the very model of condescending courtesy. He expressed his sincere sorrow that he had no time to bandy politics just then, but perhaps the gentleman did not want to buy anything?



"Oh! yes. Certainly. In that case let me see some blouse pieces.—That is the very one. How much is it?"

Finally he got a blouse piece to his satisfaction. He had it well packed and attached a label to it: "From Krishnan to darling Sheila."

And in his hurry to get home with the precious present he got into the wrong bus. It was nearly nine o'clock in the night when he got home. Throughout these mishaps, however, his mind was never cloudy. He felt extremely elated and proud that he had managed to remember something at least, and won't his dearest Sheila be pleased? He felt very happy. Yes, he told himself, he felt as happy as he was when tackling a difficult problem.

His poor wife had kept his dinner warm and was getting anxious about him. So when he began to give her the parcel with a ceremonial bow and

awkward uttering of best wishes and such things, she just thanked him hurriedly with a quick flash of a smile. Next she threw the bundle on to a chair and bundled him into the bathroom. And "come out quick, the rice will be getting cold."

Then, wearied out with worries and a long deferred sleep, she sank back into the chair. She took up the present. She felt happy that he did not forget her and she meant something to him after all—"even at the cost of sacrificing his problems for a time." She smiled a little sadly (for she felt she knew how much trouble he must have had not to forget). Then she saw what was written on the label.

"From Krishnan to darling Sheila."

"Sheila!!!" she shrieked in a sudden mad fury with the tears rushing down her cheeks in torrents. She felt a choking sensation.

Suddenly like an echo to the shriek the professor emerged from the bathroom. "What is it, dear? What is wrong with you? I thought something had happened—Tell me, are you alright?"

She threw the label at him. "You give me THAT and say what is the matter. You—oh! I am done with you for once and all." She ran out of the room crying piteously.

"From Krishnan to darling—". A tiny light flashed in his memory and he remembered that Sheila was his first wife.

SOVIET DIPLOMATIC STRATEGY

by W. N. EWER

Diplomatic Correspondent of the British Labour Party's "Daily Herald"

THE tone and content of the Soviet reply on the Berlin situation to Britain, France and the United States were on expected lines: for they fit completely into the pattern of Soviet diplomatic strategy. It is the pattern of a type familiar enough in pre-war days.

First, there is the deliberate creation of a crisis, of a difficult and potentially dangerous situation; of stirring up in the minds of peoples profoundly desiring peace apprehensions that a new war is a possibility. Add to that, in this case, that the prolongation of a crisis means, inevitably, hardship and suffering for millions of people. That is a refinement not thought of by Hitler.

When the stage is thus set come hints that a settlement would be perfectly easy, that any war danger can be quite simply exorcised, that any suffering can be alleviated at once, if only other people will be reasonable and come into a conference to discuss ways and means of reaching a compromise. A compromise, be it understood, in Soviet terminology means the satisfaction of some of the Soviet demands in exchange for the postponement of

others. Even Hitler did not ask at Munich for all Czechoslovakia.

How reasonable in itself seems the suggestion that the Soviet Government would not object to negotiations, with no preliminary conditions, about "the general question of quadripartite control in relation to Germany".

But what, in fact, does it mean? After the weary failures of last year, is there anything left to argue about? What do the Russians intend?

The answer is very plain. This conference, if held, will be an occasion not only for the usual tirades against the Western Allies, but for a series of peremptory Soviet demands, with which the West will be required to comply as the price of the "settlement"—with perhaps some slight modification of them at some stage to create the illusion of compromise.

The Note itself makes it obvious what the immediate demands would be. First, the acceptance of the end of Four-Power control in Berlin and the integration of the city, politically and economically, in the Soviet Zone, with, perhaps as a "compromise", the retention of "token"

British, American and French military detachments in the capital, by the permission of the Soviet Commander-in-Chief.

Second, the annulment of all the measures taken this year for the political and economic organisation of the Western Zones, thus leaving Germany still divided by the "iron curtain", with the West catastrophically disorganised, and the East tightly under Soviet control.

Third, the acceptance of quadripartite control of the Ruhr, which would give the Russians a foothold and a base of operations in the West, for which they are just as anxious as they are to deprive the Western Allies of any foothold in the East.

If even a considerable part of such a programme could be carried through, if the required concessions could be extracted from the three Powers for the sake of a "settlement", not only the direct, but the indirect gain would be considerable. It would enhance Soviet prestige and shake Western prestige throughout Germany. It would create—precisely as Hitler sought to create—the mystic and inevitable advance of historic destiny: a sort of habit, of thinking that the alternatives were war or acquiescence in Soviet expansion, that this would be the final settlement, that Russia had no further aspirations. There would be hints of vast economic advantages, as well as security and "peace with honour".

It is a faithful copy of the Munich technique, with may be Turkey and Persia and the Middle East, may be the Scandinavian lands, cast for the role of Poland.

But—and again the Munich parallel is perfect—this would not be the end in Germany, but only the "break through" before the "mopping up".

The Warsaw Conference revealed the outline of the new operation. Complete "demilitarisation": which could be interpreted to mean the removal, from Western Germany of every possible means of defence; but in hidden and secret Eastern Europe, nothing at all. And then, "the

occupation armies of all the Powers will be withdrawn from Germany".

The field would be clear for the final coup. Communist and ex-Nazi para-military formations are already being organised in the Soviet Zone. There are, almost certainly, actual military units—the new "Black Reichswehr"—ready under trusted leadership. If need be, Poland or Czechoslovakia could easily pick a quarrel.

On whatever pretext—and again Hitler supplies many models—the forces of a "People's Democracy" could be set in motion. And there would be nothing to the east of the French and Benelux borders to stop or even hinder the sweep. The "iron curtain" would be on the west of the Rhine: and Germany would have become another satrapy of the Moscow Empire.

That is the great plan. It may sound as fantastic as in 1933 Hitler's great plan would have sounded. But there it is, quite visibly outlined in the Soviet Note of July 14, and in the resolutions of the Warsaw Conference.

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"ORPHEUS OF SOUTH INDIA"

by RAJASREE

"CARNATIC music, nay Indian music, is music with a purpose, the audible expression of the soul of man trying to throw off the mundane shackles. Music is a form of yoga and Carnatic music is audible tapas"—Dwaram Venkataswami Naidu.

Violin is the most popular instrument in South Indian music today. Marjorie Malaiperuman some years back in an article in *The Hindu* under the caption, "Violin, the universal instrument", wrote: "The violin is, of course, at once the most expressive solo instrument and the most important orchestral instrument and thus becomes, after the human voice, the most universal instrument found alike in Oriental and Occidental music, classical and jazz ensembles." There has been a lot of controversy about its place of origin. The theory that it is a foreign instrument imported into India has been disputed. That celebrated violinist from Mysore, Sri T. Chowdiah, said during the Music Academy deliberations in Madras last December, that violin was an Indian instrument and existed under a different name "Dhanurvina", that somehow it disappeared from India and has been re-introduced now in the present form. However that may be, it is an instrument which has been admirably handled and adapted by South Indian experts both as a solo instrument and as an accompaniment. It is certainly "the most expressive solo instrument" and it is especially so in the hands of Prof. Dwaram Venkataswami Naidu of Vizianagram, the pride of the Andhras.

Dwaram was born in 1893 in Blackpalli, Bangalore Civil Station. He did not owe his musical education to any guru of renown. He started learning violin at the early age of 13 and in 1926 the citizens of Cöcanada honoured him by presenting him a violin costing Rs. 650. He first came into the limelight in 1927 in Madras during the annual

music conference in December. In 1931 Dr. S. Radhakrishnan presented him a violin costing Rs. 800 and a diamond ring on behalf of the citizens of Vizianagram. Since then, his rise has been steady. In 1941 he presided over the Madras Music Academy and became a Sangeetakalanidhi. His Highness the Maharajah of Mysore conferred the title of "Sangeetaratnakara" on him in 1946. He is now the Principal of the Music College, Vizianagram.

Prof. Naidu's music is of a rare type. It is delightfully sweet and melodious. He has a complete mastery over the instrument and his soft bowing has a grace all its own. Though he does not adhere strictly to traditionalism in music, it does not mean that he does not conform to the grammar of music. His manodharma is rich and varied and his outlook broad. The lilting melodies which emanate from his violin in waves have always held his listeners spell-bound and his strict adherence to "Sruti" is his strong point which commands the respect and admiration of all music lovers. One can notice that his style has been very much influenced by North Indian and Western music. This is due to the fact that he has studied both those systems perfectly and assimilated as much of them as is necessary. Kalyani, Kambodi, Kharaharapriya Sankarabharanam, Bhairavi, Saveri and Simhendramadhyamam are some of his most favourite ragas.

Sri Venkataswami is the most unassuming and unostentatious of the present day musicians. He hates controversy and as far as possible tries to be away from it, though in 1941, as the President of the Music Conference, Madras, he was obliged to make some very definite and decisive observations about the language controversy. His platform manners are pleasing and seldom does he offend anyone. The Andhras have a great love and respect for Prof. Naidu and are really proud of the "Orpheus of South India".

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA

by SISTER LALITHA

WE are very glad to hear that the well-known poet and writer of international repute, Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, will contribute a set of weekly articles in SWATANTRA from August.

The articles come under the interesting title, "Life and Myself." Now this very title is expressive of the personality of Harindranath as we know him. The Self is Life in his works and in his personality and art. Vivid, full of great, strong impulses and thoughts, seeking ever more fully to describe Truth and Beauty, he is a great thinker and visionary, and a creative artist in music, poetry and prose.

All true art, all great thought is international. Of such an international standard is the work of this unique son of India.

True son of India, he is philosophical and metaphysical. His great value to India and the world is that he can express the highest spiritual thoughts of India in language enchanting and understandable to the western world; and stimulate in the children of India the lofty thoughts inherent in the heart of their motherland. Such work is of world-wide consequence.

Son of Dr. Aghorenath Chattopadhyaya, who was the first D.Sc. of India, and a great yogi and mystic, Harindranath has well sustained the family name for brilliancy.

Born on April 2, 1898 he lived his early years in Hyderabad. From an early age he painted pictures, and began writing verse when eight years old.

He produced his first play "Valmiki" when he was 11 years of age, and his second play "Abul Hasan—The Sleeper Awakes" when he was fourteen. This second play was performed publicly with great success.

His first book of poems, "The Feast of Youth" won him recognition. When he was about 18 years old, Sri Aurobindo hailed him as "The Future Poet of India."

When 19 he went to England, where he got permission, on his first published volume of verse and on two later publications "Magic Tree" and "Perfume of Earth" to work for a Ph.D. (Cambridge University) his subject being "William Blake and his Eastern Affinities."

He studied theatrecraft in England. Here he met great poets, Walter de la Mare, Harold Monroe and others. He was also introduced to Bernard Shaw by Dr. Annie Besant.

With the starting of the non-cooperation movement Harindranath returned to India before completing his thesis, and joined the movement. His poetic gift now expressed itself in stirring national songs in the language of the people.

He was invited by Soviet Russia to represent the artists of India in Moscow at the 10th anniversary of the Russian Revolution.

Here he studied theatrecraft under Stanislavsky, Granovsky and Meyerholdt.

From Russia he returned to England, and then to India to work in the movement for freedom. At this time he wrote his most famous people's songs, one of which has been translated into Chinese and sung by the 8th Route Army of China on their marches.

For his political activities he was sentenced to one and a half years of rigorous imprisonment. On coming out he retired to Sri Aurobindo's Ashram, where he wrote voluminously, one of the writings being "The Soul's Journey"—an epic of the consciousness.

Since then he has written volumes of yet unpublished prose and verse. The first volume of his "Life and Myself" has just been published, and the second volume is in print, while the third is now being first published as a series of weekly articles in SWATANTRA.

The greatest thing that can be said of Harindranath is, I think, summed up in the simple words of India's great sage-poet, Tagore, who just before passing away said of him, "My mantle now falls on Harindranath."

The same thought was expressed by C. F. Andrews, who, while proposing an after-dinner toast, said, "While the sun, the golden sun, of Rabindranath is setting, the sun, the golden sun, of Harindranath is rising."

Harindranath has now found his spiritual home on earth and the Guru he has awaited all through the years, in the Ashrama of Sri Ramana Maharshi, and has settled down there at his holy feet.

Harindranath is now busy on an international film script. When we asked him why he has, as he says, such a deep interest in SWATANTRA, he replied: "Because my Master, Sri Ramana Maharshi, never fails to read it with deep interest, every week."



SWATANTRA

156, Lloyds Road,

Royapettah, Madras.

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



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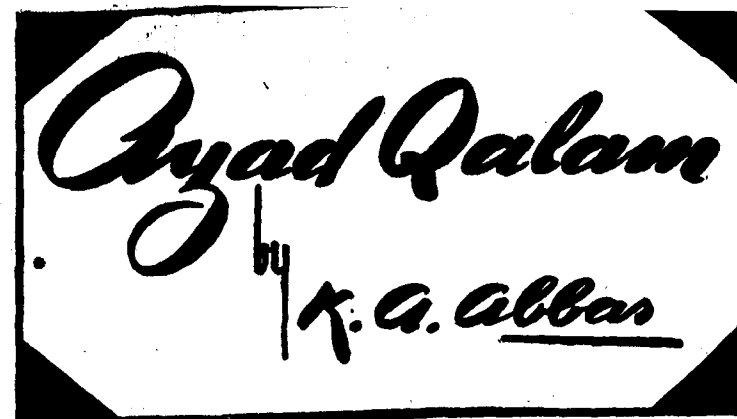
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THE grim thud of a twenty-five-pounder shell from a Pakistani gun greeted us the moment we reached the Uri-Chakhoti front, after a seventy-mile jeep ride from Srinagar.

I was passing through this countryside after full seven months. The last time I drove on this road, in December 1947, the land was frost-bitten and bare; not a leaf, not a blade of grass to be seen anywhere. All the way from Srinagar to Baramula, there was plenty to remind us of the grim battle that had been fought the previous months—the upturned and strafed enemy trucks, displaying Pakistan number plates and the names of their owners—mostly Government contractors of Rawalpindi and Abbotabad, houses burnt by the retreating raiders, bunkers, trenches, empty shells and bullets scattered all over.

The landscape is completely changed now—a lush green carpet covers the land as far as the eye can see; the unending vista of paddy fields, with clusters of peasants bent at their tasks, offers a picture of peace which makes it difficult to recall that the ruthless raiders were overrunning this very ground half a year ago and that even today they are but an hour and a half jeep ride from here. There are landmarks, of course, and my companion at the wheel—young and smart Srikanth Raina, whom I knew during the Quit Kashmir days as a journalist and as link with the under-

ground workers—gives an illuminating running commentary. This is where our army had dug in for the defence of Srinagar; that is where Colonel Rai was killed (an enclosure has been erected to mark the spot), this is where the raiders were routed, that is where they tried a desperate encircling movement and were driven back by the Indian army.

THE BOY WHO OWNS KASHMIR!

The jeep eats up the straight narrow ribbon of the road—this road of destiny where one of the grimmest chapters of recent Kashmir history was written in blood. We drive through Patan, where I notice new buildings emerging out of the ruins left behind by the raiders. Soon we are in Baramula, the town immortalised by the martyrdom of Maqbool Sherwani. Here, too, the battle scars are being erased and new constructions are rising everywhere. But for the presence of Khaki-clad soldiers, one finds a normal peace-time activity. We pass on.

We come to a bridge and the soldier on duty stops us for a check-up. The soldier is ridiculously young, hardly sixteen, not very much taller than the rifle he carries. Smartly, efficiently, he gives us the once-over and signals us to proceed. But I ask Raina to stop. I have suddenly recognised this boy-soldier. And my mind goes back to December 1947 and I see a few hundred youths, mostly in rags and grass sandals—sons of peasants and boatmen and tailors and carpenters and crafts-

men, with a fair sprinkling of students and intellectuals—clumsily, amateurishly going through the routine of army drill, learning to wield a rifle, practising at the firing range, and, at a memorable camp-fire I attended singing revolutionary songs and dancing folk dances of their native hills. This is one of the boys of the National Militia—the proletarian, people's army that grew as a visible, concrete manifestation of the Kashmiri people's resolve to defend their country. There were those who laughed at these awkward boy-soldiers, who thought they served only a propaganda purpose and would be of no use at the front. Since then, hundreds and thousands of them, after a scrappy training of a few weeks, have taken their positions on every front from Jhangar to Teethwal, alongside their comrades of the Indian army.

His name is Mohamed Saeed—Private Mohamed Saeed of the First Sher-i-Kashmir Battalion, he tells us proudly. He is one little soldier and his duty is to guard this bridge. And I am both amused and impressed by the pride and conscientiousness with which he discharges his duty. As if he owned this bridge. Well, after all, he does own this bridge and everything else in Kashmir, doesn't he?

UNITED IN ACTION

For security reasons, I cannot, of course, mention the specific places but all along the route I found the boys of the National Militia defending most of the strategic positions. We stayed with a company for some time, defending a very important 'feature'. They had no red carpet in their bunker; if they had, they would surely have spread it out in our honour—so glad were they to get visitors from Srinagar. It was only when I asked their names that I discovered which of them were Hindus and which were Muslims—thank heavens, they have no communal or caste labels in the Kashmir National Militia. Some of them had already seen action at the front and seen their comrades die or get wounded by their side, and a grim determination was writ large on

their faces. Others were youthfully eager and gay, looking forward to a real encounter with the enemy. They lead a very hard life, even some of the amenities of the Indian army are not available to them in the straitened circumstances of their government. But, though Raina specifically asked them, I heard no complaint. When he asked them if they needed anything, they scratched their heads—and their unshaven chins—and declared they needed a barber.

"GOING TO URI, JAENAB?"

It was another of the boy soldiers, very smart, with a sten-gun slung over his shoulder, clicking his heel in the characteristic army manner.

When we told him, yes, we were, he very politely asked us if we could give him a lift. We said we would be delighted to, and he climbed in.

NO PLANS FOR THE FUTURE

On the way, I asked him what he was doing and he said he was on one of the frontline pickets—I know those hilltop pickets, having climbed up to one of them in December last, and how hard it is up there, bitterly cold at night, and always within range of enemy fire. I wanted to know if this boy who was a Matric student before he joined up was scared in his new, risky job. But he wasn't. "Are you in danger up there?", I asked and he replied, "Yes, to some extent. After all we are not here for a picnic. But many of the Indian army soldiers are in even more dangerous positions, so we are comparatively luckier. But I am hoping for a chance to participate in some real action—an offensive patrol or a night attack or something. You see, we Kashmiris have still to prove that, in defending our country, we can fight as well as our big brothers of the Indian army."

"What are your plans for the future?", I asked, "Going back to school or remaining in the Militia?". His reply was, "I will think of my future only when the raiders are driven out and my country's future is secure".

We stopped at the camp of the Civil Administrator and the boy soldier—Private Syed Mohamed Afzal of the First Sher-i-Kashmir Battalion—smartly saluted us, adjusted the strap of his sten-gun, and walked away towards his place of duty, towards war, towards the twenty-five pounder guns of the raiders, those self-styled defenders of Islam, those alleged liberators of Kashmir, raining death and destruction on the 18-year old Syed Mohamed Afzal and his comrades!

KASHMIRIS, TOO, CAN SHOOT!

The civil Administrator or Uri, Mir Maqbool Shah Gilani, turned out to be one of the most interesting, enigmatic and colourful personalities I have ever met in Kashmir. He belongs to a hereditary line of Pirs (religious preceptors) and is revered by thousands in Kashmir, but he is an old worker of the National Conference and a staunch anti-Pakistani. He is a landlord but he supports the agrarian policy of the National Conference and does not mind losing the privileges of his class. He is a sportsman, a crack shot, but he is out for a different type of shikar now, and simply itching to have a crack at the raiders. But for the fact that he is indispensable in his present job, he would be out there on one of the pickets along with the boys of the National militia. As he put it, "I want to teach those qaballees (tribals) that we Kashmiris too can be good shots".

APPLES AND BOMBS

The lunch at Mir Maqbool's camp (which is happily situated in an orchard) was memorable for two reasons. The 'lunch hour music' was provided by the raiders' symphony orchestra of heavy artillery, while our own guns and mortars responded with the counter-point. It is surprising how quickly one's ears—and nerves—get attuned to shell-fire. The first unexpected crash is the worst; you feel the next time your ear-drums would burst, but they don't. And soon it is reduced to a minor thrill. The second memorable feature of this outdoor luncheon was that the dessert—

Kashmir apples *a la nature*—was served straight from the tree. You just raised your hand and grabbed the juiciest apple within your reach!

At lunch we were introduced to Mir Maqbool's brother-in-law, the Raja of Nambla—who was the biggest landlord of this district and has now been reduced to a destitute refugee's status. His palatial house, on a hill a few miles from here, was first methodically looted, then set on fire. The raiders were particularly hostile to him because he had given refuge to several hundred Hindus and Sikhs of this area.

"Why did you give refuge to these infidels?", they questioned him and he replied, "Because the Holy Quran enjoins upon us to give refuge to the oppressed and the needy, whether they be Muslims or non-Muslims". After some time these self-styled "Mujahideen" (Holy warriors) demonstrated how much they cared for the holy book by tearing

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to bits every copy of the Quran that they found in the house.

I wish some of my Pakistani friends could come and interview the Raja of Nambla. Here is someone who had first hand experience of the raiders; he had also the privilege of meeting and talking to the great Major (or was he General?) Khurshid Anwar and can tell you of his overbearing pomposity and his utter helplessness to 'tame' his wild warriors.

Mir Maqbool and the Raja of Nambla, with the assistance of some young National Conference workers from Srinagar, arrived in Uri along with the Indian army and have stayed here ever since, helping the army in the task of rehabilitating the civilian population. Each of them could tell you blood-curdling stories of the atrocities committed by the raiders—they get fresh evidence every day as refugees from the Pakistani terror pour in from the surrounding areas.

PATTERN OF HORROR

You will not find the village ISHAM on even the largest scale map of Kashmir. It is a very small village, situated on a hill-top, about four miles from Uri. The inhabitants were all Muslims—peasants or shepherds. A cluster of huts, with a population of four or five hundreds. Today, like Lidice in Czechoslovakia, the village of Isham does not exist. After eight months of the raiders' occupation (it was liberated only a few days before my visit), it has been reduced to a pile of rubble. Every single article of any value was looted and carried away. The people hid in jungles and have been living there ever since. Only now they are beginning to return to the ruins of their former homes, to bear testimony to the grim and sordid happenings which they have witnessed or experienced.

The raiders, they told us, after they had looted everything, concentrated their lustful attention on the womenfolk. Neither tender innocence nor venerable old age was sacred to these barbarians. There were cases in which even old women

of eighty and ninety were not spared.

One cannot reproduce even half of the sordid and shameful stories we heard. Surely human beings cannot be more debased and dehumanised than the raider who demanded goat's milk from an old woman and when she was unable to oblige him because the goat had run dry, he was so infuriated that he squeezed blood out of the skinny breasts of the old woman. Pakistan papers, please copy! These are not propaganda stories invented by wily Hindus to discredit the "Mujahideen" of Azad Kashmir, but grim personal experience related by Muslims to Muslims, with tears in the eyes of those who spoke and shame on the faces of those who listened.

Isham is only ONE such village. There are many more such villages and many, many more such horrible happenings.

NATIONAL MILITIA TO THE FORE

We went up to the advanced Base H.Q. of this as well as some other fronts which I shall not specify. And the picture of the military situation that I was able to form has three important highlights:

ONE: The nature of the enemy forces and consequently the extent of their menace have changed since I was here last. It is no longer a horde of tribal raiders that we are fighting but a regular, trained army, fully equipped with all sorts of modern armaments. Not only is there incontrovertible evidence that personnel and officers of the Pakistan Army are engaged in these operations and that ammunition from Pakistan arsenals is being used, but the enemy is using certain latest brands of ammunition (for instance, four-inch mortars) which could have only been imported from England or America and that, too, very recently. The Military Advisers of the U.N.O. Commission may well investigate if four-inch mortars grow on trees in the hills of Poonch and Muzaffarabad!

TWO: The enemy is desperately on the offensive and is throwing in

larger and larger reinforcements into the campaign. The prolific and extravagant use of high calibre ammunition is astonishing. It is nothing to them to shower hundreds of shells on a single position in a single night. For some inexplicable reason, however, after a brief spell of General Thimaya's brilliant lightning advance on the Teethwal front, the Indian Army has relapsed into a defensive attitude.

THREE: The people of Kashmir are playing an increasingly effective part in the defence of their country. The National Militia is a regular fighting force now and its young officers and soldiers have distinguished themselves on many a front. Already they have an inspiring roll of heroes and martyrs of their own. Those who participated in some of the close range encounters between Militia boys and the enemy told me how disconcerted the Pakistanis were to find themselves fighting Kashmiri Muslim patriots. Also notable is the greater collaboration between the civil population and the Indian army. When I was here last, I had noticed a certain condescension, patronising attitude and even the trace of suspicion of the local population on the part of the Army; while the civilians were rather apprehensive of the Hindu and Sikh troops. That phase, I am glad to find, is practically over. There is mutual co-operation and goodwill born out of an understanding of the situation, how the interests of both are interdependent.

And my final impression, before I close this despatch, is that the Pakistani raiders have done the most effective propaganda AGAINST PAKISTAN. In the event of a plebiscite, Pakistan might get some votes in Srinagar but none in the areas where the raider has been. Votes don't grow in a soil watered with blood.

BOOK OF THE WEEK

Where I am at the moment, no new books are available, so I have been reading **KASHMIRI LYRICS**, selected and translated by the amiable Prof. J. L. Kaul, published by

Rinemisray, Srinagar. (Price Rs. 3/8). It has been a pleasant adventure reading it, an excursion into the past, a voyage of discovery in the ocean of Kashmir's folk culture.

It is not merely out of guide books, maps, books of geography and history that one learns about a country and its people. The roots of a people are, rather, in its cultural traditions—in its literature and poetry and its arts and crafts, its folk songs and folk dances. From this point of view, I would recommend Professor Kaul's fine rendering of Kashmiri lyrics to all who wish to understand Kashmir and its people—even to the U. N. O. Commission. Sometimes a more revealing light is thrown on the truth about a country in a bit of verse than in all the political statements and military communiques. Here, distilled in one volume, is not only the essence of Kashmiri lyrical poetry through the ages but also the philosophical thought of the sages and the rumblings of social protest as manifested in poetic expression. The very soul of Kashmir! The common culture of Kashmir in which Hindu and Muslim influences have been subtly blended with the native mellowness endowed by nature, is eloquently represented in these lyrics—all the way from the mystic philosophy of Lal Ded—"Some, though asleep, are yet awake, while on some, who are awake, hath slumber fallen"—to the passionate ecstasy of Baba Khatun—"I am a lovely maiden, gathering violets for Love"—down to Ghulam Ahmad Mahjur of our own time:

"Arise, O Gardener!

Let there be a glory in the garden once again!

If thou wouldst rouse this habitat of roses, leave toying with kettle-drums;

Let there be thunder, storm and tempest, yea, an earthquake".

This is the note on which the lyric has merged with the aspirations of the people; it has a social significance which transcends the merely topical.

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.

Sterling Balances

Now that we definitely know that we got the release of £160 million worth of sterling in the next three years, it is time the Government chalked out a definite plan for utilising this amount. Our capitalists seem to think that it is their patrimony and often forget that the balance represents the sweat and tears, toil and suffering of the common man during war years. We cannot tolerate the idea of this 160 million sterling being utilised for the benefit of Big Business alone. It is the peasants and labourers of India who should get the topmost priority. It is their money.

The Sterling balances must be utilised to alleviate distress of the common man in finding food. Ploughs, tractors and other agricultural implements must freely flow in if our 'Grow More Food' campaign is to make any headway. Import of industrial machinery can well afford to wait till the needs of the agriculturists are met. Plants for the manufacture of Vanaspathi or for the expansion of automobile industry are not at all immediately necessary. In the craze for capital goods there is the danger that the consumer's essential needs may be forgotten. The consumer has a right to demand the import of at least some of the essential consumer goods.

It would indeed be a colossal mockery of Gandhiji's constructive programme if our Finance Minister plays second fiddle to his capitalist friends and squanders away our sterling balances in imports of industrial machinery alone.

Madura. K. S. PARTHASARATHY.

The Only Solution

No issue of "Swatantra" is without something or other of the Madras Ministry. It is really true that unlike Sri Prakasam, the present Premier Sri Omandur Ramaswami Reddiar is a non-parliamentarian. Still, his ceaseless sense of duty to the high office to which he is pledged would outweigh his other failings.

There is of course general discontent in the people about the unstable nature of the Ministry and want of homogeneity in it. As such, it is time for the Central Government to step in to separate Andhra

Desa from Tamilnad in the interests of the prosperity of both.
Bangalore. P. M. D.

'National Song' For Tamilnad

There is no necessity for a separate 'national song' for Tamilnad as the world 'national' means the whole of the Indian Union. In case a national song for Tamilnad is selected, then, some people would like to have a 'national song' for their own district, town, village, etc. By this we will attain the same consequence as by caste differences. As Tamilnad also is a part of the Indian Union there is no sense in adopting a separate 'national song' for Tamilnad.

A. K. SWAMY.

Who Wants The Jobs?

The Madras Premier, it has been reported, stated at an interview on 6th July that his personal opinion was that the agitation for the re-distribution of provinces on a linguistic basis and for the formation of Andhra province was all born of anxiety on the part of some political leaders to keep themselves constantly before the public eye and ensure their position and prospects in the new scheme of things. That may be or may not be so, but some simple guys are of the opinion that opposition to, or lack of enthusiasm for, the formation of linguistic provinces is all born of the anxiety on the part of some political leaders to ensure their position and prospects in the present scheme of things.

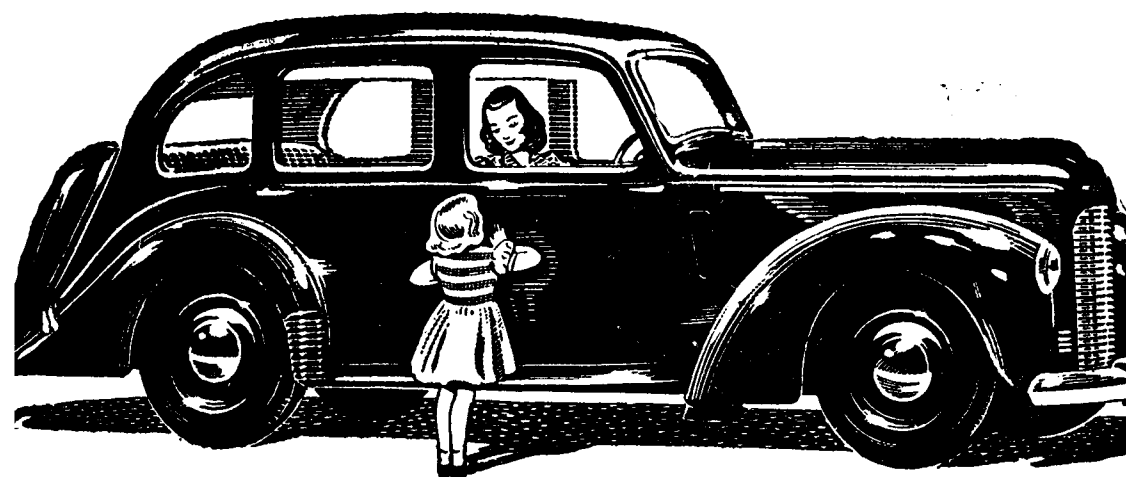
Berhampur. "A SIMPLE GUY"

Diversity In Democracy

Democracy is not annihilation of the diversity of political thinking. It is unity in diversity, giving opportunities to all. It does not teach domination of the minority. The old conceptions of political life must give way to a new approach that transcends the narrow borders of religion understood in its old sense.

Whenever there is communalism, there is no unity. Wherever there is provincialism, there is no progress. As soon as we are free from these defects, we enjoy freedom. If we attain unity, all troubles will disappear and we shall be purged of fears. May we all live in the spirit of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru's messages.

Aska. NARASINGA PATNAIK.



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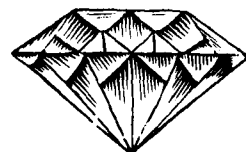
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