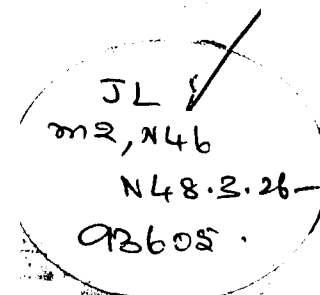
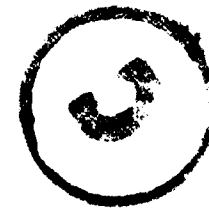


Swatantra

1948

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VOL. III. No. 26.

(SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1948.)

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No. 26

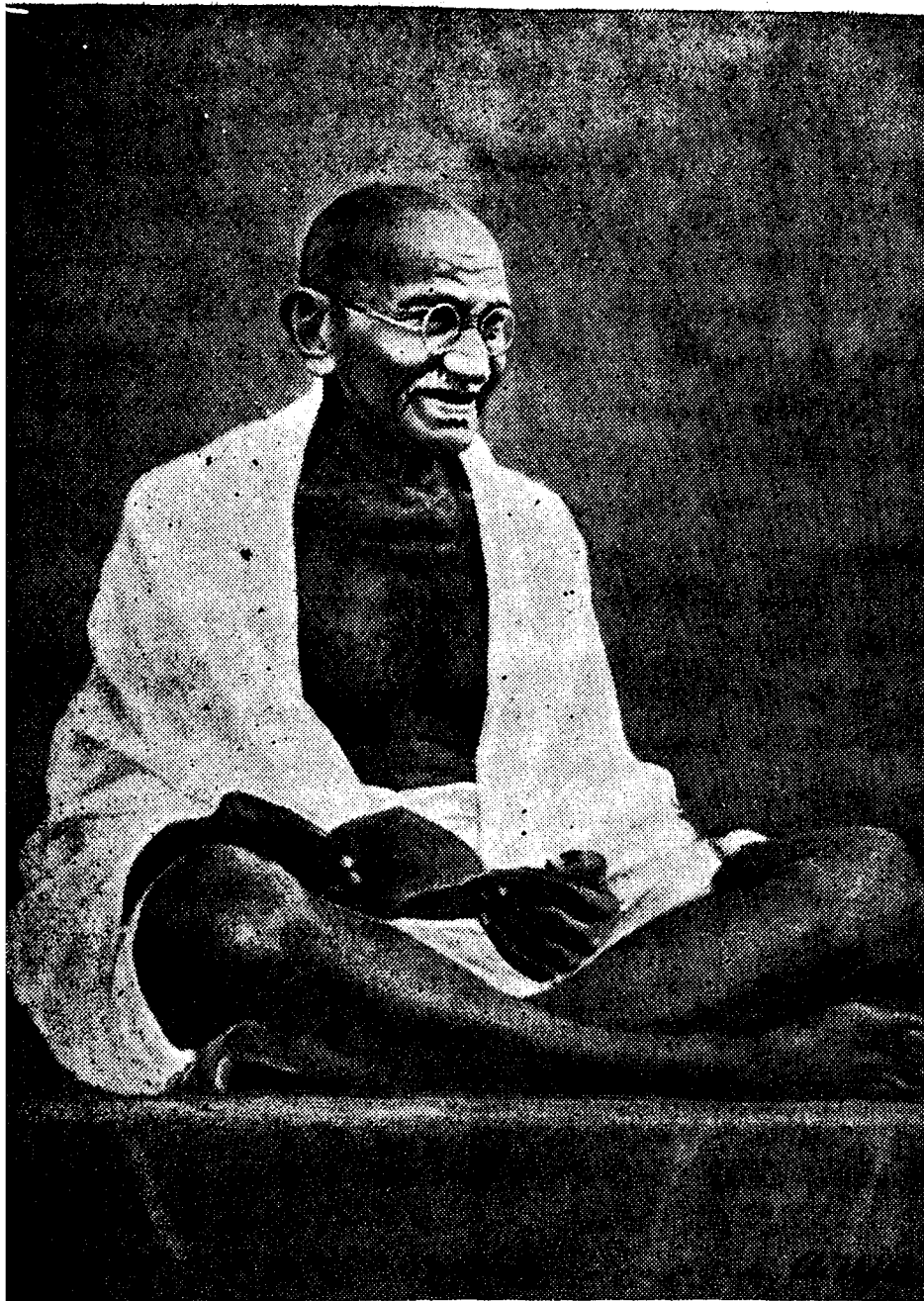
SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1948

ISSUED
WEEKLY

A PUZZLING JUDGMENT

MR. JUSTICE YAHYA ALI ordered the release of a number of detenus in May last on the ground that the orders of detention made by executive officers under Sec. 2 of Act I of 1947 were not really proper orders. In doing so he was very particular to state that no claim could be made for release under the existing law on grounds of insufficiency of material or unreasonableness of the orders, that the Court had no power under the Maintenance of Public Order Act to examine the merits of detention, and that he had power to scrutinise only whether the orders conformed to the provisions of the Act. He ordered the release of the detenus because the grounds of detention were not supplied or were insufficiently supplied or the authority which ought to be satisfied that a certain detenu might act prejudicially to public safety could not establish such satisfaction. When the Local Government found that the High Court released certain detenus on May 20 by passing orders on the applications for the issue of Writs of Habeas Corpus, they issued an amending ordinance prohibiting the High Court from entertaining Habeas Corpus applications under Sec. 491 of Cr.P.C., thus ousting the inherent jurisdiction of the High Court to examine whether the executive was acting in excess of its powers. This ordinance was issued on 25th May and in as much as a Governor's Ordinance could not be promulgated when the legislature was in session,

the legislature was prorogued on 25th May with effect as from 24th May. When, after this ordinance, certain applications for Writ of Habeas Corpus came before Mr. Justice Yahya Ali on 1st June, it was argued on behalf of the applicants that the ordinance could not apply to pending cases unless retrospective effect was specifically given to it as was done in the case of the Act itself, and that it was ultra vires of the powers of the Governor. A special bench was constituted to enquire into the validity of the ordinance. The advocate for the detenus argued that the power of the High Court to hear Habeas Corpus petitions either pending or to be filed in the future could not be taken away by the amending ordinance. All the three judges have agreed with this contention. They have held that the High Court had power to see whether the orders issued under the Public Order Act conformed to law. They have further held that the amending ordinance could not create more immunity for the officer issuing orders of detention than was given by the original Act itself. One of the judges regarded this amendment as a 'surplusage'. According to the judges no special rights of 'Habeas Corpus' accrued to the detenus who had filed their applications before the date of the amending ordinance, and every detenu before or after the ordinance, could apply for a Writ of Habeas Corpus. The Government have therefore failed in their



This picture of Mahatma Gandhi by Arya (United Arts, Mylapore, Madras) was presented to Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru when he visited The Hindu office during his recent stay in Madras. The Prime Minister garlanded the picture and appeared to be deeply moved. It was taken to Delhi with him in the aeroplane by which he returned. The noteworthy fact about the picture is that it is not a copy of any single photograph, but a conceived picture combining the characteristic traits of the Mahatma as the result of study of a good many photographs.

objective of ousting the judiciary from exercising an inherent, legitimate, and essentially useful function. Their Lordships have protected the citizen's right as well as the rights of the High Court. The orders of Mr. Justice Yahya Ali on the Habeas Corpus applications have been justified as correct. The amending ordinance has failed in its objective of preventing the release of detenus improperly kept in detention.

Nothing is therefore gained by academic discussion about the ultra vires or intra vires character of the ordinance. The ordinance, according to the judges, is a redundancy. That it is intra vires of the powers of the Governor does not achieve the object for which it was promulgated. Nothing is gained again by the observation that the ordinance cannot have retrospective effect, when the detenus detained before or after the date of the ordinance have the same rights of applying for Writs of Habeas Corpus. Since nobody is prejudiced, and so long as present and future petitioners will be perfectly in order in coming before the Court for Writs of Habeas Corpus, there seems to be no necessity for any long dissertation from the judges in support of the intra vires character of the ordinance.

Mr. Justice Govindarajachari referred to an important reason why the executive might arm itself with powers depriving the citizen of liberty. Quoting an extract from a judgment of Lord Wright he said "If the sense of the country was outraged by the system or practice of making detention orders, it could make itself sufficiently felt in the Press and Parliament to put an end to any abuse and Parliament can always amend the regulation". He referred also to the importance of representative institutions and democratic channels in controlling the powers of the executive. Holding such strong views about the

need for legislative controls, one should have expected a closer examination of the facts brought before their lordships about the manner in which the legislature was ousted by the Executive from performing its proper functions. According to Sec. 88 an ordinance could be issued only when the legislature was not in session. The Cabinet should advise the Governor about it, the Governor should assent to it in writing, and the permission of the Governor-General should also be obtained. It was argued before the Full Bench that within 24 hours between May 24 and 25 it would be humanly impossible for all these acts to be completed. One of the members of the Legislative Assembly testified in an affidavit that the session was prorogued abruptly and that the Governor was then in Ooty. Mr. Justice Govindarajachari requested the Advocate-General in the course of the argument to reply to these facts, as otherwise the issue was clouded. When the Advocate-General replied that the 'thinking process' might have begun earlier, he admitted by implication that discussions about the issue of the ordinance should have begun before the legislature was prorogued, or in other words, the authority of the Governor was invoked when the legislature was available for consultation. Is any further evidence needed to prove that the legislature had been deliberately set at naught in this case? It was for their lordships to have put categorical questions on these matters and elicited proper answers from the Advocate-General. At any rate, when one of the judges offered such specific advice about the value of the legislature in controlling executive acts, it behoved him also to examine whether the ordinance had been issued by following the prescribed procedure or by playing a fraud on the legislature, particularly when specific facts were brought to the notice of the Bench,

The Full Bench judges gave a clear judgment. But the academic discussion imported into it on the question of intra vires and ultra vires introduced into it an element of mystification. This is very puzzling.

Back To Controls

THE Government of India began relaxation of control over cloth and yarn in January, 1948. Immediately prices rose by several hundred per cent. The Government replied to it not by redevising controls but by discontinuing them from April. At the same time they took to stamping of prices and control over distribution of yarn! What have been the results of this policy? A fortnight ago Pandit Nehru spoke of monsters who have created the cloth famine and revealed that a profit of more than Rs. 100 crores has been made by manufacturers and traders during the last six months. Dr. P. C. Ghosh, ex-Premier of Bengal, has stated that the Congress Governments are not worth existing if they did not take severe action against black marketeers and profiteers. The recent press communique of the Government of India announced a scheme of partial control which was to commence from 1st November. This communique exposes the fantastic prices, the practices that reflect grave discredit on the industry and trade, and deplores the rise in retail prices in spite of increased transport movements, and the non-availability of cloth even with a 12% increase in production. The Government have now proposed the immediate freeing of mill cloth and yarn which will be stamped with fixed prices and distributed through approved wholesalers and licensed retail shops from first November. They will also requisition textiles if hoarded and cornered.

The scheme has a number of loopholes which will require to be

plugged. The price scheme is not very clear. The Tariff Board's recommendation will, it appears, not be adhered to in this respect.

The Minister for Industries has explained that the prices fixed by the Tariff Board would be partially revised. In making this explanation, the Government have yielded to the importunities of interested parties like Messrs. Kasturbai Lalbhai and Neville Wadia and Sir Sri Ram. The scheme gives a fillip to sale of cloth at fantastic prices till 31st October and appeals to the consumers to organise 'Do not buy campaigns', knowing full well that the whole country cannot go against the lifelong historic tradition of the Hindus of purchasing their annual cloth requirements, during the Dipavali. Panic-buying is bound to increase in this period. Even when the scheme comes into full play, the prices alone are to be fixed but the cloth is not to be rationed. So long as there is shortage in production and exports of cotton fabrics (which have risen from 170 million metres in 1938 to 390 million in 1945-46 and 280 million in 1946-47) are not prohibited, the richer classes will buy and hoard and starve the poor of their requirements. Cloth woven in handlooms and power looms is excluded from the scheme, enabling it to have an open market to defraud the consumer as well as the weaver.

With all these defects we welcome the scheme as it indicates that the Government of India have at last realised the dangers of decontrol. They have been forced to admit the need for controlling the production pattern of factories and seeing that there is no fall in production. It was an anti-social plan when spindles were distributed to mills concentrating the power of supplying the essential cloth needs of the people in the hands of a few mill-owners without at the same time regulating production and provid-

ing better conditions for labour. It was again an anti-social plan when no provision was made for controlling the margin of profits in distribution. The extremely cruel conditions of to-day, of fantastic prices and non-availability of cloth, will, it is hoped, teach a lesson to those in power that an improvement in the standard of life of the people involves the abandonment of the policy of free economy, and the initiation of a closed economy in which both production as well as distribution will be controlled in the interest of labour as well as of the consumer.

Kotamraju Punniiah

SRI KOTAMRAJU PUNNIAH who passed away last week, achieved distinction through journalism without much academic education to start with. In this he resembled Sri Sadanand and the late C. Y. Chintamani. All three were adventurous spirits who left home in boyhood in quest of careers in distant places. They had no friends to back them, no influence, no money, and no imposing marketable qualifications. Their lack of aids to make life easy sharpened perhaps their faculties of acquiring knowledge and efficiency through the great university of experience. In their respective spheres they outshone all rivals and towered over them with a giant stature. But whereas Chintamani shared his affections with politics and Sadanand passed from mere editorship to commerce becoming a great newspaper magnate, Punniiah remained to the last a simple journalist immune to the lure of any other interest. He reigned as editor of the *Sind Observer* for a long period of 27 years, a record in India. He was a man of both strength of character and captivating qualities. He was less a chief to those who worked with him than a paternal benefactor that strove with unflagging kind-heart-

ed zeal to bring out the best in them. He had the gift of creating an atmosphere of happiness round about him, and in old Karachi before the frenzied communalism of Pakistan uprooted its landmarks, he was a highly honoured citizen, as beloved as respected. He was an ardent social reformer. He comprehended the baneful character of caste and eliminated it, for all practical purposes, from the economy of his life. His last days were as full of sorrow as the earlier period was carefree and joyful. At a time when all that he had built up through the industry of a life-time in his chosen profession was shattered by the vandalism of communal invaders, misfortunes came on him in quick succession, adding the affliction of domestic bereavement to his other difficulties. He lost two sons and a son-in-law, all in the prime of youth, in affluent employment and set for brilliant careers. The close of his life was an object lesson in stoic endurance under the crushing blows of a malevolent fate. Adversity, though it came very near to breaking his spirit, could not embitter him or drive him to ways of cynical resentment. It brought out the latencies of philosophy in him and made him the more lovable. He was in essence a saint, but a saint of unusual calibre, steeped in secularism. In these days when the hypocrisy of religious pretension has bred in our midst a brand of sanctimonious humbugs to exploit popular weaknesses and superstitions, secularism carries with it a welcome stamp of integrity and of refreshing intellectual robustness. Such a stamp has been put on the journalism of our time by the Kotamraju brothers, a redoubtable pair of veterans whose empire is a farflung one spread in the affections of a vast army of beneficiaries throughout the country. In the hearts of these the tradition associated with Sri Punniiah will live while they live.

Sotto Voce

The New Inquisition



OUR legislators scouring the world for new Augean stables to clean have with a whoop of delight espied the institution of 'Bala Diksha'. It seems there is a custom prevalent in some parts of the country of converting minor boys and girls into ascetics. And our Indian Parliament, now in the throes of constitution-making, is to be bidden to take a little time off for the great humanitarian enterprise of putting down this pernicious custom. That there is such a practice at all will be news to most people. But the legislative power presupposes omniscience.

We all know that asceticism is too often a cloak for vagabondage. There are professionals among ascetics as there are among thieves and politicians; and they no doubt believe in the sound educational doctrine, "Catch them young", for perpetuating the species. But what strikes the sensitive visitor to Hrishikesh is not the horde of hefty young fellows who might be better employed cutting firewood but that rare phenomenon, the genuine boy-ascetic, sprite-like in his freedom, gentle in regard, but with the cold fire of eternity in his far-away look. You may rescue a hundred oafs for respectable drudgery; how will that compensate the race if one true seeker should be balked of his goal by your bungling interference?

There is the classic case of the great Advaita Acharya who at the age of five or seven pleaded, and pleaded successfully against mother-love, to be allowed to renounce the world. And in our own day the sage

of Arunachala attests to the fact that the call comes when God wills: as a boy of twelve he felt that imperious tug at the heart-strings which would not be denied. The gradations of the Ashrama dharma are for the spiritual plodder. The *Bhagavata* is explicit in sanctioning *sannyasa* straight from *brahmacharya* if there is an unmistakable sense of vocation. Should self-indulgent politicians be allowed to make a law that might make unlawful the renunciation of a Sankara or a Ramana?

The plausible argument that children have to be protected against parental selfishness or their own inclination to idleness leaves me cold. In most Provinces there is a law against juvenile smoking but nobody bothers about enforcing it. Children starve by the wayside or nose among offal but the State finds it convenient to turn a blind eye. Why, then, pretend that it must step in to prevent parents from enforcing celibacy on their offspring or otherwise depriving them of normal satisfactions? Nobody objects to the practice in Catholic countries of almost every family giving a child—and that often the most intelligent and promising—to Mother Church. In India where family affections are so strong the unnatural parent is a rarity.

The itch to legislate, which is so powerful among vulgar and ignorant men armed with a little brief authority, is really a hang-over. We like to imagine that we are not as our primitive forbears who in the fight against the Baudddhas and the Sramanas or in the internecline Siva-

Vishnu quarrels did not hesitate to send men to the stake. Then at least persecutor and persecuted alike had the courage of their convictions. The clever little men who employ the coercive power of the law for their own sinister ends have no need of courage. If anything goes wrong it can always be laid on the broad back of the public; luckily for them it has a proverbially short memory.

Bread and circus—circus more than bread—it must have. And so the throwing open of the great public temples is to be followed by the violation of the private temples. That this involves repudiation of thrice-repeated pledges is of small account; blatant opportunism has now shifted the emphasis from removal of public disabilities to consolidation of a slave State. The famous shrine of Venkatachalapathi at Varahur is to be the first target of the new crusade. The great *yati*, Tirtha Narayana, the immortal singer of the *Krishna Leela Tarangini*, found the peace that passeth understanding in that little village drowsing in the sun amidst the rice-

flats. This unpretentious shrine, hardly more than a *bhajana matam*, is right in the heart of the Brahman street; hence the sadistic pleasure that our law-givers feel at the prospect of throwing it open to all and sundry. So might the Kalmuck Tartars be asked, in a Europe gone Red, to take over the Passion Play at Oberammergau.

There is a beautiful legend of this *sannyasin* from the north wandering in the Tamil country. He suffered from chronic colic; in a dream the Lord asked him to follow the first thing he should see on waking. And that was a white boar which, with the *yati* panting after it, ran into a humble Brahman's house and disappeared. There the saint set up his tabernacle, poured out his heart in love and adoration and established a tradition of community-culture—work and worship, festive music and sacred drama—which is being faithfully followed to this day. And now this sanctuary of the spirit is to be laid low—for the love of God!

VIGNESWARA.

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

It's a man's world, all right. Just look at the difference in these descriptive words and phrases.

If a man doesn't marry, he's a "bachelor"—glamorous word. If a woman doesn't marry she's an "old maid."

When it's his night out he's "out with the boys." When it is her night out she's at a "hen party." What he hears at the office is "news." What she hears at a bridge party is "gossip."

If he runs the family he is "head of the house." If she runs it she "wears the pants in that family." If he is overly solicitous of her he is a "devoted husband." If she is overly solicitous of him he is "hen-pecked." If he keeps his eyes on her at a party he is an "attentive husband." If she sticks close to him she is a "possessive wife."

In middle age he is "in the prime of life" or "at the peak of his career." At the same age she's "no spring chicken." If he is an easy spender he "does not deny his family anything." If she doesn't count the pennies she's "extravagant" or a "poor manager."

Gray hair gives him a distinguished look. If she has it, she's an old hag. If he hasn't any small talk he's "the quiet type." If she hasn't any she is "mousy."

It all depends on one thing—whether you're speaking of a man or a woman.—RUTH MILLETT.

SIDELIGHTS :

If we mean to support the liberty and independence which have cost us so much blood and treasure to establish, we must drive far away the demon of party spirit.—WASHINGTON.

THE other day a student from Masulipatam visited Swatantra office and told this story. He had occasion to go to a village in Kistna district. While he was taking a walk there, a lorry filled with a contingent of Malabar Special Police came up. It stopped near him and out came a sub-inspector. After questioning him about his business and why he was there, the sub-inspector advised him to quit as it was a disturbed area and he might get into trouble if he continued there. And then he made this remarkable declaration: "It is fortunate for you that it is I whom you have come across. Had I not been here and a constable of the M.S.P. had to deal with you, he would have first given you a blow and then ordered you out."

This is something for Pandit Nehru to ponder over. In his address to Madras students Pandit Nehru said, "I have stood for civil liberty. I have stood for the freedom of the individual and the group and nothing else pains me so much as that conditions should arise in this country when perforce civil liberties should be limited in the case of a large number of individuals.....At the same time, the Government, Provincial or Central, must think hard and deep whenever there is the slightest inroad on civil liberties, whenever a single individual's right is taken away. It is a dangerous thing to remain in a complacent mood." Pandit Nehru's present position is the cumulative outcome of what he stood for in the past. But on what he stood for in the past no ruler can feed his people. Past and present should synchronise if power based on past pledges is to survive into the future. It is no comfort to the victim of police tyranny to be told that his plight causes pain to the Prime Minister.

Administration will be judged by the benefit it confers. What Ministers give to the people in the form of betterment conduces to their stability and not nice sentiments belied by dreadful actualities. From non-official positions popularity can be won with speeches and promises. But power places leaders on trial. It is the safety valve of democracy that power belongs permanently to none. A Churchill could be turned out without violence or conspiracy when the majority of the voters no longer desired him to rule. But not so a Hitler or a Stalin. Under a democratic system parties in opposition to the ruling one can go on losing election after election and yet continue to strive freely for success at the next opportunity. It is the essence of a fascist system that no chance is ever given by the ruling party to any rival to supplant it. Let a fascist party once get hold of State authority, it will mean the end of free elections and the denial to the people of every facility to instal any other party in power.

Democracy is a way of life. The democratic spirit does not exclude anyone from the primary rights for whose promotion the State exists. Such things as personal freedom, freedom of association, employment, food and education are allowed to all without distinction and no discrimination is tolerated on the basis of party. There has been a deplorable deviation from democratic standards on the part of Congress leaders from the moment of their exchanging non-official status for administrative responsibility. The rights of citizenship have in varying degrees been denied to all from whom any threat to Congress supremacy is apprehended, and a gloss of political righteousness is sought to be spread over the denial with the pretext that the State is in danger. Even Pandit Nehru has not escaped the infection of the prevailing demoralisation.

Take, for example, his attack on the Communists. His allegation of

an alliance between the Razakars and the Communists does not fit in with facts. It is not denied that in some respects the triumph of the Communists is a thing to dread. Most of them are fanatics and fanaticism is ever ungentle and harsh. There is an element of ferocity in the average Communist which goes beyond the limits of understandable indignation at the injustices stalking the world. If ever Communists should gain sovereignty, non-Communists would fare as the Jews under Hitler and there would be no question of civil liberties. But despite a great deal mixed up with it that is frightening, Communism represents a force that cannot be disposed of with repression. It is an effect of poverty and discontent and its undesirable potentialities can be combated only with policies of extreme benevolence for the good of the poor.

RIGHTS OF CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY MEMBERS

by B. BHIMA RAO, M.L.C.

I have perused with interest the communication from Sri D. Ramayya in "Swatantra" on the rights of co-operative society members. It discloses a serious state of affairs with regard to the working of co-operative stores, which requires immediate attention and rectification.

With regard to the Bellary Co-operative Central Stores, it was stated that the shortage of stock as compared with the relevant books was in the neighbourhood of 2 lakhs for 30th June 1946. This was gleaned from the report of the Special Committee which had been appointed during that year. For the year ending 30th June 1947, the inspection of food grains was made and it disclosed a shortage of more than 5 per cent. Though I addressed a communication to the Registrar of Co-operative Societies in the third week of June 1948 to appoint a disinterested person to make a check of the existing stocks I have not received any reply or acknowledgement thereto and no one seems to have been appointed in accordance with my request. I came to know from Sri K. G. Sivaswami that he had been appointed to inspect the stores in March 1948 but, on some protest raised, the appointment had been

The conversion of the Communist impetus into a means of social advancement is not impossible, provided Governments behave with true humanitarian insight, but the policy now in vogue of dubbing every disliked person a Communist and arresting him at sight will only widen the sphere of mass sympathy for the persecuted and bring more converts to their ranks. In Hyderabad, the Communists have been the main defenders of the harassed peasantry against the Nizam's feudal despotism and the Razakars' depredations. They can be called allies of the Nizam and the Razakars if being killed is part of the content of alliance. Pandit Nehru has marred the social success and charm of an otherwise successful visit with these unfortunate allegations which should not have emanated from one in his position.—SAKA.

eventually cancelled. In the administration report of the Co-operative Department for the year ending 30th June 1946, profits from all the Central Stores in the Ceded Districts are given in a lump sum and not separately for each district. At Guntakal where the Government has a central store of food grains the extent of shortage noted on 30th June 1948 seems to be less than one per cent.

Taking these facts into consideration, it is incumbent on the Registrar to maintain proper and efficient check and inspection of stocks in various central stores periodically and at the end of every official year. The communication which he seems to have sent to Sri Ramayya is quite unsatisfactory and disappointing. Every member is entitled to a copy of the audit report and it is absolutely necessary that a rule should be made to the effect that a copy of the same should be supplied to every member along with the administration report. I hope this communication will receive the attention of the Registrar and he will take necessary action to see that the stores are checked periodically and that a proper audit report is prepared and supplied to members expeditiously.

A GLIMMER OF HOPE

by S. PARTHASARATHY

THE visit of Prime Minister Nehru to Southern India has given us a glimmer of hope about the future. The silent homage paid by the vast and well-disciplined crowds at Madras and at Karaikudi to Pandit Nehru has established the fact that large numbers in our province still continue to think of India as one when we were nearly certain that the thought was dead. No doubt, some local paper claimed that the crowds were there equally out of respect to our worthy Premier as to Pandit Nehru. The people were there because they loved the man who was once Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. But they stayed to listen because he spoke from his heart. To those who have had occasion to attend political meetings in our province, the change of atmosphere was exhilarating. It was not a schoolmaster who was scolding, in harsh tones, his pupils: it was not a man without faith who spoke cold incisive logic about party politics: it was not the fanatical speech of a narrow-minded provincial politician hammering his pet theme. Whether or not we agreed with all that Pandit Nehru said, it was clear that he never for a moment looked away from the picture of a glorious and united India ever present before his mind's eye. Normally, this should not be in the least surprising to us; except for the fact that we in Madras have been remorselessly fed with the stuff of provincial politics. We have been hearing that Hindi is there and is not there, and a communiqué has now gone forth to assure the Dravidastanites that Hindi is not there. Or, is it a challenge to the spirit of Mahatma Gandhi that we can now afford to snap our fingers at his pet ideal? We hear the Tamil politician murmur in private gatherings that the question of Hyderabad is not the concern of the Tamils. We hear his Andhra counterpart denounce Nehru as being more interested in Kashmir than in Hyderabad. A story even went round that some of our ruling politicians were heard to say with

reference to Nehru's visit "Why should we honour this northerner?" Some of our politicians delight in using cheap and vulgar expressions like 'Papan', 'Vadakathian' and 'Andhrakaran'. The daily dish of many of our politicians and public men has become a concoction of provincialism, sectarianism and hatred. It was only a few days before Nehru's visit that I met one of our ruling politicians, and he asked me if I knew anything about a brahmin who was accused of complicity with Hyderabad. I said I knew nothing about him, and added that there are likely to be hundreds like him. The conversation then turned, and again a name cropped up, and this time it was a non-brahmin. I said he was also accused of complicity with Hyderabad. My friend immediately remarked: "I have also heard it: but I am surprised; I cannot believe he is capable of doing such a thing." Then I left this friend and went to another, this time a brahmin. As a test, I brought into the conversation the name of a brahmin who was co-operating with the Nizam's Government. My friend immediately said: "What can he do, poor fellow? He has to support a large family." A little later, I mentioned the name of that non-brahmin, and immediately my friend began to pour forth on his name all the invectives he could command. There is no need to philosophise. The fact remains that educated men, men even with a leavening of culture, and men entrusted with the power to rule over others, are all possessed of two different standards: one to judge men of their own community, and another to judge men of other communities.

Again, we are having this almost insane love of Tamil and things Tamil. I do not think that Pandit Nehru or any other North Indian politician has ever disputed the pride of place of the regional language. Surely, the love of one's own language or culture is not expressed by contemptuous references for other languages and cultures.

After all, the language is only a conduit of expression. The culture of the people of India is a common heritage. It is not as if Tamilian culture is something apart from Indian culture unless that culture is claimed to consist in barricading ourselves from all outside sources of knowledge and revelling in our own little knowledge.

Another of our weaknesses is to talk cheaply of the honesty of North Indians. The challenge has been put "Who are these people to criticise us when they are so largely corrupt and inefficient?" Living in the doldrums of the Indian Union, we can only admire our own masterly inactivity. We lead the virtuous life of the prisoner in the jail cell. Where there are great virtues, one must expect great vices also. Our virtues are small and our vices are also small. Pandit Nehru was constrained to lament on the disappearing evidences of the intellectual supe-

riority of the people of South India. He even said that if we would only shed our provincialism, we can annex the major share in the central administration. But today when we look round we find few men in our province who think big and can make the public also think big. A single visit of Pandit Nehru may go some way in breaking our self-imposed intellectual isolation. But, if South India is to discover herself as a useful and important limb of the Indian Union, more than one visit from Pandit Nehru and men of his calibre would be necessary. At the same time, we must not forget that it is the sacred duty of every right-minded man in the province, and we have now seen there are thousands of them, to break down the barriers of provincialism, communalism, sectarianism and 'linguism' in order that our national feeling may express itself once again in terms of India as a whole.

THE FOOD DEBACLE

by P. V. C. RAO

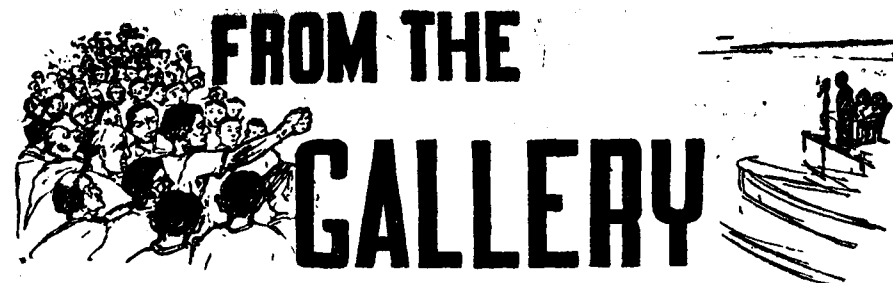
It has become a regular feature for Provincial Premiers and Food Ministers assisted by a galaxy of food officials to undertake flying trips to New Delhi for attending frequent conferences presided over by the Dominion Food Minister. For an impartial observer it would appear that these conferences are not yielding results commensurate with the drain that they entail on the public revenues. The food scarcity is getting worse day by day and the prices continue soaring high. Imports are on the ascendancy as shown by the figures below:

1944		0.8 million tons.
1945		1.0 "
1946		2.1 "
1947		2.3 "
1948		2.8 "

The mounting level of food imports is necessarily curtailing the volume of imports of capital and consumer goods, thus helping the inflationary spiral to play havoc with industries as well as agriculture. The country's economy is being shattered to pieces on all fronts.

Unfortunately, these conferences are so far concerning themselves with only a limited range of objectives such as distribution of available supplies and assessment of individual requirements.

Apart from exhortative perorations from the Dominion Food Minister, there is no proper investigation of the extent of success or failure of individual Governmental efforts for accelerating production. For example, it is reported that last year's failure of monsoon had cost Madras alone over one million tons of rice and millets. Expert opinion would show that Madras had no business to incur this enormous loss of production; effective measures should have been taken for conserving and utilizing the rainfall, meagre as it was, for maintaining the level of millet production. Further, rice could be grown in the 'dry areas'. As a test case, the Madras Government will do well to forward the rainfall data of the Province for 1947 to the Soil Conservation Service of America for an evaluation of the proper crop production. The authorities should take serious notice of the gradual decline in production due to sedimentation of the irrigation systems especially in the Northern Circars. The Food Conferences should concentrate more upon an evaluation and investigation of the various measures undertaken by the participating Governments, than on stock-taking of the requirements for estimating the extent of begging to be done abroad.



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

'DEPEND upon it, Sir, no man was ever written down except by himself'—said Johnson. This applies *mutatis mutandis* to orators as well. Mr. Churchill's special forte is an admirable power of 'deranging epitaphs' on the strength of which he has sailed into a reputation for statesmanship which a later generation will have the painful duty to debunk. But it is certainly not pleasant to contemplate the break-up of a personality in what might well have been

*'an old age serene and bright
and lovely as a Lapland light.'*

As it is, he has squandered with reckless thoughtlessness and vain prodigality the good-will of millions by his ignoble espousal of ignoble causes. When King Michael of Roumania was bundled out of his ancient kingdom, this champion of the divine right of potentates to do wrong found silence the better part of wisdom. It is sad to reflect that the author of the famous phrase 'terminological inexactitude' indulged in a bucketful of them in the course of the Hyderabad debate in the Commons. Since the debate turned out to be a boomerang, let us acknowledge with thanks the memorable service rendered to us by Mr. Attlee. He spoke the truth and shamed the—opposition! I am specially gratified that he stood his ground with imperturbable calmness when the opposition clamoured for the withdrawal of one of his charges that Mr. Churchill was anti-Hindu. As a diagnosis, it has the simplicity of genius. No wonder the thrust went home; for Mr. Churchill could only cry out:

"shameful." Indeed it is, for in that awful moment, Mr. Churchill must have seen himself as others see him. The extent of his rage could be gauged from the justice of the charge.

The truth is that the technique of Tory policy was unexpectedly unmasked in the course of the debate. If the Nizam or any other bemused individual imagines that he has found friends in the Tory party, he is living in a fool's paradise. The Muslim is dandled in India purely to offset the influence of Hindus who are the more numerous, the more advanced and the more powerful. But the same Muslims when called Egyptians will find themselves sold when it is a question of arbitrating between Egypt and the Sudan. The Arabs too will be patted on the back so long as there is the fear of the Soviets from the North; but among the Arabs themselves, those in Egypt take a back seat to those from Transjordan, and so on. All the friends of English Tories are hand-picked and set up to fulfil limited ends. So it was when Mr. Churchill hugged and howled against Messrs. Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin by turns, according as either proceeding suited the party's ends.

The net result of the debate is a cooking of the Hyderabad goose which I did not hope for in my most optimistic dreams. Our forbearance has already won us the good opinion of the Labour Ministry; it is an asset of no mean value. Further, as we are committed to go slow, the same forbearance is called for in increasing measure. The hectoring

and bullying that are increasingly in evidence on the other side are welcome signs of a demoralisation which is to our eventual good. But it will not be amiss, I think, if the Indian Government should make it clear to the Hyderabad junta that it will be called into account for acts now committed, specially against the Hindu population. The warning has to be administered without loss of time, as from all accounts, a reign of terror has already been let loose inside the State. In proof of this, reference should be made to a speech reported to have been made by a Minister glorying in the name of Zuberi in which he has threatened the Hindus with death if they showed themselves guilty of 'passiveness.' I rubbed my eyes when I read this sample of muddled impudence. Years ago, a British judge who disgraced the bench was responsible for the astounding proposition that 'disaffection' meant 'absence of affection' for the British Government. It was a handy definition of sedition, and enabled patriots to be bundled into jail under cover of an immoral interpretation of law. Mr. Zuberi is similarly out to manufacture a new crime, to wit, that of passiveness! Some of the trials of war-criminals are still going on in Europe; and it is important that the gangsters now in power in Hyderabad should be told authoritatively that some of them are destined to rise high—as high as the gibbet!

The re-imposition of textile controls is a tacit recognition of the triumph of the black market, but without however taking any stringent measures to put an end to it. There is a time lag which will naturally be taken advantage of by the trade to work havoc. Why an example could not be made of some

mills at least, passes the comprehension of the common man. The textile industry is one of the most formidable in the land, and it is distressing to reflect that it also is the most unpatriotic, for I would put the profiteering capitalist as worse than the fifth columnist, because the fifth columnist has at least the consolation of subserving an ideology which he passionately believes in. It would be vastly entertaining and satisfying to the exploited public if a few textile magnates, middlemen and merchants are put in the pillory or whipped in public—even one single lash would be enough. If you fine them, they pay the fine only to recoup it out of the black market.

The Fourth Test Match was one of the most exciting to follow, as the fortunes ebbed and flowed in a fashion that falsified almost every forecast. The commentators that described the last day's play made too much of missed catches; such a phenomenon was not less striking in the case of the Australians as well—Hassett having been guilty of revealing butter-fingers, not once but twice. But the high-flights of the Test were two, the rate of scoring and Bradman winning the match practically off his own bat. Australia showed up remarkably under adverse conditions, whereas the English gave the impression of throwing their chances away. For the first time, too, a run of defeats seems to have shaken the sangfroid of the hierarchy of English cricket, for the taboo against official tours is an exhibition of rattled nerves which does not add to English prestige. As well might England give up playing cricket, because she is beaten by almost every newcomer in the field!

GROUNDLING

Placards warning "Be Careful" in a plant employing women failed to halt the mad rush for the stairs at quitting time that was resulting in injuries. Then the company installed full-length mirrors at stair landings, on the theory that no woman could pass a long mirror without pausing for at least a look. Sure enough, accidents ceased.

AMERICAN WORKERS AND FREE ENTERPRISE

by ARTHUR PEARCE AND LUIS VILLANON

FORTUNATELY for the success of the European Recovery Program and related undertakings, the American worker has a strong faith in the value and validity of the United States' democratic free enterprise system. These attitudes are established by surveys, covering workers in the eastern and middle-western states, recently conducted by the Ross-Federal Research Corporation for *Modern Industry* and prepared exclusively for the *United Nations World*.

This survey assists in answering the question troubling half the world: Will the people of the United States, embarked on a costly and ambitious experiment in world leadership, follow that program through to the end, or will they lose interest and let a bold and exciting start fizzle off into failure? One cannot get that answer by catechizing the American people on their reactions to such abstractions as the European Recovery Program, International Trade Organization, or even the United Nations.

The realist must accept the hard, infrangible fact that the American, like the national of any other country, will primarily judge all these ventures by what they do to his own fortunes, his own prospects and pocketbook. This applies as much to American labor, as to American management, or any other group.

Recurrent strikes have frightened (or heartened) those who do not expect America to fulfill the task of putting the Western world back on its feet. That fear is the result of a misconception. In America, strikes are merely one aspect of collective bargaining. They are not undertaken to win elections, embarrass a government, or precipitate the chaos on which revolutionary doctrines thrive. They represent simply the perpetual jockeying for advantageous positions among economic factions in a free

society. They reflect a contest, a tug-of-war, over who gets what from industry's earnings. They are in no wise a conflict over the principles on which that industry is founded and functions.

The fact of over-all significance which emerges from this survey is that American workers do not share the view that the United States economy will soon crumble from inherent infirmities. They do not go to their jobs in an atmosphere of personal insecurity and worryment. They do not get up every morning anticipating an economic crash on the 1929 model. They do not, in short, expect economic disaster. Otherwise, they would be less willing to help America with its two major exports: (1) a modest but noticeable portion of the fruits of her democratic free enterprise system; and (2) faith in the workability of that system.

Despite inflated prices and a shrinking dollar, only 28 per cent of the American public as a whole believe that depression is likely within the next year or two. Fifty-five per cent expect no trouble, and the remaining 17 per cent frankly "don't know." Contrary to the public attitude, union members—probably subject to more gossip than any other group—take an even more sanguine view: 59 per cent expect continued prosperity.

However, the American worker does expect a drastic change in the economic climate within the next 24 months. On the question of "deflation", in contrast to "depression", three out of five said they expect the present inflationary spiral to end within the next two years. Only 37 per cent, though, expect this deflation to be accompanied by unemployment, pay envelope cuts, and hard times in general. A larger segment, 44 per cent, thinks it will be confined to a desirable drop in living costs, or recognizes

it as a useful step toward stabilizing the domestic economy. Even more important, 96 per cent do not expect to lose their own jobs or otherwise to be adversely affected by the advent of deflation. This attitude carries special weight since, the survey revealed, 9 out of 10 workers are more interested in security than in higher pay.

Mounting prices are undoubtedly the sore spot in the American economy. Poll takers for the survey also found that 89 per cent of all American consumers (including labor) contend that prices are "very high", while only 6 per cent say that they are a "bit high", 4 per cent say "spotty", and just one per cent say they are "reasonable". Moreover, the overwhelming majority consider prices to be excessive when measured against almost every conceivable yardstick: income, quality of merchandise, or recollections of pre-war price tags.

It is no revelation to find that virtually all Americans regard prices as too high—but it is startling to discover that only 7 per cent blame shipments abroad for this condition. Even if the 8 per cent who believe that government policies in general are at fault were to be added, the total opposition to America's inter-

national programs reaches a top of only 15 per cent. And at that only 4 per cent of this alignment would ship less abroad as a method for reducing prices at home.

It would be foolish to infer that the United States is a land flowing with milk and honey for everyone, and that serious worker complaints do not exist. However, even sharp dissatisfaction with one's income is hardly the prelude to revolt. All workers including those who feel themselves under-paid, display trust in the normal processes of collective bargaining, in a number of ways. Seventy-eight per cent, for example, are "pretty well satisfied" with officials of their local union, as against 9 per cent who are not. The American worker is convinced that more is right than wrong with his world, and that he has the chance and the medium for improving his lot.

So long as the American worker feels as he does now, he will continue impervious to the scare propaganda that would have him believe that American underwriting of global recovery threatens his own interests. He will remain equally impervious to extremist attacks upon the merits of his democratic system.—USIS.



John Foster Dulles, a prominent Republican Party spokesman on foreign affairs and a member of the American delegation to the United Nations, warned recently, in an address at Union College, Schenectady, New York, that the United States must never allow itself to be manoeuvred by Communism into being the defender of the status quo.

"The great political difference between the Western Democracies and the Communist states," he said, "is the Western Democracies have developed, internally processes for peaceful change, whereas Communism relies upon violent methods."

"Communism, in its present challenge," he continued, "seeks to manoeuvre the free societies into the position of being the defenders of the status quo, leaving Communism as the proponent of change. We must not allow ourselves to be drawn into that death trap."

"I hope the day will never come when the American nation will be the champion of the status quo. Once that happens, we shall have forfeited, and rightly forfeited, the support of the unsatisfied, of those who are the victims of inevitable imperfections, of those who, young in years or spirit, believe that they can make a better world, and of those who dream dreams and want to make their dreams come true."

CREATING PUBLIC OPINION

by R. P. AIYAR

PUBLIC opinion, like the law, is somewhat of an ass. The public has a grand memory for forgetting and its moods are tinctured, as it were, by its gastric juices. The collective mind is extra-sensitive to surrounding influences and will cock a snook to-morrow at something it has on a pedestal today.

Public opinion—your opinion and mine—determines this change. The destiny of our country—and ultimately of the world—is in our hands, to make of it what we will. What shall we make of it?

We shall make of it exactly—no more, no less—what we are fitted, what we are equipped to make of it. We must be equipped to see shrewdly, think clearly, feel vividly and act quickly. For this, education is an essential pre-requisite. India's limited literacy undoubtedly is a grave handicap to a healthy growth of public opinion. The ability to read is master key to almost every store room of knowledge. Without it, a powerful means of appeal to reason and judgment is lost. The necessity for an organised attack on adult illiteracy therefore becomes apparent. To this end, every resource must be brought into play—films, exhibitions, broadcasts, the printed word, demonstrations—all must be utilised to impress the brain and arouse the imagination. There should be every facility for people of all ages to be trained in means of self-expression. Clubs and societies should be encouraged. The organisation of an Indian youth movement needs close consideration. This would be of great value in broadening young minds, giving them new ideas and experiences and generally preparing them not merely for livelihood but for life. It is necessary to supplement academic education in this way, for you can lead a boy to college but you cannot make him think.

The formation of public opinion is a complex and subtle process. In this process, the newspapers play

an important part. The news we read is the raw material. It gives the reader his general intellectual slant on the tasks and problems of the day. Sometimes indeed a news item bites into one of his pet prejudices, touching off an explosion of the lower nerve centre which causes him suddenly to realise that he does not like the sales tax, the ban on the import of motor cars or the new Torch Committee in Bombay. Someone must crystallise opinion in the average reader. Manifestly the public expressions of our political leaders aim at this end. These are the officers in the army of public opinion. Of late the radio which is bringing their voices and personalities to an increasing number of voters is gradually developing into a "Fifth Estate". Yet it is probably true that those who have finally the deepest influence in the moulding of public opinion are not exalted and famous national figures but people whom we might call non-commissioned officers. They occupy relatively humble positions—respected leaders of the local community, newspaper reporters talking off the record, thinking school teachers and professors, the bus philosophers, even the oracles of the coffee houses and public parks. It is these people who digest what they read in the newspapers and transform it into active opinion. Each has his little squad of friends, listeners and admirers who, incapable of making up their minds or unaccustomed to the process, absorb opinions from Samant or Desai—the leaders. But even Samant or Desai have not really made up their own minds. A favourite newspaper has long been edging them on toward decisions by the character of its news, by the attitude of the reporters who write it, by the emphasis it gives to this or that item.

The importance of a free, detached and sober press can hardly therefore be overestimated. It is happily true that the average newspaper of 1948 has a wider, saner and more

tolerant outlook than that of say 1928 or even 1938. But if our friends, Samant and Desai are to give the correct lead, they must beware of one thing. No newspaper can be entirely "objective" in its contents. Every skilled newspaper worker knows (although he may be loth to admit it) that there is no such thing as purely objective reporting or writing. To have interest, any story must be written from a point of view. The reporter or the editor may be an angel of intellectual honesty. But he is also a Socialist or a Congressman or a theocrat or freethinker and cannot therefore escape his habit of thought. Therefore Samant and Desai owe it to themselves and their listeners to expend some extra brain tissue and read between the lines and if necessary between the words. The public must not buy its opinion as it buys its milk on the principle that it is bothersome to keep a cow. It may be bothersome; but the milk is less likely to be adulterated.

Members of the legislature have it in their power to make a salutary contribution to the shaping of public opinion. They are the chosen representatives of the people and what they are thinking, planning or experiencing is all-important to the electorate. It should be their aim not only to keep their constituents informed of developments and interpret and explain them, but to work for their welfare with zeal and zest. This is more than a moral duty. It is a necessary condition for the organisation of national life on a basis of happiness and liberty. For in the last resort, it is the private life of each of us that shapes the destinies of the world. The ultimate aim of all political action, except that taken under totalitarian philosophy, must be to provide a happy, prosperous and healthy home environment in which the individual may lead a harmonious private life.

The greatest single factor in the development of our collective personality (for that is what public opinion finally amounts to) is the character of our people—our own character. However great the power of the press, however arresting the

appeals of our national leaders, however benevolent the attitude of our Government, we can never hope to bring out the best in us and extract the best out of our surroundings unless we cherish those transcendental values which in the last resort are man in his essence. A healthy public opinion cannot be built except on a basis of love, sincerity and mutual trust. The ultimate responsibility for the kind of government we are going to have rests not with governments and men in public life, but with the common man and the common woman. Every single one of these common folk must so act that the lives of those around them may be enriched. If each one of us acted so, we should have a rest from the vicious circle and have a grand one in its place. The social conscience usually so sluggish and uncertain would be stirred—and remain so. Then—and only then—can we hope for creation of conditions necessary for the growth of a healthy, strong and sound public opinion. —N.P.S. (Copyright).

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ACHIEVEMENTS OF AMATEURS

by V. SUBRAMANIAN

THE word amateur is not generally a term of commendation and is taken to mean a raw untrained intruder into an art or profession. But when we look into the facts of history we find how in many cases the amateur has been able to achieve what many professionals could not. Even without taking into consideration young sciences where the distinction between amateur and professional is thin, we have still a good number of instances of amateurs distinguishing themselves in established sciences.

Certain professions seem to be marked out for success for amateurs, the most prominent among them being the army. H.G. Wells would have it that all great commanders and conquerors of history were amateurs in military science. The reason for this, according to him, is that the military profession so deadens the intellect that no intelligent man with other avenues open to him would choose it. Even if some intelligent men get into it, their initiative is deadened before long by soul-killing military routine. Hence an intelligent amateur who brings a fresh mind to bear upon the problems always achieves results impossible for a professional. It is interesting to note that even Liddel Hart has nothing but contempt for the drill and discipline of the army and says pretty sharp things about professional militarists. General Sikoski goes so far as to say that the common people are mistaken when they say that commanders are thinking of the last war during the present one, for what the commanders are actually thinking of is the war before the last. To a certain extent this is proved by the facts of the last two wars, when many great military reputations were unceremoniously done to death by events. All this does not however mean that all professional military men are nitwits and any intelligent amateur can do better, for the modern army has improved very much in this direction.

But it points to a very grave danger, namely, that a professional army, however efficient, will soon deteriorate when it loses contact with the people, and that the people in the last resort must be trained to defend and discipline themselves.

The doctor's profession has next come in for a lot of criticism in this connection. A good lot of the discoveries in medicine have been made by non-medical men, and a good lot of the Nobel prizes in medicine have also been awarded to non-medical men. A. J. Cronin in his novel 'Citadel' deals with this subject at length through the mouth of his hero. But it can be said in defence of doctors that their science is a composite and applied science and not a primary science, specializable easily. Hence most discoveries important to medicine have been made by research workers in other sciences like chemistry, biology, physics, etc. Secondly the practitioners of the medical profession have rarely any time to devote to original research nor the inclination after attending to their routine professional duties. Also the close guild spirit and false professional etiquette have something to do with the crippling of a spirit of free enquiry. All this can be avoided only if, as Shaw says, doctors cease to have an unholy interest in disease as such. A nationalized medical service will give the doctor that sense of security so essential for free enquiry for it will free him from the anxiety of keeping up a practice, and also false appearances, and would give him an opportunity and leisure to devote some time to original research, purely out of love of knowledge, service and fame.

Even apart from applied sciences, it is really surprising to find that even in the so-called primary sciences, certain amateurs have done creditable work. Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning jenny was a barber. Cartwright, the inventor of the power loom was a clergyman, as also Lee, the inventor of the

stocking frame. Herchel, the discoverer of Uranus and many stars was a musician, while Brindley, the blind canal builder was no professional engineer. Thomas Alva Edison, the greatest of inventors, was no professional scientific research worker at first, while Ford, of automobile fame was just an amateur mechanic to begin with. In India, the inventor of the cheap and efficient process of newsprint-making from Indian hard wood, Mr. P. N. Nair, is no professional scientist but an ex-officer of the Government of India.

What is the reason for the amazing success of certain amateurs? Firstly, while mastery of technique may be quite necessary for a professional in daily life, it is not enough for an inventor, who must have, above all things, a fresh questioning mind and observant eye.

Professionals who have fallen into their grooves lose in time the courage and initiative to work up a new idea, while a reckless intelligent amateur does often evolve a new line of thought. Secondly, the nature of our capitalist society where talent is always subordinated to vested interests is responsible. Many intelligent minds get caught in the meshes of another profession for their livelihood, and some of them by dint of ceaseless effort, come out as amateur inventors. C. V. Raman had to be an accounts officer for long before he could become a full time scientist, while Ramanujam was a clerk before he was discovered. Nature showers her choicest gifts in all places and stations, and only that society can make full use of them which gives the opportunity for every man to follow his own bent of mind.

LOY W. HENDERSON

NEW U. S. AMBASSADOR

LOY W. HENDERSON, Director of the State Department's Office of Near Eastern and African Affairs, has been appointed U.S. Ambassador to India and Minister to Nepal, succeeding Henry F. Grady.

Henderson looks younger than his 56 years. He is a vigorous worker, full of enthusiasm for the foreign service and in every new diplomatic post he has filled, accepts its problems as a challenge to his ability.

The beginning of his career as a diplomat was in 1922. He had gone to Russia with the American Red Cross Commission and later had been put in charge of Red Cross work in Germany. This post he resigned to accept the U.S. vice consulship in Dublin.

Recognition of his ability by the State Department came early in his career and he was given many responsible jobs. He was vice consul in Queenstown (now Cobh), Ireland, in 1923-1924, and then was assigned to the Division of European Affairs of the State Department at Washington. Before his reassignment to the post, he was appointed consul and served as third secretary in Riga, Latvia, Kovno (Kaunas), Lithuania, and Tallinn, Estonia.

It was while Henderson was on duty in Riga that he met his blond, blue-eyed Latvian wife, Elise, who declares she has a charming husband of whom she has but one complaint—he is so busy and so deeply interested in his work that she doesn't see enough of him.

From 1934 to 1938 Henderson served in the American embassy in Moscow. He acted as charge d'affaires before the arrival of Ambassador Joseph E. Davies, and later during the absences of the ambassador from the capital. In 1937 he was a delegate to the International Geological Congress in Moscow, and in 1942 was in Prime Minister Churchill's party on its trip to Russia for the Stalin conference.

From October 10, 1938, to June 24, 1943, he served as assistant chief of the European Affairs Division before being appointed as Minister to Iraq.



Loy W. Henderson

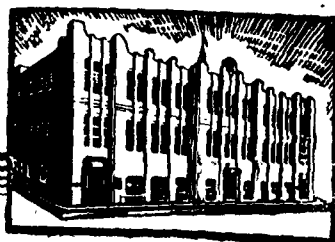
He served in this post until April 1945, when he was named head of the Near Eastern and African Affairs Office.

Of medium height, well built, with keen, gray-blue eyes, Henderson is a friendly, forthright person. He has a dry humor. He is well liked by his colleagues in the State Department. Mrs. Henderson is a popular Washington hostess.

Henderson is a voracious reader. He feels he must read and digest everything about countries in whose problems he is interested, and this develops into something of a job, for he is interested in most of the civilized world. Russian is presumed a difficult language to master. Henderson started studying it in 1924 and now speaks it fluently.

Henderson reports wistfully that he has had little time in his busy life to develop hobbies or go in for recreational pursuits. He plays bridge on rare occasions. As for social life, he favors the kind which has "some content," to use his own phrase. Cocktail-sipping and teacup balancing for their own sakes he finds irritating.—USIS.

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STERLING BALANCES AGREEMENT

by C. N. VAKIL

(University Professor of Economics, Bombay.)

DETAILS about the Sterling Balances Agreement are now well known and it should not be necessary to re-capitulate the same in a general appreciation of the problem that has arisen out of the agreement. The Indian Delegation must be congratulated for settling once for all several important aspects connected with the sterling balances, such as the claim of the U. K. regarding their stores and installations in India, arrangements for the payment of sterling pensions in future by means of an annuity purchased out of the balances, settlement of outstanding issues arising out of unsettled defence expenditure and so on. What is important for our present purpose is (1) the general significance of the Agreement, especially with reference to the attitude towards it of certain sections of the British public; (2) the amount of sterling releases which we shall get in the next three years; (3) the amount thereof which will be convertible into hard currency as well as (4) the treatment of the balance that is left to be settled in future.

THE THEORY OF SCALING DOWN

As against the desire in certain important quarters in England either to scale down the sterling balances or to make counter claims against India for the supposed defence of India by Imperial forces against Japanese aggression, the Delegation seems to have put the Indian point of view effectively. The strain on the internal economy of the country caused by the postponement of internal consumption and the over-working of plant and machinery without replacement as also postponement of new development projects was brought home to the British authorities. It could be added that the contribution made by India partly on her own account and partly in order to finance the Allied war expenditure in India amounted to herculean effort by this country to defend the Empire; and in doing so resources

were taken from the country out of a deficit economy at short notice causing severe hardship to large masses of people. Tightening of the belt for a World War by a rich country like the U. K. which can afford to part with its surpluses or even reduce its standard to some extent without causing acute misery is one thing, and tightening of the belt for a poor country like India where there is no room for such tightening is another. It is unfortunate that this aspect of the problem is not yet fully realised in the U. K. as can be seen from the question which Mr. Churchill asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer soon after the Agreement was announced. The vague reply of Sir Stafford Cripps to the effect that the present arrangement does not in any way prejudice the eventual settlement means that the ghost of scaling down is not finally laid, but is merely asked to rest for some time. It may be desirable to organise adequate propaganda both in the U.K. and in the U. S. A. to bring home to the people in these countries the real significance of the sterling balances so that the Churchillian attitude can be counteracted—an attitude which encourages the American mind to suggest scaling down of sterling balances in order that the dollar debt may be secured. The average American believes that this is a war debt similar to the lend lease credits which the U. S. A. gave to the Allies, and must be similarly extinguished. He is therefore not able to distinguish correctly the nature and significance of our sterling balances. In consequence he uses his big stick to press that such balances should be scaled down.

AMOUNT OF STERLING RELEASE

Regarding the release of sterling balances, it is revealing to find that we had a sum of £80 million as an unspent balance out of the amount already released in connection with the six-monthly agreement just

expired. Perhaps this was a handicap to the Indian Delegation in asking for more and they could extract only another 80 million, 40 million to be given in the second year and 40 million to be given in the third year, making a total of 160 million. It is obvious that something is wrong with our import policy, which should have resulted in this large unspent balance. It is possible that though in recent times due to other pre-occupations and difficulties we could not import enough from sterling areas, the import plans both of the Government and of private capitalists may mature during the coming three years, exceeding the total amount of sterling balances made available under the Agreement. If the various development schemes which are announced from time to time have to be financed in the near future, such a contingency might arise.

LIMIT OF MULTILATERAL CONVERTIBILITY

So far as multilateral convertibility of the amount of sterling released is concerned, only a sum of £15 million will be made available for conversion into any currency in the first year. So far as the remaining two years are concerned, the position will be reviewed later. There is some consolation in the fact that we shall now be able to pay Switzerland and Sweden in sterling. But our capacity to buy from the U. S. A. is not increased thereby. We cannot get accommodation from the International Monetary Fund beyond certain limits, and if capital goods required by us have to be obtained from the U. S. A. because the U. K. cannot supply the same, we shall have to make arrangements with the U. S. A. to obtain the necessary dollar facilities.

I. M. F. TECHNIQUE

After making the necessary adjustments on account of the payment of military stores and installations, the purchase of annuities for pensions, the transfer of Pakistan's share to her and so on, and the amount proposed to be released during the next three years, the estimated balance left is £800 million. It has been suggested that of these £800 million we shall require £200 million to be kept as a reserve in London against the rupee currency issued in this

country. This means that we shall, in future negotiations, try to obtain the remaining £600 million from U. K. This point requires careful examination at the hands of the Financial Advisers of the Government of India. It is true that under the existing Reserve Bank of India Act, the Reserve Bank is required to maintain a reserve in sterling in a certain proportion against its note issue. It is possible to argue that the proposal to set aside £200 million as a reserve against our currency is in conformity with the Reserve Bank of India Act. The question however is whether these provisions of the Reserve Bank Act have not become obsolete by the changes which have now been introduced in international monetary relations. As a member of the International Monetary Fund we have contributed large amounts and we are expected to conform to a code of behaviour in our currency and exchange policy, which will be laid down by the Fund. In the interests of stability of exchange and orderly trade relations, the I.M.F. is expected to come to the help of member countries, when their balance of payments gets into temporary disequilibrium on account of an adverse balance of trade. Besides, the parities of the currencies of different member countries are fixed by the Fund, and the currency of each member country has to be made convertible into other currencies at such fixed rates. Variations from the parities are governed by certain well defined rules. Exchange control and other restrictions now permissible during the transition period are expected to disappear as soon as possible.

ABOLITION OF STERLING RESERVE

If the full significance of these arrangements is realised one is not able to appreciate the suggestion that we should still continue to maintain a reserve of £200 million merely because it is a technical requirement of the Reserve Bank Act. The suggestion, on the contrary, should be that in view of the technique now introduced by the I.M.F., the Reserve Bank of India Act should be amended as soon as possible, so that the clauses by which we have to maintain a sterling reserve against our currency may be modified. The sterling reserve in the past helped to

maintain the convertibility of the rupee at a fixed rate into sterling which happened to be the international currency. Sterling is no longer the international currency; the predominance of the dollar is now an undisputed fact. The sterling reserve was sometimes available for making payments to other countries whenever we had an adverse balance of trade, though such occasions were rare. The I.M.F. is now bound to help us in case we have an adverse balance of trade and the sterling reserve need no longer be maintained for that purpose. The sterling reserve was also utilised in the past by the Secretary of State for India to pay the sterling obligation of the Government of India, popularly known as Home Charges, whenever it was not possible to obtain remittances for the purpose from India. These charges have now become practically extinct. This particular function of the sterling reserve therefore does not exist. It is true that we shall need some foreign exchange at our disposal both for trade and Governmental purposes. It is equally true that other countries will need such facilities from us. It is not difficult to make arrangements by the Reserve Bank of

India with the Central Banks of other countries, for that mutual accommodation which may be necessary for such normal adjustments. Other independent countries are not known to be maintaining currency reserves in other countries in large quantities. The circumstances under which India was keeping such a reserve in the past have radically changed. In view of these considerations, the Reserve Bank of India Act must be amended without delay modifying the provisions under which large sterling reserves have to be maintained. The existence of these clauses have perhaps led the Delegation to think of this particular suggestion of a currency reserve in sterling, ignoring the latest developments and technique in the international field in which India is an active partner. There is a superstition in some quarters that the sterling reserve in England gives a value to the rupee in circulation in India by some mysterious methods. It is to be expected that the Government of India will not continue to give further support to this superstition by continuing to keep on the Statute Book the provisions by which a large sterling reserve has to be maintained nominally against our note issue.—N. I. P. P. (Copyright).

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ULTRA-LIGHT WOOLLENS

Textile manufacturers in Britain have succeeded in making a fabric which, according to experts, is likely to revolutionise the clothing trade. This development may lead to the stage when clothes will weigh next to nothing.

For years textile manufacturers have been trying to make finer and finer woollen materials, but a limit was set by the fragility of the material. So the manufacturers in Yorkshire have been trying a new spinning process in which the wool is wrapped around threads of nylon instead of being spun separately. The strength of the nylon gives the fabric a tremendous resistance against wear and tear, while it has the warmth of wool.

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HIGH PRICES AND LABOUR DISCONTENT

by K. G. SIVASWAMY

PANDIT Jawaharlal Nehru in one of his speeches emphasised the war situation in which we are living. "We are facing a situation—political, economic, external and internal—which creates more or less danger as a war situation does. Therefore our outlook should be a war outlook." The Prime Minister saw a war situation only to justify the need for protecting the State and putting down civil liberties. But he forgets its existence when he supports decontrol. It is this side of the picture that is represented in the report of the Central Board of Directors of the Reserve Bank of India for the year ending June 30, 1948. This report pleads for re-devising controls. The results of decontrol are graphically described in it. First came the uninterrupted increase in the general price level and cost of living. It was considered that a higher price would lead to more production. This view is controverted in the report. Where agriculture is a large-scale commercialised economy connected with markets and big enough to benefit by a high price, a higher price for food grains, according to the report, has a definite place in increasing production. But owing to the extremely small individual holdings, a vast majority of cultivators will fail to derive any real benefit. The large landed aristocracy who have surpluses to sell over their consumption needs will alone derive profits. In fact the report argues that "it is even likely that increased prices might actually lead to a lower volume of output." The price benefit for the uneconomic and small holder will be negligible as he has little to sell while he will have to incur increased costs of cultivation and purchase non-food commodities at exorbitant prices. Consequently in the case of a majority of cultivators increased prices according to the report will only lead to a lower output.

In addition to decontrol, "renewed additions to currency circulation resulting mainly from the depletion of Government balances accumulated during the war" further increased the inflationary pressure. Again "the large volume of public expenditure which has been occasioned inevitably by the upheavals following the partition of the country contributed significantly to the current inflation". Under such conditions favouring soaring prices and cost of living one would have expected a controlled economy. In Asiatic countries with low production and low purchasing power and where profits are not large enough to permit the play of a free economy as in the U.S.A., controls are unavoidable for a long time to come even in normal times. They are all the more essential when the country has not yet settled into an ordered government. The food crisis was mitigated during the last year by reducing the ration scales and by an increase in the imports. The former device creates a progeny of weaklings, puny and stunted in growth, with little power of resistance to epidemics, and wanting in vitality and strength. Imports from abroad are our only hope under existing conditions.

The report refers to the various consequences of an unbroken rise in prices. Public confidence began to wane, and business in stock exchanges was affected. For sometime there were signs of improvement in production and in the relations of capital and labour, but these, according to the report, "were more than neutralised by the rapidly rising price and cost structure". No investor in industries would view with equanimity a situation in which inordinate prices have to be paid for raw materials. Labour too became restive and discontented and began to ask for more and more wages and dearness allowance.

The report advises four measures for increasing productivity in the country: (1) Redevise controls of essential commodities. (2) Allocate industrial raw materials so as to organise production on a pattern. (3) Carry on a campaign of saving. (4) Provide for good administration and effective execution. The last is a long-range matter but the first three can be immediately carried out. The Prime Minister's ad-

vice to labour has been to agitate for decent living conditions on organised trade union lines. Labour agitation will diminish a great deal if the existing situation akin to war conditions made the Prime Minister realise the need for redevising controls, lowering prices, bringing down the cost of living and thus removing the main source of discontent in the country.

A FORGOTTEN ART FORM

by "MEE"

THE serial novel and the short story seem to be the most popular art forms besides the essay. The art of letter-writing seems to have become very popular, especially with politicians anxious to set themselves right with posterity. The biography is still in vogue, while the short biographical character-sketch variously called profile, or thumb-nail sketch or portrait has become immensely popular. Poetry seems to be still read by a few, while the drama whose death was predicted on the coming of the talkies, has happily survived. In the case of the essay, apart from the traditional discursive essay, like that of Lamb, Lucas and Gardiner, writers have been continuously in search of new types. A number of great historians have written a series of essays on important turning points in history, dwelling on the possible consequences, if it had happened otherwise, while some great writers have written a series of obituaries of themselves, recently.

In this wild search for newer forms of expression in prose and poetry, some quite old worthy forms seem to have been absolutely forgotten. It may seem but natural for a mechanical and unheroic age as ours is called, to relegate epic poetry to the background. But when epic feats and epochal events are happening before our very eyes, this is rather a lame excuse. We have lost the capacity to see and know an epic feat or event, even when it happens near and around us. The ex-

ploits of the I.N.A., the tours and fasts of the Mahatma, and the Kashmir struggle are subjects that call for the breadth and nobility of epic poetry to do justice to them. When will we have another Kalhana to write a *Praja Tarangini* (river of the people) like the old *Raja Tarangini* (river of kings).

But more than epic poetry the art of writing imaginary conversations seems to have been forgotten. It was the great master Lucian of Athens who first employed and almost perfected this form, in his 'Dialogues'. For sheer imagination of situations and the sly vein of humour with which he treats them, Lucian has few equals. He spares neither the Gods nor the world conquerors. In a dialogue between Zeus and Hera, he brings out the light-heartedness with which Zeus treats an erring mortal who makes love to Hera. Again in the dialogue between Menippus, the cynical philosopher and Charon the charioteer to Hades, Menippus refuses to pay the carriage fees to Hades, to Charon, challenging him to take him back to earth if he would, a truly humorous situation indeed. In the conversation between Diogenes and Alexander in Hades, Diogenes has his fill of fun against the disillusioned and dead world conqueror. Lucian, living as he did in the second century after Christ, when paganism was not yet dead, must have shocked many by his satire and humour.

Somehow or other Lucian seems to have had very few worthy fol-

lowers in his extraordinary line. For the next greatest exponent of this form, we have to go to Walter Savage Landor, an English author of the early 19th century. His "Imaginary Conversations" are the most perfect examples in English of this type of composition. High praise has been showered on Landor for his polished and perfected style and his imagination. Unlike Lucian, who mostly dealt with Gods and dead spirits, Landor chose for his actors, people who were each other's contemporaries, and might possibly have met in life. Most of his conversations are historically possible. Again, Landor brings out the nobility and high courage of his actors, unlike Lucian, who is mostly satirical.

Cheap criticism that Landor's conversations do not contain stage directions, and that they are not sufficiently dramatic are often made. Such critics completely miss the very purpose and scope of this form of art. It is not meant to be acted at all in the usual sense. In the drama, a thousand things other than the mere significance of the words, are used to heighten the effect and give the illusion of life. But the whole essence of an imaginary conversation consists in the words employed and the imaginary situation in which they are spoken. The drama of the situation has to be built up in the reader's mind and

this requires a previous knowledge of the characters and the history of their times. But once this is done, there are wonderful possibilities in this art form.

It is a pity that this beautiful art form has not found any great exponent since Landor. Once in a way, there do appear in some few magazines, some imaginary conversations, between politicians, some account of mock trials, etc. But few authors have realised its wonderful possibilities. In India this art is as yet almost new. What a multitude of possible situations exist in our history, recent and ancient and in our epics, for portraying imaginary conversations. Supposing Ravana, revived after his battle, met Rama after Sita committed suicide, what awkward questions might he not have put to Rama? Or Maulana Mohammed Ali, the Khilafat enthusiast, had he met Kemal Pasha, while he was abolishing the Caliphate? Or supposing the mad dethroned Holkar managed to interview Lord Curzon after his forced resignation? A hundred such interesting situations, from our history and that of other countries, wait to be exploited by a true literary craftsman. For a true literary artist who can conceive the drama of situations, a virtually virgin field lies, rich with possibilities.



In his long pursuit for those elusive objectives he has labelled peace and security, man has found them often on board a ship, away from the ghastly reminders of land. This is especially likely to be true if the creature in him can adjust itself fairly quickly to the blessed routine of eating, sleeping and idling. After a few days at sea he achieves a sense of rhythm and balance to an extent which never seemed possible on land; his mind becomes lulled by the space and physical order and time compresses itself into a single tense: the present. When he thinks of the future, it is usually in terms of reaching his destination, or dreaming of the white whale he is going to conquer one day. Secretly, he hopes never to reach his destination but to live always in the present, with his white whale nothing more than a perfect sunset, or a ship's mast grazing a star, and he builds a barrier between his past and his future, a green veil of sea water on which the moon, the sun, and the sky casually drop their etchings.—JERRE MANGIONE.

SAVE CONGRESS AND COUNTRY

by C. V. RAJAGOPALACHARI

THE Congress Governments have failed to control the prices of commodities. They have not put down rich monopolists, but have given them full scope for looting the people. At the dictation of the rich hoarders decontrol of prices of food-grains and cloth has been effected. The result has been phenomenal rise in the cost of living to the immense suffering of the poor and the middle classes. Congress Governments have passed emergency laws to detain without trial people who agitate to better the lot of the poor. If anybody protests against the repressive acts of the Government he is dubbed a Communist or "fellow traveller". Communists may be wrong. But to suppress popular rights under cover of putting down Communism is a fraud on the public. They have gone to the extent of issuing ordinances removing the power of the High Court to issue Writs of Habeas Corpus, thus striking at the very fundamental rights of citizenship.

Congress leaders during their pre-office days vehemently protested against arbitrary rules by the executive saying that it was nothing short of totalitarianism. Now they are in office. Instead of putting their proclaimed principles into practice they say that such arbitrary rules are now in consonance with the principles of democracy. "because Congress is in power". In the past they used to lay much emphasis on self-purification, self-sacrifice and self-criticism. Mahatma Gandhi had the courage to own up his mistakes. Now every tyro thinks he is infallible. Congressmen get angry if we ask them why they need police protection to preach non-violence. They expound the sacredness of the philosophy of love and non-violence: yet they hate their erstwhile colleagues who shared with them the trials and tribulations of past struggles for national freedom. The leaders, on their part, go out of their way and seek the help and co-operation of the erstwhile enemies of the Congress who now serve as their tools

even as they served as tools of the British bureaucracy. They hail this new alliance with their past enemies as the triumph of non-violence. Here they speak not as the heroes of "1942 struggle", but as disciples of Mahatma Gandhi. That is the reason why the Socialists left the Congress. In another breath the leaders lament that it is painful for them to see the bickering among Congressmen and the total absence of the spirit of sacrifice in them, which ruled the hearts of young and old in the days gone by. The public have a right to ask the leaders "Why this change for the worse?" Is it because the leaders have sacrificed their principles and joined hands with the reactionaries? Or, because the Congress rank and file as a class have become selfish and power-mad? Is it a crime to tell the people to represent their grievances to the Governments of the day in a collective way? To ask people to keep quiet and tell them to starve because we are free from alien rule and because we are now being ruled by our own kith and kin, is a crime involving a blatant betrayal of the tradition and culture built by the Congress during the last half a century.

Indian intellectuals seek moral solace by saying that they can't do anything because the other alternative is Communism.

"A barren mood of negation has seized the intellectuals of India. Those whose normal function is to give the required initiative for the formation of political opinion prefer to be satisfied with the mere contemplation of other peoples' sins rather than to make any effort to find a way out of humiliation and distress". ("The Way Out").

The words in the above quotation written by Rajaji four years ago i.e. in 1943, hold good even now. Then the Indian intellectuals left Rajaji severely alone. But a few trusted friends stood by him. Now everybody hails him as one who has

long vision. At that time Indian intellectuals were seized by "a barren mood" and refused to move. I hope, at least now they will come forward to take the initiative to form healthy public opinion and encourage people to be brave in criticising the Congress Government's policy without fear or prejudice.

I appeal to liberal minded patriots to come together to fight for civil liberties and for establishing a plat-

form for ventilating our grievances against the existing regime.

The political speeches of party leaders who are shaping our home and foreign policy are producing more and more confusion in the minds of the common people. Nationalist newspapers are exploiting this confusion to their selfish ends.

Intelligent Indians should not keep quiet at this critical period of our history.

NEED FOR A BALANCED IMPORT POLICY

by K. SANYASIAH

THE recent agreement over sterling balances concluded by the representatives of India and England has been hailed in many quarters as the best that is possible under the circumstances. A noteworthy feature of the agreement, as our Finance Minister emphasised, is that the ghost of scaling down has been finally laid. The replies of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the questions in the House of Commons were less categorical as they indicated the possibility of fresh negotiations on the point at the end of the period of the agreement, if England so willed. There can, however, be no question of our agreeing to any such proposal. The sterling balances were built up at a heavy sacrifice and at great inconvenience by the people of India who in addition bore their legitimate burden of the war effort in men and material. These balances can in no way be regarded as representing inter-government war debt. In fact they fairly reflect the forced saving of our people due to inflation and commandeering of goods and services for the Allied troops.

The present agreement may be regarded as fair with respect to the arrangements regarding pensionary liability of the Government of India and the cost of the stores and installations taken over in April last. As regards pensions an outright purchase of the tapering an-

nuit would have settled the matter once and for all. There does not seem to be any reason why the pensions payable to the British pensioners should continue to be the liability of the Government of India when a lump sum of £147½ million is now being deducted from our sterling balances.

The agreement regarding the releases of sterling cannot be considered generous. It is unfortunate that in spite of the huge talks all these years on industrial and economic planning in the post-war period, we could make use of no more than £3 million during the past twelve months. This fact must have considerably weakened our case for larger releases. Whoever is to blame for this—our industrialist or our Commerce Department—there can be no excuse for our non-utilisation of the released sterling at least in future. In view of the large number of industrial schemes and development projects pending, the actual sterling released, viz. £160 million may prove utterly inadequate, though, in the event of the sterling released being exhausted, we could ask for further releases. If the pace of industrial recovery in England becomes quicker, the releases may be permitted on a more liberal scale if required.

The success or failure of the agreement hinges upon the ability and willingness of England to sup-

ply the capital goods necessary for India's economic development during the coming three years. In the previous year, the capital equipment imported by us was negligible and consisted mainly of motor cars and spare parts to the existing machinery. There is a large leeway to be made up in the field of agriculture and industry and there is an infinite variety of industrial and agricultural machinery urgently required by our country. It behoves us to make the best use of the sterling resources at our disposal.

The Finance Minister has stated that until the beginning of 1949 the imports from England of capital and consumer goods are not likely to be considerable. Commercial circles feel that there is no possibility of any large scale industrial development plan materialising till the end of 1949. Meanwhile imports of consumer goods may be liberalised to relieve the acute shortage of daily necessities. Considering that the sterling balances have been built up mostly by the postponement of consumption of articles on the part of the common man, the utilisation of the sterling balances exclusively for the import of capital goods appears to be unfair and undesirable. This would be benefiting the capitalist and industrialist at the expense of the common man. The Government would do well to consider this aspect of the case and permit the import of capital and consumer goods in a just proportion.

The multilateral convertibility of the released sterling into hard currencies appears to be unduly restricted. The sum of £15 million made available for this purpose in the coming year compares very unfavourably with the sum of £14 million secured by Ireland last year. Ireland is a tiny country compared with India. Of course there is some unreckoned hard currency available to us as a result of the recent agreements of Britain with Switzerland and other countries. Moreover, England has promised to secure for us from the sterling area certain essential commodities such as oil,

lubricants, non-ferrous metals, cotton, plywood, etc. Still the criticism would be valid that the hard currency made available to us is meagre and insufficient to meet India's growing requirements.

A balanced import policy seems to be an urgent necessity. Industrialisation has to proceed at a rapid pace and the capital goods required have to be imported in large quantities. At the same time, there is at present an acute shortage of consumer goods causing great hardship to the common man. There is no reason why all the sterling balances built up, as admitted on all hands, by the sacrifices of the common man, should go entirely to help the capitalist and the industrialist. Imports of consumer goods should be freely permitted at least until our industrialisation plans materialise.

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SECOND FRONT IN HYDERABAD

by Dr. LANKA SUNDARAM

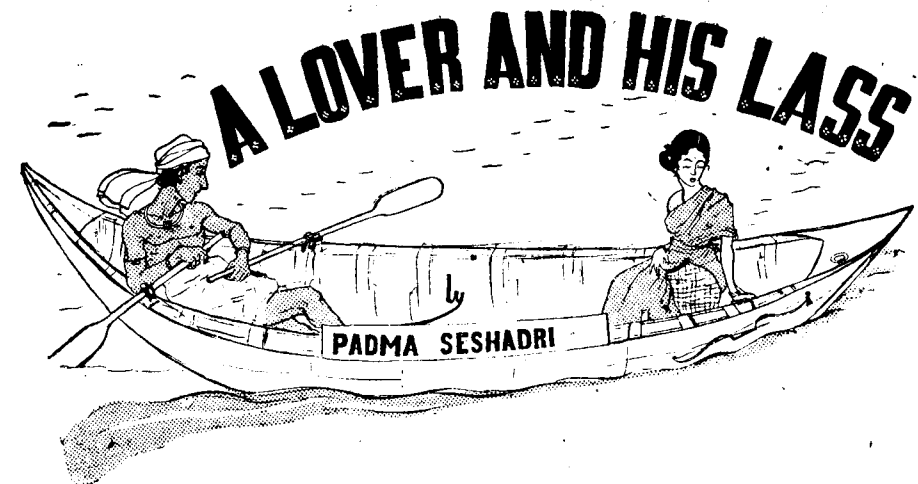
THE diplomatic position regarding Hyderabad is clear. Sir Hartley Shawcross, speaking on behalf of His Majesty's Government in the House of Commons, categorically declared that there is no question of Britain recognising any "international status" of the Nizam. Dr. Henry Grady, the U.S.A. Ambassador to India, in his very first press conference, equally categorically declared that there was no question of the U.S.A. establishing diplomatic relations with the Nizam, though the question of the establishment of a consulate in Hyderabad might be discussed on merits. Even after one year since this statement was made, no such U.S.A. consulate was established, for the requisite amount of consular work on behalf of the U.S.A. is not available in that State. Still, in the light of the latest international developments, it is clear that unless India notifies the world that the Hyderabad issue is a "domestic one", just as the issues relating to the other five hundred odd Indian States, which today have merged with the Indian Union, are domestic ones, immediate possibility for mischief exists.

One should not under-estimate the striking power or nuisance value of the Razakars and the Nizam's defence services. I have come into contact with many a Razakar in Hyderabad territory. He is a despicable individual, unkempt, ill-equipped, but with the discipline of *jehad* (holy war against the *infidel*) and the tolerance of the impotent Government of the Nizam as his sole shields. The revelations of Minister Joshi who resigned from the Hyderabad Government the other day, are constant reminders that the Hindus of the State are helplessly exposed to the ravages of this fanatical gang of fascists who want to open a 'second front' against India. If we must have a second front, let it come, but it must come soon, when

the initiative is still in our hands. The economic blockade of Hyderabad is good as far as it goes, and I have seen evidence of armed preparedness on the part of the Government of India to meet impending eventualities. But why does not the Government of India completely cut off rail, telegraph, telephone, air and road communication with Hyderabad, and refuse to parley with the Agent of the Nizam in New Delhi? Why does not the Government of India declare a state of war with the Nizam, who has refused to make amends for his 'acts of war' against the Indian Union?

It is heart-rending to see people fleeing from their hearths and homes, with armed and maniacal Razakars in armed pursuit. It is arguable that if arms are made available to the civil population on either side of the Hyderabad State, they might slip into the hands of the Communists. It is quite possible to guard against this eventuality, and I hold very strongly that if arms are not supplied to the civil population, even declared war and military operations against Hyderabad may not be sufficient to deal with the threatening disruptive situation. Debacles like those of Baramula and Uri before our brave troops liberated these Kashmir towns, can be averted in Hyderabad only if we open a 'second front' against the Nizam, by arming and disciplining the civil population, particularly inside the State. Commando raids into Hyderabad, using the strategy of the Allied Governments before Europe was liberated, must be organised.

The Nizam is gathering the powerful backing of disgruntled people in the U.K., the U.S.A., the Near East and other parts of the world, who would like to see India disrupted. Let there be less talk and some action proper in the case of Hyderabad.



THE women of the village were gathered round the well. The sound of the sand scraping against the brass vessels as they cleaned them grated harshly on the ear. The voices of the women were raised in loud gossip. Items of local interest were freely discussed and commented on; especially loud was the voice of the village shrew, Kuppamma. She was the autocrat among the women of the village; none dared gainsay her to her face though more than one got their own back by malicious whispers when her back was turned. Her word was law among them. Her tongue was the most vicious known in those parts, so that people took the greatest care not to fall foul of her.

Lachmi, the acknowledged belle of the village, could hear the hubbub as she set out from her home to fetch water from the well. There was a natural grace in her movements. She was dark with a vivid, rich darkness. She had a pair of the most beautiful eyes covered by long, curling eyelashes which excited the admiration and envy of the other girls and women of the village. The poet of the village, in one of his spasmodic flights of fancy, had declared that Brahma, the Creator, had taken parts of the stars, moon and the sun to mould the divine form that was Lachmi. The girl was aware of her beauty, and walked down to the well with a proud lift of her head. As she came within earshot, the words of the women fell clearly on her ears.

"We can expect a wedding in the village soon" said Chellam, the wife of the blacksmith. A chorus of questions greeted her announcement. Stammering and bewildered, and wishing that she had not spoken, she said, "Why,

haven't you all observed it? I mean Lachmi and the boatman Kannan, of course!" Lachmi halted abruptly; her heart beat fast. She stood unobserved as the women were too engrossed to notice her. The voice of the shrew was now heard, loud and autocratic as usual. "Nonsense! Who said so? Don't you know that Kannan's marriage has been arranged with Meena, the daughter of the headman of the neighbouring village? The dowry money has already been paid. I know it for a fact. As a young man, of course, Kannan likes to have his bit of fun. Who can blame the lad for responding to Lachmi's amorous glances? Believe me, all of you, that girl, in her pride, is destined for a fall!" She crowed delightedly, looking round at her open-mouthed listeners who cackled timidly in obedience. Chellam who had started the conversation dared not raise her voice in protest though she knew that Kuppamma was probably wrong in her statement.

Lachmi's cheeks burned as she realised the import of the venomous words. "Bit of fun" indeed! She'd teach him to have his "bit of fun" with her! Did he think her such an easy prey, that, with a marriage already arranged, he dared to dally with her? With the proud head gallantly raised, she hummed a tune gaily and went boldly forward. Being thus warned of her coming, the talk ceased abruptly while all the women gazed curiously at Lachmi. Rage and humiliation mingled in her, as, silently, she took back the water.

The village of Singampatti, where Lachmi had lived all her life, was a small one, containing in all about twenty or thirty houses. The men

of the village earned their livelihood by working in the fields of Veeranpatti, the big village nearby, which was separated from Singampatti by a tiny river. The workmen were ferried across daily by Kannan the boatman, who had taken over the work on his father's death two years ago. Lachmi, who had neither father nor brother, lived alone with her mother, a gentle faded woman. They had a garden which Lachmi tended lovingly. Every day, she gathered the riotous, fragrant assortment of flowers from her garden, and, weaving them into garlands, took them in the boat to sell them to the high-caste Brahmin women-folk who lived in Veeranpatti. Her flowers, fresh and deftly woven, were very popular with the women of Veeranpatti, who did not dream of getting their flowers elsewhere.

The daily trip in the boat was a source of great pleasure to Kannan and Lachmi. They delighted in the nearness of each other; two bold admiring eyes looked down into two demure, taunting ones. The youngsters were content to let the days go sliding by in this vague fashion. There was time enough for marriage and its attendant responsibilities afterwards. But today, the talk overheard at the well, had put a different aspect on the matter. Anger smouldered in Lachmi—anger and fierce resentment against the young, handsome boatman.

The boat was ready to start. The men were waiting for Lachmi. There she came, her flower basket held in the crook of her arm. Her face was set and hard as she went and sat in her place without the customary greetings. Kannan tried hard to catch her eye, but she kept her head determinedly turned away from him. The storm clouds had gathered on her brow and she sat glowering and sullen. The men, feeling the tense atmosphere, kept up a strained conversation which soon lapsed into an equally strained silence. Just as the silence was getting unbearable, Kannan began to sing a lyric, slightly impudent and amorous, that he composed extempore about his dear Lachmi, to the accompaniment of a popular village tune. Normally, this would have provoked a retort or a whimsical smile from the girl, but today she sat stonily silent and determined to ignore him.

When the boat reached the village of Veeranpatti, the men got down and went into the village. Lachmi, who usually contrived to stay till the end for the privilege of a smile from Kan-

nan, got up in a hurry and was the first to set foot on land. Her behaviour perplexed Kannan but he was not greatly worried about it. After all, his own mother, long since dead, had been a tempestuous woman, much given to sudden spasms of sulking and profound joy. He did not pretend to understand the vagaries of women. He thought that Lachmi's sullenness was but a passing phase, a piece of feminine coquetry, that would not last long.

When the sun was high in the heavens, he took out his bundle of rice and curd with mango chutney and ate it with great gusto. He was a good eater and not even Lachmi's cold indifference could quell his healthy animal appetite. He drank of the clear water of the river and composed himself to his afternoon nap.

It was about three in the afternoon when the men returned. Kannan looked round them and his heart missed a beat. Lachmi was not among them. Seeing his roving glance one of the men remarked, "There is a wedding in the Brahmin colony. Lachmi is busy weaving innumerable garlands for the wedding parties. It is doubtful if she can get home to-night. Anyway, why don't you ferry us across and return to wait for her, if perchance she is released before evening? Surely it is not too much trouble!" and he winked prodigiously at the others, who laughed in return. Kannan also laughed; he felt suddenly light-hearted and gay. The prospect of a trip alone with Lachmi quickened his senses with delight. He hurried the passengers into the boat with one anxious eye landward, lest Lachmi should return now and spoil matters after all.

In an incredibly short time he had ferried the men across and had returned to Veeranpatti to wait for Lachmi. His mind wove pleasant fancies; the thoughts brought a sparkle to his eyes and a song to his lips. He kept his eyes fixed in the direction whence Lachmi would come. As time passed and Lachmi did not arrive, his spirits drooped. He desperately wanted to see Lachmi and assure himself that her moodiness had gone. He sent a prayer to the local Ganesha that if Lachmi came within the next ten minutes, he would offer two cocoanuts to the deity as well as a vessel of oil to the temple lamp.

Even as he finished his prayer, he could see a tiny figure in the distant path. He could make out the bright scarlet of her saree as she tripped along hastily, with an arm lazily swinging

the empty basket. His heart gave a great bound of joy.

When Lachmi neared the bank, she stood dismayed by the solitude of the place. She had not known that it was so late; she had expected that at least some of the men would have waited for her. When she saw the deserted bank and Kannan standing alone by the boat, tears of rage rose up and threatened to choke her. She was not unaware that had this thing happened but yesterday, she would have revelled in the occasion. But today her love was dead, she told herself fiercely, and she did not want to go alone with this handsome young man who wanted to have his "bit of fun" with her.

Seeing her startled look of sudden indecision, Kannan had a moment's fright that she would, after all, return to Veeranpatti to spend the night there. He knew Lachmi's weak point—her pride. Assuming a wantonly careless air, he taunted her, "Surely you are not afraid to go alone with me? Really, kid, I thought you had more sense in you than to be frightened of a mere man like me!" The shaft went home, as he had intended it should. With a sudden hardening of the eyes, Lachmi tossed her basket into the boat and climbed in. The scent of the jasmynes that she had woven into her hair filled the air with a heavy, sweet fragrance.

Delighted with his success, Kannan began to ferry her across, while from his lips flowed richly the song that he had sung earlier in the day. When the song was finished Kannan glanced with a puzzled frown towards Lachmi, who sat in a grim, sullen silence. He could not know that underneath her stoniness, her heart was seething with conflicting emotions. Her nearness moved him so that he leaned forward and placed his hand tentatively over hers, while his lips murmured fond endearments.

The contact thrilled Lachmi and she trembled before the tenderness in his eyes. With a strong effort she recalled the words of Kuppamma, and, withdrawing her hand from underneath his, she gave him a resounding slap on his face. Her fingers, with the strength of her arm behind them, browned and strong by her work in the garden, left a livid weal across his cheek, as he staggered back and almost let the boat capsize. As he rallied himself, Lachmi spat out the words, "Oh you nasty dog, you wild pig, to take advantage of a girl in mid-stream! I shall escape you yet, you wicked fox!" and before he could prevent her, she had jumped into

the river and was swimming with uncertain strokes towards the opposite shore.

Kannan was thoroughly frightened now. By God, did she hate him so much? He had not any time to wonder long; for, even as he stood dazed, he saw Lachmi floundering in the swift current, which was trying to suck her down into the depths. With swift silent strokes, he directed the boat towards the spot where Lachmi was battling helplessly against overwhelming odds. With a swing of his powerful arm, he caught her and swung her on to the boat, where she lay, wet and panting, with wide, frightened eyes which had gazed on Death but a moment before. Her saree clung to her body; the jasmynes fell over her bosom in a riotous cluster, having broken free from her hair.

Bringing the boat to a safe sheltered spot, he let it float while he bent forward to Lachmi, an infinity of love in his eyes. He was careful not to touch her now. His voice was tender as he asked her, "Lachmi! Am I so hateful that you would rather face Death than be alone with me! Are all my dreams to come to nothing? Shall my love turn to dust and ashes?"

Her eyes flashed fire as she heard the tender supplication. "Stop! You cannot fool me any longer! When your marriage has already been arranged elsewhere and even the dowry paid, how dare you trifle with me, how dare you talk thus to me? Meena the rich daughter of the Patel, is a better catch than the flower-girl Lachmi, isn't she?" Her bosom heaved with the suppressed force of her emotions; she looked surpassingly beautiful as she lay there, with bright angry eyes and panting breath.

Kannan's brow cleared magically as the explanation dawned on him. Nevertheless, he scowled heavily as he said, "Lachmi! Was it not Kuppamma who said so?" Lachmi sat up and tossing her wet hair, she cried out, "There you are! Your words betray yourself. Kuppamma did say so and I thank her from the bottom of my heart that she did save me from making a fool of myself over a worthless young man like you!"

Kannan winced at the cruelty of her words but went on undaunted, "Lachmi! Listen to me. There is not a word of truth in anything that she might have said. She came to me two days ago and offered her daughter—her daughter whom none would look at—as my bride! I laughed in

her face and told her that if her daughter Subbu were the only lass in the world, I would not dream of marrying her. That laugh roused her maternal anger. I suppose I was rather rude. She shook her fist at me and shouted, "I know where your thoughts are roving. You fool! I shall see that you do not marry Lachmi. Within a week, believe me, Lachmi will come to hate the very sight of you." Though I did not take her words seriously, I wanted to tell you to be on your guard against her wicked tongue. But she has been to work much earlier than I expected. Just a rumour spread by her lying tongue is distorted and magnified in this village of ours. Kuppamma is a clever woman, cunning and unscrupulous.

By a skilful misuse of names she has bracketed my name with that of Meena, whereas it is Kannan, the son of the "maistry," who is to be the bridegroom. You were foolish enough to be taken in by her words! Just think—you were within an inch of death! Death, you little fool! By the mercy of our most powerful Ganesha I have you back again. I swear by his sacred name that I will marry you before the week is done. Look up and smile at me, Lachmi. I have been starving for that smile since this morning."

Lachmi let the soothing words sink in, while an expression of deep content spread over her face. She joined the palms of her hands in mute obeisance in the direction where lay the temple of Ganesha.

LAND TENURE IN BRITAIN

by C. HARCOURT-ROBERTSON

IT is now nearly 80 years since the American economist Henry George laid down his basic principle that any increase in the value of land caused by the "flowing together of people" belonged to the people as a whole and not to the owner of the land. George pointed out that an increase in land values arose less often and in a lesser degree from the improvements carried out by the owner than from the growth of villages, towns and suburbs.

When people collected (or flowed) together in this manner, formerly cheap agricultural land became desirable for building; and because of this its selling, or hiring price might increase a hundred or even a thousandfold—all this additional profit coming to the land-owner without any effort on his part. George considered that the State should be the only free-holder; and as a practical measure for ensuring that only the State should benefit from the automatic increase of land values, proposed a land tax equal to the full amount of any increase in rental value not due to individual improvement.

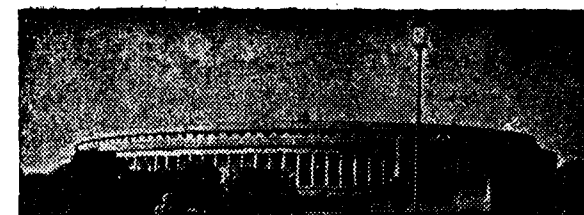
In America his doctrine was admired but no attempt was made ever to apply it. In Britain, however, the idea has never fallen

into abeyance since Henry George lectured on it in the seventies. And in the New Town and Country Planning Act of 1947, which came into effect in July this year, the Henry George principle has been applied though in a different way.

In a B.B.C. broadcast, on June 30, the Minister of Town and Country Planning described this aspect of the Act and also the manner in which it prevents uncontrolled development, such as slums and "ribbon" building, and makes it possible for the planning authorities to carry out their duties of controlling development without having the boggy of compensation before them. The Act, he said, determined the question whether the rebuilding of Britain would come about in accordance with plans or in the old haphazard manner, regardless of the interests of the community.

At the same time the Act created a revolution in Britain's system of land tenure. An owner has now lost the automatic right to develop or redevelop as he wished; the right to develop was put at the disposal of the community. All that was left to the owner was the right to use his land for its existing purpose, plus a right to apply to the planning authority for permission to develop or redevelop.

NEW DELHI DIARY



by V. V. PRASAD

THERE is really a chaos in the way the country is being run today. Each Ministry is going about doing its work as though the rest of the Government simply does not exist. The problem of inflation is nobody's concern because it does not happen to figure in any Minister's portfolio. And, moreover, inflation is not an exciting thing like Hyderabad or Kashmir. The Prime Minister the other day stated that the economic problem facing the country was a more important thing than either Hyderabad or Kashmir but there the matter seems to rest.

The creation of a separate Ministry for Economic Affairs was to be expected, but even in Governmental circles there seems to be scepticism as to whether that by itself would solve any problem. The difficulty frankly is that the Cabinet is not of one mind as regards the way in which the economic problem is to be faced and solved. Some want greater freedom to be given to private enterprise so that they might, as hard-headed businessmen, solve the situation and save the country. Others advocate semi-socialist measures to tackle inflation. But the Cabinet as a whole seems capable of agreeing only on a hopeless mixture of both. It is true that it is known by the dignified name of "mixed economy", but it seems to have left both the capitalists and their victims quite cold.

It is not only on economic questions that there is conflict in the Cabinet. There are differences between one Minister and another as regards their social outlook. One instance would perhaps make the point clearer. Recently the Government decided to permit women

to enter the Indian Administrative Service. Pandit Nehru deserves the credit for this decision because he is reported to have overcome considerable opposition among his colleagues who seemed to have a poor opinion of women. Panditji pointed out that women could be entrusted with any job which men could do. Panditji's suggestion was accepted by his colleagues only with considerable hesitation, but some seem to have objected to the decision on the ground that there was no unanimity in the Government on the question. It may be pointed out that the decontrol policy was launched by the Government when there was said to be in the Cabinet only a majority of one in favour of it. But those who now object to women being admitted to the Civil Service were then exponents of "majority vote", even if it was half a vote, or even a casting vote.

As long as the Government make out that they are too busy with military issues and are therefore unable to attend to educational, industrial and labour problems, we may expect the Government to inspire little confidence among the people. Perhaps the funds of goodwill which Gandhiji had built up for the Congress have now been frittered. Now they will have to act on their own. And it won't be too easy for them hereafter.

We have watched the cost of living index go up by more than a hundred points during the past hundred weeks or so of Government by the nation's idols. That is the official figure, but the actual figure is obviously much higher. The cost of living is officially four times of the cost in 1939. Actually perhaps it is five to six times.

CHAOS OF INFLATION

by K. S. VENKATARAMANI

KIND reader, I wish to share some intimacies with you. The known friend is so elusive, busy and self-centred—these are inflation days, hard days for the genuine metal and the luckiest for waste paper. So the unknown reader is a precious asset to me, a never failing reservoir of sympathy. Whether you agree or differ, your gentility will not permit you to waste a half-anna post card in protest or in appreciation—that is my protection in seeking your friendship.

Kind reader, have you ever seen an advancing desert relentlessly moving on, burying civilised life in the embrace of its sand-dunes? I have seen it on the borders of Rajaputana.

Have you seen wild forest creeping on irresistibly with a thousand shooting tongues, crushing out the work, the achievements and adventures of Man? Yes, I have seen this silent death struggle on a small scale on the slopes of the Javadi hills and in *Swarnakadu*.

Have you ever seen from a slight eminence the rush of a tidal wave eating up the sandy flats on the shore? I have seen it in miniature in the stormy months of November-December on the Coromandal coast in my own village.

Have you ever seen chaos, moving like a tidal wave, borne on the bosom of Inflation, loosening every tie and hold and breaking up the social and economic structure of life and all its loyalties? In the year of grace 1948, I see it before my very eyes from the eminence of my little retreat, the surging tide, a parting gift of British Raj in its hour of retreat.

Kindly reader, tell me, what is Inflation? I have never understood this crisp, creamy word, I rarely look into a dictionary, and I have no friend or relation who is an economist and a clear thinker with human pulse-beats. But I know this much. Inflation means man's steady and persistent monkeying

with Nature and Nature's own sweet and simple ways. Financing the global wars of Europe with the help of a good printing press at Nasik and the docile slave labour of 400 millions! Inflation is the mother of chaos and misery, no wonder then! It is like the plenty of the Arabian Sea—water, water, everywhere but not a drop to drink!

Nature resolves on destruction only in a final mood of despair and even then wears on her face a smile of sublime pity. If even in this last hour before wreckage, man recovers himself and meets her with manliness, simplicity, courage and a plan of work with the will to do and survive, she relents. Nature then retreats with grace leaving a hidden treasure, a fertiliser as compensation for her frowning smile.

Kind reader, come and see this beauty of Nature in her destructive mood, in my own village, the tidal wave of Inflation-chaos in action with the eddies that strangle life at every step. I would have gladly invited our Ministers also but there is no suitable landing place near by for these Ariels of Freedom-fight, tried Gandhians, or for the luxury plane recently bought for exclusive ministerial use. Swamp and slime go ill together with Lancasters and Dakotas, ideal instruments of flight to deliver speeches at long range and go back the same day to your own pillow.

But why Ministers to witness this drama of the elemental forces working for dissolution! Ministers embalmed in red-tape and nice visitors weave nothing but more knots into the web of our life. The politicians in the fray, like the frogs in the pond, see nothing farther than the fly within range of their leaping tongue. Leave them alone.

But kind reader, you are welcome. I am sure you don't mind the slime, barefooted that you are. You will see an intimate picture: Come and see my village and the creep of the incoming tide of Inflation-chaos.



BACK in Bombay, for a week, I am being constantly asked by friends, "Give us the inside dope on Kashmir", and however much I insist that whatever I know has already appeared in black and white in my articles, they continue to think there must be some awful secret which I am not sharing with them. Surely, they seem to think, a journalist who has been on the spot must know much more than what is printed in papers.

This legend of journalistic omniscience, I am afraid, has been created by journalists themselves. We have a habit of going about with an "If-only-I-could-tell-you-the-inside-secrets" air which greatly impresses the layman. Even our reports carry a suggestion that there is greater mystery behind the printed word which, for some reason, cannot be revealed. Actually, however what journalists (including myself) generally write is *more*, and not *less*, than what they know.

What is the U.N.O. Commission going to do? What exactly would be the next development in the Kashmir campaign? What precisely would be the proportion of votes for India and for Pakistan in the event of a plebiscite? If only we knew—if only I knew—I am sure we would lose no time in communicating it to the readers!

MUSIC UNITES THE ENEMIES!

For a change, let's talk of lighter things than war and plebiscite and politics—about music and food, for instance.

While in Srinagar, for a diversion (specially on days when the daily papers did not turn up owing to cancellation of the air service) I used to spend a lot of time listening to the radio—all the stations including A.I.R., Delhi; Radio Pakistan, Lahore and Peshawar; Radio Kashmir (recently started and broadcasting excellent seven-hours-a-day programmes in five languages—Kashmiri, Urdu, English, Panjabi and Dogri) and also the so-called "Azad Kashmir Radio" which is supposed to be "somewhere in Azad Kashmir" but which, everyone knows, is located in Murree.

One day, while twiddling about with the magic knob, I had one of those rare experiences which sound incredible but nevertheless do occur sometimes.

I tuned in to Radio Kashmir. They were having a programme of film songs. And it was a record of Saigal they were playing. Having heard the record quite often, I moved the needle to Radio Pakistan. Again it was a record, a different one, but sung by Saigal! So I tuned-in to "Azad Kashmir Radio", hoping to be regaled by one of those scurrilous, hate-mongering broadcasts in which this station specializes. Imagine my surprise, therefore, when once again I heard the voice of Saigal—the identical record that Radio Kashmir was playing. For a moment I thought I had again tuned in to the Srinagar station, but then the record was over and the unmistakable announcement

came over, "*Hum Azad Kashmir se bolte hain*"!

I could not help thinking that Saigal—Kundan Lal Saigal—, even after death, had united the irreconcilables and proved Mr. Jinnah's two-nation theory wrong. Here was Art triumphing over Hate!

And I was reminded of a similar occurrence during the Spanish Civil War between the Republicans and Franco's fascists when Paul Robeson visited the Madrid front. The opposing armies, in their respective trenches, faced each other across a No Man's Land, less than a mile in length. Living in the Republican trenches, one evening, Paul was asked to sing—and characteristically enough he sang Spanish songs. Not songs of war or of revolution, but old Spanish love-songs, which every Spaniard, Fascist or anti-Fascist, knows from childhood. And as his deep, powerful voice rose in the air and, travelling across the No Man's Land, reached the other side, the Fascist fingers froze at the triggers. And for an hour or so, there was an undeclared Cease Fire as soldiers on both sides listened to the golden-voiced Negro singing their cherished songs. For a while at least, the Muses had vanquished Mars!

The appeal of the familiar folk songs of one's country is irresistible. And because Radio Kashmir is daily broadcasting a number of old Kashmiri folk-songs, more and more Kashmiris in Pakistan and in the raider-held areas are tuning in to Srinagar. I learn severe penalties have been announced—and even inflicted—for the 'crime' of listening-in to Radio Kashmir and yet there is an ever-growing circle of Kashmiris in Pakistan risking the consequences to hear the voice of their motherland that calls daily to them on 61 metres!

GOURMET'S PARADISE

Kashmir is not only a heaven of delight for the lover of natural beauty but also the gourmet's paradise. In no other part of India—or even of the world, possibly with the exception of France—will you find so much attention being paid

to the culinary art as in Kashmir. At a Kashmiri dinner in an upper middle class family (specially among the Pandits who, incidentally, all eat meat—and how!), it is an ordinary thing to be served twenty or twenty-five courses—out of which only about three would be vegetarian dishes! Nowhere else have I seen people eating so much, and so many varieties of, meat.

They not only enjoy eating these varied delicacies—but they enjoy talking about them. A venerable Kashmiri Pandit told me, "When you find men of my community having a feast and talking, you can be sure that the talk is about food, the cooks and their genealogies". He told me that it is a delight to hear Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, as great a connoisseur of good food as of good poetry, talking about the rare characteristics of Kashmiri dishes and about the famous cooks who prepare them. Even Pandit Nehru, I understand, is no exception and has inherited the Kashmiri Pandits' love for good food and, when in Srinagar and being entertained to a dinner, he can talk as authoritatively about the subtle delights of 'Goshtaba' as any one else.

I have been to several such sumptuous dinners and each time suffered from the consequences of over-eating. It is impossible to resist the hospitality of a Kashmiri host. What I appreciated, however, even more than the food was the new cosmopolitan spirit. I have been invited to the homes of most conservative and old-fashioned Pandit families; and, in company with my Kashmiri Hindu friends, I have dined in the homes of Muslims and seen Hindu and Muslim dining together from the same common *thali*. Incidentally, the food is the same, in Muslim as well as Hindu homes—another cultural bond that unites the Kashmiris.

BALLAD OF NEW KASHMIR

At one such dinner at which Sheikh Mohamed Abdullah was also present we had an interesting experience. As we were diligently tackling the awe-inspiring series of dishes, we heard singing in the

neighbourhood. I asked a friend what it was and he said it was a party of singers entertaining a neighbouring family on the occasion of a marriage ceremony. I asked him what they were singing and he told me, "They are singing a ballad—a ballad about New Kashmir".

Other guests also became interested and ultimately the singers were invited to come over to where we were dining. The Kashmiri music is very much like Arabic or Egyptian music and the song goes on and on in a monotone. But we were pleasantly thrilled by the content of the ballad (which took an hour to be fully rendered). Composed by an illiterate folk-poet, it told the whole story of Kashmir's struggle for freedom—and described the oppression of the Maharajas, the beginning of a democratic movement under the leadership of Sheikh Abdullah, the various martyrs and heroes of the people, the horrible Kak regime, the tribal invasion, the mobilisation of the people by the National Conference, the cowardly flight of the

Maharaja and his satellites, the accession to India and the arrival of the Indian army, the atrocities committed by the raiders, the assumption of power by the *Sher-i-Kashmir* and his Ministry, the various reforms introduced by them, and—finally—the prospect of the arrival of the "White men's" U. N. O. Commission. Let them come, the ballad declared, but we shall not swerve from the path of freedom—Glory be to our *Sher-i-Kashmir*!

There was melodious flow in this ballad, a crude musical appeal and in the words there was bitterness against injustice, joy in the collective fight for freedom, exultation at the heroic effort of the people's beloved leaders, and overflowing confidence and hope in the future of Kashmir.

Some of the guests suggested that the ballad might well be sung before the U.N.O. Commission as evidence of the true feelings of the Kashmiri people. I agreed but wondered whether the Commission is at all interested in the true feelings of the Kashmiri people!



POSSIBILITIES OF TELEVISION

"Television, which is daily establishing new records in programming, has yet to reveal fully its great potentialities for the spectacular," David Sarnoff, head of the Radio Corporation of America, noted recently in outlining some of the exciting possibilities of this new medium. One of the most significant developments of tomorrow, he believes, will be two-way television.

"People sitting in their own homes may expect to see a newspaperman interviewing a person in London, Bombay, or Rio de Janeiro," he said. Already, he noted, airborne television is a reality. As a television camera in the nose of the plane scans the countryside, observers many miles away watching television screens see the view as the plane's pilot sees it. Eventually, Sarnoff thinks, planes will be kept in readiness to record such news events as shipwrecks, floods, and eclipses at first hand. Transmitters in the planes would relay the scenes to homes and theatres.

Also, tests now under way reveal the possibility that television receiving sets in the future may be equipped with push-buttons enabling each observer to express his opinion, "yes" or "no," to a question broadcast from a television station, thus providing an important addition to public opinion polling on outstanding and mutual problems.

Sarnoff also pointed to the role television could play in education, music, drama, and sports, bringing all within the scope of the "family circle." "As television grows on an international scale," he said, "it will rove the globe for programs and literally make all the world a stage, as Shakespeare envisaged it."—USIS.

SPOTLIGHT ON THE



AS leader of the Democratic Party, Mr. Truman has occupied the peculiar position of being too conservative to suit some of his colleagues, and too radical to suit some others. The result is that he has been deserted by the extreme wings, both Left and Right, of his party.

Henry Wallace decided to form a third party after a prolonged consideration of the pros and cons, and in accordance with certain principles which he cherishes. The Wallace movement meets a need that has been felt for some time in the United States for a choice of politics and personalities wider than that offered by the two traditional parties. Several attempts have been made in the past to meet this need for a third party, but they all proved unsuccessful. Only time can show whether Wallace will succeed, not in winning the Presidential election (that seems quite out of the question) but in making



Harry S. Truman

his party a continuous and significant force in American political life. In any event, a kind of Leftist third party in the U.S. is undoubtedly a party of the future and has reasonable chances of becoming a serious rival to the existing Big Two parties.

The revolt of the Southern Democrats is different in character. It does not meet a nation-wide political need. It looks back to and seeks to perpetuate the past. It has a history, in the sense that Southern Democrats never felt comfortable under Franklin Roosevelt's leadership and tried, on occasion, to revolt against him (as they finally have done now against Mr. Truman). In Congress, the Tory Democrats from the South have often prevented progressive social legislation by voting in coalition with the Republicans. But the Southern Whites have little chance of founding a popular party on their platform of "states' rights"—thin cover for Jim Crow. The future hardly seems to lie with them.

Though it came as part of an election battle, the split in the Democratic Party on the question of civil rights may prove to be a landmark in the history of the American Negroes' emancipation. For the first time since the Civil War the majority of the Democratic Party has defied the South.

The anger of the Southern states was roused as early as last February, when President Truman sent Congress a 10-point programme for the amelioration of Negroes. At last month's Democratic Party Convention, a mild civil rights programme was drafted by the platform committee in order to avert a split. By opposing even this compromise

plan as too liberal, the Southerners provoked the rest to adopt a stronger policy resolution, specifically praising President Truman's 10-point programme. When this resolution was adopted by a majority at the Convention, some of the Southern delegates bolted. The remaining Southern delegates at once ran Senator Russell for the Presidential nomination. However, Mr. Truman secured the nomination on the first ballot with 947 votes against Senator Russell's 263. Subsequently the Southern Democrats met at a 'convention' of their own and adopted separate candidates. They called upon the American people to help bring about the "ignominious defeat of Harry S. Truman and Thomas E. Dewey." But this was little more than a symbolical move. The Southerners have as little chance of winning the November elections as the Wallacites have.

No less spectacular than the Southern revolt was the speech of Mr. Truman accepting his nomination. Considered to be one of his best performances, the speech was remarkable for the announcement that Congress would be asked to meet in an emergent session. It has been the accepted rule, unbroken until the last Presidential election, that the U.S. Congress would not meet during the campaign months. Mr. Truman's intention in taking such an extraordinary step was of course to make the Republicans



Alben W. Barkley

look silly. They had adopted many pious resolutions on the need to bring down prices, on the housing problem, etc., at their convention. And Mr. Truman decided that he would use his constitutional power as President to challenge his rivals in a dramatic manner to implement their election promises *before* the election. The Republicans have naturally called this an unfair move. The propriety of it apart, the present special session will in all likelihood end inconclusively but it will give Mr. Truman more talking points to support his attack on "this last, worst eightieth Congress." It is a gallant fight that he is putting up but observers rate the chances of the Truman-Barkley team no higher than before the Democratic Party named its candidates.

A man making a pre-election canvass of his town was greeted at one door by a stern woman who said curtly, "Well?"

"I just wanted to know what party your husband belongs to."

The woman drew herself up, put her hands on her hips, and said, "Take a good look at me, young man: I'm the party he belongs to."



The clue to the values of the coming new global mood is provided by historical analogy. We can discern in the past a succession of levels of social awareness, like an ascending staircase. The age of religious wars ended when secular politics began to dominate human consciousness; feudal politics ended when economic factors assumed overriding importance; the struggles of Economic Man will end by the emergence of the new ethical values of the new age. The great disputes are never settled on their level, but on the next higher one.—ARTHUR KOESTLER.

A GLIMPSE INTO CROWDED BOMBAY

(From A Special Correspondent)

THE average Bombay man is the greatest individualist on earth. He is so intensely preoccupied with his own affairs that he has no time to think of anything else.

The Fort area where the main firms and business centres are situated cannot accommodate even a tenth of the swelling population of the city and so millions live in the suburban areas. A third of their working day is wasted in travelling to the city. Daybreak finds the average Bombayite busy. He shakes off the effect of sleep, has a hasty wash and bath, scamps his spruce breakfast and gets going to catch the suburban train. In some cases, the Bombay man has to cover as many as fifty miles to get to the Fort. If he is well-to-do and can afford to travel in the upper class he takes with him a copy of the morning newspaper and regales his time till he reaches Victoria Terminus.

Seven to eight hours of intense office work punctuated with occasional cups of tea practically saps all his energy and he rushes back from office to catch the suburban train and is back home after sunset. His wife has to attend to the domestic work and look after the children. Within an hour or two of his reaching home he curls himself up in bed to wake up again to face the monotony of another crowded day.

The plight of the poorer classes and the middle class men is miserable. Suburban trains are so crowded now-a-days that unless you are able to get a seat at the start of the journey you have either to cover the entire distance by standing or by clinging precariously to the footboard. People in Madras can never imagine what the congestion is during the peak hours of travel. Hardly a day passes when fatal accidents do not take place. Many have their heads smashed in the electric poles. Some slip while boarding the trains and are knocked down.

Of course, as in other cities, there are the rich who can afford to go about in the latest stream-lined limousines and have residences in the luxurious Marine Lines or in the lyric setting of Malabar Hill. They have chromium plated furniture, hot and cold running water in their houses and friends who while away their tedium. The majority of them are businessmen who make fortunes in the Stock Exchange. But they too have their worries. The periodic jitters in the market place affect them vitally. All the time they are glued to their telephones, listening to the ups and downs in the share market. They drown their losses and disappointments in drinks. In spite of the vogue of prohibition several houses in the aristocratic part of the city are stocked with the latest brands of liquor.

Bombay is a soulless city. It is cold, hard and pitiless. Travelling by bus you can bump into an occasional corpse lying on the pavement uncared for. The passer-by who is invariably busy throws a glance and passes along. In spite of the boom brought about by the war, not all the people in the city are employed. Post-war deflation is gradually hitting Bombay as it does other places. The employment market is registering a slump. Added to the natural world causes is the condition brought about by the influx of the refugees from Sind, the Punjab and the Frontier. Today there are more than five lakhs of refugees in the city. Not even a fifth of them are employed. Half a dozen refugee camps litter the city and the suburbs. The refugee influx started in September and when it was almost coming to an end as far as Pakistan was concerned, it started afresh in a new stream from Hyderabad. The authorities have been telling the refugees that Bombay has reached saturation point and cannot absorb any more of them. They even provide transport for the workless to move out to other provinces. But these people who have tasted city life and are caught in the glitter of

Bombay refuse to move out. The greatest sinner in this regard is the refugee coming from Sind. He thinks that he has a prescriptive right to Bombay as Sind formed part of this presidency before separation. Moreover the business climate of this city is eminently suited for a living being made by some means or other. It is a sight to see even little Sindhi boys hawking pieces of cloth in the thoroughfares of the city. They have got salesmanship in their blood. That is why the Gujaratis and the Maharashtrians have not taken kindly to the Sindhi invader. Even little urchins from the backwoods of Sind are able to make a living by selling trinkets in suburban trains.

It is inevitable that social vices should be on the increase. Prostitution has received a spurt of late. There are posh apartments in the Fort area where fashionable women traffic their bodies. In the refugee camps also vices have come to stay. The vigilance branch of the city is busy running to earth these places of easy virtue and hardly a day passes without a sensational raid on some brothel. Some of them are run on up-to-date Continental lines. In spite of the fact that the end of the war has witnessed the disappearance of foreign nationals from Bombay, women from far off places of the world are housed in brothels. But with all that, Bombay is not so bad as Delhi.

The cost of living in Bombay is much higher than in Madras or Delhi. There is a shortage of not only consumer goods but also cereals and other essential commodities. The quality of rice or bread which you get here is not a patch on what one gets in Madras. But black market abounds and you can manage to get anything, provided you are prepared to pay the price.

The most acute of Bombay's problems at the moment is housing shortage. During the inter-war years, construction activity had come to an end. The population, on the other hand, had swelled by millions. Today the city has a population of 35 lakhs, including the refugees. Nearly a million poor people sleep on the pavements, rain or shine. There are slums which would put to shame any in other

cities. In tiny rooms in the crowded tenements of the city, as many as fifteen to twenty people sleep eat and live. No wonder the incidence of sickness is on the increase. There are plans and blue prints to build hundreds of flats but the acute shortage of materials coupled with the high cost of manual labour is retarding construction activity. The rich people who can afford to pay pugree are better off. The pugree system is rampant in spite of the crusade by the authorities.

In the artistic and cultural plane, there is a decided waning of activity. The rich as well as the poor resort to the cheap amusement they derive from cinemas. We have a few artistic centres but the activity there is fitful. The average Bombayite is a businessman and he has no time for artistic activities.

This in a nutshell is a fleeting glimpse of Bombay as it strikes a visitor from outside.

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CPS. NEWS

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.

Groundnut Munching

Your VIGHNESWARA was definitely pathological in his aversion to munching ground-nuts; for, physiologically, it is a wonderfully good food, being, as Sherman, the great authority on Nutrition puts it, the equivalent of both meat and butter. It is a good all round food, and that astute dietetist, Mahatma Gandhi, well knew its value. In this, as in a thousand other matters, large and small, he has shown us the way to a better life.

Ground-nut contains 7 grams protein per oz., of good biological value, and its protein and rice protein supplement each other so well that the vegetarian gets as good protein as his non-vegetarian neighbour, and that at a fraction of the cost of meat, without ruffling his religious sentiments. It has high calorific value, an ounce—less than a handful—of it giving 155 calories. This is due to its high fat content, which, incidentally, gives a high satiety value to this food, as it stays put longer in the stomach. It contains vitamin B, 85 units per ounce, so necessary in the diet of the obstinate polished-rice eater.

The South Indian especially would be well advised in taking this food of his ancestors again into grace. A nice way of taking it is, as balls of it made with jaggery. A couple of ounces of it per day would do nothing but good. Even the most delicate digestion of neurotic metropolitans can take it in without a murmur!

N. KRISHNASWAMY

Coimbatore.

Vighneswara writes:

This avalanche of science leaves me dumb; but the tongue is a rebellious creature altogether heedless of nutrition laws. And while I am deeply impressed by the subtle appeal to the combined authority of the Mahatma's practice and the South Indian's own past I am altruistic enough to leave my brethren in undisturbed enjoyment of this perfect food.

Common Language For India

Mr. V. K. Subbaraman in his letter under the title "Common Language for India" seems to be under the impres-

sion that my article was against the teaching of Hindustani. I said: "By all means let us study Hindustani which must include both Hindi and Urdu. But let there be groups everywhere making a comparative study of all of India's mother-tongues in search of her common tongue, as we are doing in the Adyar Library today." If he or anyone interested will visit the Library we can show him many evidences that the word most commonly used **throughout India** for any given object, for example, the equivalent for the English "box" is not always the word most commonly used in Hindustani, though probably understood by most Hindi-speaking people. While we are teaching Hindustani to our children to meet an immediate need, let us not lose the long-term point of view and refuse to build up a language that will be adequate for all Indians as regards grammatical structure, common roots, etc. Surely in our ultimate Indian common tongue, we do not want arbitrary sex for inanimate objects, we want to be able to say "he" and "she," "his" and "hers," etc. When we are studying all of India's mother tongues in our research groups, naturally Hindustani will have a most prominent place in our studies. We shall not know it less but even more if we are keen about finding the best for the future Indian common language.

ADELTHA PETERSON

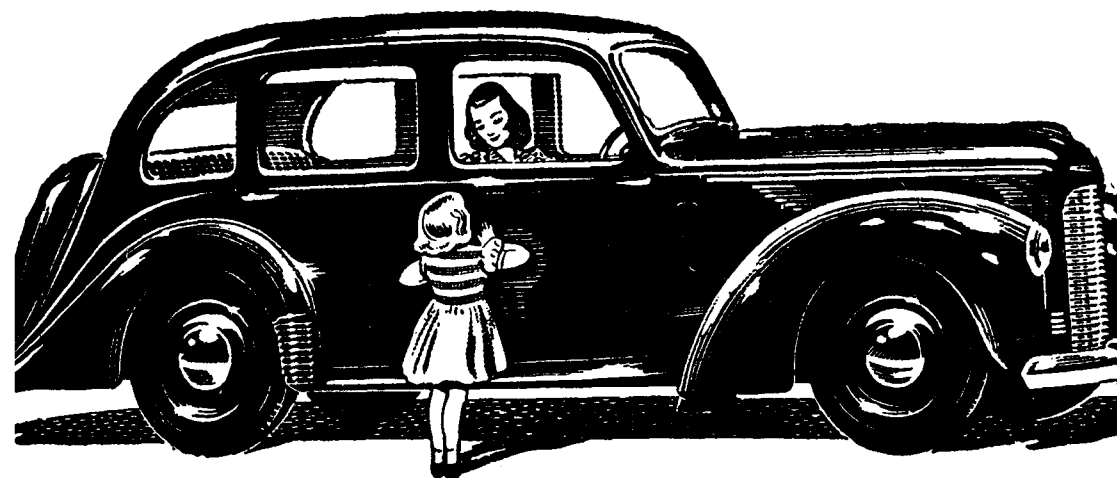
Adyar Library.

Madras.

Punishing The Innocent

The recent decision of the Government of Madras to levy fines on the inhabitants of a particular area in which the rules of Prohibition are violated reveals a poor standard of administration. The implementation of such a step would hit hard many innocents who happen to reside in a locality where there are bad elements. It is right for the authorities to penalise the guilty. But to bring the innocents within the terms of punishment is far from sensible. It is arbitrary and unjust.

A. V. MATHEW.



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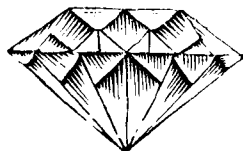
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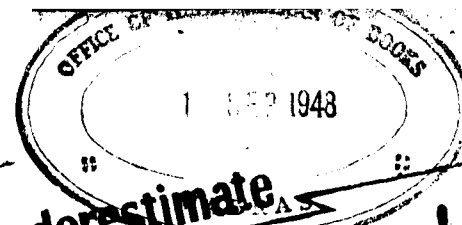
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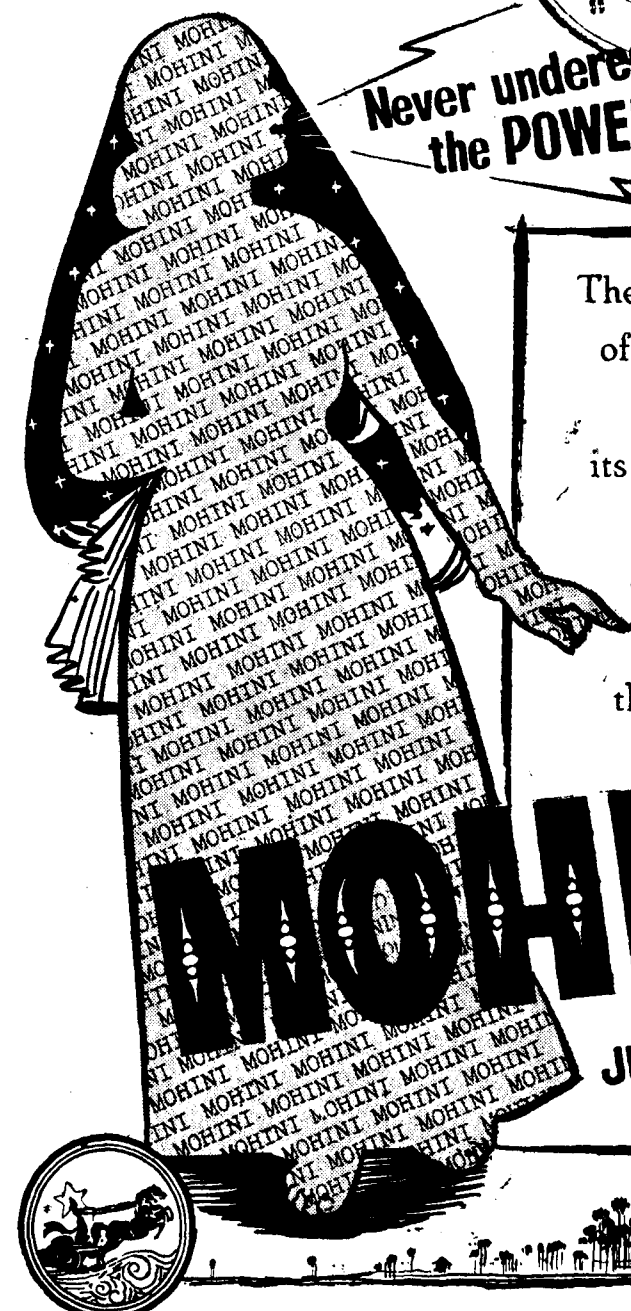
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SWATANTRA

VOL. III. No. 28

(SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1948)

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SWATANTRA

VOL. III
No. 28

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1948

ISSUED
WEEKLY

THE HYDERABAD CRISIS



THE White Paper on Hyderabad, issued by the Government of India last week, contains a chapter on the Razakars. The Razakars constitute the quasi-military arm of the Ittehad-ul-Muslimeen which, "since July 1947 has, under the Nizam's inspiration, been converted into a shock brigade for creating conditions in which the much-coveted theocratic and totalitarian State may come into existence." A Razakar, on enrolment, "pledges his life to the Ittehad, to Hyderabad and to his leader and vows to fight to the last to maintain the supremacy of the Muslim power in the Deccan." A lakh and fifty thousand are on the rolls of the Razakar organisation. Seventy thousand men, women and children have undergone training. Recruitment has been swiftly proceeding for enlistment of the target number of five lakhs. The Razakar organisation spends not less than 10 to 30 thousand rupees a day. Its finances are partly supplied by the State Government. But the larger part comes from loot and from levies imposed on the profits of persons helped in their business careers by the political influence of the Ittehad. As illustrative of the objectives of the Razakars, the White Paper cites two extracts from the public utterances of their leaders:

(1) "Hyderabad will shortly recover the Ceded Districts and the day is not far off when the waves of the Bay of Bengal will be washing the feet of our sovereign who will be

called not only the Nizam of Hyderabad and Berar but also of the Northern Circars."

(2) "We are re-writing the map of India by bringing together a union of Jumna and Musi. We are the grandsons of Mohamed Ghazni and the sons of Baber. When determined we shall fly the Asaf Jahi flag over the Red Fort (in Delhi)".

Of the activities of the Razakars the White Paper gives some characteristic examples. A description is given of how in Bidar district, they have devastated 129 villages, burnt about 1000 houses, looted property worth crores, killed 70 to 100 men and women and committed rape on about 50 women." From Warangal district, another centre of Razakar atrocities, "lakhs of inhabitants have been forced to seek refuge in the neighbouring province of Madras." The whole village of Gorta "with all its inmates, both human and animal, was burnt down to a heap of ashes." The White Paper refers to scenes of devastation in the State, what with "people being killed and their eyes taken out, women raped and large numbers of houses burnt down," and concludes with stern rectitude that the Government of India "cannot afford to be helpless spectators of orgies of misrule in Hyderabad." In order to bolster up this view they fall back on British precedent and the peculiar nature of the geographical set-up of Hyderabad. We are told that "it is inherent in the geographical set-up of Hyderabad that it is a

protectorate." Then follows this argument:

"If the Government of India assume the responsibility of protecting Hyderabad against external aggression, as they must, they must also have the right to ensure that Hyderabad does not impair India's defence arrangements and also does not develop into a threat to India's peace and security. The British very rightly held the view that the unity of Indian empire would be imperilled if orgies of misrule could be enacted unchecked under British military protection. The essential defence and security requirements of the country and geographical compulsions have not ceased to be operative with the end of the British rule in India. If anything, they have become more imperative."

Such being the case, the Government of India owe an explanation as to why such imperative considerations should have been neglected by them for so long. They now quote with relish the words of the British Resident in Hyderabad in 1926 that his (the Nizam's) attitude "leaves but a faint hope that he would, if he realises his dreams of unchecked absolutism, consider the welfare of his people in the least degree." The wisdom of these words seems to have been lost on the Government of India a year ago. Now they speak of the Nizam having employed every move of his as a "ruse to cram more power" into his own repressive machine, but are they free from blame for having enabled the ruse

to succeed? They should have foreseen what has happened, and taken measures to reduce the extent of hurt instead of falling into the net set by the Nizam by withdrawing the troops stationed in the State and giving him further opportunities for misrule and tyranny. For this bungling lakhs of people have had to pay a very heavy price in avoidable suffering. It is gratifying that the Government of India have turned their back at last on their disastrous policy of futile placation that has cost so many so dear in recent months, but even now there is need of vigilant care for prevention in proper time of further mishaps. Apart from military measures, it is imperative that the morale of the people of the border areas should be maintained at a tempo of high efficiency under the impetus of competent leadership. From this point of view there is a good deal to be desired in the organisation of defensive arrangements for the protection of the people at least in the contiguous Telugu districts. Recently the Minister for Broadcasting called upon the representatives of the press to withhold publicity from just one of the utterances included now in the White Paper. If that is the pattern of his conception of the right thing to do, the outlook does not seem to be very bright for the success of the Government's handling of the situation.

HIGH-MINDED

In contrast with the many words that have lost prestige, high-minded is one that has climbed the ladder of estimation. To the translators of the Bible a high mind was much the same as a stiff neck: it went with vanity, pride, and sinful ambition. Coverdale had "Lord, I am not high-minded, I have no proude lokes." A correspondent has reminded me of the form of Prayer with Thanksgiving in the old Prayer Book. "Almighty God . . . Who didst in a most extraordinary and wonderful manner disappoint and overthrow the wicked designs of those traitorous, heady, and high-minded men . . ." Nowadays, we are more respectful to ideas of height whether in temper, spirit, or mind. High-minded, though it may to some convey a notion of priggishness, is, in general, praise unqualified. We shall never now say of Adolf Hitler in our history books that he was a high-minded man. Yet in the English of the sixteenth century he was just that.—IVOR BROWN,

Sotto Voce

Prodding the Pachyderm



OF all the Congress leaders Dr. Rajendra Prasad alone preserves the innocent unspotted vision of a child. He is not interested in office or power for its own sake. He preferred the Presidentship of the Constituent Assembly to the Food Membership. And when he was offered in addition the Presidentship of the Congress he gladly relinquished his place in the Government. It is only too easy for a popular leader to persuade himself that he is indispensable. But Dr. Rajendra Prasad has by preference sought positions which have few attractions for the self-seeking.

It would be an exaggeration to say that he has no enemies. The Bengalis have long been attacking him as a bigoted Bihari. But, then, the Bengalis would attack God Almighty Himself if He happened to say that He considered them unreasonable. Even the Mahatma had not much vogue in Bengal till he went there last summer as the Good Samaritan. And mention of Gandhiji reminds me that of all his ardent followers Dr. Rajendra Prasad alone seems to have been able to shake off the numbing influence of the dead hand without bating a jot of his reverence for the great man's memory.

When he agreed to decontrol of food he said he was subordinating his own convictions to Gandhiji's instincts from long experience. But now that Gandhiji is gone, he attempts no *Sortes Virgilianæ* with the old Harijan files. Instead he goes to the same fountain-head of inspiration as the

older leader invariably did. Of all the front rank Congressmen he is the only one who has never lost contact with the people. And he knows how to detect their authentic heartbeats amidst the noise of the market-place. Look at his remarkably clear-sighted and independent stand with regard to the proposed Hindu Code.

That Code, as I have said so often, is a chemically pure example of legislative impertinence. Nobody has asked for it except "a microscopic minority," as Dr. Rajendra Prasad correctly puts it. Though he has politely described that minority as 'progressive,' it would be more accurate to call it a thoroughly deracialised self-regarding lot which is unhampered either by reverence for the past or by any understanding of the basic needs of humanity today. The Bill, says the Congress President, "substitutes for the concepts and reasons underlying the Hindu Law new concepts and new ideas which are not only foreign to Hindu Law but may cause disruption in every family." And he goes on to point out that the evidence recorded by the Committee is overwhelmingly against many of its most important recommendations.

The quality of the opposition is even more important than the quantity. Dr. Rajendra Prasad objects to legislation being rushed through as the electorate has had no opportunity to consider it and no serious attempt has been made "to educate and instruct the mass of the people in favour of the proposed measure." The sponsors are wise in their gene-

ration. For if they seriously attempted to argue out the matter with those who know, the great judges, jurists, scholars and custodians of cultural and religious tradition who have opposed this misbegotten abortion, the would-be converters might find themselves converted almost before they knew it. It is simpler and safer to coerce the people by resort to the legislature. They are assailed by no such constitutional scruples as Dr. Rajendra Prasad confesses to when he points out that by no stretch of imagination can this legislature claim to have a mandate on this issue.

But I do not share the Congress President's optimism that a new Constitution and a new Government will ward off the dangers against which he so wisely warns us. That monumental farce, the so-called Fundamental Rights, seeks to safeguard the integrity of every other religion but not of Hinduism. A State which loves

to blazon the word 'secular' on its forehead sees nothing inconsistent in inviting a motley legislature to put out its tongue at Manu and Yajnyavalkya. If it were really anxious to discover the will of the people, it should not rest with making the Hindu Code an issue in the general elections. For the mass in no country is a fit judge in these matters.

The issue must be submitted to those who have the specialised knowledge, the leisure and the intellectual background which are needed to discriminate between the superficial attraction of a passing phase and the deep urges of the racial ethos. Unless a wide and urgent need for change is established it would be folly to tamper with the customary practices which are so large a part of the mores of a community. And anything savouring of compulsion would be triple folly. The inertia of a people, like the elephant, is hard to provoke but implacable when roused.

VIGNESWARA.

Compensations (At 75)

by JAMES H. COUSINS

And shall I mourn because life's count has grown
Beyond the Singer's three score years and ten;
Because in This I find not what was Then;
And for much sowing meagre grain have mown?
What if rude wakenings gentle dreams dethrone,
And youth's bright stream flows not this way again;
Past dream and stream and the wild moods of men
I through much grief more ecstasy have known.

And this because I have watched the pecker's nest
Urgent with life though last year's life had flown;
Have seen in lucid east and lowering west
The face of the unchanging Beauty shown;
And heard through discords of a world's unrest
The trumpet of ultimate peace assuredly blown.

SIDELIGHTS :

The virtue lies in the struggle, not in the prizes.—MILNES.

AMONG the Socialist leaders Sri Jayaprakash Narayan is by no means the most brilliant, if brilliance is to be reckoned in qualities that impress at first sight. Sri Achyut Patwardhan who accompanied him on his visit to Madras last week, is more eloquent. Achyut is a most accomplished speaker. In public speech it is not mere fluency of expression that conduces to effectiveness. Sir S. Radhakrishnan, for example, is hard to beat for sheer rapidity of utterance. It is amazing how many words he can pack into a minute. If a world contest is to be held on the basis of the maximum output of syllables that the human voice is capable of producing in a given time, Sir S. Radhakrishnan can hold his own against any competitor anywhere and walk away with the first prize. Like a racehorse his tongue works with breathless speed. It is one continuity of sound, each component unit tumbling into the next with breathless swiftness, with scarcely a pinpoint of respite to indicate the marks of punctuation. It is a phenomenon like the Niagara Falls—prodigious, dazzling, awe-inspiring, but fatiguing after a while. You cannot live with it continually without getting stunned, but must run away to save your faculties.

The great art of speaking lies in a proper use of pauses. Silence like sleep contains in it the essence of a recuperative force, and only when completely deprived of it can we realise what it means to us in the intricate economy of life. But good speaking is not just a mere matter of mechanics involving a formal arrangement of words with pauses in between to drive them home. The tongue is the instrument of speech, and a good serviceable instrument of agreeable timbre is a valuable asset. But the power of speech comes not from manipula-

tion but from the character of the speaker. Achyut Patwardhan has a tidy logical mind, and a great advocate was lost to law when he took to politics. Argument is the soul of his speech. Argument provides a basis for thought which is not lost when the author leaves, but remains and continues to be felt as a pervasive influence of expanding scope.

One difference in the after-effects of the speeches of Congress and Socialist leaders is worth noting. Enormous crowds gather round Pandit Nehru. He is the symbol of the sovereignty of the people. A sovereign has to justify the power he wields. Expectancy is the keynote of the popular homage paid to leaders in power, and expectancy is an exacting thing. When expected benefits fail to materialise, allegiance is withdrawn and discontent takes its place. No glamour of personality can survive unhurt against the inexorable popular hunger for the good things of life, and after every stimulation of mass admiration, a mood of disappointment over unmet expectations is left in the trail of the visits of leaders in power of the stamp of Pandit Nehru. In the case of the Socialists the test of fulfilment is not insisted on as they are not in power. They are in a position to promise good and stimulate hope. Disappointment diminishes the circle of followers and hope increases it. The tremendous ovations greeting Pandit Nehru indicate a climax thrown into the present from the past, but it is to the Socialists that the future belongs.

Of the Socialist leaders Jayaprakash does not at first sight seem marked out for pre-eminence. Achyut possesses the gift of graphic presentation to a greater degree. Lohia is more learned in the lore of international politics. Ashok Mehta has a finer flair for propaganda and publicity. Kamala Chattopadhyaya is a more consummate diplomat. In

no shining quality requisite for outstanding success does Jayaprakash excel any of his party lieutenants who are content to acknowledge his leadership. But his tenacity is matched by none. Reverses do not dishearten him. He is not frightened by difficulties. His political integrity is incorruptible. His socialism is not a product of rigid doctrine. It is the intellectual counterpart of a benevolent outlook filled with kind-hearted concern for the downtrodden in the world. He does not sniff at spiritual things as so many sincere Socialists are apt to do in their all-engrossing quest of revolution on material lines. Disillusionment with Communists seems to have brought him to the

very verge of bitterness, but he is evidently making a gallant fight at the moment not to be thrown into standards of hatred thereby.

* * *

In the fight against injustice the victims are apt to lapse into savagery as a way of getting even with their tormentors. They then do more harm to themselves than good. Jayaprakash is made for the direction of the toughest undertakings in an exemplarily civilized way. He does not mistake bravado for grit and can conduct political fights without rancour. The country will get the best out of its Government when Nehru and Jayaprakash combine in running it.—SAKA.

A young author sent a manuscript to an editor with a letter in which he stated, "The characters in this story are purely fictional and bear no resemblance to any person, living or dead."

A few days later he received his manuscript with the note: "That's what's wrong with it."—READER'S DIGEST.



RAJAJI

by Dr. P. SUBBARAYAN

IT is for posterity to judge the work of our leaders who are in the vanguard of the fight for freedom. Rajaji decided to give up everything and follow Gandhiji like Peter did Jesus Christ. He is trying to carry out in his life the message the seer taught, but, being an intellectual who always weighs in his own mind the purpose of the teaching of Gandhiji, he has often argued and tried to convince the Mahatma that the step he was taking was perhaps not in the interests of the struggle for freedom which he had envisaged. Rajaji, from the beginning, was certain in his own mind that only non-violence and truth, as Gandhiji preached, could lead us to our goal.

It was during 1942 that Rajaji sincerely felt that a struggle against the British Government at that time was ill-timed. He argued that we should not embarrass the British Government during their life and death struggle against Hitler for all that they considered valuable in their way of living, and that we should not launch upon a movement at a time when the Japanese were at our doors and were threatening not merely the British but even what we considered our way of life. But Gandhiji, on the other hand, felt that the self-respect of our nation demanded that we should fight to make the British quit India so that as a free nation we may decide what our attitude should be to the war and the world situation.

Both Gandhiji and Rajaji had the same view with regard to Hitlerism and what the German and Japanese alliance meant to the civilisation of the world but they differed with regard to the time. Subsequent events have proved that, on the whole, Gandhiji's judgement was correct and it was the struggle of 1942, in spite of the people not having fully learnt the ideal of non-violence, which eventually led to the attainment of our freedom in 1947; but, to a certain extent,

Rajaji has also succeeded as it was he who felt from the time of the failure of the Cripps Mission that a settlement between the Congress and the League would be necessary for the British handing over power to us. Though the transference of power did not come by an agreement between the Congress and the League, still it was the tacit acceptance of the scheme of June 3rd by the leaders of the Congress and the Muslim League which led to the coming of the two Dominions of India and Pakistan as international entities.

The partition of Bengal and the Punjab was put forward by Rajaji as part of his famous formula which Gandhiji himself accepted. Gandhiji negotiated on the formula with Mr. Jinnah, but the negotiations came to nothing because of the intransigence of Mr. Jinnah who seems to have had the view that he would get better terms out of the British Government than out of the Congress, because any acceptance by Gandhiji of the division of the country with Mr. Jinnah would have had to be ratified by the Congress before it was put into effect. Rajaji knew this well and he made the Gandhi-Jinnah meeting the preliminary to the Congress leaders eventually considering the agreement. There was no idea of side-tracking the Congress in the mind of Rajaji in putting forward his formula. People in our part of the country unfortunately misunderstood Rajaji and carried on a propaganda against his coming back into the Congress, but they were doing this without realising that the country could not afford to lose Rajaji's services in its struggle for freedom. Gandhiji knew this perfectly and that was the reason why he made the statement in his South Indian tour that Rajaji was as necessary as he ever was and his services must be utilised in the administration. It was on this basis that the Congress High Command advised the Legislature Party

of Madras to have Rajaji again at the helm of affairs in this Province, but unfortunately this advice was not accepted, much to the detriment of the interests of our Province.

It is not necessary to lay the blame at any one's door. There was a feeling at the time that, as Rajaji had stood aloof from the struggle, he would not carry out the Congress policy. This, of course, time has proved to be entirely wrong, but fortunately for the country Rajaji's services have been utilised in higher spheres than our own. As a member of the Interim Government, he used his knowledge of political affairs to achieve what the country wanted by accepting the June 3rd statement. Since then, he has been Governor of West Bengal where with the great help of Gandhiji he was able to bring peace in a very troublous time. When Lord Mountbatten left the country on a visit to attend Princess Elizabeth's wedding, Rajaji acted for him for a fortnight and now he has succeeded Lord Mountbatten as the Governor-General.

It is no doubt a great honour to South India that the first Indian Governor-General should hail from the South, but it is not as a South Indian that Rajaji occupies this position. He occupies it by his sacrifice and services. Under the Constitution, the Governor-General is really the constitutional head of the Dominion of India, but a man of Rajaji's eminence can certainly play his part in ordering our affairs though not actively as it is the Government that must decide the policy of the country, but as an adviser whose help will always be freely given when wanted.

He is visiting South India for the first time after his assumption of the great office and the people will prove how much in their affections he is entrenched by the reception they give him. The heart of the South is sound as it has been proved by the enthusiastic crowds that waited at the roadside to get a glimpse of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru and I am sure to their own son they will give an equally affectionate

reception. Let us hope that the coming year of Rajaji's Governor-Generalship will bring added glory to this much troubled land and the ship of State will reach a calm sea in spite of the tribulations and travail that the country has gone through during the past year, because of communal conflict and the solution of the problem of the States in new India. Sardar Patel has done a marvellous piece of work during the past year in integrating the States and bringing them as viable units of the Indian Union. Only Hyderabad remains but even here both the Prime Minister and the Deputy Prime Minister have shown exemplary patience in trying for a peaceful solution for Hyderabad acceding to the Indian Union, but their patience has been sorely tried and let us hope that even this may be solved without difficulty during the Governor-Generalship of Rajaji. Let us wish him well in the task that lies before him.

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STERLING BALANCES THrice CURSED

by Prof. T. K. DORAISWAMI IYER

THE recent sterling balances agreement has been the subject of comment both favourable and unfavourable and it has been debated in the Indian Parliament. Though at present the food problem and the production crisis hold the attention of the country on the economic front, till recently, say during the years 1945, 1946 and 1947, it was the sterling balances that dominated the economic horizon and it was fondly hoped that the road to assured economic progress lay in the part that the repayment of the balances was expected to play. There is, however, a considerable amount of loose thinking on this question. The subject is bound to come up again and again for consideration and we will do well to deal at length with certain important aspects of it.

This problem of the sterling balances may be said to be thrice cursed, viz., in its origin, in the course of its accumulation and the efforts made towards its settlement. While the balances are impressive in their magnitude they may be considered to be a measure at once of the strain to which the rather premature economy of the country was subjected during the course of the war and the extent of the suffering undergone by the masses of people in this country. If only India had been a free country like Australia and if such free India had willingly thrown herself into the war on the side of the Allies the inflation in India would not have been carried to the disastrous lengths to which it had been actually done and the sterling balances consequently would not have assumed the present magnitude. On the other hand, India, the important military base as it turned out, would have been speedily equipped, even as Australia was, with heavy basic industrial plant and thus she would not have her all too slender resour-

ces so remorselessly drained resulting in incalculable damage to the structure of her agriculture, industry and transport. This policy led to the distortion of her economic structure, resulted in maladjustment between different sectors of the economy, promoted the vicious spiral of increase in prices and wages, stimulated unhealthy speculative activity in the commodity and stock exchanges, added to the rigour and scope of controls, gave a fillip to hoarding and profiteering, brought about a maldistribution of income on a large scale, accentuated the discord between capital and labour and, in short, poisoned the springs of all productive activity.

While the origin of the balances meant the abstraction from civilian consumption of large quantities of goods like wheat, rice, pulses, sugar, milk, meat, textiles, cement, iron and steel, wood, etc., which are essential for the maintenance of the country's rather unsatisfactory level, the period of their accumulation was marked in India by an optimistic frame of mind for which, given cool and balanced thinking, there was absolutely no justification. The rate at which these balances accumulated during 1943, 1944, 1945 and 1946, far from occasioning acute anxiety, acted, on the whole as a spell on most persons who normally maintained a healthy mental equilibrium. The heavy inflation, the huge profits made by business concerns and the large accession to income and wealth of powerful industrial magnates, clouded the vision of those who under normal conditions would have made a useful contribution to economic progress. Hard-headed businessmen conjured up visions of a steadily expanding era of industrial progress and the departments of Government both at the Centre and in the Provinces vied with each other in hurriedly drawing up blue

prints of development in their respective fields lest the oncoming flood of prosperity released through the repayment of the sterling balances should, on account of their indifference and lack of vigilance, leave them high and dry. Nor did non-officials lag behind the Government in their enthusiasm. Plans of different kinds were drawn up and delegations were despatched to different parts of the world so that the opportunities that were bound to open up very shortly, with heavy sterling balances standing to the credit of India, might be fully utilised.

Thus the sterling balances which in their origin, involved the masses of the people being deprived of considerable quantities of essential goods, acted in the course of their accumulation as an obsession clouding economic thought and practice. Reputed bankers and businessmen were not wanting who, in the course of the discussions on the parity rate for the rupee to be recommended by the Government of India to the Brettonwoods Commission, declared that the weight of the sterling balances justified the Government of India in recommending a rate even higher than 1 sh. 6 d.

Let us now proceed to consider the approach to the problem of securing the repayment of the sterling balances. These stood at £1,116 millions in the summer of 1945, at £1,300 millions in the summer of 1946 and £1,100 millions in the spring of 1948. It had been pointed out already that high hopes had been entertained in India of the sterling balances coming to the rescue of India for promoting the rapid industrial development of the country. Meanwhile in 1946 and 1947, while the political status of the country was under heated discussion, she was faced with a food crisis of considerable proportions. During 1946 and 1947 food at high prices had to be imported by India from abroad as well as soft currency areas to the tune of well over a hundred crores of rupees per annum. Since the exports from India could not earn enough foreign exchange for this purpose the sterling bal-

ances were drawn upon to the sum of over £150 millions, which explains largely the reduction of the amount of the balances from £1,300 millions in 1946 to about £1,100 in 1948. Consumer goods most of which belonged to the non-essential categories were also imported in considerable quantities. Meanwhile the agitation in the United Kingdom against what were called 'unrequited exports' gathered momentum. The United States of America had already inserted provisions in the American Loan Agreement that the wartime sterling debts of Great Britain should be substantially scaled down and that the dollars lent to her by the United States should not be utilised for the repayment of the sterling balances.

One cannot help feeling that India did herself a grave injustice by not taking adequate steps to acquaint the United States with the real nature of the Indian sterling balances. Recently, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru referred to the ignorance of India on the part of the United States as abysmal. It would not, however, have been difficult to educate American opinion on economic matters. A not inconsiderable portion of the sterling balances had its origin in the draft made on American account on the limited stocks of goods in India for the use of the American troops in India. The truth about the prostration of Indian economy brought about by the policy involved in the accumulation of the balances leading to the heavy inflation in India should have been brought home to American public opinion by suitable steps having been adopted by the Government of India. On the other hand, the newly acquired creditor status of India received from time to time a nauseating emphasis at the hands of many an important Indian. The results were disastrous. American opinion compared the sterling balances to the lend-lease advances of the United States. The similarity between the two is as much as that between chalk and cheese. No wonder that America had no qualms of conscience when she insisted on conditions un-

favourable to India in her loan agreement with the United Kingdom.

It was in such an atmosphere that negotiations were opened for the settlement of the Indian sterling balances. Two temporary agreements were entered into, the second agreement terminating on 30th June, 1948. Suffice it to say that the two agreements and the subsequent agreement for three years have belied the high hopes entertained of the sterling balances serving as a very important means for promoting the rapid industrialisation of the country. As a matter of fact, the 'debtor country' has been during the last two years making rapid strides towards recovery and production in different lines has been expanding in a remarkable manner. She has

resorted to an austerity drive not for the purpose of her nationals keeping body and soul together but for restoring the balance of her international payments so that her high standard of living may be maintained and the status of sterling as international currency may once again be restored. On the other hand the so-called creditor country which acquired her creditor status by being forced to part with goods on a colossal scale subjecting her economy to disintegration is finding it extremely difficult to provide herself with the means for enabling her population to keep body and soul together while her vast schemes of rapid industrial development based on the repayment of the sterling balances have turned out to be a grim and tragic mockery.

OF RISHIS AND RIVERS

by K. S. VENKATARAMANI

BY some accident the first book that was ever placed in my hands was an Atlas of the World with its variegated colours. Then I was a little boy in the first form in a small township nestling on the banks of the Cauveri, lost in the rapture of the flowing, eddy-eyed river. The Atlas was to me a joy for ever. For, my primary school days were fed on palmyra-leaf with the stylo racing and screeching like a light engine on a newly laid railway track.

I was ever since fond of Geography and dreamt many dreams. It was to me like mother's milk, the source of all inspiration. I remember at this distance of nearly fifty years how proud I was of my knowledge of the island of Sakhalin and the sweetest fresh water lake in the world, Lake Baikal, the highest peak Mount Everest that was India's own, and the holiest river, mother Ganga! The very shape and size of India in the map of Asia seemed to me a ripe and luscious graft mango fruit on the spacious branch of a full-grown tree, with Ceylon humming on its beak like a bee!

Up to this day I have kept up this passion for Geography amid all the frustrations of a varied life. If the Gita was not available I took to Geography in my moodiest and most depressed hour. And it gave me many sweet hours of reverie and imaginative flights. India and Tibet were my pets and the rivers dominated my mind as they do even today. How often have I wished I were born an Irrigation Engineer to set right the folly of politicians and statesmen. With a blue pencil I always redrew the course of rivers on my Atlas, relentlessly against hills and dales and deserts! I generally began from India, exclaiming all the while what a glorious and compact unity was India—I had not then heard of Major Attlee's name!

Yes, India is One, ever since the emergence of the Himalayas and the birth of the five great rivers—the Indus, the Ganges, the Brahmaputra, the Irrawady, the Mekong (the Mahaganga)—from the Himalayan glaciers, which have built up the most ancient and most peaceful river-valley civilisation on earth. But West Asia from Peshawar to

Mecca knows not one great river, thus forcing on India all the varied problems of the world. If only the Indus had run East, negotiating the Karakoram at the highest altitudes, via Afghanistan and Persia, and joined the Persian Gulf mingling sweetly with the waters of the Tigris! Instead of a river, God has blessed it now with Oil, leading all to this turmoil. The Indus to the West and Euphrates into Arabia, what a gift of Nature it would have been to Islam!

The Indus to the West and the Yangtze Kiang to the East was God's first decree and will. After a little initial frolic of defiance to the South for 300 miles along with her Tibetan sisters, the Yangtze Kiang implicitly obeys the first decree of God and flows East, turning from the South, saluting a sand-hill, thus nursing in her bosom ancient China and the four hundred peaceful millions. But why did Indus alone break the first word of God, giving India but a mere name and the tragedy of a hundred invasions ending in Pakistan!

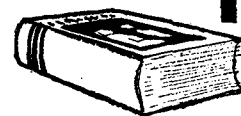
Perhaps our rishis who crowded Mount Kailas in those primeval

If man were forced to demonstrate for himself all the truths of which he makes daily use, his task would never end. He would exhaust his strength in preparatory demonstrations without ever advancing beyond them. As, from the shortness of his life, he has not the time, nor, from the limits of his intelligence, the capacity, to act in this way, he is reduced to take on trust a host of facts and opinions which he has not had either the time or the power to verify for himself, but which men of greater ability have found out, or which the crowd adopts. On this ground-work, he raises for himself the structure of his own thoughts; he is not led to proceed in this manner by choice, but is constrained by the inflexible law of his condition. There is no philosopher in the world so great but that he believes a million things on the faith of other people and accepts a great many more truths than he demonstrates.—ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE.

In the realm of history, the moment we have reason to think that we are being given fiction instead of fact, be the fiction ever so brilliant, our interest collapses like a pricked balloon. To hold our interest you must tell us something we believe to be true about the men who once walked the earth. It is the fact about the past that is poetic; just because it really happened, it gathers round it all the inscrutable mystery of life and death and time. Let the science and research of the historian find the fact, and let his imagination and art make clear its significance.—G. M. TREVELYAN.

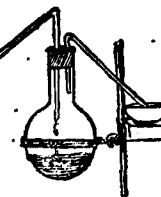
days, in their Jinnah-like egoism and arrogance of a conscious new-born power, wished to test their powers of *tapas* to defeat the first word of God and willed, for the compact and insular glory of India, that Indus should run South and gave her that terrific and abrupt turn in her Himalayan flight to the West. What a price we pay now for this precious penance-power of our rishis to turn at will rivers and monsoons!

What is the remedy now? I am doing penance for a new set of rishis, of course beardless and neatly self-shaven, of the modern type saturated in science, creative science, like my esteemed friends Raman and Krishnan, to undo the fatal mistake of their ancestors. The scientists and engineers that are at work on the atom-bomb should now take their abode in Mount Kailas and use their atomic energy to blast a way to the West for the Indus amidst the rocks and glaciers of Karakoram, and thus execute the first decree and will of God. That is the only solution to our frontier and other problems and incidentally to save the rice-flats of Sind from Indus floods for the benefit of our Food Ministers!



THE BROTHERS

by SHANTA RANGACHARI



ONLY great love, somebody has said, can beget great hate. That is understandable. But what is not so understandable is when love in spite of all its strength becomes so weak that pride, inglorious, petty pride, can triumph over it making this ennobling sentiment something despicable and contemptible. And yet it happens everyday. Pride is the hardest taskmaster, next to God.

I remember that day nearly four weeks ago very well. It was the day I got my promotion as an assistant manager of the company I was working for. I was in high spirits and the prospect of an increase in my pay was making me, naturally enough, feel recklessly generous. I felt too a little hungrier than usual and proceeding to my table at the corner restaurant which I along with most of my colleagues patronised, ordered a substantial lunch.

It was only after I had finished my coffee that, idly glancing round, I caught the eye of Babu. He was sitting alone two tables away with a cup of coffee in front of him and a bulging, faded canvas bag slung to the back of his chair. I left my seat and walked round to his table.

"Hello, Babu," I greeted him. "You know, I nearly missed seeing you? I was going to leave in a minute."

"I saw you as soon as you came in," he said.

"Then why on earth didn't you call or do something?"

He smiled without pleasure.

"I didn't know if you would care to be spoken to. It has been a long time since we met."

It had been a long time but I didn't see why I should have grown disdainful of my old friends. He simplified my doubt for me.

"I hear you have become a big man now," he said.

I shrugged my shoulders and let that pass.

"What are you now exactly?" he asked to know.

"Assistant Manager."

His eyes lighted up with real pleasure.

"I didn't know about that," he said.

"And when did it happen?"

"Today. At twelve-thirty, to be exact."

He laughed.

"And was that magnum-size lunch you ordered to celebrate the occasion?"

I blushed and changed the subject. But I felt somehow that for an instant during that brief conversation I was a little boy of fourteen again telling the big brother of my best friend of the cheers I had received as the centre-forward at the inter-school football match.

But only for an instant. For the Babu that I met sitting alone in that restaurant was very different from the jolly, loud voiced young man of twenty-eight who was the chief confidante of my major troubles during the greater part of my adolescent years. This man looked older than his forty and odd years and there was an odd tightness about his lips which I didn't like.

The next thing I asked him was about Sreedharan.

"He is all right," he said.

"What is he now?"

"He is a lecturer at our new college. By the way, did you know we had one?"

"Yes," I said. "I read about it in the papers. Lucky he joined in so early. What does he take?"

"Chemistry."

The conversation languished.

"Is he married?" I asked after a pause.

"Who?"

"Sreedharan."

"Yes."

"Who is she? Anybody I know?"

"She is Mr. Jayarama Iyer's daughter—you know, the headmaster."

"Not Leela?"

"The same."



"She was a pretty little kid. Has she grown up into a pretty young woman?"

"She is all right," said Babu.

I ordered coffee for both of us.

"I have had mine," he protested.

"So have I. But we are going to have some more."

We watched the crowd thinning as the lunch hour drew to a close.

"Doesn't he write to you?" asked Babu.

"Who?"

"Sreedharan."

"No, we stopped writing long ago. You know how these things happen.... Why?"

"Oh, nothing," he said evasively, "I just wondered."

I gave it up. Something had happened between Babu and Sreedharan. That was obvious though hardly credible. They had been the sort of brothers whom mothers held up to their children as instances of exemplary brotherliness. Sreedharan had been only eight when they lost their father. Their mother had predeceased her husband some three years earlier. Babu had taken his little brother on hand then and somehow scrimping and saving from his own meagre forty-a-month as a school teacher, had managed to see him through school and college. He himself had no children, fortunately. But I remember my mother once telling me that Babu's wife had on a certain occasion remarked with quiet bitterness that she didn't have any children because her husband was so wrapped up in his brother he wouldn't will himself a child of his own. That was nonsense, of course, but it showed, I think, the extent to which Babu was prepared to go to give his brother all that he needed.

Sreedharan and I had been friends and in a boy's suspicious, shamed sort of way he had confided in me just as I had taken my troubles to him. He wasn't a very happy boy but he had cultivated a mask of gaiety and cheerfulness when he was in company and passed for a happy-go-lucky lad. The mask came off when we were alone and he talked in a slow, shy voice looking at his big toe tracing figures on the floor or drawing absurd little figures on a piece of paper with a stubbed pencil. His unhappiness, I had gathered, had something to do with his brother. He felt bound, suffocated by his brother's generosity. He felt it was not a happy giving. Babu played the martyr brother to perfection. He was not one

of those who did a good thing and forgot all about it. He remembered it and with ununderstanding insensitivity took care others didn't forget it either. He was far indeed from fitting into Dr. Johnson's theory that "he only confers favours generously who appears, when they are once conferred, to remember them no more."

I could recall clearly the time Sreedharan and I were promoted to the fifth form. The end of the summer vacation was in sight and we had to decide what special subject we were going to choose the coming year. I flitted from subject to subject unable to make up my mind but Sreedharan was quiet and wouldn't talk about it much. But one day he hesitantly approached me.

"Look," he said, "what is the optional one should choose if one wanted to get a job quick?"

"A job!" I echoed astonished. "Science. Chemistry, I suppose."

"I like History better."

"Yes, but unless you are exceptionally brilliant in it, it is the sort of thing for which you have to cram and cram all the time and anyway, they say you can never get really good marks in it however well you write," I said trotting out the high-school student's superstition about History.

He thought for a moment.

"All right," he said slowly. "I will take Chemistry."

Babu said something.

"Beg your pardon?"

"I said isn't it time for your office?"

"Today is Saturday, you know, and we work only half day."

We ordered more coffee. The room was deserted except for a few late lunchers. Our corner was quiet and shaded from the glare of the sun which blazed white heat outside.

"What are you doing now, Babu?" I asked. "Still teaching in the old school?"

"What is wrong with that?" he asked, a little angry.

"Nothing," I said easily. "Don't get warmed up about it, I just asked."

"I suppose you have become one of those people who believe in change, who go on from one job to another and never settle down to one thing?"

"No," I said, "I have become one of those who don't believe in doing any job they don't have a liking for."

"All of us cannot be lucky enough to land only jobs we like."

"Sure," I said, "it is a pity all the same."

"I don't like teaching," he said after a pause.

"No?" I asked, surprised. "Why did you choose it then?"

"Because a teacher's job was the easiest thing to get when I finished my studies and I had to grab it. Father had just died and I had to take care of Sreedharan."

"And you have been teaching all these years without liking it!"

I couldn't help wondering if any of the hundreds of young boys who had passed through his hands knew about that. You see, I have always believed that it is only a happy teacher who can mould young minds in a happy, normal, balanced way.

"I have sacrificed my desires for the sake of a selfish, ungrateful brother," said Babu bitterly.

There it was out at last. But I was not much moved. 'Sacrifice' is a maudlin, sinister word like 'duty' and I don't like it. And what I remembered of shy and sensitive Sreedharan did not warrant his being branded with the epithets his brother had just used. But I let that pass without comment.

"He does not even come and see me these days," Babu continued bitterly, "and we live within ten minutes' walk of each other."

I couldn't help feeling a certain pity for Babu. He looked so old and neglected and alone, sitting at that hotel table, his chin unshaven, his dress none too clean and the look in his eyes miserable.

"But what are you doing here?" I asked to divert him.

"My brother-in-law is getting married next week," he said "and so my wife and I ran over." He paused and added, "Sreedharan also is here."

"Is he?" I said trying to keep the gladness out of my voice. "Where is he staying?"

"I don't know if you will be able to see him," said Babu not answering my question. "You see they are leaving for Ooty tonight."

"Who are they?"

"He and his wife, I suppose."

But surprises never come singly. Three days after my accidental meeting with Babu, I met Sreedharan himself on the beach. Walking along the water's edge one evening, I suddenly came upon him sitting in front of a boat gazing out at the sea with an intent, thoughtful look on his face. It

had been six years since I had met him last and even that had been a cursory affair, our meeting having taken place at a railway junction where we both had alighted to change our trains. But the shock of finding him now so unexpectedly less than ten yards from me made me literally speechless. I just stared at him saying to myself that I could not be mistaken and that this really and truly was my old boyhood chum and friend. I waited a moment or two expecting him to turn around but he didn't, so absorbed was he in his own thoughts.

"Hello!" I said loud enough to make a couple sitting a little farther away turn round in curiosity. Sreedharan looked towards me quickly, stared and at last smiled.

"Think of the devil!" he said drawing his breath.

"I am flattered."

"Where did you drop from, for the love of Heaven?"

"And what are you doing here," I countered, "sitting like a lovelorn youth on the beach instead of being at Ooty where you ought to be?"

"At Ooty!" he said astonished. "Whoever could have told you that? You don't know my wife by any chance, do you?"

"Possible!" I said lightly. "Why not? I know half the young women in town."

"I can well believe it," he said laughing, "but I hope Leela has better taste than that in men."

He was in love with his wife. Anyone with half an eye could see that. And I could imagine the charming, delicious young woman that the precocious, bright-eyed brat I had known must have grown up into. This polished, intelligent-looking young man with the quiet voice and the quiet smile certainly did not look the type who would go in for anything less than the best, at least in women.

"Who could have told you about Ooty?" he said again, puzzled and then suddenly, "Could it—? Oh no, it couldn't."

"It certainly could," I said.

"So Babu knows!"

"Is it surprising?"

"Yes, in a way," he said quietly. "You see we have not spoken to each other for more than a year."

"You haven't yet told me why you are here instead of at Ooty and why on earth you were thinking of me just before I said hello."

"I decided not to go," he said shortly. "And funnily enough, I was thinking of the time we were boys and told each other all our little secrets." He hesitated and added, "you see, to be understood is a rare and great happiness."

"But why didn't you go to Ooty?" I pressed him.

There are some people with whom you can pick up a friendship just where you had left it the last time you were together. That was the case with Sreedharan and me as that had never been the case with Babu and me.

"Oh, I don't know," he said irritably. "Why does one do anything?"

"I certainly know why one goes to Ooty for the summer."

"I don't mean that," he said. "I mean we sometimes do things which seem so reasonable to us but when we begin to talk about them, they sound silly—the reasons, I mean."

"Oh, so you had a reason?"

His eyes mirrored again in their depths the shy, inarticulate unhappiness which was so familiar to me years ago.

"You see," he said haltingly, "I—I couldn't bear to go and enjoy myself knowing Babu couldn't do the same."

And then it all came tumbling out, the whole unhappy mess, as with relieved incoherence he began to speak.

"It was always the same," he said, "even when I was a little boy. I don't deny it was good of Babu to have undertaken my upbringing but the way he tried to do it! He wanted to possess me, body and soul, he wanted my every thought and action and word to have him as its background, if you understand what I mean. I ceased to have an individuality of my own."

"It sounds strange that I should be saying these things to you of my own brother because, you know, in his own one-track way, he loves me. But he tried to bind me to him and that I didn't like."

"And when you finished college—did he still try to do that?"

He hesitated trying to find the right words.

"You see," he said, "he discovered I was very sensitive about this, about the money he was spending on me. He wanted to burden me with an intolerable debt of gratitude so that it would be impossible for me ever to get away from him. He did unnecessary things for me. At school and college, he insisted on sending me to matches and educational cinema shows

and school entertainments; and all that sort of thing even when I didn't want to go. And he refused to let me try for a scholarship. He offered some silly excuse which I don't remember."

"I suppose if he had had a child of his own he would have been more balanced about your relationship," I suggested.

"That is what I thought too. And I knew his wife wanted a child and that she held me indirectly responsible for their childlessness. Now when I look back I don't think that what she felt was so unreasonable. My brother was so wrapped up in me, I think, that the wish for a child of his own never entered his head."

"How does he feel about it now? Is he sorry he has no child?"

"I don't think he is sorry in that way—he is not particularly fond of children—but he has convinced himself this is another sacrifice he has made for my sake."

"He must be a very unhappy man."

"Yes he is unhappy. But he is the kind of man whom personal relationships will always hurt because he cannot be balanced about them... His reactions to other things concerning me were similar. When he was ill he had to be asked a dozen times how he was and he expected me to make myself sick worrying over him. And the uncomfortable thing was that when I was sick he fussed over me so much and put himself to such unnecessary inconvenience it only made me feel sicker though he didn't know about it, poor man. You see, he thought this was the way of demonstrating one's affection. I was incapable of such demonstrations." He stopped and turned to me. "All this sounds very complicated," he said.

"I suppose this is what people mean when they say love is a tyrant and all that sort of thing," I said, feeling thoroughly out of my depth.

"It is wrong," said Sreedharan with sudden vehemence, "whoever said it. Love should mean freedom. It should mean detachment. And there should be no expectation, no remembering past acts of kindness and sitting on them like a smug, roosting hen. All that lyricism about binding one to your soul with hoops of steel is nonsense and dangerous. I believe any man and woman, if he or she is obsessed with love, does not develop into a happy, sane being."

I looked out at the sea, my imagination, trying to picture the hundred everyday things, little tactless words, the sympathy withheld, the dearth of understanding, the wrong things hap-

pening at the wrong moment which drove the brothers steadily apart. Two catamarans had just come in. From one of them jumped out a hefty, middle-aged man bearing a net full of hundreds of small fish. From the other, there splashed into the water, excited and flushed, a young boy of about seventeen bearing in his hand a small, makeshift net in which glistened a fish almost two feet long. He bore it to the elder laughing with triumph. And while I watched interested, the other looked critically at it and with a grunt slinging it over his shoulder walked coolly away. The boy stood looking after the other for a moment, his eager face clouded for an instant with fierce resentment, then turned away to draw the catamarans ashore.

"Look at that," I said to myself. "Why couldn't that great goof of a man thump the boy on his back and say 'well done' or let him carry the prize home to his mother himself? It would have meant so much to him."

"Babu tried to do exactly that," said Sreedharan startling me out of my thoughts. "My triumphs and achievements he was convinced came to me because of him. Everything I said and did and thought had to be said and done and thought by a man whose chief occupation in life was to say 'thank you' to his generous elder brother. I felt crushed by the receipt of kindnesses, premeditated, deliberate and calculated, kindnesses done not in the goodness of one's heart but rendered with the expectation of a return in the form of a submission of the spirit, of pride, even of self-respect. He wanted my very will to be broken."

"You are very bitter," I said unhappily, "and you are saying things you don't mean. Didn't it occur to you his attitude might be due to an inferiority complex? You were cleverer, more popular than he, capable of attaining heights he could only dream about. He wanted some power over you so as to keep his own pride from crumbling, which if it had happened, would have resulted in his despising himself. That power he gained by loading you with kindnesses so that you felt you owed him something and that you were bound together."

"It still doesn't make his attitude reasonable or considerate," said Sreedharan with a frown.

"Tell me," I said, "about your marriage."

"Babu knew I wanted to marry Leela. In fact, I had told him so.

And I felt he didn't exactly sympathise with my wanting any other person while he was there. So he said she was a very educated girl and very rich and as likely as not would sit on my head and so on and so forth. But I insisted."

"When were you married?"

"About two years ago. And you know, we all lived together, my brother's family, and we two, for almost six months?"

"Did Leela and Babu's wife get on?"

"Surprisingly enough they did. But Babu and Leela were at dagger points from the first. Leela didn't fall over his neck in thankfulness at being told that her husband was what he was because of his wonderful elder brother. And then Babu began to be kinder to her, he was always doing little things to please her. And when she was down with dengue fussed over her and nursed her so carefully we were almost afraid he was going to take to bed himself. I recognised the same old way, the same approach... Leela felt stifled, embarrassed, she didn't like it at all."

"You mean he tried to get you back through her?"

"What do you think?" said Sreedharan bitterly. "We didn't react as he expected us to and he retaliated by wallowing in self-pity and making indirect references to the sacrifices some people make for others which end only in disappointment and unhappiness..."

He smiled a crooked smile and leaned back.

"Six months of that and Leela and I decided to set up a separate establishment for which Babu hasn't yet forgiven me."

"Aren't you going to Ooty later on?" I asked after a pause.

"I don't know," he said and then, "no, I don't think so."

"What about Leela? Will she understand?"

He smiled a warm, happy smile.

"She will," he said, "bless her."

About five o'clock one evening last week I had an unexpected visitor. It was Babu. He got down from a taxi and rushed into the house, pale and in great agitation.

"Thank God you are at home," he said.

"What on earth has happened?" I cried, not knowing what to think.

"It is Sreedharan," he said. "He is very ill."

PERILS OF AFFECTED SIMPLICITY

by V. SUBRAMANIAN

SIMPLICITY can become fashionable apart from being a necessity or habit, only in a highly sophisticated society. In primitive society, men had to be simple in dress and habits of necessity. As civilization advanced, the richer among men naturally turned to luxury. As culture advanced further, the wiser among men voluntarily despised luxury and became simple out of sheer conviction. Others not so well convinced, imitated the simplicity of the cultured for other reasons.

Long ago India had learnt the inherent value of a simple life, and oriental luxury and magnificence indicate a period of decay in values. The Greeks respected simplicity and elegance, as was natural to a people who were noted for their high sense of proportion, and whose motto was 'nothing too much'. So also the Chinese, under the influence of Confucius, achieved long ago a perfect balance in life. Under the Greek and Chinese conceptions, showy simplicity was as condemnable as vulgar ostentation. The early Romans however seem to have made more a fetish than a spontaneous habit of simplicity and went out of their way to denounce elaborately all excesses as un-Roman. Naturally, this forced rigour and discipline led to a period of vulgar ostentation and decay.

The church in medieval time set the fashion for simplicity while Islam enforced simplicity in the daily life of its followers rigorously. The friars who followed the great St. Francis and led very simple lives soon became the butt of people's ridicule. Kings who led simple lives in pursuit of their religious convictions have rarely been thanked by their people. Edward the Confessor opened the doors to the Norman invasion of England. Naziruddin of the Slave dynasty might well have made India a prey to the Mongol hordes but for his

able minister Balban. Aurangzeb added to his simplicity of life a cruelty of heart and shortsightedness which ruined his empire. The courtiers of Louis XIV drained the wealth from the peasants of France to imitate their simple lives at court. Affected simplicity in kings and courts has rarely done good in any country.

The Renaissance in Europe brought into vogue a more balanced view of life but soon the spread of puritanism in Europe and later into America once again set up a fashion of affected simplicity. Soon came the reaction in Europe, and England under the "merry monarch" simply threw all rigour and restrictions to the winds. In the American colonies the victory of the settlers over their mother country seemed to justify the puritan ideals of the colonists as against the decadent luxury of England. The colonists naturally saw the hand of God in this, and went out of their way to be boorish in their ways and ridiculously unkempt in their dress. Benjamin Franklin was ridiculed for his uncouth appearance on the continent and England. European diplomats regarded Americans for long as uneducated semi-barbarians in diplomatic etiquette. Mark Twain devotes a full essay to discuss the ostentatious simplicity in dress of American ambassadors abroad. Ridiculing the idea of Americans exhibiting their "simplicity" by appearing in the old, unkempt, long tailcoats, when all other ambassadors appear in official dress, he says that there is nothing of "simplicity" in it but only foolishness. He criticises the poor monetary allowance given to American ambassadors, with which they could not decently entertain their compeers. He pleads for the abandonment of all these cranky notions and advocates a saner and serious view of diplomatic etiquette. People who speak of Gandhian habits and dresses for our ambassadors

"What is the matter?"
 "It is typhoid. The doctor isn't very hopeful, I understand."
 "When did you know?"
 "Less than an hour ago. Leela came. The doctor has said the crisis will be to-night."
 "Let's go," I said.
 "I want you to do something," Babu said, when we were in the car.
 "What is it?"
 "I want to see him," he said.
 "You mean you haven't seen him yet?"
 Babu paused for a few moments.
 "He hasn't sent for me," he said at last.
 "Surely," I said protesting. "This isn't the time to expect formal invitations!"
 He shook his head.
 "I cannot go," he said doggedly, "unless he sends for me. There is such a thing as pride."
 I was disgusted.
 "What do you want me to do?" I asked.
 "You must tell him that I would come at once if he sends for me."
 "All right," I said none too curtly.
 "He was asking for you," said Leela.
 "For me?" I asked surprised.
 "Hasn't he asked for anyone else?" Babu fenced, with tight lips.
 "No," she said gently.
 Sreedharan was lying in bed with his eyes closed and I was about to step out again when he called me feebly.
 "Hullo," I said.
 "Is Babu downstairs?" he asked in a whisper.
 "Yes," I said. "Shall I call him up?"
 He looked at me steadily.
 "He won't come unless he is sent for, will he?"
 Ashamed, I shook my head.
 "I want to see him again," said Sreedharan. "I want to feel that everything is right between us again."
 "Babu," I called over the bannisters, "Sreedharan wants to see you."
 That was a strange meeting between the brothers. Babu walked towards the bed in the darkening room, his whole body seeming to radiate a quiet exultation. Sreedharan feebly stretch-

ed out his hand and Babu grasped it between his without saying a word.
 "I am glad you came," said Sreedharan in a weak low voice. I waited for an answering reassurance on Babu's face but it did not come. His eyes looked down into his brother's with a strange intensity. His firm grip on the sick man's hand did not relax. There was no smile on his face. But his eyes seemed to speak a compelling, demanding language. They stared unflinchingly into Sreedharan's dark eyes half-closed in weakness, as if forcing something out of his very soul. And as I stared aghast at this secret and awful intercourse I could almost see naked before my eyes the spirit of the sick man squirming in anguish. Tears filled my eyes and turning my head I saw Leela standing at the door, white as a ghost, her face a concentrated point of impotent hate. I do believe that girl was capable of murder at that moment.
 The silence in the room was broken by Sreedharan's voice.
 "I am sorry, Babu," he said. "Will you forgive me?" His voice was so still, so lacking in expression, I had the uncanny feeling he was already dead and it was his spirit, humiliated even at the last, which spoke the words.
 Babu gently put back Sreedharan's hand on the coverlet. There was an inscrutable expression on his face. Perhaps his spirit had found peace too. The sick man had relapsed into a coma. I looked at the wan young face and wondered what had prompted this last apology.
 "He isn't going to get well, is he?" whispered Leela to me at the door. "He said Babu wanted to break his will. After all, he seems to have succeeded."
 Her voice pleaded with me as if entreating me to deny what she had said. Was Sreedharan's the moral victory? I myself did not know the answer.
 Outside, in the hall, as I prepared to leave I found a fat volume on the table. It was a copy of Beni Prasad's "Medieval India". Idly I turned over the pages not knowing what to say to Babu who had accompanied me down, indeed not wishing to talk to him at all about the scene upstairs.
 "Who reads history here?" I asked. "This book is prescribed for the Honours class."
 "Sreedharan," said Babu.
 "I thought he taught Chemistry."
 "Yes, but he read this whenever he had leisure, sometimes late into the night. Said he was interested. Funny, isn't it?"

abroad will do well to study this essay of Mark Twain.

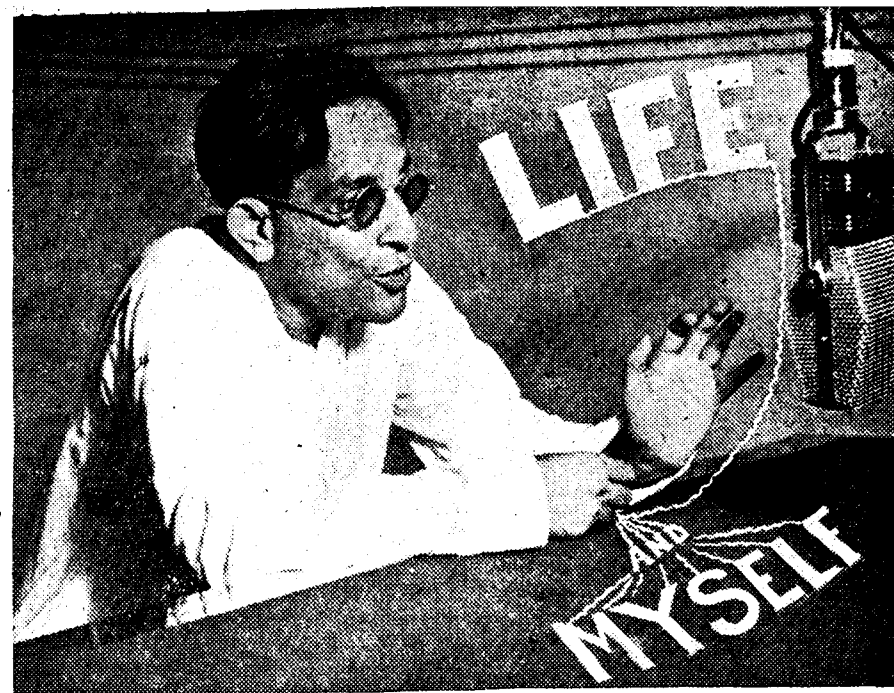
Englishmen with their balanced view of life rarely erred on the side of affected simplicity. There is however the case of Gladstone who travelled third often during his premiership and felled wood at his country house at Hawarden. He had his admirers, but soon came Randolph Churchill who poured forth such ridicule on Gladstone's simplicity as made the House of Commons gape in wonder and admiration. One of Churchill's speeches, where he comments on how Gladstone received a deputation while he was felling wood at Hawarden, and how he distributed chips of wood to the deputationists as mementoes, is a classic of pungent satire. Characterizing Gladstone as the cleverest of propagandists, affecting all sorts of cranky habits to cover up his inefficiency, Randolph Churchill concludes his speech with the remark that what Gladstone offered to his deputationists was typical of what he offered to the starving country and empire, namely pieces of wood, which were also the best mementoes for his barren policies and administration. Highly coloured and wildly exaggerated as Churchill's speech is, it anyway is typical of the spirit of the Englishman who refuses to be imposed upon either by brilliance or affectation of simplicity.

In India, the Gandhian era gave birth to a mania for affecting simple dresses and habits, in many who normally would not have thought of it at all. The immense respect which Gandhian ways and modes of dress inspired was incentive enough to many prudent professional politicians, to adopt it forthwith, apart from the cranks who wanted to become the images of their master by imitating his dress and habits. To a certain extent all this was good, in so far as it broke the spell which western civilization had cast over our intellectuals. But soon it set a disproportionately high value on affectation of simplicity instead of on efficiency or integrity. Even genuine puritanism is never a good thing unless coupled with humanity and efficiency. But affected purita-

nism is dangerous. The miser who is niggardly in dress for love of money and the self-deluding crank are not half as dangerous to society as the pretentious puritan. Seers and prophets of all religions have warned us against such men. Christ has thundered against the Pharisees, and 'Ashadabhuthis' have always been ridiculed and condemned in our literature.

Apart from cunning affectation of simplicity there are again people who simply deceive themselves. The peculiar complex in them to affect simplicity is based upon the desire to be mistaken initially for humbler folk. Some great men were subject to this complex. Even Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar who, affecting to be a servant, carried the luggage of a well dressed youth, was not quite free from it. Keir Hardie, the redoubtable British labour leader, was another victim of this complex. When the footman of the House of Commons asked this unkempt bearded old man whether he worked on the floor or the roof, mistaking him to be a labourer, Keir Hardie replied that he was working on the floor, with intense self-satisfaction. Similar stories are told of Gladstone and Muthusamy Iyer. I quite remember one well-paid officer who took an intense pleasure in being mistaken for a clerk and having a laugh against the discomfited victims of his affected simplicity. No amount of affected simplicity can make up for a small mind. Instead of evoking admiration as its votaries think, it really excites ridicule, even if it does not irritate.

Simplicity must be the result of hard conviction and must be spontaneous. It must be combined with dignity as Nehru recently pointed out. To the great of mind and heart, simplicity comes naturally, and even when affected may be excused as an idiosyncrasy attendant on greatness. In the mediocre, it is a poor cover for defects. Most of us are forced to be simple out of necessity, but let us beware of pretentious puritans, for they can work greater evil silently and unnoticed, than a villain or an idiot.



*Harindranath
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ONE MONTH OLD

THE child was a month old, and during that month of its growth, our conversation, Kamala's and mine, seemed more and more to lose the warmth and intimacy of old times. A drawing-room quality entered not only into the sentences we spoke to each other, but even in our mutual attitude. The result was an exaggerated politeness and a greater masking of our thoughts. As far as I was concerned, I could not help feeling an ache in the heart, a curious stir in my limbs to start afresh—since emptiness and drifting had definitely begun to seal our married life. We hardly talked now of love and of the great dreams we had earlier promised each other we were going to fulfil together in future. The future has proved to the contrary—we were to part and then dream, hunger, toil and build, each one alone and apart, as best we could. Each thought thoughts which seemed hardly to tally with the thoughts of the other. Love seemed already to have fled—or if it was still there, it took on the feel and nature of a backnumber! I was getting more and more filled with a sense of possessive awareness of my inability to give art only a second place in life; and this of course proved tiring to most people around who looked upon me as a parasite, and resulted in a tantalising graph of unsteady earnings. The whole pity of it was, at that time far more than nowadays, that a 'full purse' was constantly being pitted against 'empty verse'.

A child is a responsibility—something more real and living than poetry. And it must, therefore, be nurtured on something more solid than mere poetry! Of course, they were quite right—but was it my fault that I was different from the general run of men? I worked as hard as anybody I knew. It was not my fault that I was born into a top-heavy capitalist system in love with Mammon and machinery—in which no man was considered as making good—really doing anything worthwhile or even his normal human duty as a decent citizen unless and until he sold his soul for a mess of pottage and slowly, but surely, got transformed into a machine himself! I was too much of an independent being, more in love with my own dreaming than wealth, to yield to the temptation of becoming one more vendor of the spirit in the hollow market of currency and lucre! How happy everybody would have been had I just once consented to shut my Shelley and Keats, Tagore and Yeats and A.E.—forget the very names of Kalidasa and Shakespeare, and direct my attention to a big government job tugging behind itself a fat salary! Or, if I could only have engaged myself in some sort of business—or, perhaps, sat twelve hours a day in a shop of my own—and at the end of each day counted the profits I had made by swindling unwary customers. All that sort of thing has been considered fairly moral in the past—it seems to have almost become urgent part of wisdom and highclassness today!

I once felt like starting a bookshop—since my own books hardly brought me bread, why not at least let other people's books do so? But the danger might have been that I would have got so hopelessly lost in reading the books myself that I would have felt insulted to be disturbed by constant customers who, quite naturally, would have liked to hold forth long conversations with me across the counter. There were many even in those days, who felt thrilled to have my 'darshan'—an amusing word and, often, most mischievous. It has the knack of working up the individual whom they

visit into an unconscious attitude of superiority almost amounting to godhead.

Money never, in all my life, has meant anything to me. I have often told my friends that money is the cheapest thing in the world, but in order to get it, one has more often than not, to cheapen oneself; after all money is merely useful and a means to an end; but I could never understand it being worshipped. The Goddess Lakshmi has been degraded by the pot-bellied and gruff crackvoiced marwari and Gujerati moneylenders installing her in their 'pedis' or business-centres which are subtle and cruel slaughter houses wherein human souls are bled ruthlessly. The torture of life leading to the necessity of loans, and the torture of accumulated loans plus interest left unreturned! O! the heavy interests levied on innocent people dragged towards inevitable doom through sheer necessity—the outcome of an evil and pernicious economic system which renders the few wealthy at the expense of the millions! And with what reverence these tyrants and blood-suckers celebrate the Goddess Lakshmi—their only prayer being: "O, Goddess, somehow see to it that I grow wealthier than my wealthiest neighbour." And, the whole irony of it is that she seems apparently to fulfil their vulgar prayer. But the fact of the matter is that the prayer is fulfilled not by Her but by the sad and broken many who bend in trouble at their feet and barter their integrity and their humanity for the sake of loans which are given to them with proud condescension. Not only does the creditor extract interest from his debtors but also a sense of humble gratefulness. In fact, it is most nauseating to find the gods and goddesses of our country being reduced to objects and channels of bribery.... "O, Goddess, I promise to cut my most lovely cataract of hair hanging down up to my ankles, if only you will unite me to my lover!" This is a bribe which a woman I knew once offered to her household idol. But the Goddess was at a terrible disadvantage. The granting of her prayer was not as easy as all that, since without

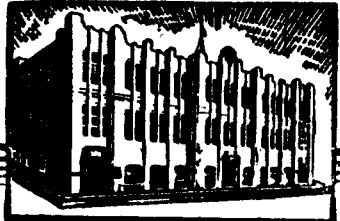
her beautiful hair, the woman retains little attraction for the man! But even such absurdities are indulged in by our people blinded by the belief that the gods and goddesses are ever anxiously waiting like blackmarketeers for our bribery! In the last analysis, our religion has boiled down to crass materialism and reduced the Divine to the level of a bribe-taker!

I have never bribed either God or man. I have hated it with all my heart. It is the most degrading thing in the world to do! It curses him that gives and him that takes.

Being fully conscious of my gifts and capacities, I always argued with myself that in return for beautiful songs I gave to the people and to my country I had a claim on them—I had every right to eat and have some comfort in order to continue being the creator, the unceasing creator, I was born to be. But the logic, unfortunately, not only did not

work then, nor does it work even now, within the stupid structure of false standards and values man has created for men. It sounded and still sounds out of place and dangerously like a scoundrel's excuse for refuge, a high sounding method of parasitism.

Ramakrishna lay in his little world, his cradle, already a one-month-old traveller on the difficult and unpremeditated road of his own individual destiny. He was born entirely bald and Kamala said he resembled a Moplah child! Hardly a compliment, people thought. Some visitors who saw him insisted on saying that he resembled his father. Others contradicted the view and said that he took after his mother which was extremely fortunate for him! But now that Ramakrishna has grown up into a strapping attractive youth of few words and dignified bearing, I am convinced that he resembles himself. Thank God!



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THE FIFTH LARGEST STATE

by A British Officer, Lately In Its Service

ON arrival at the capital of East Pakistan my first important impression was the extent of the joy of the Muslim population at the thought of their freedom from Hindu dominance. Let the sincere and thoughtful Hindu be quite clear that the average Muslim of Pakistan is still jubilant and thankful at his deliverance from the economic and social oppression of the majority community. The Muslim of Pakistan regards independence as a miraculous affair, partly brought about by the magic of Mr. Jinnah and partly the incomprehensible gift of the British. Congress never had any large prestige or power in most districts of what is now Pakistan. Politics were an amusing and sometimes profitable game to be played by factions and important feudal leaders. The Khans and Nawabs or their near relations, had considerable power in local politics. Congress, with its ideal of a great and socially improved India, made little impression on the Muslim masses. To them Congress stood for the economic power of another community. The British Government were to some extent recognised as Muslim protectors, especially in an economic sense. In pre-independence days the Muslim looked back to the rule that was his and was at least thankful that his place had not been taken by a Hindu Raj. Perhaps on the North West Frontier, where Hindu economic power has never been formidable, the feeling is different, but in the rest of Pakistan independence means only one thing to the Muslim of the masses—he is to some extent free of Hindu power.

The second impression I gained in Eastern Pakistan was that the Muslim has not, in fact, escaped from Hindu dominance, as he thought he had. The great majority of the shop-keepers, bankers landowners,

etc., are Hindus, and the Muslim's economic servitude is nearly as complete as in former days. In the first enthusiasm for Pakistan the Muslim cultivator had imagined that his economic dependence would be removed by Government action. But the economic chains in question are more the result of religious principles than anything else. The Hindu has never deliberately set out to put his Muslim counterpart into a position of economic dependence on him. Rather has it been done by the Hindu's business sense not having been stifled by his religion. Other factors in favour of the Hindus include the joint family system and their better organised philanthropy with its beneficial effect on their education. So, in spite of his jubilation, the Muslim of East Pakistan has not escaped from Hindu influence in reality, and this fact he is only just beginning to realise. Paradoxically, his Government does all it can to keep its Hindu minority of thirty percent within its marches. It would be too difficult to do without them. Obviously there is the danger that infuriated resentment against an economically powerful but politically important minority may lead to bloodshed. But Bengalis are naturally averse to violence and the Government does not find it difficult to keep law and order. The British Raj did things on the cheap, but Dominion Governments take no risks and Pakistan has much increased the forces responsible for law and order.

A third impression is that East Pakistan has lost its heart and its mouth. Its brain has been much improved by having its own provincial Government and an influx of efficient Muslim administrators from all over India. But any organisation or body finds it most inconvenient to have no heart and

no mouth. Calcutta represents these two vital parts and East Pakistan feels their severance as would any other living organism. Unless a heart and a mouth can be reconstructed within a year or two, East Pakistan will suffer the fate that one would expect when such vital organs are removed. Chittagong is East Pakistan's hope, but Calcutta was established over a period of more than two hundred years, and the driving power in its construction was derived and maintained by the greatest and richest power of the era. In no way does one wish to detract from the credit due to the many millions of Indians of all classes who have taken part in the building up of the great city of Calcutta, its economic power and fame, but without the wealth and economic urge of the British Empire, Calcutta would never have existed. Chittagong has got to be expanded by a Pakistan in economic childhood. It will be many years before Chittagong can become East Pakistan's heart and mouth. Can the province, without two such vital necessities last so long?

The next impression I gained was that the Pakistani (the Muslim in Pakistan) is still an Indian, through and through. If educated he thinks 'Indian' automatically and then remembers that he is not one. So many of his ideas, interests, his background, hopes, and ambitions (personal and national) are impregnated with a completely Indian complex. If real social, political and economic equality between the communities could be achieved, then the Muslim of Pakistan would quickly be tempted back into the fold of a united India. The achievement of that equality is the task of the Hindu. It has become part of the 'imperial' responsibility that the Government of India now carries on its shoulders.

What astounded me was the absence of bitterness on the part of the Muslim refugee. Most would gladly forget the past in order to return to their ancestral homes. No matter how much has been the

magnitude of the suffering, the average individual is ready to forget if reinstated, and one has heard many stories of the reluctance of the Muslims to migrate to Pakistan. It was only fear that made them do so, and the artisan, uprooted from his clients, wishes to return, if circumstances will allow. Where is the two nation theory in this? It was Mr. Jinnah's idea that it would protect minorities. This fallacy has been exposed and is resented by the sufferers. The wise Muslim of South and Central India who did not migrate congratulates himself. Pakistan no longer attracts. It would be pleasant to have a foot in each camp, favoured in one (Pakistan) and tolerated in the other (India). Such was the feeling of many individuals of the upper and middle classes that proceeded to Pakistan in the first few months of

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its existence. I would estimate that the majority now regret their decision. Service has turned into exile, with parental homes occupied by Hindu refugees from Pakistan. There is much looking back over the shoulder and Pakistan is a very impecunious country and not able to pay its servants the salaries that they have had in the past, when the British official's standard of living was the criterion of salary for the superior administrator.

Quickly one gains the impression that Pakistan is Mr. Jinnah. One cannot conceive a Pakistan without him. He seems to fear this fact himself. Apart from a comparatively few well trained Muslim civil servants, he has no framework of worth-while assistants. The talent is not sufficient to fill the vacuum when he goes. The most sturdy and experienced political faction or party—the Red Shirts of the North West Frontier Province—are in deadly opposition. Strong repressive action may send that party underground, but will never kill it. The members of that party do not fear Hindus and want a share of India's prestige and they will get it. Pakistan appears to have fewer friends on the North West Frontier than she imagined. East Bengal appreciates the hope of release from Hindu dominance but is lukewarm for severance from India. Much the North West Frontier is antagonistic to Muslim League dominance. Sind unwillingly loses its capital. Only West Punjab seems to represent a solid Pakistan "block". Mr. Jinnah's eventual successor would have achieved a miracle if he can keep things together. He will lack Mr. Jinnah's personal prestige and ability to dictate and his position will in every way be more difficult.

The average Muslim Pakistani is like the victim of an overhasty

divorce and he or she secretly looks back to the pleasures, hopes and adventures of the past. One gains the impression that tactfully handled, re-marriage is very much a possibility. So often one heard the statement that India could have killed Pakistan by kindness at birth and another frequently quoted statement is that India is "power-drunk". The two statements should be carefully studied by those who guide Congress if they regard Pakistan as worth winning back.

It is very evident that Pakistan depends much on British personnel loaned to its service. These serve their temporary Government with genuine loyalty and faith, but I would judge that everyone of them would welcome a reunion of the sub-continent, although he would do nothing to bring it about against the policy of the Dominion he is serving. We, British, claim with pride our contribution to the creation of the great India that now exists, and our compatriots working in Pakistan are doing much that will be of great value when the sub-continent eventually reunites.

Mr. Jinnah himself is one of India's greatest patriots. He is immensely far-sighted. His creation of Pakistan was not to divide, but to unite when the Muslim is really accepted as a brother-Indian with his religious beliefs respected, his political and economic position on a par with that of any other class or community. I am sure the truly great men who lead the Indian Government will do their part. A united India is a great goal and if all intelligent individuals determine to give the Muslim his fair position (sometimes it will seem in spite of the Muslim himself) then the present division will crumble away.

LANGUAGE AND EDUCATION

by P. V. G. RAJU

(Raja of Vizianagaram)

THE Constituent Assembly is drawing up a constitution for a united India, the first constitution for our sub-continent. The constitution is being drafted in English—a true irony of fate indeed that a free India is to be united by the link of a foreign language. There is no native language which can be used—universal in its appeal. There is no question, however, that if we are to progress in the future a common language is very essential.

The problem is of the greatest importance and unless it is solved successfully and quickly, the first and the foremost step towards the unification of the country cannot be achieved. The labours and deliberations of our leaders and people should be directed to that end, so that a greater and richer culture in India can be evolved.

Educational trends in the country have no finalised approach. Opinions on the methods of education are varied. The chief problem confronting educationists today is whether a change in our educational methods is necessary or not in view of the changes in the national status acquired by the country. It is felt that the educational system of the past based on the expediency of the conqueror no longer exists. The problem chiefly resolves itself into whether it is necessary to completely vernacularise education; and yet at the same time bring about a possible harmony within the various educational systems of the country and cement a link between the diverse cultures of the land. English during the past was to forge this very necessary link between the various cultures of the country. It is now felt that a new language link, indigenous in character, should be found. The practical difficulty of confronting such a policy on the part of educationists and the masses and a decision in this context would have to face the difficult reality of

adjusting vernacular development to conform to modern scientific progress. Another difficulty which immediately faces us is the time factor. The development of a language as an easy vehicle of intercourse is much more difficult than it at first appears. Immediate disorganisation of the cultural link of the country now welded by English will take place if Hindi, proposed as the *lingua franca* of the country, is introduced.

So far as the southern units of the Union, Andhra, Tamilnad, Kerala are concerned, it would seem disastrous to attempt a co-ordinate development of knowledge both in the vernacular and Hindustani at the same time. From the southern approach to the educational problem of India it is felt that English may, for some time to come, constitute the cultural link throughout the country. It is felt that inadequate Hindi knowledge would force a cultural dependence of the South on the North. This in itself is no great calamity if it were to bring a national unification except for the fact that, owing to the still backward state of Hindi, the introduction will in no way tend to an increase in general education and culture. Practical expediency must play its part and whatever course is finally decided upon, the decision as such should not in any way endanger the progress of scientific knowledge in the country. It would indeed be disastrous if we should go back to our vernacular background and attempt through an unfortunate gap of 200 years of cultural stagnation to re-orient not only the basis of language but also of scientific terminology. The valuable time lost in this experiment will be enormous and will in no way amount to progress. We must in a practical manner develop the vernacular language in such a manner that it will have a mass appeal and prove adequate for the purpose of educating the

mass in the shortest possible time. The study of English should at the same time continue so that India could keep abreast with intellectual development throughout the world, during the vernacular-developing period of our educational system.

A very practical solution of the language problem facing the country would be to have a standardised script. At the moment, the difficulties confronting easy access to knowledge of another language are based predominantly upon the differences of script. Standardisation of all vernacular scripts will go a great way towards unifying the country. In any decision as to the type of script that is to be used international considerations should surely play a part.

Today the great problem confronting the state in the sphere of education, apart from the pressing necessity of mass education, is the problem of utilising an enlightened and advancing people to fulfil the needs of a progressive and dynamic civilisation. Culture as understood in the old sense of leisure is fading and in its place a new meaning of culture is being derived from the hum of machinery and the quickening tempo of a highly geared productive machinery. The problem of educating the masses is not purely a question of lessening illiteracy. It is also important to develop the masses into an efficient factor for economic productivity. Modern education, therefore, requires much more than the ability to read and write. It requires the knowledge to turn the wheels of industrial machinery.

It will be found as we progress towards the higher and better stand-

ards of living, that technical education will play a greater part in the educational system of our country. This technical education must run concurrently with the industrial development of the country, for otherwise we in India may have the machines (for they are easily purchasable from abroad but would not have the very vital human element necessary for running them.

How best then can be allied the technical education so vital for the future of the country with the very diverse and scientifically backward languages?—This is the problem. There is no doubt that the very structure of existing language will be changed in order that it may adjust itself to the necessary technical and scientific terminology. This introduction of unified terminology will lead to the greater cementing of the diverse languages of the country, for surely there will be uniformity in this new terminology. Unfortunately, there will be those who will oppose this not only on the plea that it will disrupt the existing structure of the language but also on the plea that any introduction of new terminology should be purely from the indigenous background of the language itself thus confusing further the already existing language gulf in the country. If this new language of the mechanical age is to be evolved, it must be immediately tackled. Progress should be regarded as the task today and not be shelved to a future date. The terminology of the future must be a unified whole for all the languages, and at the same time it should be in line with the existing terminology of the world unity of science.



George Bernard Shaw told me that the best caricature he had ever seen of himself was one night at a dinner party. His hostess was in the act of greeting him, when he became aware of a picture beyond her, and thought, "Ah, there I am at last." It was cruel, but the best portrait of himself he had ever looked upon. Said Shaw: "I went toward it and the nearer I got the better it became, until it dawned on me that I was looking in a mirror."—Yousuf Karsh in *FACES OF DESTINY*.

REPUBLIC OF PARITALA

(From A Correspondent)

The birth of Indian freedom though blighted by agony and excruciating pain was nevertheless enlivened by divers redeeming features. The suppressed soul of the people of Indian states gave resonant expression to their aspirations and reiterated their essential oneness with their brethren in India. While a furious struggle was launched by the people of Hyderabad for their emancipation the people of Paritala declared their severance from the yoke of the Nizam.

Situated at a distance of 17 miles from Vizilawada, Paritala and six other villages form an enclave in the Union territory of the Madras Presidency. Paritala and its component units constituted the principality of Khan-Kha-Nan under the suzerainty of the Nizam. The rulers of Hyderabad gifted jagirs to their henchmen designed to be employed as bastions of reaction. These over zealous jagirdars emulated their sovereigns in ruthlessness, predatory instincts and in shutting securely the windows on life, liberty and enlightenment. On the demise of Kamal Yar Jung the last jagirdar, the administration of the estate was taken over by the Court of Wards as the jagirdar died childless and the succession was disputed.

The total population of Paritala and the six villages is about 12,000. The erstwhile feudal chief collected a revenue of Rs. 87,000 annually. No amenities worth the name were ever provided to the inhabitants of the estate. Politically a unit of Hyderabad State, Paritala had but little in common with the state. Economically, culturally and socially Paritala is knit closely with the Indian Union which catered to Paritala from times immemorial all its requirements. Liquor, ganja, bhang and opium were the only commodities which Hyderabad supplied to the enclave. While little attention was paid to the improve-

ment of agriculture the taxes imposed were prohibitive.

Formation of the village panchayat committee at Paritala, presided over by Sri M. Devraj on 15th November 1947, heralded the dawn of a new era to the hapless folk. The Dominion flag was unfurled in the very presence of the hirelings of the jagirdar largely through the endeavours of Sri Satyanarayana Rao, a young law-graduate, Sri C. Viswanadham and Sri M. Madhava Rao who worked ardently in the cause of liberation. All communities were fully represented on the committee. Thereafter the central panchayat committee was formed on 25th November 1947, when the seven villages were grouped together and the 'Republic of Paritala' emerged.

Village committees were set up in all the seven villages of the republic. Every village committee returned three of its elected representatives to the central committee. Sri. Devraj was elected as the president of the republic and Sri. C. Atchiah as the secretary. The seven villages constitute autonomous units of the republic and the village administration is carried on by the respective village committees. Food, finance and security measures are the province of the central committee.

The young bearded president of the republic is austere in habits and spiritual in outlook. Though ascetic in temperament Sri. Devraj could not help being drifted into the whirlpool of politics. Though he inspires awe and admiration his native sense of philosophy and humanity motivates his official actions.

Not long after its formation, the central panchayat committee introduced prohibition and banned gambling in the republic. Arrangements for free elementary education and teaching of Hindi were made in Paritala. Indian laws and

regulations were, as far as practicable, made applicable to the republic.

The origin of the republic of Paritala has scarcely any parallel in the history of India. The republic evolved not out of anarchy but out of an irrepressible innate yearning in the people for deliverance from

the scourge of autocratic rule which found spontaneous expression on the day of Indian independence.

The emergence of the republic of Paritala with panchayatraj as its sheet-anchor had the blessings of Mahatma Gandhi, which incidentally symbolises the fulfilment of his cherished dream of Panchayat-raj.



NO RULE OF LAW IN MALABAR

by MANEK GANDHI

(Assistant Secretary, All India Trade Union Congress)

I ARRIVED in Calicut on the 30th July 1948. There was no strike or fracas or even tension in Calicut or Feroke or Kallai. Yet a day before my arrival, the stationary sub-magistrate promulgated Sec. 144 and banned all public meetings. The Calicut Central Council of the AITUC had arranged a public meeting of workers at Feroke on 30th July and at Calicut on 1st August, but they had to be abandoned due to this ban. I went to Feroke in the evening of 30th to visit the representatives of the tile workers' unions affiliated to the AITUC. I was having reports from these workers at the office of the Tile Workers' Union, Cheyuvannur, when a police lorry with 2 sub-inspectors came. They came into the office which is located on the first floor. The sub-inspector followed by several policemen entered the office and addressing me said "Mr. Gandhi, you are under arrest". I asked him "May I know under what section". He refused to reply. He put my translator friend Mr. Damodaran under arrest and ordered the workers to leave the union office. The workers started leaving the office. I too told them to go peacefully but the officer pushed them and went on assaulting them. When I protested he said "I can disperse them by force". He went on intimidating them by asking all sorts of irrelevant questions. We were made to sit in the lorry. All records of

the union were removed by the police. For nearly 35 minutes the police and the sub-inspectors combed out the entire area and arrested another five workers. The arrested workers were not allowed to sit on the bench, but were made to sit on the floor of the lorry. We were then taken to Calicut Town police station, where we were made to stand for about 20 minutes. Later on, when one of the sub-inspectors came to us. I asked him to let me know the section under which I was arrested. After I had some talk with the head of the police station we were given a bench to sit on. We were released later on as I protested that our arrest was illegal as we had not defied Section 144. This experience gave me a glimpse of the terror that the police have spread in Malabar.

Reports which I have received show that all over Malabar the offices of most of the trade unions affiliated to the AITUC were broken open by the police in the last 3 months, their furniture destroyed and records and registers either removed or destroyed.

I strongly condemn the Government of Madras for this state of affairs. From the reports that I have received from our T.U. colleagues I have gathered that there is no civil and trade union liberty in Malabar. It is not the rule of law that prevails there.

BACKGROUND TO "PROVINCIALISM"

by G. PARTHASARATHY

OF late a tendency has grown among our national leaders to lay emphasis on the need for a strong Centre. Pandit Nehru has been repeatedly condemning what he assumes to be provincialism tending to disrupt the centripetal forces. Past history is full of evidences of the incalculable harm that can be done if we refuse to face the realities while harping on the strings of idealism.

One cannot stigmatise as petty provincialism the pent-up emotion of people in the provinces to develop their own language and culture, and to assert themselves as significant entities in the bigger sphere of the Indian nation. On many an occasion the Britisher rode roughshod over this nationalism in provinces which now seeks to have a pleasant growth under the cool shadow of the Indian nation with the emergence of independence. It is but natural that the various nationalities should now resent any interference in their autonomy from the Centre, and ironically enough, it is but natural that the leaders who fed on the ideal of a strong Centre should mistake it for dangerous provincialism.

The Andhras, the Bengalees, the Tamilians, the Maharattas, the Malayalees form separate nationalities in every sense of the word. Each nationality has a language, a history, a tradition of which it is proud apart from the history and tradition of India as a whole. The problem boils down to this. How are these diverse but by no means antagonistic nationalities to be enabled to build up a strong, federated India?

It would help us to study how other countries placed in similar positions solved this problem. When the Bolshevik regime took the national problem firmly in hand, there were 182 distinct nationalities or fragments of nationalities speaking

149 languages. Only a few of these nationalities were numerically of any consequence. Mr. Oscar I Janowsky, an American author, in a recent book NATIONALITIES AND NATIONAL MINORITIES remarks, "The internationally minded Bolsheviks must have been tempted to ignore the national and separatist prejudices of the insignificant peoples. One would expect that this confusion of racial, religious and linguistic groups would exasperate the highly rational materialistic and order-loving Communists. It would have been so much easier to administer the vast country and to speed economic and social reconstruction, if national differences were overlooked. Yet the Bolsheviks chose to respect the linguistic and cultural individualities of the innumerable people to so marked a degree that their penchant for centralization had to be curbed by a large measure of national federalism.—*Seeming contradictions notwithstanding the Bolshevik position on the national question has been at once consistent and highly practical.*" Soviet Russia explicitly declares in its Constitution that "the Russian Soviet Republic is established on the basis of a free union of free nations as a federation of national soviet republics." It is nonetheless stronger for it. To state the Bolshevik theory as interpreted by Janowsky, "In a word, national policy was ancillary to the broad aims of social revolution and it was a means to a higher end, namely the reconstruction of the order and the liberation of the working masses. Once education and economic planning had achieved substantial equality in the standard of living and cultural level, nationalities would disappear."

Our national leaders are placed now with two alternatives before them: either recognise these nationalities and proceed to work for a strong union with their voluntary

and willing support; or regard the growth of nationalities as unwanted and dangerous. The latter course will provoke the animosity of the nationalities. We see traces of it clearly in Andhra, Bengal, Tamilnad. It will definitely lead to the disruption of the much desired unity of India. We wish our leaders take the former stand.

Coming to the problem of Moslem minorities in India, let our leaders take a leaf from the Bolsheviks who declared in a proclamation: "Henceforth your beliefs and customs, your national and cultural institutions are free and inviolable. Build your

national life freely and unhindered. You have a right to do so." Minority problems can never be solved by injunctions or threats, nor even by tolerance (for tolerance implies inferiority of the tolerated party) but only by giving full autonomy to minorities in the sphere of their culture and language. Democratic councils of the minorities should be made the agencies of the state to bring about an integration of their institutions and customs in the life of the larger community. Then alone will minorities feel this country as their homeland. Then alone we can realise our ideal of a strong united India.

ANOMALIES OF "EDUCATIONAL" POLICY

by "SANKARA"

TWO recent weighty pronouncements on the subject of education call for the attention of the public and our Provincial Government. Presiding over the 105th anniversary of the Pachaiaappa's Charities, Sir Arcot Ramaswami Mudaliar observed in the course of his presidential address that "they must see that all sections, whether they were backward or forward, were afforded equal opportunities to rise to their full stature, to appreciate and understand the priceless treasures which were found in the great books of all countries and in all languages". In his address at a school function in New Delhi, Dr. Syama Prasad Mookerjee stressed the value and importance of the study of Sanskrit and he envisaged the day when Sanskrit might even take the place of the English language.

Is it not an irony that in this province we should be fighting a battle for Sanskrit being accorded its proper place in the curriculum of school studies, instead of being relegated to the position of an optional second language in competition with powerful Hindi, knowledge of which is a requisite qualification for Government service? This discrimination

against Sanskrit is viewed by many as an attempt to kill the culture associated with the Brahmin. Whatever be the success of the attempt, the point to consider is whether any Ministry entrusted with the task of governing a province and whose duty it is to liberalise and broad-base education so that standards of general culture may be raised, can adopt such an attitude towards a language which is the very root of the cultural heritage of India. Sanskrit is not the monopoly of any single community. Nobody ever prevented its study by all classes. The Vedas and the Upanishads were in remote times excluded from general study for reasons based on competency. Now, there are books containing the original and the translations and there is no impediment to any set of people studying them if they are keen on doing so and want to reap the benefits of the learning. To blame the Brahmin community for the non-study of Sanskrit by the other classes is to adopt a policy of sheer shortsightedness. It is indeed a misfortune that our Madras Ministry does not apparently like to be in the company of Dr. Khatju, Dr. C. R. Reddy, Dr. Mookerjee and other stalwart

intellectuals and patriots in the matter of the study of Sanskrit. But perhaps we have to pass through such phases in our public life for many years more to come. With a better educated and more enlightened electorate, the right type of men with broad minds, high aims and far-sighted vision will no doubt take the helm of affairs, who will seek to serve the country selflessly and with no other end in view than the promotion of the common weal. Meanwhile it is the duty of all lovers of Sanskrit (and they belong to all classes and communities) to see that it is not allowed to perish and that those who would lay rude hands on it either thoughtlessly or from design are made to realise the folly of their ways.

The other question relates to the admission of students into colleges according to a rule of communal rotation devised by the Government. The Justice Party introduced the rule originally. They came into power on a particular ticket and

they were honest when they forged their policy of exclusion of Brahmins and carried it out. The Congress Ministry has no such justification. Our Prime Minister has been saying in almost every public speech that communalism should be completely eschewed and that we should all follow the teachings of Mahatma Gandhi. We have been told the same thing *ad nauseam* by the other Ministers as well, including Mr. Avinashilingam Chettiar who is in charge of education. The deliberate exclusion from higher studies in arts and science, engineering and medicine of Brahmin boys is an instance of communalism *in excelsis*. To deny opportunities to Brahmin boys just because they are Brahmin boys is, to say the least, outrageous. Yet the Ministry goes on and there is no effective public opinion to pull it up and point out how insincere are the professions of its loyalty to the Congress ideals and how hollow its advocacy of the Mahatma's teachings. True Congressmen cannot tolerate this state of affairs.

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THESE ADVERTISEMENTS

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DAILY we are the witnesses of thousands of ads in various newspapers and magazines. Some magazines live solely by advertising others' products. These ads are made in different sizes, forms, colours, various typographical arrangements, illustrations, etc., so as to attract the attention of the consumer public.

Advertising is printed and published salesmanship. "Advertising: Expense and Control" published by the American Technical Society, Chicago, says: "It (ad) is concerned with the *action of mind upon mind*." The ads have for their sole idea this—the creation of a hypnotic influence upon the public. This is achieved by various methods. In addition to ways mentioned above, they present glaring, attracting and arresting headlines having rhythm and rhymes. "No lady likes to dance or dine, accompanied by a porcupine". "If you think she likes your bristles, walk barefoot through some thistles"—Ads like these are common. Ads by radio, bill-boards, sign posts, neon signs, cinema slides and wall posters are not uncommon. These ads aim to play upon the senses and emotions of the innocent consumers. The producers market their stuffs either by saying that the products are manufactured in a clean, pure and sanitary atmosphere or by saying that others derive so many benefits by using their products. The ads appeal to the emotions by playing upon the passions of the public and the topics successfully exploited by them are love, ambition, desire for ease, luxury and marriage, pride, envy, etc. These themes are very cleverly blended with the product and a sense of the worthwhileness of the product is inculcated into their minds. For example: "She's lovely, She's engaged, She uses Pond's".

Sawyer, an advertising writer, says: "The public has bad judgment and worse taste and prefers to let somebody else do its thinking

good or bad". He gives the motto for ads thus: "Approach it (the public) at a low mental level, pander to its cheaper nature, hammer away hard enough at what you want it to do—and you will get results." He concludes by confessing, "We can be realistic about our profession and admit it is a money-making scheme. That will stop some of us from making speeches reeking with high idealism, that are applauded and disregarded by those who know that *Public is a jerk*." Good! Harry H. Tamm of the famous Bonfils and Tamm Denver Post Partnership claimed "the public not only *likes to be fooled*, but actually *insists upon it*." Frederic Wakeman in his novel of radio advertising *The Hucksters* mentions a typical form of ad: "Love that Soap, Beantee is as Beauty does. Hollywood's Favourite Bar". He also says: "The best commercials on the air are no good without an audience to talk to."

Boring and annoying repetition is resorted to. Assertion rather than argument is the rule. Thomas Russel in his book "Advertising and Publicity" advises 'constant and bold repetition.' A lie told a hundred times becomes a steadfast and unshakable truth.

"Awake", an American magazine, dated June 22, 1947, gives an instance of Texas Guinan who greeted her night club guests with "Hello, Sucker."

Let us take the simple case of a young man waking up from his bed. Let us see how the vital sap of the 'sucker public' is 'sucked' by the ads.

The first job is to clean his teeth. Now, it is made a strenuous task by the advertisers. He thinks about the stuff to use for this purpose. Is he to clean his teeth with Amosan or S. R. Gibbs? Phillip's Milk of Magnesia tooth paste threatens him with "danger zone between teeth". Or shall it be with the audacious Colgate's—"It cleans your

breath while it cleans your teeth"? Or with Calox which helps the teeth "shine like stars." Or with Stainstreet dental cream, for it claims it can give "glamorous smile, beautiful teeth"? Or with Pepsodent to enjoy the mystic benefits of "Irium"? With Squibbs to neutralise mouth acids? With Teel which is said to be the only dentrifice without harmful abrasives? Or shall it be Forhan's to avoid Pyorrhea since it says, "This wicked enemy of healthy, handsome and prim guys may strike 4 out of 5". One friend feels pretty desperate for fear of falling a prey to this wicked enemy painted by Forhans! Or shall it be with some local tooth powder, not caring for the results?

Then he must select the brush. But since our friend wants to smoke a cigarette in the meanwhile, let us place before him what we have got.

First, there is the Wills's. It calmly asserts, "They're good, They're Wills's." Even in a picnic party, he must not forget Player's: "Whatever the pleasure, Player's complete it." Of course, 'It's a joy to smoke' Tenor. Cavender's magnum "last longer." Lucky strike is "so firm, so round, so fully packed". Wills's Gold Flake simplifies the whole problem. It says, "Your problem is a simple one. Wills's Gold Flake will give you complete satisfaction." He remembers with fear that nicotine contained in tobacco is not good for health. But Virginia 10 says, "It's kind to the throat," besides giving 9 other reasons as to why it leads. He is alarmed by seeing the ad "Smoke Passing Show and enjoy good health." No, No, he can select between "fine 3 new cigarettes"—Omega, Chelsea, and Red Seal which are further explained as, "Each in its class is unequalled". Carlton's Special cigarette says boldly, "Than which there are none better." Camel broadcasts that it is the preference of 113,000 doctors. But whatever it be, to be a gentleman one has to smoke State Express 555. He has no other go, for it criticises, "We do not cater for the unthinking smoker but for the smoker of the

cultured and discerning taste." But Ela attracts him by boasting of its merit—"It is India's Own." He can as well smoke Prince Albert since the ads say that the girls like the man who has got "pipe appeal".

Let us leave him to decide. Our lady friend is waiting for us. All men admire and are drawn towards women who are glamorous. Of this fact, our friend seems to be fully aware and she hastens to prepare herself for the 'show'.

To start with, she thinks of Corsair Pomade which is an "ideal dressing for immaculately groomed hair." But Tata's Eau de Cologne is "Cool, Refreshing and Fragrant." But to make the "hair radiate new colour" she must get Palmolive Shampoo. The "secrets of lovely hair" are exposed by Fragrantto Brenolin Hair Oil. Mukul says, "It is not just a hair oil but a hair tonic too". But for "neat and well-trimmed hair", Glostora is there ready. Soaping may dull hair, but "Halo glorifies it."

Let us presume that she has taken a bath and is busy, applying powders and snows to her face.

By using Three Flowers Face Powder, she becomes younger. Alluring Beauty is bestowed by Afghan Snows. Colgate Talcum Powders make a woman say that it keeps her "cool from Top to Toe". The ad of Cashmere Bouquet Products boasts: "What men like about women." The easiest way to clear the face of "skin blemishes which mar your beauty" is to apply Florozone. Our lady sees the ad: "For the complexion you dream of"—Raja Snows. King's Men say that theirs is the "Aristocrat of Toiletries." Henry Rosenfeld's Mad Hour Perfume maddens our lady. It is 'dynamic,' they say. It is able to quote Shakespeare for the purpose—"So perfumed that the winds were love-sick." But Pond's says: "She's lovely, She's engaged, She uses Pond's."

The problems of dress are too diversified for consideration here and names and descriptions of some of the articles appearing in the fashion magazines are as vaporous

as a cloud, says "Awake". In the simple case of Brassieres these are—"Maiden Form," "Best Form," "Form fit" and a "Perma Lift." As regards "Foundation" garments, Spencer calls them 'corsets' but Fortuna admonishes that "these days a lass needs plenty of sass".... "Get yourself a Fortuna pantie or girdle." But none can beat Musing Wear in the art of dreaming of fanciful names. They mention the 'Foundette' which is a garment of the 'better sex', for which the explanation is that it is a garterbrief. The beauty here is that both the terms 'foundette' and 'garter-brief' are registered names. It is further explained, with apt illustrations, that they are designed to 'curve young hips into the pretty roundness of the ballerina figure.'

Ads create and exaggerate our needs and wants. A 'dreamland' where advertised products can easily be got is created and the thought is nourished. One English author wrote recently in "Strand" about the "dreamland of American advertising". Although American ads make one long after the advertised product, still, this is true to a certain extent of all ads. An excellent article in New Republic entitled "Tooth Paste, Ads vs The Truth" debunks the extravagant claims of top ranking manufacturers. "The truth is", says the writer, "that practically all tooth pastes and powders are made from three ingredients—a soap which foams; a chalk or abrasive which scrapes and a flavour which tastes good in the mouth". The writer's first assault is on Colgate's claim that "It cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth." Cleaning the teeth will not

clean the breath. Doctors agree that bad breath is rather a disease of the mouth, pharynx or sinuses and where teeth are involved at all it is likely that the decay is so far advanced that only a dentist can remedy it. The American Dental Association advises that pure water is the best mouthwash. "Many will think that too simple a solution of the problem but water fulfils the most important requirements of a mouthwash, and is non-irritant, cheap and readily available." Next to plain water, the A.D.A. recommends a saline solution prepared by dissolving two teaspoonfuls of table salt in one quart of water. Flavoured and medicated mouthwashes are reported to produce "allergic reactions in sensitive persons."

In India, nothing has been done to protect the consumers from the glittering claims of the producers and merchants. The pity is that our Government is not even aware of the fact that many advertised products do not possess even fifty per cent of the merit which they claim to have. As an example, we can take the new notorious 'Hindustan Ten'. It says that it is "India's Own Car". Actually it is a British made Morris car, but the name is changed to suit the taste of the free people of India. The common people's super-patriotism is utilised successfully to market the product. Ads like "Jai Hind! Mahatma Gandhi-ki-Jai! Buy Our Own Products!—Help Swadeshi and Build a Strong Free India!" are common these days.

"Caveat emptor" (Let the buyer beware). Advertising has no feelings and it knows no truth.

Radio-active cobalt may in a few years replace radium in the treatment of cancer, according to Sir John Cockcroft, Director of Britain's Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell.

Apart from the obvious advantages of cheapness and relatively unlimited availability, radio-cobalt—as it is called—may prove less potentially dangerous than radium when applied to the human body. Its period of intense radio-activity is limited and measurable. But at least another year will pass before there is enough radio-cobalt for anything except research.

TELUGU LANGUAGE AND ITS HISTORY

by A. F. THYAGARAJU, M.A. (Lond).

IT is strange that so little should be known of the origin and history of a language that has flourished for nearly two thousand years, and stranger still that we should be dependent for our meagre knowledge on a book published nearly a century ago. Telugu is the fourth language in India, being exceeded in numerical strength only by Hindusthani, Bengali and Marathi, and in cultural importance only by the second of these tongues. Bishop Caldwell's work which demonstrated for the first time the place of Telugu in relation to other languages, came out in 1856. Till yesterday this was our only reliable guide, and those who have studied the book know how little it tells us about Telugu itself. The only explanation that can be offered is apathy—an apathy all the more striking in a land which saw the origins of linguistic science and taught it to the western world. Today, however, the lacuna has been filled and nobly filled by Prof. Somayaji's book—*The Andhra-bhasha Vikasamu*.*

The problem may be stated briefly. Whence does Telugu arise? Is it an Indo-Aryan language descended from the Sanskrit mother tongue, or a Dravidian language tracing its birth to a Dravidian mother? Or has it some extra-Indian affiliation? If it is some Dravidian tongue, when did it break away from the parent language and what has been its subsequent history? Hitherto the few who cared to examine the problem fell into two warring camps—the Indo-Aryanists and the Dravidists. Both cannot be right, any more than a child can have two fathers. In his foreword to Somayaji's book, Dr. C. R. Reddy, the Vice-Chancellor of the Andhra University, says: "It appears to me—though I can only speak as a layman—that the weight of evidence and of authority incline towards the Dravidian school." But this layman knows more than many savants, and what he states with scholarly caution is an indubitable fact. But if there are any prisoners still left in Doubting Castle, hugging the theory of Sanskrit origin to their bosoms, our doughty Vidvan has set them free.

Unfortunately the question gets complicated by considerations which

have no bearing on the subject. One of the leading Indo-Aryanists had the effrontery to suggest recently that Caldwell invented the Dravidian theory to destroy Indian unity. Of course, facts destroy theories, and if philology proves that all the languages of India are not derived from Sanskrit, nothing is gained by blinking the facts. Other fanatics equate "Dravidian" with "Non-Brahmin" and imagine that the Dravidists are one wing of an anti-Brahmin campaign! Luckily for philology it is nobody's tool or hand-maiden, and philological facts are as reliable as those of any other science, though they can be used or abused like other facts. The sooner we learn to accept facts dispassionately the better for us, and the brighter our future.

Professor Somayaji inclines to the view that "Tenugu" is derived from the old Dravidian root *ten* (South). The limits of ancient Tenugunadu are then indicated, and evidence for the antiquity of the language adduced. The material given under the latter head is of the utmost importance. From it our picture of Old Telugu must emerge. I hope Vidwan Ganti will soon give us an Old Telugu Grammar and Primer (there is not enough material for a Reader) which will be comprehensive and authoritative. It is only after an Old Telugu Grammar, and similar grammars for Old Tamil, Old Kannada, etc., are compiled that we can hope to reconstruct the Dravidian mother tongue. The earliest inscription in which Telugu words occur is dated 200 A.D., and of course a language is older than its first records. This proves that Telugu is nearly two thousand years old, but this is not as important as knowing what Telugu was like in its infancy. The chapter on the relation between Telugu and the Prakrits disproves effectively the theory of Indo-Aryan origin. The phonological features of Old Telugu are then described. One of the most striking is a fondness for the retroflex *l* and *n*, which the language has now outgrown. A *l* has developed in New Telugu from a combination of *d* and *l* as in *Vellu* (go) from *Vedalu*, *Ollu* (body) from *odalu*. Other chapters deal with the development of Telugu grammar, and an interesting section examines the influence of English

* *Andhrabhasha Vikasamu*: by Vidwan Ganti Jogi Somayaji, M.A., L.T., published by the Author, Maharanipeta, Vizagapatam. Price Rs. 15.

grammar on the language. The chapter on Dialects is somewhat disappointing. Mr. Somayaji might have given us the dialectal divisions in the Telugu country today, and indicated, in outline, the peculiarities of each dialect. A linguistic atlas for Tenugu Nadu, on the lines of the atlases prepared by Jaberg for Germany or Gillieron for France, is a desideratum. Linguistic Geography is practically an unknown study in our country.

The section on the script is interesting; that on Phonology breaks new ground. It might be made the basis of an Outline of Telugu Phonetics or a Telugu Phonetic Reader, which employs the International Phonetic Alphabet and describes in scientific language the phonetic features of our language. Each language expresses its genius through its phonetic basis, and the Prague School has propounded some interesting theories which we might test on Telugu. A library of gramophone records, recording the speech of native speakers from different dialectal areas and representing different social strata in Tenugu Nadu should also be built up. The Department of Telugu in the Andhra University might well take up this task, and I daresay they will have the co-operation of the other language departments, such as the Honours School in English, where advanced Linguistics is studied.

The parts of speech come in for close scrutiny. Here is another branch of the study which easily disproves the Indo-Aryan hypothesis. Sanskrit is an inflectional language. Telugu is not. An inflectional language cannot be related to an uninflected language. We have no case-endings, for instance, in Telugu. *Cheta* and *lopala* are independent words used to show the case relationship. Such a thing can never happen in Sanskrit. The learned author has studied every part of speech and every so-called termination in Telugu. A section on Semantics draws attention to a badly neglected part of Dravidian studies.

Prof. Somayaji's book contains a mine of information, and should be a source of inspiration to the eager-minded

After attending kindergarten for several days, the little lad came home one afternoon and told his mother that he was not going back any more. All persuasion failed and finally, in desperation, she told him that he had to go back.

"All right, Mother, if you say so," said the boy. "If you want me to grow up to be a bead-stringer, I'll go back."

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youths of our land. It is to be hoped that along with scholars like Mallampalli Somasekhara Sarma and Vajjhula China Seetaramaswami, Ganti Jogi Somayaji will form a school of Dravidian philologists who will do for Telugu what Bohtlingk, Grassmann and Wackernagel have done for Sanskrit. No longer should it be said that we depend for our knowledge of the history of our language on scholars from abroad.

I regret that Somayaji did not follow his first impulse to write this book in English. A book of this importance should be available to the learned world in a language comprehensible to it, and, at present, English is such a language. I hope the author will bring out an English edition of his monumental work as soon as circumstances permit.

FOR THE "SAFETY" OF THE STATE

REPRESSION OF ARTISTS AND WRITERS

NIRANJAN SEN, General Secretary, and K. Ahmad Abbas, Joint Secretary, Indian People's Theatre Association, have issued the following:—

Artists, writers and all lovers of culture had hoped that with the 15th of August 1947 a new era of freedom and cultural progress had emerged. However, subsequent events have brought home to us the painful truth that all artists and writers seeking to bring about a new, free and equalitarian society would have to expose themselves to the vicious attack of the reactionary forces entrenched in Government and places of social power. Reports have been coming in from all provinces of arrests and detention without warrants of artists and writers, of their being assaulted by hired toughs and thugs, of banning of dramas, songs and other literary works, and of suppression of freedom of expression through Public Security Acts. We cannot but condemn these attacks on the freedom of the people and their culture.

Artists and writers of the Indian People's Theatre Association (IPTA) are among those on whom the ire of the reactionary forces in the country has fallen. A few instances are cited below. We are proud that in the face of this repression our members have stood firm by their faith and conviction that the true place of the artist and writer is with the mass of the people in their struggle for a new free, progressive and equalitarian society.

Sajal Roy Choudhary, Assistant Director of a well-known film company in Bengal and an active member of the IPTA was arrested and detained under the Bengal Public Security Act without any charge being preferred against him.

The play "Bastu Vita" (Birth Place) written by Digin Banerjee,

who is a respected journalist working on the Ananda Bazar Patrika, has been banned although it has been exhibited many a time before in Calcutta and suburbs for one year prior to that. The play exhorts the people to bring about communal harmony and it is written with particular reference to East Bengal. One would have thought that the play would be banned by a communal-minded Government and not by any Government that stands for a secular state or communal harmony.

The public are aware how in February last a gang of 30 people armed with sten guns and revolvers attacked a public gathering arranged by the IPTA to meet the delegates of the South East Asian Youth Conference. The murderous gang attacked unarmed people including well-known writers, artists and journalists and the delegates from those countries whose leadership the Government of India aspires to take. Two members of IPTA died of bullet wounds, two others were seriously injured including Sri Niranjan Sen, the General Secretary of IPTA. The police arrested about 14 persons but they were eventually released without any one of them being charge-sheeted as the police stated that there was no proof against the arrested persons. A murderous attack takes place in the open before the very eyes of the police and yet no one is charge-sheeted or detained on suspicion while on the other hand Sajal Roy Choudhary is arrested and detained without charge for his cultural activities.

In Bihar, Dasratlal, a member of the All India Executive of the IPTA and the Organiser of the Bihar Branch of the Association, has been arrested and detained under the Bihar Public Security Act. He was a tramway worker whose artistic talents won the appreciation of his

fellow-workers. After he came over to the IPTA he has composed many songs and has taken an active part in reviving folk music and dancing. He and his troupe had just returned from a successful tour of some districts of Bihar, when the Bihar Government felt that his freedom as an active cultural worker is a danger to the "safety of the State." Apparently the State is not of people like Dasratlal.

We have just heard that in U.P. warrants have been issued for the arrest of Rajindra Singh, the Provincial Secretary of IPTA and many others. Bishan Khanna, the Secretary of the Agra Branch of the IPTA is already arrested and it was his Agra troupe that did meritorious work in creating communal harmony during and after the riots in that town. Their work was appreciated by Ministers, but today when they stand for the people and relate the sorrows and frustration of the vast majority, they are considered as a great danger to the "security of the State." In Kanpur a warrant has been issued for the arrest of Mr. Chakravarty, the local Secretary of the IPTA. The troupe working in this town had also done great service preaching communal harmony through songs, plays and dances.

The IPTA of Delhi has throughout the difficult days of the riots in that town, staged many shows under the auspices of the Congress in almost every ward of Delhi and New Delhi and these shows were calculated to bring about communal harmony. On one such occasion Dr. Kitchew himself inaugurated the day's proceedings and praised the work of the IPTA. Again during Gandhiji's fast, their mobile squads covered the whole town singing songs in the streets rousing the patriotism of the people for maintaining communal peace and saving Gandhiji's life. And yet when the crisis was over and the screw began to be tightened against the people, their standard of living and their freedom of expression, the members of the Delhi IPTA also became in the eyes of the Government dangerous people who should be

detained and imprisoned for the "security of the State." The Government have advised many of our members who are working in the Central Secretariat that their affiliations with the IPTA would not be tolerated. We are also aware that the Home Department is faithfully maintaining a complete and exhaustive dossier on the birth, education and antecedents of every member of the IPTA and of the activities of the Association. Why all this unproductive effort and why this fear of the artists and writers? For whom is the Government securing the State and whose is the State?

In Bombay members of the Marathi Cultural Squad have been arrested. They sang songs in support of the campaign for the repeal of the Public Safety Act for the recovery of full freedom of expression. This is a point of view shared by vast sections of the people. Many associations including the very conservative Indian Newspaper Editors' Conference have placed on record their profound dissatisfaction with the Bombay Public Safety Act. So the crime of the Marathi Cultural Squad is their love of liberty.

The story of repression from Andhra is no less revealing. "Mab-hoomi" (Our Land), a drama on the resistance movement of Telengana people describing the atrocities of the Razakars and the Nizam's treacherous role, has been banned by the Madras Government, after the play has been staged for over nine months before over fifty lakhs of people in every nook and corner of Andhra Desa. The drama won the first prize for realistic writing at the session of the Andhra Nataka Kala Parishat held in 1948. A special performance of this drama was given some months back at the Government House, Madras, exclusively for members of the Legislature and Ministers. Minister Gopal Reddi presented a purse of Rs. 116 as a token of his appreciation and Ministers Kurmayya and Kala Venkat Rao publicly expressed their appreciation of the drama and the work done by the IPTA in the cause of the people suffering under the Nizam. After all this, with the turn

of the screw from the top, the Madras Government has banned this drama. We cannot but ask the question "Who are joining hands with the Razakars?"

Uddha Kumar, the IPTA organiser for Central India who is a well-known composer of songs in folk tunes, has been arrested and the Indore unit had to be closed down due to all-out repression by the State Government.

In the face of such events the conclusion irrefutably emerges that there is a deep-laid plot and concerted attack against writers and

artists who are sensitive to the sufferings of the people and who wish to stand by them. We cannot and will not yield to any repression or bend our knees before insolent might. We will remain true to our faith and conviction that the true place of the artists is with the people in the struggle for a new progressive and equalitarian society. We call upon the people and all writers and artists to recognise the reality of the vicious and mounting attack on progressive culture and artists. We call upon them to unite and stand firm for the achievement of cultural freedom.

INDUSTRIAL PEACE

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

The recent judgment of Mr. Justice K. Subba Rao in the disputes between Chrome Leather Co., Ltd., and the union of their employees has upset the apple cart of industrial peace. It is not my purpose to criticise the judgment of the learned judge. Strong support for his judgment is manifested in the definition given to an industrial dispute, in the Industrial Disputes Act of 1947 which runs as follows:

"Any dispute concerning the employment or non-employment and the terms and conditions of employment."

It will be recalled by the public that before the passing of the Industrial Disputes Act the Central Government held a conference at Delhi to which it had invited the labour leaders of the A.I.T.U.C. At that conference, spokesmen for the Government advised the A.I.T.U.C. leaders to desist from strikes while disputes between the employers and the employees were being considered by an impartial tribunal. This was agreed to, and the outcome of this agreement was the Industrial Disputes Act. It is therefore very surprising that the Central Government should have so defined industrial disputes as to enable the learned Judges of Bombay and Madras High Courts to construe them to mean only such disputes as are connected with the contract of service. Now, questions concerning bonus, gratuity, increased dearness allowance, etc., will certainly not form part of terms and conditions of the contract of service; for, obviously (a) a bonus is given if profits are made in any particular year and (b) dearness allowance is given if the price of commodities has gone unduly high and it has to be decided each year how much the cost of living has gone up.

To my knowledge the managements against whom an award was given by the industrial tribunals of this Province, have not complied in toto with the terms and conditions of the awards against them. It is hoped that the public will bear in mind that in several cases, these disputes were pending before the industrial tribunals for almost a year and the patience displayed by the working classes is admirable when it is remembered that they live a hand to mouth existence. Now they are told that their awards are worthless. Even the penal provisions against the managements for non-compliance with the award entail on them only liability to a fine which almost all of them could pay everyday and not feel the pinch. But our Provincial Government is very tardy in prosecuting the managements in spite of the repeated complaints by Left labour union leaders to the Labour Commissioner and other officials about non-compliance with the awards by the management. On the other hand, whenever the workers fail to comply with the award they have been prosecuted in a blitzkrieg fashion.

As a result of our High Court's decision, the workers have now the liberty to go on strike upon what they regard as an industrial dispute and they are now in a position to use their strongest weapon to claim what is justly due to them. While strikes are to be avoided, the Government concerned should not merely enact legislation but should also see that the workers are given speedy justice, for "justice delayed is justice denied". If the Government desire to have the support of labour behind it, the least it could do is to be absolutely impartial.

disturbing the work of the clerks in his office. A letter addressed to the Military authorities at Lucknow elicited a reply sent to the Treasury Deputy Collector, Bellary enquiring as to when the pension due to the individual in question will be paid as he is experiencing great hardship. Obviously this communication shows that so far as the Military authorities are concerned everything is in order but the Treasury Deputy Collector, Bellary thinks otherwise and stops payment for 15 months and the individual concerned is obliged to come to Bellary all the way from Ujjini which means a minimum expenditure of Rs. 10 per each trip while the pension due to him is Rs. 13 per mensem. The Government asks us not to interfere with day to day administration. May I know the procedure to be adopted in a case like this?

B. BHIMA RAO, M.L.C.

Bellary.

India and Hyderabad

Your leader under the caption "Hyderabad" must call for anxious consideration from all people who have the safety of the Province uppermost in their minds.

One may not agree with you, however, when you say that Pandit Nehru need not have quibbled over the words 'war' and 'military operations'. What the Pandit meant to convey was that by using the word 'war', you are giving Hyderabad an independent status which the Government of India does not want to. The Pandit would just like us to regard Hyderabad as a rebel territory headed by a rebel vassal. Again your criticism that the Indian Dominion ought to have already taken military operations on a large scale *perhaps* does not take into account the practical difficulties that the Indian Government must have been facing. For one thing, Hyderabad has been arming itself heavily with smuggled armaments for the last one year or even more. And Pakistan and Portugal have been the base of such operations. And when it is remembered that such smuggling was carried in "in the air" one can easily imagine the helplessness of the Indian Government. And with a good part of the Indian military resources bogged up in Kashmir, the Indian Union have to take their own time till they should be completely ready to strike—successfully. You may add to all these the Dominion's delicacy with Mountbatten as Governor-General.

As for the wisdom of the economic blockade, perhaps there are advantages as well as disadvantages. The feverish way in which the Nizam is sending

S.O.S. calls to every one in the world, not excluding His Majesty the King of England, is perhaps a good indication that the blockade is not without effect.

But your suggestion regarding the reshuffling of the present Madras Cabinet, must command universal approval. As it is the Andhra Province that has to bear the brunt of the Nizam's wrath, it is essential that Sri Prakasam must find a place in the cabinet—as a War Minister. He is the man who can rouse the people to the requisite courage to face the enemy. This is the prime need of the hour. A period of crisis is not the time for the leaders to quarrel.

Tindivanam. M. S. V. CHARI

Campaign Against Talent

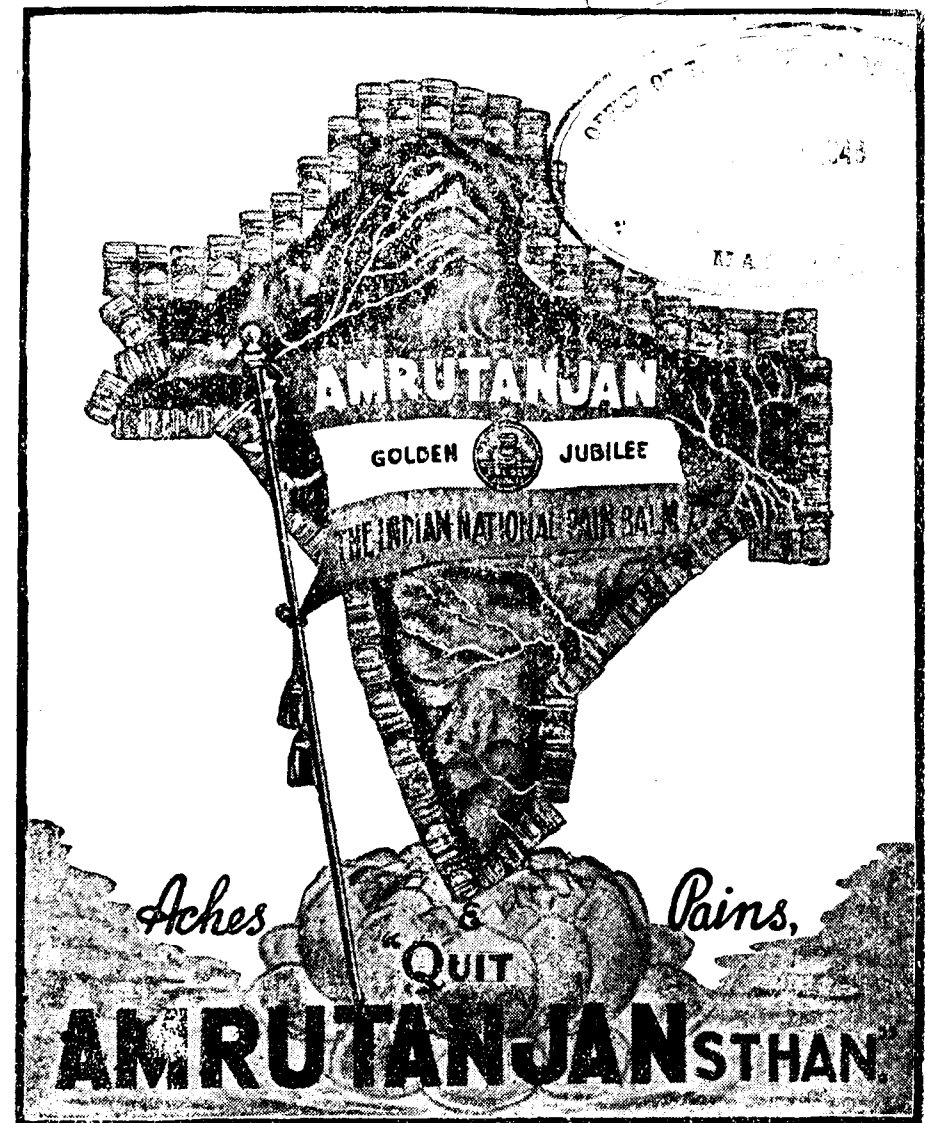
Election pledges of equality and justice for all, of recognition and appreciation of merit wherever it is found, are blown to the winds. The demon of communalism walks triumphantly all over the Province in all walks of life. It has poisoned the administration from top to bottom and has also affected the whole body politic. The worst of it is that it has been begun to sap the character of the future citizenship, i.e., the present-day students. In no other country is Education tossed about on the ocean of communal politics. In our Province it is the sad lot of merit to be labelled communally and discriminated against. Merit is positively discouraged by the necessary atmosphere for development being denied. Students of outstanding merit and brilliance are denied admission to technical courses like engineering on communal grounds. How can free India afford to lose its brilliant and talented young men just when they are needed most. Will the authorities open their eyes and see the folly of these ways and set matters right?

These lines are written to you in the fond hope that you would take up the cause of merit and agitate for justice on its behalf.

MURLIDHAR

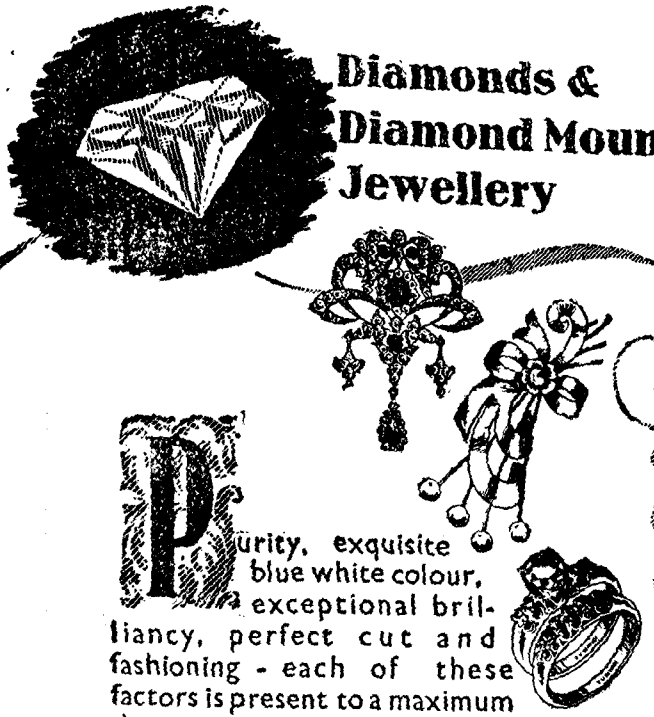
SWATANTRA

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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VOL. III. No. 29

(SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1948)

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SWATANTRA

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



This is the cover page drawn by Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury for a book of Shikar Stories by him to be shortly published.

SWATANTRA

VOL. III
No. 29

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1948

ISSUED
WEEKLY

CIVIL LIBERTIES

WE heartily commend the Central Cabinet's directive to the provinces to do nothing by executive action to circumscribe the civil liberties of the citizen or take away the powers of courts to grant *habeas corpus* applications on merits. It is a stray but significant indication of a fresh orientation in the outlook of the Central Cabinet which we must attribute to the re-affirmation of the faith that has sustained Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru as a tribune of the people all these years. After a year's existence, the infant Union finds itself confronting a host of difficulties which have only changed their front; the most formidable of them have remained without even the pretence of a camouflage. All the more honour to the Pandit that he should hark back to first principles to draw his inspiration for his practical policies. It is an act of faith which we can only describe as heroic in the present context of affairs in India both in the provincial and in the Central set-up. For today, civil liberties are being eclipsed in what may be described as a pincer movement. The Communists have gone underground, while fascists under different labels working in the open are offering temptations to the Government to prove false to their professions of faith in civil liberties. Whether we call it frustration, defeatism or mere passive acceptance of the *status quo*, there is no doubt that the cause of civil liberties is now in great jeopardy because the

pressure of passing events is making a working faith in them difficult if not impossible.

It was said of the Romans at the time of Hannibal's invasion that their faith in their unconquerable destiny was so invincible that they auctioned the land in the occupation of the enemy at fabulously inflated prices. As a gesture, it was calculated to rally the waverers, and infuse into the public a sense of confidence that the ancient and well-tried principles of the Roman system of government were capable of withstanding the onslaught of even the most dreaded invader. In like manner, the British call their devotion to first principles, carrying on their business 'as usual.' In actual truth, it often meant achieving heroic deeds with the ordinary strides of ordinary times. In our own literature and religion, our great men have never tired of repeating the eternal verities amidst all fleeting contexts, and enforcing the truth that Dharma will always endure though it might ever seem on the brink of utter annihilation.

By this reaffirmation of faith in civil liberties, Pandit Nehru has given the lie direct to his detractors who have been too ready to charge him with the crime of having forsworn his earlier and purer faith in democracy. It is not, we think, fanciful to infer that, in the unforeseen catastrophes of the partition, the Pandit like most of us was carried off his feet; but that unlike

most of us he has regained his poise more quickly, and has come to see how the foundations of the new state have to be well and truly laid in concepts and principles which carry with them the power of automatic self-renovation. Civil liberties are the *sine qua non* of a progressive and enlightened state. They are both the means and the end of state-craft itself. It is for this very reason that all the world over, the level of achievement of any state is measured by the extent to which civil liberties are safeguarded in its territory.

But the vindication of Pandit Nehru's faith in civil liberties is not the end of the matter. It is only the beginning of the arduous journey which lies ahead of our leaders. But what about us—the rank and file—and what should be our attitude to this question? Too often, it is assumed that if we assert our inalienable rights as a citizen, then all would be well with the state. In this approach to the problem is hidden an attitude of unbridled selfishness, for it emphasises rights to the detriment of our obligations. It is an unpalatable fact that not all those who speak for or profess their faith in civil liberties are true followers of them. Love of liberty in its highest manifestations is an abstract passion felt by the few, though it may be talked about by many. The greatest danger that confronts the democratic state is not the proneness of authority to run amok, but the chances of conditions being created through demogogy which would force the hands of Government to adopt repressive measures in self-defence. This is the dilemma of liberal statesmen all the world over; and the fall of some of the greatest politicians has been due to a rancorous and unprincipled opposition exploiting mass sentiment for destructive purposes.

In regard to Indian conditions, let us illustrate the dangers that

confront us. There are the Communists at the head and front of our trials. We are conscious that they are trying to fill in the gap till recently occupied by revolutionary Congress. But that does not alter the fact that, ideologically, they relegate civil liberties to a low place in their scale of values. They no doubt shout with the most vociferous of us in demanding the withdrawal of all restrictions on basic freedoms. But we have no guarantee that, once in power, they would extend the privilege or right to their opponents as now they claim the right from Congress in power. The record of Communism throughout the world, wherever it has been in power, is marked by the same monotony of negation of civil liberty.

Next to them are the other disgruntled elements scattered throughout the country—elements and interests which had been basking in the sunshine of foreign favour in the bad old era, and are now suspiciously fervent in pleading for the unfettered exercise of fundamental rights and what not. In the South, we are given a foretaste of a new menace with the upsurge of the fascist movement under the so-called Dravidian leaders. They are gathering support from all hole and corner groups and interests, and are intent on bringing the entire machinery of government to a stand-still. Last and by no means least is the ubiquitous virus of the major communalism of Hindu versus Muslim growing round the nucleus of Hyderabad in the South and Kashmir in the North.

How to concede civil liberties to all these groups and cabals without endangering the state or discrediting the liberties themselves? This is the question to which we find no answer. Pandit Nehru's faith in the ultimate triumph of the popular cause is something sublime; but even he must blench at the prospect of the very thing which he loves turning out to be the engine of

disaster or destruction of all that we hold most dear.

For ourselves, we must make it clear that wherever there is no common measure of agreement among all the political parties functioning in a state, it is idle to plead for or practise any or all of the civil liberties either with safety or with satisfaction. Have we as yet evolved a concept of unquestioned patriotism for the Indian Union? All Englishmen are instinctively patriotic—the instinct having been given a 1000 years of practice to come to perfection. Are all Indians in like manner devoted to the Indian Union? Until we are in a position to say that we are, both the stability of the Union and the validity of the liberties which we care for are exposed to risks.

For the truth of the matter is that civil liberties are not a magic gadget or mantra conferring miraculous powers and immunities. They are sober, matter-of-fact, workaday virtues which have to be tested and burnished through constant use. Forbearance, the spirit of compromise, and devotion to a larger good than that of the individual must be continuously brought into play. Then alone will evolve a freedom which is securely sustained by invisible controls applied by the individual with the help of his own commonsense and the benefit of experience which we call the wisdom of the ages, and which is enshrined for us in the history of the past.

Mr. Shanmukham Chetti's Resignation

WE feel impelled to comment on Mr. Shanmukham Chetti's resignation as an attempt is being made in certain quarters to make capital out of it for dubious political ends. That Ministers should now and then be guilty of errors of judgment, that they should more often get away with them than pay

for them are the commonplaces of party politics. Neither hard-boiled cynicism nor over-pitched indignation would be appropriate in discussing such episodes. For the truth is that democracy is not only a way of life in its highest expression but is also a *modus operandi* in lower altitudes. A certain philosophical detachment would enable us to see such lapses in their proper perspective.

When the Assembly recently decided to take stringent measures to deal with tax-dodgers, the general expectation was that it would be another case of all cry and no wool. For the public has not yet forgotten the manner in which the Demonetization Ordinance was worked. The stroke was planned with all the accompaniments of suddenness and secrecy and was taken to be a sort of financial blitzkrieg. Actually however not one profiteer got detected, not one tainted thousand rupee note was traced. If therefore the more disillusioned sections of the public thought that nothing better could be the outcome of the labours of the Tax Evasion Enquiry committee, they had at least precedent in support of their pessimism.

But curiously enough, it has turned out to be a case of the dog it was that died! For, instead of the tax-dodgers being exposed, the Finance Minister has had to resign office for having endeavoured to screen some of them! Poetic justice no less than the requirements of public morality demand that the names of the companies which won this embarrassing exemption from the Finance Minister should be published without further delay.

On his own admission, Mr. Chetti acted in excess of his powers and acted improperly. That should be sufficient to call for his resignation. We fail to see how other cross-currents of motive or intention or feeling could be worked up to obscure the plain facts on which

alone the resignation of Mr. Chetti is based.

It has been hinted for instance that the Congress Party in the Assembly had long been thirsting for the blood of Mr. Chetti for the alleged reason of his not being a Congressman. In the first place, the charge is not true, for a majority of the members of the Union Cabinet are admittedly non-Congressmen. Mr. Chetti was indeed a Congressman at one time, his distinction having been to desert the Congress when its policies ran counter to his inclinations or opportunities.

If he had stuck to his guns, the story might have been different; but to the extent that Mr. Chetti submitted to the disciplinary jurisdiction of the Prime Minister inside the Cabinet, there was no other option for him but to resign.

Some others have raised the plea that the principle of collective responsibility does not seem to have been at work inside the Cabinet; and that if it was a question of finding a scapegoat, the Prime Minister ought to have resigned along with the Finance Minister. This is at best far-fetched; at worst disingenuous. It is very hard to draw a clear line between the limits of individual initiative and collective responsibility. The Prime Minister cannot function at all if he should go about butting into the affairs of every department every time. By the same token, it is clearly his duty to take a firm stand when his attention is drawn to irregularities. We therefore con-

tend that he brought the idea of collective responsibility into play at the right time.

Amidst false cries, the salient fact is almost forgotten that the rank and file of Congress legislators have asserted themselves in a manner which has not only added to their prestige but which has gone to the strengthening of the hands of the Prime Minister in going ahead with other peremptory measures to safeguard the interests of the common man.

Most reprehensible of all is the insidious manner in which this episode is being vetted to suit the long-range plans of those whose aim is to disrupt the relations of the Madras province with those of the other provinces and with the Centre. They may call themselves Mr. Chetti's friends; but we fancy it will not be long before Mr. Chetti would himself have to pray to be saved from them.

There have been similar cases of front-rank politicians in England going into the wilderness for longer or shorter periods for similar reasons. Mr. Thomas in the MacDonald Cabinet, and Dr. Dalton in the present Attlee Ministry both paid the penalty of indiscretion by incontinent resignation. The process of the rehabilitation of such victims of circumstance is helped or hindered according as the lapse which precipitated the downfall was venial or mortal. Least said is therefore the only way in which such episodes can be soonest mended.

I look at my overcoat and my hat hanging in the hall with reassurance; for although I go out of doors with one individuality today, when yesterday I had quite another, yet my clothes keep my various selves buttoned up together and enable all these otherwise irreconcilable aggregates of psychological phenomena to pass themselves off as one person.—LOGAN PEAR-SALL SMITH.

Sotto Voce

The Philosopher King



IN these days when demoted Maharajas are a dozen to the penny it is a pleasure to find so worthy a Ruler as Sri Rama Varma Parikshit ascending the Gadi of Cochin, the Go-shree of Puranic tradition. For the first time in history an Indian and a commoner attended the function as Governor-General. Our Princes do not shine to advantage when they appear perforce in the company of some representative of popular authority. They are still giddy or *distracted* after the operation that removed the appendix of personal power. Only an innate kingliness, an authority which owes nothing to birth, can find its feet amidst the present confusions. By all accounts Sri Parikshit belongs to this distinguished minority.

The study of Samskrit is nowhere more widespread than in Cochin, and its rulers have always been great scholars and patrons of scholarship. Even so the handsome donation of a lakh of rupees announced by the Maharaja is something to be proud of. It proclaims, at a time when Philistinism is raising its hydra head, a robust faith in the permanent value of that culture and way of life which has its roots in Samskrit. Of those who would stem the flood of vulgar self-complacency which threatens this priceless heritage something more is required than futile bleating or self-consuming cynicism. They must loose their purse-strings and, far more important, they must set a personal example of that devotion which does not count the cost.

The rather unusual name, I am told, was no accident. He was brought into the world, after a difficult Caesarian operation; and this was his cultured parents' graceful way of rendering thanks to Providence. And it has so strikingly justified itself that one is almost tempted to think that names have a mystic power, a transforming virtue. Nephew and chela of the illustrious Rama Varma who abdicated rather than put up with the overbearing vagaries of the old Political Department, Sri Parikshit looked up to his great uncle with the reverence with which Parikshit the grandson of Arjuna received the wisdom of Suka. And that touching devotion has found striking expression in the first act of His Highness on assuming power.

How many, who loudly bewail public apathy and governmental animus, have come forward to help struggling Samskrit institutions? How many of those who cannot do it themselves engage a pandit to coach their children at home? How many have the grit to tell their sons and daughters that, if the choice must be between Samskrit and Hindi at school, it is Samskrit they must choose? Above all, how many make a serious attempt themselves to acquire that minimum of knowledge which would enable them to read Valmiki with pleasure?

Sri Parikshit has for forty years taught Samskrit in its highest reaches to students who, irrespective of birth or position, were worth his attention. He is one of our foremost scholars in Nyaya, a keen

student of the Vedanta and something of a poet. And he is an ideal judge in the disputations of the learned. He has wide cultural contacts, has travelled more than once throughout the country and kept his eyes and ears open. No wonder that his loyal subjects hope to see in his reign the tradition revived of the philosopher kings, the Janakas imparting Brahavidya amidst the pomp and ceremonial of the palace.

Cochin is unique for the almost stark simplicity of the personal lives of its Rulers. An attractive frugality is in their blood quite as much as love of learning. You might go to the palace and see an old man wearing a four-cubit *thorath mundu* and sitting on a stool, and learn without much surprise that it was the Maharaja. There was in their bearing a quiet dignity which somehow seems difficult to associate with our modernised Princes in slacks and sports cars. They relaxed in the company of *rasikas*—when Sri Parikshit dines it is the literati and not the pedigree

colts that have the privilege of dining with him—and their amusements were of the rational order that appeals to adult minds.

We are fast losing the art of growing old gracefully. But the Princes of the Cochin Royal House seem to have preserved the secret in a remarkable measure. They ascend the *musnud* long past middle age. That, however, may be a positive advantage in safeguarding them against the temptations that beset power in a democracy. At a time when *ci-devant* aristocrats find their natural metier in salesmanship and the traditional custodians of art and culture are anxious to disown their responsibilities the scholar-kings of Cochin may seem an anachronism. But the fact that, after having been buffeted by a century and more of devitalising alien winds, it could still produce so strong and vigorous an offshoot as Sri Parikshit shows that there is plenty of sap left in the old tree. May its shadow never grow less.

VIGNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS :

A brain is known by its fruits.—H. G. WELLS.

MADRAS citizens' welcome to Sri C. Rajagopalachari on his first visit to the city as Governor-General was marred by the arrest of Sri E. V. Ramaswami Naicker and ninety and odd other persons a day previous to his arrival. Periyar, as Sri Naicker is widely known, is a formidable figure in present-day Tamil Nad politics. He was once a close associate of C.R. It is likely that some experience came his way to cause a violent revulsion of feeling against things he had previously cherished. A comparable case is that of Mr. Jinnah. At one time an ardent Congressman, Mr. Jinnah subsequently became the sworn enemy of the Congress. From that time onwards, energy little short of demoniacal poured out of him from an inexhaustible reservoir of hatred. It sought and found fanatics to strengthen with their support its power, and put down firmly all who resisted its will, or dared to think and act independently.

violence. There is nowadays no violator of the principles that the Mahatma taught who does not pretend to be profoundly moved by them.

Lower human nature dearly loves to have some scapegoat to vent its illwill on. If it can do so under the banner of a leader devoid of mean vices, with the aid of the glamour of his personality it is enabled to idealise its banalities and it is duly grateful to him for the soul's comfort thereby provided. Within the compass of the fratricidal cult of the two-nations theory, Mr. Jinnah revealed qualities of restraint and rectitude that evoked a passion of admiring adoration in his followers. He was big despite the destructiveness of the creed that moved him. This is what helped him to command respect irrespective of the content of the creed to which he had pledged his faith, and gave him the power to become eventually the head of a sovereign State.

Periyar, like Mr. Jinnah, possesses personal qualities round which the admiration of followers can get worked up to a pitch of hero-worship. He has stood out of the cheap scramble for the acquisition of pelf. Seeming to wish nothing for himself, with his considerable gifts of oratory, he has become a rallying centre for the prevailing discontents to organise themselves powerfully into overawing demonstrations.

On the occasion of Pandit Nehru's visit, Periyar's anti-Aryan cult got immobilised. That was the occasion, if ever there could be one, marked out for a trial of strength between North and South, Aryan and Dravidian, and similar sets of opposites into which Periyar had been pouring with untiring zeal incessant propaganda for the intensification of an atmosphere of conflict. The occasion found the champion missing. The feeble lamps of separatism lost all their lustre

It is difficult to make people love each other. But to make them hate each other is comparatively easy. The principle of hatred is consolidation for the sake of exclusion—the sort of consolidation under which Hitler sought to bring the Germans in order that the Jews might be excluded. Along with the persecution of the excluded ones, the persecutors got dehumanised, howsoever the transformation was camouflaged with exterior appearances of righteousness. The pretension of righteousness is for the sake of making hatred look like duty.

Hatred expresses itself in inflicting hurt. It is nothing if not violent. Since however Mahatma Gandhi conferred prestige on non-violence by proving it superior, the sponsors of hatred cults have realised how advantageous it would be to put on the habiliments of non-

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before the mighty blaze of national consciousness that the Prime Minister's presence created. Preparations for the unfurling of black flags proved abortive. Nehru carried the whole populace with him. Inhabitants of Dravidastan-to-be seemed completely to have forgotten the existence of Periyar. One of his discomfited disciples attributed the peace that prevailed to the presence of Sri Omandur on the platform and the desire of Dravidians not to be found wanting in any show of proper respect to him!

If Sri Omandur could shield India's Prime Minister from the insurgence of Dravidian rebelliousness, there could be no reason to fear that he would be unable to render a similar service to India's Governor-General. The arrest of Periyar is a type of intervention that has served to magnify his importance with the glory of a martyrdom. Earlier, Sri Omandur had departed from his renowned abhorrence of affable ways and habitual reluctance to grant interviews, by actually inviting Periyar to a parley. What happened there has not been officially divulged. It has been brought to light by newspaper sleuths that issues of policy supposed by the public in general to have been settled for good were reopened for discussion between Premier and Periyar with a view apparently to revision and compromise, for otherwise why should there be a meeting at all? What is the point at which the outlooks of the two confabulators diverge? One wonders if the ruling leadership

I was especially fascinated by the notion of hurried journeys. In the great romances of literature they provide some of the chief dramatic moments, and since the theme is common to Homer and the penny reciter it must appeal to a very ancient instinct in human nature. We live our lives under the twin categories of time and space, and when the two come into conflict we get the great moment. Whether failure or success is the result, life is sharpened, intensified, idealized. A long journey, even with the most lofty purpose, may be a dull thing to read of if it is made at leisure, but a hundred yards may be a breathless business if only a few seconds are granted to complete it. For then it becomes a sporting event, a race; and the interest which makes thousands read of the Derby is the same, in a grosser form, as when we follow an expedition straining to relieve a beleaguered unit or a man fleeing to a sanctuary with the avenger behind him.—JOHN BUCHAN.

could have acted differently if it had deliberately intended to strengthen the hands of the architect of the Dravidastan movement.

Commenting on Pandit Nehru's visit to Madras, I had stated, in SWATANTRA of 31st July, that "in the light of the unparalleled adoration showered upon Pandit Nehru, who is nothing if not an anti-communist, it is simple nonsense to say that the people want communalism". This was taken exception to by Sri L. K. Ramanujam of Srirangam. In a letter published in SWATANTRA of Aug. 14 he wrote:

"I want to make my own comments upon SAKA'S comment. The communalism condemned by Nehru is not that of SAKA'S subterfugically implied one. Nehru speaks of Hindu-communalism versus Muslim-communalism. Sadly SAKA mistook it for Brahmin-Non-Brahmin and Aryan-Dravidian communalism. SAKA ought to have understood the pleasantness of the Non-Brahmin communalism in the light of past history, if he is a genuine journalist with a broad enlightened conscience".

On a reference being made to Pandit Nehru for a correct clarification of the point in issue, the following answer was received from the Private Secretary to the Prime Minister:

"The Prime Minister wishes me to acknowledge your letter and to say in reply that he is opposed to all kinds of communalism and sectarianism, whether they are Hindu, Muslim, Sikh, Brahmin, Non-Brahmin or any other".—SAKA.

INFLATION

by S. PARTHASARATHY

INFLATION is now the topic of conversation not only of the economists discussing amongst themselves: but it is being discussed in drawing rooms and coffee hotels. There is no satisfactory definition of inflation. Some say its symptom is to be found in a general rise in prices; others, in a rise in income levels; still others in a rise in the balances of banks; and a few others in the carrying of a suit-case full of paper currency to pay for a box of matches. Whatever it is, in spite of the communications of the Reserve Bank and in spite of the declarations of politicians, economists and industrialists, it is very doubtful if we are having inflation in a measure large enough to make us feel unduly alarmed. It is certainly not necessary for everyone to get hysterical about the urgency of stemming the inflationary onrush.

Every country had to face inflationary tendencies during the post-war period and India could not have escaped from such a situation. The enormous expenditure of money during the war-time has not been entirely met out of taxation, and to that extent inflation was inevitable. But such inflationary tendencies as are the results of the war could have been got over by increased production and by a larger export trade. Unfortunately, owing to various causes production has not been satisfactory. But, on the other hand, there is every sign that our export trade is on the increase. If inflation is to be checked without an increase in production, Government expenditure should be limited as also expenditure by private persons. Here, unfortunately, the policy of the Government even after the attainment of independence has not been far-sighted. We have allowed considerable imports of luxury goods into India—where was the need for such goods as rayons, luxury cars, plastics, and the infinite variety of luxury articles which

have been imported? Again, governmental expenditure has been unchecked: in fact, we have added more departments on which large sums of money are being spent without any corresponding benefit to the country.

A necessary consequence of war is always to reduce the standard of living and it has been so in India. Though a person's income may have risen over the pre-war average, he is still not better off, in fact, slightly worse. For he has to pay higher prices for goods, and also a higher rate of taxation. If the war profiteers were not there, one may assume that, generally speaking, the people of the country would have less money to pay for goods and less money to save: so that whatever inflationary tendencies are set up by the war can be effectively curbed by the higher taxation. The real problem of war-time economics is the taxation of the war wealth—the wealth of those who profit by the war. Though the measures taken to tax the war wealth of profiteers were adequately conceived, they were not adequately enforced. In the result, we are having a large number of persons who have secreted enormous sums of money during the war and even after and are in a position by their market operations to upset the economic balance in the country. We therefore experience the curious phenomenon of so-called inflation side by side with tight money conditions.

A rise in wages or salaries at the expense of profit is bound to accelerate the inflationary trend. A profiteer, so long as he pays his tax honestly, is the best check on inflation. There is no doubt that the tendency today is to increase the wage level at the expense of profit. But this by itself cannot account for any substantial inflationary rise. If inflation is to be defined as 'a rise in income levels, production being stationary', then there are no substantial signs of inflation in this

country. Commodities which are in short supply and commodities which could be cornered by profiteers have witnessed phenomenal rises in prices. But the price level of other commodities has not gone up correspondingly or to unreasonable levels. Similarly, the wage and salary income levels, except in respect of certain industries, have not risen considerably. But the incomes of capitalists and profiteers have risen to astronomical figures. In these circumstances, it is very difficult to argue that there are general inflationary symptoms.

It is, however, very desirable to keep down the prices of commodities and wage levels within reasonable limits. For this purpose, it

may be necessary to continue the control over the distribution of such of those commodities as are in short supply. Government expenditure should also be kept down. The import of luxury articles should be completely forbidden. Tax evasion should be ruthlessly punished. If these measures are adopted, there will be no need to apprehend any financial or economic collapse in the country. But, more than anything else, it is essential to accelerate the velocity of circulation of money in India. For this purpose, measures should be taken to prevent hoarding of goods and commodities, and also to limit the holding of bullion by private persons.

ECSTASY

by HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA

Body! be still and hold your breath:
The hour with miracle is rife—
You who are shadow-shape of death
Are flamed into a flower of life!

Enthroned in peace the King of Kings
Hath given you His high consent
To tune your nerves into the strings
Of Love's immortal instrument.

Stillness is as a singing wine
Which brims the being's crystal bowl
And cancels the dividing-line
Between the body and the soul.

Manorama Mandir,
Tiruvannamalai.

20th August, 1948.



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

I SPENT Independence Day studying how others went about celebrating the historic and auspicious occasion. The unaided and uninstructed masses showed a degree of spontaneous enthusiasm which was heartening in the extreme. Arches, festoons, buntings, flags and *flour-al* decorations on the ground sprang up as if by magic in a few hours, and popular enthusiasm was almost painfully reflected by the number of loud speakers relaying the programmes at maximum pitches from every nook and corner. But to judge from the effusions of my brethren of the quill, One Year's Swaraj has apparently left them neither impressed nor amused! It was a remarkable *non sequitur* which was made possible by an uncalled for juxtaposition of the fact of our independence against the infirmities of our one-year record. The logical conclusion of the matter ought to be that our Swaraj is not worth while, and that our former servitude would be preferable—a most lame and impotent conclusion! Our Swaraj is a historic and emotional fact which must be placed above all controversy; it is the supreme concretion of our patriotism, and should not be dragged into the market place either for chaffering or for merchandise. I am inclined to suspect the persistence of the old, irresponsible, attitude of our unfree existence as a psychological hang-over of the bad old era from which the best of us are not yet free. Pandit Nehru spoke with intuitive rightness when he appealed to us to cultivate the habit of viewing our problems as free people. For the alternative to

Swaraj is slavery—to freedom, subjection—to initiative, impotence.

On Independence Day, all subjects of controversial savour must be silently and strictly tabooed. The habit of dedicating ourselves anew to the service of the nation must be stressed and magnified if need be into a sacramental act. Party politics should not be canvassed, and the conception of an overriding patriotism and a single but catholic and all-embracing nationhood must and should be enforced through emotional and psychological approaches to the personality of the individual citizen and citizeness. The Congress which is in power today might well forfeit that opportunity in course of time; but that should not expose the future of our hard-won freedom to jeopardy again. I would have preferred an assemblage on one single platform of Hindu and Muslim, Congress, and Communist, Socialist and Fascist, black-shirt and no-shirt all pledging without reservations their loyalty and devotion to our new-won and new-found state. Actually however, it was depressing to record the absence of the Communist through state action, and the non-co-operation of our Dravidian die-hards with the function. Here is a portent and a warning—that there are sections of the people amidst us who set no store by a primary loyalty to the state or the country. How much longer will it take us to realise that we may change our Governments as often as we please, but that we cannot change the state except once in a millennium; and, even then, at our peril!

The news that controls are to be reimposed over the production, distribution and prices of textiles has naturally disgusted the 'normal trade channels' which are consequently making a desperate bid to neutralise them. As the old adage has it:

*"the devil was sick, and a saint would he be—
the devil grew well, and a saint was he!"*

Spokesmen of the textile interests are now vociferous in protesting their solicitude for the exploited masses, while some of them have the cheek to lecture the Government on major issues of policy. The shake-up which is now silently going on in the Central Cabinet is a very reassuring sign that Pandit Nehru intends to get the better of the money-bags. It is also not without significance that there should be a concerted attempt to link up the problem of inflation with that of control. If there are indications of business recalcitrancy, they must be tackled firmly. The decision to go on with prohibition is to be welcomed purely as a measure to mop up inflation, though I know that the argument is usually turned the other way round. But the growing gap between demand and supply is due to the progressive contraction of primary production of all kinds.

Our second source of inflation is the sterling balances. I do not know the actual figures. I hope to goodness some one or other knows them—at least on paper. But they are being used at the moment for the import of rubbish mostly. Capital goods are not coming as rapidly or in as large quantities as we could wish; but consumer goods come in plenty; and the consumer goods include soaps, pomades, scented oils, unguents and an infinite assortment of vanities. These are dissipating our balances and are pushing up inflation to higher and giddier levels. Both sterling and dollar resources seem to be plentifully available for importing the things we can comfortably do without. Cannot something be done to stop the flow of these things into the country?

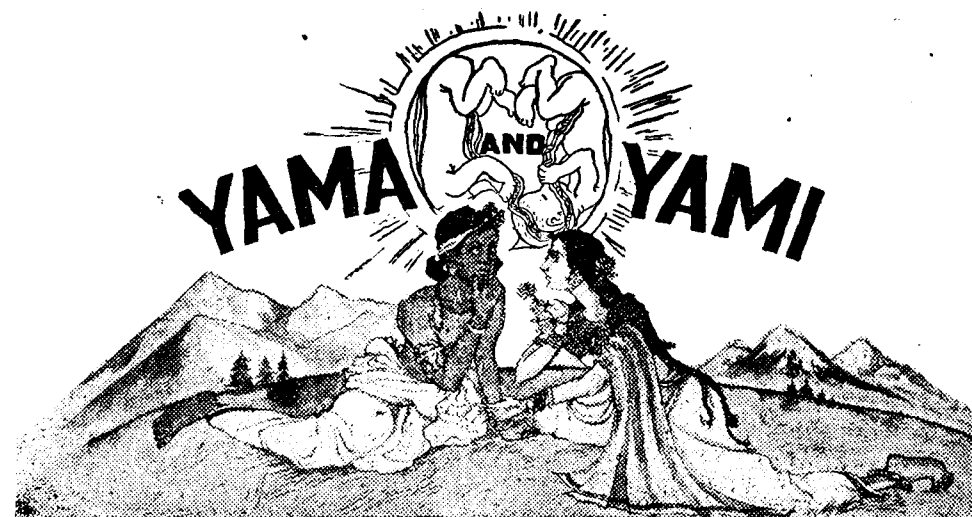
A news-item says that Pakistan rupees are exchangeable at a small discount for Union rupees. In other words, the exchange between the two dominions is being maintained practically at par. Whether this was decided upon for political or economic reasons needs explanation. For of the two countries, Pakistan must, *a priori*, be worse situated in regard to inflation. It has been conducting an undeclared war against us with inferior resources and financing it out of facilities which economic free trade with us provides. *Prima facie*, therefore, it seems to me, a 'layman', that Pakistan rupees are much more unrealistic as media of exchange than the Indian rupees. No statistics are available to show the trends of trade as between the two dominions—what and where the balance of it lies. In the absence of such information, it is not reassuring to be asked to carry on with the Pakistan rupees on the basis of parity. It would be ghastly if we are to be called upon not only to fight the Pakistani, but also to enable the Pakistani to fight us with our own resources!

Look on this picture and on that!

After Mr. K. F. Nariman had frankly and movingly acknowledged the error of his ways in defying the Congress and apologised, he was unanimously elected leader of the Bombay Provincial Municipal Congress Party.

Mr. E. V. R. Naicker and a number of his associates were arrested and remanded to custody for attempting to disturb the peace. Mr. Naicker was at one time President of the Tamil Nad Congress Committee; and to-day, but for the grace of God and the perversity of human nature, he might have been the Premier of the province to welcome his old friend coming out as the Governor-General of India. But instead, he has found prison a meeter place for him on such a historic occasion. Such is life. Ere long, I am sure Mr. Naicker will realise that the magic halo pertaining to jail-going has vanished—utterly and for ever!

GROUNDLING



by MANJERI S. ISVARAN

(NOTE:—The *Interlude* is founded on Sukta X (x), Vargas 6, 7 and 8 of the Sixth Adhyaya, Seventh Ashtaka of the Rig Veda Samhita. I have very freely but with all due reverence, made use of H. H. Wilson's translation of this great Hymn.—
Author.)

PROLOGUE

IN the beginning, when nor Aught nor Nought existed, when it was all an immensity of darkness and no sign to divide the day and night, when death was not and yet was there nought immortal; in the beginning, self-existent, springing from the First Cause, Brahma created the elements, the flora and fauna of the universe, the gods and the sages. And having created the gods, Brahma placed Agni on the earth, Vayu in the realm of air, and Surya in the starry spheres.

Surya took to wife lovely Sanjna, daughter of Viswakarma, architect of the worlds, lord of the arts, inventor of countless handicrafts, fashioner of the blazing jewels of the gods, and builder of the celestial chariots.

Of her union with Surya, Sanjna brought forth two children at one birth: one a boy who was named Yama; the other a girl, Yami.

Yama and Yami grew up together, innocent of the world beyond that of their birth; in the slopes of mount Kalinda which lay bathed

in the divine light of their father, they wandered by the hour; playing many a jocund game,—leaping over rills that wound their way with a smile on every ripple, with a babble over every bed of rounded pebbles; running round and round the gnarled trunks of the forest giants; laughing, hallooing, and listening to the echoes of their voices dying in the distances. Now they were near a flowering brake, culling the biggest, brightest blossoms which mingled their hues with the hues of the butterflies and their perfumes with the perfumes of the woodland herbs; now they were under the bough of a spreading tree picking the fallen fruits and throwing away, with hilarious shouts, those whose red ripe of the heart the keen beaks of birds had pecked into.

Lovely was little Yami's apparel: tender and delicate as Creation's first dawn; her ornaments—tiara, eardrops, necklets, bracelets, anklets, shoulder-bits, arm-clasps, girdle, were exquisite, exquisite—

beyond the power of words—adazzle with gems of divers tints, their gold frosted or graven with lightning streaks; for was she not the child of Surya, the Lord of Light and grandchild of Viswakarma, the master-artist? The complexion of Yama was green; his robe of the redness of the ruby.

The children played, and as they played and roamed the woods, little Yami would slip her arm round her brother's neck, or lock her hand in his; all of a sudden she would hold him before her, imprisoned within her arms, smile at him, bring her lips close to his cheek, withdraw as suddenly, and burst into a low laughter. At such moments a feeling of strange perplexity would come over Yama; blushing with shame he would push back Yami; then seeing her fallen face he would laugh in confusion and she would laugh too.

The children played and as they played grew in years.

The years grew, and a passion grew too.

A flaming, forbidden passion.

The parents knew it, or perhaps they knew not.

Yama stood in the prime of his manhood.

And the hour of the woman had struck for Yami.

An urgent hour. Blood called. Imperiously.

A mad passion called for instant fulfilment.

INTERLUDE

Yami: Friend . . .

Yama: Ay.

Yami: I have crossed the vast desert ocean and I invite my friend to friendship. May my womb be blessed and a son born to us to call thee father. And may he be endowed with all the excellencies, our beloved offspring!

Yama: Why speakst thou to me in this fashion?

Yami: Should I tell thee?

Yama: Tell me.

Yami: Desire.

Yama: I desire not this friendship. We are of one origin, although thou art of a different form. The gods, the upholders of heaven who enjoy great renown, look from afar and they don't approve. They look from after but they are near to thee as I am.

Yami: The gods! They see me, they hear me, and I am glad. The immortals themselves delight in a union such as ours. To humankind alone is it forbidden. Thou surely dost know what the progenitor,* the lord and father of all creatures did to his daughter? No interdict does stop us. Come, let thy mind concur with mine and do thou enjoy my body.

Yama: Wherefore should we do what the immortals did? Remember our common parent, remember our consanguinity.

Yami: Dost know Twashtri?

Yama: Ay.

Yami: He, the divine omniform begetter, made us two husband and wife in the very womb that gave us birth. None dare undo what he has done for earth and heaven are aware of this our union.

Yama: In the very womb that gave us birth! Who knows anything about the moment the seed was cast? Who is conscious when existence began—the dawn of the first day when out of the void and formless, the kinship of the existent with the non-existent was discovered? Who has seen it? Who has here revealed it? Endless are the revolutions of day and night. What talkst thou, wanton one, falsely about men?

Yami: What? Art angry with me, friend? Control thyself. The subtle, white-hot, male essence of Yama has moved towards me, Yami; like a warm aura it envelops her skin, it courses warmer through all her blood, and it has crept warmest into her marrowbone. It burns her, it drives her to lie with him in the same bed. Let me come closer, closer to thee, I will abandon my

body as a wife abandons hers to her husband; pray, beloved, let us exert ourselves in union like unto the twin wheels of a waggon.

Yama: Shame on you, destructress, begone! The spies of the gods wander the worlds, never stopping for a moment, with their eyes and ears wide awake. Seek another and join thou quickly with him, and exert yourselves in union, like unto the twin wheels of a waggon.

Yami: Oh, how cruel art thou, Yama! A God and yet so cruel! To thee let every worshipper offer oblation both day and night; on thee let the eye of Surya never set. But how quickly hast thou forgotten the times when we walked, hand in hand, through the woody slopes of Kalinda, picking fruits, gathering flowers . . . Who wept for thee, who tended thee when thou wert in pain, with a running sore on your leg? Oh, how quickly hast thou forgotten all! May Yami bear patiently Yama's unbrotherly conduct.

Yama: . . .

Yami: Dost want to see me weep again?

Yama: Why? What have I done to thee that thou shouldst weep?

Yami: Shouldst thou do more? To one helpless, hopeless in her desire, shouldst thou . . .

Yama: Stop . . . please . . . please. Don't take on so. Passion blinds intelligence, kills reason. Thinkst thou I am cruel to thee? Ponder deep, ponder well, and then wouldst thou know how wrong thou art in hankering after the forbidden fruit. A time will come when sisters will choose for a husband one who is not a brother. Therefore, choose, auspicious one, another mate than me, and make thine arm a faithful pillow for him.

* Unable to bear the incandescence of her lord, Surya, Sanjna asked her handmaiden Chhaya to take her place, and repaired to the forests to practise austerities. By Chhaya was born to Surya three children: Sani (planet Saturn), Manu Savarni, and Tapati (the river). Yama was incensed at the partiality shown to these children by their mother and he raised his foot to kick her. Chhaya cursed him to have his leg affected with noxious sores, whereupon his father gave him a cock which picked off the germs and cured the putrefaction. But the leg didn't become whole, and thus it was that Yama came to have the name *Sirna-pada* meaning 'shrivelled foot'.

Yami: Alas! Alas! Is he a brother true who will let his sister lack a husband? And is she a sister true who will let her brother lack a wife? In the clutch of desire am I powerless; on my knees I implore thee, grant thou this one request, thou rich to the penurious; unite thy person speedily with mine.

Yama: I will not unite my person with thine.

Yami: Pause and think. Do not be rash. In the womb where we began, our two hearts had throbbed together, our two pairs of ears had listened to their one harmony; cheek against cheek, naked arm in arm, entwined like two tender creepers, we had lain, thee my husband, I thine wife . . . and then in our childhood . . .

Yama: Stop, I beseech thee. A sinner vile, most vile is he who approaches his sister with carnal intent. Take thy pleasure with some other than me; thy brother, auspicious one, has no such desire.

Yami: Alas, Yama, thou art feeble, feeble! And yet there is a tender light in thine eyes, and thine arms tremble ever so softly. Thou art in love, thy heart wheels in sweet adoration over some female other than me. She embraceth thee as a girth a stallion, or as a creeper the bole of a tree.

Yama: Seek a mate quickly, seek and win his affection; let him seek thine; and do thou, Yami, embrace him as a girth a stallion, or as a creeper the bole of a tree.

Yami: Hast thou no pity?

Yama: And may all felicity attend thy union!

Yami: Oh, come tears distilling in the deeps of my heart! Weep, weep for a break! Keep wide awake, oh, eyes! For Yama has trampled

* Brahma's union with his daughter, Vach or Saraswati (Speech).

on love and love shall smile no more, Yami shall smile no more . . .

EPILOGUE

Still in the same suppliant posture, on her knees, she remained motionless; love shall smile no more, Yami shall smile no more—sounded the lamentation, then dwindled into a dull, despondent whisper, and died trackless where there were no more tracks for her.

Two tears, as large as hailstones, stood in the corners of her eyes, melted, and tumbled swiftly over her cheeks.

Her eyes became translucent as marbles, tear on tear swelled, trembled on the lids, and dropped down freely, smoothly; a misty curtain was rung down before her and everything around—bushes, grass, rocks, trees—was a big blur, vague and formless as it was in the beginning; on her knees she remained, still as a carven statue, nor seeing, nor hearing; even the fig-tree,* beloved of old, round which they had played as children did not trace its outline; the hoof-beats of the buffalo on which Yama rode away were soundless, and the baying of his two hounds, dread, four-eyed, wide-nostrilled, were mute.

She stayed on, a motionless image; and little by little her body shed

its physical attributes; flesh and blood and bone thawed in the turbulence of her tears and settled into a steady, perennial flow; and from mount Kalinda started a sinuous thread of water, ran into a stream, and rolled a river widening down into the plain, spreading its tranquil expanse.

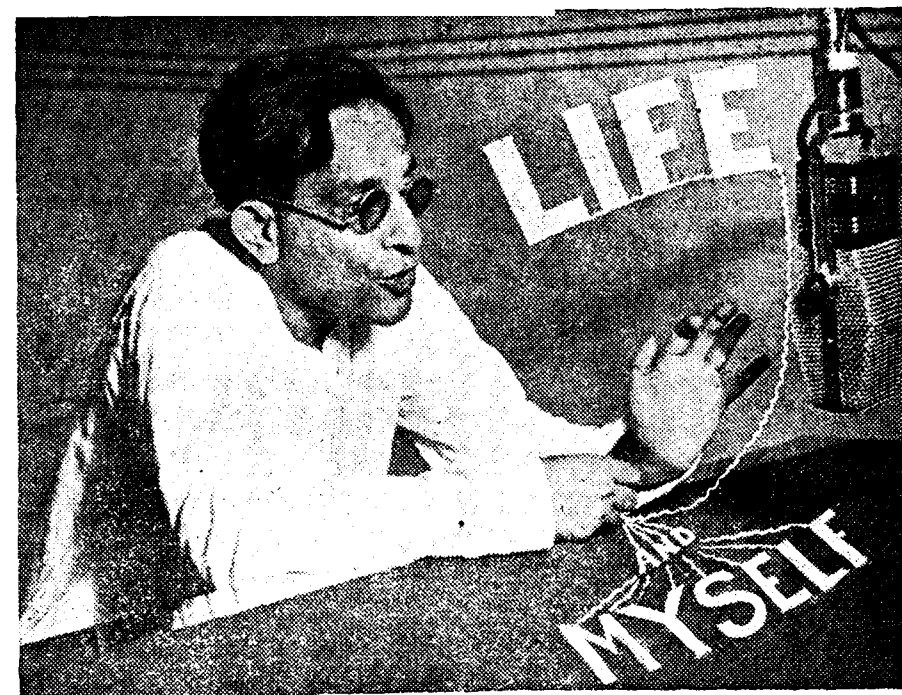
Surya withdrew his rays; a tender luminousness was born; and a spirit, infinitely sad, infinitely lovely, stirred the placid waters.

Yami was changed into the river Yamuna.

* The fig-tree is 'Udumbara' and Yama is Audumbara by association with it.

In prisons and in concentration camps, among the perils, the monotony, the anxieties of warfare, and now among the ruins of historic cities, the best minds of Europe have been meditating with unexampled intensity. They have seen Western civilisation brought low, not by barbarous aliens, but by pseudo-scientific notions exploiting the intellectual and moral backwardness of neglected, rootless masses. They face the possibility that the centre of civilisation may pass to some other continent. Yet brooding over the mistakes of yesterday need not exclude from their minds the possibility of re-establishing civilisation more firmly upon the best thought of today, which frees man from bondage to theological, material, or biological necessity. Centuries of probing into the meaning of history have brought forth the considered judgment that humanity has no single goal, fixed and ultimate, upon the attainment of which it must rest in a routine which is death in life. The future is ours to devise and revise endlessly, as time discloses fresh possibilities.

—EMERY NEFF in "The Poetry of History."



*Harindranath
Chatteropadhyaya*

DESTINY

"I wish we could find some one to take charge of Rama and look after him" said Kamala one day. That would leave her free to study, a freedom she naturally needed since she was essentially an intellectual and loved to browse among books.

Within a few days, as though in response to her wish and her need, a young girl entered our compound escorted by her uncle, a tall person with a screwed-up moustache which seemed quite formidable, and a hard look in his face.

Kamala's mother was overjoyed when the uncle told her that he had come with his niece, Appia, since rumour went abroad to say that some one was needed to serve the child. It was exactly at a time

when the child in the cradle seemed to need some one in its whole-time service. Appia was a young girl with a well-proportioned body and eyes that shone sheer with a clean, innocent light. She had for many months been looking after a whole battalion of children at an orphanage in Udipl and had gained a great deal of experience in the job. Besides, as we discovered later, she was gifted with a rare sense of rearing children, although she herself was a virgin. She was in touch with child-psychology and knew the least, small movement of children and what it meant. She had a fine feeling for them, and an intuition which qualified her, without a doubt, for the task she had come to undertake. Appia was a Protestant and had been brought up under the

grim, proper, narrow influence of Missionary ladies hailing from Europe. From the way she dressed one could easily guess that she believed in Christ and was used to praying in churches in the conventional Sabbath-day manner, once a week closing her eyes and kneeling at the pews in a large congregation. Her arms were carefully covered up right down to her wrists and a frilled collar, which suited her, rose and covered her throat. In short, it was obvious that she brought along with her an old-fashioned idea of sin associated with the body which should, for the sake of decency and morality, not be allowed to expose itself more than it was just necessary to do.

"She wants a home" said the uncle, "and a little pocket money every month". Which meant, of course, that she was not at all anxious to be treated as a mere servant in the house but as a member of the family. When she was accepted by the home which she seemed without any hesitation to accept herself, she went upstairs and stood in large-eyed wonder beside the cradle which housed the one-month old child, Ramakrishna. I thought I saw at that moment a deep mother-love leap into her eyes: "How sweet he is!" she said in Tulu, a language I did not understand at the time, but which, through greater association with her I began later to understand and love for its lovely sounds and rich folk-literature which, by the way, is not written but mouthed down from generation to generation. Tulu is a beautiful language and is spoken only in a small area in South Canara. It has a music which is attractive and is able to say worlds of beautiful things in a most pithy way.

Appia, like Eliza, had come to stay—forever. She was no stranger woman who had come to take charge of some stranger child; she was not just a nurse who had come by accident to look after our son. He was no stranger to her; at first sight Appia recognised in him a link of the past in the chain of some deep forgotten relationship. The moment of her entry into our home was pre-

gnant with a whole unpremeditated history of events; the history of a new life for her, for my son, for Kamala and for me. It was surely pre-ordained by some Divine Planner of things that she should enter our house at the moment when my son really and truly needed some one like her, some one who could dedicate herself entirely to him and his growth, while I, after all that had happened, needed some one, too, to lend to my vague life of growing loneliness a new colour and a new interest without which I might have succumbed to unbearable frustration and a quick dissolution.

Slowly, but surely, I found my interest going out towards this young woman of seventeen. After all, when two people drift apart from each other, it is hardly unnatural that the gap which yawns and stretches between them hungers and aches to be bridged again into some new life-giving pattern, some new pathway leading to a fresh fullness of existence. It is not always successful, but time, the Great Experimenter is never afraid of trying out experiments however impossible they may seem to be. Loneliness, in any case, is a terrible thing; it needs great heroism to bear it and transmute it into meaningfulness. But youth does not need to possess such heroism. It is all out to win new orchards and realms of experience, however difficult and dark be the consequences. The significance of life lies not in letting life flow and ebb away without significance. Loneliness, if one is to live a human life of work and dream and fulfilment, is a handicap. It eats away into the vitals of activity and corrodes energy. On the other hand, of course, it is the essence of spiritual discipline; but even there, it ceases to be loneliness and deepens into an experience of aloneness, which is another word for all-oneness. Besides, I was an artist, in love with life and with living. I did not want to fade away in a foolish loyalty to something that did not exist. I have always been a deeply emotional creature, but hardly ever sentimental. Emotion is a surging urge which takes one across the

waters of time, however turbulent and death-dealing. While sentiment saps the heart and weakens one's growth, ushering into life a sense of stupid resignation ending up in idle, unreal prayerfulness, which, again, is very different from prayer, a mighty and solid vibration which, when it is earnest works out its own fulfilment.

For an artist, in love with music and colour, with the darks and glows and the breaths and warmth of things, in love with touch and smell and embrace and a constant quest of union, loneliness of the sort I was going through at the time was nothing short of defeat—and death!

Before the arrival of the young girl, strangely enough, I was silently struggling between a life of intensely growing passion and a sudden clear-cut renunciation which would lead me to some mountain-top—an idea which seems fascinating from afar. Perhaps, had Appia not come into my life at that moment, the whole course of my life might have run apart and away from "the madding crowd". I was beginning to feel estranged from everything and everybody around me; the behaviour of people seemed so small and their talk so utterly a waste of time and energy. The only thing that held my attention still, in the midst of all my mental suffering and restlessness, was that lovely upstairs room in which I had spent so many rare hours of sparkling dream and quiet meditation, and had written so much good poetic work. It overlooked shaggy woods which lay stretched in deep sleep behind the house. Yes, that upstairs room had become urgent part of my life and had entered the very texture of my bones and flesh. I have always had a sorry and troublesome way of getting used to certain atmospheres which slowly begin to take on the aspect of beings and presences with whom I grow intimate. To leave them and go away to some new atmosphere always means a tearing of my heart-strings. But I have got used to the experience by now, for my life has turned out to be a long and tiresome

process of the tearing of heart-strings and the ripping up of my very soul. I have had to change from place to place, from life to life, from person to person in a curious way to which was attached an inexplicable and unavoidable fatality.

What a strangely disturbing thing attachment is. To be attached to anything or anybody is to owe a fealty to sorrow and death. At that time I could not dream of leaving that upstairs room and going out for good into the wide world without leaving behind me some portion of my own personality, the personality of a poet which I am sure still clings to the walls and to the floor of that room.

Yet, one gets accustomed to everything sooner or later; and when one does not, one at least gets resigned to circumstance. The time was working swiftly towards the moment when I would have to bid a long goodbye to the house and the room of my dreams; I would have to leave the little red-road town of Mangalore with its lovely dawns and evenings, its curling smokes and smells of cashew and fish. I would have to tear myself away from its green pastures and silent peace-haunted hills with which I had, through constant association, during frequent morning and evening walks, become deeply acquainted.

Slowly, I found myself getting interested in Rama. Henceforward I began spending more time by his cradle than I had so far done. My affection for him seemed growing through Appia's affection for him which was amazing and strange and pathetic. "I feel he has been born out of my blood and womb" she would tell me; and, of course, she meant every word she spoke, as time proved to the hilt as the days went by.

Appia had definitely come to take a lasting and unshakable place in our life and in our home. She was not escorted, as it seemed on the surface, by her uncle, but by her own unaccountable extraordinary destiny.

We changed her name from Appia to Sita. Her forehead which had never worn the red spot before in all her life began to put it on. Association with us gradually made her feel more a Hindu than a Christian although I, for one, never thought it necessary for her to change her faith. Since faith is a personal, deeply personal matter, and is to be respected wherever it is found to give peace and strength. One's creed and one's belief is one's own private affair, even as marriage is or a love-affair, for that matter. Religion is a matter of one's heart-acceptance and cannot be forced by any one on any other. When it is, it becomes a travesty at which the gods laugh and the devils jeer. Religion depends so much on one's

temperament. One law for the ox and the tiger is tyranny, says Blake. But Sita on her own felt like changing her manners, her habits, her customs, her way of dressing. She still continued to go to church on Sundays, but even that dropped off after a time. She seemed to find a truer church in my son Rama-krishna's face which she kissed over and over again with the rapture of a true-hearted mother, ready to sacrifice her all for his sake. As time went on, she was ready to sacrifice her all for me, as well. Time proved, beyond a doubt, that the new name we had given her became her to the letter and suited every inch of her service, sacrifice and love.

①

Baby cries

(FOR NO REASON AT ALL)



②

GIVE HIM.

Gripe Syrup

(NO NASTY TASTE)



③

Baby smiles



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BGK-16

SPOTLIGHT ON THE



ON July 13, four days after the failure of the first truce in Palestine to bring agreement between Arabs and Jews, Count Bernadotte told the Security Council: "For the moment I have done my utmost, and for the moment I cannot do more. It is now up to you, gentlemen, to decide what you want to do. It is necessary that quick decisions—I should like to say 'immediate' decisions—be taken." The decision was taken quickly enough. The Security Council adopted, on July 15, a resolution calling for the termination of hostilities within 24 hours in Jerusalem and within three days in the rest of Palestine.

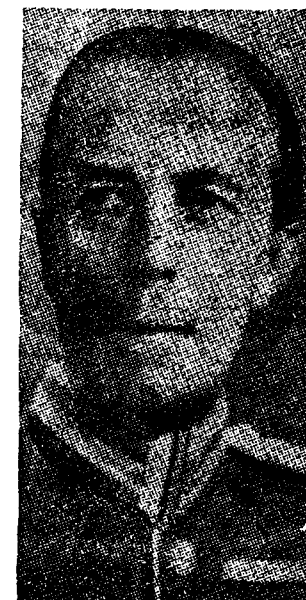
PALESTINE TRUCE II

The terms of this resolution differed from earlier exhortations in two important respects. The duration of the new truce was left unspecified. This was in contrast to the four weeks' duration of the first truce, a period that was patently inadequate for the initiation and successful conclusion of peace talks between fundamentally opposed parties. Secondly, the call for the second truce was reinforced by the threat of economic and military sanctions in the event of non-compliance by either party.

The promptness with which the Security Council passed this apparently 'firm' resolution raised hopes which subsequent events have belied. But this was inevitable in the absence of any change in the factors underlying the failure of the original truce. These factors, already considered in these columns in earlier issues, may be summarized thus: (1) the uncertainty of United States policy towards Israel; (2) Britain's thinly veiled support of the Arab states; and (3) Anglo-American

misgivings about possible Russian entry into the arena of Middle Eastern oil and politics.

American military opinion, proceeding on the assumption of certain war with Russia sooner or later, is predominantly in favour of maintaining Arab friendship. In terms of military strategy Arab lands will, in future, be no less important to America and Britain as war bases than Arab oil has for long been. Present American policy towards Israel is, nevertheless, as friendly as it is only because of the general sympathy in the United States for the Zionist cause and the importance of the Jewish vote in the coming Presidential elections. Indeed it has been suggested that the present truce in Palestine might be prolonged until November, after which it would no longer be necessary for American politicians to at-



Count Bernadotte

tempt a balance between the need for Jewish votes at home and Arab friendship in the Middle East. This might indicate scant regard for the rights and wrongs of the case. But such an arrangement is none the less likely. Here perhaps is to be found part of the explanation for the increasing uneasiness of Israel at the indefinite prolongation of the present truce.

The British attitude has remained unchanged during the many weeks since the Jewish State was proclaimed. Britain still refuses to recognize Israel as an independent state. It will therefore be surprising if Israel's bid for U.N. membership at the forthcoming General Assembly in Paris proves successful.

Finally, the Big Powers' mutual suspicion has prevented the formation of an international force under the U.N.O. This has a direct bearing on the failure of the world organisation to enforce its decisions with regard to Palestine. The frequent and serious incidents which have tended to make a farce of the current truce could not have occur-

red if the U.N. had despatched its own forces to enforce the truce.

Such is the background to Count Bernadotte's mediation efforts. As President of the Swedish Red Cross, he has been away at Stockholm for some time to participate in the first post-war meeting of the International Red Cross. The situation in Palestine has distinctly worsened during his absence. The Count is well aware of the extremely difficult nature of his assignment, but he is not without hope. He told an American correspondent recently: "I said when I accepted this appointment that I regarded the chances of success as one in 100. I think that was a fair appraisal of the problem. Some of my friends told me I was a fool to attempt to solve it. But I have a feeling deep inside me that it is uncourageous to attempt only the easy jobs. If I succeed in this mission which has been entrusted to me I shall not be proud. Man cannot do anything alone. He must have the help of Almighty God. So if I should succeed I shall know whom to thank."

SOME MEMORABLE EPISODES OF NETAJI

by Col. P. K. SAHGAL

ON the morning of the Fourth of July 1943, Syonan (Singapore) was decked up like a newly wedded bride. During the previous night there had been slight showers of rain, so the buildings and the streets had a freshly washed look about them. All the houses and shops in the city and its environs were decorated with buntings, flowers and flags. On the tallest building in the city fluttered proudly the tri-colour flag of India.

Thousands of Indians crowded the open spaces and the roads outside the Cathay building. Inside, in the spacious and beautifully decorated Cathay Hall were gathered the elected representatives of the 3 million Indians living in the Far East and the high ranking Officers of the Indian National Army.

This was to be the first public appearance of Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose, who, after a miraculous journey from Germany had arrived two days previously in Singapore, to organise the 3 million Indians living in the Far East for their struggle against British Imperialism.

Netaji accompanied by Sri Rash Behari Bose and other leading Indians walked on to the dais. There was pin drop silence in the hall as Netaji took his seat, but this was only the prelude to the storm of applause that followed. There were thunderous shouts of Inqilab Zindabad, Azad Hind Zindabad and Netaji Ki Jai.

Amidst this din rose Rash Behari, the erstwhile revolutionary who had spent a life time fighting for the liberation of his mother land. In words of sincere affection and admiration he welcomed Netaji amongst us and showed his supreme selflessness by resigning the presidency of the Indian Independence League in favour of Netaji. At the end of his speech the big hall

once again rang with the sound of applause and clapping.

But as Netaji rose to his feet, there was sudden and complete silence in the hall. The whole audience was electrified and there was a look of expectancy on every face.

Netaji's personality, as he stood speaking on the dais made a very deep impression on every one in the audience and his words captured all hearts. After the passage of five long and eventful years I cannot remember much of what he said that day, but the memory of change that his personality and words brought about in me, is as fresh as if it all had happened only yesterday.

I went into the Cathay Hall, a cynical, strong-headed and self-willed soldier, who had even viewed the decorations and pageantry of that day with contempt and indifference and I came out an ardent revolutionary pledged to give my all and to make any sacrifice at the bidding of one man—Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose. I was not the only one who had been affected thus as I found a similar change in my comrades of the I.N.A. and in the civilian friends. Thereafter the atmosphere in our camps was completely changed. The officers and men went about their daily tasks and training with unprecedented zeal. Every one appeared to have a mission to fulfil. The civilians did not lag behind the soldiers. Thousands upon thousands from all parts of East Asia voluntarily joined our training camps to swell the ranks of the Indian National Army. Money, gold and materials of all kinds were also poured forth by Indians too old, or otherwise pre-occupied, to join the I.N.A.

Netaji employed the next few months in building up the organisation of Indians all over East Asia

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a detour approached the I.N.A. position from the right flank. No mines were available to protect that side so the regimental commander asked for five volunteers to fight the tanks. Fifty men came forward and the regimental commander was obliged to draw lots to pick up the five. The remaining forty-five were sorely disappointed because they had to return to their units without fulfilling the task, for which they had volunteered.

The five volunteers joyfully tied special high explosive mines to their bodies and advanced towards the enemy tanks. As they approached close the enemy thought they had come to surrender, so they put up the hulls of their tanks and shouted

to them to come over. The five brave men rushed towards the leading tanks and then there was a series of terrific explosions and a cloud of dense smoke. When the smoke cleared, there were five tanks in flames and the rest of the tank force had withdrawn. The five heroes by sacrificing their lives had saved the day.

These heroes and their other comrades who made the supreme sacrifice under the command of their beloved Netaji, who himself died the death of a brave soldier, showed the Indian people a new path to freedom and glory. Today, thanks to their sacrifices, we Indians can hold our heads up as Free Citizens of a Free Country.—N.P.S. (Copyright).

The committee was out collecting funds for a charity. They approached one of the town's old citizens, who refused them. "But you could give something!" they insisted.

"No," was the firm reply, "I owe too many people. Debts come before charity, you know."

"But don't you owe God a larger debt than any one," they pointed out.

"May be so," the old fellow agreed, "but He ain't a-pushin' me like my other creditors."



STALIN VERSUS TITO

by WICKHAM STEED

THERE are, I fancy, more things than meet the eye in the dispute between the "Cominform" and Yugoslavia. Unless I am wrong—as I may be, though I have watched the Yugoslavs for some 50 years and have had a good deal to do with them—this dispute is the latest phase of the determined efforts made by the Yugoslav peoples to attain unity "in freedom and independence".

In modern times those efforts began with a revolt by the Serbian leader, Karageorge, against Turkish oppression in 1804. They culminated more than a century later in the establishment of a Yugoslav kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes at the end of the First World War in 1918.

During the Second World War, under the leadership of Marshall Tito, the Yugoslavs fought valiantly against German oppression and reaffirmed their unity in a federal form. As a Communist trained in Moscow, Tito, and the Yugoslav Communists who had been the spearhead of the national resistance, made common cause with the Soviet Union after the war, albeit without regarding themselves as its "satellites".

Moscow, on the other hand, looked upon and treated Yugoslavia as no less a satellite than Communist-controlled Poland or Hungary. This, I think, was a psychological error. My own opinion of the Yugoslavs is that they can easily, perhaps too easily, be led but that all attempts to drive or dominate them are apt to be defeated by their stubborn spirit of independence.

However convinced a Communist Marshal Tito may be and no matter how thoroughly he may be versed in the Marxist-Leninist ideology, he is bound to reckon with this spirit among his fellow countrymen—of whom a great majority are not Communists—and probably also among the Yugoslav Communists themselves.

For 20 years Tito was a trusted and trustworthy agent of the "Comintern", the predecessor of the "Cominform", in several European countries. He knew what had happened to Stalin's rival Trotsky who was driven into exile and finally slain by a Communist emissary in Mexico City.

Tito knew, too, how Stalin had liquidated the Bolshevik "old guard" in Russia. He himself was an ardent anti-Trotskyite. In fact, he went back to Yugoslavia in 1937 on behalf of the "Comintern" to cleanse the Yugoslav Communist Party of Trotskyites. So he can hardly be unaware of the risks run by the opponents of Stalin. Why has he chosen to face those risks?

The answer may lie in Tito's experience in the struggle against the German invaders of Yugoslavia. He became the leader of his people's resistance to a foreign conqueror and the symbol of their hatred of traitors and compromisers with the enemies of their freedom. He showed courage and military ability. His personal magnetism led thousands of non-Communists to follow him. He became a national hero and almost a national idol; he may not have forgotten that in his struggle he owed far more to the help from Britain than to any aid Russia was able to lend him.

When the struggle was over, Tito felt that he had outgrown his earlier functions as an agent of the "Comintern" and was entitled to stand on his own feet as an acknowledged national leader. If his devotion to the Soviet Union was unabated, his very leadership demanded that he take account of Yugoslav interests in the first place. According to my information, he gradually realised that it might be difficult to harmonise these two motives in practice and that the presence in Yugoslavia of several thousand highly paid Russian officers and other "experts" was not only burdensome financially but a source of irritation

to Yugoslav non-Communists and Communists alike.

A supreme effort was needed to restore Yugoslav agriculture and industry after the devastation of the war years. Russia could help little in this work. The West, especially the United States and Great Britain, might be willing and able to help.

Therefore, when the Marshall Plan to aid European recovery was announced, Tito wished Yugoslavia to share in its benefits. He wrote to Stalin in this sense—and was curtly bidden to "toe the line" with Soviet Russia and her other satellites in rejecting and opposing it. Against his better judgment Tito obeyed; but his discontent grew in proportion as the Marshall Plan appeared likely to succeed.

Then came the differences with Russia and her agents in Yugoslavia about the help to be given to Albania and the Greek rebels. Tito set his own very efficient political police to keep an eye upon, and to isolate, Russian officers and agents

—a game in which Tito, thanks to his Moscow training, is a past master.

An acrimonious correspondence with the "Cominform" ensued. It culminated in the ex-communication of the Yugoslav Communist Party which replied by giving Tito and his comrades an enthusiastic vote of complete confidence at the recent Party Congress.

The acrimonious correspondence has now been published. It is edifying as an exhibition of brotherly love for it teems with abusive epithets. One of the Yugoslav letters contains, however, a passage which strikes me as particularly significant. "Let anyone," it says, "love the Soviet Union but no one must love his own country less."

This is the real point. If the Soviet Union ignores it, the dispute between Stalin and Tito may evoke that Yugoslav stubbornness against which Turkey, Austria, Hungary and Hitler strove in vain.

PAN SLAVISM

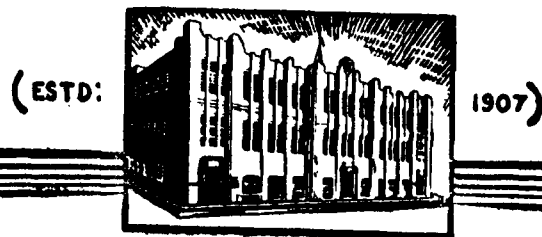
by V. SUBRAMANIAN

SOON after Russia became a strong unified autocratic state after the Mongol invasions, the eyes of its rulers naturally turned towards the western border for further expansion. A forward policy of expansionism is the logical corollary of the establishment of a strong autocratic state. Russia was however denied access to the sea, through which England, Spain and France had expanded into the new world. The eastern route to the plains of Asia was still barred by powerful Mongol states. Hence Russia naturally directed her attention to the west, especially the south-western border, containing the Turkish provinces of Rumania, Bulgaria, etc. There were a number of incentives for Russia to look to these territories. Firstly, ever since the Duke of Muscovy adopted Greek orthodox Christianity, Russian rulers were anxious to have the leadership of Christendom. Naturally they expected Moscow to be the centre of Eastern Christianity after the fall of Constantinople. Also the fall of Greece, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, etc., to the rapacious Turk was in no small measure due to the cold indifference of the Roman Catholic Christian states of the West, to the fate of these dissenters from their creed. The fallen countries looked to Russia for leadership and help against their Turkish oppressors. Again, the population of these territories, though not entirely Slav, was akin to the Russians in race and culture. Stronger even than these considerations, was the insatiable ambition of the Russian rulers to reach the Mediterranean, either through the Balkans or the Dardanelles. This vague mental sympathy between the enslaved populations of these territories and Russia, has been loosely called Pan Slavism. This sympathy has continually existed, since then, up to our time.

The Russian has been called a mystic and a dreamer, and the truth of the statement depends upon what we precisely mean by a mystic or dreamer. Anyway the dream of a

religio-racial hegemony over the Slav territories of South East Europe has powerfully influenced the Russian ruling class. Naturally it meant the liquidation of the Turkish Empire, which extended over these countries. This was however quite easy for a strong Russia, but what was not so easy was to meet the hostility of the brother Christian nations of England, France, Austria, etc., who were also thirsting for a share of the spoils. In the beginning England was not very much interested in the Turkish Empire and Pitt the younger openly declared that he was quite 'pro-Russ' as far as Russia's expansion against Turkey was concerned. Russia was for a time left quite free to wax fat at the expense of the decaying Turks. If left to herself for a few more years, Russia would long ago have liquidated the whole of the Turkish Empire and might have been at the Dardanelles. But England by this time had acquired interest in India and the Far East and a strong Russia at Dardanelles, on her route to the East, was not to England's advantage. This Russophobia of England grew in intensity as Russia expanded in Asia and touched the borders of India and Afghanistan. France also, after Waterloo, became more and more tied to the chariot wheels of British policy, while Austria who stood to benefit by the liquidation of the Turkish Empire, naturally was Russia's rival for the spoils. Thus by the mutual rivalry of these powers, the sick man of Europe was given a longer lease of life.

Russia meanwhile slowly expanded into Asia, till she reached the Pacific, and sprawled across the Asian plains, while in South East Europe, she was thwarted at every step in her expansion. When Russia, after inflicting a thorough defeat, secured large advantages by the treaty of Adrianople, Disraeli forced her to submit it to a European Congress at Berlin and robbed Rus-



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sia of the fruits of her victory. By 1914, Turkey had lost all her European possessions, but Russia was as far away from a Pan-Slavist hegemony as ever, though it was Russian military might that was mainly responsible for the liberation of the Balkans from the Turkish yoke. These countries instead began to quarrel bitterly among themselves, for small pieces of territory, and gave to the political dictionary of Europe, the word "Balkanization".

Then came World War I, and the Revolution in Russia. Lenin signed away, without a qualm, a lot of Russian territories in Poland, Finland, etc., in the treaty of Brest Litovsk. In his zeal to do away with the last vestiges of Czarism and Imperialism, Lenin gave freedom to the Asian subjects of Russia and organized them into semi-independent republics. The Russian Revolution however was prevented from spreading west into the Balkans, because Russia was pre-occupied too much with her own problems, and the Western Allies were still strong. They had successfully built a 'cordon sanitaire' against Russia, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. Russia, too, ceased to be a member of the comity of nations and was boycotted in all international councils. Again the new Russia had completely repudiated religion and racialism. Thus the original incentive of racial and religious kinship between Russia and these countries had been done to death. Pan-Slavism seemed to be dead and buried.

Things however took a new turn under Stalin's regime. Stalin the realist never despised any existing emotion that moved men and women. No Quixotic crusader, Stalin has used racial affinities to further the ends of Communism and Russian expansionism. Thus the Azerbaijanis of Russia act as a magnet drawing their brethren in Persia. In the Balkans, however, this did not work, after 1918. These countries were suspicious of Russia, while also quarrelling among themselves. Hitler's growing power forced them to form the "Little Entente", while Czechoslovakia which was always

faithful to the Western democracies to whom she owed her creation, received a rude shock in Munich and its aftermath. Willy-nilly, the Czechs turned to Russia for inspiration thereafter. World War II saw some of these countries ranged against and some on the side of Russia.

Churchill certainly knew what he was about when he evaded for long the opening of a second front, and even at the last moment advocated its being opened in the Balkans instead of France. He foresaw that a victorious Russia, liberating these countries, would easily consolidate them into a strong pro-Russian bloc. Churchill's frantic efforts, at least to keep Greece under Western influence during 1944 are also traceable to this fear. But events set at nought all Churchill's ambitions.

The tie of orthodox Christianity no more binds the Russian and the Balkan Slav but Stalin is not wholly blind to the value of racial ties, and has been often sending messages of goodwill to Slav congresses. As regards religious ties, in the place of the religion of Christ, there is the religion of Lenin-Marx. Stalin in a way seems to have realized the dream of the Czars, though Communists would vehemently repudiate the comparison.

Marx, an intense hater of Czarism, has condemned Pan-Slavism in no uncertain language and has said that to weed out the disease, it must be attacked at its root spot, Russia, and done away with. To quote Marx to damn the so-called Eastern bloc now, as many American columnists are doing, is like the quoting of Gandhiji, by Razvi and Laik Ali, to damn the Indian Union. Marx expected the social revolution to take place first in industrial England and never dreamed that Russia of the Czars would be the first to put his precepts into practice. Again, to accuse Stalin of going back to the Czars for inspiration is equally irrelevant. In the case of all revolutions, at the beginning, there is a complete repudiation of the past, which attitude is later modi-

fied into a correct appreciation of the past in its true perspective.

The present Eastern bloc in Europe is not based on religious or racial ties, but is the result of inevitable historic and geopolitical factors. Ever since the rise of the Papacy, Eastern and Western Europe have been distinct entities. Especially after the enslavement of South East Europe by the Turks and the partition of Poland, Eastern Europe had no share in the cultural and historic currents of the West. The Reformation, the Renaissance, the Industrial Revolution and the era of liberty and de-

mocracy, on which Western European culture is based, have practically left unaffected Eastern Europe which has looked to Moscow for liberation from the Turks. That division in culture and ideologies persists. The East European is young and has the zeal of youth for new ideas and experiments while disillusionment is the keynote of Western Europe's mind. Russia, superior in might and population, with an unequalled capacity for absorbing populations into her hegemony peacefully, naturally dominates Eastern Europe, with her new message.

GOVERNOR-DESIGNATE OF MADRAS

by "CHAVAN"

HIS Highness the Maharaja Saheb of Bhawnagar, Shri Krishna Kumar Sinhji, Governor-designate of Madras, is just 38 years old. He ascended the gadi in 1919, and after being educated at Harrow, was invested with full ruling powers in 1931. He had his administrative training under the late Sir Prabhaskar Pattani. With the noble traditions of his ancestors and under the guidance of an able Dewan many reforms were put through in the State, among which was the introduction of total prohibition more than a decade back. His Highness is a teetotaler.

His Highness has never exercised any autocratic powers and his Dewans were the real rulers. So much so, it used to be said in Kathiawar, "better to be the Dewan of Bhawnagar than the ruler of an Indian State."

A simple gentleman, who has none of the snobbishness common to our Indian princes, the Maharaja of Bhawnagar does not strike one as possessing any brilliant and outstanding qualities. In a crowd it would be very difficult for him to be distinguished from the commoner. He does not possess the diplomacy or statecraft of his brother prince the Jam Saheb. By nature very shy, the Governor-designate puts one at ease. Both

His Highness and Her Highness the Maharani of Bhawnagar have a way of mixing with people which the citizens of Madras with their simple ways of loving are sure to like.

He is probably one of the few princes who could become a constitutional Governor without any difficulty. He has never exercised any personal power. When some of the Rulers, of States were discussing about handing over power to the people, in the post-August 1947 era, he is reported to have remarked that, as far as he was concerned, it was only a question of taking away power from one and giving it to another. It mattered very little to him whether his Dewan exercised power or a popular representative.

Having travelled in the South and visited some of the shrines, His Highness told the present writer that he was looking forward to renewing his acquaintance with South Indian art and culture. He hopes to take the best of Saurashtra with him and bring back the best of South India to Saurashtra and thus strengthen the ties between the two, forged centuries back by people from Saurashtra migrating to and settling in South India at the time of Ghazni's sack of Somnath.

STREAMLINING HINDUSTANI

by ADELTHA PETERSON

FEW of the present generation can remember the old-fashioned box-like automobiles, small and large, that first came out on the market and stayed with us for so many years. Even after the advent of the aeroplane which required its projectile-like bodies to withstand the tremendous pressures of the winds, it was many years before it was realized that a car moving at high speeds on the earth also created a tremendous wind as it cleaved the atmospheric pressure. It is only of late years that streamlining has been applied to all moving vehicles and so even the tops of our largest buses are smooth and cornerless and the front is streamlined.

Streamlining makes for resistless progress. It reduces the pressure of the opposing winds. Why has there been such resistance against the spread of Hindustani in the southern linguistic areas? I am not one who believes that the resistance is due to an obstinate opposition on the part of the South, but rather that southern children find this language and other similar North Indian languages very difficult to learn. If Hindustani were to streamline itself, it would soon find a willing acceptance in the South. These ceaseless debates for and against Hindustani would cease; it would take its natural place as an all-India common language.

Look how quickly English won its way in the South and North alike, because of its spoken simplicity. It won its way in spite of perhaps the most defective spelling that any language in any part of the world can demonstrate. And I should equally say that English should streamline its orthography if it wishes to be correctly pronounced throughout the world. How can one dream that the simple preposition "of" is pronounced *av*? But the grammatical forms of English are very simple (though not cent per cent perfect) and it has a

masculine, feminine, and neuter form of pronouns and possessives which is very much superior to such other European languages as French or Spanish.

Hindustani is probably in its roots and brief terse words one of the easiest languages to learn in the world. Its grammatical structures for the most part are fairly simple, though there is still room for much improvement in the verbal endings, as compared with English.

Two major defects in Hindustani cry aloud for rectification:

In Hindustani (and most of the North Indian languages) *sex is given to inanimate and sexless objects, but is not always given to sex-differentiated persons.*

While one can say in Hindustani: "That one (or this one) is he-coming or she-coming," one cannot ask the simple question "Where is he (or she)?" If you say "Voh kahan hai" the "voh" may be meant for a person of any sex or even an inanimate object. On the other hand "aval enge?" is most precisely "where is she?" and it is used only for a sex-differentiated animate female being. Personally one may think that in Tamil it would also be well to award masculinity and femininity to so-called "irrational" beings such as the "bull" and the "cow" and that may be a further step needed in streamlining Tamil. Certainly some of our South Indian languages need streamlining as regards their script. For example, the makers of a Tamil typewriter are moved to tears when they contemplate the number of consonantal medial endings for the vowel *u* and some plans for typewriters have consisted in half the board being devoted to these. And surely there is no need for a separate form for three letters in the medial endings for the long vowel *a* and the diphthong *ai*. But we are not concerned with the need for bringing Tamil up-to-date. The Minis-

ter of Education in due course will be approached by the manufacturers of typewriters to ask his co-operation in streamlining the Tamil script, at least for typewriters. But Tamil is making no bid to become an all-India language. Therefore, since it is not attempting to carry its script machine into foreign fields at high speeds it will not have the opposition of the resisting winds and can perhaps wait a bit for its streamlining.

Hindustani, on the other hand, is definitely attempting to sail against the wind of very perceptible southern opposition and if it wishes to gain the confidence of the South it must, and I sincerely believe will, smoothen out the needless barriers that stand in its way through its own present structural defects. As the writer of this article was accused of attempting to start a mere academic discussion that would lead nowhere, because of an article published in SWATANTRA in its July 10th issue, let us be perfectly concrete and practical in suggestions for change.

Let the present words for the indefinite third-person pronouns remain to be used by those who do not care for precise and selective terms. But let there be new words introduced (*Va* and *Vi* for *that he* and *that she*, and *Ya* and *Yi* for *this he* and *this she*.) The younger generation of Hindustani students would soon cause these new and useful terms to penetrate the whole of the language. Once the arbitrary genders were discarded, then we could use the present terms to designate the possessive *his book* and *her book* (*uska kitab* and *uski kitab*). At present, the latter form is the only one possible since the adjective must modify the noun and book is considered as feminine. While that is a high compliment to women, I, as one woman, could dispense with it in favour of a more logical and selective grammatical structure. All this would not mean any radical changes, and yet I believe we are in a mood even for radical changes now in India. Perhaps we may in our great desire for change discard that which we will later have to

rescue from some refuse heap in which we have thrown it. Still one might say that a constant willingness, even an eagerness, to submit what we have to the refining fires of change will yield us more ultimate good than an attitude of holding on to what is ours though we know it is defective, simply because we have always so had it.

Then the script of Hindustani should be so modified that one can tell exactly what consonants are mute and what are sonant with *a*-ness, and some device should be introduced to make possible a short final vowel. (It is perhaps too much to be hoped that a dot be used under *v* for *f*—its natural twin—rather than that, following out the old mis-transliterations of Greek into English the dot be under *ph*, but still even that would give a more accurate idea of the pronunciation of this common Hindustani sound.)

A student of Devanagari Sanskrit (and there are many such in South India) is confused and bewildered when he finds that all his hard-earned knowledge fails him when he attempts to read Devanagari Hindustani. I believe it is the only language in India whose script does not clearly show whether a consonant is mute or sonant.

Since the Ad Hoc Committee appointed by the President of the Constituent Assembly to devise an adequate system of shorthand for Hindustani and an adequate typewriter for Devanagari Hindustani has asked for suggestions as to the reform of the script to increase speed and lessen the strain, optical, mental, and physical of typists, they will undoubtedly (at least for typewriters) devise some way out of the present impasse. There are always two ways open to any script—it can make all its keys or characters mute, as in English transliteration of any Indian language, which would necessitate the insertion of the vowels. Or they can show by a dot over (as in Tamil) or a diagonal short dash under and forward (as in Sanskrit) that a given sound is muted or half-sound. In our machine age the complicated conjunct consonant has definitely to go. It has, for the most

part, been dropped from Hindustani Devanagari but they have no adequate substitute in a definite marking for mute consonants.

There is no way in the Hindustani language to show the sound of the short vowel at the end of the word (as in Sanskrit), because final consonants are supposed to be muted or have long vowels following them. Consequently, while one can write *raja* (short *a* ending) in Sanskrit Devanagari, in Hindustani the same outline will be pronounced as *raj*.

Provision in Hindustani (as also in all Indian scripts) must be made for the introduction of sounds from the rest of India. In the Northern languages the vowel is somewhat indeterminate for *e* and *o*—not as long nor as short as our Southern *e*'s and *o*'s, but it is considered as long in principle. Therefore some provision must be made for such sounds, together with the Bengali *awe*, as in *soi*. Also the special consonantal sounds from other languages, at least eleven, must have representation. Fortunately Hindustani itself has practically every type of consonant. So little needs really to be done to streamline Hindustani and the present Central Government is really alive to the need for this change. One of the questions in the questionnaire above mentioned is "If a standard Hindi (Nagari) typewriter be meant to serve all the Indian languages, what other sound-symbols would you include in it?" This obviously shows that something is going to be done to make Hindustani Nagari all-India.

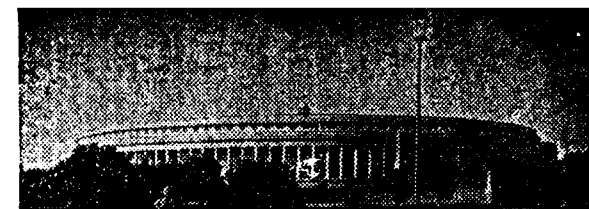
But just as the sounds from all over India are slated for promotion to the script, so should all words that have an India-wide currency be given a prominent place in any language that wishes to be all-Indian. The great linguist Sir H. H. Wilson (1855) made the first all-India dictionary, including words that might have currency in law courts. ("Glossary of Judicial & Revenue Terms"). It was a noble effort but should be improved upon. Even a small study we have done in the Adyar Library in the shape of a Guide-book for all the major Indian languages from Sindh to

Singala has been of interest to show us the words that run like a unifying thread through them all. "Petti" or the idea of box-ness is known in every Indian language. In Hindustani it is a special kind of a chest. Now Hindustani dictionaries (since this is an all-India word) should widen the connotation of the word to include the abstract idea of box-ness. Since "muaf" in common conversation degenerates into "maf" even in Hindustani, and in all the other Northern prakrits has so been simplified, why not give this alternative (or corrupt) form in the Hindustani dictionaries? What we call "corrupt" in dictionary jargon is really the people's dictum as to what they will or will not say and later the "corrupt" word becomes the accepted one.

All this is only designed to help Hindustani become firmly established in the South and to remove the present obstacles to its free progress. The reason Hindustani has such currency in the North is because other Northern languages, for the most part, have also these irrational distinctions of inanimate objects as masculine or feminine (though it is amusing to find that *qalam* for pen is masculine in Sindhi while *qalam* in Panjabi and Hindustani is feminine, so even they have their differences). What is even more amusing is that when a new word like "atom" or "cycle" is introduced into the language (as has recently been done in a very worthy dictionary of scientific terms) they have to attempt to assign a gender to it and decide whether it is "masculine" or "feminine". By plucking off the weed from flowers we cannot eradicate it. We must go deeper and dig up the roots of everything irrational, illogical, and confused in our beautiful mother tongues.

But since we wish to give as quickly as possible Hindustani an all-India currency (Dr. Annie Besant believed in this and worked to this end) we must streamline it, changing it from the old box-type language into a fine projectile wind-challenging language that will resistlessly find its way into the minds and hearts of the whole of India.

NEW DELHI DIARY



by V. V. PRASAD

EVER since Shanmukham Chetty was chosen as Finance Minister by Pandit Nehru, we knew that the rot had set in. I would have liked to think that Shanmukham's exit from the Cabinet means that Pandit Nehru is trying to break the chains which have been forged on the people by the capitalists. But that unfortunately does not seem to be the case. Actually, the whole Cabinet is responsible for the actions of the Finance Minister. Mr. K. Santhanam and Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari were reported to have pointed out this at the Congress Party meeting.

One great leader told me that the Party meeting was a tame affair, and that practically none was prepared to come out openly with any charges lest it should offend those who are in a position to confer favours. Those who were in a position to launch an attack were also at the same time candidates for ministerial or other jobs. The Party thus appeared to be extremely accommodating, and if Chetty had not resigned, perhaps not much dust would have been raised.

The main props of Shanmukham Chetty, who were behind the move to strike off names from the list submitted to the Income-Tax Investigation Commission, did not say a word for Shanmukham. The whole Cabinet must have known about the whole episode from the beginning, because it is unfair to think that the Ministers of the Cabinet are such ignoramuses as not to know what is going on in their Government. Shanmukham Chetty made it clear that his Advisers told him of the possible objec-

tions that might be raised if he should withdraw the four groups of names at a time when the legislature was considering a measure calculated to prevent the withdrawal of names in that manner. If his Advisers knew about it, it may be safely assumed that the Cabinet also knew about it: especially because there was talk of it all along. The Cabinet slept over the whole affair for over six months, and when the Party came to know of it (and was in a position to quote chapter and verse), there was no other go but to accept Shanmukham's resignation.

Pandit Nehru, who wrote of not doubting the *bona fides* of the Finance Minister, thought during his speech in Parliament that there was no question of *mala fides* in the matter. To some the correspondence and the speeches of Nehru and Chetty appeared like an attempt on Chetty's part to involve the whole Cabinet in the affair and a polite "Nothing doing" from Nehru. Those who thought that the man from Madras was extremely clever in debate, had to admit that the man from the banks of the Saraswati in Kashmir, was equally skilful. Pandit Nehru had only one disadvantage, he had never been a businessman.

The amount evaded as taxes has been variously estimated. Capitalist agents put the figure at Rs. 100 crores. The late Homi Mehta, who is described by many as one of the few honest businessmen, put it at Rs. 300 crores. Of this, about half the sum would be lost to the Government if the four groups of names, which have been "with-

drawn" by the Finance Minister, are not entered again in the list.

The four groups of names are as follows:

1. G. D. Birla,
2. Walchand Hirachand,
3. Kasturbai Lalbhai, and
4. G. D. Naidu.

I am not giving out any secret if I say that as soon as the Finance Ministership was handed over to Shanmukham Chetty, it was popularly believed in New Delhi that no action would be taken against the tax-evaders. In a public speech Sardar Patel told merchant-princes in Calcutta: "We have appointed your man as Finance Minister." Shanmukham's resignation was in fact expected soon after the budget was presented. Pandit Kunzru referred in his observations on the budget to the rumours that there had been leakages of budget information. It was thought that Pandit Kunzru would follow it up, but he contented himself with addressing a letter to the Finance Minister.

The search is now on for a new Finance Minister. All kinds of names are being mentioned. Sir Purshottamdas Thakurdas was invited to take it up, but he is reported to have declined. The candidates in the field are: G. L. Mehta, A. D. Shroff and Sir Chintaman Deshmukh. Meanwhile a report has gained ground that the Prime Minister is looking for a man with leftist tendencies. Since Mr. J. R. D. Tata has been described in the American Press as a Communist, it is thought that he might be selected. He has the additional qualification of being a Parsi.

Few people realise it, but the best Finance Minister that we can think of under the present circumstances is already a member of the Cabinet. That is Dr. John Matthai. He has the necessary administrative experience, and the knowledge of finance. His sympathies are not with Big Business although he had been prominently associated with the Tatas. It is believed that the leaders of the Cabinet are not unanimous about offering him the portfolio.

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WHAT IS HISTORY?

by M. S. SRINIVASAN, M.A.

'HISTORY' comes from the Greek word 'historia' which means inquiry or learning by inquiry. Plutarch and Polybius meant by it "a setting forth of the results of inquiry, a written account of information obtained", and such were the masterpieces of Herodotus, the Father of History, and Thucydides. The Romans understood it in another sense: a narrative of past events or a record of some course of human actions, like Caesar's 'Commentaries'. Thus the two great ancient peoples emphasised two separate aspects of history, research and literary value.

In medieval times history was part of theology, a sermon and an exercise in Christian evidences, as was Orosius' 'History'. The printing press made possible the sifting or combining of authorities, instead of merely copying from predecessors. And history which began thus soon became national, combative and garbled. The real critical study of history began with the 18th century and was a product of the political upheavals of the age and the disinterested enthusiasm of the encyclopædist. Ranke was for "colourless, critical and new" history, the concentrated essence of laborious research. Gibbon and Macaulay belonged to the opposite school; they catered to those to whom, in the words of Taine, "the food prepared must be not only easy to take and digest, but must also be a dish, or better still a dainty." Further, writers like Bury consider history to be "a science, neither more nor less". Others like J. B. Black would view it as "an art and nothing else".

No historian today can, as it was the good fortune of Hume at Paris, hope to reap a whirlwind of applause, for this is an epoch of science, not an epoch of humanities. The path of the Muse of History is still like that of Bunyan's hero, "bordered by pitfalls and haunted by hobgoblins".

An old French proverb claims that "happy is the nation that has no history." This is as valid as stating, "Happy is the man that knows no happiness". No nation can help having a history, whether happy or not. To some historians it is the ages that have passed that have interest. Freeman called history "past politics". Sir John Seeley asserted, "Politics are vulgar when they are not liberalised by history, and history fades into mere literature when it loses sight of its relation to practical politics". Hence Schlegel and Acton call historians prophets or politicians "with their faces turned backwards." A French wit characterised ancient history as "fables that have been accepted", some remnants of antiquity that have casually escaped the shipwreck of time. Dean Inge felt that "events in the past may be roughly divided into those which probably never happened and those which do not matter. That is what makes the trade of history so attractive." To certain others it is the present that should be the concern of history. Benedetto Croce failed to recognise any other history than "contemporary history" as really worthy of study. Emerson also argued that "the use of history is to give value to the present hour and its duty."

Arthur Helps was for national history; he calls history "the chart and compass for national endeavour." Such a narrative was unreliable to Joubert who saw that "such literature begins with fables and ends with novels." Fenelon, on the other hand, said, "Good history is of no period and of no country". Cicero believed that "nothing is better suited to cause delight to a reader than the differences of different ages and the vicissitudes of fortune". Gooch found "the key to the study of history in the unity of civilisation". Pascal wanted history to be regarded as "a single man ever living and ever learning".

H. G. Wells treated mankind as "one community".

The authors of the *French Revolution* and the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, like the irrepressible French satirist of the 18th century, have been critical and condemnatory of history. Carlyle called it "a distillation of rumour" and "a loose sheet of rejected MS". Yet as a hero-worshiper he could not be unconscious of its utility and purpose, and viewed it as "the essence of innumerable biographies", "after all the true poetry" and "philosophy teaching by experience". Thucydides and Bolingbroke knew it as "philosophy teaching by example". Augustine Birrell, on the contrary, found in it "a pageant and not a philosophy", even as Hilaire Belloc considered "readable history a melodrama". Strangely Gibbon, who wrote about a grand theme in a grandiloquent style, painted history like Goldsmith, as "the register of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind". Voltaire, the sinewy genius of stark reason, taunted "the great events of the world" as "scarcely more than the history of crimes".

What Wordsworth understood as "old credulities" is put thus by Cowper:

"Some write a narrative of wars, and feats

Of heroes little known, and call the rant

A history."

The elder Walpole said in derision, "Anything but history, for history must be false", and the younger exclaimed, "How history makes one shudder and laugh by turns". Aphra Behn found Fame "ever a notable wag at history". Rudyard Kipling wrote, "Fiction is Truth's elder sister. Obviously. No one in the world knew what the truth was till someone had told a story. So it is the oldest of all arts, the mother of history." Keats asked history to get away, for it was "a gilded cheat".

Macaulay viewed history "in its state of ideal perfection" and added that it was "a compound of poetry

and philosophy". Though Frederick Harrison condemned "brilliant and ingenious writings" as "the bane of history", no book of history has become a classic without such desirable props. His master Comte and Robert Browning called history "the religion of humanity". Froude and Goldwin Smith emphasised the ethical fact that "history does teach that right and wrong are real distinctions". Burke found in history "a preceptor of prudence". As Thiers said, "to write history fairly we must extinguish passion in our souls". J. R. Green praises Freeman's *Norman Conquest* because "it glows with the passionate love of civil freedom". If there is, according to Philip Guedalla, "a Muse no less than a method of history", Mommsen approaches the perfect inductive method and it is in itself a praise for the Goddess of History.

To Dr. Arnold history is "the biography of society"; to St. Simon and Marx "the progressive amelioration of the proletariat"; to Von Humboldt "the exhilaration of what has happened"; to Prof. Flint "all that man has suffered, thought and executed"; to Prof. Creighton, in a limited way, "the record of human action, and of thought only in its direct influence upon action"; to Cicero "the light of truth"; and to Pliny the Younger "however written, it delights men".

Certain lapses of history, which to Jouffroy looked like a tale "from the summit of thought" just as Switzerland looked like a garden "from the summit of the Alps", are usually pointed out by writers. William Blake dealt out this admonition to the historian: "Tell me the What; I do not want you to tell me the Why, and the How. I can find that out myself, as well as you can." Gardiner with shrewdness said, "Historians coolly dissect a man's thoughts as they please, and label them like specimens in a naturalist's cabinet. . . . In real life we may be sure it was not so." Metternich observed that "the materials necessary for a sound judgment of facts are not found in the success or failure of undertakings; exact knowledge of the situation

that has provoked them forms no inconsiderable element of history." It was the belief of Tacitus that the chief office of history must be that "the virtuous qualities of men be not unrecorded, and that evil words and deeds may incur the fear of posterity and future ill report".

History can be a unique teacher, not "a dust-heap", if the best achievements of the civilisations of the world are put in the best words and set in the best light and perspective, as Arnold Toynbee has attempted to do in his monumental tomes.

THE T. V. A. METHOD OF FOOD PRODUCTION

by P. V. C. RAO

THE Tennessee Valley Authority of America provides no irrigation in the vast area served by the Tennessee river and its tributaries. The numerous dams constructed across the river impound water for power production, navigation and recreation ponds. Nevertheless, agricultural production in the valley is always maintained at the same high level of efficiency as industrial production. There is a regular flow of agricultural products to outside markets. It is interesting to note that the "T.V.A." method of food production is based entirely on conservation farming. The valley lands are all terraced on contour so that the rain water may be impounded wherever it falls. The soil as well as the water are effectively conserved and improved agronomic practices are applied. Close harmony between agriculture and forestry is maintained.

Unfortunately, we have not so far realised the potentialities of conservation farming in our country. We are still enamoured of 'irrigation' which is only one of the means of rendering the land yield. In a recent speech, the Madras Food Minister indicated that Government would be undertaking the repair of tank bunds so as to impound more of the rain water that is now going as waste. It should be remembered that the net-work of tanks of Krishnadevaraya's Rayalaseema had become the graveyard of fertile soils, thereby accelerating the pace of economic enslavement of the entire region. The havoc wrought in Rayalaseema was merely the replica of the devastation which erosion caused in Central Asia.

Tank irrigation is quite good provided the surrounding lands are prevented from contributing rich silt to the tank bottoms. We shall simply be entering into the vicious circle of dredging the tanks and stimulating the land with artificial manure while allowing the silt to be lost.

There is no reason why we should not follow the "T.V.A. method of food production" by contour terracing our fields and thereby impounding rain water wherever it falls. The dry districts of our Province are admirably suited for conservation farming. In a recent speech at Coimbatore, the Agricultural Minister is reported to have stated that the Government have been in correspondence with the Bombay Government regarding the success which attended the Bijapur experiment of soil conservation. The Government will do well to consider whether the existing critical times would justify, leisurely official correspondence on a matter of vital importance for our food production. The technique was tried and proved a grand success in all the advanced countries and especially in the U.S.A. Government have abundant resources of obtaining information on the subject. Further, when the Ministers and officials meet frequently at Delhi, such vital measures as these should have been discussed and information exchanged. To start routine correspondence through official channels now will be something like endeavouring to dig the well in order to save a burning palace. The need of the hour is prompt decision and quick action.

THE ANCIENT UNIVERSITY OF NALANDA

by R. J. VENKATESWARAN

LONG before the medieval universities of Europe came into existence, India had attained remarkable progress in the sphere of higher education and the fame of her universities had spread not only throughout the country but even beyond its borders. Such were the universities of Taxila and Ujjain. The former flourished for ten centuries and was famous for its medical school while the latter was well-known for its teaching of mathematics and astronomy. Educational centres of great repute existed at other centres too—at Valabhi, Vikramasila, Kanchi and Nalanda. Nalanda had the largest student population of all the universities of ancient India. It admitted students of every faith. It provided instruction in a vast variety of subjects. It attracted students from different parts of Asia and sent out its own scholars to Tibet, China, Japan and Ceylon. It was a real international university. Races belonging to different climates, habits and languages were drawn together, not in the clash of arms but in harmony of life, in amity and peace.

A study of the history of this institution will be of interest at the present time when we are engaged in the great task of educational reconstruction.

Nalanda in Bihar was a famous Buddhist centre from early times. Buddha had often visited the place and Asoka had built a temple and a *vihara* there. In 425 A.D. Kumaragupta I, a devout Hindu, founded a monastery in Nalanda. Richly endowed by successive monarchs, the monastery, in course of time, became a great residential university.

The university was housed in magnificent buildings. Its eight colleges were built in rows and one of them was four storeys high, as

stated by Yuan-Chwang. The Chinese pilgrim's description is worth quoting: "The whole establishment is surrounded by a brick wall. One gate opens into the great college from which are separated eight other halls standing in the middle. The richly adorned towers and fairy-like turrets like the pointed hill tops are congregated together. The observatory seems to be lost in mist and the upper rooms tower above the sky. All the outside courts in which are the priests' chambers are of four stages. The stages have dragon projections and coloured caves, pearl-red pillars carved and ornamented, richly adorned balustrades and roofs covered with tiles that reflect the light in a thousand shades".

The university had three splendid libraries. They were known as Ratna Sagara, Rathnodadhi and Ratna Ranjaka, meaning the sea of gems, the ocean of gems and the collection of gems respectively. The number of students was about 4,000 to 5,000. Admission was by means of a viva voce test which was conducted by the gatekeepers of the university who were all very learned men. It was a very stiff test. Of those from abroad who wished to enter the schools of discussion, the majority, beaten by the difficulties of the problems, withdrew, and those who were deeply versed in old and modern learning were admitted, two or three out of ten succeeding.

There were no formal lectures at the university but each student or a small group of students was personally attended to, by the professors. There were about a thousand professors, the most famous of them being Nagarjuna, Dinnaga, Vasabandhu, Dharmapala, Silabhadra and Jinamitra. They were all very learned men and they came from all parts of India—Silabhadra from Assam, Dharmapala from Kanchi, Jinamitra from Andhradesa and so

on. This fact clearly demonstrates the cosmopolitan character of the university.

The curriculum of the university also shows its catholic atmosphere. Although it belonged to the Mahayana school of Buddhism, provision was made for the study of the works of the Hinayana school also. Other subjects included Dharma-sastras, Puranas, astronomy, astrology and medicine. Referring to the scholastic life in the university, Yuan-Chwang observes: "In the establishment were some thousands of brethren, all men of great ability and learning, several hundreds being highly esteemed and famous. The brethren were very strict in observing the precepts and regulations of their order. They were looked up to as models by all India. Learning and discussing, they found the day too short. Day and night they admonished each other, juniors and seniors mutually helping to perfection". No fees were charged but, at the end of their course, students might (or might not) remunerate their professors according to their means. -

The great reputation of the university attracted students from all parts of the Buddhist world. Besides Yuan-Chwang and I-Tsing, a number of scholars came from China and spent considerable time in the university. Nalanda also sent its scholars to distant countries to propagate Buddhism. Early in the eighth century, Subhakarasiṃha was sent to China where he worked on the translation of Buddhist texts. In 749 A. D. Santarakshita, a famous Pandit of Nalanda went to Tibet at the invitation of the ruler. He built the first Buddhist monastery in Tibet and he was given every facility to propagate Buddhism. The works of some great Nalanda scholars are preserved in Tibet. The university also received active help from Balaputradeva, King of Java. He built a monastery in Nalanda and

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persuaded Devapala, the king of Bengal, to grant five villages for its maintenance.

Nalanda continued to be a famous centre of learning till the end of the 12th century. In 1205 the great university, with its priceless library was wantonly destroyed by the Muslim invaders under Bhaktiyar Khilji.

The Indian universities of today will do well to emulate the salient features of Nalanda—the high place assigned to the professor, stern discipline and the close personal contact between the students and the professors. Only then can our universities be worthy of our rich and ancient heritage.—N. P. S. (Copyright)



Neither his fellows, nor his gods, nor his passions will leave a man alone.—JOSEPH CONRAD

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.

Temple Affairs

I have been noticing for the past four months the activities of the archakas and cooks of the Meenakshi Temple, Madura. The Ministry should issue a directive to the H.R.E. Board and through it to all executive officers of all temples, to institute effective measures to discover, prevent and punish pilfering.

K. RAMASUBRAMANIAN.
Madura.

Self-Contradictory

The performances of the Ministers during the last three days of the first year of independence are an interesting commentary on local parliamentary practice. On Thursday, Mr. Gopala Reddi, answering questions pertaining to the Home Department, presumably on behalf of the Premier, told the Assembly that he was not prepared to give information regarding the number of cases in which the advice of the Advisory Council, constituted under the Public Safety Act, was accepted and detenus released. He pleaded that it was against the public interest to do so. Friday saw Dr. Rajan, again acting for Sri. Omandur, giving the Legislative Council figures of cases examined by the Advisory Council and of releases by the Government. What was prejudicial to the public interest on Thursday suddenly ceased to be so in 24 hours. If the Ministers deputising for the Premier were giving information that was furnished by the Premier and following his instructions, how did contradictory statements come to be made? If the Ministers were acting on their own, how many Ministers are in charge of Home besides the Premier?

R. B. N.

Communists And Civil Liberties

Commenting on Pandit Nehru's attack against the Communists for their alleged "alliance" with the Nizam's Razakars, Saka, writing in "Sidelights" (Swatantra August 7th), rightly exposed its absurdity. At the same time Saka himself indulged in some crude attacks on the Communists as a whole. He wrote: "There is an element of ferocity in the average Communist which goes beyond the limits of understandable indignation at the injustices stalking the world. If ever Communists should gain sovereignty, non-Communists would fare as the Jews under

Hitler and there would be no question of civil liberties." Saka is certainly entitled to hold his opinion, but truth has nothing to do with it. One of the countries which elected a Communist leadership very recently was Czechoslovakia. The local Press was good enough to publish all the stories circulated by the various British and American news agencies about the Communist "atrocities" and "suppression" of civil liberties in that country. What amount of truth lay behind these stories is now revealed by Commander P. Young, a member of the British Labour Party, after visiting Czechoslovakia. Writing in the "HINDU" of August 1st, he says:

I have met plenty of other critics during the week that I have been here, and few of them have shown hesitation in voicing loudly in public their yarns about "persecution". An outstanding example was a man, a complete stranger to me, who, noting my incomplete mastery of the Czech language, proceeded to denounce "the Communists" to me at the top of his voice, in German, a language which is far from popular in this country. He did this, moreover, in a crowded tram taking spectators away from the display of mass gymnastics of the Slav anti-German Sokol Movement, which has recently been held here in Prague! That this man could get away with such provocation is ample confirmation, I think, of the attitude expressed recently by the new Prime Minister, Antonin Zapotocky, in an interview with REUTER's Correspondent, when he said: "We have no reason to persecute and destroy those who do not agree with to-day's regime. Where the real democratic majority has been victorious, there is no need of violence to preserve its victory!"

In the light of this, one can hardly believe that there is any suppression of civil liberties in that country. Let us again take the case of China, more than half of which is now under Communist control. All the foreign journalists who had visited the Communist areas have revealed that instead of suppressing civil liberties, the Communists there are actively restoring them. The same is the case in all those countries in Eastern Europe, which are now under Communist leadership. Probably in some of these countries, civil liberties are denied to Fascist elements. Saka cannot find any harm in

this since civil liberties cannot be granted to those who will deny them to the people.

It cannot but be clear to all those who have any knowledge of world affairs that Saka's show of fairness and objectivity is only a farce. Evidently he attempts to sail in two boats with one leg in each at the same time. This is only an example of the demoralization that has crept into our journalism in the recent past.

R. L. NARAYAN.

Pity The Compounder

Every compounder in a Government hospital is required to hold a diploma in practical dispensing in addition to his general qualification of having passed at least the S. S. L. C. examination. The scale of pay that obtains at present is Rs. 35-1-60 which compares very unfavourably with the pay that is given to any raw S. S. L. C. candidate who enters as a clerk in any of the Government departments. Again any clerk has chances of promotion to a higher grade after some years of service. But the compounder has to enter as a compounder, serve as a compounder and retire as a compounder. It is no wonder the service has no attraction and there is dearth of qualified compounders everywhere. Will the authorities concerned pay attention to the matter and do something positive to improve the lot of the poor compounders.

CHANDRASEKHAR

Right Use For Sterling Balances

Mr. Krishna's rejoinder to my letter (vide *Swatantra*, Aug. 14) makes a fundamentally wrong approach to our economic problem. To talk of industrialisation when we are hardly self-sufficient in food-resources is putting the cart before the horse. The last war has thoroughly exposed the weakness of India's food position and it is time we make a determined effort to step up food production. Scientific farming is the remedy for the excessive pressure of population on land. When machinery replaces human labour in agriculture, the surplus manpower will be diverted to other fields. The present concentration of man-power on land is more out of necessity than choice.

Nobody wants 'dumping' of foreign goods but essential consumer goods must be imported. Besides benefiting the consumers, these imports will be a corrective to the present inflation and high prices.

Let me quote Sir Chintaman Deshmukh: "It is unjustifiable to use the import control machinery, as I fear it has been on occasions used in the past, in the interests of protecting the indi-

genous industry." The recent 'sugar swindle' and the 'cloth muddle' have made the consumer a wiser man and he is not likely to be impressed by time-worn arguments like 'enriching foreigner's pockets', etc., etc. A burnt child dreads the fire, so does the common man dread 'protection'.

K. S. PARTHASARATHY

True Nationalism

The need for practice of "truth" and "non-violence" is at no time greater than it is to-day. The promotion of goodwill and harmony between the various sections and peoples that inhabit this country and the removal of the hatred, ill-will and suspicion that pervades the atmosphere, are vital to the progress of our mother-land. True Nationalism lies only in acting up to the precepts of Mahatma Gandhi and acting generously towards the helpless minorities in the land. It is only the truly strong in Nationalism that can afford to do this. These ideals require the maximum amount of patriotism and selfless devotion to the cause of the country. Mere lip-service to the principles and precepts of Mahatma Gandhi but practices contrary to the lessons that his life has taught us, can-

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now lead us anywhere. The social, economic and political development of our country can proceed and progress only if we rise above our petty prejudices and fads and sink all differences for the sake of the common weal, irrespective of caste, creed, or religion.

The will of the State has manifested itself in many forms and shapes during the past year, many of which are neither satisfactory nor commendable. The laws curtailing the liberty of the subjects and the measures which seek to wipe out factors that contribute to the stability of the State do not demonstrate any soundness of policy. If Muslims and Hindus would only have toleration for the other man's point of view, show scrupulous regard for the rights and liberties of the people and carry on the administration in a spirit of selflessness and sacrifice, there is no question of the people withholding their support to the State; and in that case, no one need entertain any fear about the future of our country, which is magnificent and great indeed.

BASHIR AHMED SAYEED.

Nationalisation Of Bus Transport

After the nationalisation of the City's bus transport effected by the Madras Government, one finds no improvement at all in efficiency. On almost all the routes, it is impossible to get a lift at any intermediate halt during the peak hours. The plight of the women passengers is pathetic. The moment the bus comes to a stop at the halt, there takes place a general stampede and the fittest survives. The public will be much thankful if the Ministers abandon their limousines for a week and use the public conveyance to reach their offices. This will give them an idea of how effective and advantageous their policy of nationalisation is. It is now clear that the Madras Government seem to be ignorant of the principle that nationalisation of transport is not intended to create a source for the revenues of the State but to provide cheaper, faster and punctual services to the public.

R. N. RAO

Madras Irrigation Bill

It is understood that the Madras Government are contemplating to introduce comprehensive legislation empowering Government "to raise the full tank level of irrigation works where necessary." There are two ways of achieving the objective in view: either by extending the area of immersion or by increasing the depth of the tank or reservoir. The first method would

create problems of resettlement of the displaced communities. The second method seeks renovation of the fertility of the catchment lands which, under the existing unprotected condition, have been spoiling themselves and spoiling the reservoir.

The acuteness of the evil effect of sedimentation is now being keenly felt in the City of Madras as a result of the restrictions imposed on the water supply by the Corporation authorities due to the decline in the reservoir depth. It is stated that the level of the Red Hills tank on 6th August was 36.71 feet as against 38.03 feet on the corresponding date of last year and the average of 37 feet before the advent of the Poondi Reservoir. It has to be investigated as to how far this loss of depth is attributable to sedimentation and also whether adequate measures were taken for the prevention of silt at the time of construction of the reservoir. The reservoir is a costly project serving a basic necessity of life for millions of City dwellers, and if acuteness of water supply is felt during a period of no draught, the serious import of the problem involved can be easily imagined.

Sedimentation is also causing considerable loss of food production in the irrigated areas. The Madras Government should immediately set up an expert committee to inquire into the extent of sedimentation and its effects on power, irrigation and water supply projects. In the proposed irrigation bill, Government should acquire powers for the compulsory execution of soil and water conservation works on all the lands, especially those notified as "critical areas" of the watershed. We will do well to emulate the American technique of preserving and increasing the utility of irrigation and power projects by the positive approach of "soil building" rather than by the negative device of "space immersion".

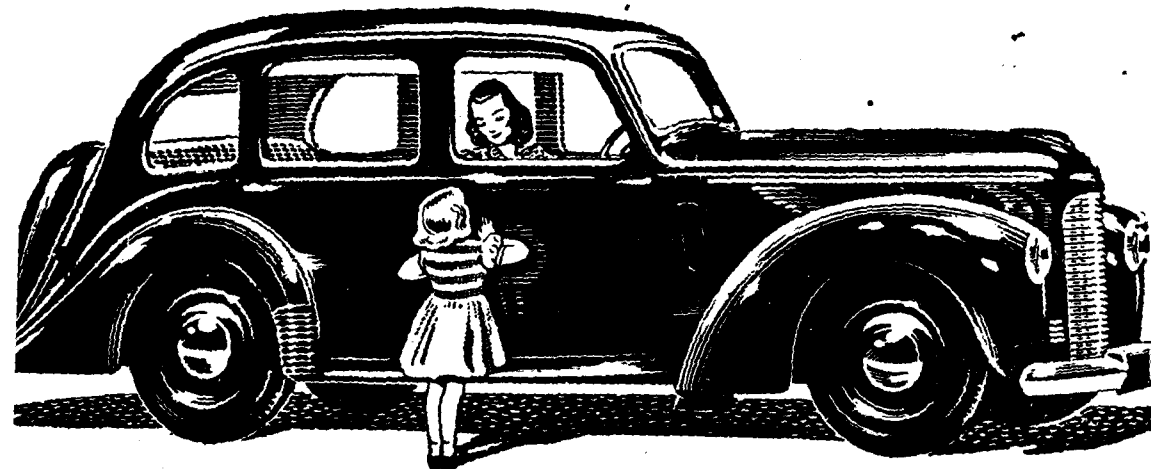
P. V. C. RAO.

Origin Of The Violin

In the article, "The Orpheus of South India," appearing in SWATANTRA of 31st July, "Raja Sree" hints of the violin having originated in India. In this connection, I wonder whether any of your learned readers (from these parts at least) have noted a curious panel in the Chidambaram temple. On the northern side of the inner "Pradakshina" path round the sanctum sanctorum, the third panel from the west shows a group of two musicians, one of them having a *distinct violin* in her hands. It is quite similar to the instrument now in vogue and is held and played in the modern fashion.

T. MADHAVA MENON.

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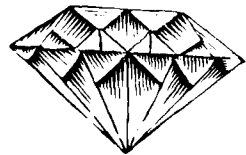
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