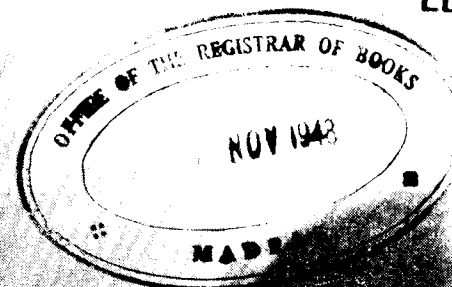


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EDITOR: KHASA SUBBA RAU



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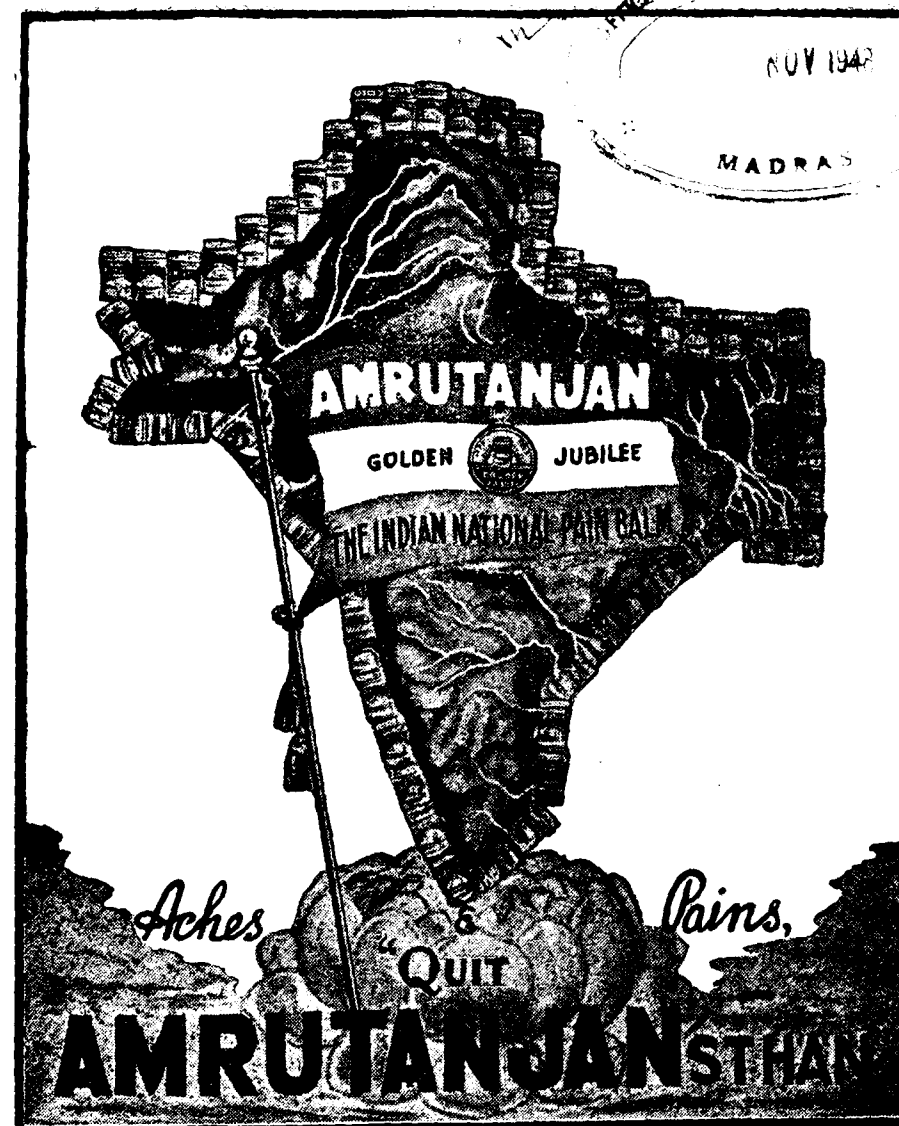
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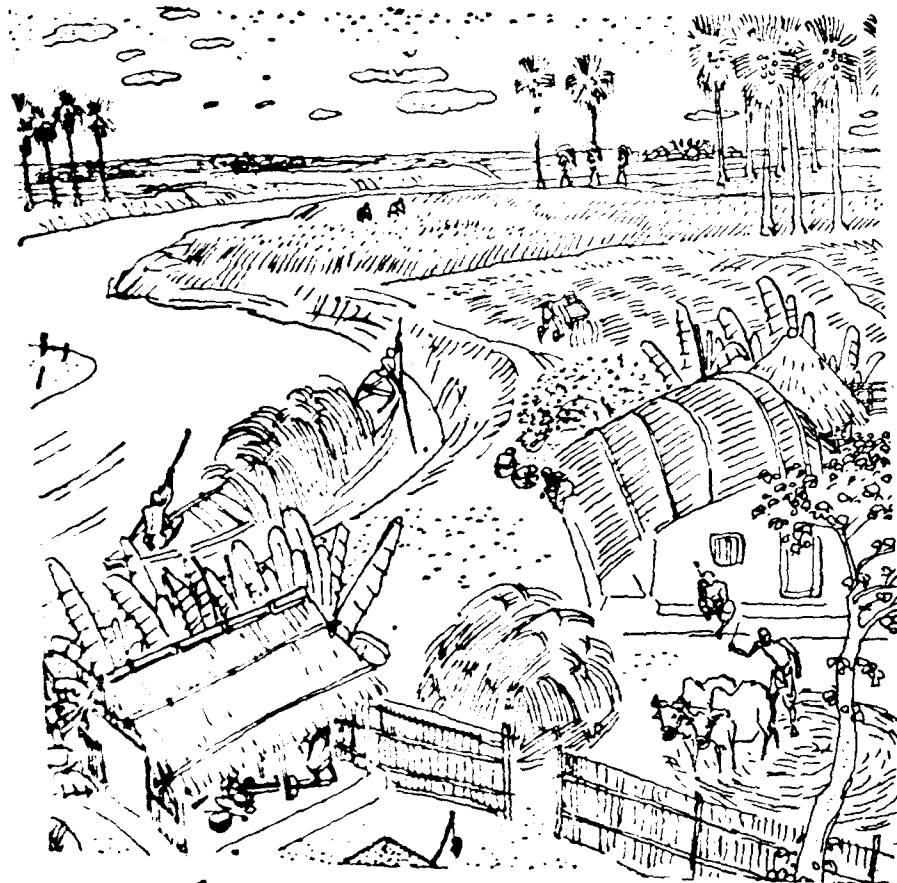
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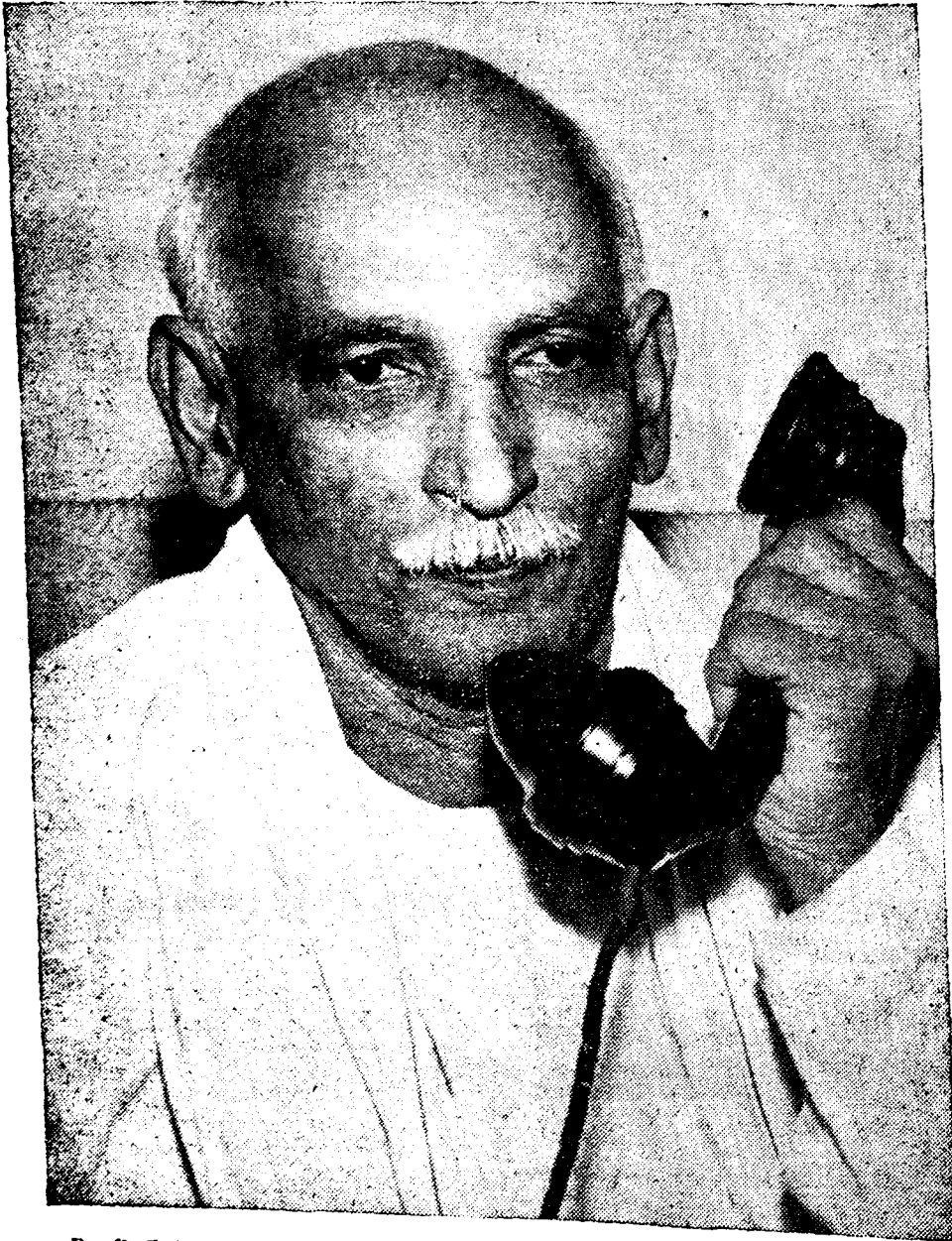
SWATANTRA

VOL. III, No. 39

(SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1943)

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Dr. B. Pattabhi Sitaramayya, President-Elect Of The Indian National Congress.

SWATANTRA

VOL. III
No. 39

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1948

ISSUED
WEEKLY

LOSS AND GAIN

PANDIT NEHRU'S return to India should enable an early assessment of the losses and gains of his trip to England. On the personal plane, it was naturally an unqualified success, and to that extent, he has added to our prestige abroad. His public utterances have been a felicitous blend of simplicity and spontaneity. Most of the time, he spoke straight from the heart, and has certainly built up a valuable fund of good-will for us in the highest political and diplomatic circles—both in London and at Paris.

On the diplomatic plane, the results have been but half and half. We are apparently to continue to be members of the Commonwealth without having to sacrifice our resolve to be a democratic, sovereign republic. This means that we have agreed to act as the strongest link in a system of global defence as delimited in the South-Eastern Sector of Asia. In the crisis of a war, it would be a burden of terrific weight and complexity, though under normal conditions, it might seem as if we are getting the benefits of an association without any obligations attached to them. South East Asia is pivotal to any scheme of global strategy having for its aim the containment or overthrow of the Communist 'menace'. Pakistan is not so vital to it as we with our far-flung and extensive seaboard. Without our help, Australia would be utterly lost to the mother country.

Evidence is slowly but surely accumulating to show that Pakistan is being prepared as a jumping off ground by our old Tory die-hards in collaboration with international parasites and crooks among the smaller powers from where to embroil us interminably in quarrels with it. The hopes that partition would bury the communal hatchet once for all are now being steadily falsified. The last British Commander-in-Chief of Pakistan, and Lord Wavell are the latest recruits to an unabashedly partisan view that Kashmir must belong to Pakistan, and that no stone should be left unturned to force a political arrangement down the throat of India with the help of the Security Council. The basis of this solution is that Pakistan can never feel safe with Kashmir in hostile possession, and that Pakistan considers India a hostile neighbour. It follows from this that we have to consider ourselves neighboured by a hostile power, and even though we may have no hostile intentions, we must nevertheless prepare to meet any untoward outbreak of hostilities! In short, it is the policy of these warmongers to play upon the nerves of both the dominions with intent to promote a state of chronic jitters among the nationals of both dominions.

What is Pandit Nehru's counter to these machinations inspired from Britain itself? The British Prime Minister cannot be unaware of the unsettling effects of a propa-

ganda carried on by British nationals in England in favour of one of the dominions and at the cost of another dominion. The recrudescence of this propaganda is not accidental; for it coincides with the collapse of the military adventure of the hostiles in Kashmir which by all accounts is on its last legs. This is the problem of the utmost gravity and urgency that awaits our Prime Minister's personal attention against his arrival. On an equitable and satisfactory solution of it would depend the character and tempo of our progress in the tasks of reconstruction and rehabilitation.

During his absence, our old friends the gentlemen of the textile industry, have managed to wangle an extra respite of one more month in which to make hay while the controls are held in abeyance. This cynical betrayal of the harassed and heart-broken consumer must be met with immediate and condign punishment. No valid reason has been advanced for the postponement of the introduction of controls. Vague suggestions have been thrown out that Japanese textiles are coming in, that Britain has diverted her Far Eastern quota to India and so on. But that these are all bogus is evident from the fact that the prices of textiles have not shown any tendency to go down. The nightmare of a slump is therefore beyond the wildest flights of imagination.

There is next the situation created by the comparative failure of the monsoon to tackle—at least so far as Madras is concerned. Rice controls are still far off; the quantity is shrinking as inexorably as the quality is deteriorating. What is to be done in this trial sent by the heavens themselves?

Lastly, there is the problem of the French and other foreign settlements. Whatever the degree of propaganda on either side, it is undeniable that our nationals in these enclaves have shown a natural and

meritorious desire for re-union with us. Even if they showed no such disposition, it would be to our interest to induce and foster such a feeling in them. The first round has just finished, and we have lost on it. But, the attempt must be renewed as often as circumstances permit until the only possible and honourable solution is reached in an integration of India which would write the epitaph of the last foreigner on the last inch of India's hallowed ground. We need not force the pace, but we should not relax in our efforts to promote the union.

Star-Chamber

WE published last week the Madras Government's reply to some of our observations on the activities of the 'X' department. Since then, the subject has also been ventilated in the Assembly in a series of supplementaries which revealed widespread interest in, if not anxiety on, the subject. So far as we are concerned, we have not assumed that the Government is always in the wrong or that the accused are always innocent. Our chief complaints were two; that the *modus operandi* left much to be desired, and that the results seem out of all proportion to the time, cost and labour spent by the department. We pleaded that it should not degenerate into a sort of petty and unnoticed inquisition, uncertain in its incidence and capricious in its operation. We feared that minnows were caught while tritons were allowed to escape. The Government has now denied all the charges. Well and good; but may we now raise a few more questions, arising from the Assembly interpellations?

It is now admitted that legal aid is refused for the accused, for purely departmental reasons. It is not enough that all facilities are allowed for the defence 'as if in a court of law.' The absence of

publicity, or rather the safety of secrecy, acts in favour of the prosecutor more than in that of the accused. What is the good of endless avenues of appeal to a petty durwan who crumples up under the first interrogation? The number of those surviving a departmental trial and thriving on it is certain to be nil.

We should further like to know in how many cases the recommendations of the special officer have been confirmed, reduced, enhanced or rejected; how many of these in turn have been reviewed by the Public Services Commission and in what ways. We also doubted the propriety of one and the same officer being assigned a series of such enquiries. Monotony is apt to provoke a mental attitude which would be anything but judicial; we pleaded for the removal of this handicap to the unfortunate victim.

Why is it that we have not had any cases of departmental correction at higher levels? Is it not notorious that many officers have acquired property through dummies,

and have almost plastered their homes with gold and diamonds? If goldsmiths and diamond and other precious stone-dealers were compulsorily ordered to keep a register of their clients and patrons, we can get at a very strange list indeed.

Lastly, we should like to know if the Premier who is in charge of the portfolio is in the habit of conferring with the special officer in connection with the progress of the enquiries, and if so why? There ought to be well-documented files pertaining to each and every case on which alone final decisions should be based. Personal meetings should be deprecated as both unjudicial in spirit and injudicious in method.

As for Government not having received any complaints, it might well be due to a variety of causes. But we think it extremely naive to infer from a negative such a positive unction as that which the Chief Secretary lays flatteringly to his soul!

Sotto Voce

Our Imperial Capital



NEW DELHI, like Michael Angelo's Adam, is but half emerged from the parent rock. And in this case the rock is distinctly to be preferred. I found the Ridge more companionable than the brick and mortar wilderness that has grown all about it like the lichen that overspreads the trunk of a decaying tree. A city is the last word in human artifice. It is the very antipodes of Nature unadorned. Time alters it, but it is time work-

ing through innumerable men's hands and weaving out the patterns born in innumerable men's brains. You cannot just scrape a bit of jungle, dump miles of barracks and bungalows on it and expect it to flower. The effect is as ludicrous and disconcerting as if a man shaved one side of his face only.

It may be said, "After all, Rome was not built in a day. In another

century or two the rawness of Lutyens' creation may positively mellow into beauty." It is just possible that the outward appearance might improve with the passage of years. Thus, the endless squares might cease to look like eyeless sockets with the growth of a few wayward trees. The innumerable circles, which you thread with the feeling that you are the earth turning on its own axis while at the same time moving in the orbit of the bald-headed sun which is Viceroy's House, may become a little more readily distinguishable each from the rest. Even the pendulous jowl of Great Place might come to be lined with a few becoming wrinkles. But in this vast dormitory for clerks where is the place for mind?

There have been great city builders in the past. From ancient Kanchi to modern Bath you have an infinite gradation of beautiful cities planned by a master-brain and in large part executed too. But they do not have on the beholder the effect of a geometrician's delirium. They were built for a community to live in. Whether it was a cathedral city or a university centre or a great mart of trade, a predominant inspiration did not mean lop-sidedness in design. It was not a multi-cellular hive for the minions of an isolated activity that the master-builder fashioned, but a house of many mansions.

The cultural poverty of India's imperial city cries out to the skies. Its new university is not a residential one; and yet it has ostentatiously withdrawn itself to a remote corner. Perhaps I am doing it an injustice, since it may have had no option in the matter; but its seclusion seems to offer no countervailing advantage, seeing that it prizes the pursuit of science instead of exploring the rich historic dust which makes Delhi the palimpsest of forgotten civilisations. As for the intellectual ferment which a rich

upsurge of voluntary associations betokens, there is little sign of it, if one may judge from the newspapers. Card-playing is the universal diversion as wangling is the one serious business of life.

There may be a few artists, poets and engineers tucked away here and there in this bureaucrat's paradise, but if they are wise they will throw aside easel, pen and foot-rule at the earliest opportunity and find a place in the North or South Block, in one of those pleasant cubby-holes where the boss sits in state behind his bit of baize like a brooding hen, while his hand-picked nepots preen themselves in the antechamber. The Mandarins may be dying out in China but you will find them re-incarnated here. "All things in moderation", said Confucius; and they implicitly follow the injunction in regard to work—though not in regard to salaries. And the Samurai themselves were not more stuck on prestige.

A Secretary on Rs. 4,000 taking his morning constitutional might find himself by chance in a neighbourhood where Assistants swarm. In his eyes you could read the incuriousness of the great. All unconsciously his brain registers the thought, "Oh, it is X-type quarters—the Rs. 400 people live here." And the pleb for his part is no less acutely conscious of the hierarchy. And as so many geese have become swans overnight, what with the exodus of the Britisher and the conviction, firmly fixed in the minds of Congress bosses, that you have only to put a man in the big room to make him a big man, every first-division clerk hopes to be Secretary-General in five years. And he spends most of his waking time assiduously cultivating patrons who like Acheron will ferry him over the turbid, boiling waters in which common clerkdom seethes. But while the butterflies hop from flower to flower there is tempest in the air.

VIGHNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS : :

Our incomes are like our shoes; if too small, they gall and prick us; but if too large, they cause us to stumble and to trip.—COLTON.

SARDAR PATEL'S birthday was not celebrated in any past year with the lavish exuberance of advertised rejoicing that has characterised its celebration last week. The achievements of the last twelve months account partly for this. The integration of the traditionally fissiparous sovereignties of some six hundred and odd rulers of States into a single constitutional structure subserving the power and importance of one central source of authority, is a feat of which any statesman in the world can well be proud. Its difficulty has in India been enhanced by the parting kick of the departing British power in the form of the liquidation of Paramountcy. It was as if the princes were egged on to secede and stand out from the rest of the country. The actual character of the British handling of Paramountcy is seen in the crop of mischief that arose out of it in Hyderabad. The fate that overtook Hyderabad would of course have befallen every other State had they dared to act similarly, and the pressure of geographical factors and historical necessity would in any event have brought them under the suzerainty of Delhi. It was given to Sardar Patel to pack into a few months a process that might have taken years and even decades under less firm direction. India has in consequence been saved the strain of a dispersed conflict of indefinite duration of the Hyderabad pattern.

The gold mace presented to Sardar Patel on his birthday was small return in value for his invaluable services. For this very reason the practice of measuring appreciation with gifts of value does not seem fair, and in the case of leaders in office and power it would appear to be positively dangerous. The Bardoli campaign laid the foundations for the Sardar's renown as a man of iron, but no offering of silver or

gold entered into the celebrations of public gratification over the glorious termination of that campaign. The fact is that non-official greatness in India is not as a rule so generously rewarded as official. There was an exception to the rule in the case of the Mahatma who fashioned out of his wisdom and experience a regular philosophy of non-acceptance of presents for personal use. Non-possession was the sheet-anchor of Gandhian leadership, and there was no room in it for any form of lucrative remuneration of services rendered. The Mahatma's plea that Congress Ministers should be content with a pay of less than three figures was a revolutionary concept which would have knocked the bottom out of all inflation and liberated the masses from the tyranny of money power. But its potency was missed by the nearest of his followers. When power came, they revealed that their virtues had been virtues of necessity only.

The country is going to the dogs on account of the rampancy of the commercial spirit of money-making. The exercise of power should be divorced from profit if the further spread of corruption among common people is to be checked. C.R. missed a glorious chance for galvanising the nation when he failed to decline to take the old Governor-General's scale of emoluments on ascending the gadi. The spectacle of the Prime Minister rising in Parliament expounding a concept of "dignity" on the basis of income, has had the disheartening effect of making millions of the country's poor feel disinherited thereby. The prevailing mood among the bulk of Congressmen is nowadays somewhat like this: "Gandhism has begun to pay. The biggest leaders are reaping the richest rewards. Why should we be left out?" So the scramble goes on, each one seeking to make the most for himself out of his opportunities and his neighbours' needs.—SAKA.



FUTURE OF HYDERABAD

ONE STATE OR DISINTEGRATION?

(From A Special Correspondent)

WHAT will be the future of Hyderabad? Will it remain as one State or will it disintegrate, its distinct linguistic parts merging in their respective contiguous provinces? Clear answers to these questions are yet to be had. The answers depend partly on the decisions on other major issues like the future of the Nizam and of the Asaf Jahi dynasty. The Committee of Action of the Hyderabad State Congress passed a resolution on the eve of the "Police Action" calling for the deposition of the Nizam. Since then the Nizam has made his peace with the Government of India and has declared his desire to see Hyderabad exist in "integrated harmony with India". Whether he has secured immunity by his last-minute volte-face is not known. The Indian Military Governor is observing the proprieties in his relations with the Nizam and the juridical position of the present Military Government in Hyderabad is that of a Government "appointed" by the Nizam. The question of accession itself has not much relevance in the present context. The Nizam has withdrawn all his Agents-General—thus giving up a right which he exercised under the ill-fated Standstill Agreement. In one broadcast he definitely announced the impossibility of Hyderabad ever remaining a Muslim State. Whether these expressions of Mea Culpa will suffice to atone for his past anti-Indian record remains to be seen. So far as the State Congress leaders are concerned the general opinion is that, whatever the ultimate decision regarding the dynasty, the present Nizam should go. They feel that he has been too much mixed up with the misdeeds of the Razakars and Laik Ali for the people to forget or forgive. They are not prepared to accept the explanation that the Nizam was a helpless creature in the hands of Razvi and his goondas. On the

contrary, they are inclined to believe that at least in the earlier stages Razvi was encouraged by the Nizam. But on this and other matters the State Congress is willing to abide by the advice of the all-India leaders. If out of considerations of higher policy the Government of India desire that the Nizam should be left undisturbed, they will accept it. They realise that, besides international sentiment, which has to be satisfied, however perverse and unfair it may sometimes be, there is the analogous case of Kashmir, where a Hindu ruler is opposed by the majority of his Muslim subjects. There has long been an agitation demanding the abdication of Hari Singh and if Nizam Osman Ali has to go, it will be after His Highness Maharaja Hari Singh. It will be noticed, however that the States Ministry so far has been soft towards the princes generally to the extent of allowing them to continue while concentrating on the substance of transfer of power to the people.

There is one fundamental factor relating to the peculiar position of Hyderabad which will be of crucial significance in finally deciding this matter. Hyderabad is a multilingual State containing Andhras, Maharashtrians and Kannadigas, besides two million Muslims. The Andhras form the bulk of the population in eight districts (Warangal Nalgonda, Karimnagar, Nizamabad, Adilabad, and Atraf-e-Balda) and in the two cities of Hyderabad and Secunderabad, while the Maharashtrians are concentrated in the five districts of Aurangabad, Usmanabad, Parbhani, Bir, and Nander. The Kannadigas are in Raichur, Gulburga and Bidar. In the State as a whole the Andhras form a majority, a little over fifty percent, while the Maharashtrians form about 32 per cent and the Karnataks and others the rest. The Muslims are concentrated mainly in the cities and towns. The Socia-

lists demand that straightway the State should be dissolved and the different districts merged in the neighbouring provinces on the basis of their geographical position. This would mean that dissolution of the State need not wait for the formation of linguistic provinces.

Inside the State Congress opinion has by no means crystallised on this issue. Like the Indian National Congress, the State Congress is organised on a linguistic regional basis, with separate Andhra, Maharashtra and Karnatak Provincial Congress Committees. As a matter of historical fact these provincial organisations were the precursors of the State Congress. They used to function as the Andhra Mahasabha, the Maharashtra Mahasabha, and the Karnataka Mahasabha. The first attempt to bring them under one organisation was made in 1938, when the leaders of the three Mahasabhas decided to form the Hyderabad State Congress. The Nizam's Government, however, refused to give permission for the starting of the Congress, objecting to its name and some of its aims, and the State Congress continued to be under a ban till June 6, 1946. During the period when the State Congress was under a ban, the regional Mahasabhas continued to function. The first plenary session of the State Congress was held in June, 1947. It had then a membership of two and a half lakhs. The State Congress had hardly any breathing space to become a mass organisation and its influence before 1947 scarcely went beyond the two cities and some of the mofussil towns. Except Swami Ramanand Thirth, there is no leader of all-Hyderabad importance. In the circumstances, I was assured by one well-informed State Congress leader that if the question of unity or linguistic disintegration was left solely to the people to decide they would unanimously vote for division. To the question whether the prospect of losing their importance in the larger provinces into which their respective regions will be merged will not make them desire for the continuation of the State as it is, his reply was that mutual

suspensions and rivalries and fears of the domination of one linguistic group over another would operate towards division rather than integration. He did not believe that the so-called Hyderabad sentiment was strong among the masses, whose affinities were more with their neighbours in the contiguous provinces than with people of other linguistic groups within the State. The Hyderabad sentiment might exist among the upper classes in the cities but it was nothing very deep. This leader told me that in the Constituent Assembly if the question was left to be decided by the members voting in separate groups, as was done when the partition of the Punjab and Bengal was decided, the result would be a foregone conclusion. The delegates would vote for division because there is no binding force to make them vote for a united Hyderabad.

The position would be different if, for whatever reason, the Government of India felt that the integrity of the State should be retained. The State Congress will certainly not go against such a decision. Linguistic differences will no doubt manifest themselves, but they will not be sharper than they are, for instance, at present in the Madras Province. The Muslims, of course, desire the continuance of the State with its historic boundaries. Its disappearance will mean for them not only the exit of the Nizam and all that his survival would mean for them, but their dispersal among three different provinces where they will have to begin a new life under new conditions.

Administratively the continuance of Hyderabad as one unit, presents few problems. A democratic Hyderabad, by its multilingual character, will need a common language, and in the new conditions, Hindustani written in both the scripts can easily take the place of Urdu. Whatever may be said about the policy of the Nizam in encouraging Urdu and discouraging the other languages of the State's people, it must be recognised that it has done for the State what English was expected to do in India under British rule. Nearly everyone in the State

speaks Urdu fluently and I was told that in educational institutions very often the Hindu boys score over the Muslim boys in the Urdu examinations. It may also be noted that thanks to Urdu as the language of the administration, the Hyderabadis today are in a position to take part in all-India politics without being hampered by linguistic handicaps. Outside the Hindi-speaking areas, in the north, Hyderabad today is the one area where Hindi can be made the language of the administration with the minimum of disturbance.

Enlightened Muslim opinion on this question was given to me by Nawab Ali Yaver Jung who was Minister for Constitutional Affairs in the Hyderabad Government before the Laik Ali Cabinet was formed. Ali Yaver Jung said, "I am against the formation of linguistic provinces. There have already been too many centrifugal tendencies in India, and the formation of linguistic provinces will accentuate parochialism. The integrity of Hyderabad must be preserved. Hyderabad may yet prove to be a progressive democratic State. There is still a good deal of good sense among both Hindus and Muslims, leaving out the communal fanatics. Once democracy is established, Hyderabad may become the pride of India. The Deccan can be a crucible of a great democratic experiment in a region where both the north and the south meet." He feared that the formation of linguistic provinces might lead to irredentism among the Maharashtrians, for instance.

The question will doubtless be debated between now and the convening of the Constituent Assembly. By then the India Government's attitude to the general question of immediate formation of linguistic provinces as well as the future of Hyderabad will have been made clear. It has been suggested in influential quarters that with a view to avoiding all controversies and concentrating for the moment on more urgent constructive tasks the issue of linguistic provinces should be kept in cold storage for, say, ten years. If that suggestion is accepted

it may be that Hyderabad will continue in its present shape for another decade.

Meanwhile the Military Government is going ahead with the twofold task of reorganising the administration and making preparations for the convening of the Constituent Assembly. The formation of the Military Government and the inclusion of two Hyderabad officials in it in addition to the Military Governor, the Chief Civil Administrator and the Deputy Chief Civil Administrator, is a purely administrative change which will facilitate the speedier disposal of business. The time for associating the non-official element with the Government is apparently not yet, although Major-General Chaudhry is keeping himself in constant touch with Swami Ramanand Thirth and other leaders. As I indicated in an earlier article, the Military Government has a unique advantage over any popular representative Government that may be immediately formed in this that it can carry out far-reaching changes more speedily than a popular Government, which will naturally be subject to pressure from many directions and will need to temporise over many things. The Socialist Party, in a pamphlet on the Hyderabad problem, displays so little faith in the capacity of the State Congress to carry out fundamental reforms that it urges that the abolition of jagirdars and other vested interests should be undertaken by the Military Administration. It is clear that some reforms like the unification of the currency, merger of the State postal system in the Indian system, and abolition of customs outposts can be carried out straightway without waiting for an Interim Government or a popular Ministry. The State's postal service is a purely internal service and its abolition is advisable on grounds of convenience. The State will lose little revenue thereby. The abolition of the customs outposts is a natural consequence of the integration of Hyderabad with India, because internal trade barriers are an anachronism in a politically unified India. The State's loss in revenue

can be easily made up from a sales tax or some other levy. The withdrawal of the Hali Sicca rupee will eliminate a great deal of confusion in Hyderabad's external trade. Popular organisations in the State have demanded this change. It should be stated in fairness to the Hyderabad monetary authorities that they have managed the currency fairly well and that inflation in Hyderabad never attained the proportions it did in the rest of India. The Hyderabad note issue during the war years increased only twofold while the Indian note issue expanded sevenfold. Prices consequently rose much less in Hyderabad than in India. A Hyderabad State Bank official explained to me that the reason for the comparative stability of the Hali rupee is the favourable balance of trade which the State has always enjoyed with the result that it has been able to build up large external reserves invested in India Government securities, which in fact form the backing for the note issue. The rate of exchange between the Hali and Indian rupee has been remarkably steady round the official rate of Rs. 100 (Indian) equal to Rs. 116-10-8 (Hali).

These reforms, far-reaching as they may seem considered as inroads on the State's former autonomy, are nevertheless of an administrative character and may be accomplished with minimum disturbance to the existing economy of the State. Should the Military Government go further and undertake, as demanded by the Socialists, the abolition of the jagirdars and other feudal relics? It is, of course, not the Socialists alone who have demanded the abolition of the jagirdars. The State Kisan-Mazdoor Sangh, a Gandhite body, in a resolution setting forth a programme of action for "building up the future political destiny of Hyderabad", has urged that "as an immediate precaution to obviate the vested interests from gaining a stranglehold on the progressive evolution of the people, all jagirs and zamindaris shall be taken over by the new Government and all private industries em-

ploying more than fifty persons in the textile and other industries subsidised by the previous regimes shall be taken over by the Government, the present managing agencies being treated for an interim period as paid servants of the State until final decisions are made". The magnitude of the problem may be judged from the fact that lands under jagirdars, paigahs and the Nizam's private land known as Sarf-e-Khas constitute together as much as forty-two percent of the total land in the State. Besides these, of course, the Diwani areas (corresponding to our ryotwari system) have a large number of absentee landlords. There are about a thousand jagirdars with incomes ranging from a few hundreds a year to as much as a crore of rupees in the case of the biggest estates, while the Nizam is said to receive nearly three crores of rupees a year from his estate in which is included the entire district of Atraf-e-Balda, surrounding the cities of Hyderabad and Secunderabad. Excluding the Sarf-e-Khas lands, the jagirs, according to an official report, consisted of about a third of the total area of the State and their total income amounted to Rs. (H.S.) 4½ crores while their contribution to the State exchequer was less than 9½ lakhs. While the jagirdars spend most of their unearned money in the towns and cities, the villages wherefrom they are derived are steeped in utter poverty and lack the elementary amenities of civilised existence. No real progress is possible in the State without the elimination of these parasites on the land. The State's income from ryotwari land is about four crores and I was told that the incidence of the land tax is low judged by Indian standards. But considering the return the villager gets the tax must be regarded as burdensome. There are very few apologists of the jagirdari system and it is obvious that in the interests of a uniform land administration throughout the State the sooner the jagirs and estates are done away with the better. The Socialists are opposed to any compensation being paid,

PATTABHI OR NOT TO BE

by S. PARTHASARATHY

but a reasonable via media would be to fix ceilings for annual incomes—say, a sum not exceeding ten or twelve lakhs a year in any one case—and to declare that the payments cease with the death of the present holders of the jagirs. The lands will, of course, be immediately taken over by the State and administered like other Diwani land. This will involve none of the cumbrous procedure of assessing compensation and paying out large lump sums to the jagirdars. The Sarf-e-Khas lands of the Nizam will also have to be brought under the scheme. The benefits of progress cannot be denied to the nineteen hundred odd villages belonging to the Nizam and the Nizam should be willing to make the necessary sacrifice and set an example to his jagirdars and feudatory chiefs. It would, in fact,

be a very salutary principle if princely rulers in India are precluded from owning private property so as to remove them from the arena of controversies over social changes which are inevitable at the present day.

If it is admitted that democracy in Hyderabad cannot start under the best auspices unless feudal relics like the samasthans and jagirs are eliminated beforehand, the task of abolishing them falls necessarily on the Military Government. The infant democracy of Hyderabad, when it takes over, will hardly be in a position to resist such powerful vested interests. The large mass of people of the State will certainly be grateful if the Military Government completes its work of creating the preconditions for effective democracy.

In the Hyderabad case, I doubt if the Nizam was so helpless that he could not send word to the Government of India that he had been held, as he now pleads, in duress by the Razakars and the Mir Laik Ali Ministry.—Pothan Joseph.

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DOCTOR Pattabhi is not merely presiding at the first session of the Congress after the attainment of freedom, but is also presiding at a time when the future of the Congress itself is seen precariously balanced. The character of his stewardship of that great body during the course of the next year will go a long way to discover whether or not the Congress is possessed of the heart and the stamina to withstand the strain of guiding the destiny of our nation. As Patel rightly pointed out, Pattabhi's election to the presidency is not a matter for congratulation as the office is burdened with grave and anxious responsibilities. Pattabhi has all the qualifications for a successful and even an epochal tenure of presidency. He is possessed of the requisite amount of intellect and commonsense; he can command the full range of vision to comprehend things, but only if he wills it. He is not obsessed by any of the fads that have overtaken most of the Congress leaders and can therefore move about in all directions unhindered by the wearing of blinkers. At the same time, he is capable of thinking and acting in concentric circles. He can amuse himself by delighting in the use of fine phrases and by participating in the mummeries of the office. Or he can embroil himself, to the exclusion of other activities, in the 'palace intrigues' that always infest the High Command. But let us hope that he will not be the Pattabhi of the last few years but will be the Pattabhi of the fighting years of the Congress.

The problems confronting the Congress at this juncture are vital and almost frightening in their dimensions. The problem of finding food for our people was already there before the partition. But after the granary of India has been handed over to Pakistan, the problem has become more difficult of solution. It cannot be that we can always continue to depend upon

imports of grain from foreign countries. It is not the mere question of finding the money to pay for it; there is always the psychological aspect—that feeling of insecurity that at any moment our supplies of food may be cut off on account of some international complication. The problem of food cannot be solved by increased production alone. Something should be done to check the alarming rate of increase of population. All over the world, experience has proved that there is no more effective check than education and a high standard of living. Since the Congress assumed the responsibility of governing the country, no serious effort of magnitude has been made to increase agricultural production. Nothing is being done, either, to start a large-scale movement to educate the people of India. When Mahatma Gandhi was alive, he devoted a great deal of thought and energy to the problem of eradicating ignorance. The system of education he evolved had at once the merit of being cheap and effective. But today provincial ministries are allowed to run riot with their own schemes of education which are based not on the cultural unity of India but upon local traditions and prejudices. Again, there is very little of civic amenities that are being afforded to the people by the State or official bodies, especially to the poor living in villages and hamlets. The Congress with a fanfare of trumpeters announced ambitious schemes of rural development, but in working them used the opportunity to indulge in political jobbery. Enormous sums of money are being wasted without affording any real and substantial benefit to the people.

In the economic sphere, the country is suffering from high prices and the inequalities of incomes. The poor have become sub-human and the rich have become asuric. And in spite of this, the Congress Governments both in the Centre

and in the Provinces have decided to abandon schemes for promoting national welfare. Can anyone imagine a more anti-social policy? If we are not to push on with our schemes for constructing roads, bridges and dams, schools and hospitals, and other works intended to benefit the people, how are the artisans and labourers to make a living and how is the country to progress? By merely stepping up industrial production, we will be putting more money into the pockets of the capitalists and the industrial workers who form a tiny fraction of the population. The Congress has forgotten its responsibilities to the people at large and contented itself with devising measures to satisfy the politically clamorous capitalists and industrial workers. Can we not at least copy the practices adopted by our ancient kings on similar occasions?

In the administrative sphere, there is a great deterioration in efficiency and there is abundant corruption. The Congress has failed to tackle the problem effectively. On the other hand, Congress Governments have introduced a considerable number of new entrants into administrative posts, possessing no other qualification except their affinities to some important member of the Congress. Such practices have, without contributing to the greater usefulness of departments of Government to the people, added to the cost of administration.

But graver than all and threatening the very foundations of India is the problem created by the fissiparous elements in political life. A good number of them who give tongue to such pernicious propaganda are members of the Congress dressed in immaculate Khadi. Is

it any wonder that provincialism and communalism are more assertive during Congress rule than before? While communalism may die a natural death in the northern parts of India, its poison lies deep in the roots of the political and social life of the province from which Pattabhi hails. The charge-sheet against the present Congress is long and serious. While one must concede that it is extremely unreasonable to expect a new millennium to be ushered immediately on the assumption of office by the Congress, still one does expect to see signs of a change to a better and happier life for the people. And the last thing one expects is to hear the charge against the Congress of being friend of the rapacious rich, of the erstwhile enemies of the people and of the profit-seeking Congressman, being made with even the slightest justification.

Pattabhi has before him the nearly super-human task of making the Congress vibrate to the people's will. He need not wilt before the magnitude of the task because if he takes up his responsibilities seriously and courageously, the people will lend him all the assistance and encouragement that he needs. It is not South, it is not Andhra, it is not even Pattabhi himself, who will get the credit if he should prove successful. The occasion is always sufficiently powerful to clothe any man of sincerity and average ability with the equipment necessary to triumph over the crisis, provided the man sheds his ego. The office of President of the Congress has been the last rung in the ladder of service to the country, and now because Congress is in office, it should not be thought of as an intermediate rung.



The value of reducing resentments to a minimum in social disputes does not mean that resentment is valueless and wholly evil. Resentment is merely the egoistic side of the sense of injustice. Its complete absence simply means lack of social intelligence or moral vigour. A Negro who resents the injustice done to his race makes a larger contribution to its ultimate emancipation than one who suffers injustice without any emotional reactions. But the more the egoistic element can be purged from resentment, the purer a vehicle of justice it becomes.—NIEBUHR.

CONGRESS PRESIDENCYSHIP: A SYMBOLIC OFFICE

by Dr. B. PATTABHI SITARAMAYYA

THE Presidency of the Congress is a symbolical office. It carries moral weight more than political authority. It is an annual prize awarded to the first servant of the nation and the only reward he gets is the opportunity for service. It is more like a Nobel Prize without money than like a Premiership of a country. It ought to come unsought. It should be a treasure trove. It should not be sought but found. Democracy and idealism however do not go together. It is as yet an honourable feature of democracy to apply and canvass for a place in legislatures and local bodies. The Congress however must rise above their level. Contest implies canvassing and canvassing is a dividing force. It dismembers those whom God hath united. We have not yet risen to the height of fighting at the polling booth and joining in Council hall. What the lawyers do in courts is the only appropriate example for politicians in the field. The Congress has made history even as history had created the Congress, and contributed to the progress of the world. It has shown the way to a non-violent State. Such a conception was unthinkable, even for the Mahatma, before the fall of France on 14th June, 1940. His proposal to substitute non-violence and truth in the creed of the Congress in place of "peaceful and legitimate means" had been defeated by the Congress in 1934 (Bombay). He had asked in 1930 for the repeal of the Arms Act and the right of every citizen to bear arms. It was the last of the eleven points he enumerated in his

letter to Lord Irwin (1st January) and of his proposals to Mr. Slocumbe (May 1930). At the Second Round Table Conference he suggested that the army of the day should be dissolved and reconstituted. Provincial Governments again were using the police and the military to maintain law and order. All these were not presages of a desire for a non-violent State, but proofs of the very opposite. That did not mean there should be an estoppel against Mahatmaji expanding his mental horizon or widening his spiritual vision. It may be that he did not succeed in popularising his dream and demand. Yet in the domain of ideology—not merely idealism—it abides, calling the future generations to move towards it. It is only when ideals descend to the level of ideas that they can become vital and formative principles of life. Else they remain dry formulæ on dead men's lips.

The world is fast moving to such a consummation. The Parliament of Man cannot conceivably be built on force, for force itself is a fissiparous factor. The Federation of the World, like the dream of poets and prophets, is possible only on the basis of a non-violent State, the foundations of which have been well and truly laid by the Indian National Congress. The Congress is now entering upon a new era with the hope that the nation it represents which had formulated these high and uplifting principles and programmes as a subject country, will work for their realisation as a free and independent nation.



It is better that Ministers should trouble themselves too much about newspaper criticism than too little. Anything that keeps great Government Departments constantly aware that they are the servants of the public and are liable to a public reprimand if they do not do their work properly is an advantage.—Francis Williams.

The Genius

by "Mercury"

YES, he was a great musical genius, such a genius as can be born only once in hundreds of years. The press hardly knew him and very few people had the good fortune to hear him and fewer judged him properly. He belonged to the tribe of Maugham's Charles Strickland or Shaw's John the pianist. The world, or should I say, the populace dismissed him as an eccentric. He was a stranger in his own place. Accident had cast him amidst alien surroundings, but he was always seeking for a home he knew not.

I first met him on a business trip, and what a strange meeting it was! One morning, I was going through my day's mail in the hotel when my door was thrust open most unceremoniously and in entered a young man of about twenty. His appearance was at the same time repulsive and fascinating. His hair was unkempt and he could not have shaved or washed for several days and a very greasy and almost threadbare mechanic's overall was all that he was wearing. But there was a glitter in his eyes and that 'indescribable something' in his bearing that silenced the imprecations that I was about to utter at this interruption. If his appearance surprised me his words almost shocked me, for of all the things on the face of the earth he asked me for the loan of a spanner, and by way of explanation added with a grin, 'I am just occupying the opposite suite.' I told him I was unable to oblige him but before I could ask him who he was and what he was doing there, he was out of my room. And a few minutes later, chancing to look out of my window, I saw him tinkering with an old Ford that could not be auctioned even as scrap.

He held a sort of inexplicable fascination for me and I would

have gone on watching him but for the fact that the porter entered and said that there was a phone call for me. I had placed an order for a violin and the phone call was from the dealer who wanted to know when I could take delivery of it. I was about to reply when there was a terrible din caused by my friend's setting the engine of the Ford working. The porter, seeing my justifiable annoyance, shouted to the chap to stop it but he was only rewarded with a 'go to hell!' I hung up and went out.

I returned to the hotel only in the night but was much disappointed to know that the eccentric had left in his Ford. The manager told me he had been staying for about a month and such eccentricities and escapades were common but he was a regular client though he associated with loafers and parasites. He rarely washed or came down except to tinker with his Ford. At times he played on a violin behind closed doors, but the funny thing about it was that if he guessed anyone was listening he would promptly stop. All these details instead of creating a feeling of revulsion only increased my interest in him, but I did not see him the whole of that day or the next. The third day I had to make several business calls and I had completely forgotten him, when I lay down tired, rather late in the night.

It might have been about 2 a.m. when I woke up with a strange feeling that I was on the beach of a calm sea. The feeling was very pleasant and had an almost hypnotic effect on me. It was some time before I became aware of the reason for this feeling. It was due to somebody playing on the violin. Oh! what divine music it was! I felt that I was in the presence of something elemental. It held a sort of sensual appeal. I don't know how

long I was under this hypnotic spell when something snapped, and the next moment there was a bang on my door.

I was not surprised to see on opening the door my friend of the opposite suite. He was shabbier than usual and was very impatient. He had the look of a giant frustrated in the midst of his efforts to capture something. There was almost a diabolical glitter in his eyes and he looked like one possessed. 'I can't allow it to slip by, I must finish it' he muttered and without so much as a 'by your leave' he almost sprang on the violin that I had recently bought. He uttered an oath, seeing that it was not properly tuned. Having tuned it, with an (as it then seemed to me) unwarranted impatience he began where he left, and what a melody exuded from his fingers! It was music no mortal ears could have heard. One felt at this moment as though he were on a beach looking at a calm sea on a moonlit night; the next, one was hearing its gentle rumbling. Soon it rose to a crescendo of uproarious tides and there was a gale and a storm and I felt as though I was wafted to the skies. Strangely enough I felt chilly though it was a sultry night. My friend looked hardly conscious of his surroundings. He was in an ecstatic trance and he transmitted his ecstasy to the instrument. It must have been in such moments that a Wagner, Strauss, or Brahms should have conceived of his masterpiece. He ended with a pathetic whine that chilled you to the bones, and threw the violin down. There was a still calm and everything seemed to be strangely at peace. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead and he seemed to be uncertain of himself. It seemed as though the spirit which possessed him was leaving him, for he seemed only now to become conscious of his surroundings, my presence and my belongings. 'So you have heard it. I can never forgive myself for this.' So saying, he abruptly left my room. It was evident he considered it a sacrilege to allow mere mortals to hear such divine music.

I could not sleep. The melody still haunted me but I could not remember even portions of it. I flogged my brain incessantly to capture it but it eluded me. I determined to coax him somehow or other the next morning and make him play the same piece again. But in this I was utterly disappointed, for he avoided me like the very plague for the next few days. He seemed to be regretting the chance he had unwittingly thrown me. But one night luck favoured me. I was writing some business letters, when in he barged and asked if I had by any chance a spot of drink. He was definitely in his blues and it was a dry day. I readily placed before him a bottle of Scotch, for I hoped (though it was rather mean) to draw him out of his reserve and make him at least talk by inebriating him. He was through his fourth or fifth peg when his tongue was loosened but his words shocked me. 'I am damn depressed. Life is boring. I would welcome death.' I could not understand him. Here he was in the prime of youth with a fat bank balance and added to it a great genius. 'But don't you find pleasure in your art? Is not life worth living at least for that? Don't you think, that you are shirking your duty by not utilising your musical talents?' I asked. His reply was strange, but still significant. 'What! Is this muck of an audience comprised of society butterflies and sophisticated men puffed up with the power of money and social status worthy of such music? I am not shirking my duty. On the other hand I would be committing a sacrilege by allowing them to hear it.' I wanted to divert the topic as he was visibly getting gloomier and gloomier. By a happy coincidence the film 'Humoresque' was running in a nearby cinema and it struck me that his reserve might still further be broken up by showing to him the importance of art and artists. So I took him to it. Needless to say he insisted on travelling in his Ford. He took the wheel and strangely enough it served him like an obedient beast. I could see that he was impressed by the life of Paul Boray and the violin recitals. Once or

twice he exclaimed 'There must be more tempo, there must be more life.' Except for these one or two random remarks he was completely engrossed in the film and it was a silent drive that we had back to the hotel. I could see that tumultuous ideas and conflicting emotions were surging within him. He drove the Ford at a speed I could have hardly imagined her capable of. He almost raced up the steps of the hotel and entering my room, seized the violin, and played the numbers that we heard in the film. I should admit that there was more life and vigour when he played them. In fact he woke the instrument to living ecstasy. I made him sleep in my room. He was soon fast asleep with a contented expression hitherto unseen on his face.

I lay long awake thinking of him. I could easily see that he was drifting slowly but steadily towards suicidal tendencies. By no stretch of imagination could I analyse the reason for his strange depression and detachment from life. It was evidently not want of money, nor was it due to any sexual frustration, for he rarely gave me an indication of such a thing. I drifted into a rather uneasy slumber in the early hours of the morning and when I woke up he had already left.

I was not destined to have the mystery about him unravelled, for he died very soon, and fool that I was, I was only on one occasion with him before his death and that was at a charity performance he gave. Two incidents in that gave a rather vague idea as to why he detested paid performances. There was an ecstatic glee as he went on playing score after score almost oblivious of his accompaniments. I think it gave him a sense of power to see masses and masses of people listen to him with rapt attention. As is usual even with public performances, a big-wig of the city was occupying one of the front seats and was executing a spasmodic twitch-

ing of his fingers in an unsuccessful attempt to keep time with the music. The next moment the whole audience was astounded, for my friend who was about to reach the climax of the piece he was playing, shouted, 'Stop that twitching, you brat,' with such vehemence and fire in his eyes that the big-wig immediately obeyed. The other big-wigs eyed one another in suppressed excitement but my friend again relapsed into his trance and the hall was again filled with rapturous melody.

The next evening I was scheduled to leave the city on a business errand, much as I disliked it especially at a time when I was getting intimate with him. I was about to leave for the station, when I got a phone-call informing me that my friend had met with a bad car accident and had been taken to the hospital. He wanted to see me at once. I raced to the hospital but if I had expected him to writhe in pain or groan in agony I was again disappointed. For though he had a very bad smash he bore it characteristically with stoic composure. Seeing tears well up in my eyes, he lashed out, 'Don't feel sorry for me. Sympathy is the last thing I desire from anyone. Don't you know that Death is the great liberator?' This was also characteristic of him. So I checked my tears and asked him whether he had any last wish. 'Yes, that's why I've sent for you,' he replied. 'I've got some scores composed by me locked in my box. Promise to burn them and please don't argue about it.' Soon after, he passed into a coma and by midnight I was informed that he had breathed his last.

I was bound by a death-promise and so had to burn the manuscripts very much against my will, for they were all compositions fit for the gods. There didn't appear any lengthy obituaries in the press and very few realised that the world had lost a great soul—a marvellous genius that perished in his pride.

How hard it must be to live only with what one knows and what one remembers, cut off from what one hopes for!—
ALBERT CAMUS.

SPOTLIGHT ON THE



PREMIER Atlee's affirmation in July that a Western Union "has an important bearing on Commonwealth relations and that in consequence the Government desire to exchange views with the Commonwealth Prime Ministers in October before expressing any definite view" was not at all an indication of the unenterprising attitude of a "modest" man as Churchill preferred to believe. It betokened a cautious and diplomatic approach. Churchill, with the brilliant ostrich policy he stubbornly pursues in many matters, has refused to see that the British Commonwealth, like the face of Europe, has changed a good deal and that it is no more a confederation of humble nations revolving round the "mysterious circle of the Crown." This new Commonwealth is a voluntary union of countries most of whom are ready to step out if absolute equality of privileges is denied. Even at the apogee of its glory it had never been a homogeneous body as, for instance, individual countries like Australia and New Zealand are. But at least the King had been a link and a powerful one at that. Now that that has been broken the only connection which can hereafter bind them together in friendly alliance is a common interest. And it was for the express purpose of holding out a non-Communist front against Russia as a common interest that the British Government invited the Dominion Premiers to a conference in October. It was hoped to build up a case wherein Mr. Anthony Eden's "three unities" could be drawn in as a basis for further moves. The question is whether unity within the Commonwealth is reconcilable with British participation in the Western Union. How

much of co-operation can Britain expect from her Dominions? If the Prime Ministers refused to have anything to do with this new European project and left the Commonwealth, Britain, far from being the central power in the whole scheme would be reduced to nothing more than a back-stage prop which not even another Marshall programme can push to the front. In these circumstances, a "full-scale Federal Union" with all it involves of surrender of sovereignty is entirely out of the question. As far as one can see, only membership in a consultative agreement is possible, for the unlimited stretching of Commonwealth privileges can only end in "an international system which is a travesty of the word Commonwealth."

Of all the Dominions only New Zealand and Australia are entirely at one with Britain. Australia's resolute and loyal Premier feels bound to accede to "every request from the British Government in its fight for economic freedom... wherever physically possible." It is not entirely an unselfish attitude. As a country which has luckily escaped the ravages and destruction of war Australia is naturally anxious to make hay while she can by exporting her food and manufactured goods to impoverished Europe. But she dare not by this act alienate Britain, for she hopes to secure capital equipment and emigrants from the mother country, the latter especially. Her support of the United Nations is absolute and unquestioning but she is prepared enthusiastically to participate in regional grouping in the wake of Britain.

New Zealand's attitude is far more materialistic. She is anxious to

keep the good graces both of Britain and the United States as she hopes to persuade the former to grant her higher allocations of Marshall Aid materials and the latter to retain her occupation forces a little longer in Japan of whose resurgence she stands in mortal dread.

It is a pity Canada's relations with Britain are not more friendly. The two countries have drifted apart since the close of the war on the question of British import of Canadian timber. For years Canada had been exporting to Britain the bulk of her fish, fruit and timber. Possessing ninety per cent of the Commonwealth's softwood resources she has laboriously built up her timber industry from the days of "wooden ships and Napoleonic wars" to suit Britain's needs. Now all of a sudden the pattern of trade has changed. And Canada for all her glib talk about friendship with her neighbour, the United States, has to face the staggering prospect of having to change the mechanics of her industry to suit American consumption. Sir Stafford Cripps's recent diplomatic mission seems not only to have achieved nothing but left behind it a bad taste in the mouth. The only result seems to have been the decision to establish a permanent trade committee of representatives from Britain and Canada to meet regularly at London and Ottawa "to consult together...for the adjustment of import and export between the two countries in the light of changing circumstances." But Mr. St. Laurent's assurance of "large continuing trade between the two nations" does not find an answering echo in Sir Stafford's address to the Canadian Club at Ottawa when he hinted at Britain's intention to go back "to the more natural pattern of pre-war trade" and in the next breath spoke of timber imports from the Baltic, presumably in return for British steel.

So the frame of mind of Canada at the Conference would naturally have been one of prudence and caution. As far as Ottawa is con-

cerned the Commonwealth is only "a loose association of like-minded and distinct States." The Canadian Government is more inclined to pin its faith on the Atlantic Defence Pact than on the Western Union though she certainly does not intend to stand in the way of the latter. Her preference is based on the realisation that she, situated as she is, has to be careful to confine her military manoeuvres in case of war to the North Atlantic and the North Pacific. Canada has one other cause to be wary. A considerable percentage of her population is of French extraction and she has consequently to be careful not to give the impression of being led by the nose by Britain or any other Power. Mr. St. Laurent certainly does not consider that his country can lead the world's crusade against Communism but he is ready "to put Canada on the line as soon as there is a line."

Britain, whether of her own free will or otherwise, is committed deepest in South Africa. If there should be a war, the defence of the Mediterranean shore of Africa will claim first priority and since that continent is at present not in a position to help herself Britain would have to do it for her. Britain has to plan the defence, provide the bases, build the airfields, repair the railways and supply the equipment. The African contribution can be mostly in men as it was during the last war. Even that will perhaps not be so easy as conditions are at present. Since the Apartheid was started the native and Indian population of the continent are seething with such resentful discontent that any expectation of co-operation from them would most likely end in nothing but disappointment. It fact it might even happen that the native population would take the initial step by encouraging Communist movements inside the continent. Mr. Louw might have been ready to promise all practicable support to any defence policy championed by Britain but he no doubt felt it an embarrassment and strain to sit in conference at the same table

with Indian and Pakistan representatives believing as he does along with his chief that Africa cannot have a "Christian future" unless Asiatic penetration is resisted firmly.

There is naturally a lot of uneasiness between Britain and Eire since it has been made known that the latter is determined to repeal what the worn-out "constitutional fiction" of the External Relations Act passed in 1936. Mr. Costello has bluntly stated that the King has never been the symbol of co-operation between the parties of the Commonwealth and that it would be easier and pleasanter all round to deal with Britain on a republican or other basis. "If I were an Englishman," said Mr. T. F. O'Higgins, Eire's Minister for Defence, "I should consider the External Relations Act an insult to the King." For if Britain and Eire were to have "really firm, friendly and extremely good relations," either with each other or with other nations, "it must be based on some other symbol than one which recalls a period of strife, enmity and conquest."

The special session of the conference held at Chequers was to examine the legal implications of the withdrawal of the Act and to see if by any manoeuvring the advantages of trading terms and employment facilities of Irishmen in England could not be retained. If that cannot be done, Britain stands to lose a considerable portion of her man-power. She cannot afford to grant special privileges to Eire even after the repealing of the Act, for that would set an embarrassing precedent for future demands by other countries. As it is, Burma's retention of trade preferences even after her withdrawal from the Commonwealth is causing not a little comment.

The nine representatives of five hundred million people sat in session for more than a week and there was much sombre talk about economics, defence and the international situation. Whether they achieved anything in the shape of

concrete decisions is yet to be revealed. Though in most other things the conference seems to have been merely discussionary in character, some unanimity of opinion was probably expressed in favour of the Western Union. But Britain's ambition is large for she hopes, as Mr. Bevin admitted, to "organise Western Europe," get the co-operation of South Africa, "arrange matters correctly" in Pakistan and India, maintain Britain's position in South-East Asia, and "contribute to the revivification of China," so as to "occupy the position of balancing power between the East and the West." Her schemes are also expansive. She is prepared to take care of the situation from the vantage point of membership in the Western Union if South Africa would "create a second line of defence bastion south of the Sahara" thus taking care of the Middle East and the Mediterranean, and New Zealand and Australia would stand sentinel over the Far East. Whether with all the wisdom of India's "ancient civilisation vivified by the dynamism of the modern age" which Pandit Nehru took with him and the "spirit of warmth and agreement" which the other delegates carried into the conference such a large measure of understanding and unanimity of attitude could have been reached is very doubtful. Which perhaps explains the baffling brevity and vagueness of the bulletins from Whitehall.

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B. G. HORNIMAN

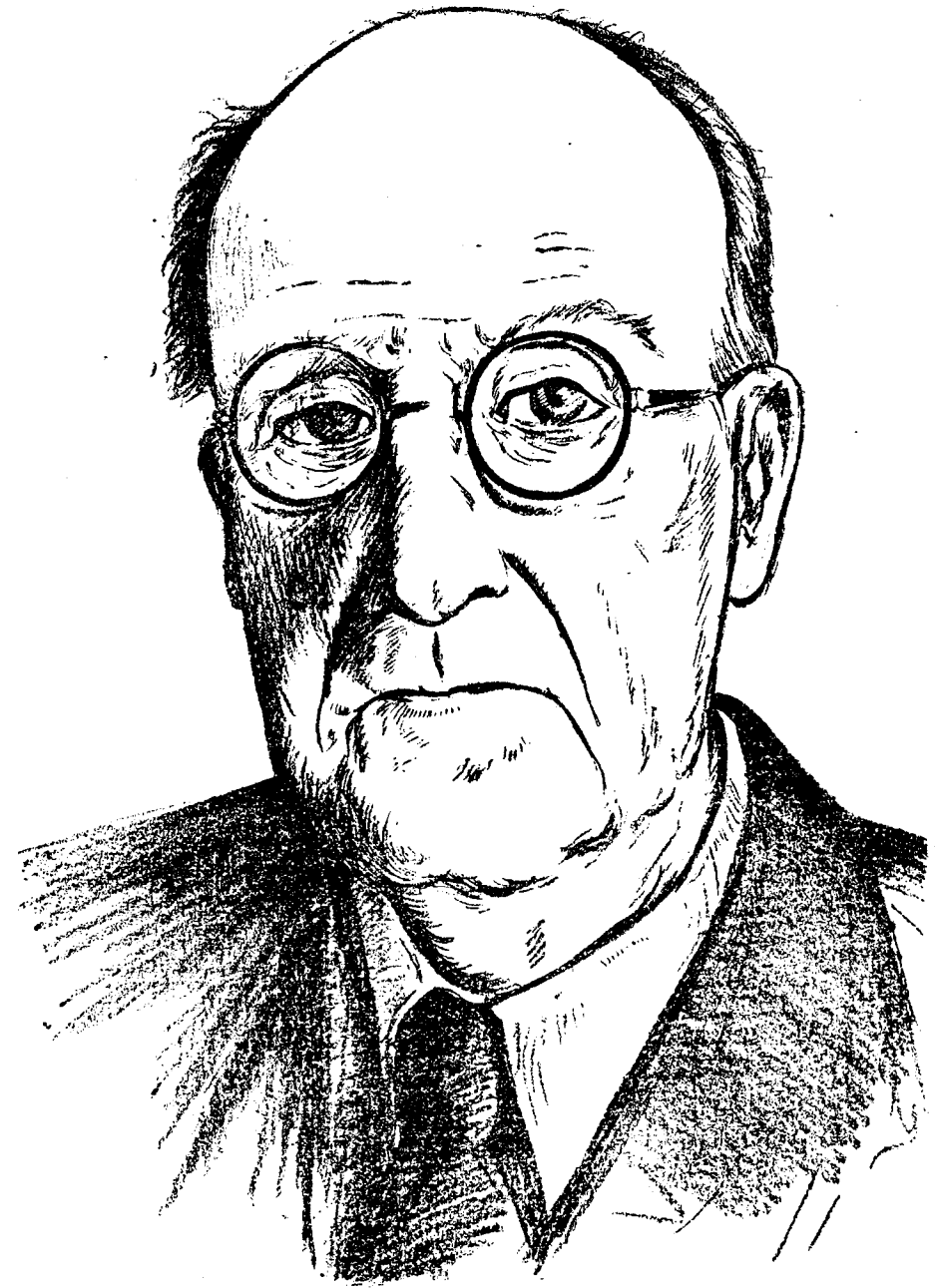
by POTHAN JOSEPH

THE capacity for assimilation and elimination so essential in a journalist engaged in the production of a daily paper, was an outstanding characteristic of B.G. Horniman. He had no time to become a specialist, but by quick reading and alert conversation with experts he could grasp the essentials of a problem and make it a live issue; and once the controversy was over, he could neatly discard the debris and turn his mind into a receptive clearing-house for the next subject to be argued. Horniman had profound instincts and the abracadabra of book-learning never deterred him from espousing causes without reference to precedents; or to wise saws and modern instances in building up his thesis. He had the gift of maintaining the style of orchestration in a journal; the baton-moves of the editorial column gave a sense of harmony to the whole paper as it appeared in the morning. The lead-story of the day would stress the message as if by fortuitous illustration. If he fulminated against police-excesses, there would be news-stories from far and near to corroborate the need for enquiry, especially in the light of the photographs he could mysteriously procure. Letters to the Editor with factual narrations, would be there to reflect opinion, and circumstantial stories submitted by reporters would bear out the truth of the proposition. When he telegraphed the text of the Lionel Curtis letters from Lucknow, he sent also a leading article by wire, and when it appeared in print the concordance of features in the paper with pictures of the imperialist conspirators was devastating. The documents had been shunned as dangerous by U.P. editors including Chintamani, because Sir James Meston was the fearsome satrap of the province and Sir William Marris, Inspector-General of Police. Horniman grabbed at the text as a find and the splash gave tremendous impetus to the

Nationalist movement since the theme of the Round Table Group high-priested by Lionel Curtis, was that in the event of the coloured peoples of the Empire demanding independence, white nations should combine in putting down the revolt. Horniman was intrinsically so high-souled that colour produced no repugnance in him, he was allergic to any notion of superiority by the complexion of the skin. His reactions were quick and the next edition of his paper had a look of being artistically co-ordinated in advance to expose the Curtis clique.

The sight of injustice startled him into moods of indignation; it may be the refusal of admission to a poor beggar crawling before a hospital or the mewing of a cat thrown into the gutter; Horniman found himself involved in the situation, and then there was no holding him back even if a dozen C.I.D. men or bailiffs snooped round his well-defended premises.

He was a man of fixed ideas and he looked upon landlords as a heartless tribe. Once he heard of a building in Clare Road leaking in the monsoon rain and after a furtive inspection he wrote three consecutive editorials until the scarewitted landlord put it right. A horse at the race-course had a raw deal at the hands of a starter at Mahalakshmi and for two days Horniman made the welkin ring with editorials on the "Sydney Plate Scandal". I couldn't appreciate the enormity of the injustice, and in an explanation to the Chief I betrayed my ignorance of the distinction between English thoroughbreds and Arab horses. "You don't know the names of Arabs", he cried in disgust, and I underwent my first lesson in the classification of quadrupeds. Though he did not give himself much physical exercise, he followed sport with an air of partisanship from his armchair, and when some country of his choice failed in the



The Late Benjamin Guy Horniman

Arsenal, he would look grave and blame the goal-keeper or the Centre forward for deficient craftsmanship.

Horniman believed in the restorative virtues of sleep and the vacuumising of the mind before rest. Only an accident could have led him to watch sunrise, for he slept right into the early hours of the morning. When he dawdled over his morning coffee, he was really hard at work going through the papers; and reading more than pen-pushing constitutes the hardest part of an editor's work even in these days of the "newspaper industry". Horniman in his heydays was not only an Editor but a Home Rule leader and speaker who loved to do stumping tours to preach the cause of India's freedom.

It is seldom that a speaker is as good as a writer or that an Augustine Birrell attempts at the same time to be a John Redmond. Rare personalities by intense discipline and early practice accomplish the dual role, like Mrs. Annie Besant. That Horniman wanted to be acclaimed as a spell-binder I have no doubt. In a moot-club called the Calcutta Parliament he was in the days of his service on the *Statesman* a vigorous debater, and he loved the Bombay platform with its rabble-rousing potentialities. His appearance gave the impression of Beau Brummel but Horniman cultivated no gestures. The left corner of his mouth weakened into a slight droop and his voice was so silken without a trace of virile vibrancy that his speech, even in conversation with aggressive personalities like Sir Pherozeshah Mehta, was drawing in accent. He had no commanding tone, but his delivery lacked nothing in incisive-

ness. He loved to see "laughter" and "applause" bracketed into the report of his speeches. Horniman's greatest speech was when he denounced Lord Willingdon before a vast audience in Shantaram Chawl. "No farewell address to Lord Willingdon" was the battle-cry. It was awkward for Horniman because Lady Willingdon had a soft corner for him, but Horniman hit out with the vindictive eloquence of Cato before the Roman Senate. He would describe some delinquency of Lord Willingdon, glare round at the audience and ask: "And are you going to the Town Hall next Monday to vote for a certificate in honour of Lord Willingdon as an acknowledgement of this insult to India?" The audience tumultuously applauded him and Vithalbhai Patel crept into a victoria through the back-yard to take him to the Church Gate Station where he boarded the next train for his Bandra residence. Horniman had in him the faculty of marshalling facts in logical sequence and he had uncommon stamina, intellectual as well as physical. Because he was a humanitarian he felt the dread of slavery, and he happened to be a friend of India at the cost of a great career among his own people. I prefer the muscular aid of a Horniman to the croon-contributions of a C. F. Andrews. Andrews sought what the author of the Book of Joshua called the Cities of Refuge for Indians at home and abroad, but Horniman never thought of half-measures and demanded the strict fulfilment of India's rights. When I last met him six months ago at Bombay, he looked a weary Trojan oppressed by the burden of years, but he was happy that he lived to see India free and his mission accomplished.



Man is willing to accept woman as an equal, as a man in skirts, as an angel, a devil, a baby-face, a machine, an instrument, a bosom, a womb, a pair of legs, a servant, an encyclopaedia, an ideal or an obscenity; the one thing he won't accept her is as a human being, a real human being of the feminine sex.—D. H. Lawrence.

THE COUSINES

by "BHIKKU"

IT is years ago in 1914, or 1915, when still a student, that I first came across Professor Cousins. The occasion was the first exhibition in Madras, somewhere near Loane Squire, of the work of Indian artists, mostly of Bengal, of men who have since risen to fame, Gaganendranath Tagore, Abanindranath Tagore, Samarendranath Gupta, Asitkumar Halder and others. Several of the exhibits were only sketches in pencil of heads, poses of hands, feet, etc. What intrigued us, students, was the excessive appreciation bestowed on such anaemic and unspectacular things. One of us made bold to approach and ask him about it. Patiently he put us through the elements of what constitutes art and what exactly is the insignificant place that Raja Ravi Varma, our idol, occupies in that definition, showing us for illustration from one of the pictures the meaning infused in the delicate lines and poise of the fingers over the flute, which almost made you hear the liquid tunes of the cow-herd of Brindavan. It was the heyday of the *New India* paper and the student world idolized Mrs. Besant and the Theosophical Society. She had illumined the past history of India and dealt out the Indian youths a heritage which they little suspected they had, having been in a chronic state of deflation by the monotonous chronicle of defeats and humiliations through a millennium. Anything said by Prof. Cousins of the Theosophical Society, we would willingly agree to. But when what was said added one more feather to our cap, we lapped it up eagerly, although it was only on trust. Since then I have sat many times at the feet of Cousins, as a chela, during his discourses on art. One such occasion was remarkable as a duplication of the scene of my introduction to Indian art. It was in Trivandrum, in 1941, when with streaming face and limp clothes in the sweltering wea-

ther, he took round a class of students over the carefully arranged art works of India which the Maharaja and the Maharani had collected in the picture gallery, giving in his lucid way, the points of merit in each: the Bengal school, the Guzerat, the Rajput, the Moghal, etc. The demeanour of the students was one of dubious philistinism, but its expression was not subdued by that respectful deference that marked my own early days. The Indian world had changed vastly in between, but the patience and gentleness of the teacher was the same as of yore.

The first occasion of my meeting Mrs. Cousins was in her home in Adyar about the year 1927. Her husband had recently returned from a trip to Japan, where he was invited to give a series of lectures and was honoured with a Doctorate in Literature, which he renounced later. The room was full of art things from the Far East. Mrs. Cousins was at the beginning of her effort to bring into being the Women's Indian Association, in the pioneering of which, she had rightly gauged the need of the times as shown by the tropical luxuriance of growth of the plant, which has brought out the women of India from a state of helpless seclusion, pointedly harped upon by foreigners to our detriment, to one which overshadows the position of their sisters in many parts even of the West. The talk over the tea table was on the Theosophical Society's type of education for children, on which, we differed somewhat, for we of the security seeking middle class discounted the loose-swayed, long haired devotees of the fine elements of life, characteristic of the place, as being inadequately hardened to the rough and tumble in a world given over to the go-getter sort. But when I saw in later years in the early thirties the seminary that was run by the Cousinses at Madanapalli, I changed my opinion. It was a guru-kula

where the guru and guru-pathni devoted their soul to the institution, living the simple life of the students along with them, taking intimate part in their well-being and joys, producing that atmosphere where, while the energy of the young animals had plenty of scope in the field of sports, their imagination was canalised and stimulated into novel creative channels, along with the necessities of the scheduled schooling and examinations. His conception of the different forms of the human personality and its unfolding into different types by the nature of education given and its final summation to the same goal of self illumination is brought out in Prof. Cousins's 'A Study on Synthesis'.

It was Mrs. Cousins's forte to organise social work of some kind or other in every place where she dwelt. The boys used to be taken to the Harijan colony close by where they were put in the path of social service—clearing—cleansing—teaching and helping in many ways. It was immediately before her sojourn in Madanapalli that she was incarcerated in jail for a year in the wake of the 1930 Satyagraha movement.

The financial burdens of the Madanapalli college became too difficult for Prof. Cousins to carry on with the management of the institution. He had already sunk a considerable portion of his own earnings in America in his lecture tours, in that college. He left the place not very long after I met them there.

It was in Kotagiri that I next contacted the Cousinses, about the year 1939, in their beautiful little home overlooking the ghats towards the plains gorgeous for its sun-sets. Many are the happy hours I have spent with them in that home. The talk would range as widely as the landscape in front: their early life in Ireland, Margaret Cousins's parental home life, her musical education—she has been a pianist of high talent—their inner call soon after marriage to the mystic and imponderable in the human spirit, the influence on them of the

secret doctrine of Madame Blavatsky and the subsequent invitation to India by Mrs. Besant, travels in Japan, America, Java and the Italian Coast, and the various episodes in their career, in their affiliation with the Theosophical Society. Prof. Cousins had been in close contact with A.E. and Yeats and the Irish Movement. Margaret Cousins had put in a previous term of imprisonment in Irish jails in the cause of the Suffragettes. The one thing that hallowed any association with the Cousinses was the warmth that overflowed towards all from their mutual love, understanding and inter-dependence. It seemed to envelope within that harmony all the sentient world around. Sometimes Mrs. Cousins and I would spend afternoons in the various nooks of that well-stocked garden, its little springs, and pools with purple and blue water lilies, its little rookeries and bridges and steps up the steep slope overhung with purpling autumnal leaves of the pear trees. Again and again would the talk veer to the arts of India, Java, China, Japan and Tibet against the background of their respective philosophies and faiths and would frequently end with a comparison with the European art, to the detriment of the latter in its comparative lack of any inner vision making for coherence and unification. The drawing room contained rare specimens of pictures and art ware, of brass and porcelain, of silken banners from Tibet and wonderful embroidery from many parts of India, and included many Khaddar prints. One of the most enthusiastic and successful propagandists for Khaddar amongst the Europeans was Mrs. Cousins. During the season for the hills, their home was a fusing point for Indians and Europeans of culture. Many an evening would be devoted to music. Some afternoons would be spent in picnics and walks alongside streams tumbling down between fern trees and up footpaths dark under the tall blue gum trees. After dinner, the professor would sometimes take some of his poems and read them to us whilst we

lay on the low devans, the fire smouldering in the chimney and fire-flies streaking the darkness without. Looking back, I do not think I have spent such satisfying hours as I have spent with the couple in their Ghat View home. The influence of the mystic and unseen powers is a matter of personal experience with both, Mrs. Cousins being something of a medium. In this they were on a par with W. B. Yeats and his wife. Their conviction in life after death is so profound that Mrs. Cousins would talk of passing away from here and commencing the next experience as it were, round the corner, with a zest which would call forth the semi-playful rejoinder from her husband 'Look here now—what about leaving me!'

Theirs was a curious position in Kotagiri. As Theosophists and believers in Hindu religion and philosophy, 'Jayram' Cousins and his wife were outside the pale of the Christian missionary fold who were their neighbours far around. As a political sympathiser and active participant of the Indian struggle for freedom, Mrs. Cousins was a discordant element in the Sahib society, consisting of high European officials, army personnel and planters. As vegetarians and teetotalers they were mostly out of the orbit of high dinners and lunches. But most, however, could not long withstand the charm of their home and their genuine goodwill. Mrs. Cousins as a musician and the Professor, as a finished speaker, and both as highly cultivated persons, became the leaders in all public activities that may be thought of. As a social worker and organiser, Mrs. Cousins was the fulcrum of all such activity. It was a remarkable thing in Mrs. Cousins, that her delight was in drawing out local talent and rousing interest in busy home loving house-wives and making them take part in such social work. The period was tense, during the years 1941 and 1942, when the Congressmen filled the jails once again and when the Japanese threat on Madras was real and hourly expected. The



European colony in the hills, the planters, the domiciled and the sojourners whose husbands were away in the various theatres of war had jitters as to what would happen in case things went awry. Mrs. Cousins used to give inklings of what was exercising the Europeans in their secret camps and how the ladies were practising shooting and fencing, fearing more the suppressed and ill-used Indians around rather than the Japanese, if the latter were to find a foothold in the land. When I asked what about herself—was she not also a white woman and if things came to such a pass, who would know her in the melee, from any other white woman, her reply was ready and serene. 'If I die by violence at the hands of the people I have always loved and sought to serve, I would die happy in the knowledge that in some measure I would have

atoned for the injustice perpetrated by the white race upon this land.'

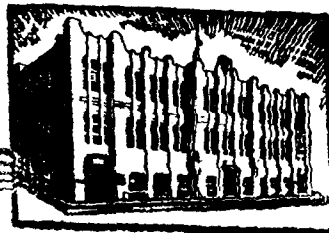
But this happy period was soon to come to a close, for Mrs. Cousins had a stroke in 1943 and she was half way between life and death for at least a year, and in a state of childish helplessness for another two years. The excruciating trials that the poor old Dr. Cousins underwent, nursing his wife and guarding her from all hurts, taking her from place to place to give her the best of medical attention, regardless of cost and his own gathering years and diminishing strength, getting encouragement from the slightest change in her and giving it to her with his wonderful patience and care is a revelation of the extent of sacrifice that love can

bear. The situation was the more tragic, since of the two, she was the more robust in body and mind and it was she who always shielded the poet from the little buffets of existence. She has since, to a great extent, regained her movements and a little of her mental powers. She can no more play the piano, her memory is very hazy, her speech not clear and she cannot take any share in active public life. But the sweetness of that home is not dimmed and Darby and Joan still sit side by side, hand in hand and welcome all friends with their usual cordiality and hospitality and shed a lustre of enlightened thought and conviction, a little quieter perhaps than of old, but all the richer for the mellowness.



It is useless to urge the modern woman to have twelve children, like her grandmother. Where is she to put them when she has got them? And what modern man wants to be bothered with them?—Dorothy L. Sayers.

(ESTD:



1907)

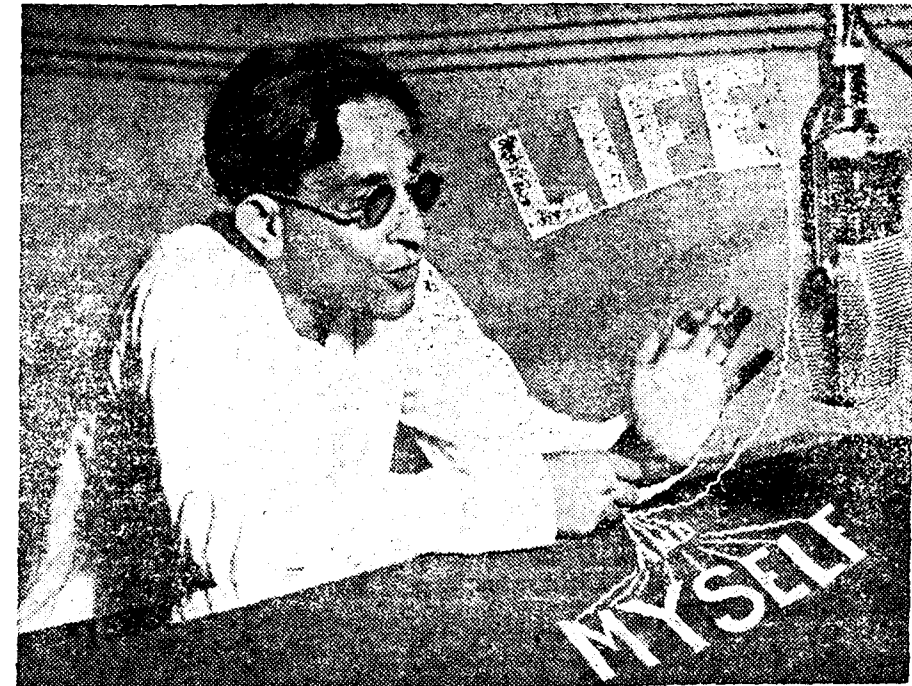
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HERMIT

MEDITATION is the hunger of the heart which leads, when it reaches an excess, to a discipline of the mind in an effort to withdraw the outgoing radii of feeling and mood back again to the living fire-centre wherein all hues and shades vanish into a self-collection of absolute equipoise which the ancients have described as a blank.

After having been expelled from the haunted house, I ceased going there entirely. Only of a morning walk would I stand outside it or, at best, climb the outer steps into the verandah and contemplate the days that had preceded these days of exile from my favourite haunt; occasionally I would peep, inquisitively and furtively, through a broken window-pane into the

deserted hall and almost feel I saw both Ramdas and myself still linger on together in deep meditation seated beside each other on a straw-mat. I am convinced that wherever we have felt intimate we leave behind part of our inmost precious selves; the self is, when it is of the mental kind, a thick shadow of many layers—it can be split into finer and finer sheets like a thick screen of mica. Indeed, like mica itself it has to be delved out of a dark mine, at great cost and risk. The self may or may not turn out to be worthwhile in the market of Time.

Both of us seemed to have left behind a distinct layer of our personalities which seemed fondly to cling to the place. It is a tortu-

ous experience leaving behind one a place or a person that one loves or to which or whom one has, through a habit of closeness, got slowly but surely attached. It is like the wrenching of the body from the womb of custom, and the cutting of one's self from the experience which binds it by the umbilical cord of the psychic. I can quite believe that the inhabitants of Hiroshima were found to inhabit and haunt the post-atomic bomb city stretching for miles and miles, building-blotted-out, tree-cancelled, life-forgotten. The city seemed to have suddenly emerged from the state of atom-bombing not into a city of the dead, but a new kingdom of living shadows which were loath to depart. The atom-bomb behaved like a conjuror and showed the world a vulgar disappearing trick; but with all his devastating all-conjuring wand he could not put away the appearance of the doubles not only of human beings but of trees and buildings, rickshaws and hills and monuments, which painted the bare sand and the air with uncanny psychic experience. Indeed, everything which takes on a shape in the universe of necessity uses that shape as a mask to hide subtler and subtler counterparts which are rarefied into a refinement reaching to vanishing-point in the all-flooded suspense of hush which is not vacancy but fulness—another term for true immortality.

I began living more and more in the house—withdrawn severely, although amidst the members of my family, I converted a very narrow room adjoining our bedroom, into my hermit's cell. In order to assure everybody around me that I no more belonged to them, by way, as it were, of putting into operation a mechanism of self-preservation, I adopted a red flannel square-cut ear-cap which at once gave me an isolated distinction. I yearned at this juncture to change my mode of dress as well, from white to ochre. But something asked me to wait for the moment of this transformation, for, although people do not realise it as they

should, the adopting of the ochre robe is as responsible and destiny-fraught a move as marriage. It is a symbol of one's marriage with the fire of purification which the colour represents. It is as much, therefore, to be played with as fire itself is. He who plays with it goes through hell-fire. But he who adopts it with knowledge and reverence ripens into the fruit of the silence worthy, at last, of a self-offering at the altars of the Being. Yes, I must wait, I must wait; before I dare to put on a robe of ochre I must steep my mind in the beaker of that dye, even as the great Kabir advised seekers to do.

In that small cell I spent almost all day and night alone. It is a remarkable feeling, to live within a small compass of space, limiting the mind and its workings to a habit of four walls which, while they cramp at the start, gradually begin to grow crystal, as it were, and reveal vast spaces of flowering, and glow beyond their own self-imposed limits. That is the reason why ardent seekers often seek and choose to live in a dark cave, all by themselves, far from the unnecessary babble and bubble, the mournful and utterly meaningless wear and tear of what the multitudes name life. And while realisation dawns, even the need of a cave falls off, since the body itself serves as a protective walling-in and the Light within resides like a bride performing her duties towards the being.

At this period of my life I had apparently outgrown the need for drink. Far from feeling any lure in the nerves for it, I felt a positive distaste for anything which tended to set the nerves a-quiver and the senses on edge. I had won a certain level of quietness and poise which had a most precious flavour about them; I did not wish to lose my hold on them. Sometimes, very occasionally, indeed, my sex woke up and said it wanted satisfaction—but the poise and the peace in me said: No—you don't seem to fit into my immediate scheme of life. So, my sex-impulses had to wait—each like a dog

chained up in a narrow kennel of wooden and dumb resistance!

I had a boil on the right ankle which was as red as the conquered territory under the British on the map of India used to be before the attainment of Indian independence. It was as painful, too, as slavery is—painful and persistent in trying to make my allegiance to inner quiet waver and divide itself. But, quite frankly, I had somehow managed to gather in a whole harvest of spiritual experience from the small patch of a few days of contemplation and meditation. I was in no mood to return to a world of conflict any more—I had thought at that time. Nor was I going to take much notice of the boil on my ankle. The more notice one takes of trouble, the more close does trouble come to one; that is the law of life. And it is the same law which operates with regard to beauty, as well. The more notice you take of it, the closer does it come to the heart. And beauty, when it is authentic, is peace and peace, beauty. Keats used the word truth instead of peace. But they are synonymous.

The boil on my ankle did its worst to force my attention on its little circular domain of severe torture caused by an accumulation of pus under its reddening folds. The body has a knack of drawing one away from spiritual quest, either through its lures of myriad pleasures or its compelling moments of pain; it refuses to let one seek quietly. For, upto a point, its ignorance makes it believe that it is a realm entirely apart from, and antagonistic to, the spirit, which, in the final analysis based on deeper experience and vision, is quite absurd and puerile. The great thing for a seeker is not to take any notice either of those pleasures or tortures; to train oneself to look on them with the sight of the witness is the sovereign remedy for a slow, but sure subjugation of the flesh and "the thousand natural shocks which flesh is heir to". And it is true of shocks both pleasant and unpleasant to which the body exposes one constantly between any two given moments.

I was at this period of my life spending most of my hours in a self-crowned loneliness, and aloofness from everybody. Loneliness and solitude have their own advantage at the beginning of quest. They serve as gradually-glowing diamond walls ensuring the security of spiritual endeavour and concentration. But the time must ultimately come when extraneous walls must be broken and overcome, and also a need for them. But that, when Grace is slow to flood one, is a long and tortuous process, and takes time.

With my red flannel ascetic cap protecting my head and the shut eyelids gathering all the inwardness I could conjure, I lived in that narrow room, my strange ascetic's cubicle. I lit tapers from time to time, tall wonderful straight virginal things which, when lit, seemed to blossom into so many eyes searching me and aiding me in self-enquiry. Sometimes, with eyes wide open I concentrated my gaze on them until the flames, one by one, appeared to vanish and leave only an after-sense of kindling drawn within the heart to a single flame. It was an experience comparable to that of intoxication. They say hypnotists practise their art starting with a concentration on a single candle-flame, which is as good as a delicate flower of the Invisible blushed into visibility.

One morning, suddenly I forgot all about the horrible pain which had increased in the boil on the ankle. I was, as it were, in a state of torpor and seemed fairly aloof from it. The heart resounded like a cavern of memory: "You must go some day to Sidharud". Ramdas's advice welled up with a fresh insistence. In a trice I decided that I would leave for Hubli that same afternoon. And I did, bidding farewell to my family, including my son and Sita. I cannot with a conscience say that the parting was entirely free from a deep sense of sorrow. But I thought to myself that I must make one bold heroic attempt to cut all ties, to break the strings of the instrument of life which were capable of yielding only

the small, dark, uncertain music of fate.

My people wondered as to whether I was in a normal state of mind. But they did not say anything. They knew that I had been behaving in a queer and unusual manner for ever so many days past, and thought it best that I follow the dictates of my own will and—conscience, if I had any left.

I caught the afternoon train from Bangalore, and travelled third class. It was a crowded compartment. There was just one small bit of space visible on one of the wooden seats, next to a fierce-looking Pathan. When I tried to occupy it, the fellow glared at me and roared like a ferocious tiger, as though he was quite ready to claw me. So, without one fibre of my body recoiling or one nerve growing pugnacious, I quietly spread my small carpet on the floor of the compartment and settled down, trying to retain my days and rays of quietness of heart behind closed eyelids. It succeeded well; I would be at the feet of the Great Sidharud the next day! This thought gave me an equipoise and courage which was unusual.

I had carried very little luggage with me. Just a little bedding enfolding two ochre-coloured dhoties and two "upper cloths" which I had got ready many days before I started off, in right earnest, on my quest. I knew that they would come of use some day; but I did not realise that I would have to wait to reach Hubli for that. I had very little money with me; I had decided to adopt the authentic life of the ascetic, begging my way as ascetics do, and leaving everything to the Divine. For had not Ramdas taught me to believe that the Divine never fails him who depends solely and wholly upon Its Grace? Yes, but how difficult it is for the modern, science-haunted, rationalistic mind to grasp the truth of it; nay, even to avoid believing it to be a pretty piece of self-deception and cowardly tomfoolery!

The first striking experience I had on the journey was, after a few stations, an empty compartment,

third class, all to myself! I was amazed at the contrast, for when I left Bangalore I was about to be rebuffed before crowds of passengers by the Pathan who was in no mood to yield me even one inch of space!

The second experience was even more striking and made me reflect on the deeper laws of the mind and heart, and on the truth of the power of vibrations emanating even from our own selves. A child in arms was crying in the women's compartment adjoining the one in which I travelled. At a certain watering-station, toward evening, I got off to afford my cramped legs a little exercise. While I strolled about on the platform, apparently a normal person with the normal habit on, I noticed that the crying child was being made to look out of the window by its mother, a Muslim woman, for distraction. Suddenly that woman looked at me and then addressed the child in Hindustanee: "Don't cry, baby; don't cry! Look at that Sadhu and be quiet!" She pointed to me twice and the child grew quiet. I, a Sadhu; Good Lord! what made her call me that? Did she in some intuitive way sense the mission on which I was travelling? Did she sense the deep waves of peace that were rolling inside my breast? I, a Sadhu? and yet, my mind was thoroughly conscious of its imperfections. I was not deceiving myself at all; I knew that I was far from achievement, despite the occasional periods of quiet ecstasy that I had felt from time to time. I had not outgrown my sexual hunger; it was dormant, and on occasions when it wanted to raise its head, I forcibly thrust it back into its hiding place. I was still heavy with ignorance and a hundred poisonous impulses which teemed all over my nature, even as germs do round a plague rat working its downfall from the rafters even of a strongly built house.

However, I accepted the compliment impersonally; it was only an indication, I supposed, of a good and noble vibration emanating from me. The thought that was uppermost in my mind was: I am going to Sidharud! And this kept on

ringing inside the brain, working and working like a gramophone record on which the sentence had been recorded. The brain is sensitive wax; that is why one has to be so careful as to what one allows to be recorded there. To the measured

beat of the train-wheels on their rails, the sentence kept on keeping time: I am going to Sidharud, I am going to Sidharud! O What a wonderful feeling it is to know that one is going towards deliverance!

SUSPENSION OF WYNAD COLONIZATION SCHEME

(From Our Correspondent)

CALICUT: The Wynad scheme was originally started by the Advisor Government as a measure to re-settle the unemployed ex-servicemen who would return after the war. It was opened by the Collector of Malabar on February 2, 1943 with 66 ex-service men as the first batch of settlers. But to-day 575 families have already settled there—families of ex-servicemen, INA-men, toddy tappers left jobless by prohibition, political sufferers and others and, if the scheme is completely carried through, the colony will be able to house 4,000 families.

The Government have so far spent Rs. 26 lakhs on the scheme; they will have to spend Rs. 60 lakhs more for its completion. But half the total expenses will be subsidised by the Government of India.

As originally planned, the Government requisitioned 32,000 acres of land for the colony, including 8,700 acres of wet land where paddy can be cultivated. This area has been divided into six blocks for administrative purposes. According to the original scheme, a settler was to get 5 acres of land in the hill and 2 acres in the valley or 10 acres of hill tract alone.

Besides ex-service men and other unemployed sections, hill tribes also were allowed to settle in the colony. Thus 250 Paniya families—a wandering tribe used as agricultural labourers—have now found a home and land of their own there. A welfare officer has been appointed

to look after the welfare of the settlers.

The administration of the colony is to be in charge of a co-operative organisation which will advance loans to the settlers. A settler is entitled to receive a loan of Rs. 1,425. Out of this, the amount advanced against clearing of forests (Rs. 100) will vary according to the nature of the forests and half of it will be borne by the Government. The rest of the loans must be repaid with interest (which, however will not be charged for the first five years) within twenty years.

Though the land will be owned by the co-operative in the beginning, it will finally go to the settler who, however, will not be allowed to transfer it or receive loans on it from outside sources. If a settler wants to do away with the land, he can give it back to the authorities and receive a reasonable price fixed by them.

Wynad is a malarial place. But as a result of experiments carried out by the Health Department malaria has been practically banished from the colony. In order to teach the settlers scientific agriculture, the Government have opened a model farm in Ambalavayal. Reading rooms, play grounds, schools and bazars are springing up in each block of the colony.

The suspension of the scheme now, at such a stage, after having spent so much money and energy, has intensified popular feeling that the interests of Malabar do not count for much with the present Government.

SARDAR VALLABHBHAI PATEL: AN APPRECIATION

by K. S. VENKATARAMANI

THE Gandhian era, like snowfalls on the Himalayas, has produced many streams, persons and personalities. But three mighty rivers emerge clearly to fertilise the parched acres of renaissance India—Rajaji, Pandit Nehru and Sardar Patel, each dynamic and swift-moving in his own way, and Dr. Rajendra Prasad, like the Ganga at Triveni, tranquillises into peace, power and plenty the inrush of waters in the monsoon hour.

Among the great revolutionary leaders of history Gandhiji is unique in his own way, the most catholic, smiling and peaceful, yet dynamic. He grouped under his banner with a superb *advaitic manobhava* the most dissimilar and diverse of temperaments as lieutenants holding them together by love and an exalted ideal of service. Unlike other great revolutionary leaders who always sought kindred temperaments to execute their ideals, Mahatmaji welcomed variety and unified it under one great humanitarian principle. In this variegated group Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel stands as a class by himself. There is none else in the group like him—with a compact mind and will, grained, fashioned and tempered like a sword but used with surgical skill and promptitude whenever necessity arose. In the peculiar conditions of transitional India, the Sardar is an asset for the execution of our national ideals and for implementing them quietly into the broken-up social conditions of the day and the habits of our people.

Born on October 31, 1875 of a Patidar family at Karamsad near Nadiad, Sardar Patel matriculated early from Nadiad High School. He passed the District Pleaders' Examination and began practice on the Criminal side at Godhra. After a short time he went to England and was called to the Bar at Middle

Temple. On return from England he started practice in Ahmedabad. In 1916 he entered public life as an associate of Mahatma Gandhi who had established his Satyagraha Ashram at Ahmedabad. The Sardar came into prominence as a Satyagrahi leader first at Kaira and then in the Nagpur Flag agitation and elsewhere. His fame spread throughout the country during the Bardoli no-tax campaign. He was elected President of the Ahmedabad Municipality in 1924 which position he held until 1928. He was elected President of the Indian National Congress held at Karachi in 1931.

During all the campaigns conducted by the Congress under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi the Sardar took active part and went to jail many a time. Successive periods of imprisonment were the main cause of the breaking of his health. He was Chairman of the Congress Parliamentary Sub-Committee during the years when Congress Ministries were functioning in eight provinces, and had a large part in shaping and unifying their policies.

Perhaps the Indian Revolution led by Mahatma Gandhi is the longest period of freedom fight in history, and it is a testimony to the patience, endurance and vigilance of our leaders for over 30 years. The fundamental philosophy and technique of non-violence required this length to tire out our enemy. If our recovery from the chaos and fatigue of this long march to victory has been quicker than expected, it is due to the iron will, grit and faith rooted in Providence and our own righteous cause, of Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel. Whether in Ahmednagar jail with its gloom and weariness or amidst the realistic, urgent, enveloping complexities of life as Home Minister, Sardar commands a patience, vigilance, promptitude and trust in God that sits only on the

brow of a man of victory. He accepts no defeats in life and defeats call only for more energy, organisation and co-operative effort.

The Sardar belongs to the farmer class, and he has absorbed the deepest traditions of strength and character of the peasant class which is the backbone of Indian culture and civilisation. The strength of the Sardar is the colossal strength of rural India. He is like the bamboo which though it belongs to the frail family of grass sums up and realises at the highest the inherent virtues, aspirations and vitalities of plant life. This has also given him a genius racy of the soil, intuitively feeling the *vasanas* and tendencies of our ancient culture. Beats in his pulse with sincerity and vigour the impersonal, territorial civilisation of India which stands for the highest of human concepts of life: plain living and high thinking; produce the maximum and consume the minimum; a disciplined life which controls the senses. It is in this root conception of the primary dignity of life based on honest work and minimum needs that he is nearest and next to Gandhiji.

Sardar Patel has a clear mind and a limited objective and always knows how to cut the coat according to the cloth with a smile of dry humour. He suffers from no surrender to the imaginative and sentimental appeals of life, and knows too that the primary drive of politics is in the sphere of economics. This healthy appreciation gives tone and realism to his activities as a politician, and distant ideals incapable of immediate realisation do not ensnare his energies. He realises that food crops do not come out of *mantras* and words but grow only on cultivated soil. And cultivated soil requires hard work, readiness with seeds at the monsoon hour and, above all, faith in God. This attitude to life—a mixture of frank realism amid simple mysticism, makes the Sardar a living representative and exponent in deeds of Indian culture and of its inherent vitality.

He is one of the few rare politicians of the world with 30 years' strenuous record of work which does not show a mere love of publicity and propaganda for their own sake. Half the failure of Democracy is due to the fatal growth of the mysterious and mischievous art of propaganda which screens Truth and throws on the screen the false pictures which it wishes to propagate for its own self-interest. This freedom from propaganda has given a peculiar dignity and strength to the Sardar's mind and actions and a scientific outlook with clarity and precision. This is an invaluable asset to a politician. Love of publicity for its own sake and for its ephemeral triumphs inflicts deep injuries.

Sardar sees things straightly and acts straightforwardly. There is no stabbing behind the back. This directness is a token of fundamental honesty and a correct appreciation of the life-giving



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principle that the utmost economy of our energy and resources constitute the secret of peace and happiness. The frivolous and the wasteful are the enemy of man and of his welfare. Let us waste nothing—work is play and play is work, and both in a mood of austere worship. This quality of the Sardar gives the clue to the great affection and regard with which Mahatmaji treated him in almost a lifelong partnership. Sardar Patel's mind does not believe in propaganda width but in depth, integration and assimilation as the soul of life, and not in mere ambitious leaps that fracture one's ankle in the end.

Sardar Patel's integration of the Indian States is a major achievement of which any statesman in history might be proud. India will always remember this consolidation with gratitude. The success in this direction was not due to accidental causes or an element of luck inherent in the drift of politics. The Sardar with his characteristic realism and insight into human affairs knew that the time was ripe for the right step in integration, especially because of the gathering storm-clouds which the mischievous doctrine of the lapse of paramountcy had already set free. Had the Sardar delayed his action with reference to the States by a few months it would have landed the country in chaos and anarchy.

NEHRU AND PATEL

One night I asked Nehru whether it was correct to represent him and Patel as political duelists and whether the future depended upon who won out. Nehru's reply revealed the sentimentalism in his character, the strength of comradeship ties with him, and the scheme of compromise which envelops him in office.

He said that Patel and he "differed sharply on details of concrete measures and often naturally found themselves at opposite poles." Gandhi had frequently come between them in the past to work out a reconciliation. "And now, it's odd, but the memory of Gandhi keeps us together. In death he is stronger even than he was when alive." There was also a confidence in each other's integrity, and the belief that neither is avid for power in itself. "One word from me and Patel would resign, I know that. He knows the same thing about me."

People forget that the years have here interwoven very dissimilar personalities into the fabric of a common destiny. "When you have been working with a man twenty-eight years you know all about him and forgive a lot," Nehru mused. "It's hard to leave people you have struggled with and suffered with that long." —Edgar Snow.

To Sardar Patel one is either a friend or a foe. He makes no spiritual attempt to convert a foe into a friend—he knows that alchemy of the human nature is the toughest job in politics. So he has no faith in appeasement or its anticipated victories. He sounds a bell, issues a warning and the next step, with a dry smile, is a declaration of war and a fight to the finish. This firmness and clarity have a unique aseptic value in the stagnant malarial waters of Indian politics.

The Sardar is an invaluable asset to a new India yet in the making amidst a world drifting to chaos and war. In his very insularity there is a giant's strength which a nation should know how to use in its hour of peril. The best way to protect your own orchard is to fence it well by your own hard labour instead of asking your neighbours to put up proper fences of their own so that your labour and liability might be lessened. By this simple philosophy of Sardar Patel India has to gain a great deal. Without the pedantry of scholarship his essentially rustic mind is rooted in an intuitive appreciation of justice and *dharma* as the basis of life and work in *Bharat*.

Varsha.

Sardar Patel is 74 now, and may God bless him with many more years of silent work and service to the country.

POWER POLITICS IN INDONESIA

RENVILLE AGREEMENT AND AFTER

by T. G. RAJULU

THE situation in Indonesia, which had on the surface ended in a stalemate after the termination of the Dutch "police action" in August 1947 following the Security Council's intervention, has changed with startling rapidity during the last few weeks to the serious disadvantage of the Republic of Indonesia. It is difficult to see how the gallant Republic, so completely encircled by Dutch forces and so grievously weakened by their economic blockade can survive the internal dissensions that have turned the territory, held precariously by the Republican Government, into an arena for bitter civil strife among Republicans themselves. The effort to crush the revolt of the Communists may weaken the Republic to such an extent that the Dutch armed forces, hovering on the borders of the Republic, may swoop

down on it and wipe it out. Or the present Government of the Republic, frightened by this serious outbreak of internal disorder, may be forced into another "agreement" with the Dutch sacrificing this time all of its hard-won independence and sovereignty. It has been greatly reassuring, therefore, to hear from Mr. Raghavan, India's first Consul-General in Indonesia, who was recently in Madras, that these uprisings were not serious enough to jeopardise the present Government of Soekarno and Hatta.

It has been reported that leading Republicans like Amir Sjarifudin and Setiadjit, who had joined the rebels, had been killed following effective military action by the Republican Government against the new rebel State which the Communists had attempted to set up within the territory of the Republic. Sjarifudin, a socialist-minded intellectual—and a devout Christian—was one of the bravest of the Indonesian Resistance leaders during the Japanese occupation. When the Republic came into being in 1945 he was appointed Defence Minister because of his well-known organising ability, by his fellow-worker in the Resistance movement, Premier Soetan Sjahrir. During the next two years Sjarifudin used this ability to consolidate his hold with the Army and the Socialist Party, led by Sjahrir. He ousted Sjahrir from the leadership of the party in June 1947 and forced him to resign the premiership when Sjahrir attempted to reach an agreement about implementing the unpopular provisions of the Linggadjati Agreement and then as leader of the Socialist Party formed a Government composed mainly of Leftists. Setiadjit, a Labour Party intellectual was his chief aide and Vice-Premier.

The Dutch however hardly gave Sjarifudin any breathing time. In July 1947 they presented the new



N. RAGHAVAN

India's first Consul-General in Indonesia, who has just been appointed India's first Ambassador to Czechoslovakia.

Photo by T. G. Rajulu—21-10-48.



AMIR SJARIFUDIN, former Premier of the Republic of Indonesia with Justice KIRBY, Australian member of the Committee of Good Offices, during the Renville talks in December, 1947. Australia was the Republic's nominee on the Committee.

Photo by T. G. Rajulu—21-10-48.

Government with an ultimatum demanding immediate cessation of all hostilities and the Republic's cooperation in forming the United States of Indonesia under virtual Dutch control. On July 20, five days later, the Dutch began military operations in the territory of the Republic calling it a "police action".

Shocked by this open aggression, world opinion, led by India, persuaded the Security Council to intervene on August 1 by calling for a ceasefire in Indonesia. The Dutch however stopped their advance into Republican territory only on August 4, when they had occupied nearly two-thirds of Java. Even then there

was no end to the hostilities as they continued mopping-up operations against the thousands of armed and unarmed Republicans in the occupied areas.

The Security Council after vainly attempting to put an end to these hostilities by pious resolutions finally sent out a Committee of Good Offices, composed of representatives of the Governments of the United States, Belgium and Australia, to negotiate a truce agreement and a political settlement in Indonesia. This Committee came out to Indonesia in November 1947, just in time as one observer put it "to prevent the Dutchman from kicking to death the Republic, which was already down." The Committee was able to get both parties to negotiate immediately and after long discussions, held mostly on board the United States transport ship *Renville*, a Truce Agreement was signed on January 17, 1948, by delegations representing the Governments of the Netherlands and the Republic of Indonesia.

Sjarifudin expanded his cabinet after the Dutch action to include many Rightists, mainly members of the powerful Masjumi Party (Moslem League of Indonesia) in order to preserve national cohesion and solidarity within the Republic in the face of the Dutch threat to the very existence of the Republic. He then led a representative delegation to the Renville talks.

Sjarifudin at the start of the negotiations had no illusions about the real strength of the Republic but he had great confidence in the good faith of the Committee and belief in the capacity of the Security Council to enforce its decisions. He knew that the Dutch needed a truce immediately in order not only to consolidate their hold on the territory they had occupied but also to start economic exploitation of these areas for the goods they needed so badly for their own recovery in Europe. He felt that the continuance of disturbed conditions in these areas would effectively prevent the Dutch from exploiting these areas profitably and the presence of Republican troops and guerrillas

within Dutch-occupied areas was the Republic's strong card for negotiating a favourable political settlement.

However, Sjarifudin himself was as anxious to reach a settlement, especially as the ruthless Dutch blockade of the Republic was slowly strangling its economic life. He felt however that any settlement must fulfil two conditions; it should preserve for the Republic at least the basis to strive for full freedom later on and it should be guaranteed and supervised by the Security Council. It was the tragedy of Sjarifudin that he was finally forced to sign an agreement that did not meet any of these two conditions.

The Renville Agreement not only included a Truce Agreement to end hostilities but also a list of eighteen principles which were to form the agreed basis for the further political discussions between the Netherlands and the Republic. The most important of these principles, drafted by the Committee itself laid down that sovereignty throughout the Netherlands Indies was and would remain with the Kingdom of the Netherlands until, after a stated interval, the Kingdom of the Netherlands transferred its sovereignty to the United States of Indonesia and that the status of the Republic of Indonesia would be that of a State within the United States of Indonesia. The Republic accepted this clause with the specific assurance from the members of the Committee that its status as an independent political entity would continue even after the agreement till the Republic of its own accord and after reaching a satisfactory political settlement with the Dutch joined the United States of Indonesia as a constituent State.

The Truce Agreement forced the Republic to give up the whole of Madura, nearly two-thirds of Java and a third of Sumatra, territories containing nearly forty million people, and to confine its main authority to an area around Jogjakarta in central Java. Further it drew the teeth of the Republic effectively in the rest of Indonesia by forcing the

Republic to withdraw tamely its regular and irregular troops to its own little beset territory.

This Agreement certainly did not preserve for the Republic any basis for an effective future struggle. Nor did the personal assurances of the individual members of the Committee prove of any value, for the Dutch refused to proceed with the political settlement unless the Republic immediately joined their set-up for a United States of Indonesia and gave up its external relations with outside countries and its independent army.

Sjarifudin felt that he could not implement the provisions of the Truce Agreement on the basis of such an unsatisfactory and uncertain political settlement and resigned office as Premier. President Soekarno thereupon called upon his Vice-President Mohamad Hatta to form a new Government. Hatta dropped all the Leftists from the Cabinet and included mostly members of the Rightist Masjumi Party. He then proceeded to Batavia to try to negotiate directly with the Dutch but failed to reach any satisfactory settlement.

The Dutch, having obtained their main objective of getting the Republican forces to withdraw peacefully, then refused to implement, what was for the Republic, the most important provision of the Truce Agreement—that trade would be freely permitted. On the excuse that the Republic would not cooperate politically, the Dutch intensified their blockade. Republican appeals to the Good Offices Committee and to the Security Council proved of no avail. Economic distress even prior to the Agreement had been very great but the intensification of the Dutch blockade made conditions within the small bottled-up Republic really desperate.

There had always been a group of extremists in the Republic composed mostly of terrorists and members of the many revolutionary youth movements who had urged constant and unrelenting struggle against the Dutch and considered any parley or settlement a betrayal of their struggle for a "100% free-

dom." Increasing economic distress and Premier Hatta's failure to reach a political settlement with the Dutch made the disgruntled Leftists join the extremists and their joint opposition became so serious as to challenge the authority of the Republican Government in some of the central areas of the Republic around Solo. International Communism, in pursuance of its grand design to create a conflagration in South-east Asia, decided to take advantage of this explosive situation. Muso, a veteran Indonesian Communist trained in Moscow, was smuggled into the Republic. Finding conditions favourable he organised a revolt against the authority of the Government of Soekarno and Hatta and obtained sufficient support from former top-ranking leaders like Sjarifudin and Setiadjit to set up a Communist Republican State at Madiun.

It is difficult to understand the motives of Sjarifudin, who had struggled so long to maintain the Republic intact, in taking an action which he knew would give the Dutch the excuse they required to march into the Republic and break it up in order to re-establish law and order. As a confessed Communist he may have just taken his orders from the Comintern; or perhaps, thinking that the Republic, weak politically and militarily, would never be able to strive again effectively for the freedom of Indonesia, he decided to provoke Dutch military action which he hoped would precipitate violent revolts throughout Indonesia. These revolts, aided and abetted by International Communism, which had already succeeded in making Malaya and Burma a battlefield, might have resulted in a general uprising of all

the Indonesian people against the Dutch.

Sjarifudin's calculations seem to have failed however. The revolt has not succeeded in overthrowing Soekarno's Government. Soekarno has been able, with the help of the regular army, to organise effective military counter-action against the rebel State. The Dutch, besides watching this internal strife in the Republic with evident satisfaction, have taken no precipitate military action.

The really surprising development in Indonesia has been the resignation of the Lt.-Governor-General, Dr. Herbertus Van Mook. There have been for a long time rumours of serious differences between him and the Netherlands Government at The Hague. He was often accused of trying to set up a second Dutch empire in the Indies, independent of The Hague and with himself as the undisputed ruler. The Republicans always considered Van Mook as the evil genius behind all Dutch attempts at a settlement, who hid his real intentions to preserve Indonesia as a Dutchman's paradise behind his mask of love and goodwill for the people.

For though Van Mook may have loved Indonesia he hated the Republic. He considered its existence as a remnant and continuation of Japanese fascism, which had to be rooted out and its leaders as a group of terrorists who ruled over their territory by force of arms and who would be overthrown the moment any free elections were held. He felt that Soekarno's Government was unable to control its own extremists and that any agreement reached with that Government would never be effectively implemented on the Republican side since it lacked sufficient authority in its own territory.

Van Mook's hatred for the Republicans led him to use all his energies during the last three years for the creation of a United States of Indonesia which would continue to be ruled by Dutch administrators and their Indonesian supporters from the feudal and ruling classes

—and which would isolate, weaken and ultimately destroy the Republic. He almost succeeded in this design. The Dutch military action reduced the Republic to about a third of Java and cut it off completely from all the other parts of Indonesia. Puppet States like West Java and East Sumatra were immediately carved out of the territories taken from the Republic. After the Renville Agreement, which sanctified this aggression, he formed an interim Provisional Federal Government with representatives from these puppet States. Raden Abdul Kadir Widjojoatmodjao, a Dutch-trained Indonesian official was his chief deputy and Secretary of State for General Affairs. He then invited the leaders of the Republic to join this set-up. Hatta however refused to join on the terms offered, even though he knew the alternative would mean the starving-out of the Republic.

Van Mook's plans however received a serious set-back when he attempted to get the Kingdom of the Netherlands to recognise this his Provisional Federal Government by transferring to it the sovereignty promised to the United States of Indonesia under the Linggadjati and Renville Agreements. By now the administrations of the many puppet States he had created had got out of his control and some of them had become dominated by Republicans. And even the non-Republicans who had been placed in power by him after their first taste of real power, began to demand more.

A group of Indonesian leaders from these non-Republican areas proceeded to the Hague to negotiate directly with the Netherlands Government for the creation of an Indonesian Federation whose units would be the old Residencies of the former N.E.I. administration. Their proposal seems to be for the holding of an immediate general election throughout the whole of Indonesia for choosing a Federal Parliament to which all powers including defence could be transferred. Dr. Van Mook and Raden Abdul Kadir resigned when it was reported that these Federalist Indonesians had



Dr. HERBERTUS VAN MOOK (right), former Lt.-Governor-General of Indonesia talking to M. VAN ZEELAND, Belgian member of the Good Offices Committee. Justice KIRBY, Australian member, in centre. Belgium was the Dutch nominee on the Committee.

Photo by T. G. Rajulu—21-10-48.

reached an agreement with The Hague.

Mr. N. Raghavan, when he was in Madras recently, also expressed the hope that this new agreement reached at The Hague may pave the way for the creation of a really independent Indonesia. Any Dutch-Indonesian agreement worth the name, he said, would be lasting only if it had the support of the Republic. He felt that the Republic would support any agreement if it really recognised Indonesian freedom and independence.

Recent circumstances have therefore combined to remove from the Indonesian scene both Sjarifudin and Van Mook, who have represented conflicting and irreconcilable interests during the last year. The new Dutch administrator is Dr. Louis Beel, a Netherlands politician who is likely to be less influenced than Dr. Van Mook by feudal and reactionary elements in Indonesia. It is just possible that he may be

able to reach a lasting agreement with the Republic, now purged of its extremists.

As for the Committee of Good Offices, it has now deteriorated into a one-man (American) show—a development which was not unexpected. If the Committee had any influence at all, it was because it included a representative of the Government of the United States whose support was eagerly canvassed by both sides.

Mr. Merle Cochran, the American member, has now submitted his own proposals for a settlement. According to reports he is acting not as a member of the Security Council's Committee of Good Offices but as a representative of the State Department of the Government of the United States. Perhaps the Americans, now realising the imminent danger of losing South-east Asia to the Communists, may influence the Dutch to reach a just and lasting settlement in Indonesia.



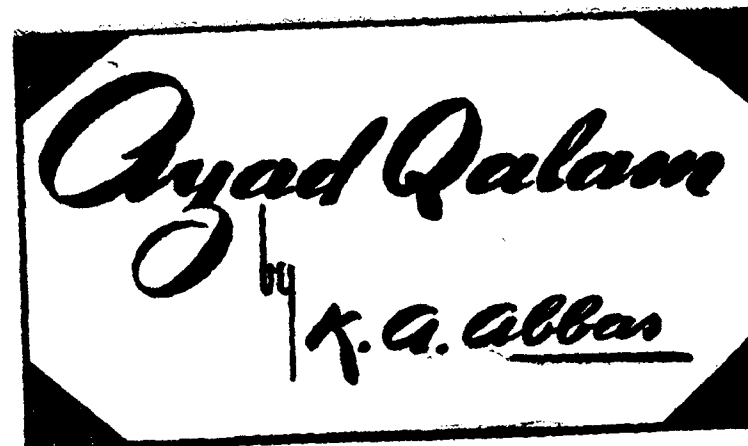
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SYMPOMATIC of the blood-stained India that has emerged out of the partition of the country, the Refugee Camp has become as familiar a feature of the Indian scene as a temple or a mosque, a banyan or a peepul tree. Big and small refugee camps are scattered all over the country—each providing precarious shelter to a few hundreds or a few thousands or even a few lakhs of homeless and destitute victims.

I have seen some of these camps and been at once appalled by the misery and inspired by the courage of the refugees. I have seen the camp at my own hometown of Panipat—twelve thousand homeless destitutes from western Panjab lying in the open, braving the rigours of the summer days and winter nights, their pitiable little tents (ironically enough) pitched on the same camping ground where the British regiments used to encamp for the night on their route marches from Delhi to Lahore.

I also saw the much more orderly and well-managed refugee camp twenty miles away at Karnal, which a young and energetic Magistrate had the imagination and the rare foresight to organise on a democratic, self-help basis, so that the refugees themselves ran their camp, with the minimum of assistance or interference from officials or social workers.

CITY OF TENTS

I did not have the opportunity of seeing the Kurukshetra camp—the

largest tented city in the world, where several hundred thousand refugees from Pakistani terror lived for many months on the same site where the armies of Kauravas and Pandavas must have camped many thousand years ago.

But the other day I visited one of the biggest refugee camps in India—at Nagrota, nine miles away from Jammu on the Banihal Road. Spread over a picturesque valley, at a height of less than 2000 feet, the camp provides shelter to nearly 40,000 refugees. This 'city of seventeen thousand tents' runs, on either side of the main road, for more than a mile. It is a self-contained town, properly laid out, with roads, lanes, a hospital, dispensaries, schools for boys and girls, shops, recreation centres, playing grounds and parks for children. These sturdy men and women from the border areas over-run by the raiders have lost all they possessed—their land and property, their homes and hearths—but their instincts of life are still unimpaired. Every day a few betrothals are arranged, marriages take place, and children are born. Women foregather at the wells to fetch water and exchange gossip, slim-bodied naked little children get a 'free shower' as they splash about in the spray from the water hose, boys and girls go to school and their voices mingle in a merry hum, like that of bees. In Nagrota, as in many other refugee camps, LIFE GOES ON!

SPRIT OF GANDHI

While, undoubtedly, great work has been done to provide relief to, and rehabilitate, the refugees in all such camps—and it is a stupendous achievement for the Governments as well as the social workers—not much has been done so far for the moral and psychological 'rehabilitation' of the refugees, to purge their lacerated hearts of hate and fear and bitterness, and to restore to them their original, fundamental humanity.

The only refugee organisation which has attempted this is the little-known "Gandhi Refugee Seva Sadan" of Srinagar, run by the innately modest and publicity-shy Mrs. Krishna Mehta and her brother, on behalf of the United Council For Relief And Welfare.

The refugee centre run by Mrs. Mehta provides self-supporting occupation (through spinning, knitting, sewing and embroidery work) for more than two hundred women, mostly widows—each of whom is thus enabled to earn about fifteen rupees a month. Medical relief, milk for children, clothes, books, etc., are also provided to those who need them.

What makes this centre so distinctive and unique in the whole of India—and a truly Gandhian institution—is the fact that among the unfortunate women who are looked after here, there are Hindus, Sikhs—and also MUSLIMS! The spirit of Gandhi has brought them together.

THE BRAVE MRS. MEHTA

Years ago, it appears, Mrs. Krishna Mehta, then a shy young Kashmiri bride, had an opportunity to pay her respects to the Mahatma. Gandhiji gave her his blessings by placing his hallowed hand on her head. Since then she felt a strange transformation within her; hitherto unsuspected courage infused her whole being; and she was inspired by the shining ideal of service. Her husband was Deputy Commissioner of Muzaffarabad, the border town of Kashmir, which was the first to fall when the raiders launched their surprise murderous attack. He died

a brave death, at the post of duty. And the widow was left, alone, her honour and the life of her children at the mercy of the cruel raiders. But she did not lose courage; nor her humanity. When her husband's body was cremated, she did not shed a single tear. She told the murderers of her husband: "I shall not grieve. I rejoice that I was fortunate in having a husband who knew how to die like a brave man rather than surrender". Her rare courage and astonishing will power shamed even the brutes and kindled the spark of humanity in their savage breasts. While she and her children lived as their prisoners, the raiders dared not molest them. Their *sardar* called her "elder sister" and his men looked at her with awe and respect—as if she was a sacred being.

When they asked her to embrace Islam and gave her a copy of the Quran, she accepted the holy book but refused the offer of conversion. "As a follower of Gandhiji", she said, "I respect your religion as much as I respect my own. I will read your holy book with the same veneration with which I read the Gita. But I shall not be converted to save my life; I shall not betray my faith. And if I know your religion you are betraying Islam by wanting to forcibly convert me at the point of the bayonet". The fanatics were shamed into silence and when they spoke, it was only to utter profuse apologies.

It was her faith in God and the principles of Gandhiji, Mrs. Mehta told me, that saved her life and honour. Even her children stood the supreme test and faced the raiders with such courage that no one dared touch them. Referring to her experiences, she said, "I don't hate those raiders, even though they committed such horrible atrocities. I wouldn't be worthy of calling myself a follower of Gandhiji if I succumbed to hatred. I pity them for their ignorance and cruelty. Moreover, I found traces of humanity and decency even in those people. My life and honour were saved because my conduct awakened their dormant humanity; some of them actually risked their own lives to save me and my children".

After several months of imprisonment and detention, Mrs. Mehta and her children were evacuated and reached Delhi. Listening to her tale of woe and impressed by her remarkable courage, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru personally gave her refuge and she became the Prime Minister's 'adopted sister'. The children were sent to a school in Nainital. And when Mrs. Mehta was asked what she would like to do, whether she wanted to return to her family in Kashmir, she said she wanted to devote the rest of her widowed existence to the service of the refugees. And so she came to Srinagar to start this centre.

UNITY OUT OF ADVERSITY

When Mrs. Mehta started her Seva Sadan refugee centre, the Hindu and Sikh refugee women flocked in large numbers. They were the poor, helpless victims of the raiders' terror. Their hearts were sore and scarred with bitterness. And so, when she started her first day's work with the prayer that Gandhiji made famous, there was trouble. "*Raghupati Raghav Raja Ram*"—the words as well as the soothing tune appealed to the Hindu and Sikh women. But when it came to "*Ishwar Allah Tera Naam*", they stopped. How could they utter these words which conceded to the *Allah* of the Muslims the same eminence as their own *Ram*? Weren't Muslims responsible for the atrocities that had been committed by the Muslim raiders from Pakistan? No, no, they would never agree to utter the word *Allah*. Never. But before a few more days passed they were lustily singing "*Ishwar Allah Tera Naam*". The frail Mrs. Mehta had worked a Gandhian miracle. How did it happen?

Of course, the women came to have much regard and affection for Mrs. Mehta who, they learnt, was a refugee widow like most of them. She, too, had suffered as they had suffered. She was not a social worker who had come to help them; she was one of them. She was friendly and kind; there was soothing balm for the soul in her soft

voice. But the miracle was worked not so much by Mrs. Mehta's personality as by her practical application of the Gandhian doctrine. For she went out and brought with her a number of MUSLIM refugee widows who, too, had suffered like their non-Muslim sisters, at the hands either of the Pakistani raiders or of the non-Muslim fanatics in the Jammu province. At first the two groups were frightened of each other; then they were shy; then feminine curiosity overcame communal prejudices and they exchanged details of their respective horrid experiences; they cried and shed tears over each other's misfortunes; and, finally, HUMANITY TRIUMPHED. Out of the knowledge of common suffering was born a new consciousness of unity; they were not Hindu and Sikh women who had suffered at the hands of heartless Muslims, and Muslim women who had suffered at the hands of cruel non-Muslims; they ALL were just women who had suffered at the hands of inhuman beasts.

On my last day in Srinagar I went to see this centre and to pay my homage to the indefatigable Mrs. Mehta, her hair prematurely grey because of her suffering but her face curiously lighted with a hopeful glow, as she watched the two hundred women whose interest in life and faith in humanity she had been able to save. As I looked round the hall I saw a hundred charkhas plying and a hundred pairs of knitting needles busy on sweaters and socks and mufflers. My friend Shivkumar Sharda and his wife, both from Amritsar, who are assisting Mrs. Mehta in running this centre, asked me if I could distinguish which of the women were Hindus and which were Muslims. Frankly I couldn't, till they were individually pointed out to me. Every morning, I learnt, they now sing in chorus the prayer song and the glory of "*Ishwar Allah*" is proclaimed by Hindu, Sikh and Muslim together. And it has become one big happy family, sisterly affection transcending communal barriers.

Here, I felt, was the triumph of the Spirit of Gandhi and of Kashmir!

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.

Do The Monkeys Like It?

I am extremely grateful to Mr. D. Balagopal of Calcutta for his letter in your issue of 16th October enlightening me on the purpose for which monkeys are exported to America. I have no doubt that the National Foundation research into the cause and cure of infantile paralysis is doing work of great humanitarian value. That monkeys are used as guinea pigs by the researchers is a fact of the utmost importance which should certainly be known to every schoolboy. I can only plead in extenuation that it is ages since I ceased to be one.

But when, having patiently exorcised my ignorance, Mr. Balagopal proceeds to remark in his most silky voice "I am sure that even Vighneswara could not have objection to that; or am I wrong?" I must, I am afraid, risk further exacerbating the exasperation behind that tell-tale "even", which, as any one can see, is held—but only just held—within bounds by an iron courtesy. The question is not whether I object, but whether the monkeys object to being experimented upon for the benefit of man. Mr. Balagopal unfortunately sheds no light on this point. So I must do the best I can.

My knowledge of natural history, let me premise, is mostly derived from the Ramayana. (Mr. Balagopal will note, and I hope will give me credit for it, that I do not throw at his head G.B.S. on Vivisection. So let him not cite Sir Arthur Keith against me.) Hanuman, it will be remembered, allowed himself to be experimented upon in a way, when he let the Rakshasas set fire to his tail. But that was diplomatic acquiescence; and it did bring him a bit of knowledge which both surprised and delighted him—that even fire would not burn in certain circumstances. But he had no intention of being anybody's guinea pig; and he soon enough gave his torturers a taste of their own medicine. And to be fair to Ravana and his Rakshasas, they did not embark on the tail-burning with the cold-blooded ruthlessness of our modern scientists. In fact, in their more playful moments they would have considered it a thousand pities thus to torture an animal which, according to Kumbhakarna, was as popular with the people of Lanka as it is still with the patrons of the Zoo.

The weight of epic testimony is thus against the assumption that monkeys

would beam with pleasure at the prospect of aiding the advancement of science. Mr. Balagopal will perhaps be interested to hear that I am on my way to Ayodhya where I hope to do a bit of field work before I confirm my provisional findings. If it was true as my grandmother averred that a contemporary of her grandmother's, a great Rama Bhakta, was received with open arms by giant monkeys when he visited the lost capital of the Ikshvakus, who knows, their descendants of to-day may agree to hold a press conference for the benefit of a hardy journalist. If they do, I shall certainly pop the question, and if I live to tell the tale, a full account "will appear in another place," as the scientists say.

VIGHNESWARA.

Clock Tower Near The Madras Club

The Corporation of Madras is constructing a clock tower at the junction of three roads, the West Cott Road, the Whites Road, and the Pycrofts Road. It is a matter for regret that the Corporation should have ventured upon such a project without taking into consideration all aspects of the matter. We have public clocks in the city of which no two agree even approximately. Before adding more such clock towers the Corporation should have taken pains to set right the existing ones. There are two other matters which deserve attention. The place chosen contains several trees one of which is nearly 50 to 60 years old giving good shade to tram passengers, the rickshaw pullers and the Corporation workers and others. I am told that this old majestic tree has to be cut down to permit the clock tower to be seen from all sides. This is deplorable. One cannot reconcile the policy of the Corporation to plant more avenue trees with the cutting down of good avenue trees. Besides, the rickshaw pullers who have been using this as a stand for the last several decades are made to shift for themselves. All that one can say in this matter is that it has been rushed through with unseemly haste without taking relevant factors into consideration. A good latrine and bath room and a stand for tramway passengers without cutting down the trees would have been more useful than a clock tower. Even now it is not too late. The tree can be retained and the clock tower may be suitably altered to serve either as a bath room or a latrine.

S. R. VENKATARAMAN.

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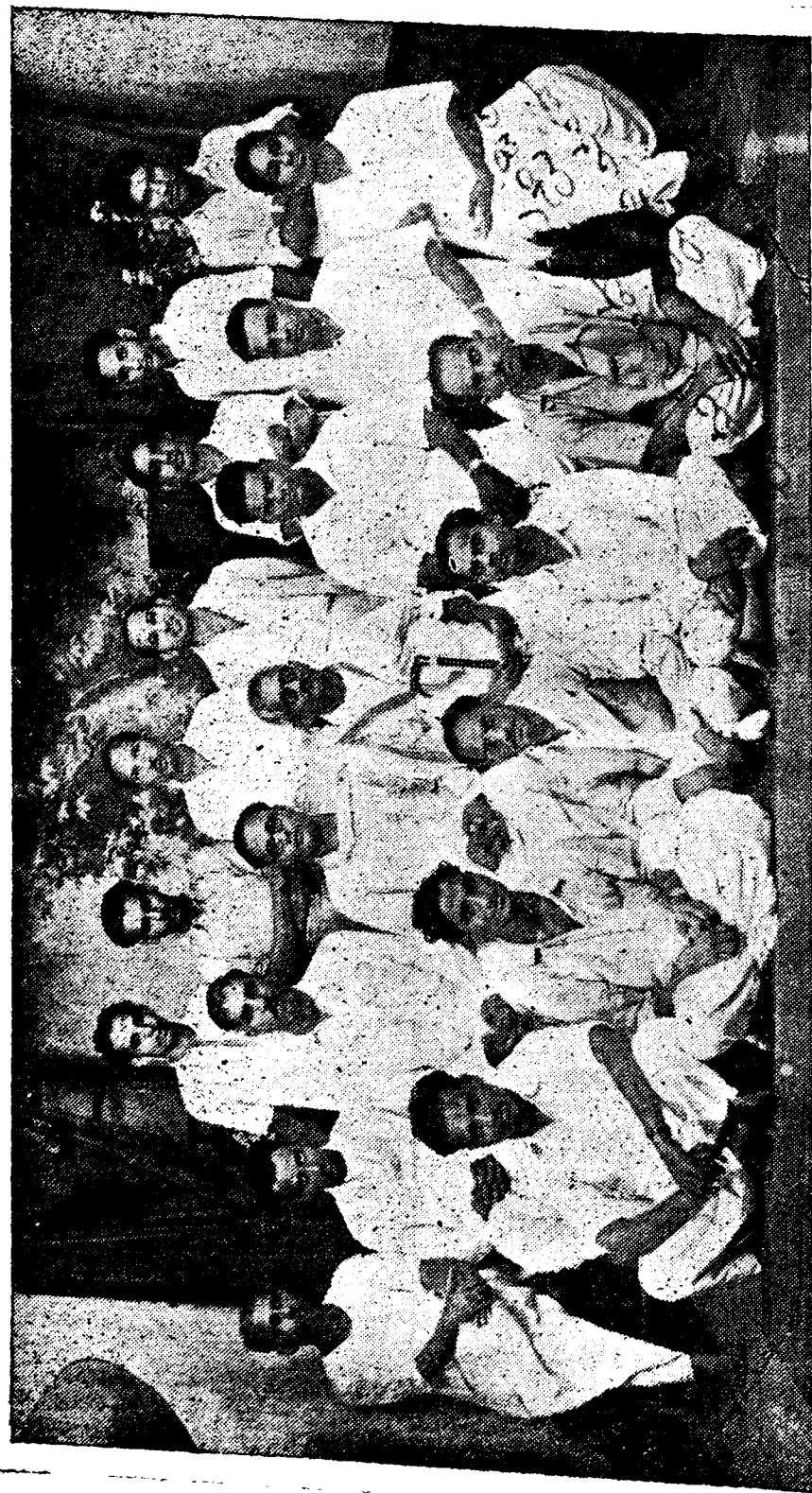
SWATANTRA

VOL. III, No. 40.

(SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1948)

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Photograph taken on the occasion of the presentation of an address to Sri Dwaram Venkataswamy Naidu, the famous Andhra Violinist, by the Hindustan Sangeetha Mandali, Vijayawada.

SWATANTRA

VOL. III
No. 40

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1948

ISSUED
WEEKLY

THE RE-ELECTION OF MR. TRUMAN

WHEN the Republican Party of the United States chose Mr. Dewey as its candidate for the 1948 Presidential election, the reaction of British Socialists was one of relief. "It might have been worse, it might have been Taft." This implied the belief that the Republican Party's candidate (whoever he was) would win the election. While British Labour opinion was thankful that no ultra-conservative or isolationist had been chosen, the expected Republican victory was itself regarded as a distinctly retrograde development.

There was good reason for the British Government to be uneasy at the prospect of the Republicans' return to full power in the United States. Already in the Congressional elections of 1946 a majority of seats in both the Houses had been won by Republicans. The adverse effect of the change on Britain's international trade position was considerable. One of the first acts of the Republican Congress was to abolish the Office of Price Administration, which had done so much during the war years to keep the prices of U.S. commodities from rising to excessively high levels. With the removal of price controls, countries like Britain which have to import food or other essential materials from the U.S. found themselves having to pay more and more—in acutely scarce dollars—for the same volume of their American imports. Having had a foretaste of the Republican zest for free trade, it is no wonder that Britain's Labour Government

should have been fearful of the consequences of a Republican capture of the U.S. Administration. The presence of Mr. Truman and his administrators, in spite of a hostile Congress, had been a restraining factor. With Mr. Truman's elimination from power, there would have been nothing to prevent the Republicans from seeking to reintroduce in the U.S. the old pre-Rooseveltian order.

But the majority of American voters do not seem to desire a return to the old order, judging from their rejection of Mr. Dewey. The average American might not be greatly concerned about the effect of inflation in his country on, say, Britain's balance of payments position. But he sees clearly enough the home aspect of the same medal, the effect of inflation on himself and his people. And evidently he remembers the Great Depression.

The apparent prosperity during the boom which followed World War I finally ended in a disaster which few American families can have forgotten. A repetition of such a sequel to the present boom following World War II is something that is widely dreaded in America (and indeed, to a lesser degree, in every country which has vital trade relations with the U.S.) The slump of the thirties had overtaken the Americans suddenly while they were still being treated to complacent assurances of lasting prosperity. It is different this time. Economists, politicians and journalists have all been constantly discussing the implications of the present American

boom and many of them have frankly admitted the danger of its collapse in the absence of preventive action. An important part of Mr. Truman's election campaign was to warn the people that Republican victory would mean the aggravation of inflation and an increase in the disparity of income distribution which would inevitably end in a slump. The warning was reinforced by a recital of the positive achievements of President Roosevelt and the Democratic Administrations that succeeded him. In promising a revival of the New Deal, President Truman skilfully appealed to the voters' anxiety for security at a time when it was imperilled, as a result, partly, of Republican action.

Here is to be found evidently the main explanation of the victory which Mr. Truman has achieved, contrary to all general expectations. There were, undoubtedly, other factors which contributed to the remarkably large muster of votes for the Democratic Party. The bold stand on civil rights which Mr. Truman took and doggedly stuck to, despite the revolt of Southern whites, must have had a very favourable effect on the Negro voters in those regions where they could exercise their franchise. Then there were the large number of young voters who have never known a Republican Administration—since 1932 the White House has been in continuous Democratic occupation—and they might understandably have preferred to deal with "the known devil". Mr. Dewey's unimpressive silence on controversial issues, his comparative lack of human appeal and Mr. Truman's own remarkably plucky campaigning must also have contributed to the result. But, all things considered, it would perhaps be a just appraisal of the 1948 U.S. Presidential election to say that it has demonstrated the survival of Roosevelt's influence over the American people beyond the span of his living presence as leader. What the

Great Depression did to the American people and the way in which President Roosevelt acted in face of the challenge are now a vital part of American history to which Mr. Truman owes, to a significant degree, his re-election to the high office which came to him in 1945 when Roosevelt died. The world will be grateful if President Truman lives up to the tradition which he has successfully invoked.

In the field of foreign affairs, the effects of Mr. Truman's re-election will take some time to crystallise. Broadly speaking, American foreign policy can shape world trends at four points—in China, in Japan, in Berlin and in Palestine. Ultimately, all of them lead to a recurrent trial of strength with Soviet Russia. Hitherto, it was correct to describe Mr. Truman as having followed a middle-of-the-road policy. The Western democracies have had many studied provocations flung in their faces by the Soviet power, and yet they have put up with them with a degree of complaisance which would have been undreamt of thirty years ago. Whether such pacifism springs from magnanimity or prudence, it is as unfortunate as it is undeniable that it is not yielding the results hoped for. True, the major dread of another war is being postponed. It is no mean gain, but its negative relief is more than neutralised by dispersal of energies and division of counsel which are not adding to the prestige of the Western powers.

Let us consider what prospects there are of a change in American policy in regard to the major issues that today divide the world into two hostile camps. First as regards China: It is an open secret that Russia has been helping the Communist armies while America has been backing Gen. Chiang. A point has now been reached with the fall of Manchuria which makes it necessary for America to reshape its course in the Far East. To walk out of China would, besides being an

act of unprecedented political quixotry, only hasten the advance of Communist forces into the warm shores of the South Pacific. It would so disastrously upset the balance of world power that we may take it as the beginning of the end through all Asia of capitalism, liberal democracy, civil liberties and freedom as hitherto understood. If, on the other hand, America should go all out to help harassed nationalists in China, it would mean a drain on her resources which, in the present context, might involve a greater risk than she can afford.

The indications are that America will not sell out—just yet in the Far East. There is no need for such desperate measures, so long as Japan can be thrown into the fray. How soon this step will be taken cannot now be determined. But the administration of Japan by Gen. MacArthur has been signalised by a solicitude for the preservation of Japan's war-potential which cannot be accounted for except on the basis that Japan would furnish a natural and economical obstacle to the unchecked advance of Communism in the Far East. The truth is being slowly realised that there is a vacuum in the Far East which must be filled; whether it is to be with Communism or a revived but controlled Japan will have to be decided by America.

In regard to Berlin, American policy has been marked by a desire to appease Russia at the cost of the remaining free Western powers. For the losses of such policy have not yet begun to impinge unpleasantly on the consciousness of the Americans. Berlin continues to be a danger spot, a storm signal, the last of the dykes stemming a flood. But the present position cannot last indefinitely. The longer it continues, the less peaceful is likely to be the manner in which it comes to be resolved.

Finally, Palestine. There is already some indication of a reversal

of policy here. The exigencies of the presidential election might have imposed a pre-Israel attitude on the President. But now that the election has been won, and it is freely asserted that the Jewish vote was not cast for Mr. Truman, it is quite likely that the new-found state of Israel might lose one of its most powerful patrons. Here again, the chances of a clear-cut change are not very great. If President Truman decides to drop Jewry, he will doubtless do it with the inevitable gradualness and insidiousness of a seasoned politician. It will not however mean the end of trouble in the Holy Land; for Jewry is apparently in a position to tap resources and help from the Eastern bloc too.

The over-all picture that thus emerges, if not inspiring, has at least the promise of the continuance of the present uneasy peace. And as we have stressed above, it would be no small gain. The respite thus gained should, if our rulers are wise, be wisely employed in healing the still festering wounds of the war that concluded three years ago.

State Buses

IT was an unusual and refreshing sight to see Government officials assisting in a public debate to elucidate the pros and cons of nationalisation as applied to bus transport. Even if it was a command performance, it is very much worth while, as it provides one of the most natural means of putting the public wise in regard to matters of moment to it. The peculiarity about the handling of transport by the Madras Government is that it is not calculated to strengthen the case for nationalisation of all public utilities and nation-building industries. The charge against the Government is primarily this: that it has embarked on nationalisation without the necessary knowledge and zeal, but merely because private companies made huge profits. Since our Cabinet is composed predominantly of saints and simpletons, the

decision to take over buses was apparently inspired by the idea that prompted Ali Baba's brother to emulate him with disastrous consequences to himself. If complaints are made against state management, it will not do to turn round and say that we do not complain similarly against other utility services being run by the Central Government. This is not true, and if true not relevant. Most of the complaints have been admitted in substance. The Government's only panacea is to multiply authorities. The truth is that any Government-sponsored undertaking in this country, including the Government itself, is still thought of by the public at large as lawful prey of various degrees of sharp practice. Unless this mentality is rooted out, and a new scale of civic and public values inculcated among our people, nationalisation will only be a bottomless pit of inefficiency, indifference and corruption. For there is no convincing answer to the question:

Why should not Government do at least as well as any private company? On rather, there are many crushing and convincing reasons to show why it cannot. Top-heavy administration, the lack of the personal touch, the deadening effect of routine are powerful contributories.

On theoretical grounds, the Government ought to do better; but from all accounts, the working of the system so far has not shown that margin of profit to justify the venture. If all the taxes and other imposts are debited, it is thought that the Transport Department will have to carry over a mounting deficit from year to year. This is the crucial text; if the Government transport fails in it, it has failed in all. For then, the Government would not only have demonstrated its incompetence, but what is worse, it would gratuitously discredit the idea of nationalisation and its manifold benefits to the state and the public.

Sotto Voce

Ambedkar Wars On The Village



WHEN an intellectual girds at his fellows you may be sure that there is something more than personal pique to it. It is ancestral voices you hear. Dr. Ambedkar dubs as infantile the intellectual Indian's love of the village community. And he holds that the draft constitution has made a clean sweep of the vicious past in discarding the village and adopting the individual as the unit. There speaks the voice of paternal infatuation. Dr. Ambedkar who rails against the village community is not an emancipated

individual but an angry member of a submerged class.

Dr. Ambedkar grudgingly admits that the village communities have survived numberless vicissitudes. But he seems to hold this against them. Is it suggested that it would have been far more honourable for them to commit *hara-kiri* by hurling themselves against the advancing Tartar or Pindari hordes than to fortify themselves as they did, defend their possessions if attacked, but otherwise allow the enemy,

probably far superior in numbers, to pass unprovoked? The chivalry of Rajasthan is proverbial, but it hardly made a scar on the face of history. And the scorched earth policy would have been rank folly in a country where there was usually no effective Central Government to rally the opposition to the invader.

The weaknesses of the old Indian polity were not something unique. Before the emergence of the nation state most European countries were likewise the passive victims of dynastic revolutions and ambitious freebooters. And India, which is as big as Europe minus Russia, had more stable Governments functioning for longer periods at a high pitch of efficiency than the remote dependencies of the Holy Roman Empire ever knew. And as Chola history shows, these Governments were strong and enduring precisely to the extent that they were erected on a foundation of vigorous village communities.

Dr. Ambedkar complains that the village communities have survived "at a low selfish level." And, by one of those illogical transitions which come so naturally to a politician riding his hobby horse, he goes on to ask, "What is the village but a sink of localism and the den of ignorance, narrow-mindedness and communalism?" The answer is, "When the village republics were truly village republics they were neither dens of ignorance nor sinks of localism. They were the nurseries of culture, the custodians of social virtue, the golden cord that bound the past and the present. They were India, in fact."

They have fallen on evil days, but for reasons which Dr. Ambedkar would not understand. It is a typical bourgeois illusion to suppose that the state and the individual would get on famously if the latter were not distracted by lesser loyalties. The phenomenally rapid spread of the totalitarian idea in the past three decades was in truth made possible because 'liberal' democracy had over large areas of the earth's

surface robbed the individual of his defences against the state. It is only in those countries like England where a multiplicity of competing interests has kept the individual fairly insulated against the embrace of Leviathan, that he is not yet crushed out of recognition.

In the old village communities there was no place for the climber; they were not plagued with neurotics. The elderly bachelor and the faded spinster would have alike been regarded as monstrosities. The breeding of an exquisite norm, the balanced devotion to the *puru-sharthas* was what village life aimed at in work and play. While it did not encourage the abnormal it lovingly fostered the supernormal, seeing in genius not a touch of madness but of divinity. It recognised that it takes all sorts to make a world. It had evolved a homogeneous pattern for itself in the pursuit of harmonious living. But it would have been appalled by the mentality of Main Street.

On a train speeding across the Gangetic valley a brash bouncing fellow, a bit of a Baron Munchausen, recollected with self-complacent guffaws that in every Dak bungalow he had been in, he had found the bath drain choked with the mud the orthodox had used. Thereupon the young man, his *visa vis*, judicially observed, "There is really a great deal to be said for the old ways, you know." But hardly five minutes later, seeing an old fashioned Gujarati family eating out of a large dish, his refined accent, of which he seemed inordinately proud, emitted a faint disgust as he said, "It may be just prejudice, but it is so difficult to believe that such things could still go on". Thereupon they both warily agreed that the people of the U.P. were the finest fellows on earth—"so normal, you know"! This kind of ill-breeding would have been inconceivable in the old village communities. They understood something which Dr. Ambedkar is yet to learn—Tolerance.

VIGHNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS :

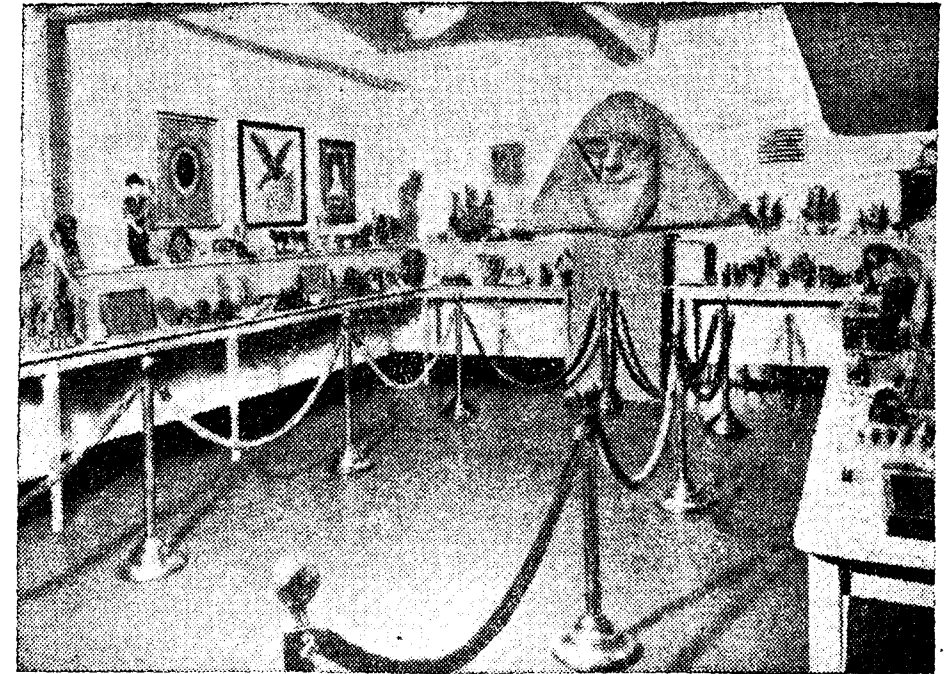
Independence is of more value than any gifts; and to receive gifts is to lose it. Men most commonly seek to oblige thee only that they may engage thee to serve them.—SAADI.

ONE way of making a thing look smaller is placing it by the side of something bigger. Sardar Patel's birthday has stolen the thunder from one or two important events entitled, in their own right, to a greater measure of newspaper prominence than they have actually received. In the matter of historical importance, Dr. Pattabhi's election as Congress President ranks higher than the attainment of his seventy-fourth birthday by the Deputy Prime Minister. Time does not stop. Birthdays come and go, propelled thereto by the unceasing movement of time which is a cosmic phenomenon enfolding in its effects all individuals, excluding none. There is no distinctiveness in becoming so many years old in view of the inexorable universality of the process of getting older. In Sardar Patel's case it would almost appear as though the discovery of his having a birthday lending itself to public celebration was only made just now, though he has been alive these seventy-three odd years.

A similar thing on a provincial scale happened in the case of Sri Prakasam two years ago when he was Premier at Coom House. The Andhra Kesari in his domain is a man to reckon with, and sentimental Andhras are more vigorously disposed to exuberant manifestations of their devotion to their idols than the hard-headed sons of Gujarat steeped in the atmosphere of share markets and business deals. There were therefore many anniversaries of the birthday of Sri Prakasam when the Andhras felt bound in honour and duty to get up a demonstration. The peculiarity of the celebration that synchronised with his year of premiership lay in its costliness and lavishness and in the advertised preponderance of the rich in the limelight of its festivi-

ties. Since the Premier became ex-Premier, the moneyed element has betaken itself to other shrines leaving the field of devotion clear to undisturbed occupation by penniless proletarians. It is the habit of money power to knock at the citadels of political power in an unceasing attempt to influence it to its own ends. If the blandishments of the rich manage to enter into the vanities of Ministers, the floodgates of undue influence thereby opened will swamp the whole administration. If political power condescends to draw tribute in the form of costly gifts and presents, no industry in the country can compete with it in lucrativeness. Wielders of power will not be human if they do not rejoice in the praise and homage of multitudes even if they know that they are offered to the seats they fill, and will be transferred to the next holders when the time comes with no less enthusiasm. But if there is to be rectitude lower down in the rungs of government, the top leaders should on no account allow power to become personally profitable. Admiration should be winnowed into a symbolic affair excluding insidious mixtures of material enrichment. President Roosevelt allotted a special place to the prodigious gifts sent to him and treated it as a museum of which the contents were the property of the nation. In India there is need of a stern convention disbaring any Minister while in office from accepting any costly gift or compelling him to hand it over to the exchequer for public use.

Dr. Pattabhi's election to the Congress Presidentship has come about with an imperfect comprehension by the Press in general of the importance of the event. Not in a spirit of clannishness, but for the sake of equilibrium in national affairs, it is to be welcomed. For the right integration of the power of the Centre, the threat of dissipated centrifugal tendencies in the South has to be deftly tackled. Dr.



The Oddities Room which houses the gifts sent to President Roosevelt during his career at the White House.

Pattabhi's emergence as Congress President with the backing of the votes of Prakasam, Kamraj Nadar and Ranga creates a combination of political power against which no rival has a chance. When it gets into its stride, it will make a clean sweep of the group scrambles that have made such a mess of government in the province. It is a minor mystery that as many as 36 Andhra votes should be cast against Dr. Pattabhi while all the leaders of opinion in the area had pledged themselves, without exception, in his favour. Evidently someone of the big leaders in command of P.C.C. votes who made a pretence of supporting him, worked contra privily. When the full story of the double-dealing comes out, the author of it may find himself isolated from the general current of propitious forces leading on to political power and fortune.

Dr. Pattabhi's election has not been graciously received by the Deputy Prime Minister who greeted

it as an event calling for sympathy. Why sympathy? Tender of sympathy, is generally made to persons in a predicament that does not admit of congratulation. It is an open secret that Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel did not wish Dr. Pattabhi to win. It is good for democracy and for the Sardar himself that it should be realised that it is not altogether impossible for things to happen in the country at times a little differently from his own wishing and planning.

A sense of frustration can neutralise talent. Dr. Pattabhi has passed through a long period of arrested power for lack of recognition and suitable opportunity. His bottled-up capacities can now find ample scope. It is the context of affairs that shapes the characters of leaders. In the present context Dr. Pattabhi seems marked out for a very progressive role. There is no need to lament, as the writer of a letter in this issue does, that the Doctor had not been stamped in the

past with the title of Socialist. The wearing of a badge is only a fraction of the thing indicated by it. The pervasiveness of Socialism is so large in the very atmosphere of the times that there are few who live who have not been shaped by its urges. Descriptive slogans do

not matter so much as underlying reality. A hampered past with perhaps an embittered soul in an unfriendly environment is no indication of what Dr. Pattabhi can prove to be as Congress President.—
SAKA.



COMMUNALISM IN COLLEGE ADMISSIONS

CENTRAL GOVERNMENT'S VIEW

MR. B. BHIMA RAO, M.L.C., writes:

I have received the following reply from the Hon'ble Minister for Education in the Government of India to my communication enquiring of him whether he had approved of the policy of the Government of Madras introducing the communal element with regard to admission of students into professional colleges. It will be of interest to the public to know the contents thereof:

Joint Educational Adviser to the Government of India.
New Delhi, dated August 31, 1948.

Dear Mr. Rao,

I am desired to acknowledge your letter dated August 19, 1948, addressed to the Hon'ble Minister for Education, Government of India.

A question about discrimination against certain castes and communities in Madras educational institutions was asked by Shrimati G. Durgabai, a Member of the Constituent Assembly in the Dominion Legislature. We informed the Madras Government of these complaints and made enquiries from them. We were informed by them that the objective in view of the Madras Government is to make education at all stages available freely and without any difficulty to all those who seek it. We were also informed that so far as elementary and high school education are concerned, this ideal has been largely achieved in the Province and that efforts were being made to extend the facilities for higher education in

science, art and technical subjects. The Madras Government stated that they had received complaints mainly from the Brahmin community, but in their opinion the complaints were not justified on the following grounds. In the words of the Madras Government "though they are 3% of the population, they got in 1947-48, 34.9% of the seats in the Arts colleges, 21.4% in the Engineering colleges, 18% in the Medical colleges, 25.6% in the Agricultural colleges and 51.1% in the Veterinary colleges." The Madras Government also felt that they could not "ignore the demand of the 97% of the people who are educationally backward but who pay practically all the taxes for a fair distribution of educational opportunities." It was further stated that generally the instructions given in 1938 by Shree C. Rajagopalachari when he was the Premier of the Province, still continue.

As you know, education is a provincial subject and the function of the Centre is only advisory. In view of the position stated by the Madras Government, it was felt that the Central Government could not further press the point though it is a declared policy of the Central Government to encourage no distinction or discrimination on grounds of community, caste or creed. In our letter to the Madras Government, we expressed the hope that collegiate and technical education would, like elementary and high school education, be made available freely and without any difficulty to all those who seek it.

Yours sincerely,
HUMAYUN KABIR.

MYSTERY OF THE HIGH COMMAND

by **POTHAN JOSEPH**

THE orthodox Hindu wife never utters the name of her husband. Not long ago when Mr. T. Prakasam was asking in the Assembly about the advice given by the Congress High Command regarding compensation to zamindars, there was a tremor in the House, because the Ministers, like Mr. Baldwin during a period of his Premiership, found that their lips were "sealed". Ministers were shuttling between Madras and Delhi for "guidance" by the High Command, but in spite of democratic practice, there was no taking of the Assembly into confidence. It was as secret as the handing over of the Tables of the Law to Moses at Mount Sinai. Madras Ministers quailed at the idea of divulging the mystic counsel of the High Command in spite of Mr. Prakasam's persistent request to let peoples' representatives have an inkling of the directives issued from the Holy Mount upon which a High Command rested in popular imagination. The Ministers would not budge. In the vision of Isaiah, angels stood in front of the divine presence, each one with six wings. "With twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet and with twain he did fly". The Angel covered his face with two wings because if he perchance cast his eyes on the glory of Jehovah, he must needs perish. The ordinary M.L.A. in the Madras Assembly could picture for himself the feeling of dread with which members of the Cabinet who had flown to Delhi had hidden their secret after being received in audience by the High Command delivering judgment from the tabernacles of Birla House. Still, let us descend to the mundane level and commit the sacrilege of enquiring what this High Command is.

At the Wardha meeting of the Congress Working Committee held on August 8, 1946, a brief resolution was passed in these words: "Resolv-

ed that Parliamentary Sub-Committee consisting of Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel and Dr. Rajendra Prasad be appointed to keep in close and constant touch with the Congress parties in legislatures, to advise them in all activities and to take necessary action in case of emergency."

Whenever there are obscure developments in our politics, inquiries must be made about the personalities involved, and though it is sublime etiquette which we copy from Western politics never to ascribe motives, it is always prudent to examine what is "biting" the great individuals involved in any medley. When Mr. Prakasam pleaded for the lifting of the veil screening the Holy of Holies, the Speaker of the Madras Assembly, apprehensive of consequences, laid it down that there should be no reference to the High Command, but here is the little resolution of the Working Committee which brought the High Command into being. Since February last, Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel had been on sick-bed up in the hills for months, until he re-emerged for the disposal of the Hyderabad business which was taxing the patience of the Sardar. In his view, total forfeiture of property without some form of compensation would be a Communistic heresy unthinkable for him, a conception of property which we could very well understand in contrast with the claim that confiscation would merely mean the expropriation of the expropriators, the zamindars being reckoned as a gang in lawless possession of land which they had inherited for generations past. The Sardar's physicians would not allow him to take any active interest in controversial subjects, and fortunately for the country it was his conduct as an ideal patient that was responsible for nine-tenths of his victory over symptoms of thrombosis. As for Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, in eco-

conomic matters dead from the neck up, he could hardly get through the thicket of facts and figures surrounding the zamindari problem and its history. He had got into the trio as the chief of Nationalist Muslims, and latterly, his name has been dropping out in the count of the Big Three in National leadership. The person left alone to hold high the flag was Babu Rajendra Prasad who too being ill was advised to take rest while the peregrinations of Ministers and the pilgrimages of big zamindars were in progress.

In *Oliver Twist* there was a Parish Board sitting to interview little Oliver who couldn't sleep all night because of nightmare visions of the "Board", and Mr. Bumble worsened his scare by speaking in deep whispers about the "Board". The Congress High Command was reduced to one, namely Babu Rajendra Prasad who being less ill than the Sardar had to give rulings for the "advice" of perplexed provincial Ministers. Babu Rajendra Prasad, removed to Birla House in Pilani (Jaipur), was, recuperating, still the High Command. A refreshing trait about Rajen Babu is his awareness of human qualities and he has not pretended to be a moral super-man above all traces of provincialism. Rajen Babu is a zamindar himself and the issues of compensation are of interest to him from an angle different from what is natural to the landless proletarians of the Socialist Party who want the zamindars to be ousted without apology or even bus-fare to the nearest choultry. As for his provincial bias, the personnel in the office of the President of the Constituent Assembly will show that the bazar-dom of Biharis is something just natural. Ministers and zamindars who ran to New Delhi to plead their case before the High Command had to trundle all the way from New Delhi to Pilani.

It is no disrespect to say that Rajen Babu is not a statistician or analyst in his study of economics, handicaps which stick out a mile, when he tried to master the food-situation as Food Minister. Rajen

Babu is responsive to atmosphere and he does not profess detachment as if he were some disembodied spirit above mundane interests. His class instincts were with him, and around him was the atmosphere of Birla House Economics, for that dynasty too is affected by zamindari legislation and the rooting out of the Socialist doctrine that the system should be destroyed without any payment even in the form of credit bonds, if not ready cash. The Madras Ministry was on the toss between this High Command functioning on minimum personnel, and the clamour of Madras M.L.As. for open discussion after laying of all the cards on the table.

In the proceedings of the Working Committee (Delhi August 27, 1946), there was some discussion about differences of opinion between a Ministry and the Provincial Congress Committee; it was ruled that any disputes that may arise "should be made to the Parliamentary Sub-Committee", popularly known as the High Command after the acceptance of office. There was however a warning contained in the resolution: "Public discussion of such matters should be avoided". How far these arrangements and restrictions are in accord with the working of democratic principles in a Free India after August 15, 1947, it is for Congressmen to judge, but as it is, if there is any contention sought to be screened behind the High Command, it would be wise to cast about and find the personality or the set of vested interests, that is operating the principal lever of the Congress machinery. Let there be no superstitions about these things.

The incongruity of the present arrangement may be seen if we try to put together and make sense of the following conditions: (1) The Government of India gives a directive to provincial Governments to pedal slow and soft in the matter of zamindari abolition and Prohibition as an aid in the fight against inflation. (2) The provincial legislature is not free to exercise discretion because of the control of the High Command. (3) While the Central Government warns the Pro-

vinces to mind their steps in respect of moral uplift and solvency, they do not leave it to the Provinces to settle the measure of zamindari compensation which is dictated by the High Command, and we have seen what in corporal terms this High Command today is, though originally designed before our attainment of freedom as a Court of Appeal in case of "emergency". (4) While it is all very well to say that the Centre will refuse assistance to

improvident Provinces, it is elementary truth that if a member of a joint-family incurs debts, the common estate is chargeable and the head of the family is bound to discharge the liability. Taken together, it amounts to the negation of responsibility, and as a result of the anachronism, the fossil-entity known as the High Command compels provincial Ministries tremblingly to move their steps like a bunch of slack-wire performers.

WITHOUT COMMENT

I

Speaking in the Constituent Assembly (Nov. 10), Mr. Ananta-sayanam Ayyangar stated that no mention had been made of the right of the individual to live and to gain the means of livelihood, because after all the country wanted economic democracy as well as political democracy—(Newsagency report).

II

From His Excellency C.R.'s speech at Nagpur on August 26: "If it were possible to sell our leaders, any nation in the world will pay the highest price and buy them."

III

From the Statement of Pandit Jawaharlal in the Dominion Parliament about the emoluments of the Governor-General (object "dignity"), payments per month are as follows:—

A	Rs.
Sumptuary allowance ..	3,750
Contact allowance ..	29,166
Maintenance of cars ..	5,250
Establishment ..	50,500
TOTAL ..	88,666

B

Monthly Salary (Income-tax Free) ..	20,900
Total collection per month ..	1,09,566

IV

From Books of Reference, the following monthly receipts may be ascertained, subject to slashing income-tax:—

	Rs.
Prime Minister of Great Britain ..	10,833 p.m.
Governor-General of Canada ..	10,833 p.m.
Governor-General of Australia ..	10,833 p.m.
Governor-General of New Zealand ..	5,427 p.m.
Governor-General of South Africa ..	10,833 p.m.
President of the United States ..	20,312 p.m.

V

As for the nature of the work, besides indulging in profound statements as if by a modern Shankaracharya with a child's head and a record of guilelessness, here is His Excellency the Governor-General's confession in a Gwalior speech:—

"I do not do any work worth mentioning in relation to the Government. No portfolio has been given to me. The Ministers have not entrusted me with anything. They have not given me any share in the Government...But I am quite happy and content."

VI

From Gandhiji's Letter to Lord Irwin (here Gandhiji takes account of only the salary of the Governor-General, not the aggregate monthly receipt of about Rs. 110 thousands per month for "dignity", not to mention "simplicity") :—

"Take your own salary. It is over Rs. 21,000 per month besides many other indirect additions. The British Prime Minister gets 5,000 per year, i.e., over Rs. 5,400 per month at the present rate of exchange. You are getting over Rs. 700 per day against India's average income of less than annas 2 per day. The Prime Minister gets Rs. 180 per day against Great Britain's average income of nearly Rs. 2 per day. Thus you are getting much over 5,000 times India's average income. The British Prime Minister is getting only 90 times Britain's average income. On bended knee I ask you to ponder over this phenomenon. I have taken a personal illustration to drive home

a painful truth. I have too great a regard for you as a man to wish to hurt your feelings. I know that you do not need the salary you get. PROBABLY THE WHOLE OF YOUR SALARY GOES FOR CHARITY. But a system that provides for such an arrangement DESERVES TO BE SUMMARILY SCRAPPED. What is true of the Viceregal salary is true generally of the whole administration."

VII

St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Hebrews, rebukes those who in their lust of worldly riches strayed from the narrow path laid down by the Master as the true way of righteousness: "They crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to open shame."

Women have a hard time of it in this world. They are oppressed by man-made laws, man-made social customs, masculine egoism, the delusion of masculine superiority. Their one comfort is the assurance that, even though it may be impossible to prevail against man, it is always possible to enslave and torture a man.—H. L. Mencken.

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Short Story

An Experience in Frustration

by S. N.

"We two, we two, thou say'st!
Yea, one wast thou with
me....."

"Then will I lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our
love,
Not once abashed or weak:
And the dear Mother will
approve
My pride....."

Those lines of Rossetti kept coming to me, a sweet refrain, all the time.

It was the day after I had gone with those two females to the pictures. One of them buxom and eighteen; the other about thirty,—a widow, petite, and you would not think over twenty-five. There was something arresting, something well-knit and strong about the face, not old nor quite virgin.

I had known them each differently. The girl, I had known for some years, sexually indifferent and not such great friends either, since I loftily looked down on "these giggling college girls". And it was during a visit to this girl, as a formality, to her hostel, that I had spoken for some minutes to Latha, and somehow I had at once developed an unusually strong interest in her. (Though, to think of it now, I had spoken to her, once before, months earlier, and had come away with the impression, "That sour woman", or something like that.)

Answering a taunt those two made then,—Latha especially, the girl just chiming in acquiescently,—I agreed to take them to the theatre. And I did, some days after.

The mood was gallant and I enjoyed the company—of Latha. Since she was interested in English literature, I talked of the sensitivity of Auden to the modern age, the word-music of Eliot, "and these old fogies swearing by Words-

worth,—frustrated desires sublimating into second-hand enjoyment, empty things, with the death wish burnt into them, chattering of immortality."

And I had more to speak about, much to ask her. What were her politics? Didn't she agree that the absence of libertarianism (as in Russia) was a cruel gap in a State-structure? Wasn't the principle of non-violence, preached by Gautama and spread as a political doctrine by Gandhi, basically important in the relationship of society—governmental and private? And what were her views on Marriage?

I was against the institution of Marriage. It had created possessive jealousies and had denied the knowledge of one half of the world to the other, withered a co-equal intercourse between persons, if they belonged to different sexes. Sex obsession had dulled men's and women's minds—they all condemn publicly, yet they are consumed by desires. Why shouldn't there be liaisons, if promiscuous births and disease could be avoided?

This was the philosophical background when I came to know Latha—an intellectualized, West European strain of thinking, in which I was at home.

But I was not orgiac in my behaviour. I was twenty-eight, had two children, and had to be respectable. Only, sex had no inhibition for me and I wanted, was eager, to know what was the tone of her feelings,—more generally, a sophisticated woman's feelings—how was the tapestry of her thoughts. The breaking forth after millennia of sex-repression, perhaps. I was impatient. I always was so—frank and immediate: misunderstood often because of these qualities, but brushing it aside in the hope that ultimately it would all get straightened.

Couldn't we come together and know each other as adult minds? You are old, older than I. You too have read a lot about psychopathic states and souls' desires. You too have not been impressed by current sex morality—at any rate, you have violated it lightly, without the pang of customary conscience or obsessions. Couldn't you feel how I think and couldn't you respond? Could I meet you awhile and exchange thought? I must.

"Could I meet you sometime for a talk?" I asked her a day later, having walked Hell and Heaven the while.

There was a trace of hesitancy in her look.

"Enough if you would spare a half-hour, anytime before you leave here. Couldn't you?" I importuned.

We fixed up an hour, not on the same day, but later.

However, later the same day, there was a phone call. Would I go to a certain place at such an hour? We could then talk and then, maybe, go to the pictures. "Be sure you don't disappoint", the voice cooed. "No, definitely I shall come."

I went and waited in vain. She did not turn up.

That evening, I went to the hostel, morose, to find out why the date had not been kept.

"If it pleased you to have this dirty joke at my cost, I suppose you must have it. My feelings don't matter possibly."

"No, I did not ring you up; maybe someone else did."

"But nobody else knew of the engagement we fixed up this morning. And, besides, I made no men-

tion of any telephone call. Well, have your fun. My hope was you would perceive sincerity where it exists, however impatient it is. Goodbye. Next time you come here, I hope you would choose to stay in our place. My wife, who will be here in a few days, will be happy to make an acquaintance."

There it was. I had unburdened myself solemnly and come away.

And there should have been much merry chuckling in her group. For, there was a phone call the next day again.

"Why did you go away so angry? I could not speak to you at length when you came there yesterday, in sight of all my hostel-mates. Would you care to come to the railway station this evening when I am leaving this place?"

"How could I, after what happened yesterday? I never imagined such callousness."

"But dear S.N., didn't you remember it was April 1st yesterday. It was only a little innocent fooling. Please don't take it to heart. You must come to the station. I expect you; you must."

"Impossible. Even now perhaps the same fun is going on."

Yes, that was so. The behaviour of a cad. Was her image to be killed with anger, of whom no good word should be spoken,—she who had whipped up a climacteric of joy in a few hours? No. I was miserable at the frustration of a hope, but I could not think any bitter thoughts, even after sustained insult: only softly. There never was any abiding hatred in me. But then why does one go about poisoning human relationship, when one ought to enrich it?



To ask that one's own higher self should forgive one's own trespasses is the hardest prayer to answer that we can ever offer up. If we can breathe this prayer, and find it truly answered in a harmony of exalted comprehension and acceptance, then we have learnt what forgiveness is. There is no other way to learn forgiveness. We cannot forgive others in any comprehensible sense unless we have first learnt how to forgive ourselves.—*Havelock Ellis.*

SPOTLIGHT ON THE



ON 10th October, 1947, Chiang Kai-Shek said in a high-falutin speech, "We will not lightly yield one single inch to the Communists." Exactly a year and twenty days later, having given up more than 450,000 square miles and 30 million people, he said philosophically, "We must accept the lessons of defeat." A feeble threat has also been made of disciplinary action against Wei Li Huang, Nationalist Commander-in-Chief in Manchuria who has been detained at an "undisclosed place." But nobody is deceived. With the vast and essential mineral resources of Manchuria lost, it is predicted that the fall of China, in case of Communist non-pause aggression, is a matter of weeks or days. The appeal for outside help sent by the Government is nothing new to the Chinese. In fact, it may be said to be a traditional Chinese habit to ask for foreign help to suppress domestic bickerings. The Taiping Rebellion of 1850 and the Revolution of 1927 stand out in Chinese history as unparalleled examples of an inefficiency and a spinelessness which, as events have now proved, only a Chinese Government is capable of. Madame Sun Yat-Sen might have cried against the protracted "political tutelage" in China and declared that "the best way to learn to swim is to get in the water," but Chinese leaders have with great dignity and consistency protested against foreign influence and yet have unfailingly begged for help when things at home got ever so slightly out of hand. The fire, sword and torture-chamber tactics of the old, old Chinese emperors have obviously become too undemocratic for modern dealings. There is only one small difference between the other civil wars on Chinese soil

and the present one. The Communists are not "fellows of low and base fortune" as the peasants of the Taiping Revolt were described, but a highly disciplined, well-led and organized force with an excellent morale. They have not only swept across Manchuria but have occupied the countryside in North China and amassed 600,000 men for attack on Hsuehchow in central China and according to the latest despatches are no further than 130 miles from Nanking.

"To defeat the Communists," said Gen. Chiu Chin-Chuan, Commander of the Second Army Group recently, "we need as much American aid as we got to open the Stillwell Road against Japan." Perhaps now it is too late to do anything else except let other nations interested in keeping the balance of power in the Pacific gamble their money on Chinese stakes. But a year ago, before the fall of Manchuria was indubitably foreseen, a bid by Nanking for the support of the peasantry might have achieved something. But getting the agrarian population on the side of the Government would have entailed the introduction of land reforms which would in turn have meant the alienation of China's squierarchy whom Chiang Kai-Shek evidently considers "one of the major social foundations" of the Central Government. Chinese politics thus runs along a vicious circle. To win the civil war, inflation has to be checked, corruption punished and the general economic situation improved. But all these would mean incurring the displeasure of the financial bigwigs without whose backing it would not be possible for the Government to carry on the war. As for the Kuomintang it has long ago deteriorated into a congeries of

desultorily working ministries held together "by the waning prestige of the President." The new constitution which presumably brought with it the glories of democracy only reinstalled in the new cabinet eleven of the fifteen ministers of the old Executive Yuan. And so the same muddle goes on, the same ineffectual bungling and the problems of China remain unsolved.

On the military side, the overall picture consists of an inefficient command, wrong shiftings of troops and clumsy and heavily equipped soldiers. The inaccurate field sense of the leaders and lack of co-ordination of military tactics is proved by the fact that in the Honan battle a few weeks ago, the Fifth Army received three separate sets of instructions from the Ministry of Defence, the Generalissimo, and Gen. Liu Shih, Commander of Suchow. There has been no systematic plan of action. The Government troops were first asked to defend the ports, then to protect the borders and later to guard the main cities. And while they scurried to and fro protecting nothing, the Communist-led unlettered enemy following a planned design of aggression marched over Manchuria and set up a North Eastern Peoples' Government in Mukden.

The last World War brought China as it brought many countries all over the world, the problem of inflation. But whereas other countries have made some efforts to deal with it, China has done nothing but twiddle her thumbs and look helpless. She has pursued the policy of not letting the right hand know what the left is doing. While accepting American aid ostensibly to combat inflation, she has gone on printing more and more currency notes to pay for the civil war and protect the rich from taxation. The result has been an increase in price levels that has passed "from the arithmetical through the geometrical to the astronomical." Black-marketing in American dollars continues to flourish. The economic situation has been worsened by the Government's extension of the time limit for the exchange of the new

currency for the old, originally fixed for October 1. Some hopes were raised by the appointment in September of Major-General Chiang Ching-Kuo, son of the Generalissimo, "a chubby, earnest man who looks much younger than his thirty-nine years," as Deputy Economic Controller. Though he had no decided antipathy towards the Communists he seemed earnestly concerned about stabilising Chinese economy. With his entry into the dollar battle it almost seemed as if the new gold Yuan would be stopped going the reckless way of the old Chinese dollar. He dealt with complaints and grievances of citizens in his office in Shanghai's Central Bank and ordered price lists of articles to be displayed at all markets. The city was subjected to a thorough combing by his agents, and hoarders and bankers and merchants arrested right and left. His biggest capture was the son of the President of the Shanghai Stock Exchange and one of the most influential men of the city. "If you do not scare them," he said of the profiteers, "they will scare you." A few weeks ago, addressing a Youth Army he declared: "It does not matter if pork and perfume disappear from the streets. So long as the people are not starved to death it does not matter if all the department stores and big restaurants are closed." Students went mad with joy. "Kill the rich!" they shouted. "Beat the tigers to death!" Marshall Chiang feebly tried to help the "socialistic revolutionary movement" started by his son. He launched an austerity campaign and pleaded for the crushing of "social parasites" and the opening of the "floodgates of public conscience and social justice." There were to be fewer cars, less meat and wine, no more gambling or dancing, pleasure-seeking children of rich Chinese living abroad were to be recalled, diplomatic staffs to be cut down..... The list of verbal resolutions and promises went on and on. But the implementation of this reformist policy was so half-hearted that prices skyrocketed again. And the economic chaos became worse than ever.

It is, of course, just how the Communists like to have it. In the "striking down of American imperialistic and Kuomintang rule in China" which is professedly their aim, they pursue the traditional Communist method of letting the people themselves sweep the Government. The appeal to the masses is, characteristically enough, through the most primitive of all human instincts—hunger. Their tactics have not only brought the common people into their ranks but have attracted their enemies into unceremoniously deserting their own side. It is said that after the fall of Tsinan, capital of Shantung province, the wily Communist commander Chen Yi set up a "reception house" a short distance away from the provincial nationalist headquarters. All ye who are hungry, he proclaimed, come to me. And Nationalist deserters flocked to the place like bees to a honey pot.

That the U.S.A. is sincere in its desire to help Chinese Government is undoubted though more and more Americans are beginning to believe that money spent on China is money wasted. The reports on the Chinese situation submitted both by Mr. Marshall and Lieut.-Gen. Albert Wedemeyer have been far from reassuring. Mr. Marshall who went to China at the beginning of last year and came back disgusted at what he called the "almost insurmountable and maddening obstacles" in the Chinese "political jungle" could only suggest that China's salvation lay in a coalition of its "liberals". Wedemeyer who went in the summer of the same year was more categorical. The Chinese people could be won over, he emphatically declared, only when the "incompetent and corrupt people who now occupy many positions of responsibility" were removed. He suggested drastic economic reform and recommended not only immediate American military aid but also a long-term grant of almost a billion dollars. Unless these were done, he said, China would go so rapidly downhill there could be no halting of its "disintegration". What is more interesting is the

demand for American support of Chinese sovereignty over Manchuria made by Mr. Wellington Koo, China's ambassador to the U.S. In a suavely bitter speech made at the Cleveland Council on World Affairs last year he wanted to know if Russian half-ownership of Manchurian railroads was the price paid at the Yalta Conference "for Soviet co-operation in the achievement of victory over Japan." This of course was only a pleasanter and more diplomatic way of insinuating that Roosevelt stabbed China in the back by retracting from his promises to Marshall Chiang at the Cairo Conference. This fact, no other American realises so fully or admits so openly as Mr. William Bullitt, Ambassador and Personal Representative of the President during the Roosevelt regime, who is shortly to go to China.

There is no doubt in the minds of the Chinese people as to who is responsible for China's tragedy.



it's Smart

TO SPECIFY

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Pearl Buck, who perhaps knows more about the Chinese mind than any other American, in a recent article in the 'UN World' says, the yardstick by which the common people judge the efficiency of their Government is by the price of rice. A good and capable Government keeps the price stable and within the reach of the commoner. When it is not able to do so it is time for it to go and Heaven and Nature will help men to get rid of it. Their democracy is as primitive and simple as that.

But the realisation of the Government's inefficiency is not just a fact accepted with placid resignation by the masses. The air in China is thick with talks and speculations about a coalition Government. Rumours go so far as to say that the Vice-President Li Tsung-jen and former Premier Chang Chun have already been holding negotiations with the Communists. Hundreds of Kuomintang members met a few weeks ago and unanimously declared it was high time the Nationalist Party received a thorough spring cleaning and was "adapted to new conditions." And at a secret session of the Legislative Yuan last month a resolution was adopted suggesting that Marshal Chiang might be relieved of command over the Chinese forces and the Defence Minister put in sole charge. Newspapers have blandly suggested that

he repair to the U.S. for a "rest". Across the seas also criticism of the "bungling, reactionary and corrupt" regime of Chiang Kai-Shek is down-right and unsparing. "That regime," says the *News Chronicle*, "has for long invited defeat. It has taken for its purpose the pursuit of unchecked power and for its instrument, corruption."

America has spent two long and unhappy years trying to make up its mind about China. American aid has been fitful and inadequate so far. And the question of future assistance is still undecided. Even the aid U.S.A. has already given has been criticised as not having been made "conditional upon reform" but that "it has been poured into the bottomless pit of Kuomintang rapacity in a pathetic effort to justify the means by the end." But the time for leisurely reflection is past. Unless something is done soon it is possible the Communists will sweep through southwards across China. South East Asia would then become vulnerable.

The U.N. of course can be asked to intervene in view of the "threat to peace" involved in the Chinese struggle. How ineffectual such intervention will be may be judged by the stalemate of the Berlin situation.

Meanwhile the Chinese people wait patiently for 'Heaven and Nature' to intercede.



NEHRU'S DILEMMA

A Socialist of the Left, he heads a Ministry which reflects all the strands that go to make up the Indian nation, from Big Business to the Untouchables. So long as it was a party of rebellion, Congress managed, not without difficulty, to hold its various factions together in a disciplined phalanx, united by their confidence in Gandhi. To-day, the Socialist wing has declared its independence, as it was bound to do, and will come forward at the next elections as a party of Opposition. Nehru may be in his own mind broadly in sympathy with the positive aspects of its programme, but could he, after a brief term of responsibility, lay down the task of shaping India's destinies with which the whole nation has entrusted him? He will have to compromise, knowing very well that when he has to concede something to the forces of property, he may be forfeiting the trust and affection of those whose ideals he shares. The experience will be painful; for he is not prone to complacency.—H. N. Brailsford.



THERE is a mite of a child who makes love to me every time I pass her place of work. She is my neighbour's new servant, aged possibly nine, ten, or eleven, though she looks just seven. We two have some delicious secret, though I haven't made out just what it is. In her smile she has told me, though I, being a mere dumb grown-up, haven't yet grasped it in its entirety.

Part of it is the joy she has in her work. At the well she beats the clothes with resounding whacks that can be heard at least a furlong. My wife tells me that is *not* the way to wash clothes—they should be gently patted against a stone. All of that is woman's knowledge. But I appreciate the way this child, little more than a midget, goes at her work with such vigour and precision.

This same child or another very much like her is an old friend of ours. She came to our house several years ago asking for work. "Why, what could you do, my child?" asked my wife, looking at her babyship with tender eyes.

"Oh, I could sweep, I could sweep very well," she said. "I am little. I can go under chowkis and things—everything would be very clean if I could be your velaikari—your servant girl. I can clean the brass vessels shining like anything."

"But how do you propose to clean the high things? You are so tiny."

"I would climb. See (and she put one small stool on top of another). I can even climb trees. I am an ex-

cellent velaikari. I would cost you so little—I would work so hard for Rs. 3 a month."

I wanted then and there to adopt the child—she looked so appealing and winsome a mite—but my wife who hoards the commonsense in our family said, "Do you remember we are still in debt? You haven't had your expected increment. We cannot take another mouth to feed. We cannot put such a baby to work. Have a little sense, my dear." So do Indian wives (and I imagine wives of other countries as well) talk in the bosom of their families to their husbands.

So the baby went away and has apparently procured work during these few years elsewhere, for I can see as I pass that now she is indeed an experienced velaikari, though she so recently came to work for our neighbour. But, strangely enough, she does not seem to have grown a year since the day in 1945 when she came seeking work from us. She still seems a child of seven though she must surely be much older since she now does a real woman's work.

All the strength which she should have been using in growing has been expended in the heavy work she has been doing during her growing years. Oh, how I wish I had followed my first impulse and taken the baby in as one of our own, even had it made additional hardship to us all. At least we would have seen that heavy work did not come her way. Today she would not have been so experienced a velaikari but

her little baby frame would surely have expanded to a more reasonable stature, her baby mind would have had a chance of unfoldment in one of our nearby schools.

But one thing is obviously unspoiled by the hard grind of the years when she should have been playing, studying, free from care. That is her spirit of the joy of life, so often found in these simple village folks. She quite apparently is enjoying life to its full even in her hardest and most arduous tasks.

Madame Montessori tells us that the secret of the spirit of childhood is enjoyment of accomplishment, and the more difficult the task the more happy is the child in its achievement. The more the obstacles, the greater the joy of the child in surmounting them. Here in this small velaikari we surely see its exemplification. That perhaps is the secret about which we both smile when I pass.

Gandhiji is right. There is an immense happiness in simple *doing*. Why might we not have more of that *doing* in our village schools—why the eternal insistence on subjects so unrelated to life? But not merely *doing* to earn money to pay the teachers' salaries. Schools should be generously subsidized by Government—that is the least we owe to our children. Rather would I see schools in which girls learned not only to read and write but to sew and mend, and, of course, to cook. Practically no servant girl over twenty knows how to mend a simple tear in her husband's dhoti and as for putting a patch on—that is higher trigonometry. We lost one servant woman, because my wife who teaches them all to mend, insisted that this woman also learn. After a great deal of protest, she learned the art of the straight seam, but when it came to putting a patch on a tiny hole in the mosquito net, she laid down her work and said she would not even try to learn—it was the tailor's job and he must do it. Simple home nursing should also be in the curriculum. Our girl scouts are doing a wonderful

work in stimulating interest in all these subjects, but it should be a part of the school curriculum and not merely extra-curricular activity.

Then for the boys, gardening, carpentry, first aid, and of course, arithmetic, so that they can buy and sell and balance the family budget. Reading there must be, so that these children can contact the world outside themselves and the ancient heritage of treasure from the past. But there should be history taught through drama, for who has more of a dramatic sense than the villager and who appreciates it more? And surely there should be food for the emotions—dance, song, and great stories of India's heroes and heroines, past and present.

Perhaps the little velaikari of my neighbour is happy, because she has been allowed to live freely and fully in her work. Is that her secret message of flashing joy to me as she smiles? And yet I do not think my plan for her would have dimmed her sparkling happiness. I cannot believe that a life of freedom from care in constructive and creative activity would have dulled her shining. I feel her soul would have expanded even more joyously and freely in an environment of enlightenment and understanding.

I have a feeling that if I could read her message aright, I should know more about not only her but all humanity. And I give fair warning to my neighbour that if ever our ship comes in we will kidnap his velaikari, for my wife has also become a victim to her winsome smile. In that period before she becomes wife and mother, if only we could give her stunted body a chance to make up for lost time and her eager mind a chance to unfold to the rich possibilities we feel sure are within it. For her spirit, we can do nothing save to learn its wisdom, for it is already free and swift-soaring in its environment, and every smile that flashes from it is a benediction to those whom its light irradiates for a passing moment.

NEW DELHI DIARY



by V. V. PRASAD

RAJAJI said some months ago—when he was West Bengal Governor—that no power on earth could force India to go out of the Commonwealth. India would come to her own decision, and would not submit to force. And words to that effect. This meant that nobody could force India to stay within the Commonwealth either, but this was left unsaid. It is a question of creating the psychology desired by our rulers. Rajaji alone thought of this line, and I thought that if the Government had decided to stay inside the Commonwealth it had better prepare the country for it.

As it is, the decision to remain within will come as a shock to most people. The unwillingness of top Congress leaders to broach the subject to the people can be easily understood. Panditji twenty years ago was the originator of *Purna Swaraj* as opposed to Dominion Status which had the backing of the Mahatma. The top leaders therefore want to hold the Constituent Assembly responsible for the decision not to quit from the Commonwealth. The Constituent Assembly is hardly a competent body to pronounce on such breath-taking issues because it has not been elected on adult franchise. Truth to tell, it is more or less a nominated body.

A Russian friend long ago said to me in private conversation that the unopposed returns of Congress candidates appeared to him to give the electorate no choice of expressing itself. He thought that an all-powerful Congress Party in practice made it impossible for Democracy to function although in theory anybody could stand for election. I

asked him whether he thought that in Soviet Russia the people had such an opportunity. He had no doubt that they had, because, he said, they could always vote either for a candidate or against him. There seemed to be no provision for voting against a Congress candidate, he said. I think what he said about Congress candidates was quite true.

Bernard Shaw and Dr. K. S. Krishnan feel that this party system is a rather ticklish thing. Bernard Shaw has of course fundamental objections because an anthropometric system has yet got to be invented. He does not think Mr. Everybody is capable of electing Mr. Anybody. He thinks that under a party system half the members of Parliament are trying to govern and the other half trying to prevent them from governing. Dr. Krishnan has an idea that India might be able to evolve a new and better type of democracy where the Opposition party will be inside the party in power. Bernard Shaw's idea of the Perfect Parliament was one in which all members were Independents, and the Government composed of the best men from among them. In the event of there being different parties in Parliament, G. B. S. favoured the best men from all the parties constituting the Government. That is why he vehemently advocated the inclusion of James Maxton and William Gallacher in Churchill's war-time Cabinet. Between G.B.S. and K.S.K., the latter seems to me to be the more practical. (Even in his schooldays, I guess, he was rather good in what is known as Physics Practical).

It is true that India's position within the Commonwealth would

become untenable if Eire comes out of it. From what I know of the views of the diplomats of Asian countries in New Delhi, I can say that many of them will be disappointed if India remains within the Commonwealth. Some of them at least share the enthusiasm of one great leader of India for building up India as a leader of Asia. The Canadian High Commissioner in India, Mr. Kearney, explained to me that the Commonwealth was like a Club, and any member having a complaint against another was entitled to bring it up before the Committee of the Club. Thus India could put her complaint against South Africa before the Commonwealth countries. It is questionable whether India would or should care to become a member of such a Club. And besides, the other member (South Africa) seems to be quitting the Club. So we will have no chance of getting even with that fellow-member!

The greatest single achievement of the Government of India is the Cafeteria started last month by the Labour Ministry in the Central Secretariat. It is being run on a no-profit-no-loss basis. The Cafeteria is giving to the employees of the Government wholesome eatables at less than half the prices. A cup of coffee costs only two annas here, whereas it is four annas in any comparable place. A *dosai* costs only an anna here, whereas elsewhere it is two annas. A tray of tea is just two annas, the usual price being five annas. Sweets like *ladu* are one anna here and two annas outside. Some of the other restaurants had started buying from the Cafeteria and selling them at double the price in their own restaurants. This was detected and stopped a week back.

One result of the starting of the Labour Ministry's eating-place is that service in the contractors' restaurants has improved. But employees are naturally anxious to come and eat at less than half the market price in the Government's restaurant. There is not enough space and long queues are forming to take a turn to eat in the Cafe-

taria. The officer in charge of the place, Mr. P. M. Isaacs, is personally supervising the work.

One feature of the restaurant is that there is no system of tipping, and everyone serves himself. At first some of the members of the Secretariat staff were unwilling to serve themselves but once they join the queue they have no difficulty in entering into the community-spirit, and be enthusiastic about it. If this is Socialism, let us have it.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Santhanam, the new Minister of State has been repeatedly stating that the Government does not propose to interfere with "the freedom of the merchants." There has been a long-drawn controversy between the Transport Ministry under Dr. Mathai and the trading interests in the country as to who is responsible for the transport bottleneck. Mr. Santhanam seems to agree with Dr. Mathai that the activities of the merchants in moving goods unnecessarily from place to place so as to secure the highest price had a great deal to do with it. They move sugar, say, from Station A to Station B. But they find that the price of sugar is not as high at B as at C, which is half-way between A and B. The stuff is moved back to C. And so on. Asked whether it would not be better for Government to ascertain the ultimate destination and have the goods sent from A to C in the very first instance, the Minister replied: "That will be interference with the trade." He thought that one reason of the bottleneck was the fact that goods were addressed: To Self. When the suggestion was made that the system of addressing thus should be discontinued, the Minister stated that that would stand in the way of the merchant selling the railway receipt to anyone he chose. He pointed out that the railway receipt was a negotiable document. Asked why it should not be made non-negotiable (since this only encouraged speculative selling), Mr. Santhanam again pointed out that this would mean "interference with the freedom of the merchants."

DR. AMBEDKAR AND THE VILLAGE

by Professor T. K. DORAISWAMI IYER

THE Law Minister Dr. Ambedkar in the course of his speech moving consideration of the draft constitution made reference to the part which, according to him, the villages have played through the ages in shaping the polity of India. The provocation for his reference was, he said, that one of the criticisms directed against the draft constitution was that no part of it represented the ancient policy of India and that it should have been drafted on the ancient Hindu model built upon village and district *panchayats*. By way of enforcing his point he quoted the following description by Metcalfe of the part played by the village:

"Dynasty after dynasty tumbles down. Revolution succeeds to revolution. Hindu, Pathan, Moghul, Mahratta, Sikh, English, all are masters in turn, but the village communities remain the same. In times of trouble they arm and fortify themselves. A hostile army passes through the country. The village communities collect their cattle within their walls, and let the enemy pass unprovoked."

Having made this quotation, he asked, "Knowing this, what pride can one feel in them?"

Metcalfe's description of the part played by the village need not make any Indian hang down his head in shame. On the other hand any Indian interested in the continuity and the distinctive character of Indian culture cannot but take pride in the fact that in the welter of the quarrels between dynasties, in the confusion caused by foreign invasions, there was the agency provided by an efficient village organisation which made for stability and order. Instead of finding fault with the apathy and lack of political wisdom displayed over the centuries by those who ruled over the country,

Dr. Ambedkar turns the very virtues of the villages against them. It does not occur to him that the fault lay in the rulers who looked upon the villages as milch cows which yielded tax revenues to be spent mainly on the embellishment of the towns, the pomp and pageantry of their courts and the upkeep of their retainers. If only those who marched their armies through the country and exercised their rule had sufficient statesmanship and political wisdom they could have put to profitable use the ready-made machinery of the corporate village organisation and promoted in an ample measure the welfare of the people. From time to time the country came under the rule of cruel autocrats, and rival chieftains carried fire and sword through the country. It was the sense of constructive purpose and order displayed by the corporate village organisation that prevented the entire country from being thrown into chaos. The normal life of the bulk of the community was kept going and the continuity of culture was preserved. Instead of castigating the successive rulers who, apart from individual exceptions, failed to use the ready-made village organisation for constructive national purposes, Dr. Ambedkar falls foul of the villages and has characterised them as sinks of localism, dens of ignorance and communalism. All over the world towns have been the nurseries of revolutionary ideas more than the villages and they have been in the vanguard of progress. Here in India it cannot be maintained that the towns have made striking contributions to progress. On the other hand one of the unsatisfactory features of the Indian situation has been that the villages have been exploited by the towns. It is well known that under a fair scheme of allocation of Government expenditure, the villages are entitled to a larger share than what they actual-

ly get at present. It should also be not forgotten that the main strength of Gandhiji in his struggle for freedom with the mighty British was derived from the much exploited villages of India which are ungraciously described as sinks of reaction.

Mr. Damodar Swarup speaking on the draft constitution remarked, "The authors of the draft had started building up from the top and the lakhs of villages would seem to find no place in it". Dr. Ambedkar was ruffled by this criticism which is not quite justified and in his turn let himself go against the villages of India. Far from assuming superior airs those who are charged with the duty of laying down policies and carrying on the administration of the country should show a change of heart towards the villages and

subject every project to the acid test as to how far it will directly or indirectly contribute to the improvement of the countryside.

Students of history are aware of the part played by the villages when the rule at the Centre was enlightened. Inscriptions attest to the vitality and vigour displayed by the village institutions during the Chola period. It was only when the rulers at the Centre proved false to their trust that the villages declined and lost their vitality. The draft constitution cannot be said to disclose any prejudice against the villages and the provisions of the constitution cannot be said to throw obstacles in the way of the revitalising of village life being placed in the forefront of the programmes of the Government of Free India.



"BALI'S DYING VILLAGE"

by M. A. FRIEDERICH

(A well-known Dutch journalist describes in this article her recent visit to one of the most interesting but least known spots in Bali. It is a story about the village of Tenganan whose inhabitants keep themselves so completely aloof from the rest of the world that they will be extinct in the near future.)

THERE seems to be only one place in the whole world where there is no housing shortage— weird, exclusive Tenganan, in the mountains of East Bali.

Tenganan, guarded by the spirits of cobras and surrounded by a high wall, is inhabited by only some five hundred families, pure descendants of the original inhabitants of old Bali. You enter through a forbidding doorway—one of the four in its high wall—so narrow that you have to wriggle sideways past three corners. As you wander through Tenganan's quiet streets, you note that a number of the house-entrances are filled with big, irregular stones. That means the bamboo habitation behind the wall, the spacious bedrooms, the kitchen, the storeroom, are empty and in decay and that nobody puts flowers and rice in the small house-temple

in the court anymore. These empty houses will increase in number. For if the inhabitants of Tenganan continue their exclusive habits—and there is not much indication that they are changing—they will be completely extinct in a couple of hundred years.

Tenganan is one of the most striking and most distressing places in lighthearted Bali. In Tenganan time has stood still. Centuries ago when peoples from other areas invaded Bali, brought the Hindu religion and influenced the Balinese to change their social institutions, developed their wonderful arts of carving, silver handicraft and weaving, the Tenganans haughtily refused to mix with what they considered barbarian. The Tenganans stuck to their religion which no outsider knows completely, for they don't want to tell much about it.

They never marry outside their village and have even deep contempt for the Rajahs of Bali, descendants of the Hindu-Javanese princes that fled to Bali around 1500 A.D. from Java before the Moslem invasion. In return they are hated by the rest of the Balinese who accuse the Tenganans of being greedy and stupid.

The Tenganans have refined manners, light skins and are extremely rich. They possess—in community, because there exists no personal property in Tenganan—large and fertile *sawahs* (ricefields). This they owe to pig-headed King Bedaulu, who lived hundreds of years ago and lost his favourite horse one unlucky day. He promised a big reward for the finding of his horse—dead or alive.

The Tenganans discovered at last the corpse of the beloved horse. They asked in return permission to own the ground on which the horse was found to the limits where one could no longer smell the odour of the rotting carcass. A King's aide famed for his delicate sense of smell was sent to walk off the area. But though he walked on for days, he could not rid his nostrils of the stench of the corpse. The Tenganans finally told him they really had enough, and as soon as the poor exhausted man went back to the palace, the grinning Tenganan chief pulled out from his blouse a piece of putrid flesh which he had cut from the dead horse.

The rich Tenganans, unlike the other Balinese, don't plough, plant and harvest their fields themselves. For that they hire the "common" Balinese. And they wear their fingernails incredibly long to show they don't do manual labour. They only stir themselves to make *tuak*, beer of the sugarpalm, to lubricate their elaborate nightly parties. The women devote much of their vast spare time to make the world famous double-*ikat* sarong materials. Both warp and woof are intricately and carefully coloured in black and red motifs, *before* they are woven together. The red dye

seems to be made in part of blood and it takes more than five years before the dye achieves its proper and permanent tone.

The streets of Tenganan seem depressingly abandoned. Here and there lingers a Tenganan man or woman. Sometimes you see a decadent beauty, sometimes one with dumb eyes and drooping lips. For in their exclusiveness the inhabitants of Tenganan only marry each other with the consequent perpetuation of physical and mental deficiencies.

Yearly the *rejang* dance provides most girls that could not find a husband in the previous twelve months with a wedding companion. They line up, dressed in silver-embroidered sarongs, gold flowers dangling from their hair and already elongated nails extended still further with four-inch golden ones. The boys, each in turn, choose their favourite and try to persuade the girl to dance. If she likes him, she joins in; if not, she turns her back on him and all the spectators have fun at his expense.

Disappointed young men are fearful of looking outside for a wife. Not only the *taboo* but also the conceited disdain for the "impure" and "misbehaving" outside world holds him back. The regulations are very strict. Those who marry anyone from outside the village lose their Tenganan citizenship and their portion of its great income.

Just outside Tenganan is a village—also rather exclusive—of ejected Tenganans who are never more allowed into the mother-village. During the last few years, however, several exceptions have apparently been made for Tenganan's men—but none for its women.

As soon as we squeezed out of the narrow gate in the wall surrounding Tenganan and emerged from its dim and musty past, the specially-appointed village sweeper went into action to wipe out our footsteps. So great is the fear of being tainted by the outside world.—N.P.S. (Copyright).



THE MEMOIR OF A "MASTER STATESMAN"

SIR SANKARAN NAIR—GREAT SON OF MALABAR

by NILKAN PERUMAL

FOURTEEN years after his death, the fond memory of a famous Indian statesman comes to my mind rather strikingly.

The name of Sir Sankaran Nair, great lawyer, jurist, judge, Viceregal Councillor, Secretary of State's Adviser, politician and statesman, is one to conjure with. His career reads like a "success story" of the Americans, and it is a pity that none has so far chronicled it graphically into an adequate biography. I had admired him for long; he was famous even forty years ago! Then, just a couple of years before he died, I had an opportunity to clasp his hand one day at the Madras Cosmopolitan Club. He then roaringly asked me questions relating to the Far East, which he had not visited. Then he softened and I found in him a very charming old man. Now and then in 1932, I looked him up at the Club where he came to read newspapers and did not indulge in familiar talks with all and sundry gathered there. At that time, he was seventy-five years old. Two years later, he died.

In the year of our first War of Independence, way back in 1857, the light of this world struck on the eyes of a child at Mangara, a village seven miles off Palghat in Malabar. That was Sankaran. His father was a Tahsildar, an office held in great esteem in those days. Sankaran used to tell his dad: "If you properly educate me, I will one day become a District Collector"! The Tahsildar did educate his son on right lines and the youngster outshone his early ambitions.

After graduating in Arts and Law, Sankaran became a Munsiff but pretty soon resigned. He then started practising at the Madras Bar along with such famous lawyers as Sir V. Bhashyam Iyengar, S. Srinivasa Iyengar, V. Krishnaswamy

Aiyer and Dr. Subramania Aiyer—"giants" in those days of the legal world of the Southern Province. At the Bar he had a very early success, which was amply testified by his purchase of the first motor car owned by any Indian in the city of Madras!

As he rose in his profession, he began to take a great deal of interest in social reform. He was instrumental in bringing about the Malabar Marriages Commission. He maintained that the Marumakkathayam customs had died early enough and that the provisions of the Hindu law as they prevailed amidst other communities should also become applicable to the Malayalees. Sankaran Nair believed that there were less divorces among the Malayalees than in any other community. Well, on these lines, he started establishing his first social reform ideals, first of all beginning with his own community in Malabar.

Sankaran Nair became a great exponent of the *Hindu law* in South India. His commentaries on it appeared from time to time in the *Madras Review* and the *Madras Law Journal*, both of which he edited. In Government service he soon became a Government pleader, later rising to the position of Advocate-General. Then he was called on to adorn the Bench of the High Court of Madras. He went over to Delhi in 1914 to become Member for Education, Health and Lands in the Viceroy's Executive Council but he did not complete his full term of five years. He resigned from the Executive Council on account of differences with Lord Chelmsford, the Viceroy at that time, over the Jallianwalla Bagh massacre.

As Viceregal Councillor Sir Sankaran Nair conducted himself with great dignity. He was very independent. Once he was visiting

Madras as Executive Councillor and that was round about the year 1917. He was then to speak at a meeting in the City convened by Governor Pentland, in connection with war-effort. Sir Sankaran was put up as the principal speaker on the occasion. Those were days of red-tape and stern routine. The police sergeant at the gate of the hall where the meeting was to be held, was instructed that none should be allowed after 5 p.m. since the Governor would come by 5-15 and the meeting was to commence at 5-30. Sir Sankaran drove in at 5-10 and was refused admission! He then quietly drove back to the Cosmopolitan Club and stayed there. Even the personal persuasions of the Governor's ADC, could not make him change his mind and return to the meeting.

There was a very interesting incident in this connection. The Madras correspondent of a North Indian paper had managed to get Sir Sankaran's speech a little earlier and telegraphed the whole thing ahead. When the correspondent eventually came to know that the speech was not after all delivered, he sent yet another telegram about it to his paper. The telegram reached its destination rather late, just at the time the paper was about to go to press! The idea of dislocating the made-up pages now worried the *sub-editor in charge* and he allowed the long speech of Sir Sankaran to go, as it was originally arranged, but the headline was changed to "What Sir Sankaran should have spoken"!

When Sir Sankaran was in Delhi a wealthy South Indian once approached him with a request for intervention over a murder case, invoking the Viceroy's mercy. A handsome amount of ten lakhs of rupees was offered. He was annoyed that anyone should have dared to think that he would ever do such a thing! He threatened to prosecute the *intermediary* who put this suggestion before him—such was his robust sense of independence and honesty.

As Executive Councillor in Delhi he had often differences with his

British colleagues in the Council. For instance, they once considered the case of Dr. Subramania Aiyer in Madras at a meeting at which Sir Sankaran arrived rather late. Chelmsford glibly told him, "We have decided to tell Pentland in Madras to arrest Dr. Subramania Aiyer". Sir Sankaran was put out to hear that statement from the Viceroy, and replied:

"Oh, you have made that decision? Then go ahead! Why inform me even?"

A series of such differences with the British Members of the Viceregal Council slowly made him sick at heart, with the result that he decided to finally leave. The Amritsar tragedy finally impelled him to walk out of the Cabinet. While doing so, he said that in any civilized country men like Gen. Dyer would have been hanged and a Governor like Sir Michal O'Dwyer would have been sent to prison for life!

The British Rulers in India while respecting his independence of views in public matters, wanted to have his counsel though they didn't like his hot-temper. No sooner was he out of the Executive Council than he was selected to become a Member of the Secretary of State's Council in London. For two years, he was in London holding that office. Then he left.

Sir Sankaran was elected to the coveted Presidential Chair of the Thirteenth Session of the Indian National Congress, held at Amroati in 1897. His speech on that occasion is of considerable significance today:

"Years of subjection, nay, we may even say servitude, have sapped the strength of the Indian nation, dwarfed its growth and stripped it of all that was grand and noble in it, and if India is ever to occupy a better position than she fills at the present moment and take her proper place in the scale of nations, it must be entirely due to the zealous efforts of our educated and enlightened sons."

Sir Sankaran got himself elected to the Council of State after he

came back to India after serving as Adviser to the Secretary of State for India. Somehow he did not see eye to eye with Mahatma Gandhi whose political philosophies he did not appreciate. There was a Unity Conference in Delhi sometime in 1921 at which Sir Sankaran presided. When Gandhiji walked in, he disapproved of his presence there and wished him to leave.

"Either you go out of this Conference or I go", he said.

Gandhiji with his usual smile retorted, "Neither of us need go, because we both are Indians".

Many liberal politicians felt the same thing within themselves about Gandhiji in those days, but none had the grit to say it out so outspokenly as Sir Sankaran did. He spoke out what he felt at heart.

Sir Sankaran wrote in those days a very controversial book called "Gandhi And Anarchy" in which he severely indicted Gen. Dyer and Sir Michael O'Dwyer. The book aroused great interest everywhere. The Indian Nationalist Press denounced it even as much as some sections of the British Press did. Any way, Sir Michael O'Dwyer demanded an unqualified apology from Sir Sankaran on grounds of defamation. Several British politicians advised Sir Sankaran to shake hands with Sir Michael and bury the hatchet, but he was adamant and refused. "I stand by my views, come what may", he said and boldly faced the music. He fought the libel action brought against him, and it came up for hearing before the late Justice MacCardie the famous bachelor-judge who had the reputation of being a convicting judge. Sir Michael was eventually awarded damages to the extent of £ 500 plus costs to the tune of £ 20,000, which was quite a *windfall* for the one-time Governor of the Punjab. Sir Sankaran had Sir John Simon briefed for his side and the whole suit cost him nearly a million rupees, I suppose. He didn't mind it! He stood by his views to the last!

Sir Sankaran had a very happy home life. He was married when he was barely thirteen and his wife Lady Parvati Nair was then only

nine. She was a source of inspiration to him all through his life. To the very last they were a loving couple and it is stated that not even once had there been room for any difference of opinion between them. They had one son and five daughters. The son Mr. Palat was a politician and legislator in Madras for a time and he is now leading a sort of retired life in the Cochin State. All the daughters of Sir Sankaran are married to illustrious men who are occupying important positions in the nation's life today as judges, doctors, I.C.S. men and so on.

Sir Sankaran used to perform daily *puja* to his very last day and he was fond of visiting places of pilgrimage. It was during one of these pilgrimage tours to Badrinath that Lady Sankaran died. They went up together to the shrine and were returning, resting for a night in one of the mid-way choultries. It used to be a custom with Sir Sankaran to hand over a cup of milk to his wife every night before she retired. He did it that night too! Next morning, when he wanted to wake her up to give her the usual cup of *Ovaltine* he found that life was extinct in her! That was the end of their long life-partnership. That was also one of the saddest days for Sir Sankaran.

He was a man of regular habits in every-day life. He always insisted upon going to bed by nine of the clock. He eschewed late dinner parties and functions. Even with the Viceroy, he excused himself from staying on after 8-30 p.m. any night. He had no faith in allopathic medicines and he always insisted upon Ayurvedic treatment. He had great faith in astrology. He was not very fond of European dishes at the table but felt more at home with his Malabar rice and *curries*. In dress, he always wished to have Indian costumes, though he wore choice European suits when the occasion demanded it.

A great believer in the maxim *waste not, want not*, Sir Sankaran had methodical ways of spending. One of his sons-in-law one day went for a hair-cut in a saloon attached to a European hotel and paid Rs. 2 for it. Sir Sankaran, on

learning this, got annoyed and advised the young man *not* to do it again. Yet it was the same Sir Sankaran that once presented a car free to a European. It happened this way. When he was a Member of the Executive Council in Delhi, his car one day dashed against a European's car, damaging the latter. The owner of the damaged car furiously began to shout. Sir Sankaran promptly called him to his side gently, and said:

"Here is a chit! Take it to the motor company I have mentioned. Leave your car there and take delivery of a new one in my account".

The European came to know who this generous donor of a new car to him was only at the automobile firm. All the same, he took the gift.

Sir Sankaran gave generous gifts to all his old and faithful servants in his village, and had even settled handsome pensions on many of them. He had also rewarded likewise many Brahmin purohits.

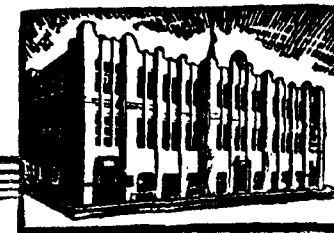
In his early days he had vowed that on getting his first Government job, he would present a *brass lamp-post* to the famous temple at Guruvayur, Cochin State, and on his becoming a Government pleader in Madras, he did it.

In his seventy-seventh year Sir Sankaran died full of age, honours and greatness. He died at the residence of his son-in-law, the Rt. Hon'ble Sir Madhavan Nair, in Madras. He had a very peaceful death and his remains were taken to his native village, Mangara, in a special train for cremation. Among those who sent condolence messages was the Premier of England at that time, Ramsay MacDonald. Mahatma Gandhi too sent a very touching message mourning his death, to his family.

Today's generation of Indians can profitably look to the life and deeds of Sir Sankaran for guidance and inspiration. He was really a *great man* in the true sense of the term.

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JAWAHARLAL—OUR YOUTHFUL PRIME MINISTER

by BHARATAN KUMARAPPA

AGE is not a matter of years. It is primarily one of mental outlook. Judged thus, our Prime Minister is incapable of growing old. Birthdays may come and birthdays might go but, constituted as he is, he will remain as boyish as ever.

Take, for example, his impulsive courage. He has the dash and daring of youth. He rushes into the thick of danger without the slightest hesitation, right into the midst of an angry mob which has stopped his car to demonstrate against him, and heartily chides them for their communal madness. The mob is so taken aback by this unexpected behaviour that it is captivated by him, and goes away shouting, "Jawaharlal ki jai".

His fearlessness makes him thoroughly sincere. Whether right or wrong, he does not sail under false colours. He says what he feels, no matter the consequences. He is outspoken and straightforward to the extent of embarrassing his colleagues. There is nothing sly, cunning or underhand about him. This may be somewhat of a disadvantage in modern diplomacy, which has to cover up the most evil of designs with the sweetest of language. Nevertheless, even in high diplomatic circles, like for instance the Commonwealth Premiers' Conference held recently in London, he makes a deep impression by his sincerity. His words ring true. They spring right out of his heart and so win his hearers to himself. It is age which weighs its words and suits them to time and circumstances. Youth knows no such restraint. Its inexperience and innocence make the child's outspokenness in company proverbially embarrassing to the parents. Nevertheless it is such frankness that makes the child so charming to the adult. Honesty is a rare commodity, especially among politicians, and when it is found, it at

once gains recognition and respect. And what is more, it disarms the opponent and wins his confidence.

Or consider his open-mindedness, his capacity to appreciate various, and even apparently conflicting points of view. This again is a sign of his youthfulness. It is old age which is conservative and incapable of understanding anything else than what it is used to. Youth, on the other hand, is receptive to influences of every kind. Its attitude to the world is one of open-eyed wonder and curiosity, not one of omniscience and dogmatism such as characterises old age. Pandit Jawaharlal is essentially youthful from this point of view. His very upbringing is probably responsible for his being so receptive and open-minded. He is a product of both East and West from his childhood. He is thus a strange mixture. Like Gandhiji, Jawaharlal finds an irresistible charm in non-violence, but unlike Gandhiji he believes that violence is sometimes necessary. With Gandhiji he believes in Khadi and village industries, but unlike Gandhiji he actively fosters industrialization. In theory he is a socialist and is opposed to all forms of exploitation and oppression, at the same time he gives his blessings to capitalist enterprise. He believes in freedom for the common man, and yet he would have a strong Central Government which centralizes all power and control in itself. In manners and mode of behaviour he probably feels more at home with blue-blooded Englishmen like Lord Mountbatten than with his colleagues and co-religionists like Sardar Patel or Babu Rajendra Prasad. In India he wears Indian clothes, in Europe he is dressed in the latest London fashion. Indian music and dance enchant him, but no less do the Western opera and ballet. For such a man, it is impossible to be mentally closed in and one-sided. His varied experi-

ences and wide reading enable him to appreciate what appear to others like opposed points of view or contrary modes of behaviour.

An obvious disadvantage, however, of a mind thus open to the most varied points of view, is that it does not make for unity and strength in action. For example, to take it in the extreme, a person who is appreciative of both the sides of a question is apt to be lost in doubt, and ultimately swayed by whoever puts his case strongly. Not so, one who is singleminded. Pandit Jawaharlal himself confesses that he has often to do what he would not do, to compromise with his principles. Circumstances often force him to adopt a course of action of which he himself disapproves. This is indeed the tragedy of a philosopher capable of seeing both the sides of a question, when placed in the field of action. One suspects that the expression of sadness one detects in Pandit Jawaharlal's face is due to disappointment caused by his consciousness of the gulf that exists between his ideals and his achievements.

While then in the realm of action he may be at a disadvantage, he is able, as no one else in India today, to catch the imagination of the people. The reason for this is precisely his many-sided sympathies which attract men of diverse views towards him. It is valuable, therefore, at this juncture in our history to have him at the head of our administration.

Besides his open-mindedness and wide sympathies, his idealism makes him essentially youthful. His selfless pursuit of ideals has led him and still leads him into great suffering and distress, while if he wishes he can easily live in comfort and devote himself to literary and cultural pursuits which he enjoys. His patriotism and desire to make life for the common man worth living make him take on himself almost more responsibility than he can bear. Like youth, he has boundless enthusiasm and tirelessly pursues his ideals even if they bring him much work and more worry.

Naturally, a man like him, of high ideals and vast experience is not communal. He is too diverse in his make-up to imagine that the religion of his birth should alone survive as over against the other religions in our country. He knows enough about Christianity, Buddhism and Islam to appreciate them as much as Hinduism. He has studied the past sufficiently to know that people should be left free to follow their own religions or no religion at all. It is the old in mind, immersed in tradition and encrusted by habit, that cannot tolerate other faiths.

Likewise, Pandit Jawaharlal is devoid of racial feeling. In his life, he has come into close contact with people of many lands and races, and his friendship, like that of children, recognizes no racial barrier. He is as concerned for the European as for the Asiatic. Though he fought British rule in India, he loves the British people as much as his own. So he is anxious to establish common economic and social ties between Britain and Free India.

Similarly, the steps he took for bringing closer connections between Asian countries were not prompted by any racial feeling against the West. India had for centuries been in close and friendly relations with her neighbours like Egypt, Arabia, Iran, Afghanistan, Ceylon, Burma, Malaya, Indonesia, Indo-China, China and Japan. But with the establishment of British rule in India, she was cut off from direct contact with most of them and was made a close preserve of the British. Naturally, with the dawn of independence, India wished to associate herself once more with her neighbours for mutual benefit as in the past. Hence the Inter-Asian Relations Conference assembled in Delhi at the end of March 1947 at the suggestion of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. His idea in bringing about such a conference was certainly not to set up an Asian confederacy to counteract the power of the West.

His establishing embassies in various parts of the world has come in for much criticism. But it only

proves his anxiety to promote friendly relations with all countries and so establish closer connections with them all, not only politically and economically but also culturally. Our Prime Minister has been anxious to keep India away from U.N.O's party alignments so that she may be able to judge each issue which comes up before the Security Council, fairly and impartially. In other words, he wants India to set a lead to the world in true internationalism, a treatment of all nations alike without partiality. For it is only thus that justice can be secured between nations, and through justice, peace and goodwill. It is obvious that, unless the nations follow Pandit Jawaharlal's lead in this respect, the UNO will only continue to be what it is today, a battleground for conflicting interests instead of being an effective means of settling international disputes. Let us not say that it is foolish to think that we shall make any impression on the UNO if we go our own way and do not take sides. Leadership involves fighting single-handed and going against the cur-

rent. No headway was ever made by people who said, 'How can this be done when everyone else does the opposite? Our faith in the Right must be our only support.

The world is in a mess on account of the nationalist policies of the elder statesmen and their mutual suspicion and distrust. India, because of her youthful Prime Minister, may help to lead the nations from nationalism to internationalism, from mutual fear and suspicion to mutual trust and co-operation.

The world, like India, needs the courage, the idealism, the broad-mindedness, the self-sacrificing devotion and the undying faith of youth for a solution of its pressing problems and to give it peace. Pandit Jawaharlal has these qualities to an eminent degree. May the influence of his youthful spirit spread not only in India but also in the rest of the world in the coming years, for it is youth that is free from cramping prejudices, loves greatly, sees visions, dares and succeeds.—N.P.S. (Copyright).

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ROMESH CHUNDER DUTT—A CENTENARY TRIBUTE

by P. R. KRISHNASWAMI

THOSE of us who have heard Romesh Chunder Dutt discourse on the value of history at Pachaiyappa's Hall in Madras, about forty years, ago, may find it difficult to realise that 1948 marks the centenary year of his birth. Now that India has won her independence, in remembering the spectacular scenes of political struggle in recent years involving the martyrdom of leaders who spent years in jails, we should not forget the contribution of the earlier generation towards the attainment of independence. Before throwing off the foreign yoke, India had to acquire faith in herself, by realising the value of the heritage of indigenous culture. To grasp the wisdom of ancient Hindu literature and to understand the ideals of Hindu social life meant a self-sufficiency and courage essential for independence. Rammohun Roy was the founder of modern India and his spirit inspired succeeding generations to endeavour in the ways approved by him.

Romesh Chunder Dutt made his mark as administrator, social reformer, poet and novelist. Born in 1848 he ran away to England with two other friends, Surendranath Bannerji, one of them, in 1869, without the consent of his parents, to compete for the coveted Indian Civil Service examination. He passed it with distinction and filled high administrative posts, hitherto not given to Indians. Dutt was Commissioner for Orissa and Agent to the Indian States therein. He retired from the service several years before his full period, obviously to have more time to fulfil his literary ambitions. He was also Dewan of Baroda for some years and carried out several administrative reforms in that state.

Dutt wrote innumerable books from early in life, both in his mother tongue, Bengali and in English. The books may be divided into histo-

rical and literary writings. His book on the Civilization of Ancient India was a monumental work. "The Economic History Of India Under British Rule" is a valuable work. He also wrote books on the peasant and on land tenures. The poetic translations of Sanskrit classics, and the novels, form his literary work. He rendered the Ramayana, the Mahabharatha and other Sanskrit works into facile English verse. "The Lays of Ancient India" are a very interesting collection. The legend of Satyakama is one of the beautiful narratives. Satyakama was filled with contemplation on all that he saw around him. Gautama saw a light on his face and asked him if he knew the *Brahman*:

"Father! I have sought to know,"
Sweetly answered thus the youth,

Not from men I gathered knowledge,

Nature whispered to me truth!
The earth, the quarters of the sky,
The lofty heavens, the ocean broad,

The sun and moon, the mind and soul,—

All, all is Brahman,—all is God!

The Ramayana makes delightful reading. When giving his daughter in marriage to Rama, Janaka puts the marriage ideal:

As the shadow to the substance,
to her lord is faithful wife,
And my Sita best of women follows thee in death or life!

When Rama means to bid farewell to Sita before going to the forest Sita, speaks in protest:

Sire nor son nor loving brother
rules the wedded woman's state,
With her lord she falls or rises,
with her consort courts her fate.

While in the forest Ravana raises a false cry of danger for Rama, and Sita urges Lakshmana to go to him

for help. Lakshmana tells her in vain that danger cannot touch Rama and Sita now betrays unworthy suspicions against Lakshmana:

Sparkled Sita's eye in anger,
frenzy marked her speech and word,
For a woman's sense is clouded by
the danger of her lord.

In the Mahabharatha when the Pandavas lose all at dice, the messenger of the Kauravas goes to fetch Draupadi:

Rose the queen in queenly anger,
and with woman's pride she spake:
"Hie thee, menial, to thy master,
Queen Draupadi's answer take,
If my lord, himself a bondsman,
then hath staked his queen and wife,
False the stake, for owns a bondsman
neither wealth nor other's life,
Slave can wager wife nor children,
and such action is undone,
Take my word to Prince Duryodhan,
Queen Draupadi is unwon!"

Dutt's novels are bound to be more popular than his poetry. The two best of them were 'The Lake of Palms' and the 'Slave Girl of Agra.' The Lake of Palms is a fascinating picture of Hindu life both in the village and in the city. The customs and types of Hindu society are carefully described. The scrupulous observance of the festivals, the modesty and restraint of women, and the inroads of the western civilisation, are all brought out. The selfless widow of the Hindu family represents the old world, and the anglicized Indian, "more English than the English", the new world. Renunciation is the keynote of Hindu religion. The story of Uma, the wife of the profligate zamindar, Dhananjay, who resolves to become a Sanyasini, and cannot be easily persuaded to change her mind, is among the most touching episodes in the book. Widow-re-marriage is a reform which Dutt means to advocate in the book but the characters introduced for this purpose behave unexceptionably.

The young man who means to marry the widow is still hopeful of winning his conservative mother to his side. The religious guru apt to be looked upon as a severe censor is still susceptible to reasonable persuasion.

'The Slave Girl of Agra' is a brilliant novel casting its vivid light, worthily enough, on Akbar's time in Moghul history. The brilliant court of Akbar, resounding with the military success of Moghul arms in the distant parts of India, while an envoy arrives also from the English sovereign to seek trading rights, and the laudable but almost impossible effort of Akbar to evolve a common faith for Hindus and Muslims in India, form the core of the book. The story part is not less brilliant. It comprehends two rival zamindars of Bengal. One of them is a youth betraying rashness and he is removed from his native place to serve in the imperial army. He wins distinction there for his valour but receives wounds and has to lie in bed at Agra for sometime, when a slave girl is sent from the palace to attend on him. This sprightly girl, Jelekha is like Rebecca who attends on Ivanhoe in Scott's novel and is of more absorbing interest. Mihr-un-issa, later "Nurjahan", is in the Agra palace, about to leave for Bengal to join her husband there. Once again Dutt fills his book with profound characters, the greatest of whom is Nobo Kumar's wife who fulfils in her own conduct the highest principle of Hindu religion.

The unity of modern India has been achieved only by the adoption of English as the common language. Indians themselves may well be indebted to the English medium for the chance of getting acquainted with the treasures of Hindu culture. And the other need exists always, for interpreting Hindu culture to the rest of the world. English is indispensable for this. We owe therefore a profound debt to writers like Romesh Chunder Dutt for embodying the treasure of Hindu literature in English. Dutt claims an eminent place in the cultural history of India.

M. N. ROY: PHILOSOPHER OF NEW HUMANISM

by "TATAJI"

ON 20th November 1936, the gates of the Dehra Dun Jail were opened and out came a famous political prisoner. He was M. N. Roy, the legendary hero of international revolution. It is one of the great paradoxes that such a famous person should now be found struggling in the backwaters of Indian public life. He is one of the very few public men in India or outside whose political sagacity and prophetic correctness of appreciation of national and international events has not been surpassed. It is easily admitted that he is a clear thinker and a fearless revolutionary.

Roy's entrance into Indian public life in 1936 had raised hopes in many a political quarter that had angled to catch this 'mystery man from Moscow'. But Roy was a born rebel and he proved a hard nut for them. He rebelled against the most powerful man, Gandhiji. He knew that if he chose to climb the band wagon of that non-violent dictator, all avenues of political ascendancy will be opened to him. But he chose deliberately and declared his opposition to Gandhian politics. He condemned Gandhian politics as reactionary in nature and revivalistic in action.

He could not see eye to eye either with the Socialists or with the Communists. Having studied the Indian situation and the existing political parties, he decided to plough the lonely furrow. The birth of the Radical Democratic Party was the result. He declared war on the Congress which, he said, would lead the country eventually into the grip of the vested interests. The developments subsequent to the attainment of independence are only proving his case. We know now by experience how the privileged and moneyed classes of India are gaining control of the economic and political life of the country by virtual control of the Congress

organisation and its national Government.

The development of Roy from a youthful and romantic revolutionary into a sober philosopher and a patient organiser of an unpopular political party is really interesting.

He proclaims that both parliamentary democracy and communism have failed to solve the essential problems of mankind. Parliamentary democracy involves the delegation of power by the people to a handful of politicians who could afford to ignore their masters after getting into power. And Communism in actual practice has degenerated into undiluted dictatorship, to the absolute exclusion of individual liberty. So Mr. Roy dismisses these two theories, one as out of date and the other as requiring radical improvement.

Roy broke new ground when he declared his philosophy of New Humanism together with his political theory of Radical Democracy. His thesis declares that a philosophical revolution involving the moral and cultural regeneration of the people is the pre-requisite for any revolution in the political, economic or social fields.

A revolution of ideas involving a new assessment of human values has got to take place. He therefore insists on the elimination of the political ignorance and cultural backwardness of the people and he has a hard prescription for that, the patient and persistent education of the people. He says there is no short-cut for achieving the end. The process will take its own time, especially in a backward country like India. He must be prepared to wait.

Today Roy is a very insignificant force in Indian politics and he has a good explanation for that. His politics, as he claims, are scientific and rational and therefore free

from demogogy and blind following. He attributes the success of the Congress mainly to the political ignorance of the people and the art of demogogy successfully practised by Congress leaders.

Scientific politics and cultural renaissance by which Roy stands, sound strange in the present political and social atmosphere obtaining in the country. The popularity of Roy and his ideas will gain footing among the Indian public in direct proportion to the intensity of the education-drive among the Indian people.

But his philosophy of New Humanism has given a fresh hope to humanity. He may not succeed in realising the full results of his mission in the near future or even in his life time. But credit is due to him for creating a band of earnest men

set for practical achievements and giving the new philosophy to them.

There is much talk about the sovereignty of the people. The popular slogan "Government of the people, for the people, and by the people" is on everybody's lips. But very few people realise that the essential part of that slogan is 'by the people' which has yet to be attained in actual political practice. Here comes Roy with a political theory, the essential aspect of which is the direct and constant participation of the people in their affairs.

If we accept the proposition that the people ultimately must come into their own for the establishment of peace and freedom, then the future belongs to Roy. It appears he has an appointment with destiny.

COBWEBS IN GOVERNMENT MACHINERY

by "NAMBS"

I have on my table a copy of the "Indian Information Independence Number." Its price is four-annas. I sent them this amount, and they have sent it by post. One-anna three pies has been spent as postage. Two-annas nine pies for 140 pages of glazed paper, with photographs and illustrations. Quite grand. The paper alone would have cost more than the two-annas and nine pies that has been paid as net amount. It has been possible for the Government to do this, and so nationalisation is the right thing, says my socialist friend. But what are the facts? The publication is a propaganda affair and is not produced according to cost. Government have enough revenue from other sources to make up the loss in this. The editor need not worry about how much it will cost; the other department will foot the bill and the Reserve Bank balance will pay it. Yes, but if in all undertakings, Government are to do things like this, what will be left out of their revenue from the income tax and the super tax?

Finance is to be no consideration in the starting or development of industries, says my friend. He says that the State aid is always there and the Finance Corporations will do marvels. Hear this true story then. A friend launched upon a venture of producing agricultural implements some years ago and it was running well. It required better finance to develop the process with more machinery. "It is very easy to get State aid. Apply and you will get it in about two to three months," a wiseacre advised him. He got at the Act. He put in an application. A month passed. The application came back with a form. All the particulars had to be copied in this prescribed form. It went back. Another month passed. He was told that the papers had been forwarded to the Revenue authorities. He went through all the channels and discovered it at the bottom rung of the ladder. He exerted himself greatly and after much waiting, he got an express letter. It said that he should pay certain fee as the application had

to be advertised. He borrowed the money for the fee and remitted it. He looked out for the advertisement to come off. Weeks passed and then one morning it appeared in the daily newspaper. It gave one month's time for "any one who has got objection to lodge the same in person or in writing". That month passed and so he expected the last thing was over. He learnt that nobody had sent any written objection. But by then the latest meeting of the Industries Board was over. It could not go before them till the next meeting. He waited for the next meeting. Three or four months later they met. He was cross-examined and then the papers were "forwarded to the Government recommending the sanction of the overdraft." Two months more went by. Then came a letter that the Government wanted some more particulars. He sent them almost by return of mail. The story is not yet over. Days, weeks and months have passed by, but he has not got any aid yet. Will those who shout at the top of their voice for Industrial Finance Corporations under State control consider how quickly State aid applications have been disposed of so far?

In June—or was it May?—the Government of India put up big advertisements in all the papers about the "special recruitment" they wanted to do immediately to meet the shortage of officers at the Centre. The first week of July was the time limit for the applications. Candidates of ages 27 to 45 were to get in. Then the last date was extended to July-end; the qualifications were relaxed. Then in October on a fine evening the

Government announced fresh competitive examinations for Class I services. One Member of Government talks of new recruitment, another talks of economy, a third of retrenchment. Will the 'nationalisation gentlemen' think of the effect of such wavering on the morale of the candidates?

Sometime last December a friend booked his luggage from Dhanushkodi to Rajahmundry. He arrived, but one of the articles did not arrive. Two months of enquiries did not bring forth his lost luggage, till one fine morning he got a registered letter from his starting station that his trunk was there and that he should pay the freight for its travel to certain other places as well as demurrages. In his anxiety to get the trunk he paid the freight for it from Nagpur to Dhanushkodi (it having been overcarried to Nagpur) and from there again to Rajahmundry and the demurrages for the days it was at Dhanushkodi. All this was none of his fault. The trunk was duly booked, but it was carried by the railway to all these places. He was told to take delivery on payment of these charges. He was advised he could ask for refund after taking delivery. He paid and applied for refund. More than ten months have now passed, but no refund has been made. If he sends any reminders to the railway administration there is no reply. If he issues a registered letter a routine postcard comes with the cryptic words 'the matter is receiving attention'. Instead of the tall talk about public relations and fan-cooled third class carriages, is it not time that such cobwebs as these were cleaned first?

LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING

When he was young, he had thought love had something to do with understanding, but with age he knew that no human being understood another. Love was the wish to understand, and presently with constant failure the wish died, and love died too perhaps or changed into this painful affection, loyalty, pity..... She sat there, reading poetry, and she was a thousand miles away from the torment that shook his hand and dried his mouth. She would understand, he thought, if I were in a book, but would I understand her if she were just a character?—I don't read that sort of book.—GRAHAM GREENE.

PROBLEMS FOR THE CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY

by Dr. P. SUBBARAYAN

THE Constituent Assembly is now considering the draft constitution. It is now fairly certain that no distinction is to be made between States and Provinces and they will have the same autonomy under the new constitution, the Centre having control on all parts of the Federation in matters essential for the well-being and safety of the new India. It has already been decided that residual powers should vest in the Centre and the future constitution must be such that powers will be given to the Centre to interfere when the safety of India is at stake. All fissiparous tendencies are to be guarded against in every way. The question whether India should remain with the Commonwealth is still to be decided by the Constituent Assembly. This matter is one which will rest entirely with the Government of India and the lead which the Prime Minister would give to the Constituent Assembly. The draft Constitution follows in many ways the old Government of India Act as we are not writing on a clean slate and the administrative set-up of the past has got to be used to make the India of the future. There is also the feeling that the Provinces should have autonomy in order to build in their own way the future structure keeping always in view that the unity of India should not be impaired. The one thing the Britisher left us and which we ought to preserve is the judicial system. There is no doubt whatever, compared to other systems of jurisprudence, the rule of law as Dicey has explained and as it obtains in England in spite of inroads by the executive, is still the best system of jurisprudence to protect the liberty of the subject. This will appeal to our constitution-makers and would be maintained intact in our future constitutional set-up.

There are still territories on the coasts which are under the jurisdic-

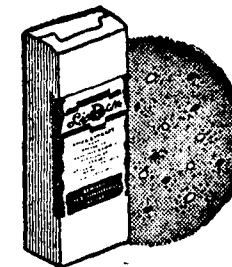
tion of other nations—principally the French settlements on the East coast of India—Chandranagore, Pondicherry, Yennam and Karaikal with Mahe on the East coast and also the Portuguese settlements in Goa on the West coast of India. With regard to the French settlements, the Government of India by negotiation with the French Government decided that the future of these settlements should be determined by a plebiscite by the people. My visit to Pondicherry as an observer of the Indian National Congress during the municipal elections just concluded has shown that a plebiscite of the kind agreed to by the Government of India can never give us the proper will of the people as the Government of the French settlement is bound to influence such a plebiscite in favour of these territories remaining in the French Colonial Empire. Neither secrecy of the ballot nor freedom of voting can be ensured. It is a moot question whether a plebiscite could be taken in a fair manner even under neutral auspices but a plebiscite conducted by a neutral might give fair results if it is conducted strictly according to law, the French having no right of interference in such a plebiscite and the whole matter being conducted by the neutral concerned with police forces chosen by such a neutral which will be independent of any French interference.

The matter of the Portuguese settlements has not yet been tackled. This is going to be very difficult as Portugal is under an authoritarian rule and the Government of Portugal seem to be determined to keep their hold on their colonial settlement in India. India has shown that she is against all colonial domination by the way she has supported the independence movement principally in Asia, viz., Indonesia and Viet Nam. This

stand shows that India cannot afford to have on her own shore such colonial domination. Besides, from the point of view of Indian security, these settlements on our coasts will always be a potential danger however small such settlements may be. In the interests of our security, we cannot afford to have these coastal towns occupied by foreign powers. The visit of two French cruisers to Mahe recently shows what the danger would be. So in the interests of our security, we must get these territories as part of the Indian Union. There were murmurs that at one time there were negotiations for the purchase of Goa by the Nizam and also there were doubts that Goa was being used for smuggling arms into Hyderabad. This has been denied no doubt but the danger is there. The Government of India either by negotiations or by some other suitable method must find means for these territories becoming part of the Indian Union but the problems have been so vast in the past year that no one can blame them for not settling this problem though small but most important for the security of the Indian Union. There is no doubt whatever that they will apply themselves to this problem fairly soon. This is as important for the Indian Union as the States problem itself.

India is now occupying a great place in the world set-up and her statesmen have been acknowledged to be equal to any one among the Great Powers. The Government of India have during the past year managed to maintain law and order in spite of great difficulties like the refugee problem and no trouble has occurred in the Indian Union as has been the case in Burma, Malaya, Indo-China and Indonesia. The Communist menace has been kept well under control and their methods of strike and in consequence confusion and chaos have not succeeded in disturbing the even tenor of our progress. This has been largely due to the watchfulness of the Governments—Central and Provincial. Great credit must be given to our Governments for this state of affairs. If we go on as we have done

in the past year it is certain that the new Indian Union will establish itself as a power for peace. We must not in the hour of our nationhood give up the torchlight which has been left as our heritage by the Mahatma who was the pilot for our present position. If we keep to the straight path he laid down for us and keep in view the moral standards which he always emphasised, it is certain that India will occupy a proud place in the comity of nations and will be able to exert an influence for the establishment of world peace which was so much after his heart even though it looks dark at the present time. Let us hope that this straight path will always be kept in the forefront in the future set-up of this country.



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SMILE PLEASE!

by K. C. RAGHAVAN

DO you remember the College Football Team photo, when you looked like something out of Darkest Africa—and worse still, when the dashed thing appeared in the Mag for all the fair ones to titter over? Do you recall that horrible snap of you with your mouth open to take in a handful of pulao, which that wretched fellow, Cousin Hari, took at the picnic in '43? Or that ludicrous one of you making sheep's-eyes at two charming young ladies at sister's wedding? Yes, each one of us has his or her little skeletons in the cupboard, or in this case, in the family album. And how we all hate the man with the camera, who somehow attaches himself to every wedding, and picnic! When a press photographer is by we are on our best behaviour, and could be mistaken for a covey of diplomats discussing the situation in Berlin with that cool, calm, detached and assured air that is the trade mark of celebrity.

It is indeed unfortunate (for us) that the photographer believes in that good old adage—"catch 'em young". I have never ceased to regret the time I boo-hoed in a photo-studio (at the tender age of two). Every occasion I set my eyes on that foul perpetration of that criminal with the camera who preserved me for posterity, I wish I were dead.

Do you remember the drama in high school, and the photo taken of the cast in full costume? Of course, *that* year you were the cook and not the prince, and it didn't make it better when people kept telling you that you were simply made for the part. The pictures taken on Sports Day, by some camera-trick, present you at the tail-end of every race, though you are quite sure that you were somewhere in the middle, probably fourth.

And then, college. The Cricket Team photo, where you appear in grey flannels, because the dhobi did

not turn up on time. And people to this day keep asking you whether you *were* really in the Cricket Team! Then, there is the group photo of the Literary Club, where you sat beside Miss Sakuntala (who said that you looked very smart), and hoped you would come out like some of those broad-shouldered, self-possessed, fashionable creatures that one meets in the pages of "Esquire". And what was the result—something that was more like Son of Flicka, only less intelligent-looking. And Miss Sakuntala...well, now as you look closer at the photo, across the years, you don't really see what you saw in her then!

How about that pass-port photo you had taken of yourself—the only time you ever entered a studio voluntarily, of your own free will, and in possession of your full senses? Why, your blood still runs cold when you remember how the New York Port Authorities refused to believe that it was really you, and were about to call the F.B.I. in on the case.

Who has not envied the equanimity of celebrities and film-stars when they are confronted with flashlight and camera? Even in their most candid moments, snapped off-guard, they still look like human-beings. However, all this leads me to tell you what I have decided to do. No more unpleasant, young fellows lying in wait to catch me slipping on a banana peel, or with my mouth open, or twisting my moustaches in a pensive mood. Never again will I be a "subject" or a "study"—those despised creatures of the photographers' world. From henceforth I shall look the camera fiend straight in the eye, and not avoid him like the plague. From this day forward you will see me, like the Ancient Mariner, with a glitter in my eye. And if you should look closer...hey, where are you running off to, come along, I think there's sufficient light, hurry up, Narain. Yes, I have bought a camera!



BOOKS & AUTHORS



Education for International Understanding. By K. G. Saiyidain. Hind Kitabs Limited, Bombay. Price Rs. 3-12.

This is a small volume containing the lectures delivered by Mr. K. G. Saiyidain, one of our leading educationists now working with the Bombay Government as Educational Adviser during the International Educational Conference held in Australia in 1946 and the Paris session of the UNESCO, and two or three stray talks and articles. The book makes easy reading in spite of the rather heavy subject it deals with. The simple, chaste language and the fluent, spoken style are to a great extent responsible for this.

The book consists of two parts. The first contains five lectures delivered in Australia, the most important being the one on 'Teaching of history for the promotion of internationalism and peace.' Mr. Saiyidain pleads for a re-orientation of the methods of teaching history. He is against perennialism which harks back to the past and essentialism which confines itself to the tested heritage of the classical curriculum, as also progressivism which is content with the 'liberal' doctrine of stimulating people to think effectively only. He condemns the rise of special schools of historians who consciously or unconsciously tend to deepen differences and disagreements. He pleads for a revision and rewriting of history books to stress the social and cultural aspects of the Story of Man and keep the military and even the political aspects in the background, taking note of the great changes in international relationships which the development of scientific technique and more especially the rapid means of communication have brought about, because the problem of peace is obviously linked up with that of internationalism.

The second part of the book consists of one article originally contributed to the Government of India pamphlet Unesco, and four speeches made by the author at the Paris session which he attended as one of India's delegates. He speaks confidently as one who believes not only in the ideals of the UNESCO but in their practicability too. Hopes apart, when Mr. Saiyidain quotes Iqbal as saying, "Humanity is lost—only nations remain!" It sounds painfully like a cynical, albeit true description of the UNO.

The book is worth its price.

Kural. Selections from Books 1 and 2 with English translation by H. E. Mr. C. Rajagopalachari. Rochoose and Co., Madras. Price Rs. 5.

The body of moral doctrine propounded by the ancient classic, the Kural has lost neither its practical utility nor its attractiveness despite the passage of near two thousand years. But it is certain that a hand to guide the reader along its intricacies is necessary. This office has been most ably filled by the present Governor-General. With his incisive style and clear thinking, he has selected and translated some of the more notable apophthegms contained in the first and the second parts of the great book. There is no idle vapouring here, no talk of foreknowledge, will, and fate. With his attention undiverted from the practical needs of imperfect humanity, the editor has extracted a collection of sayings, exhortations, and reflections, aimed at rendering help in the struggle of good against evil. His translation is perspicuous where it is fatally easy to lose oneself in turgid pompousness. The non-Tamil world owes much to his labours for introducing a grand old classic.

Bernard Shaw tells this story of the best caricature he had ever seen of himself. It 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."—YUSUF KARSH IN *FACES OF DESTINY*.

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.

Travancore Affairs

When Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer proclaimed the idea of an American model constitution for Travancore, up went an uproar under the auspices of the State Congress that no such thing would be brooked. In the peculiar conditions obtaining in the State, the former Dewar might have foreseen that the party system of government would be unsuitable and might prove a failure.

What do we see in Travancore today? Not long after the Ministry of Mr. Pattom Thanu Pillai had assumed charge, it was faced with a crisis. His two colleagues in the Cabinet tendered their resignations which were later withdrawn, thanks to concerted attempts at rapprochement by leading Congressmen and Congress well-wishers.

Scarcely had the expanded Ministry been in office for four months when the political sky suddenly became dark by intrigues and brisk canvassing for a no-confidence motion against the Ministry which was passed by the All Travancore Congress Committee. The Cabinet of Mr. Pattom Thanu Pillai was forced out of office by the State Congress Parliamentary Party by a motion of no-confidence signed by 65 members, a two-thirds majority in the House.

As leader of the State Congress Parliamentary Party, Mr. Pattom Thanu Pillai deserves no compliments for permitting members to indulge in unchecked criticisms in the press and on the platform as to what the Ministry did and did not do. There criticisms eventually transcended all limits and paved the way for the no-confidence move which has unseated the Ministry.

Mr. Pattom Thanu Pillai than whom there is no State Congressman more competent to lead, was ill-advised, it is generally felt, to have stuck to the office of State Congress President which requires the whole time attention and work of one individual, especially in the context of the wide range of constructive work that has to be done, besides acting as liaison between the Government and people.

The present ministerial crisis is believed to be the result of combined operations of communal and power politics. At this stage when the State Congress has resolved to merge in the

Indian National Congress, the National Congress High Command may be expected to be closely watching the deteriorating political situation in Travancore which is reflected in its naked ferocity in the Malayalam Press.

R. J. BHATTER

Quilon.

Churchill's Diatribes

Mr. Churchill has claimed that the increase of population in India to the tune of 100 million in 50 years was a sign of benign British rule. This illustrates a typical method adopted by our erstwhile rulers to throw dust into the eyes of the world.

A comparative study of the world's population will make it clear that the rate of increase here in this country lags far behind that of almost any European country. As estimated by Moreland in "India At The Death Of Akbar" the population of India stood at 160 million towards the end of the 16th century. Taking the population of the country in the 30's as 353 millions the increase was three and a half times. But according to Finlaison, the population of England and Wales increased from 5.1 millions in 1700 to 40.4 millions in 1931, registering thus an increase of 8 times in a shorter period of less than two and a half centuries. Clearly the rate of increase in England has been double that of India. Again, in "World Population: Past Growth and Present Trends", A. M. Carr-Saunders notes that between 1650 and 1933 Europe's share in the total of world population increased from 18.3 to 25.2 per cent while Asia's share fell from 60.6 to 54.5 per cent.

B. Narain, in "Population Of India" (1925) compares the rate of increase of population in India with that of the leading European countries. The position between 1870 and 1910 is as follows: For India the increase per cent was 18.9, England and Wales 58, Germany 59, Belgium 47.8, Holland 62, Russia 73.9 and Europe on the whole (average) 45.4. During the period 1871-31 the increase in India was 30 per cent while in England it was 77 per cent.

The conclusion is obvious. While the economic development and expansion of production have facilitated a more rapid growth of population in Europe, the step-motherly treatment accorded

to our industries in consonance with the policy of exploitation adopted by our past masters resulted in the disproportionate increase of our population. But for the unfortunate interlude of foreign misrule, the population of the country would have kept pace with that of Europe.

KOMPALLI AUDINARAYANA

Bapatla.

Clannishness Charge

Your espousal of Dr. Pattabhi for the Presidentship of the Indian National Congress provokes in me a smile of amused surprise. You have on many occasions hurled vituperative epithets on Dr. Pattabhi.

Pedantic consistency represents, of course, a sterile frame of mind. Men's minds might justifiably change, due to change of circumstances. In this instance, the circumstances have not altered to warrant a change of opinion. Is it compatible with your Socialistic views to have accorded your abundant support to Dr. Pattabhi?

What has made you become suddenly one of his ardent devotees? My own answer is that you have allowed the extraneous consideration of clannishness to impair your integrity of judgment. I own to a feeling of disappoint-

ment that a writer who is so near the summit of utter detachment is, too, not altogether free from clannishness.

It is likely that you may withhold publicity to this letter but I cannot refrain from pointing out the miserable falling away from the high standard of rectitude which has always characterised your previous writings.

V. RADHAKRISHNAN

Adult Franchise

Adult franchise is the *sine qua non* of a true and ideal democracy. It presupposes an enlightened electorate aware of the heavy responsibility of making a wise choice, and the capacity to understand at least broadly the issues involved, in an election. This once again means a high percentage of literacy in the electorate. In India at present the percentage of literacy is very low and the conditions envisaged in the proper working of adult franchise do not exist.

Rajen Babu, speaking the other day at a public meeting at Nagapur gave expression to the dangers of adult franchise and the imperative necessity of voters returning the best candidates in an election irrespective of whether they belonged to the Congress or not. Till now the elections were fought by



the Congress on the issue of Independence and elimination of foreign domination. Now that India has attained Independence, future elections will have to be fought on programmes. This will naturally mean a proper appreciation of the programmes of parties. Under present conditions in India it is highly doubtful whether the electors will realise the full implications of their choice. Hence the burden of initial selection by parties putting up candidates will be all the greater.

As pointed out by Rajen Babu there is a qualification prescribed for a judge, but none for the legislators who bring in the legislation to be enforced by the judge. The result has been that many of our present legislators are unable to follow the proceedings of the legislature, much less participate effectively in forging legislation.

The situation calls for a deep study on the part of the Congress to devise ways and means to avoid the dangers attendant on adult franchise, under present conditions.

V. M. GIRI

Bellary.

"The Philosophy Of Industrialisation"

Having followed with interest and hearty agreement the articles of Mr. S. Parthasarathy for their utmost simplicity and practical outlook I am surprised at what he has said towards the end in his 'Philosophy of Industrialisation' in the Swatantra Annual.

'Industries which manufacture products which are acquired by men to indulge in the vainglorious pleasure of possessing something which many others cannot afford will be banned,' says the author in his concluding paragraph. This is a very serious thing coming from such a serious writer. Who will decide what are vainglorious pursuits? This question needs to be answered before policies are laid down in such a flat manner.

The crux of the question is not the mere announcement of policy. It is how it will be worked out, who will work it out, and what would be worked out that matters. To close down all toddy shops is possible with a stroke of the pen. But if even one of the toddy-tappers who become unemployed is to be fed, a thousand strokes of the pen will not be enough. Before a sweeping reform is brought in, society has a right and a duty and responsibility to see that those that are affected by it are not thrown overboard overnight.

The writer has asked for a classification of industries into those which

serve vainglorious purposes, and those which do not. What is the line of distinction that can be drawn between the two? Is a car a vainglorious thing, or a cycle? Is a house a vainglorious possession? Do not even cosmetics and cigarettes play their part in giving relief? By giving a blank cheque to the State we run the risk of not having any liberty to shape out independent lives. The Minister today may think that cycles are a luxury and hence should not be produced. Tomorrow's Minister may say that people should live in tents.

Every profession gives some scope or other for development. It will be always possible to divert talent acquired in one line to some other line. In the totality this will be better for the economy of the country. It will be suicidal to force people to particular channels of activity. Greater individual freedom is today necessary so that the suppressed energies and talents of people may come up on the surface.

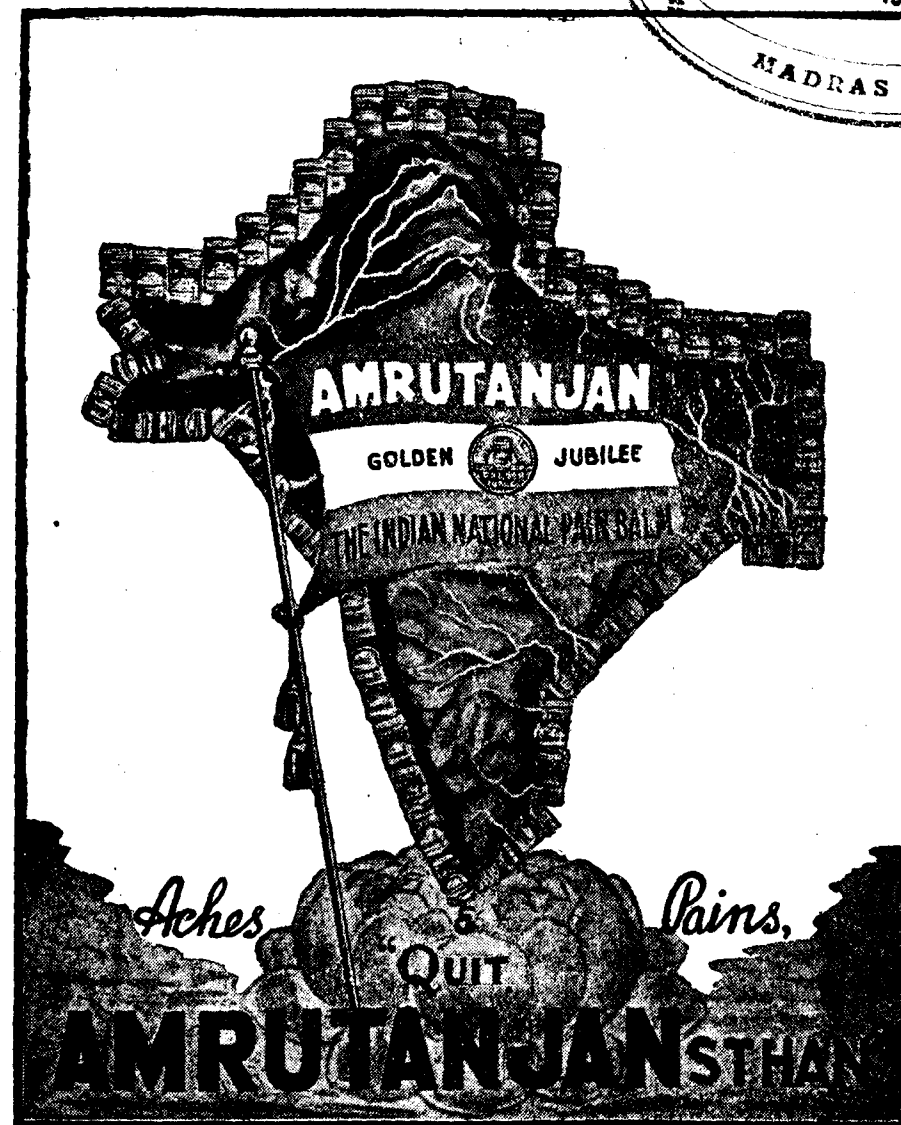
We must today improve administrative efficiency. We find that even departments like the railways are not giving the service they used to give before. The same staff are there, but their outlook has changed. The service for the nation is the ideal, but irresponsibility to the public has arisen. These things require to be set right before we scheme, plan, chalk out and think of executing other things. We must work out methods of improving the administration before we think of sky high schemes. Let us allow free growth, and then, after careful watch divert some of the industries into other channels, rather than simply close one without suitably opening another.

"NAMBS"

SWATANTRA

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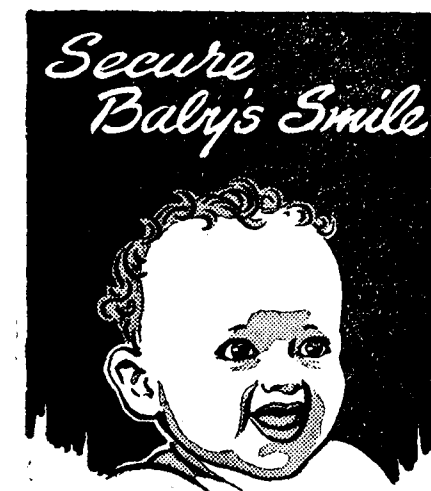


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SWATANTRA

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No. 41

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1948

ISSUED
WEEKLY

THE POET



IF the City burns let it burn,
there's beauty in the burning,
of such natural rockets,
roman candles and catherine-wheels!
But you cannot ask the Poet
to handle the hose,
turning the hydrant on:
that's the work of the fire-brigade.
Like Nero of old
the Poet can only sit and fiddle
while the City burns.

Manjeri S. Isvaran

RIGHT LEAD

IT is good that a Congress leader of the standing of Mr. Kamaraj Nadar should at last have spoken the candid truth about the firka development schemes of the Madras Government. He stated at the Ramnad Political Conference that "if the money spent on these schemes had been given to the villagers for the improvement of village roads and other civic amenities, it would have gone a long way in ameliorating the conditions of the villages in the Province." Against the charge thus made, what is the case of the Government? Do they make any attempt to defend their firka development schemes? Not in the least, to judge by the tenor of a speech made by the Firka Development Minister Sri Gurubatham at about the same time that the President of the Tamil Nadu Congress Committee was making his indictment. There would appear to be perfect agreement between the Minister and the Congress leader about the uselessness of the firka development schemes. Mr. Gurubatham has been at pains to explain that the slow progress made under the schemes was due to lack of co-operation from villagers. But why was there lack of co-operation? Ministers in charge of particular subjects cannot absolve themselves of responsibility for dismal records by shoving the blame on to other shoulders. They are there to achieve results. If there are difficulties, it is part of their responsibility to overcome them. Mere mention of difficulties does not divest a Minister of the obligations of his office to seek to remove them

paving the way for progress. Mr. Gurubatham's tactic of gratuitous ventilation of defects as though their removal is not his job, is on a par with the Premier's feat some-time ago of castigating a whole department for corruption, forgetting that the head of the Government can gather no laurels from the ashes of the ruined credit of any department within the domain of his authority.

Another admirable lead, for which high credit is due to Sri Kamaraj Nadar, is in respect of the quest for permits and licenses by Congress legislators. The Working Committee of the Tamil Nadu Congress Committee has under Sri Nadar's influence now passed a resolution banning Congress legislators and members of Congress Committees from applying for such permits and licenses. This is a step in the right direction and we wish to see the principle underlying it finding extended application. That principle can be stated in very simple terms, thus: Political power should not be allowed to be abused for exploitation for personal ends. This is so axiomatic a proposition that it is scarcely necessary at all to labour an argument in its favour. Unfortunately there has been a tragic collapse of morale in the wake of political power leading to displays of enormous acquisitiveness in displacement of the traditional Congress standards of sacrifice, and this has served as an impetus for the spread of corruption in the lower rungs of the Congress hierarchy. The process of purification should begin at the top. If the impetus of the

Tamil Nadu resolution gathers momentum and force, it would no longer be possible for the supplanters of British power in India to imitate their predecessors, as they are still doing, in excessive self-appropriations of lucre and gifts on a lavish scale which the Mahatma never ceased to condemn while he lived.

The First Test

In the First Test which recently concluded at New Delhi, the West Indians were perhaps themselves amazed at the extraordinary fruitfulness of their batting. It will be churlish to attribute their resplendent achievement merely to the perfection of the pitch or to the inefficiency of the Indian bowlers. The masters, it is clear, are come among us. One looks at Walcott with astonishment, at Gomez with respect, at Christiani with sympathy; but there can

only be admiration for Weekes. Regret at the failure of Mankad and Hazare will be lost in the appreciation which should be offered to the two fighting innings of Adnikari. This batsman has unexpectedly assimilated the lesson of the Australian masters, that determination, almost sternness, should overlay artistry and there should be an armour over a dress of velvet, as in the case of Victor Trumper. The Test was no less transfigured by the unexpected purposeful aggression of Modi and the graceful steadiness of Ibrahim.

There is now even less reason than ever to under-estimate the prowess of the tourists, especially as Ferguson did not lend his genius to their attack in the Delhi Test. When the wickets come to be more favourable to the bowlers and when the players of both the teams arrive in form, contests of Roman sternness can be expected in the remaining Tests.

Sotto Voce

The Hand of Bhakti



EVERYTHING on the Gangetic plain is on a vast scale, except the temples. The distances are enormous and transport rudimentary, if you leave out the railways. For one accustomed to a train halt at every mile or so, it is a pleasant revelation that an express is really an express here. And the rivers have the charm of the unexpected. The Ganga in Kashi is of course much broader (and more placid) than it is further up; but it is no Amazon. On the other hand, the Sarayu at Ayodhya, which I had suspected Valmiki of boosting for

understandable reasons, seemed to my startled vision as big as the Ganga itself.

The temples, on the contrary, are disappointingly small and totally devoid of any architectural pretensions. In South India too, the central shrine in any of the great temples is a small structure. And it is the counterpart of this, unsupported by any ancillary buildings or towering gates, that normally constitutes a temple in upper India. But take the famous Subrahmanya shrine inside the Brihadiswara temple at

Tanjore; it is small in size, but what a miracle of loveliness! It is difficult to believe that the genius for temple architecture so instinct in the Indian mind and of which there are such splendid evidences surviving in every other part of the country, could have failed to manifest itself in Madhyadesa alone, the sacred land of the Upanishads.

The truth seems to be that the vandalism of the religious zealot was far more thoroughgoing in this historic valley where the fate of Empires was so often settled. Of the old Vishwanath Mandir which the Moghul razed to the ground, building a mosque on its site, the figure of Nandi alone survives, by a curious accident, one must suppose, just outside the wall that separates the mosque from the temple. And it is on a bigger scale than the images of the sacred bull which you find in these parts usually are. That suggests that the destroyed fanes may have been conceived in ampler proportions. The existing shrines are mostly humdrum affairs; and where they have attracted the renovating zeal of moneyed devotees, an intolerably pretty-pretty effect has too often been the result.

In Mathura and Brindavan every other house is a shrine; Ayodhya is supposed to contain 4500 of them! And the pandas do a roaring business, importuning the pious with strident voices to pay their mite and secure the unique blessing of that particular aspect of the Godhead. The pretty marble images installed in many of these places of worship seem to have no iconographic significance. They are of the 'fleshy' school of art familiarised by the Gorakhpur lithographs. There they sit in their little niche in the full glare of day with no antechamber, often not so much as a railing to screen them from the eddying throng. The worshipper may make his own offerings direct and embrace the feet of the Lord.

It would be wrong to suppose, however, that this kind of public

worship has bred in the mind of common people an anthropomorphic conception of the Deity. The new fashion in sacred sculpture has not eliminated the old but only overlaid it. A striking instance of this is to be found in the Kala Bhavana Temple at Benares where a human head in metal has been ingeniously superimposed on old stone-carving, authentic in its rudeness, in the likeness of a dog. (If you should wish to see this unveiled, the presiding panda is only too willing to oblige—for a fee!) In like manner the Advaitic consciousness, though overlaid by wave upon wave of Bhakti, is still there deep down in the common man.

Kashi represents the entire orbit of Hinduism. The humble throng that pays its homage to Visveswara by touching His symbol and lovingly anointing it may seem to belong to a different world from the elect who worship at the Holy of Holies at Chidambaram meditating on the Dahara Akasa. But the devotees of the Lord of the Universe cannot be narrow sectarians; they worship with equal love at the shrines of Bindu Madhava and Panduranga. And over all the manifestations of piety broods the consciousness of the One Reality which men can only express by negations. Varanasi is not only Mahasmasana; it is Anandavana.

One remarkable and refreshing thing about the common people here is the rapt absorption you see on their faces when they are in the act of worship. No small talk, no nudging to draw your neighbour's attention to the fine saree a stranger is wearing, no wandering of attention. At the Banke Behari shrine in Brindaban I saw a young man standing in the presence, absolutely oblivious of his surroundings and reliving an elaborate mimesis with what the irreverent might have considered uncouth gestures. But it would have occurred to nobody there to laugh or even smile. It is this faith that may yet prove our sheet-anchor.

VIGNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS : :

Fanaticism is the child of false zeal and superstition, the father of intolerance and persecution.—FLETCHER.

INSIDE the active element of the Communist Party locked up in jail, a crisis has been brewing for some time. Some of the important members have severed their connection with the party. Most of the Communists are ex-Congressmen. As there is no foe so well hated as an ex-friend, the attitude of the Communists to the Congress has been one of deep hostility. With a leader like Mahatma Gandhi it was not safe for them to set up the debunking process too openly and they went about it warily. Not that the Communists lack courage. To give them their due, they are a hardy lot. They are not cowed down by the difficulties of any task to be undertaken in pursuit of a policy. Often their work has been a series of jumps from one hazardous enterprise to another. But they are sensitive to wastage of means. When the means do not lead them to the end in view, they make no bones about swinging to a diametrically opposite course. It is not unusual to find the Communists, after a midnight decision of the party leaders, starting the dawn of the next day with vigorous espousal of a programme the very reverse of the one they had been advocating previously, with the same thorough-going fanaticism. They will then show no quarter to those that remain in undisturbed loyalty to their own teaching of 24 hours ago.

Conscience which in essence is an individual barometer of right and wrong, is not compatible with the discipline of the Communist Party. The individual consciences of the members are merged in the collective authority of the party and have no separate independent existence. Whatever is adumbrated for the time being as the "party line" is right and no dissent from it or resistance to its ukases is tolerated.

There is the stamp of a rigid regimentation on the entire working of the Communist Party—the voices of the members are different but the talk and the arguments are of a pattern, and a master mind works through them using them as the tame instruments of its indomitable will.

Even in a party so mightily inoculated against dissent as the Communist Party, disruption has lately broken out. The party lead calling for an insurrection against the liberating Indian Army in Hyderabad and their opposition to the merger of the French possessions in the Indian Union seem to have opened the eyes of some of the Communists to the true character of the party and broken their faith in it as a desirable political organisation. Dr. Atchamamba who for a decade was the life and soul of the Communist Party in Bezwada is now disillusioned and has written to Government dissociating herself completely from the present tactics and policy of the party. Amongst others that have adopted a similar course the most prominent are V. Venkatarama Sastri, K. Satyanarayana (Junior) and Vavilala Gopalakrishnaiah.

It is likely that the standard-bearers of revolt against the Communist Party now in detention will soon be set free. They will have a good deal to live down before they succeed in acquiring the goodwill of the social elements in whose midst their lot will be now cast. All the rancour of the party leaders will be concentrated on them. But their defection is important as the sign of a process that has just begun and may spread very wide presently. If disillusioned Congressmen turned Communist become disillusioned once again with the Communist Party, what constructive trend is the second disillusionment likely to take? A return to the Congress will be opportunism if only because the

Congress is in power. The seceders will not survive as a political force if their proclamation of change of faith is accompanied by any large-scale effort to seek the favour of the leaders of the party in power.

According to a report in The Times, drastic changes in Czech and Slovak newspapers were forecast by Mr. Kopecki, Minister of Information, at the annual congress of Czech and Slovak journalists held at Prague recently. Advertising, he said, would be abolished and space given to sport cut. Mr. Kopecki stated that except in special circumstances national enterprises would not advertise in the future, but in so far as advertising was still necessary, it would become a State monopoly and would be published in a special newspaper. The so-called freedom of the Press under

the bourgeois system, Mr. Kopecki averred, was simply a method devised to sow dissension. In future each paper and magazine must appeal to one section of the community only, for instance, for the farmers, or for the army, and become specialist in one subject such as politics, industry, or agriculture. Competition in fact must go.

Through advertisements, the Press extracts a large toll from commerce and industry. The successful collector of advertisements is the most important figure in newspaper offices as at present organised. If there should be no advertisements the leadership of the Press will cease to belong to commercial managers and will pass on to writers and thinkers with something to say to provoke and hold public attention. —SAKA.

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PARTIES AND PERSONALITIES IN HYDERABAD

(From A Special Correspondent)

IN writing about the parties and political personalities in Hyderabad one has to think more of their potentialities for the future than their record in the past. Till the other day there was hardly any scope for normal political activity in the State. Practically no meeting of any kind could be held without the permission of the police and permission was invariably refused for any meeting remotely savouring of politics. The State Congress, indisputably the biggest political organisation in the State, was in hibernation for eight years before its right to function legally was recognised in 1946. And within a year it became virtually a banned organisation again. The very widespread infiltration which the Communists were able to effect into a large number of non-political organisations and the influence they built up among students were due largely to the fact that they were pastmasters in "underground" activity and had the field free to themselves during the years when the Congress was under a ban in the State and Congress leaders could not carry on open propaganda.

Such struggles as the State Congress organised were on the approved Gandhian pattern and revealed no distinctive forms. That there was a tremendous upsurge of popular feeling, particularly since the days of the August 1942 struggle in India, which had its echoes in Hyderabad, is undeniable. But it has not thrown up a leadership whose hold on the masses is firm and deep. Moreover, during the fifteen months preceding the Indian police action, the fact that the top leaders of the State Congress, the members of the Committee of Action, remained outside the State—however justified it might be from the point of view of higher strategy—has not helped to enhance their reputation in the eyes of their

followers. True, the Hyderabad situation had reached a stage where only outside intervention could solve it and the Hyderabad leaders outside the State helped by their agitation and propaganda to educate public opinion in the provinces on the grim realities of the happenings in the State and stirred the Government of India to action. They were perhaps also useful in assisting the Provincial Governments with information and advice as to the organisation of the defence of the border areas against Razakar raids. But the general feeling within the State was that the Committee of Action issued fiery manifestoes for resistance from the safety of the Indian Union while the people inside bore the brunt of the Razakar assault. This situation was no doubt exploited by the Communists who were carrying on a guerilla war against the Hyderabad police and Razakars with remarkable success, mainly in the Telengana districts of Warangal and Nalgonda.

The struggles launched by the State Congress after its first plenary session in June, 1947, took the form of holding meetings in defiance of prohibitory orders at which the people's demand for Hyderabad's accession to the Indian Union was voiced, and the hoisting of the Indian National Flag, which was discountenanced by the Hyderabad Government as derogatory to its "Independence" after August 15, 1947. The Nizam's Government had declared the Indian Union Flag a foreign flag and made its ceremonial hoisting an offence punishable with three years' imprisonment. In August, Swami Ramanand Tirth and some of the members of the Working Committee were arrested. Meetings and processions were held in defiance of police bans and besides hundreds of arrests the police indulged in severe lathi charges. The Committee of

Action, under the chairmanship of Mr. D. G. Bindu, issued an appeal from Bezawada for mass civil disobedience, but left the form this should take delightfully vague. There was a boycott of educational institutions by students who generally were at the vanguard of all resistance. By the end of September, nearly four thousand men and women had been clamped in jail. Meanwhile the long-drawn-out negotiations between the India Government and Hyderabad culminated in the Standstill Agreement of November 29, following which the Laik Ali Government released Swamiji and a few other leaders. There was a show of parleys with the State Congress over internal constitutional reforms, but nothing came of them as the Ittehad had no intention of permitting any progress towards democratic government and the Swamiji firmly refused to accept any formulas based on Hindu-Muslim parity and the like. Internally the Razakar terror had increased and in fact everything was being prepared for a showdown with India. The Swamiji, who had left the State after his release, decided to re-enter the State and launch a struggle. He was arrested on January 26, 1948, and remained in prison till his release after the Indian troops' march into the State in September last. The Committee of Action, which during all this period remained outside the State, issued a statement on April 2, 1948, advising the people in the State who were leaving in hundreds in panic owing to the mounting Razakar terror, "to remove their women and children to places of safety and fight out to the last the evil forces of destruction in a collective way and with whatever material they can procure." While those who chose to remain, organised self-defence as best as they could, it is not known what concrete steps the Committee of Action took to organise such self-defence. The Committee, however, had indicated in the same statement that deliverance for the people of Hyderabad could only come from Indian intervention. It concluded its state-

ment with the following appeal to the Government of India: "As the final custodian of peace and tranquillity throughout India it is imperative for the Indian Union to immediately and effectively intervene."

Like the Indian National Congress a few years ago, the Hyderabad State Congress has not been an ideologically homogeneous body. During the period of struggle for responsible government, naturally people of all shades of opinion who were agreed on the primary objective found place within it. There were Communists, Gandhi-ites, Socialists, Royists and others. It should be remembered that till as recently as February last, the Communists accepted the lead of the State Congress and it was after the Calcutta session of the Communist Party of India that the Communists in the State came out openly against the State Congress and the India Government. Although the Communists have been functioning as a separate party since 1942, a quite considerable section within the State Congress would appear to be pro-Communist. According to one informant at least a third of the Standing Council of the Hyderabad State Congress, which corresponds to the A.I.C.C. of the Indian Congress, are pro-Communists. Their position was not difficult so long as the State Congress and the Communist Party functioned in co-operation. But now that the relations between the two are those of unconcealed hostility, it remains to be seen what transformation takes place in this section. Some might go over whole hog to the Communists. A large section probably will join the Socialists who are now the third biggest group in the State Congress.

Another group which used to function openly as a separate group within the State Congress till recently and which decided to dissolve itself last month is the Kisan-Mazdoor-Praja (K.M.P.) group. The group was formed in July 1947 immediately after the Congress session with a view to propagating the Gandhian ideology and pro-

gramme as distinguished from the Socialist and Communist programmes. In the Standing Council of the State Congress the K.M.P. claimed as many as 130-150 members out of a total of 330, but curiously enough it has no member on the Working Committee and had none on the Council of Action (which has been now dissolved). Their leader is Mr. B. Ramakrishna Rao, who is one of the five prominent State Congress leaders whose conduct during the past year is the subject of an enquiry ordered by the State Congress Working Committee. The reported charge against Mr. Ramakrishna Rao is that while the Congress was carrying on its struggle, he negotiated with the Hyderabad Government behind the back of the Congress. K.M.P. spokesmen have denied that anything that would compromise the Congress was done. Without seeking to anticipate the findings of the enquiry committee, it may be mentioned here that both Mr. Ramakrishna Rao and Mr. K. S. Vaidya, whose conduct is also under enquiry, have taken part in earlier Satyagraha campaigns of the State Congress although neither of them went to jail in the last struggle. Mr. Ramakrishna Rao, by all accounts, is an able man and it would be a pity if for purely technical reasons his services are not properly utilised. The K.M.P. group contains some earnest and able men and women who have done good constructive work in the State and they may be expected to play a notable part in the future. The K.M.P. leaders have been particularly active in the promotion of communal harmony, removal of untouchability, and spread of Khadi. The inspiration for this work has come largely from the Heda couple, Mr. Harischandra Heda and his wife, Gyankumari Heda, whose residence in Hyderabad is an animated centre of Congress activity with an endless stream of Congress workers coming in and going out day and night.

Incidentally, a brief reference may be made to the "purge" of the State Congress recently undertaken

by the Working Committee. The Committee appears to have called upon hundreds of Congress members to explain why they did not participate in the struggle. While the Committee would be justified in taking disciplinary action against those members who worked against the Congress or undermined its influence, a sweeping enquiry into the conduct of all those who did not respond to the call of the Congress seems hardly appropriate, particularly after the Committee's decision to admit Muslims into the Congress. The Congress should concentrate on the future than waste its time over a postmortem on the past.

The Socialists in the State Congress are definitely a force to reckon with. They have played a significant part in the people's struggle. The group was formed shortly after the ban on the State Congress was lifted in June 1946. The visit of the All-India Socialist leaders, Jai Prakash Narain, Ashok Mehta,

Aruna Asaf Ali and S. M. Joshi, gave a powerful impetus to the people's movement and Jai Prakash Narain's externment on May 8, 1947, was followed by a clash between the Nizam's police and a crowd of demonstrators. The Socialist leader, Mahadev Singh, who was Jai Prakash's host was arrested. The Socialists were prominent in the first session of the State Congress held in June 1947. The volunteers for the session were organised by Mr. and Mrs. Vijendra Kabra, Socialists. When the struggle was launched in August, the Socialists were most active among the students and were responsible for bringing out 15,000 of them from educational institutions. Following the example of the Communists in Nalgonda, the Socialist leaders Bidap, Shinde and Kalua worked amongst the Kisans in Karimnagar, Adilabad and Aurangabad districts and organised the movement for the breakaway of villages in these districts. The Socialists also organised some border camps for carrying out raids on the Nizam's territory and carried on some sabotage activity in Hyderabad and Secunderabad cities.

The Socialists now have two of their leaders, B. S. Mahadev Singh and R. V. Bidap, on the State Congress Working Committee. It is practically certain that when the State Congress merges itself in the Indian National Congress and becomes a regional part of it, the Socialists will secede from it and set up their own separate organisation as a part of the All-India Socialist Party. But whether inside or outside the Congress they are bound to play a significant part in the future of the State. They have sincerity, idealism and a progressive ideology on their side. They have a considerable following among students and youths generally. If they adhere to their principles and do not go in for the game of politics they are sure sooner or later to win over a majority to their side. Their immediate task is to see that the purity of politics is maintained and that corruption and inefficiency are ruthlessly exposed.

They must devote themselves to the preparation and popularisation of concrete schemes for the betterment of the masses, whether it be working class housing or abolition of jagirs. There is enormous work to be done in India on the lines of the Fabian Society's work in Britain and it is work which Socialists alone can do. The problems of Socialist reconstruction have to be thoroughly examined and the people have to be educated as well as prepared for the Socialist transition. It may seem not very exciting as a general strike or revolution, but there is no escape from it for those who believe in the democratic process.

The Socialists of Hyderabad should know that ideologically the battle has already been half won. For the State Congress Working Committee, in its "perspectives" resolution passed at its last meeting in October, declared that political freedom should be combined with "socio-economic freedom and freedom from all forms of exploitation". The Committee has envisaged the setting up of a constitution which would "usher in a Janata Raj"—People's Raj. The phraseology of Socialism has now become the stock in trade of everyone, from the Communist to the Nationalist. It is for the Socialists to see that these high-sounding words are clothed with reality and that what is promised in words is fulfilled in deeds.

The decisive figure in Hyderabad politics at the moment is the President of the State Congress, Swami Ramanand Tirth. He is respected by all groups and his integrity and passion for the people's progress and welfare are beyond question. The Swamiji is a thin, spare, middle-aged man, with no prepossessing personality. But he is said to be a powerful speaker in Marathi as well as Hindustani. He was born in 1903 in Gulbarga district, but received his education in Sholapur and graduated from the Tilak Vidyapith. It is interesting to recall that the latter-day champion of democracy in Hyderabad wrote a thesis on "The Evolution of Democracy" for his M.A. degree.



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He received his first lessons in trade unionism under the veteran trade unionist, Mr. N. M. Joshi, and worked with him at Sholapur and Bombay. He later entered the educational field and came under the influence of Swami Kaivalyanand.



"We refuse to be slaves, we will not submit to an autocratic regime in Hyderabad", said Swami Ramanand Tirth, First President, Hyderabad State Congress, arrested and detained in jail on and from 15th August, 1947.

He had a strain of the ascetic in him from early years and in 1931 he decided to become a sanyasi while serving as headmaster of the National High School at Hipparga.

It was at the instance of the veteran Mahratta leader, the late Govind Rao Nanal, first President of the Hyderabad State Congress, that the Swamiji entered politics as the Secretary of the Maharashtra Conference in 1938. With that began a life punctuated by regular jail-going. In the Satyagraha which was launched against the ban on the State Congress in October 1938 under the lead of Mr. Nanal the Swamiji led the second batch of Satyagrahis. This Satyagraha was suspended in December on the advice of Gandhiji and the prisoners were released in April 1948. Between 1939 and 1946, when the State Congress was made legal, there were two struggles, in 1940 and 1942, in which the Swamiji took

the leading part and was arrested. In August 1942 he had been asked by Govind Rao Nanal to take over his place as President of the State Congress (the Swamiji had become its General Secretary in 1939), but the police forestalled the event. When in June 1946 the eight-year-old ban on the Congress was lifted, Swami Ramanand was the natural choice for the Presidentship. The first open session of the Congress was held a year later under his inspiring leadership, and shortly after, the State Congress was plunged in a life and death struggle in which nearly fifteen thousand men and women suffered imprisonment while the mass of people underwent untold suffering and humiliation at the hands of the Razakar regime. After the Nizam's surrender the Swamiji was released from Gulburga Jail on September 17.

Swami Ramanand, by any token, is a queer figure in politics. In India we know of only one other Swamiji in politics, Swami Sahajanand, the fiery Kisan leader of Bihar, who used to be a conspicuous figure at A.I.C.C. sessions. It is a curious fact that Swami Ramanand, like Swami Sahajanand, is a radical and has been suspected of being a crypto-Communist. During the period of the Hyderabad struggle he refused to condemn the Communists in Nalgonda and Warangal, though their methods were different from those of the Congress. I think this was eminently justified because at the time the Communists were offering the most gallant resistance to the Nizam's police and army and to the Razakars. Since the "police action", however, he has condemned Communist activities on the ground that they encourage lawlessness and defiance of authority. While asserting his view that radical agrarian reforms are necessary, he deprecates seizures of lands by peasants by force and urges that both nationalisation and redistribution of land should be proceeded with in an orderly manner.

A leader of grit and courage in the days of the struggle for responsible government, it remains to be seen what part the Swamiji will

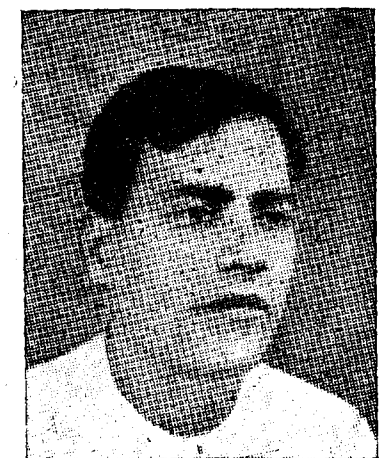
play in the new set-up. It is unlikely that he will himself head any Government that may be formed after the general elections in which there can be no doubt that the State Congress will be returned with a thumping majority. In Dr. Melkote, G. M. Shroff, K. S. Vaishampayan, Madapati Ramachandra Rao and D. G. Bindu he has trusted lieutenants and men of ability. The Ministry may be formed out of them while the Swamiji continues as super-chief and guide. By temperament and

the robes of his self-chosen *asrama*, the Swamiji could take a detached view of problems and give advice untrammelled by considerations of party or sectional interest. It was Plato who said that the world's political problems would vanish if philosophers were kings or if the rulers were imbued with the spirit of philosophy. It would be interesting to watch the results in Hyderabad where the irony of history has thrown up a Swami as the leader of its political destinies.

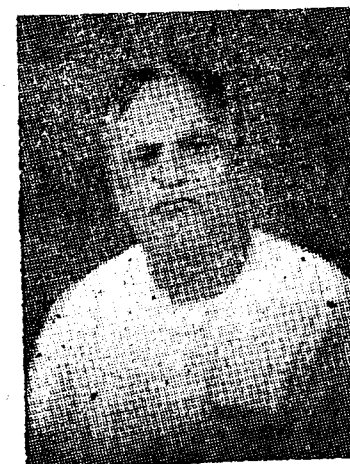
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THE poet T. S. Eliot who has been awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature, is an American by birth. Eliot's most important work has been done in Britain where he has lived for 30 years. Eliot has had an immense influence on the language of poetry and on the writing of his contemporaries. Aptly, this 60-year-old man of letters has been described as "the leader of the moderns".

T. S. Eliot reached England just before the First World War. Like his fellow-countryman, Henry James, he became more exquisitely Europeanised than any of his English contemporaries.

With Wyndham Lewis, Pound and James Joyce, he formed one of that somewhat incongruous quartet who called themselves "the Vortex" in the first years after the 1914-18 War. These writers were all too individualistic to be able to form a "school": they had little in common except their common bond of friendship. Soon after that Eliot became a British subject, a Royalist and an Anglo-Catholic.

He edited *The Criterion*, the magazine which more than any other served to form and to represent (almost officially) the cultural outlook of England between the two World Wars.

A man of ideas in his critical work, Eliot expresses few or no ideas in his poetry except that of the vanity and degeneration of the modern world, a theme to which he is tied in every one of his poems, and one which he probably inherited in his

blood from the early puritans who colonised North America.

He is a critic everyone can trust and respect however one may disagree with him, and his verse has entitled him to the first place in English poetry since the death of the great Irish poet W. B. Yeats.

Among his well-known works are "The use of Poetry and the use of Criticism", "Murder in the Cathedral", "Collected Poems", "The Classics and the Man of Letters", "Four Quartets", and "Milton".

The Nobel Prize for Physics has been awarded to Professor P.M.S. Blackett, who was in India recently to advise the Ministry of Defence in the building up of a sound scientific organisation. In 1947, when he attended the Indian Science Congress, an Honorary Doctorate of the University of Delhi was conferred on this British scientist of world fame.

Professor Blackett, who is 51, came into prominence during the summer of last year when he announced a new fundamental law in Physics. Scientific publications all over the world hailed it as one of the major discoveries of the century.

Professor Blackett's new law furnished an explanation of terrestrial magnetism, establishing a connection for the first time between two fields of Physics—mechanics and electro-magnetism.

He has been Professor of Physics at Manchester University since 1937 and has received some of the highest honours both in his own country and in the United States.



When Dr. Mareel Sternberger, former official court photographer in Brussels, photographed Bernard Shaw, the fee was £200. Shaw paid with 20 checks, each for £10. Asked why he made payment in such an odd manner, Shaw explained: "I understand that the price for my autograph is £25. By giving you 20 checks, both of us will profit. You can sell the £10 checks for £25. And the purchasers, of course, will want to keep the autographs and won't cash the checks."



Harindranath
Chattopadhyaya

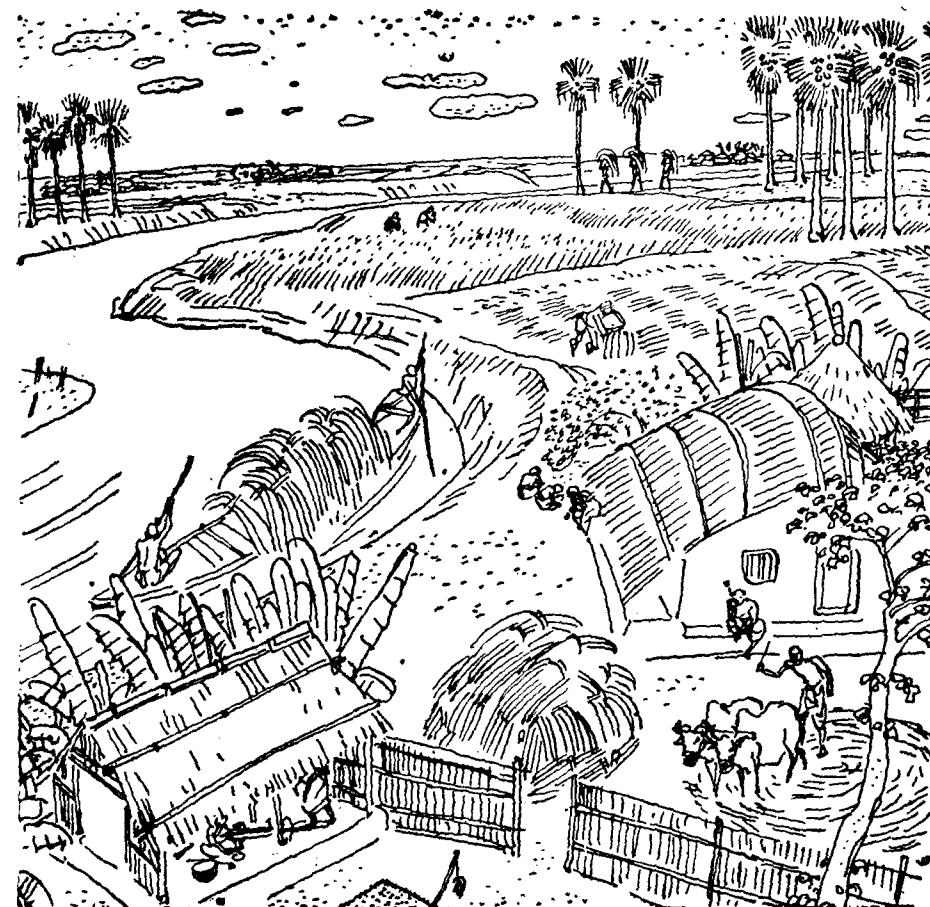
HUBLI

THERE is something uncanny and arcane about dawn; it stirs and wriggles out of the womb of the dark and when it first comes out, seems to be still born, for it does not seem either to move or breathe. It seems as if it had no blood in its limbs, so pallid and anæmic its light appears. But slowly you realise that it smiles into its first pink streak and all is well. Then it grows into the fullness of light and its brow wears the red spot of the sun by way of mystic ritual.

When I stepped out of the compartment in the early hours of the dawn at Hubli I felt somewhat like a newborn babe entering into a new world. But the heart seemed to beat faintly and a sensation of being dead seemed to spread over my limbs. Was it from travel-fatigue or was it some psychic event inside the core of my being? I could hardly tell when I enquired from the ticket-collector at the gate while going out of the station as to how far Sri Sidharud's Ashram was, he said it was about three miles away. I got into a jutka and felt more alive than ever at the thought that I was now actually in the vicinity of the Ripe One. On the way

I grew strangely keen and sniffed the air as a dog does to scent its Master. Unfamiliar surroundings! I love unfamiliar things. Unfamiliarity has a tang and a pang about itself. And yet, nothing truly is unfamiliar anywhere; it is because we have forgotten the self we have lost touch with the familiar. I have always felt, therefore, a sneaking sense of familiarity, deep and inexplicable, about unfamiliarity.

I had traversed over a mile when from the near distance came floating on the chilly air of dawn a weak woman's voice chanting to the sound of cymbals "Sidharud Satguru Tande Udhar Aday Nimminday", (Sidharud is the True Guru—I have got liberation through you!). It pierced my very bones; the monotonous drone, the sound of cymbals obstinately beating time to the chant. The driver explained to me that it was an old woman who had been chanting the phrase for months seated by the roadside, by way of mantra. I passed her by and envied her. A wrinkled person with eyelids closed in intense faith and a decision in her face writ large to reach the goal. That's how it is done; decision and an abiding by the decision, no matter what it costs



Autumn

The rains are gone. White clouds waft by to a gentle breeze. The harvest is brought safely home and every village is gay with song and dance.

By the huts where the grain is threshed, the river glides calmly, and, in the distance, drums herald the coming Poojah. Autumn is a strenuous time, but still a time for quiet rejoicing. In every home, in village hut and city flat, the fine flavour and warm comfort of tea come as reward and refreshment after work well done.



Tea

Any Time is Tea Time

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one. Truth and the seeking of It is a question of life and death. It is only a hero who can go in quest of it. The body is the final Kurukshetra, the holy battlefield where the army of darkness meets the army of light and the battle goes on. It all depends on the individual effort as to which of the two shall win! Old woman by the roadside, seated on its edge outwardly, yet inwardly on the edge of a vow made to your master not to budge an inch either from the spot where you sit or your purpose! Even today, while writing this and recalling the memory of you, I bow in salutation to you, one of the truly intense seekers on the Path. Perhaps, you are no more; perhaps, you died realised—or you did not. But what does it matter if you did or not? What matters is the need to reach the Feet of the Light, and with the need, the unwavering effort.

I reached the Ashram at last. But it is queer the way the heart began to move swiftly from hope to depression, from light to gloom, from exhilaration to a sense of doom. Once in a while the thought of my home, my dear ones, would come back to me like a picture and disturb me; but I held my breath and reminded myself that I was not to be weak—not to let go of my purpose.

The first thing I did was to have a dip in the large tank by the Ashram. Several people were bathing in it. But amidst the crowd I felt singularly alone and withdrawn. Some were reciting mantras, others were in a light-hearted mood for jest—but I closed myself like a treasure-box in order to protect the jewelled thought. "I have come to find the Divine and be liberated!" After the dip which acted like a tonic on me and toned up my sagging nerves, I felt ready to come face to face, with the Master. Cleanliness is next to Godliness is an old saying—but then, it does not mean mere outer cleanliness; cleanliness of thought, mood and feeling. How difficult! I was where I was in order to clean up the dross, the dirt, the hurt of the

being which I had through years of surface-life gathered up and even treasured like a miser!

"Where is Sidharuda?" I asked one of my fellow-bathers.

"Why, there,—behind you," he said.

At the foot of a shaggy large tree sat a figure, tall and slim, dressed in white Mahratta clothes—a red turban on his head with a gold border round it—and a parrot-beaklike protuberance on it. He wore Mahratti slippers, also red, with upturned toes. His eyes at once recalled to my mind Browning's lines in "Pied Piper of Hamelin."

"And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled."

"Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled"....

Greeny blue pale-lit eyes which seemed moist all the time. They seem to have caught on the tone of age distinctly, but out of them spurted spasmodic sparkles of an inner light that was evident. Yet, they did not impress me a bit. His face was wrinkled and his cheeks seemed to sag and droop chinward. He sat there like a statue, breaking the silence only occasionally. His skin was a cross-tint between amber and olive. I frankly confess to have been disappointed. Was this the Ripe One? He seemed, as far as I was concerned, ripe with age only. Was there any wisdom hidden in that spotlessly dressed, red-turbaned old person resembling a wizard from an Indian fairy tale? No—I did not think I had come to the right place, after all. I was, for the time being, in the position of one who begins to dig for water—but, at the end of strenuous labour supported by patience, only to find that it was the wrong spot for digging. And then, the gaping hollow before him, dry and unyielding, appeared more like a yawning grave in which to lie down and rest, shut out both from hope and frustration!

"Are you not going to offer the Master something? You can buy a bunch of bananas at the wayside shop outside the Ashram gate", said

somebody to me, noticing my hands empty. Fool! he could hardly believe how empty my heart had suddenly become after the first disappointment born of my spontaneous reaction to one whom he called the Master! But in order to preserve both tact and dignity of heart-tranquillity I replied: "I have no better fruit to offer to a Master than my own body ripe with tragedy and suffering." Of course, the man who had put the question and received the reply, thought I was not only unusual, but immature with regard to spiritual matters. He put on a superior air and walked off.

What was I going to do now? Was I to stay on there, against my will, contrary to my heart's deep conviction

that he whom I had come to see was only an old human person and no more. There was nothing to attract me and hold me chained to the spot.

I was led to the presence of a very lovable couple, old *bhaktas* of Sidharud, Chandragiri Sivarao and his wife, who were most courteous to me and gave me milk and bananas, since I had decided to give up eating cooked food during the quest on which I had set out. I was a transformed entity now—since, after the dip in the tank, I had shed off the old white clothes as a snake does its slough, and had adopted the ochre-coloured robe—at last, the ochre-coloured robe!



Shaw's romance with the actress Ellen Terry has been the subject of infinite anecdotes and conjectures. When she requested permission to publish some of the voluminous correspondence he had addressed to her in the course of a lifetime, he refused indignantly, saying, "I will not play the horse to your Lady Godiva."

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GOA PONDICHERRY FARCE

by POTHAN JOSEPH

ON October 27, a small contingent of Pondicherry troops was sent to Mahe by the French cruiser "Dugovi Tourin" for restoring order after the election fiasco. The detachment led by Captain Bouhard was found in cafes without any prospect of a battle royal, while on the same day Mr. I. K. Kumaran, President of the local "National Defence Council", Mahe, telegraphed to the Government of India for intervention. The place is a fish-cum-coconut affair hardly of the size of the principal ward in the Republic of Monaco; but the Ruritanian drama of a crisis was enacted. I submit that we lack the historic sense and suffer from distorted perspective if we regard that the absorption of these tin-pot foreign settlements is at the present time, worth a volley of gunshot to repair a coastal dint or two in the map of India.

Hyderabad had to be brought under the Union because of (1) intrinsic significance of its locale in Indian territory, (2) the challenge of the Razakar regime, (3) ominous traffic with Pakistan, (4) the oppression of a majority without any prospect of a democratic system. Ethnologically, geographically and culturally the people of Pondicherry and Goa belong to us. Ethnologically, geographically and culturally, Aden never belonged to us but India with the support of Congress resolutions (Burmese delegates seconding) agitated for the retention of Aden and her salt trade. Britain, however, for extraneous, non-U.N.O. reasons, took it over without properly returning the place to the Sheikhs of Araby in the oil-drained neighbourhood. Foreign settlements are among the accidents of history, they are never pre-designed, and sentiment holds. If Goa were a Muslim-ridden area with Razakar developments and leanings over the stretch of the Arabian sea, I would have favoured the picking of a quarrel for security-

reasons and appealed to the Prime Minister to repeat once more the nation's *mantra* for the cure of Hyderabad, namely the slogan: "We march". As far as Pondicherry is concerned, we need not dwell on memories of Dupleix and Wandiwash. The place is in fortuitous custody of the French. No doubt envoys of Napoleon did intrigue with Tippu Sultan for a joint endeavour to make the British quit India in the time of Cornwallis, but today after the end of a unique chapter in world history, we cannot think in terms of military necessity alleging, for instance, that Chandernagore would be a jumping off ground for French Legions.

There is Gibraltar in Spain and if there was anything like geographical irregularity, let alone cultural, it is the claim for the Cape Rock as Britain's property, not Spain's. Queen Mary had to give up Calais in spite of a cardiac inscription on her. There is no talk of referendum or plebiscites with Franco's observers in the grand stand because, in priority, the Gibraltar outpost does not represent a perilous situation in our air-age. Possessions have been exchanged in the history of nations. In the settlement of a fishing dispute between two great Powers within living memory a friendly compromise was reached without police action. The British are sticky about Hong-Kong though Chiang Kai-Shek could argue about it in the light of a particular clause in a death-bed document signed by Sunyat-Sen, the brother-in-law of the present Generalissimo. Similar issues of imperialist grab exist down the Bermudas, also not far from Cape Horne to inflame British pride when retrocession is suggested. The test is whether a reversion does really matter, and whether there is barbaric persecution of Indians who, by the way, are better off in Pondicherry than our compatriots in Ceylon. Tangasseri, a small toddy-tapping group of villages once be-

longed to the British and was administered by the Collector of Tinnevely but by negotiation the Travancore Government acquired it. But if there was any direct meddling or phoney plebiscite, it would have affected the *amour propre* of Britain which had for nearly 15 years tolerated these settlements sure of them as harmless survivals.

Truth to tell, when a plebiscite is taken, it goes in favour of the Government in power; unless the territory is neutralised and put temporarily under impartial control with no advantage for either of the disputants, it is bound to be a farce. For the famous Saar plebiscite after World War I, troops from Allied countries (chiefly American soldiers to ensure disinterestedness) had to be stationed. I hold that the Government of India's policy of putting the future of foreign settlements to the test of an inchoate plebiscite flowed from an academic decision taken in some ivory tower. If in 1946, a plebiscite had been taken for ascertaining the wishes of the millions of India, there would not have been 10 per cent voting for the sudden termination of British Rule; there would have been neither Hindustan nor Pakistan. The British did not resort to any such device in India or Burma or Ceylon because they had made up their mind to end their political domination as being better policy, and trade-figures prove the wisdom of the course they adopted. If a plebiscite had been held in Hyderabad last June under the Razakar regime, the voting would not have gone by one per cent in favour of responsible government and accession, since the landslide would have been entirely in favour of autocracy and the Asaf Jah dynasty.

On election day at Pondicherry, the Congress President sent a message to the people recommending merger with India but voters did not seem fascinated by the prospect, and we should not be surprised that the appeal fell flat. The Congress rushed a few "observers" since the Governor resented

the idea of democratic specialists from India deputed to inspect proceedings when conducted under the auspices of French Republican Government, and it is instinctive with Frenchmen to feel that, as pioneers of revolutionary democracy in Europe, they know better than latter-day imitators.

If in a neighbouring area there is savage oppression and anarchic menace, a Government may think of direct action but that comes after diplomatic methods have been exhausted. Clerks living in Chandernagore and working in Calcutta do not complain of any policy of genocide. If the Portuguese start a naval base at Goa or the French a huge air-base at Pondicherry, India is bound to take notice. During the last war, Portugal remained neutral and there were two German warships anchored in Goa for sanctuary. The British would have liked to get hold of them but diplomatic etiquette would not allow that course and all they could do was to see that the danger stood curbed by vigilance. Dr. Ram Manohar Lohia and others complain of feudal conditions and archaic laws in Goa, but in international relations the existence of a particular system of governance is not sufficient ground for inquisitorial intervention. Inhuman outrages as in the days of Menezes or piracy or large-scale slavery or the harbouring of enemy-agents in formidable groups would put the case in a different light.

Lastly we have had from the days of Moses certain rights of sanctuary for heretics and fugitive rebels. Sri Aurobindo Ghosh exercised the right seeking refuge in Pondicherry. Such stray incidents relating to the law of asylum form an interesting chapter in international history. If some form of Fascist tyranny rises in India after the decline of Gandhian influence in Indian politics, I personally would like to take a bee-line to a near place of shelter before the Gestapo turns up! Digression apart, what is behind the zeal for absorbing these relics known as foreign settlements is the desire to see

India in a perfectly streamlined shape under a single unified authority. It is not a compelling political necessity; nor is it of economic urgency comparable with the need felt by Nazi Germany for Danzig in order to secure an outlet through the mouth of the Vistula. On the principle of first things first, this

ballyhoo for the taking over of foreign settlements and the amateurish way we are attempting it constitute a premature move. The forces of assimilation will eventually work their way which is very different from "police action" of the kind we adopted against Hyderabad.—N.P.S. (Copyright).



CRISIS IN TRAVANCORE

by JAIROY JOSEPH

BY night the stucco, the marble and the concrete disappear and all that remain of the buildings of Trivandrum are their outlines tricked out by thousands of glowing electric bulbs which remain in the air as if suspended by some subtle magic.

In the centre of the Sri Chitra exhibition grounds is a make-shift public hall where the leaders of lost causes and frustrated hopes harangue, to a limited audience, in the Hyde Park style. They are the members of the Cabinet—the head of which was Mr. Pattom Thanu Pillai—who were recently displaced from office by a no-confidence motion. The story of the tumultuous drama makes interesting reading.

Pattom Thanu Pillai fought well while the fighting was good. After the achievement of responsible government and his becoming Prime Minister he became an autocrat. None of the pledges of the election manifesto was fulfilled. He made the blunder of postponing the drafting of the Cabinet rules indefinitely. Once Prime Minister he did not relinquish his position as President of the Congress until rather late in the day. He did not care to investigate the possibility of stabilising food grain prices until he saw his end as Premier was near. He overrode the decisions of his colleagues in almost every matter.

The new Ministry led by T. K. Narayana Pillai consists of the progressive elements of the state. But all power corrupts and there is a danger of their sitting pretty and emulating the inefficiency of the

previous regime. There have been some signs of "progress" however. At its very first meeting the new Cabinet decided to have a Public Services Commission instituted. Again the new Cabinet will among other things fight for a Kerala Province. In the Kerala Province the Maharajah's powers will be considerably decreased. It is one thing however to do away with the Maharajah and another to diminish his special prerogatives. It is hoped that the latter ideal will be followed. Subjects connected with art and culture should come under the sole jurisdiction of the Maharajah. It is best that lay politicians don't have anything to do with such subjects as they are not likely to have enough time to devote themselves to them.

Mr. Pattom Thanu Pillai need not be downcast. His services to the state will always be remembered and it is up to him to fall back for consolation on Rajen Babu's message that this political crisis is but "one of the incidents of Democracy." A happy sign is the election of C. Kesavan as President of the State Congress. If he had continued as Minister he would have wiped out every vestige of corruption from the P.W.D. and the Health department. He is one of the few men in the State who are uncompromising on the subject of corruption.

It is the solemn prayer of all people interested in the state's welfare that with the fading away of the festival lights all the loveliness would not have vanished and that the prospect of a good government will remain.

SPOTLIGHT ON THE



A pretty girl in a picturesque, highly-coloured costume mounted the platform almost at the close of the final session of the All India Women's Conference last December in Madras. In her hands she bore a small tray covered with a white napkin. She wanted to make a speech. "Mardeka!" she began and introduced herself with a quaint courtesy. Then suddenly and unexpectedly she launched into the history of the Indonesian movement. "The Indonesian Republic," she said, "consists of Java, Sumatra and Madura....." and ended holding out her tray, "... we bring you a small gift of goodwill." It was somehow pathetic and very, very touching. But that pretty girl and others like her who went to many conferences all over India achieved their aim. The sympathies of India, just liberated from foreign domination, switched strongly in favour of the valiant little state fighting for its liberty. Dr. Sutan Sharir had always preached that Indonesian nationalism, rested on world favour. This, he explained, was because Indonesia was an "international colony" possessing considerable British, American and Dutch investments. Indonesian nationals sent abroad, appealed for friendship, and got it. This policy was so successful that even Britain was won over at first, if not entirely to their side, at least to an unprejudiced neutrality.

Less than six months after the Madras session of the India Women's Conference, the geography of the Indies changed violently. What the Dutch called "police measures of a strictly limited character" but what was really a full-scale war started by the Netherlands Government in July 1947, resulted in the Republic being deprived of the richest rice

growing areas of Java. West and central Java alone remained. Most of Sumatra and Madura was also gone.

The change was not only topographical but also sociological. The loss of their mills and plantations and the chaotic state into which their finances were thrown all but broke Republican morale. There was a sharp decline in public security. And the "power vacuum" created by the deadlock in the negotiations between the Netherlands and the Republic since January this year has proved a convenient and fertile ground for Communist sowing. The Dutch-imposed blockade held up essential imports and exports. Ships filled with copra and rubber have been standing in the harbour at Batavia for weeks. In desperation, the Republicans have had to stoop to many devices to secure sorely needed money. It is said almost two and a half million pounds sterling worth of opium, gold and other products have passed to Manila and Singapore so far. But the Dutch Government is not in the least perturbed at the calamity overwhelming millions of her subjects. The Dutch commanders have it all nicely planned. They estimate that it would take just three days for their force of 130,000 to wipe out the Indonesian Republic.

It almost seems as if they are prepared to do it. They have already tried to do it, not once but twice in three years. Granting it must be difficult for the Dutch Government to consent with good grace to be deprived of fifteen per cent of its income it is still not understandable how it had not anticipated and been prepared for the move for independence in the Indies after

watching the conflict between imperialism and colonial nationalism in Burma, India, Ceylon and other countries in South-East Asia. The Dutch Government has time and again broken agreements with the Republicans or tried to circumvent the promises she had made and the assurances she had given. The Lingadjati Agreement which had ended the first round of war started on the declaration of independence by the Indonesian Republic in August 1945, rested primarily on the recognition of the Republic "as exercising de facto authority over Java, Madura and Sumatra." It also envisaged the formation of a United States of Indonesia before January 1, 1949, which would include the Republic, Borneo and the Great East territory (Celebes, the Moluccas, Dutch New Guinea and Lesser Sunda Islands) and which would be an independent member of the United Nations. There was also to be a Netherlands-Indonesia Union comprising the United States of Indonesia and the Kingdom of the Netherlands (Netherlands, Surinam and Curacao). It was a complex agreement, in structure as involved as the play within the play in Elizabethan drama. The Agreement came into force in March 1947. Exactly four months later the Dutch Government sent out a hundred thousand men to attack the Republic. Most of Java, Sumatra and Madura was annexed leaving the Nationalist Government floundering in Jogjakarta, the territory of its influence reduced almost by half. The Dutch called the whole manoeuvre "subduing of obstructionist elements" in the Republican area. This was followed some time later by the "closing up" of several cities and placing them "under strong military guard" and proclaiming certain "regulations".

After half a dozen months of fighting, after having achieved what they intended to achieve, the Netherlands Government allowed the intervention of the UN Committee of Good Offices which entered the picture when the Indonesian issue was brought before the Security Council by Russia and Australia.

The Committee arranged a truce on January 17th aboard the U.S.S. Renville in the harbour at Batavia and simultaneous "cease-fire and stand-fast" orders were issued to both parties. The conditions of this truce followed closely the Lingadjati Agreement in the establishment of the United States of Indonesia and the Netherlands-Indonesia Union. But a new word had been introduced,—Federation. There was to be a Provisional Federal Government of Indonesia as an interim arrangement and all Indonesian states, including the Republic, were to be given "fair representation" in it.

But the economic and moral chaos that the Dutch left behind them tempted uninvited guests—the Communists. They did not insinuate themselves through the back door but knocked for admission at the front gate in August this year. The Republican Nationalist Party refused them entry. The Moslem Party (Masjumi) did likewise. It was when the Indonesian parties refused to participate in their "united national front" that the Communists took the law into their own hands and struck in September. Strikes were started at Tjepu and Madiun. The Communist army was led by Muso Suparto, an ex-Javanese school-teacher turned Marxist who had infiltrated into Indonesia in August as the secretary of Mr. R. M. Suripno, Republican Minister to Eastern Europe, who was later dismissed for suspected Communist sympathies. Madiun was seized and a People's Republic set up with Muso at its head. Slowly the Communists spread towards Pati, Patjitan, Ponorogo, Dungus and Purwodadi. Semarang, the pre-war holiday resort, was soon in Communist hands. Muso went about making bitterly denunciatory speeches about "our Government" which had "licked the boots of the Americans with the result that the Americans are still supporting the Dutch...." A part of the Republican army went over to the Communists along with the former Premier, Shoerifuddin. Within two weeks the rebels had on their side the Republican Trade Union Federation (Sobsi), the Socialist Youth

Movement (Pesindo) and the Peoples' Revolutionary Movement. But Republican mobilisation to meet the attack was no less powerful and prompt. Dr. Hatta banned Communist newspapers, posted armed guards in the streets and passed an emergency bill empowering the President to take measures "outside the law and standing regulations", which amounted to a blank cheque for the Government. Tan Malakka, the rabid anti-Communist leader who was serving a prison sentence for designs on a former Republican Government, was released and let loose on the Communists. Resistance was so effective that by October 20th most of the Communists had been scattered and the uprising almost broken.

While the Indonesians battled forlornly with this new menace in their midst the Netherlands Government went grimly along rallying non and anti-Republican elements in the East Indies into a series of "puppet states" and going ahead with the Federal Union. True, Mr. Dirk Stikker, Dutch Minister, busy in Washington discussing the Far Eastern question with Mr. Marshall made an offer of help. "We are ready to meet and support Dr. Hatta," he said artfully, "if he is ready to make arrangements with the Dutch." A firm No was the answer. The Dutch Government then rushed through conferences at Bandoeng, at Batavia and at The Hague and reported perfect agreement between the Crown and the federal units. The bill authorising the Government to make certain deviations from the constitutional procedure so as to give the Indonesian states the benefits of a federal Government as soon as possible, was passed in double quick time in an emergency session of the Dutch Parliament. That was the last step in the successful breaking up of the unity of Republican Indonesia.

About the wisest thing that the Republicans have done so far was their refusal of Dutch help in suppressing Communist aggression. That killed in one stroke all hopes of Dutch or Russian domination in Indonesian affairs. The latter dan-

ger was really the greater. For, however much the Republicans tried to convince themselves the rebellion had really been started by "a group of dissatisfied intelligentsia" who were "using Communism for their self-seeking ends, blinding and misleading the illiterate masses with sweet promises," the more probable truth was, as is generally believed, that it was a planned movement directed by Moscow. The Dutch might have hoped that the Communist insurrection would level up Republican ambitions; for, as Mr. Daniel L. Schorr, correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* at The Hague has pointed out, "it seems more than coincidental that the Netherlands Government is reporting preparing to resume negotiations with the Republic," immediately after the Republican Government had successfully met the rebellion.

The Good Offices Committee has submitted almost half a dozen reports on the Indonesian situation to the Security Council which has met as many times to consider those reports. "This measure," said the latest report regarding the Dutch blockade, "makes possible an almost complete prohibition of imports into Republican-held territories of equipment and supplies for transportation and rehabilitation." That, of course, blew up sky high Dutch denial of the blockade as a coercive measure, and their claim that it was something undertaken solely to prevent arms traffic and the export of produce from foreign-owned estates allegedly expropriated by the Republicans. There is little doubt the Netherlands Government has resented UN interference in the matter. Dr. J. H. Van Royan, Dutch Ambassador to Canada, said in the Security Council on September 27th that certain parties were using the UN as an "axe" to sever all Dutch-Republican relations so as to set up an "extremist regime in Indonesia." If that were allowed, he said, it would only lead the Indonesians "back to a situation of abject slavery terminating all possibilities of obtaining economic and social freedom." Since

it is this same "freedom" that the Dutch Government is finding so difficult to grant to the Republic, the unconscious admission implied in the warning against going "back" is undeniable.

All negotiations came to an end around June with the Republican refusal to have anything to do with a federal Government unless the departments of Foreign Affairs and Defence were also conceded and guarantees like democratic elections, etc., given. But the willingness to compromise was undoubtedly there of which the prompt acceptance of the proposals made recently by Mr. Merle Cochran, member of the Good Offices Committee, is ample evidence. The Dutch Government, however, has proposed sixty-seven amendments. The portentous silence which has followed the conclusion of the talks between the Republicans and the "peace mission" sent by the Netherlands

Government is again causing a mounting of tension.

Queen Wilhelmina said in a broadcast in February this year that "colonialism is dead." The progress of the Indonesian struggle has indicated very clearly that colonialism is not only not dead but is taking an unconscionably long time adying. But a protracted dying, often gives a chance for undesirable relations to gather by the bedside hoping to seize something in the confusion of the funeral. The chief Communist coup in Madiun has been put down, it is true, but the economic conditions which first permitted the attempt, persist. Further, Communist pockets are believed to continue to exist in Semarang and in Rembang Presidency in North Java. "If negotiations with the Dutch broke down," gloomily predicted Dr. Hatta recently, "it will strengthen the Left. They are certain to make use of such a situation."

THE ATOM IN WAR AND PEACE

STORY OF NUCLEAR RESEARCH

by M. H. L. PRYCE

(Professor of Physics, Oxford, who was engaged on atomic research with the National Research Council, Canada, 1941-44)

What is the mystery of the 'atom' which has been the subject of long-standing, international controversy? Prof. Pryce describes here how years of nuclear research by eminent scientists have given the world a power which can at once be of the greatest danger to mankind and of incalculable benefit to civilization.

THE start up of Britain's second atomic pile at the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell, Berkshire, was announced recently. The first British pile went into operation at Harwell last year. They are the only working piles so far outside the American continent.

The Harwell piles are outward signs of the resumption of active work in Britain on the development of atomic energy, interrupted during World War II by the pooling of the research effort of Britain, Canada and the United States, and its concentration for military reasons in North America, with emphasis on atomic bombs.

Shortly after World War II, Britain's research workers began to return to their former employment and Harwell began to take shape as a new kind of scientific and technological laboratory under the Ministry of Supply.

LONG TRADITION

Britain has a long tradition of research in atomic and nuclear physics, centred particularly about the Cavendish Laboratory in Cambridge, and associated with the names of J. J. Thomson, Rutherford, Chadwick and Cockcroft. It is natural, therefore, that the practical application of these researches should be actively pursued in Britain, with Sir John Cockcroft as Director at Harwell.

The development of atomic energy can be said to start with the discovery that neutrons, the electrically neutral constituents of matter discovered by Chadwick in 1932, cause the nuclei of uranium atoms to split into two halves. In this process, called fission, an enormous amount of energy is released and several fresh neutrons are ejected.

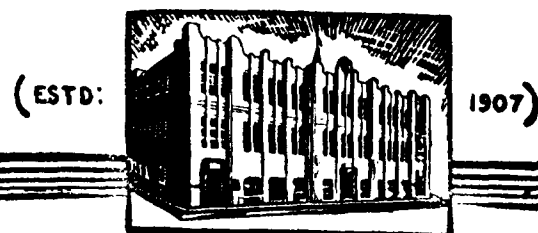
It became at once apparent that this discovery opened the way to a self-sustaining nuclear reaction in which

neutrons caused uranium atoms to split, so producing further neutrons to keep the process going, and that this might lead to the development of power on an unprecedented scale.



Sir James Chadwick.

The realisation of the implications could hardly have come at a more dramatic time. Shortly after the declaration of World War II, in September, 1939, a few scientists in Britain saw that there might be a possibility of adapting the process to the manufacture of an atomic bomb of explosive power enormously greater than any previous bomb. Independently, Sir James Chadwick and two refugees from



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Nazi Germany. Professor Peierls and Professor Frisch, reported the possibility to the Government.

WARTIME NECESSITY

At the time too little was still known about fission to say for certain that the atomic bomb would work. What was certain was that if it did, it would be a weapon of unprecedented power. Its exploration, therefore, was a military necessity. There was the obvious danger that the same idea had occurred to German scientists and that the Germans might develop an atomic bomb before Britain did.

As it happened, the German scientists never thought of the essential step



Professor Cockcroft.

(the use of separated U235 or plutonium), and what development of uranium fission did take place in Germany would not have led to any effective weapon. In fact, German research on the application of fission was on so unsatisfactory a basis that it had led to no practical result when Germany was overrun by the Allies in 1944. But this comforting knowledge only emerged in 1944.

The Government appointed a scientific committee under the chairmanship of Sir George Thomson to follow up the suggestion. At this stage the problems

were essentially of the kind for which university physics laboratories are suited.

A PARADOX

On the other hand, most of the British physicists had left the universities to work on such war projects as radar. It was out of the question to recall them until the possibility of the atomic bomb was more firmly established. Fortunately, some were left, notably Sir James Chadwick, and in addition there were a number of foreign physicists with specialised knowledge in the field, refugees from the Germans. These men, being aliens, had not been absorbed into radar and other secret projects.

There thus arose the paradoxical situation in which British research on the most secret military development of World War II was largely undertaken by foreign scientists.

By the summer of 1941 it had become clear that in principle an atomic bomb would work, and that its production would involve large-scale industrial processes of a novel kind, in particular the separation of the uranium isotopes. It was estimated that it would take four years and a large amount of Britain's productive effort. A number of prominent industrial firms had already been brought in to lay the foundations of the industrial development.

ANGLO-U.S. CO-ORDINATION

At the time Britain was being bombed and was an unsuitable location for such a vast undertaking. Manpower was very short. It appeared better to locate the effort in one of the Commonwealth countries or in the United States.

Through lend-lease the United States, though not actively in World War II, was effectively Britain's ally, and there was full interchange of information between Britain and America on all war projects. This extended to the atomic bomb. Scientists in the United States had approached their Government in 1939, and set up an investigating committee, in much the same way as had been effected in Britain, although not being at war, they had not pressed the matter so urgently.

The findings of the British committee, reinforced by their own investigations, acted as a powerful stimulus, and in November, 1941, President Roosevelt suggested to Mr. Churchill that the work should be co-ordinated. As a consequence, the combined industrial development was concentrated in the United States.

ALTERNATIVE METHODS

It had been realised from an early stage that there were two ways of proceeding to an atomic bomb. One was to separate the uranium isotopes, to obtain U235 from which a bomb could be manufactured. The other was to use the fission process in unseparated uranium to produce as a by-product, the new element plutonium, and construct the bomb of plutonium. Britain's resources were such that only one of these methods could be adopted for large-scale development, and the separation process had been chosen as being the most certain from the facts known in 1941.

Nevertheless, there was a team in Cambridge working on the alternative lines, headed by two pioneers in the field of fission reactions, Dr. Halban and Dr. Kowarski, who had escaped to Britain from Paris when France was invaded. This team continued to work in Britain for a time; later it moved to Canada, where its work was conducted as a joint American-British-Canadian effort.

When, towards the end of World War II in Europe, it was found possible to release scientists from other war projects, many of Britain's scientists were sent to work in the Canadian project.

At the end of World War II the Harwell establishment was set up. The nucleus of the staff there was drawn from the British members of teams in the United States and Canadian projects.

The work of the Canadian project, where the bulk of Britain's scientists was employed, was mainly directed towards long-term developments which could only have had a military significance had World War II lasted several years longer, but which have been very valuable in laying the foundations for industrial development of atomic energy. If, in the future, atomic power plays an important part in the economy of the world as a substitute for coal, it will almost certainly be used in such a way that plutonium and the artificial isotope 233 of uranium play an important part.

USING URANIUM

The present atomic piles in Britain use natural uranium—that is without any separation of the isotopes, but this would be extremely wasteful of uranium and would exhaust the available stocks in a short time. This is why techniques using plutonium and U233 are so important.

But as these substances can be used for manufacturing atomic bombs, it

means that the development for power production and for military purposes are closely interwoven. This has been one of the strongest reasons for attempting to get an international control of the whole field of atomic energy.

The two piles at the Atomic Energy Research Establishment, Harwell, Berkshire, are experimental tools, partly for laying the foundation of future developments, and partly for pure scientific research. In addition to Harwell, Britain's Government is undertaking the construction of a pile for the production of plutonium.

The plutonium would be available for future power developments, and if necessary for making bombs. The big pile will not be located at Harwell, which is to be preserved as a strictly experimental establishment, but in a remote spot where the hazards of an accident are less serious.

Pile engineering requires men with a specialist knowledge of atomic and nuclear physics, such as in the past were only to be found in the research laboratories of universities. Partly in order to train more such men, and partly because it is recognized that as the last word in atomic energy has not been said, it is necessary to keep abreast of all developments in atomic physics, the Atomic Energy Research Establishment is also pushing ahead with a programme of academic research, involving the construction of machines such as cyclotrons, high voltage generators, betatrons, synchrotrons, etc., which play such a large part in modern physical research.

WHY CONTROL?

There is no secrecy about this research, the results of which are published in the same way as the work of university laboratories. Secrecy is only maintained, pending the establishment of an international control scheme, on technological matters which could give away information leading to the manufacture of atomic bombs. If international control along the lines proposed by the United States delegation to the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission should come into being, Harwell will come under the control of an international agency.

Up to now atomic energy has not been used to generate useful power, although it is reported that an atomic electricity station is under construction in the United States.

Atomic energy on an industrial basis is a long-term proposition, and is unlikely to play any important part in

the world's economy for at least another 30 years. Plans for machines driven by atomic power are being investigated at Harwell, and the future lines of development are kept under constant review. Actual demonstration of machines run on atomic power, on an experimental scale, may be expected in a few years.

MEDICAL USES

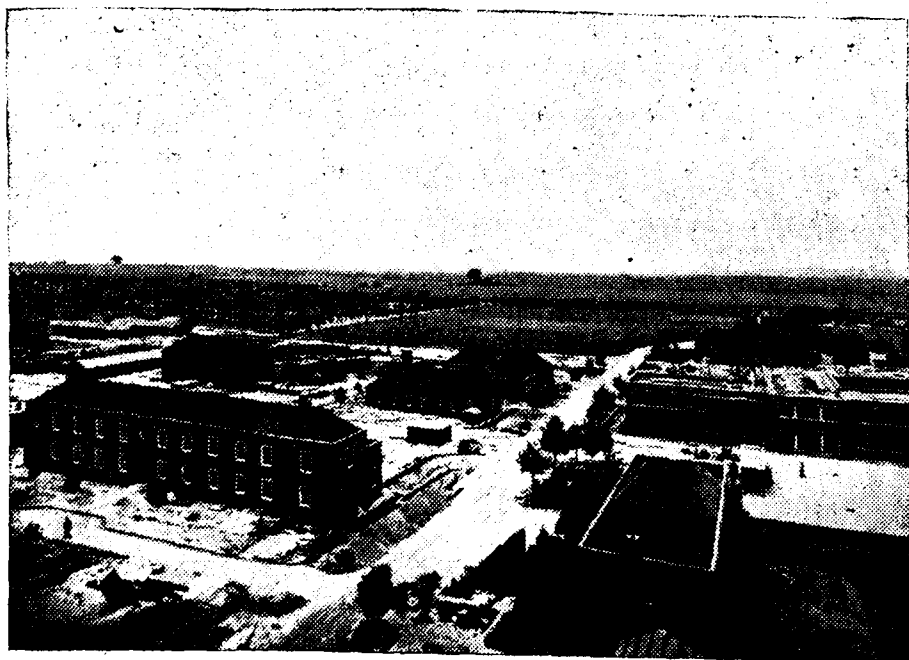
One of the most important uses of the two piles at Harwell is for the production of artificial radio-active substances for medical research. Substances introduced into a pile become radio-active under the influence of the neutrons.

Iodine, for instance, gets converted into a radio-active form of iodine which is chemically indistinguishable from ordinary iodine. If incorporated into a suitable iodine compound and introduced into the human body it will be assimilated into the various organs in the same way as ordinary iodine. It has the great advantage, moreover, that because it is radio-active, it can be traced wherever it goes. In this way the details of the part played by iodine in the functioning of the human body can be followed. In the same way the

history in the body of many elements can be studied, with important results for medical science.

Some elements, of which iodine is an example, get concentrated in particular organs of the body. By injecting adequate doses of the radio-active variety, malignant growths in the organ can be destroyed by the radiations. Cancer of the thyroid gland has been successfully treated in this manner with radio-active iodine. "Tracer" elements have also been used for diagnostic purposes. Their use is not confined to the medical and biological sciences, and they have found useful application in physical, chemical and engineering research.

Before the start-up of the first Harwell pile the supply of tracers was solely from the United States. Since then there has been a steady trickle of tracer elements from Harwell to the medical research laboratories in Britain and overseas. The output, when it gets fully under way with Harwell's two piles, should prove adequate to satisfy the needs of the medical laboratories of all Europe. In this way atomic energy, whose first use was for such destructive purposes, is now showing that it can be a benefit to mankind.



Britain's Atomic Energy Research Establishment, Harwell, England.



A south-bound tram clattered by. I sat looking at it through the large French window of the restaurant, sipping tea. The beverage revived my nerves that were badly shaken by the 'horror' picture I had just gone through. As I paid the bill, I asked the clerk at the counter when the next city-bound tram was due.

"Tram!!!" he cried, in a tone that suggested my asking for a dose of arsenic or something even worse. "Why didn't you go by the last one?" His perplexed eyes followed my egress. Obviously, the logic of the situation had escaped him.

So, there I was, stranded. Despair befogged me. I trudged aimlessly into the dark city. A strange, heartless city it seemed. I must have walked a hundred yards or so when I caught by the Ritz neons an advertisement placard that read "Wanted Clerk—Immediately. Call at the premises." Wordsworth sang of a heart that leaped at the sight of a rainbow. Believe me, mine did a record somersault them.

I knew, or at least, my subconscious did, that Bombay was the city of my destiny. Last week, as I bade goodbye to my chums clustered on the Secunderabad platform, I had said, "If I get a job at my Mecca I shall stay on. I have a hunch I'll get one."...So this was the chance waiting for me, actually pining to be picked up. With a little trepidation I managed to get in, twiddling my tie and praying hard not to be struck by aphasia at the critical moment.

At the entrance I encountered a man-mountain peaked with the most bloated face I ever saw. His head, balder than a billiard ball, would have defied the mountaineering attempts of the most expert fly. It shone brilliantly in the electric light. His entire personality exuded care-free gaiety and warm camaraderie. A long alley separated this amiable Colossus moated by the counter, from the spacious, half-lit bar. The sound of drinks being ordered, of bottles being popped open and glasses filled, came to me audibly. I was lost in a haze. Then the man let out a bellow that steered my rambling brain, in a flash, back to reality.

"Hey! What's it you want? You aren't dumb, are you?" he yallered, giving me at the same moment, a look of genuine pity. I shouldn't have been surprised even if he had dropped a coin in my outstretched hat. I found my voice after a few seconds, but the words sounded as if they came from a deep, far-off well. "There's a board says, 'Clerk Wanted'. Could you try me?" I said at last.

"Why, sure! Sure! Yes, of course. Start right away," he exploded and as he did so, he sprawled over the plate-glass counter to shake my hand. He shook me up entire, bones and senses as well. He had not even bothered about my qualifications! Rummy! I thought. But if that was the way they gave away jobs in Bombay, I was not the one to ask questions. Then and there I promised myself to wire to all my friends to pack up and catch the

earliest train to the grand metropolis, adding that jobs were pebbles and the city, a beach.

A butler was beckoned and told to take me to the store. I followed him, my mind in a whirl. He led me through the bar littered with men, either semi-conscious or on the brink of a beatific state. There were a couple of women, too, seated at a table in the middle of the room. The scarlet lipstick, the equally nauseating flame-coloured rouge and the come-one-come-all looks scattered impartially to one and all, clearly advertised their 'To beg I am ashamed' class.

The store must originally have been the residence of a stone-age ancestor. It was stuffy, ill-ventilated and crammed to capacity with deal-wood cases. On the right side of the entrance stood a pre-historic table and one of the empty boxes served as the chair. Printed bills and receipt-forms and some foreign correspondence lay all over the table. I was to note the brand, price and quantity as I issued the 'stuff that inebriates' to the bearers. That was all.

Three days cantered away. I felt like thumping my back. Though lonely I was mighty happy. The work was easy and the whole incident had a fairy-tale background. I was taken by the subtly romantic flavour of the situation. Neither the rum-soaked men, nor the ogling girls in dresses that revealed the maximum ugliness and with thickly made-up faces that could not hide their misery, roused in me any itch for companionship. I went for relief into a prolonged brown study. In that drab back-room I dreamt poetry. Visions of moonlight music parties with Ajanta maids, cloud-nimbused pictures from Maugham's magic tales of the South Seas, with their regal palms, golden beaches and unsophisticated belles, beautiful as angels and as soft-hearted too, flood-lit my hours.

One fine evening—on the fourth day to be precise—as I floated in, day-dreaming, a strange voice from the counter arrested me. "What do you want?" said that foreign

voice. I looked up and saw a stern, gaunt-faced man.

"I don't want anything. I am the clerk here." I said tersely, expecting him to look crestfallen and mouth out apologies.

"The what?" was the unexpected roar.

"Clerk. The manager employed me a couple of days back."

"I am the manager", he said simply. And his tone carried the ring of conviction.

I saw dark clouds on the horizon. I could hear the rose-red citadel tumbling.

"Was it the fat, red....." he was asking, when I cut in with, "Yes, that was the man who employed me."

He heaved a leisurely sigh of satisfaction though I failed to see how such a thing could be satisfactory to anyone. He was drawling something and I forced myself to listen. "He is my half-brother. Drinks like a fish, and is a natal idiot into the bargain. I had to run up to Poona on business and I asked him to establish himself behind the counter. So he has been offering jobs and employing people, eh? That's fine, very fine indeed". And looking up at the placard still hanging there, added, "He hung this up too? My! You see, the fellow grows perfectly lucid when he is fully loaded," and a minute later, "Do you have any references by the way? Your typewriting speed?"

This sounded all too normal and dull. This way of getting a job held no appeal to me. Frankly, between you and me, I knew it was all up. I tapped the vein of humour, just to bridge my embarrassment.

"You see, I haven't any experience at all. As for my speed, God alone can calculate it. I first locate the letter and then jab at it for what I am worth."

The chap had a sense of humour. He split his sides with laughter. "I am really sorry. This is one week's salary. You must accept it," he said as he handed over some dough. I mumbled thanks, or may be I didn't.

A few hours later the hotel servant was busy packing my things.

SECRET OF JAWAHAR'S SUCCESS

by Prof. T. V. RAMANUJAM

WHY do we adore Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru? Barring the unique figure of Mahatma Gandhi, there is no one who has been admired and loved for so long by so many. Jawaharlal was General Secretary of the Congress for a longer period than any other leader of the Congress. He was Rashtrapathi thrice, breaking all records. Today he is a big world celebrity. There is no Indian alive who commands such respect among the leaders of the different countries of the world.

In Delhi, he strides like a Colossus, not by the might of sword but by the sheer superiority of his personality. I have heard such widely different men like T. T. K., Alladi, Fr. D'Souza and S. P. Rajagopalachari pointing out that he is easily the most outstanding figure in the Constituent Assembly at Delhi.

What is all this tremendous hold, over young and old, rich and poor, Indian and foreigner, which Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru has due to?

The answer is simple. It is because he is great in a very special sense, in the sense in which Mahatma Gandhi was great. Pandit Nehru is not great in the way in which Dr. Alekhine or Bradman or Einstein or T. S. Eliot is great. His is a many-sided greatness.

He is at once good, great, heroic, handsome, charming, beautifully - emotional, warm-hearted, full-blooded and energetic. How many adjectives! Can any one of them be said to be an exaggeration?

*"Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
Tempering each other in the Victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete".*

Jawaharlal Nehru has been remarkably loyal to his colleagues. Even greater has been his loyalty to the Congress. I remember an occasion when he said, with characteristic spontaneity and sincerity, that he wanted Rajaji for this quality, Patel for that quality and Rajen Babu for a third quality.

Such is his sense of discipline that he would always subordinate his personal preferences to the common decision of the group, except in cases where vital matters of principle were involved. No two men were more unlike each other than the Mahatma and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. Yet there has never been, in fact or fiction, a more beautiful, more moving friendship than that which subsisted between these two heroes. Both were of the highest courage and incorruptibility, but they were temperamentally very different.

One reason for Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru so easily capturing the imagination of millions of progressive youth all over world is that he is in essence a democrat and a socialist. He hates authoritarianism and dogmatism. He was a sworn enemy of Fascism and Nazism, long before Churchill, Chamberlain or Franklin Delano Roosevelt understood their dangers. The way in which he disdained to look at Hitler and Mussolini, at a time when their stock was high in the capitals of the major countries of the world, is now a classic.

Another unique feature of Prime Minister Nehru is that he is the one leaders of our country whom even the most slanderous tongues haven't dared to accuse of anything narrow, of communalism or provincialism or sectarianism. Even the great Netaji was suspected by some of being a trifle provincial in his outlook. Rajaji, who has given up all the external marks and customs of Brahminism, who lived for years

and years together with Harijans as members of one family, is still accused by rabid non-Brahmins of showing unfair preference for Brahmins! About the great Sardar there have been loud whispers of his partiality for the Gujarathis. But about Jawaharlal, the jewel of the country, not one dares to suggest anything narrow.

He is trusted and beloved as no leader is today; because, he is incapable of being vindictive or scheming or over-clever. About Nariman, Khare and Bose faint shadows used to be cast. But about Jawaharlal it is all nothing but truly catholic and international.

Even Gandhiji was a wee bit prosaic. Literature, poetry, drama, great scenery, music, art—either these left him and other leaders of India cold or they were too busy for them. But Nehru is cast in a different mould. He is a passionate lover of poetry and books. Nature entrances him.

*But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination
boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like
hers?*

World history, the rise and fall, the ever-changing but constantly-growing civilization of man, fascinate him. He writes as he feels, or rather, as he is. In his simple, lucid, limpid, beautiful prose we can see the personality of Jawaharlal—straight, guileless, but firm as a rock on principles, and deeply sensitive to all injustices.

Jawaharlal is the father of Indian Socialism, of the Kisan movement in the U.P. and elsewhere, in fact of all advanced economic programmes of the Congress. He was the first to give expression, in a Congress Presidential Address, to modern socialistic conceptions applied to the Indian struggle for freedom. In fact, Mahatma Gandhi trusted wholly to Pandit Nehru for the drafting of all the Congress resolutions on foreign policy and on the Rights of Labour.

It is difficult to say who influenced the other more—Gandhi, Nehru, or

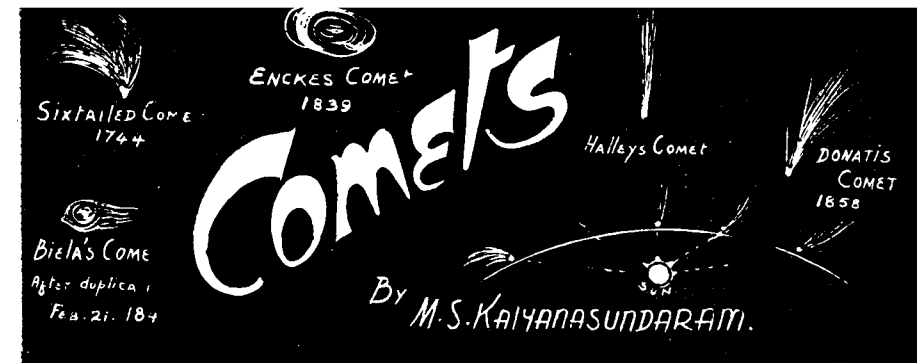
Nehru, Gandhi. I have heard it reliably stated that it was Gandhi's influence, in the earlier years of Jawaharlal's life, that saved him from the gallows, that prevented him from going the way of the famous Bhagat Singh. One can never say how far this is true. But there can be no doubt that the entire Nehru family, the leonine Motilal, the great Swarup Rani and the gentle Kamala Nehru—all of them had an affection for Gandhi as a member of their family, for which there is no parallel. But it is also true to say that Jawaharlal, in many respects, was a constant source of education to Gandhiji, who did not have the time to read or keep himself up-to-date on current developments abroad.

Today all hopes are pinned on him. Nehru stands as a bulwark against all reaction on the one side and against those who believe in chaos on the other side. Between the forces which like the status quo and those which would place a doctrine or another country above the interest of our own—between these two forces one man stands, courageously acting as a buffer. Jawaharlal's is no easy task. To be a Patel or to be a Jai Prakash is comparatively easier in the present set-up. But to push the former a bit and pull the latter a little—that is the difficult task which Jawaharlal Nehru has to perform. God grant more strength to his elbow!

SWATANTRA

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COMETs are nebulous bodies revolving round the sun. There are thousands of them; but it is seldom that one becomes visible to the naked eye. But one who has the desire, the time, the patience, a telescope—even a small one—and some technical skill, can reasonably expect to discover—or rediscover—some comets. In America, a considerable number is discovered by organised amateur astronomers.

It is better to state at the outset that we must not always think of comets in terms of tails. As with monkeys, there are tailless comets too.

Another common error is to think that the path of every comet is an ellipse and that we or our descendants could one day hope to see it again—unless it had gone to pieces in the meantime, as happened to Biela's Comet. This mistaken notion is due to our thinking of Halley's Comet, with its romantic associations, as the type. The paths could also be parabolic or hyperbolic, in which case the comets are only birds of passage. They continue on and on, far into space.

Those which revolve round the sun in an elliptic path, have fairly definite periods for the completion of each trip, unless distractions en route change their habits. Brook's Comet is a good example. It was having a period of 29.2 years till July 20, 1866, when it approached Jupiter much too much (about 55,000 miles) and got its period changed to 7.1 years.

About fifty comets are known to have a period of less than 100 years, while some take more than 10,000 years to complete one trip. Comet 1864 II's period was calculated at about three million years, while its distance from the sun when farthest is estimated to be 3,720 trillion miles.

Of the short period comets, some forty complete a revolution in from five to eight years. Their orbits are similar, and most of them are faint and tailless. Most comets move as if they experienced no restraint other than the laws of gravitation, but Encke's Comet is a remarkable exception. It has the shortest period known—3.3 years. Even that is shortening steadily; and the reason is difficult to find out. It is believed that it meets with some unknown resistance in its path.

The long-period comets do not seem to have been pulled away from their paths by any of the planets. They are often of great brilliance.

Although tremendous in appearance, and the cause of fearful prognostications, they are really collections of minute particles of matter so widely scattered that stars may be seen through thousands of miles of comet material. The nucleus, of course, is the densest part. The tail is more empty than the greatest degree of vacuum which we can achieve in the best laboratories. And thereby hangs a tale. When Halley's Comet appeared in 1910, it was calculated that its imposing tail would envelope the earth at some stage. And the scaremon-

gers predicted dire things for us from the 'poisonous gases'. But we have outlived it to tell the tale and spend our spare time in making atom bombs.

Those who know the facts will rather pity the poor tail than be afraid of it. Its birth is quite undignified. The sun contemptuously said "Phew!"; and the tail was the result. The gases around the nucleus seem to have crawled towards the sun; and when they reached a certain limit, the pressure from the sun's rays appears to have pushed them off, far beyond the starting point.

Comets are comparatively light bodies; the weight of some is of the order of 1/10,000 of that of the earth which, after all, is insignificant as heavenly bodies go. They do not seem to exert any measurable gravitational pull on other bodies.

Comets are generally composed of hydrogen, hydrocarbons, sodium and other metallic vapours, together with minute solid materials. The average diameter of comet-heads varies from 10,000 to 100,000 miles while the range in the length of tails in naked eye comets is from 5 million to 200 million miles. The tail is usually shaped somewhat like a horn, and is often split into sub-tails.

All comets do not revolve in the same direction. The motion of some is direct, while that of the rest is retrograde.

Many new comets have been found in recent years by photography. In addition to fishing for comets, we can train the camera on a predetermined region and photograph a comet which we could no longer see. Thus Halley's Comet was photographed in September 1909, nine months before it could be seen, and for nearly a year after it became invisible.

Frequent references have been made to Halley's Comet. That is but natural. It is the best known and most spectacular of all. Its appearances have been recorded for some thousands of years, by trembling fingers. It has been stitched

into the Bayeaux tapestry. It brought victory to William and defeat to Harold. It bowed its head to the English Astronomer Royal, Edmund Halley, (1656-1742) and took on his name. He studied it in 1682 and successfully predicted its reappearance in 1758, 1835 and 1910. During its last appearance its tail covered more than half the sky on certain nights. It was studied for more than 40 days from Kodai-kanal; and the work is believed to be of a high order. (Even in this scientific age, scaremongers found a good audience, and they patted themselves when Edward VII died in 1910. They knew that their audience would count the hits and miss the misses).

Among other famous comets are Encke's, studied in 1818, Donati's (1858), Biela's (1826), Morehouse's (1908) and Brook's. Of these, Biela's with a period of about 6 years, blew up after its 1845 appearance, and now its course is marked by brilliant meteoric displays at the time when the original comet is due, so that, 'of its quondam splend-

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our is preserved only the fitful gleam of a shooting star'.

The present comet is not identified yet. Perhaps it is a complete stranger. Unfortunately, we are in the middle of the rainy season; and the monsoon, which is a failure, has succeeded in hampering the study of the comet. All the same, the scientists at the Kodaikanal Observatory are making the best of a bad job; and some photographs have been taken. The work is laborious and highly technical, as it takes an hour or more to get about fifteen minutes of effective exposure, in semi-cloudy weather, and all the time the instrument has to be moved along with the comet. (With a bigger telescope, the exposure could be less). It should also be remembered that the Observatory in Kodai-kanal is not designed for cometary work but for research in solar physics which calls for a different type of instruments and training. Some

observatories in the world, like the one in the Harvard College, specialise in comet and meteor work.

Of course, all patriots would hope that the institution would develop into a big stellar centre also, and that the next comet would bear an Indian scientist's name. But the risk is that Pakistan may complain to the UNO that there was trickery about this acquisition. So, why not wait till things settle down a bit?

The time has now come to take leave of our interesting visitor—at least so far as we, lay men, are concerned. We are grateful to it for having given us the benefits of early rising for a few mornings and also diverted our conversation from rationing, blackmarket, strikes, stinking water-supply, etc. Let us hope that the comet would appear again after some 20 years, so that we could tell the youngsters, with self-importance, "Last time it appeared, I wrote an article, etc."

①

Baby cries
(FOR NO REASON AT ALL)



②

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③

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PERILS OF MASS HYSTERIA

by P. V. G. RAJU

(Raja Of Vizianagram)

MASS psychology is irrational and reactionary in the extreme. The tyranny of the mass is often cruel—and the perpetuation of untold evil and harm, often beyond repair, has been the outcome of the intransigence of public opinion. History is replete with vivid examples of these manifestations of mass ignorance and iniquity. Socrates being forced to drink the cup of hemlock and the crucifixion of Jesus are outstanding examples of tragedies caused by mass hysteria. In modern India, the fears exerted by the various religious groups and provincial or linguistic communities, are tending to a break-down of the well being of the state—and all that nationhood stands for. Thus the partition of the country was the outcome of fear on the part of the mass mind of the Muslim community, and whatever the benefit derived for either of the communities by partition, the tendency of disruption continues in another, though veiled from, taking once again the sanction of irrational mass psychology of the regional or linguistic communities, which is attempting insidiously to weaken and disrupt the sense of nationhood achieved at so great cost.

The danger is imminent. The price which the country will finally pay towards placating the irrational tyranny of mass opinion, will be untold. India is no longer to signify any thing more than a symbol of the past. All semblance of a common language and culture is to go. The advocates of sectarian disruption are hypnotising the masses into voluntarily breaking the chain of national oneness. The break-down has begun and already the new definitions of culture, language, and even aspirations are provincial, such as Andhra, Bengali, Maharashtra, etc. The unifying history of the last 150 years will surely be buried in the debris of sectional

manifestations of the conflicts in the body politic.

Instead of attempting to bridge the gulf between the various religions and language sections of the country, the emphasis has shifted towards diversification of culture, and the very content of freedom is in jeopardy. No longer will it be possible to travel from Kashmir to Kanyakumari speaking and reading one language. No longer will it be possible for a man to work and earn a living anywhere throughout the length and breadth of the land. All business will be transacted in the regional language, devoid even of a common script. Till now the English language was the common cultural and administrative language. This is to go—because it is exclusive of indigenous culture and in its place is to come Hindustani as a federal language. Once the decision of the Federal Government is taken, Hindustani should be fostered as diligently as the study of English had been, but this is not to be—the regional language is to be used solely and completely in the administration of the various provinces. The implications are ominous.

India is a land where nearly 90% of the population are illiterate. Government, therefore, however democratic it be, tends to take on the aspect and structure of authority, far in excess of the normal requirements of freedom on the part of the people. This is because of the divergence between the needs and expectations of the people. Technocratic rule has greater sway in the set-up of the land, than in any other corresponding democracy of the world. This will continue up to such time as an enlightened nation fully educated in the knowledge of their rights and accompanying obligations, is evolved. The plea to vernacularise the provincial administration is tentatively given an impetus, for it is felt that thereby

all the people can help in the removal of illiteracy. But a warning is necessary before we pursue these grandiose schemes of progress. In thinking of tomorrow we may be forgetting the day after, for in allowing the unshackled development of divergent cultures, we are surely going to make inroads into the unity and heritage of our land. India has been benefited so far by a common official State language which has promoted cultural amalgamation of the provinces. If we are to change this medium of unity,

because it is foreign into some other medium indigenous, the decision is to be welcomed, for the change will placate both national sentiment as well as satisfy the requirements of progress, but if this is not to be and the administration of the various provinces is to be run in different languages, then all past vestiges of unity and cultural oneness, will disappear.

The danger is imminent and the final authority vests in the people. This is the testing time of our freedom and unity.

TRUMAN VICTORY SIDELIGHTS

Perhaps the highlight of the affair was the pit which the anti-Truman, anti-British, antediluvian *Chicago-Tribune* of Colonel Bertie Mac-Cormick dug for itself. It sent out successive pre-dated early mail editions, before the count had seriously started, with the banner headline "Dewey Defeats Truman" and a signed lead story by the chief of its Washington bureau beginning: "Dewey and Warren won the presidential election yesterday by a large majority of electoral votes." The *Tribune* sent out burly circulation men later on to recapture what copies they could, but the delighted populace declined to give them up. One air-mailed copy was stuck like a scalp to the wall of a Washington building by a news-vendor who declined to sell it at any price. "I'm going to nail it up at home," he explained, and "whenever I feel low I'll look at it—and laugh."

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MISSILES IN MEETINGS

by V. SUBRAMANIAN

“AND yet you call yourself well versed in western ways in these things” concluded my friend.”

We had been talking on the subject of the adoption of English public school manners by our collegians. I boasted that as a student of Presidency College and an inmate of Victoria Hostel I had learnt to perfection all the mannerisms and idiosyncrasies of English hostel life; to wit, booing and hooting out speakers, duckings, annual or otherwise, and so on. I added that our behaviour in the meetings of the College Union was a constant source of anxiety to the college authorities. But with all that, not many of us had practised the fine art of throwing missiles on speakers. It was when I confessed this that my friend made the above remark.

Now that I think of it, it seems rather a curious and inexplicable omission. Not that missiles were never thrown by us. In fact paper balls were constantly in use amongst us but rarely were they used against speakers. The paper ball again is a poor missile, neither hard as a stone or chappal nor of the soft but effective variety like a rotten egg or tomato. Even apart from students, the Indian audience in general is not very much given to using soft missiles. The Europeans are far in advance in this respect. The technique of every missile from the banana to the tomato has by them been studied and perfected, and fine points of distinction between one another, well established.

The art of throwing missiles in meetings can be studied from three angles, namely that of the missile, the thrower, and the thrown-at. Missiles are generally classified as hard and soft. The stone and chappal belong to the harder variety, but the harder variety is not generally half as effective as the softer variety. The softer missiles like rotten egg, tomato, banana, or boiled potato, are unfailing in producing discom-

figure. The thrower's psychology differs with the missile. The hard missile throwers are fanatics without any sense of humour, and they often really help their victims instead of injuring or depopularising them. The throwers of soft missiles, at worst, have an incurable propensity for mischief, and at best, a perverted sense of humour. But of the three, the thrown-at is in the most pitiable position indeed. Whether hit squarely or not hit, embarrassment is unavoidable. It is again more important for him to avoid this consequent embarrassment, than the actual missile itself. A tough few have managed to do it.

Wilberforce, the spearhead of the slavery abolition movement, was once hit squarely by a rotten egg. Wiping off its contents slowly, he calmly continued his speech with the remark that it just showed how rotten were pro-slavery arguments. Many other speakers have avoided embarrassment by simply ignoring the missile and its effect. Amongst our leaders, the most unusual presence of mind has been exhibited on such occasions, conspicuously by Rajaji. I still remember vividly that meeting in the Tilak Ghat during his premiership of Madras, when a few stones, aimed at him, missed him narrowly. To his anxious friends, Rajaji remarked that if we had known how to aim stones correctly, we would have got Swaraj long ago. Especially during the hectic days of 1942, Rajaji had plenty of opportunities to exhibit this rare quality. Sometimes he used to plunge right into the midst of a battalion of stone-throwers, challenging them to lay hands on him if they wanted to. Rajaji was a master of this fine art of avoiding all embarrassment amidst disturbances, because early in life he was the most perfect exponent of the art of embarrassing others.

Most missiles are signs of disapproval except when thrown playfully, flowers being a well known ex-

ception. There has however been a notable instance in which a chappal was taken as a great compliment. A famous Bengali actor was particularly noted for his acting of an indigo estate manager's part in the drama 'Neel Darpan'. When once this drama was performed in the presence of the great Iswar Chandra Vidya Sagar, the actor was at his best in his portrayal of the cruel and arrogant estate manager's part. So superb and natural did it look, that

in mounting rage, Vidyasagar suddenly and impulsively threw out his chappal at him. The audience was dumbfounded at what had happened. But the actor quietly took the chappal in his hand and kissing it fondly, said that in all his career, he had not received a greater and more spontaneous compliment to his acting, from so great a man, and that he would prize the chappal more dearly than all the medals and testimonials he had won.



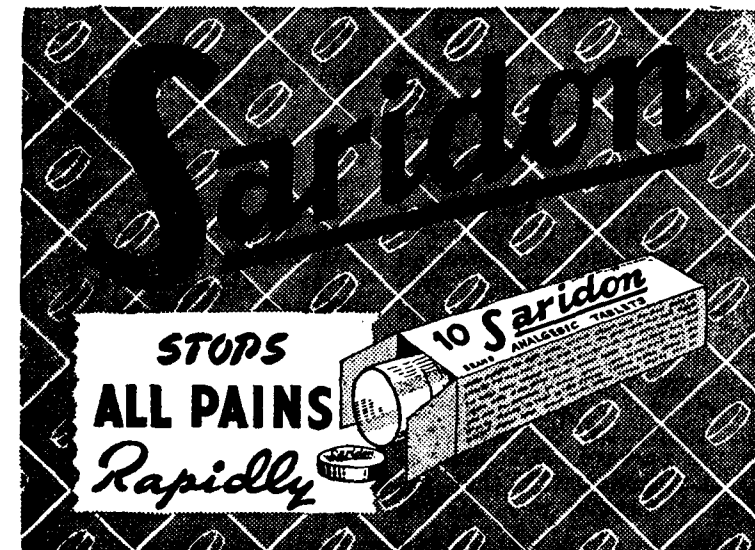
TOY THAT WORKS BY "REMOTE CONTROL"

A toy tortoise that works by "remote control" is amusing and attracting London's early Christmas shoppers.

Made of steel, and exactly the same size as a real tortoise, it walks or scampers along any surface as soon as one squeezes the little grip at the end of its long control wire. It can be steered with ease and can even turn corners.

Another attractive feature of this new self-propelled toy is its low price—it is selling on the home market at just under 9sh. (Rs 6) including the British purchase tax.

The manufacturers say that they are already inundated with home and overseas orders for the "toy toise" as it is called.



STORY OF KIMBERLEY

by PARASURAMAYYA PINGALY

THE prosperity of a country depends upon its mineral resources to a large extent and the wonderful history of the South African diamond mines bears testimony to this fact. Had it not been for the birth of Kimberley, the centre of the diamond mining industry in the world, the position of Africa, especially South Africa, would have been altogether different from what it is today. The following story of this diamond industrial centre will show how a white pebble was destined to mark the commencement of a new epoch and became responsible for the present prosperity of Africa.

Nearly 80 years ago (about the year 1867) the children of a Boer farmer, Daniel Jacobs, who was spending his days on the banks of the Orange River, picked up in the course of play near the river a white pebble. This pebble attracted the attention of a neighbour, Schalk Van Niekerk; he suspected that it might be of some value, and offered to buy it. Jacobs, however, gave it to the neighbour, laughingly scouting the idea of accepting money for a mere pebble. Niekerk showed it to a travelling trader who undertook to obtain what he could for it on condition that they shared the proceeds. Every one he met laughed to scorn the idea that the pebble had any value, and it was once thrown away and only recovered after some search in a backyard, but at length he showed it to one Mr. Boyes, an officer, who from its extreme hardness thought it might be a diamond and sent it for determination to a minerologist of Grahamstown. So uncertain was Boyes of its value that he did not even seal up the envelope containing it, much less register the package. The minerologist found immediately that the long-scorned pebble was a fine

diamond weighing 21 carats and with the travelling trader's consent he submitted it to the then Governor at the Cape. The latter purchased it for £500, and despatched it to be shown at the Paris Exhibition of that year. It did not however attract much attention. Indeed, for some time only a few small diamonds were picked up near the Orange River and no one believed in the existence of any extensive diamond deposit. However, all doubt as to the advisability of prospecting in the district was settled by the discovery of the historical diamond known as the 'Star of South Africa' which was picked up in 1869 by a shepherd boy near the Orange River. Van Niekerk, on the alert for news of further discoveries, at once hurried to the spot and purchased the gem from the boy for 500 sheep and 10 oxen, which seemed to the boy untold wealth. In turn it was disposed of by him to a firm in Hopetown for £11,200.

This remarkable discovery attracted many prospectors who began to swarm into the district, gradually spreading up the Vaal River. For some time not much success was experienced, but at length, early in 1870, a rich find was made on the banks of the Vaal River. The number of miners steadily increased until the population on the two sides of the river came to some five thousand. Early in 1871 far richer finds were made at a spot which was first named Colesberg Kopje. Great diamond mines were discovered near the spot. Soon a large and prosperous town sprang up close to the mines; it rapidly grew in size and importance and to this day remains the centre of the diamond mining industry. It is the famous Kimberley, named after the Secretary of State for Colonies at that time.

On an average 30,000,000 postage stamps have to be printed every day in Britain to keep up with the sales and provide stocks for Post Offices throughout the country.



BOOKS & AUTHORS



What I think. By J. Vijayatunga. Gunasena and Co., Colombo. Price Rs. 2-5-0.

With his deep sensibility and reverence for the glory of the past, the author of this collection of essays will no doubt be startled to learn that he must be included among those "who would pluck the laurel from the brow of the dead Christ". It was as nothing less than sacrilege that Tennyson regarded the attempts to deprive Shakespeare of the authorship of his plays. But it is astonishing that Mr. Vijayatunga, whose reconstruction of the life and thought of the Buddha in that moving little masterpiece, *I, The Buddha*, exhibited uncommon delicacy of feeling and awareness of spiritual nuances, should lend himself to this trumpery disingenuousness. He is convinced that Bacon was the author of the plays on grounds that have been refuted a thousand times. He talks much of the erudition displayed in the geography of the plays. How does he reconcile the famous "sea-coast of Bohemia" with this learning? He attempts to press into service the "triple form" of style that is to be found in some passages of Shakespeare and Bacon. Is he aware that this same characteristic is to be discovered in the earlier style of Dr. Johnson, such that it has been said that the doctor's essays can be split into three? He argues that "it is monstrous to think that for want of some research and more enthusiasm the world should be idolising the wrong man and a third-rate actor at that". It is more monstrous that attempts should still be made to unseat Shakespeare from his throne in the heart of mankind.

Mr. Vijayatunga appears in a more favourable light in the last essays in this collection. Here he is more recognisably the author of *I, The Buddha*. His plea that the spirit of the Blessed One may again reign over us does him infinite honour. The restrained passion of his welcome to the relics of His two disciples, Sariputta and Moggallana, lifts this collection from periodical journalism to literature. The eye of faith will look on indugently as he attempts to prove that Siddhartha must have visited Ceylon.

The sophisticated also will find much to interest them in the book. The author has known cities and men and manners.

He writes of them with vividness, and perspicacity. Above all he is on the side of the angels. What he thinks is directly of service to religion and literature.

Mudrarakshasa. Translated into Tamil by V. Srinivasa Sastri and T. Srinivasachariar. Sakthi Karyalayam, Madras 14. Price Rs. 1-8-0.

Few incidents in the history of ancient Hindu India are so familiar as this overthrow of the nine Nandas by Chandragupta. But the existence of a play founded on the aftermath of that memorable event may not be well known to the common Tamil reader. It is, therefore, a distinct service to literature that Visakhadatta's work should have been translated into the vernacular. The value of the gain is increased by the fact that the able translators have produced a readable rather than a literal version of the famous Sanskrit play. A peddling adherence to the original text would have had little value, as Visakhadatta is not a little intricate and obscure. It is satisfactory that the translators have had the common reader rather than the scholar in mind. The latter can be in little need of a translation. As it is, their rendering possesses vigour and the capacity to delight. Tamil literature distinctly stands to gain by the appearance of the translation of a famous old play.

Kritimani Malai. In Four Volumes. By R. Ramanuja Iyengar, B.A., L.T., Sabarmati, Sait Colony, Egmore, Madras.

Kritimani Malai by R. Ramanuja Iyengar contains about five hundred and fifty Kirtanas and padams composed by the most eminent of South Indian composers. It is a stupendous work and it was daring of Sri Ramanuja Iyengar to have undertaken it as it is ordinarily well nigh impossible for any individual to achieve unaided. And thereby hangs a tale. At an ad hoc meeting of some musical enthusiasts to take steps to celebrate the centenary of Sri Theagaraja Swami, it was decided to bring out a centenary edition of the Saint's compositions. As a result, a few people capable of undertaking this work were brought together and Sri Ramanuja

Iyengar was one amongst them. While the others dropped out, one by one, Sri Ramanuja Iyengar by himself pursued the task that thereby devolved on him and pieced together the collections and notes he had made over more than two decades, devised for these pieces appropriate notations and prepared manuscripts for four hundred kirtanas of the Saint.

Of the method and manner of his collecting these pieces he has made mention in the body of his work. Undoubtedly several of these pieces are well known and form part of the repertoire of the musicians now alive. It is also true that several of these pieces of the Saint find a place in some of the publications of the Saint's kirtanas that have already appeared. These reasons by themselves would not have justified such kirtanas being omitted from a publication of this nature and the fact that these pieces are included does not detract in any way from the value of this publication to those interested in music. There are however in these volumes several pieces composed by the Saint which are new at any rate to me. This might not convey anything to the reader, but if the reader will forgive my use of the personal pronoun I would say that I have heard over two hundred and fifty pieces of Theagayya kirtanas several of which are not now in vogue. The lesser known pieces that now find a place in these volumes are too numerous to be mentioned.

As regards Dikshithar's compositions, several of the pieces appearing in the fourth volume of this work find a place in Sri Nataraja Sundaram Pillai's publication. But the author's detailed notation for these pieces indicates more precisely the Sampradaya in which Dikshithar's compositions should be sung if at all the manner of singing these pieces could be indicated by notations. The collections of Shyama Sastri's works are definitely larger than is known to any single musician who specialises in this composer's pieces. The unique feature of this work is the inclusion in it of Kshetragna's padams in Swara Sahitya. I believe it is the first time that such a type of publication of Kshetragna's padams appears. The notations give an idea of how the padams ought to be sung though it is well nigh impossible to do justice to these pieces if one had not heard them being sung in the Sampradaya style. It should not be forgotten that the author has had the unique privilege of basing his detailed notation on the rendering of these pieces primarily by Veena Dhanam and to some extent by Konerirajapuram

Vaidyanatha Iyer. One of the special features of this work is the Raga Lakshana that finds a place in each volume. The collection of photographs of eminent musicians of the period preceding the present generation is noteworthy. There are some defects in the publication. The verbal matter in the first volume is all Telugu and in the other three volumes this language finds no place except in the body of the kirtanas. I think the table of contents and the Raga Lakshanas must have been printed in both languages in all the volumes. On the whole the work does credit to the musical knowledge of the author and even more than that it is a standing testimony to his single-minded devotion to this the greatest of all arts. I hope the public response to this service done to the musical world by Sri Ramanuja Iyengar would be adequate enough to encourage him to get a reprint of the four volumes.—
T. T. Krishnamachari.

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Letters TO THE EDITOR

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

Government Control of Salt Industry

The statement that "SALT WAS TILL LATELY A GOVERNMENT CONTROLLED INDUSTRY THOUGH FOR FISCAL REASONS, etc.", appearing on page 6 of the Swatantra of the 23rd October, 48 is misleading.

In the Government's own words—vide Proceedings of the Central Assembly dated 12th April 1947, "IT WAS DESIRED THAT THE GOVERNMENT'S INTEREST IN SALT WHICH HAD HITHERTO BEEN LARGELY CONFINED TO THE COLLECTION OF DUTY SHOULD BE HEREAFTER POSITIVE AND DIRECTED TOWARDS DEVELOPING INDIA'S SALT RESOURCES, etc."

The only control which the Government had on this industry was CONTROL OF PRODUCTION in the sense of discouraging the opening of new factories and this control has been removed just now—vide announcement on the floor of the Assembly made by the Hon'ble Minister for Industry and Supply and reported in the dailies of Madras dated 27th November, 1947.

From the above it will be clear that the so-called control which the Government hitherto exercised on salt was only to collect salt duty and it was not directed to either improve production or quality as your statement referred above would appear to convey.

May we request you to kindly explain the correct position?

B. M. GURUNATH,
Director,

Tuticorin Salt Refineries Ltd.

We are unable to see how our statement that "Salt was till lately a Government controlled industry, though for fiscal reasons etc." is misleading. Nor do we see that it is in any way contradicted by the quotation from the statement made in the Central Assembly reading as follows:

"It was desired that the Government's interest in salt which had hitherto been largely confined to the collection of duty, should be hereafter positive and directed towards developing India's salt resources....."

On the contrary, this statement would support what we had suggested, viz., that the control which Government

exercised over the salt industry was till recently largely motivated by its interest in the salt duty which is a fiscal reason. Apart from this, it is within our knowledge,—and persons who have been connected with the salt trade for any length of time should also be aware of it—that till about 1924 or so the relevant rules did prescribe standards of purity and that it was only subsequently that these were deleted from the rules. Further, if, as is the fact, salt on any scale worth mentioning could not be produced without a licence from Government, does it not amount to Government controlling the industry? Was there anything to prevent Government from determining the terms of the licence? It is also well-known that Government themselves are large scale producers of salt in the Sambhar Lake and, before partition, at Khewra in the Punjab. When some refineries for salt were started in Tuticorin, they had to apply for a licence to the Government of India, and in view of representations received from other local producers that salt in adequate quantities was already being produced, the Government of India agreed to grant a licence for the production of refined salt on the definite understanding that the licences would comply with stipulated requirements as to crushing, standard of sodium chloride content, etc. In the circumstances, we have to maintain that our reference to the salt industry was both correct and appropriate.—
Ed. S.

Apathetic Agricultural Department

As long as the British were in power, Agriculture was one of the departments of the Government which brought no benefit to the ryot or to the people at large. They say we have now attained Swarajya and it is lamentable that the department continues to be in its former state. Generally, the average villager does not know that a department like this exists for his benefit. The propaganda that is carried on is known only to a few educated ryots like myself, who own large extent of land. In the course of three years, twenty of my cattle died for want of fodder and proper treatment during illness. Sometime back the agricultural demonstrator used to regularly visit my village along with the Agent of Parry & Co., for supplying me mā-

nure. They have also stopped their visits now. We are unable to procure seedlings, fodder and proper treatment to cultivate our land. If the required quantity of seedlings, manure and fodder is given to us in time, I, for my part, can easily secure a yield of 50 puttis in my 50 acres of land. But to whom am I to complain when this wonderful agricultural department is apathetic?

VAVILLA VENKATESWARA
SASTRULU.

Training in Social Service

Like graduates of the United Provinces, in our Province also, members who hold key positions in industries should be asked to undergo training tending to make them change their present mentality and realise the dignity and value of labour.

Peelamedu. T. K. SUNDARAM.

Larwood Versus Lindwall

'Ramsay's' article in your issue dated 23rd October contains an unfair and unwarranted attack on the Australian players and the crowds.

To affirm that Larwood was a better bowler than Lindwall, can at best be an opinion only. During the English tour of Australia in 1946-47 and the Australian tour of England this year, Lindwall revealed his class by completely demoralising and shattering the magnificent batting strength of England, consisting of giants like Compton, Hutton, Washbrook and Edrich. Lindwall also, like Larwood, consistently attacked the stumps and most of his victims according to Fingleton and Hammond, were beaten by sheer pace. A motion-picture study of Lindwall's bowling showed that he was dragging his foot over the line before delivery, but he never bowled no-balls worth mentioning either in Australia or in England, where umpiring is said to be of the highest standard. Bradman, when interviewed on the controversy, is reported to have said 'We play cricket under the jurisdiction of umpires and not under the movie-camera!'

As for bumpers, critics agree that they certainly form a part of any fast bowler's

armoury. But, in fairness to Lindwall, it should be stated that though he occasionally bowled bumpers, he never exploited this as the only form of attack. Perhaps he was not as fast as Larwood; still critics agree that his phenomenal success was due to the fact that in cleverly changing the pace, he, more than any other fast bowler (including Larwood), used his brain. The jibe that the Australians got a taste of their own stuff from Edrich and Co., is ridiculous.

Opinion is divided on Larwood's leg theory or 'the bodyline bowling' as it was called. To be pegging away at the leg stump with the fastest ones, with a ring of fieldsmen closing on the leg side was construed by many as an unfair form of attack. Lindwall never adopted these intimidating tactics. Fingleton is very careful in his discussion about Larwood, but he puts it in a nutshell when he says 'Had there been no Bradman, there would have been no body-line' and Bradman himself, the greatest batsman ever, while admiring Larwood his rhythmic action and easy style, is discreetly silent over the 'body-line' controversy. As for the crowds in Australia, it is natural to expect their feelings running high when they saw their stars like Woodful and Oldfield receiving nasty-blows from Lindwall and retiring hurt. But the crowds could have behaved in a better manner. This is not however confined to Australia. When Miller's bumpers hit some of the English batsmen, the crowds in the members' stand at Trent Bridge, Nottingham, yelled and booed at him and the officials had to apologise to the Australians.

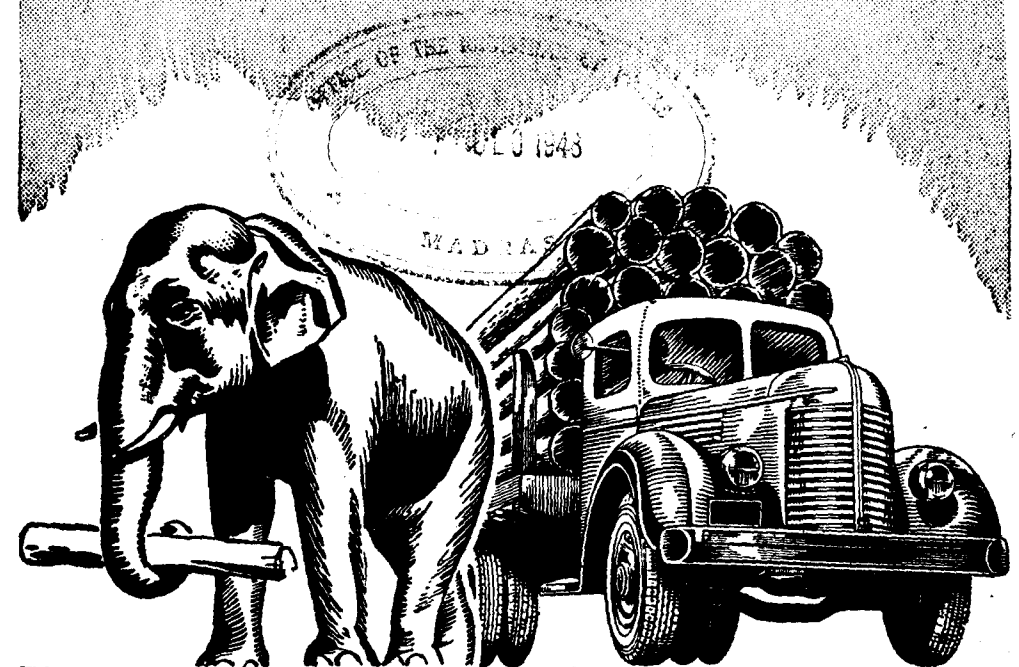
Even in England, many counties announced in 1934 that they would not play against Notts (Larwood's county) if his type of bowling was permitted. Sensing such universal opposition Larwood was forced to the sad decision not to play for his county and country any more. So the blame, if there is one, cannot entirely be laid at the doors of the Australians and to say their treatment of Larwood stands in the way of coming-in of fast bowlers in England is to evade the answer to the problem. As Fingleton says, the fault is with the system of picking and developing talents available in the country.

Mettur Dam. T. S. SUBBA RAO.

Some time ago a prize was offered in Russia for a statue honouring the poet Pushkin. Hundreds of sketches and models were submitted—Pushkin pondering, Pushkin reclining, Pushkin wooing the muse, Pushkin with forefinger to brow. The winner finally erected in the public square was a statue of Stalin reading a book—by Pushkin.—WALTER WINCHELL.

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Ongole,
Palakol,
Parvatipuram (Vizag Dt.)
Pedana (Kistna Dt.)
Piddapuram,
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Samalkot,
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SWATANTRA

VOL. III. No. 42.

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SWATANTRA

VOL. III
No. 42

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1948

ISSUED
WEEKLY

COMMUNISM IN CHINA

Writing in the Cominform bulletin a month ago, Mao Tze-tung, the Chinese Communist leader said that the Communists would take all China. That he would as good as keep his word seems now extremely probable. The Nanking Government under Chiang Kai-shek still possesses large armies, some of them well equipped according to Chinese standards. They still hold two-thirds of Chinese territory. But their military command lacks co-ordination. It is riven by powerful rivalries. Military commanders, a law unto themselves in large areas, often fail to carry out Generalissimo Chiang's orders. Wholesale desertions have become customary. Behind all this military weakness there has been the failure of the Nanking authorities to deal successfully with economic problems. Inflation, aggravated by chronic speculation on currency and excessive printing of paper money, has reached an appalling level. In many parts of Nationalist China farmers have refused to sell rice for money which they consider worthless. Rice riots have broken out in the cities and Chiang has had to declare martial law in Shanghai and Nanking.

The weaknesses of the Nationalist Government form an important contributory factor in the strength of the Communists. Militarily, the Communists have a competent, unified command and their forces have the advantage of being extremely mobile. Economically the Communists have won the cordial support of the peasant population as the result of their programme of land re-

form. In recent weeks the Communists have won major victories which have gravely weakened the defenses of the territory under Chiang. All of Manchuria has been lost to the Communists. Nationalist positions in North China do not seem to be tenable much longer. If the resistance of Chiang's Government breaks down, China with one-fifth of the world's man-power would pass on to the control of Communists and fall under the influence of Soviet Russia. Americans who have already spent two billion dollars since the end of the war to bolster up Chiang, are gravely perturbed over the effects on their own security of a Communist-dominated China. They fear that the effects of a victory for the Communists in China would be particularly noticeable in the arc of countries running from Indonesia on the east to India on the west, and this will result in serious consequences to the United States as the welfare of America's friends in Europe depends largely on trade with such countries.

In the conflict now brewing between the United States and the Soviet Union, the victory of Communists in China will mean a serious defeat for American policy and might lead the way to other still more serious defeats in future. If Americans are to intervene to save China for Chiang, the time for it is now, as it may be too late a little later. On the other hand, is it at all possible without a downright military occupation to prolong indefinitely the tenure of an effete and corrupt regime that has lost its hold on the bulk of its own sub-



jects? Can American resources stand the strain of intervention on the required scale in China in addition to the requirements of the recovery programme in Western Europe? Three courses are open to America. One is to continue to fritter away money in the name of aid to China which has already proved useless and may turn out to be no better hereafter. The second is to make a forcible intervention at once and take over and run the country. The third is to do nothing at all and let things drift.

Meanwhile, a constructive suggestion has emerged from Kingsley Martin that in every part of the world where Communism and capitalism collide, military forces would have to withdraw and a line be drawn between the spheres of interest. "Let me make one thing quite plain," he says. "If it is Communism rather than Russia we fear, nothing could be so foolish, in my view, as to prevent the economic recovery of the Western European countries by forcing them to waste their men and materials on armaments. Every expert agrees that they

cannot possibly both arm and recover; American aid in armaments merely dislocates their economic structure and is the best possible propaganda for Communism, which thrives on the knowledge of the workers that they are being trained as American mercenary soldiers while their families are to be kept in poverty and their countries made American satellites."

A promising factor for world peace is the new note of conciliatoriness discernible in this year's celebration of the Bolshevik Revolution in Moscow in contrast with the belligerence of previous years. The Moscow parade this year was noteworthy for the absence of banners and slogans against America and Britain. It is even reported that Molotov went so far as to say that President Truman's victory was a victory for peace against the "openly reactionary and most aggressive programme" of the Republicans. In this declaration lies propagandistically the basis for a world truce, and lovers of peace should make the most of it while the chance remains.

Sotto Voce

Driftwood



AT Chowringhee there was a slight road accident. A bus had grazed the rear mudguard of a taxi before both vehicles came to a standstill with a great grinding of brakes. Not much harm was done; but while the point duty policeman went about with a bored air noting down names and numbers, the bus load of office workers crowded round the wrangling drivers and butted into the argument

with violent gesticulations and sweeping assertions of the guilt of the taxi driver, a Sikh. Not one but half a dozen of them shouted at the same time, "These refugees think they can damned well do as they please". Now, there was nothing to show that the man was a refugee; taxi drivers in Calcutta are mostly Sikhs. But they seemed to find it easier to blame a man by assuming that he was a refugee.

Waiting to catch a train at Kurukshetra one is mobbed by crowds of child beggars from the refugee camp. There are those who dissolve into a flood of easy tears, make as if to cling to your feet and obviously improvise hair-raising tales of homes desolated and affluence despoiled. But what makes you even more sick is the professional delight which others, who mask beggary, by proffering coloured lozenges and other such trifles for sale, feel in imposing upon your sympathy. The men who loaf on the benches smoking cigarette after cigarette bought out of these children's takings, would scorn to think themselves beggars, but they find it vastly amusing to teach the little ones monkey tricks so that they could more effectively cadge.

At Sealdah every train from East Bengal brings its melancholy burden of men and women fleeing from their native land. Official policy in the Union towards this unstanched wound was for long one of scandalised disapproval. That most of the Hindus had been driven out of Western Pakistan was so stupendous a fact that it could not be discreetly hidden out of sight. The more determined were the West Bengal authorities to maintain that they had no similar problem to cope with. And the Government of India—which is but another name for those who had persuaded themselves that partition would solve every problem—manfully sought to uphold them in this make-believe. But the rent in our respectability is become too big to be folded out of view.

And so we have on the one hand adjurations to Pakistan to remember that India will not tolerate oppression of the Hindus and other non-Muslims; and on the other we have Ordinances attempting to stop the flow of migrants into Indian territory. Pakistan of course denies the imputation with righteous indignation; and the Premier of East Bengal, while decorously regretting the panicky flight of such few

Hindus as might be leaving his kindly care, exhorts the faithful to patience: "We all know that terrible things are happening in Calcutta, but we must not retaliate." The well-bred voice of the Pharisee has lost none of its unction; but the flow of refugees will certainly not slacken.

Men who would be miserable all day if they did not find their toothbrush in its usual place are very free with their advice to the millions who are being driven like driftwood by the enveloping tide of fear and uncertainty. "You have made the supreme sacrifice by which India has won her freedom and India is eternally grateful to you for it", says one—forgetting that we cannot dispose of the living with empty praise. Another tells them, "No, whatever happens, you must not budge. Stay where you are and fight for your right and India will be proud of you". But that is for the *hoi polloi*; the elect, who have ratted, are rewarded with Ministerships lest they should make themselves nasty.

Only gross insensitiveness or lack of imagination can make anybody suppose that people would leave their hearths and homes for imaginary fears or from sheer contrariness of spirit. In an already overcrowded country it is certainly not pleasant or easy to have to find room for millions who often bring nothing but themselves and their misery. But their misery is of *your* making, even as their demoralisation is infecting your soul. You and I and the man next door are at least as culpable as the zealots vowed to drive every non-Muslim out of Pakistan, because we should have known that this was bound to happen and we should have left the men at the top in no doubt that we would not have it. If Pakistan wants to shed her non-Muslim population she must be prepared to shed territory as well. Man is not an appurtenance to the land but its master.

VIGNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS : :

Alexander received more bravery of mind by the pattern of Achilles, than by hearing the definition of fortitude. —SIR P. SIDNEY.

P. SUNDARAYYA is the leader of the Andhra Communists. While very young he fell under the spell of Atchamamba, daughter of the renowned scholar and historian K. V. Lakshmana Rao, then a student in the Medical College. In those days she was an ardent worshipper of the Mahatma. She had a remarkable capacity for spontaneous affection. Sundarayya was then a callow unformed youth with the vaguest of notions of what to do with himself. Atchamamba took him on hand and nursed him with idealistic cults until the normal careerist opportunism of the young got completely knocked out of him and he was filled to the brim with a stern maturity of aim to gather knowledge and build himself into a leader. He buried himself without respite into every book worth reading that the public libraries could offer to gratify his insatiable inquisitiveness.

It was natural in the circumstances that the Gandhian movement with its call to sacrifice should attract Sundarayya. Also inevitable that any movement should fall short of the level of theoretic perfection dear to his habit of exclusive preoccupation with the academic contents of text-book lore. He passed on from the Congress to the Congress Socialist Party and from Socialism to Communism. In the rigid regimentation of the Communist Party he found relief from the miseries of constant disillusionment inflicted by an impossible perfectionism on his exacting political conscience. He found refuge from thought in dogma.

By the time Atchamamba, after finishing her medical education in England, set up as a doctor at Bezwada, Sundarayya had acquired a commanding position in the An-

dhra Communist Party. He repaid her initial interest in him by introducing her to the delights of participation in Communist politics for a robust attack on contemporary social ills. The lure of Communism to restless souls steeped in humanitarian culture cannot be exaggerated. It is akin to the teaching of Christ in its theory, the theory of emphasis on human brotherhood and the rights of underdogs. But in the practice of the Party the brotherhood evaporates and non-Communists are regarded as virtually an outcasted lot scarcely to be dealt with on a human footing. Lovable humanitarians entering the Communist Party with the noblest of motives tend therefore to become clannish and narrow-minded, and they are found to bestow on the excitements of party warfare and power politics, faculties which otherwise would have sown the seeds of rich beneficence all round.

The revolutionary urge for human betterment has to be disentangled from the dehumanising trammels of the Communist Party organisation if the essential benevolence of Communism as a theoretical creed is to find continual expression in effective practical ways. Dr. Atchamamba's resignation from the Communist Party now is important as a likely portent of this sort of disentanglement. As she has been hitherto the outstanding formative influence in the political lives of persons like Sundarayya, she may be instrumental now in reconverting a host of Communists to ways and purposes appropriate to the essential spirit of Communism as a social regenerative movement. Sundarayya is a tough hardboiled person with unlimited resources of obduracy and not likely to weaken under any reverse. But even he might be shaken out of habitual fortitude by the defection of one who has meant so much to him and the Party as Dr. Atchamamba.—**SAKA.**

ARE WE LIVING?

by S. PARTHASARATHY

AS I was nearing the completion of a long tour over a considerable part of our province and the Mysore State, a doubt began to assail me "Are we living?", and it kept constantly recurring in my thoughts. For, wherever I went, I could not see any sign of the joy of life in people's faces. Children lolled on the roadside, listless and sulky. The cattle moved with amazing lethargy and exhibited unconcern at the proximate danger of being hurt by the motor car. The dogs invited us to run over them so that they might be relieved from the torments of hunger and mange. The villages, deserted by the educated and the middle classes, presented a desolate appearance, and seemed to contain a number of untenanted houses in various stages of decay. Within the temples, there was the same desolate air as though divinity had departed leaving the priests to perform the *archanas* mechanically or perfunctorily. The towns were of course thick with masses of humanity. But dirt, disease and ugliness were taken for granted by the citizens. The streets and lanes of villages and towns alike, emitted a putrefying smell. In the bazaars, there was not the accustomed bustle and briskness. The merchants, perplexed and confused by the countless and constantly changing regulations affecting trade, appeared to have lost all interest in the future of their business. The new-comers to the field of industry were all sunk in gloom. Some had machinery in cases: but were not granted sites whereon to build their factories. Some had buildings erected, but no machinery to put in; and some had parts of both but no money to complete. The Government servants did not appear to know their places in the scheme of administration. They were engaged either in ordering others who were not their subordinates, or being ordered by others who were not their official masters. The Government was

credited with interpreting too literally the romantic story of the cabin boy who became the Chairman of the Board of Directors, by forgetting the intermediate stages in his career. Stories were current of clerks who became commissioners overnight and of non-entities who became high officials. In the big factories, there was no community of interests between the employers and the employees, and each went about his work muttering imprecations against the other. There was life, but only in the physiological sense. It was, however, not one unrelieved desolation. Here and there were oases. Here dwelt men of the old school believing in elementary virtues and extending traditional hospitality. They have been striving to earn the love and respect of the fellow-citizens who came into contact with them. Belonging to no political party, they had only limited scope to exercise their civic responsibility: but, within that limited scope, they exercised it with diligence and sincerity. Unfortunately, they are rapidly becoming anachronisms, and young men do not care to model themselves on their lines. One may ask what one expects to see in these towns and villages if they were alive instead of being dead. We would see the cattle romping home in the evening raising a cloud of dust; dogs barking a friendly welcome; children laughing and playing games; young couples in gay costumes going shopping; temple bells pealing and streams of devotees pouring in and out, merchants shouting descriptions of their wares; roads and streets swept clean and watered to lay down the dust; fronts of houses decorated with turmeric and drawings in chalk; Harikatha performances and upan-yasams going on in public places; and citizens vying with each other to make the city beautiful and possessed of various civic amenities. One did see that in the Mysore State Mirza, coming at the end of

a long line of distinguished administrators, had been able to inculcate in the citizens of some towns and villages a sense of civic pride.

But, today, the only activity in these mofussil towns and villages belongs to the political classes. Like the cactus, they are rapidly overtaking this land of diminishing fertility. They have cut up the countryside into tiny bits and hedged it with their thorns: for the communalism they preach can only separate man from man. Such civic life as exists is designed to attract contacts with high officials and ministers, and is of the window-dressing variety. The conversations of these political men range on subjects such as the oppression of the Vokkaligars by the Lingayats, of Reddis oppressing the peasants, of the arrogance of the brahmin or the persecution of the brahmin by the non-brahmin, of the futility of temples and of priests, of the incompatibility of the Karnatak and Andhra temperaments, and other such equally elevating topics. There is a race among these political men to get the ministers of Government to visit their places. Any occasion appears to be sufficient inducement for the ministers to leave their offices for the mofussil places: It may be the unveiling of somebody's portrait, or if none is available, any cheap print of Gandhiji in lurid colours is made use of. The ministers come, unveil the portraits, meet the local officials, partake of dinners and teas at the residences of the local moneybags, and are on their way back to headquarters before the sun has set on the festive day. Of the poor, of the conditions of the places they visit and of the needs of the people, the ministers

see or hear nothing. While describing conditions in Hyderabad some years ago, one distinguished administrator said that under the misrule of the Nizam, the people had been reduced to sub-human levels. It now looks that within a decade, similar conditions should be expected in our province if administration is maintained at the present level. When the ruling classes are incompetent to discharge their great responsibilities, much less even to comprehend them, they get into the habit of shifting the blame for the sorry state of things on other heads. They blame the Central Government for their indifference; they blame the officials for their intransigence; they blame the brahmins for their hostile propaganda; they blame the people for their apathy; and they blame religion for its distraction. Mahatma Gandhi foresaw the overtaking deterioration in public life and made several plans to decentralise governmental functions by autonomous village organisations. The Congress politician somehow seems to abhor the sharing of power with the people, and is out to grab as much power as he can into his hands. The creeping death will soon overtake this country unless we undertake immediately the task of teaching the people the art of living together instead of teaching them, as we now do, how to fall out with each other. The people will respond only to good and efficient government, and are not bothered whether the local officials are brahmins, non-brahmins or Harijans. Let it not be said later of the followers of Gandhi that, like those who live nearest to temples being farthest away from God, they were also farthest away from his teachings.



NOISELESS BUSES

Freedom from vibration and noise will be an important feature of a new series of buses which will shortly be produced in Britain.

Comprising four models, the initial range of these new "Olympic" vehicles includes three specially designed for export. These export models will be of the two-door transit type suitable for one-man operation.

PARTIES IN HYDERABAD:

COMMUNISTS AND SCHEDULED CASTES

(From A Special Correspondent)

IN the record of the Military Government of Hyderabad if there is one act which may be criticised it is the decision to ban the Communist Party of Hyderabad and the Andhra Mahasabha (Communist) without giving them time to review the position created by the Indian troops' entry into the State and formulating their policy. It is not known whether the decision was taken on the advice of the Government of India or by the Inspector-General of police, Mr. A. V. Patro, on the basis of reports he had received of Communist activities in Nalgonda and Warangal. There were numerous reports of looting by Communist-led mobs in villages where the "police action" had caused a temporary breakdown of all authority, but as these came usually from State Congress sources there was undoubtedly a great deal of exaggeration. Coupled with the reports that in some places the Razakars were handing over their arms to the Communists, there were reasons perhaps for the Military Government to fear that the restoration of normal conditions in the Communist-dominated areas would not be possible without banning the Party. Whatever the reason, it is unfortunate that elements which certainly fought the Razakars valiantly and suffered grievously at their hands were in one respect treated worse than they. While the Communist Party has been banned, to this day the Majlis Ittehadul Muslimeen, which was the parent body for the Razakar organisation, has not been banned although it at the moment scarcely attempts to live.

It is possible that the Military Government was influenced by reports that the Communists had been acting in concert with the Laik Ali Government—they were alleged to have issued a pamphlet opposing Hyderabad's accession to the

Indian Union on the ground that the Nehru Government was a reactionary capitalist-dominated Government—as was evidenced by Laik Ali's removal of the ban on the Communist Party imposed two years earlier. There was even a story of a secret meeting between P. C. Joshi and Laik Ali, but it seems to be of the same type as the one which used to be circulated during the war about a secret understanding reached between Sir Reginald Maxwell, the Home Member, and P. C. Joshi on behalf of the Indian Communist Party. Communist policy is capable of bafflingly queer turns and twists, and the allies of today may become the bitter enemies of tomorrow, but that is no reason for painting the devil darker than he is. The protest voiced by Raj Bahadur Gowd, Secretary of the Hyderabad Trade Union Congress, and one of the triumvirate of the State Communist Party, in the *People's Age* against the ban on the Party is legitimate. The Party has been condemned unheard. It is strange that neither the Socialists nor the State Congress cared to protest against the ban. The Socialists, of course, have convinced themselves that the Communists are Moscow-dominated and have no respect for democratic rights and that they will give short shrift to their opponents if they came to power. Among the rank and file of the State Congress there is intense hostility towards the Communists and a holy dread of their violent methods of liquidating their enemies. Among many State Congressmen the belief is strong that the Communists are, if anything, a more dangerous menace than the Razakars.

The reason for this fear is that vague stories of what Communists had done in the villages dominated by them have been circulating in the State and outside, and these stories have not made them out to

be respectors of the rights of person or property. The whole truth about what was done in these villages, how the Communists organised them, and how the Jagirdars, Deshmukhs, Sahukars and village officials were got rid of, and how the land was distributed among the cultivators is yet to be told. By any test, it was a remarkable achievement. The Communists claim that they established Panchayat Raj in three thousand villages in Telengana. A Socialist Party pamphlet states that the number of these villages did not exceed a thousand. The truth probably lies somewhere midway. What is significant is that the Communists in Hyderabad were able to build up such influence and strength, and to develop such an organisation that they could hold the Nizam's forces at bay for several months over so large an area.

The organising genius of the Hyderabad Communists is Ravi Narayan Reddy for whose abilities everyone is prepared to pay tribute. Like most Indian Communists Narayan Reddy began as a Gandhite. After leaving school in 1930 he interested himself in Charkha work and was active in this field for some time in Rajahmundry. Returning to Hyderabad he came under the influence of Sri Damodardas Mundada, and became Secretary of the State Harijan Sevak Sangh in 1932. Subsequently he became President of the Sangh while Sri Harischandra Heda took over the Secretaryship. Narayan Reddy and Heda were both members of the Provisional Committee of the State Congress when it was launched in 1938. He was arrested as one of the members of the first batch of Satyagrahis in 1938. After his release in 1939 he started organising the Andhra Mahasabha. It was during this period that he came into contact with P. Sundarayya, the Andhra Communist leader, who had been steadily building up a formidable Communist organisation in the Andhra districts. He was elected President of the Andhra Mahasabha in 1941, but in 1942 his nominee, Yella Reddy, was defeated in the presi-

dential election by K. V. Ranga Reddy, who headed the Gandhian group in the Mahasabha. In the following year Narayan Reddy himself stood as candidate for the presidency and was elected. He immediately started "revising" the constitution of the Mahasabha so as to perpetuate Communist dominance of the organisation. The result was a split, the Gandhians deciding to leave the old Mahasabha and form a separate organisation.

The Communist *volte face* in 1942, which brought about a marriage of convenience between the British Government and the Communist Party for the duration of the "people's war", enabled the Party for the first time in its existence to function as a legal party. During the previous years the Communists had made ample use of their underground existence and the policy of "Left Unity", to worm their way into several organisations and build up a wide cadre of supporters in a variety of organisations such as comrades associations, students' unions, trade unions and Mahila Samajams. It may be noted that during the pre-1942 days there was an understanding between the Socialists and the Communists within the National Congress as a result of which the Socialist parties in Andhra, Tamilnad and Kerala were completely dominated by Communists. It was thus in the garb of Congress Socialism that Marxism penetrated Hyderabad. After 1942 the cleavage between the Socialists and Communists became sharp and irreconcilable, which it has remained ever since. The Communists, however, in Hyderabad and elsewhere, made good use of the opportunities for open work provided by their wartime legislation for building up a well-knit organisation and bringing out a flood of Communist literature. This political turnabout was no doubt a shock to many Congressmen, but the hard core of the Party remained loyal to it—which is a tribute at once to the technique of Communist organisation and the iron discipline exercised on the members. The Party no doubt lost a great deal of its influ-

ence and appeal among the students and middle class elements generally, but at the end of the war it was organisationally stronger than at any time previously. The Party reverted again to its revolutionary programme and Communists in Andhra and Hyderabad got busy among the peasantry. In Telengana the soil was very congenial for their work because of the large mass of exploited peasantry. The Nalgonda and Warangal districts are notorious for their absentee landlords and the landless labourers there are among the most exploited sections of the Hyderabad population. Forced labour, although abolished in law, was still practised in many parts. Approaching the village masses with the slogan of "Land to the Tillers", the Communists soon built up a large following. Communist propaganda, perfected in the Telugu districts of Kistna and Godavari, where the Communists were building up a powerful Kisan movement against the Zamindars, was remarkably efficient. They had their songs, rallies, "burra kathas", and village dramas. The campaign was directed against the Jagirdars, the Sahukars, the police and the village officials and the Nizam's tyrannical administration in general. The Communists were able to link up the economic struggle with the political struggle for democracy and in 1947 they started the process of "capturing" entire villages, beginning with those on the Madras border. The technique was to foment an uprising of the people in a village. The local landlords and officials either fled or were killed. Their properties were looted, the Communists taking over all the arms that were available. The land was distributed among the peasants and panchayats were set up to administer the village. They had their own courts and tahsildars. The Communists carried on their operations mostly at nights, while remaining in their hideouts in the hills or forests during the day. The police were powerless because the villagers would not help them in anyway. When the Razakars took

a hand in hunting down the Communists they often found themselves outmanoeuvred and overwhelmed by the Communists. They usually took it out of the people by razing down entire villages suspected to be under Communist influence. So that quite often between the Communists and the Razakars the poor and the rich in many villages were wiped out. There are numerous burn-out villages in Telengana today.

In Telengana the Communists had two favourable factors. The Nizam's police was corrupt and inefficient and could hardly maintain authority in remote border areas when confronted with the resistance of almost the entire village population. Secondly, the existence of enclaves of the Indian Union within Hyderabad territory and the contiguity of Andhra districts enabled Communists from Telengana to take refuge in Indian territory whenever necessary. The chief of the Hyderabad C.I.D. told me that his greatest difficulty in arresting Communists was due to the refusal of the Madras Government to help the Hyderabad police in tracking down those who had fled to the Andhra districts and he believed the Military Administration would be able to deal more effectively with the Communists because it could rely on the complete co-operation of the neighbouring Provincial Governments.

Both Major-General Choudhry, Military Governor of Hyderabad, and Swami Ramanand Thirth, after a tour of Nalgonda and Warangal districts, have stated that the Communist "menace" in these districts is "under control"—whatever that may mean. There has apparently been no open Communist activity, but this cannot be taken to mean that the Communists have ceased to be a potential force for the future. Barring a handful of minor leaders none of their top men has been arrested. Besides Ravi Narayan Reddy, there are Makhdoom Mohiuddin, Raj Bahadur Gowd, and Yella Reddy, who are all "underground". Mohiuddin was a teacher

in the Hyderabad City College before he joined the Communist Party in 1941. He is said to be a versatile poet and his revolutionary poems are said to be immensely popular among the youth in the State. Raj Bahadur Gowd turned to Marxism even while he was studying for Medicine in the Osmania Medical College and immediately after taking his degree he joined the Party. He had been active among the workers and students and was a remarkable organiser. He created a sensation when early this year he made a sudden appearance at a meeting in Sultan Bazar (Hyderabad) immediately after the Laik Ali Cabinet withdrew the warrant against him and disappeared after addressing the meeting. The police had been instructed to arrest him although the warrant had been withdrawn and were completely baffled by his lightning appearance and disappearance.

The Communists' future plans are shrouded in mystery. It is perhaps futile to hope that they would make a declaration of their faith in democratic and constitutional methods and thereby secure their right to legal existence as any other political party. They do not seem to have surrendered any of their arms, of which they presumably had large quantities judging from the resistance they put up to the Razakars and the Nizam's police and troops. They cannot certainly hope to repeat their tactics against the Nizam's regime because the Indian Army in Hyderabad is a force efficient and equipped well enough to wipe out completely the Communist nests in Telengana. Nor can they rely on the people's support to the same extent as formerly. For one thing, the Socialists and State Congress are doing active propaganda in Telengana against the Communists, and promising more or less the same social changes as those advocated by the Communists—abolition of Jagirdars, etc. For another, Communist criticism of the Nehru Government will not pass muster with the masses as they can see with their own eyes how the

Indian Army has brought them deliverance from the Razakar terror. To harp on the ending of Asaf Jahi Raj will not cut much ice with the common man because he realises that with the Indian Army in Secunderabad the Nizam is no longer the decisive factor in the people's destinies. As the abolition of Jagirdaris is the common plank of all sections within the State Congress, it will be undertaken and carried out as soon as a popular Ministry comes into being. As for abolition of capitalism and nationalisation of industries, most of the industries in Hyderabad are already State-owned or controlled and nationalisation is an easy step. The problem is more one of developing new industries rather than of taking over existing enterprises. The Communists will get their opportunity when the other leaders fall in for the blandishments of office and fail to carry out a radical social programme after coming to power. We in India have seen how the rot has set in among Congressmen after they assumed office. Experience elsewhere shows that the rise of Communists in democratic countries is due invariably to the vacillations and venality of non-Communist leaders, whether Liberals or Socialists. To combine firmness with integrity, a radical programme with maintenance of democratic liberties calls for qualities of statesmanship of a high order. The success of the British Labour Party appears to be due to the presence of such qualities among its leadership. In India the Socialists will succeed only in the measure that they provide such a leadership in the coming years, which will be full of trial and travail for us. The future of the Communist Party in Hyderabad, as well as in India, will depend on whether such a democratic Socialist leadership can take the place of the existing Congress before conditions reach a stage where the only alternatives are some form of fascist or Communist dictatorship.

Before concluding this series of articles on the current scene in Hyderabad, reference should be made to one other organisation in

Hyderabad which is likely to fill an important place in the political set-up in Hyderabad at least for some years to come. This is the Scheduled Castes Federation, of which Mr. J. H. Subbiah is the President. The scheduled castes in Hyderabad are said to number about forty-five lakhs or nearly thirty per cent of the population of the State. They are, as in other parts of India, the most backward sections of the Hindu community socially and economically. They are mostly either landless labourers in the villages or workers doing menial jobs in the towns. The Hyderabad branch of the Scheduled Castes Federation was started in the year 1940 on the advice of Dr. Ambedkar. Mr. Subbiah was its first President and has held that office ever since. During the past eight years the Federation has built up a well-knit State-wide organisation and has done a great deal to improve the lot of the depressed classes in the State. It claims today a total membership of seven lakhs, a figure which is obviously on the high side. The Federation has district and taluk branches and has done considerable propaganda work by holding nearly a hundred conferences in various parts of the State.

It has opened several hostels and boarding houses for Harijan students in the districts and has awarded a large number of scholarships to promising students of the community, besides buying books for a large number. It has interested itself in the digging of wells for Harijans and in the provision of houses for members of the community in the villages.

Allied to the main Federation are a Scheduled Caste Women's Federation of which Srimati Rajmani Devi is the President, and a S.C. Students' Federation of which Mr. J. M. Satyanarayana is the President. Thanks to the work of these organisations there are today many members of the scheduled castes who are graduates, professors, inspectors of police, technical supervisors, auditors and successful businessmen. Quite a number of girls of the community are now studying

in high schools and in the University and already a few lady graduates are in service.

Under Mr. Subbiah's energetic leadership the Scheduled Castes Federation has hitherto pursued a progressive political policy. In the agitation for responsible government the S.C.F. has fully lined up with the State Congress and stood out against attempts to separate the scheduled castes from the people's movement. The Federation condemned the 1946 Reforms which had made no provision for the return of elected members of the scheduled castes to the Assembly. During the days of the Razakar terror, Mr. Subbiah made common cause with the State Congress leaders in protesting against the Razakar atrocities and in condemning the Government's policies generally. Its members refused to join the new Assembly for which the Government had to appoint five nominated members from the Depressed Classes Association of Mr. Venkat Rao.

No one visiting Mr. Subbiah in his modern, well-furnished house in Secunderabad will think he belongs to the "depressed classes". He is a successful businessman, is well read and has an enviable library of modern and classical literature. He has married a Parsi and lives according to the western style and is by no means typical of the scheduled castes in Hyderabad. His success, in fact, is most conclusive proof of the utter artificiality of caste distinctions, and shows how man-made they are despite their long history. He has served on several statutory committees set up by the Nizam's Government and has thus an intimate understanding of many problems in the State. He will do justice to any cabinet post. He is totally opposed to suggestions for the merging of the scheduled castes in the State Congress because he fears that that would mean the complete submergence of the scheduled castes. He advocates separate electorates for them as the only means of securing "genuine" representatives of the community in the legislature. ("Genuine", of course, means members of the Scheduled Castes Federa-

tion.) Whether the Hyderabad Constituent Assembly decides in favour of joint or separate electorates, means must be found for utilising the talents and services of men of the stamp of Mr. Subbiah. He may perhaps be made to accept joint electorates if he is assured that electoral arrangements will be so devised as to ensure that only those commanding the full confidence of the community are enabled to get into the legislature.

A rival organisation claiming to represent the scheduled castes in the State is the Depressed Classes Association, which came into prominence during the past two years. Of its leaders Mr. Venkat Rao (who is also a businessman) was a Minister in the Laik Ali Cabinet and is now under house arrest. The other prominent leader, Mr. Sham Sunder, went to Europe as a member of the Moin Nawaz Jung delegation and has wisely chosen not to return to the State. Mr. Venkat Rao is accused of inciting Harijans to join hands with the Razakars and participate in their depredations. At his instance large numbers of scheduled caste members are stated to have enrolled themselves as Razakars and committed looting, arson, etc., particularly in Bidar. It is alleged that Laik Ali placed nearly a crore of rupees in the hands of Venkat Rao which he freely used to subsidise his followers. The manner in which Venkat Rao handled the funds given to him, in fact, forms part of the enquiry that has been going on into the financial record of the Laik Ali Cabinet. Mr. Venkat Rao's association with Razvi and the Razakars has thoroughly discredited him and the Depressed Classes Association has no future at all.

The political future of the Scheduled Castes Federation will depend very much on the nature of the representation provided for the scheduled castes in the new constitution. The S.C.F., by the first article of its constitution, envisages the continuance of the scheduled castes "as a distinct and separate element in

the national life of the Dominion". This stand is not logical. The scheduled castes can remain as such only so long as the special social disabilities from which they suffer operate as a bar to equality of opportunity with other communities. Once these social disabilities are removed the *raison d'être* for their being treated as a distinct element of the community goes. And our aim is to hasten the day when the badge of an inferior social status is abolished and everyone is socially and politically the equal of every other. This means that special rights for the scheduled castes must by their very nature be of a self-liquidating character. The S.C.F. leaders should also remember that there are the socialists and the Communists—not to speak of the Gandhians, who have their own plans for the emancipation of the Harijans—who are striving to draw the depressed classes into the larger movement for social, economic and political emancipation of all toiling people without regard to their social positions, all of which they expect to sweep away by far-reaching social changes. In the circumstances, it remains to be seen how far and how long leaders of the scheduled castes, in Hyderabad or elsewhere, can keep their members away from the main stream of progressive movements based on economic rather than communal divisions.

(In the article "Parties and Personalities in Hyderabad", published in last week's *Swatantra*, it has been stated that Messrs B. Ramakrishna Rao and K. S. Vaidya, against whom an enquiry has been ordered by the Hyderabad State Congress Working Committee, did not participate in the struggle launched after June 1947. This is a mistake. Mr. Ramakrishna Rao offered Satyagraha in the end of September 1947; was arrested and released along with Swamiji on November 30, '47. Mr. K. S. Vaidya was arrested along with Swamiji on January 26, '48 and released in June. The error is regretted.)

Short Story

The Land of Dreams

by Jaiboy Joseph

LOVE for a pretty girl is a common thing. All of us have experienced it, in various degrees, either in dreams or in actuality at some stage in our life.

I once knew a chap by name K who believed in the existence of true love which never wears away. He said that his ambition was to marry a very beautiful girl. People would laugh at him, for his way of life was certain to repel any good looking, nice-mannered girl. He considered it quite in order to walk about all the time in tatters, his hair all unkempt, his face unevenly shaved. But he had a fairly good physique which more than made up for his quaint ways: he once hurled a javelin clear ahead of the hundred and fifty-six feet mark. But, alas, this he did unofficially when the college athletic meet was over.

After long years of waiting he discovered the girl of his dreams. It was in the year 1941, in a little house in Nungambakam overlooking the river, that he announced his discovery. I hadn't seen him for days and therefore I was startled by the precipitous manner in which he rushed into my room, racket in hand, hot from a game of tennis.

"I have made friends with the most beautiful girl in the world", he said. "She is as lovely as the heroine in the movie we saw a couple of weeks back. I won't tell you her name". K had often struck me as an extremely naive fellow. Otherwise he wouldn't have likened his friend to the heroine of a movie. His reading had centred mostly round the dime western novels and at its sublimest it had dared to cross the border to Peter Cheyney's fast moving world. I asked him to describe her fully.

"She has such striking eyes, such a delicate nose and such a frail but firm figure", he said.

I told him that the description was inadequate, but he dashed away spluttering something about telling me all about it later. Then for sometime I didn't see him and I wondered why. K had always loved to confide things to me because I was of all his friends the one who could be trusted most with a secret.

I ran across him after a month at the Mambalam railway station. After beating about the bush for sometime I asked him the inevitable question.

"Well", he replied. "You don't know how wonderful it is to be in love. But there are some difficulties in my way. She is of high caste and her parents have told me to lay off until I entered some profession and had some money of my own."

Upon hearing that there were difficult obstacles in his path I began to mutter platitudes to him about love being a condition impossible of attainment, and that at best it was merely a shortlived excitement. That no two people ever loved each other with an equal fire. He seemed outraged at what I said and replied that N was different and that her charms would be enduring.

After that I didn't hear about him for years. It was in 1945 I got the following letter:

"Dear—,

I write from Burma where I am making my fortune. I am avoiding the horror of having to join the Services. I don't want to get killed. I want to live for the sake of N who is now very keen on marrying me. I have won her parents to my side. They have been struck with the way I make dough. I flood them with presents—saris upon saris, Burmese curios and a host of other things. You may be won-

dering how I make the money. It is all very simple. I swapped an old Ford for Rs. 500. I taxi students from a Rangoon college to their homes and make at least Rs. 25 a day. All this I spend on gew-gaws for N. I've also learned the art of tailoring. I cut suits at a famous tailoring house by night and make Rs. 150 a month, most of which I spend on fees at the Medical College where I am doing the course."

And when the whole country was in war flames he refused to join the Services for the sake of love. Greater love hath no man than this of K.

Being a bad correspondent I did not reply. But in 1946 I again heard from him. He was on his way back because N's parents had asked him to discontinue at the Medical College and hurry back and marry her. He did not want N to know when he was coming, he wanted to spring a surprise. He wanted me to be at the harbour.

When I first saw K walking down the gangway I didn't recognize him. The years had changed him. Probably love—yes, true love—had a say in the matter. He was elegantly and immaculately dressed in a brilliant suit. He was well-groomed. His manners were charming. He asked me to put him up for a couple of days.

That afternoon he decided to spring the surprise he had planned. He dressed himself up and was ready to meet N. "Didn't I always tell you that I would marry only a very beautiful girl?" He said laughing before he left.

At dusk I heard a knock at the door. I wondered who it could be. K could not possibly return so early. Yet, when I opened the door it was he. His face was troubled and all the elegance that was a part of him a few hours ago, had vanished. "What in heaven's name has happened?" I asked him.

But he did not answer. After a while, furrowing his brows, he murmured something about his having

to leave for Bombay all on a sudden in the morning on some urgent business. I took him at his word, for I felt convinced that he was worried because he had to leave N all on a sudden.

Early in the morning as I drove him to the station he kept mysteriously silent. He got into the compartment, while I stood on the platform. Suddenly he made a gesture towards the gates and said: "There they come, the three of them—father, mother and daughter"—his face clouding all over. I looked to where he pointed hoping at last to see the divine creature for whom K had dedicated his youth.

Suddenly I felt the whole world was reeling round me. I peeled my eyes and strained again and again at a creature a good 200 lbs. heavy, a treble chinned she-elephant. Her corpulency was so repelling that I asked K again if he hadn't made a mistake in spotting her.

"It is a pathological condition, my dear fellow, which some people suddenly develop," he said, in a wry professional voice. By the time he had finished saying this they had neared our compartment. The girl was in tears. The father called K a liar and a double-crosser and said that he had suspected his infidelity all along. The mother railed against what she called the "monstrous army of men". I was too startled for speech. K remained stony silent and gazed awkwardly into the vacancy before him pretending not to hear a word.

Suddenly the father and mother realising that they were creating a scene turned and walked away dragging the poor sobbing creature.

I was left alone again with K. The train whistled. "And I once thought that she was as lovely as the heroine in the movie," he said wistfully. His voice was full of sadness and I knew why.

These were the last words he told me. I never met him again. The last I heard of him was that he was leading a crack Ghurka regiment in Kashmir.

FREE INDIA'S CONSTITUTION: GUIDING PRINCIPLES

by Prof. M. VENKATARAMAIA, M.A.

ALTHOUGH writers on political science hold the opinion that "constitutions are not made" and that "they only grow", deliberate making of constitutions through the special machinery of a Constituent Assembly or convention has become a characteristic of almost all States in the modern age. It began with the American Revolution of 1776, and the first great constitution thus deliberately framed was that of the United States in 1787. This example was followed by France in the days of the Revolution—in the period between 1789 and 1795, in 1848, in 1871 and finally in 1947. The constitutions of Switzerland, Canada, Australia, South Africa, the German Republic, Czechoslovakia, Ireland and of many states in Eastern and Central Europe were also framed at a particular point of time by Constituent Assemblies. And if today we in India have a Constituent Assembly engaged in framing a constitution for free India we are merely following the example set by so many countries of the world during the last two centuries.

In politics there are only three fundamental problems. There is first the problem of who should exercise the coercive power in the community which is characteristic of the State as an organisation. There is secondly the problem of how this power should be exercised—through what organs. There is thirdly the problem of the use that has to be made of the power that is exercised. All constitution-making, if it is fully and elaborately carried out, gives solutions to these three problems. Constitutions may deal with several other matters but compared with these central problems they occupy only a subordinate place.

All revolutions whether carried out by violence and bloodshed or by

peaceful means are followed by constitution-making. This is quite natural because every revolution implies a transfer of power from one set of people to another set of people. Those who come out successful in a revolution proceed as a matter of course to give their solutions to the three fundamental political problems and it is this that necessitates the framing of a new constitution by them. Such a constitution gives a form and shape to their ideas about political power.

The British abdicated their power over India in 1947 and the leaders of the Indian National Congress occupied seats of authority. This meant a great revolution in the history of the country and those who succeeded to power have naturally proceeded to frame a new constitution and solve the basic problems of politics in accordance with their views.

In carrying out their work constitution-framers are influenced by two factors. In the first place every age has its dominant political ideas which constitute what may be styled the intellectual climate of the age. Constitution-makers are under the influence of this climate and they cannot escape from it. For instance, the framers of the constitution of the United States accepted as axiomatic truths the ideas put forward by Locke and Montesquieu—ideas which declared that the people are the ultimate source of all power, that governmental authority should always be limited, and that the organs exercising power should be separate and divided. The American Constitution is an embodiment of these ideas. The French revolutionaries were dominated by Rousseau's doctrine of popular sovereignty and the doctrine of the fundamental rights of man. Democracy as an ideal form of government was

the dominant idea with the framers of constitutions in most of the countries of Europe in the period after the first world-war. Every age has thus its motivating political idea which exercises its controlling influence on constitution makers. This conditions their thought and determines the nature of their work.

The second factor that influences them is what they consider to be the special problems of their country. In applying the general ideas of the age they have to take these problems into consideration. It is because of this that though the constitution-makers living in a particular age breathe the same intellectual air, there are differences in matters of detail between the constitution framed for one country and that framed for another. French democracy for instance is not a mere copy of either the British or American democracy. It is similar to both of them in certain fundamentals but also differs from them in certain other essential matters and this is due to their special political likes and dislikes inherited from their historical experience.

If the analysis above is correct the question may be asked as to what the dominant political idea of the contemporary world is—the idea which is exercising a dominating influence on the constitution-makers gathered in the Indian Constituent Assembly. Democracy may be said to be that idea, and it is democracy as understood in England and other countries of Western Europe and in North America as distinguished from democracy as understood and practised in Soviet Russia and the countries which are now within her sphere of influence. Persons occupying a leading position in the Indian Constituent Assembly—persons like Nehru, Patel, etc.—have been educated in the conceptions of Western democracy and believe that it is the best form of government. Moreover whatever democracy was introduced into India by the British during the last thirty years was democracy of the West European type. It is with the working of this democracy that the leading members of the Consti-

tuent Assembly have been familiar. Naturally the constitution that is being framed by them for free India is a democratic constitution of the West European type and is different not only from democracy as understood and worked in Soviet Russia but also from democracy as envisaged by Mahatma Gandhi with his emphasis on village panchayats and indirectly elected organs of government at all levels above the village.

Among the particular problems whose solution is considered to be of the greatest importance by the leaders of the Constituent Assembly today the first place is to be given to the communal problem. There are different religious communities in the country—the Hindus, the Muslims, the Indian Christians, the Anglo-Indians and the Sikhs. Besides these there are the several castes or socially differentiated groups among the Hindus themselves—the broad division being that between the Caste Hindus and the Harijans. The question therefore has become very prominent as to how the Western concept of democracy should be applied in a country where there are such communal groups. It is quite possible to argue as some did in the days of British rule and as many do even today that the communal problem is no real problem at all, that it is merely the creation of the British and that the only course to be followed is to ignore it completely and recognise the individual as the basic unit in the body politic irrespective of the religious or the social group to which he belongs. But this is to forget that a whole generation of people have been brought up in an atmosphere of communal ideology—as the Germans were brought up in racial ideology by Hitler—and that it has become a part of the mental make-up of a very large section of the people including those that claim membership in the Indian National Congress. The communal problem therefore is a problem in the country and a solution consistent with the idea of democracy has to be found for it. The constitution-makers have solved it by creating what they call a "Secular State".

This concept of the secular State is along with democracy one of the guiding principles of the constitution for free India. In examining the constitution one has therefore to enquire to what extent this principle has been adhered to and where it has been departed from.

Another problem which has come to prominence is whether India should be a unitary or federal State. Even today there are many protagonists of the unitary principle and they feel that any kind of decentralization which federation invariably brings along with it will only result in the political disintegration of the country. Even among the upholders of the federal idea there are large differences of opinion regarding the nature of the units to be federated and the extent to which the principle should be used. It is in this context that one can best understand the controversy between those who are defending the draft constitution in its present form and those who severely condemn it on the ground that it has paid no regard whatever to the Gandhian principle of village republics. On the whole, however, the makers of the Indian Constitution have favoured the federal as against the unitary principle, although it may be contended that it is the federalism of the centralized type that is provided for in the constitution. Federalism therefore is the third guiding principle of India's Constitution.

Modern democracy, even of the West European type, has assumed several forms. There is the parliamentary form as it obtains in England, France and the Scandinavian countries, where the Cabinet (the executive) is responsible to the legislature and holds office only so long as it commands the confidence of the legislature. There is then the Presidential form which obtains in the United States, where the head of the executive derives his power from

election by the people themselves, holds his office for a fixed period of four years and owes no responsibility to the legislature. There is also the Swiss type of executive which is similar to the parliamentary type in certain respects, and similar to the Presidential type in certain other respects and is therefore praised by its admirers as combining all the merits of both these systems without their demerits. There has been a controversy in India for about two decades as to what kind of executive is best suited to the peculiar conditions of the country. The draft constitution has set the controversy at rest and has provided for a parliamentary type of executive. Cabinet government may therefore be regarded as the fourth guiding principle of India's new constitution.

Among the other guiding principles mention may be made of the rule of law implying an independent judiciary freed normally from the control of the executive and the legislature. There is also the principle of an impartial body of civil servants devoting themselves as experts to the work of day to day administration whatever be the party that is in political power at any particular time. There is finally the principle of the flexibility of the constitution so that any changes necessitated by the emergence of new needs and requirements might be brought about quickly and without much difficulty.

In subsequent articles an attempt will be made to examine in detail the nature of the democratic, the secular, the federal and the parliamentary State created by the Indian Constituent Assembly and the extent to which such a State is adequate for providing the citizens with all those goods—material as well as non-material—essential for developing their personalities according to the conceptions of the present age.



A liberal mind is a mind that is able and willing to imagine itself believing anything. That is the only mind that is capable of judging beliefs, or that can hold strongly without bigotry to a belief of its own.—MAX EASTMAN.

A. S. BHARATAN—AN APPRECIATION

by C. H. V. PATHY

IT is a trite saying that names make news but precious little is known in these days of press barons, chain newspapers and dummy editors, of the men who slave and sweat and slog at their desks to interpret the events of the world and the men behind the big happenings. In hundreds of newspaper offices in this country and in half a dozen news agencies are assembled today a band of craftsmen who scorn delight and live laborious days and nights to provide the grist for the newspaper mill. Among them an aisle seat must be accorded to Mr. A. S. Bharatan, the unassuming chief executive of the newly created Press Trust of India whom I ran to earth a few years ago in the tiny room of his office in Hornby Road.

It was the fag end of the month and he was busy signing cheques. "I hope the figures are correct. I have no time to check up all of them", he told his accountant who was standing by the side of a table which was astonishingly prim and tidy for a newspaperman's. By his side were a couple of telephones.

Men from Malabar, to whatever station of life they are called, do not fuss or bluster about their achievements, and Mr. Bharatan is no exception. He is undoubtedly one of the most brilliant news discoveries of this age. But the credit for having spotted him does not belong either to K. C. Roy or B. G. Horniman. His life is the romance of a poor boy from Cochin State who without any adventitious aid had to fight his way to the top of the organisation of which today he is the key man. Born on the last day of October in 1902, Bharatan was so poor that he was deprived even of the rudiments of elementary education. However he found an outlet for his energy in the study of Sanskrit. Till the age of sixteen he lived in the unpretentious surroundings of his obscure village. It was then

that Fate lent a hand in shaping his future career. In 1919, the influence of a relative secured him a free scholarship, with additional facilities of free board and lodge, at the Theosophical High School at Madanapalle. He was admitted to the second form but crossed several hurdles and within three months was admitted to the third form. Just as he was feeling elated at his success, Fate struck another blow and Mr. Bharatan was catapulted from Madanapalle back to his village as a result of the closure of the free hostel where he was lodging. He was one who would never say die and thanks mainly to his initiative, he was able to secure admission in a High School at Palghat, where he continued his studies up to S.S.L.C.

Luckily for young Bharatan, the Madanapalle High School blossomed into a college and he was able to secure admission, with free board and a scholarship. In 1928, he became a full-fledged graduate, with distinction in history and economics. In the normal course of things, Adyar, with its glittering intellectuality and hunt for talent would have absorbed Mr. Bharatan, who might have been a prominent figure clad in the unmistakable, loose Theosophic garments, flitting round the idyllic settings of a place where J. Krishnamurti was groomed to stardom and Dr. Cousins opened the magic casements of his soul. But Bharatan's first problem was bread. He could not escape from the looming realities of the world into a roseate flower garden.

He took the road to Bombay, the city of adventure, where another lad from Malabar, Mr. P. P. Iyer, who started life as a salesman in the Whiteaways was destined to soar high in the newspaper world and end his life as the News Editor of the premier English daily. At the time he trekked to Bombay, Bharatan bumped into Mr. M. V.

Venkateswaran, the then provincial Scout Secretary, another product of Madanapalle, in whose office he worked for a while as stenographer. He was soon put in charge of the provincial Scout Association's monthly journal. He had another break when he joined the Associated Press of India as junior reporter in 1930. Born newsman that he was, Bharatan soon made his mark. At that time Gandhiji had stumped the country with the cry of revolt and the civil disobedience movement provided newsmen with enterprise, plenty of scope for scoops.

Coupled with his inherent cleverness was an astonishing flair for hard work which made Bharatan one of the key men of the Associated Press. He established contacts with top-ranking leaders and had the rare distinction of interviewing Gandhiji along with two other journalists as soon as he was released in 1931. Thereafter, his career was all cut for him. He travelled from one end of the country to the other, contacting leaders and covering Congress Committee meetings. He enjoyed the confidence of Sardar Patel to an immense extent. I was told at Bombay that Sardar Patel used to have daily meetings with Mr. Bharatan and K. Gopalaswamy, the news genius of the "Times of India", at one of the flats in Marine Drive.

From cub to chief reporter, from chief reporter to News Editor and from News Editor to Assistant General Manager, promotions to this lad from Cochin came thick and fast. He became indispensable to the A.P.I. All this success was achieved in the short space of seven years. Two years later, when Mr. Turner, the General Manager of the Associated Press left for the United States, the responsibility of maintaining the organisation and expanding its activities fell to Mr. Bharatan though Mr. F. R. Jones acted as the chief. He established as many as fifteen branch offices of the A.P.I., throughout India. One of his distinctive achievements was to give full coverage of both Indian and foreign news to verna-

cular newspapers which were labouring at a disadvantage.

In 1943, Mr. Turner returned to India. Soon after, Mr. Bharatan was appointed as Deputy General Manager of the A.P.I. Since then he has done sterling work and it was due to his initiative that the whole of India was linked by teleprinter. He had his pulse on every Congress Government and catered to their needs. With the achievement of Indian freedom, the question naturally cropped up of India-rising the premier news agency in the country and protracted talks in this direction ultimately culminated in the recent trip to London of a newspaper delegation. Mr. Bharatan who accompanied the team did splendid work behind the scenes since he knew the whole ropes. With the birth of what is known as the Press Trust of India, Mr. Bharatan's services won due recognition and he has been chosen as the chief executive of the Press Trust. There is no doubt that he will see to it that a radical transformation takes place in the collection and transmission of news, both inward and outward. One of his main jobs was to salvage all the Hindu newspapermen belonging to A.P. from Pakistan.

Mr. Bharatan believes in the dictum that work is worship. In spite of the fact that he occupies an important executive post in his office, he works round the clock. He has no other hobby except his work. Though the most sought after man in Bombay by leaders, he does not believe in making a splash in society, sampling the race course or talking shop at the Cricket Club of India. He is a teetotaler and vegetarian and makes only grudging concession to a cigarette at times. It is difficult to draw him out to talk about himself. His rough exterior hides one of the most sympathetic souls in the profession. All his boys have great admiration for him. He has considerably improved the lot of the working newspapermen. In putting the Congress on the map of the world, he has done great work.



*Harindranath
Chattopadhyaya*

STRUGGLE

THE sensation was both instantaneous and queer. I was in an ethereal state of mind already; the ochre robe seemed to cling round the body like thin morning-light thrilling me to the spine! Yet, what a responsibility! Now I must entirely shut the doors of the mind on all that is not of the essence, of the spirit. Yet, how difficult until the shutting becomes an unconscious, automatic process; and when it does it becomes only another word for opening. For then the mind really and truly opens on to a steady light spread wide and still as an ocean without a ripple, without a gull in sight to suggest the nearness of a limited idea known as a shore, no sails dotting the mirror-like water ever engrossed in an unbroken reflexion of heaven.

I could feel the lower part of my body, down the waist-line slowly growing angry and working its way to hot rebellion. Something seemed to wake up, rub its eyes, yawn and say "Who dares to put on the robe of renunciation? Who dares suggest the passing out of my kingdom, where pleasures reign roseal and alluring, where coloured dreams bloom, where time and space offer play-things for the delectation of

my vassals?" That voice was poignant, insistent. It was the voice of the vital threatened with defeat. But the vital in us is not so simple to gain triumph over; it is powerful, it is pugilistic—it fights tooth and nail against the golden army of the Light which camps in the portion above the waistline, the centre of the heart.

I felt a burning sensation creep over me, my eyes began to water with tears which welled up for no apparent cause—my ears grew fired about their tips. What exactly was happening to me? It was a mixed feeling of joy and depression and the depression, as I now recall and analyse it, was the result of my conscious effort at bidding goodbye to the life of the past with its countless chains most of them so utterly subtle, so unutterably alluring, making man most willing to accept them with gratitude! Goodbye. It is such a small word—and yet, what a world leaps up out of it when it is once uttered faithfully and decisively. Goodbye to outer life—goodbye to life which

"like a dome of many coloured glass stains the white radiance of eternity".....

For an artist like me, who was born every inch, pore, cell and all an artist, highly-strung, wild about the efflorescence of Nature, madly in love with colour brimming all the time out of the heart almost like lust—was it easy to mean what I said? Good-bye?

I did not feel a bit like lingering near about Sidharud—in fact a dullness and drabness seemed, within a very short while, to oppress my mind and flood the vicinity in which he sat. No—I will go away! I will catch the first train I can and go towards the Himalayas. How exactly I was going to do that was hardly my concern; I was going to do it. I would walk over miles and miles of the most rugged road, if need be. But I shall go towards the mighty snow-capped ancestors standing through the centuries against the horizon, or rather, held in its ample unchanging indestructible embrace. But what about the wherewithal for the journey? Why bother? Did not Ramdas assure me that in this one instance at least the old adage of "God helps those who help themselves" did not hold good. For it is when one really and truly ceases entirely, whole-heartedly, to help one's self that God begins really and truly, entirely and whole-heartedly to help one.

This meant surrender, unwavering, unquestioning, unsuspecting surrender. It is no joke to surrender. And surrender to whom? To what? To some vague idea of one who is there, unproved, unseen, hovering everywhere? No, it is not as easy as all that. "Blind faith" most men cry. But faith which is blind is no faith at all. It is sheer despicable, and pitiful credulity. Faith can only be born as a result of knowledge. The one presupposes the other.

On enquiry I found that I had a train which I could catch some time in the afternoon. A few hours, therefore, spanned a bridge of waiting between the morning and the hour of the train's departure. Yes, I would definitely leave that very day. But why did Ramdas ask me to go to Sidharud? Surely, there

must be something, after all, which Ramdas had found worth while. It may have been one of the many hallucinations which a man works himself into when he is out to become abnormal. I did not find anything at all; not one authentic remour in the heart. I will leave, I said—yes, that very afternoon.

Then, after a big glass of milk fresh drawn from one of the many Ashram cows, and four bananas, I set out alone to get acquainted with the natural surroundings round about. I stepped from rock to rock, walking bare-footed, a habit which was not new to me, for I had cultivated it deliberately after my return from England in 1920. There were sloping plains thorn-laden and gravel-strewn—but I somehow enjoyed the thought that my soles would be hurt by them. The hill which I climbed—and all this as the sun climbed up in the sky without a wink of eye and blazingly,—was also very difficult of climbing, being thickly strewn with pointed stones. I trod on them all, and they hurt, they burned my soles with painful scratches and bruises. I knew for the first time why certain Christian mystics and faquirs indulged in self-flagellation. It was both painful and delicious—self-wounding can become a veritable luxury—but it is, in the last analysis, only a sign of weakness. It involves a subtle passion, it veils a very fine form of sadism. It is the way of the introvert who finds the extraneous lying about him as a threat to his meditations. It is definitely the lifting up of the white flag of truce and self-flagellation then becomes the terms of that truce.

Soon I grew tired of roaming—I had already had a sense of weariness in the body due to the travel of the day and the night before. So, I felt like resting in the posture of Christ on the Cross, hands spread out and legs stretched taut together and nailed down by imaginary nails on to a spot which looked like a polished square consisting of three long granite stones, my eyes upturned towards the sky fixed on its blaze. I tried out the experiment

of trying out a winkless gaze at the golden ball which returned the compliment by looking down into my eyes, glaring and lidless.

I felt it exhilarating—the flesh grew light and almost seemed to experience a sense of cancellation. After about an hour or more thus spent, I rose to go back towards the Ashram. It must have been nearing eleven-thirty. When I got up and cast my gaze on the spot on which I had lain, I saw, to my surprise, three different sized scorpions crushed as thin as paper, probably under my weight—one was large, the second was less large and the third, smallish and pale. It was the father, mother and son, trio, who had been crushed under my human callousness. But I was not conscious of the murder in cold blood. Lord! If I had had the least small inkling into their existence there, I would have surely shrunk from

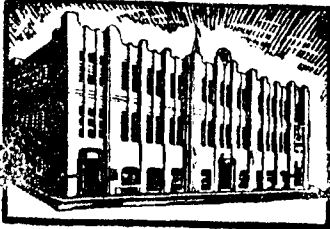
essaying to stretch myself with the joyance and composure with which I had done it! Another miracle, I thought to myself.

Then I walked down the hill and when I reached the Ashram I found Sidharud seated on a throne-like seat arranged on a very large tiger-skin which stretched out in front and got caught up into an uncanny and impressive balance by the tigerhead, its pink tongue stiff and fixed in it forever like a dead flame.

I entered the hall and sat unobserved in a corner at the back of the Sidha—unobserved—so I thought.

But something most extraordinary happened which proved that I was being very much observed. And what happened started off for me a series of unique experiences which lasted continuously for several days after that.

"I have never had a policy", said Abraham Lincoln. "I have simply tried to do what seemed best each day, as each day came."

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SPOTLIGHT ON THE



THE channel along which the forces of what we are pleased to call modern civilization flows, was hewn out as early as five hundred years before Jesus Christ, by the Greeks. The Hebrews gave Europe the idea of one God and the Romans the nucleus of sanitary science. It was the Greeks who gave everything else—art and culture and philosophy and statecraft. It has been said that the Greeks could not touch anything without making it beautiful. The show-case of knick-knacks in the terracotta room of the British Museum supplies enough evidence of this glorious touch which was Greece.

That was old Greece—the Greece which cradled Euclid the mathematician, Homer the poet, Hesiod the historian and Socrates the philosopher. Those were the old spacious days when Pheidias decorated the Parthenon and produced masterpieces of sculpture which still stand; when Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripedes wrote the drama and poetry on which the great writers of every nation since have been nurtured; when Aesop the slave told his wonderful tales; when the glory of Athens shone side by side with that of Rome and Jerusalem; when Alexander roamed the world in search of new realms to conquer and from their temples Jupiter and Juno, Venus and Bacchus, Mercury and Mars, Apollo and Cupid smiled their blessings on men. That was the old Greece whose glory, as Shelley has sung, was

based on the crystalline sea
Of thought and its eternity.

The country that now stands on the edge of the Mediterranean is the new Greece whose face is pitted

with red spots as if she had some dreadful disease.

The present travail which Greece is going through had its beginnings more than half a dozen years ago in the march first of the Italians and then of the Germans and Bulgarians on Greek soil. When liberation came the population of Greece had been reduced by seven per cent. Her navy and air force were gone. From then on she was a marked nation. Disaster was kept postponed by British occupation. When they left in March, 1947, Greece was utterly at the mercy of any power which cared to lap it up.

The strategic position of Greece had been a great temptation to Russia ever since 1941. Since the close of the war Greece, like Germany, has occupied the position of a "no-man's-land" between the East and West. Britain tried diplomatic methods to negotiate with the Communists and failed. The U.S. now trying valiantly to "settle" with the enemy on the field of battle is facing no more success. With the moving of Greece to the other side of the Iron Curtain, would disappear the last obstacle in the Russian access to the Mediterranean. After Greece it would be Turkey's turn and, of course, the Dardanelles. Eastern Mediterranean would then be in the hands of Russia.

When in August this year, the "Operation Coronet" launched by the Greek Army against General Markos' stronghold in Mount Grammos, ended in such a thundering and much-publicised success, the Western Powers sat back and patted themselves on their backs and said the "backbone" of the Government

of Free Greece was broken for good. Three weeks later came unpleasant news; that the aforesaid "back-bone" had not only not been broken but had recovered from the slight scratch or two it might have received and had moved over to Mount Vitsi forty miles north-east. Daily raids on villages in Macedonia and Peloponnese were in full swing. The Greek army, absorbed in celebrating its Grammos victory, did not even hear the screaming of the shells over Kastoria and could get their artillery ready only half an hour after the shelling had ended and the Communists had packed their cases and gone home. And it is now being said that, thanks to one thing and another, the rebel forces are stronger than they ever have been so far. In fact, outside Athens, Salonika, Attica and Corinth there is no real security in Greece. It is reported that in October as many as hundred people were being killed every day. Railway tracks and roads have been blown up and peasants terrorised into submission. Hundreds of children have been kidnapped and sent out of the country. And more than half a million refugees have infiltrated into the cities from rural areas. The rebels are in the north, they are in Thrace flourishing on Bulgarian help and the mountainous hideouts of Central Greece are full of them. Thessaly is gone and Trikkala and Larissa have been so severely attacked that they stand today as ghostly relics of once busy cities. Ambassador Grady's statement that the "situation.....is not completely satisfactory," was a masterpiece of understatement coming as it did almost simultaneously with the demand by the Greek Government for more American arms and finance. On the contrary, the situation was so alarming that Mr. Marshall flew down to Greece from Washington in October and went back feeling exactly the same as when he left China last year.

Britain had left Greece before it was too late, having poured almost fifty million pounds into the country building its wrecked harbours, putting together its broken bridges and

railway lines and maintaining its army. American entrenchment in Greek politics started with the Truman plan which has been continued by the inclusion of Greece in the E.R.P. It has now become a case of America not being able to afford to wash its hands of the whole business. The slightest relaxation of vigilance on her part would put, among other things, the Marshall Plan and the Atlantic Pact in the soup for both are planned on the foundations of Mediterranean defence and on the preservation of the balance of power in Europe. Moreover, America's considerable and valuable oil interests in the Middle East are far too precious and indispensable to be let go. But Greece, like China and France, has proved nothing but a white elephant which till now has swallowed up more than five hundred million dollars. American assistance indeed has not been confined to money, military assistance or material. With a wise understanding of events moving too fast to be controlled, the U.S. Government last year sent Mr. Loy Wesley Henderson to make a dignified concession to the Communists. Premier Demetrios Maximos was persuaded to quit and a coalition Cabinet was brought into being with Themistocles Sophoulis as its new Premier. After one year of rather ineffectual grappling with the administration he has now given up the job as hopeless and sent in his resignation.

After his October visit which was just before the Cabinet resigned Mr. Marshall felt that either the Government was incompetent or the Greek Army was unwilling to fight or inclined to be treacherous. The fact, it is now known, was a mixture of all three. The governmental machine was prevented from running smoothly by constant bickerings between the coalitionists, the Populists and the Liberals, though they tried to continue their uneasy partnership so as to keep up a united front against the Communists. But the constant cropping up of differences jeopardised efficiency as the parties competed for power and position; the

administration suffered. A classic example was the division of functions between the Ministers of the Interior and of Public Order in Mr. Sophoulis' Government. The Interior held by the Populist Minister, Mr. Mavromiehalis appointed the "nomarchs" or what corresponds to the French prefects while the Minister of Public Order wielded authority over the police in Athens and the gendarmerie outside. The Government parties also threw stones at each other through their newspapers. It was not unusual, for instance, for the Liberal Party to refer to the rival group as "the docile slave of the financial oligarchy" and even add with a touch of poetry that "never in the past have the few made such profits or the many been so impoverished!" The need for a "strong Government" is being felt by more and more Greeks though the masses are too ignorant of how to set about it and, anyway, too tired to do so. Some demand drastic administrative reforms and others new elections. Still others want a non-party Government of "better men". Mr. Venizelos, the dissident Liberal leader whose breaking away from Mr. Sophoulis' party was the main reason for the Cabinet's collapse, goes even further. He wants a Government of "supermen". Governmental incapacity is felt so keenly that many of the educated classes like teachers and university students have gone over to the Communist camp firmly convinced that there is no way out for the country except through revolution.

If Mr. Sophoulis' Government was inefficient, the army was not better and certainly has not improved since. Greek soldiers have fought without pause for one long year and are exhausted. The average Greek soldier has a very poor knowledge of Communist methods and strategy. The army is severely handicapped in other ways also. Four-fifths of Greece is mountainous. There is an old story told by Grecian grandmothers that when God made the world, he poured the earth through a sieve and distributed the good earth all over the

world. The stones in the sieve he threw away over his shoulders. From those stones grew Greece. Chasing agile bands of guerillas in and out of these mountains has proved too much for the Greek soldiers.

What perhaps at first led up to the insurrection and later helped to keep it going, was the economic situation of Greece. The chaotic mess in France and China is repeated here. Hoarders and profiteers prey on the country and successfully keep the prices up in spite of vast imports. Tax evasion has been developed into a fine art. Inflation has quite ruined the monetary system. Wonky trade balances and lack of enough foreign exchange are other highlights of the economic confusion which abounds in Greece today. More than all, the civil war has been a severe drain on the Government. The black-market has flourished as normal trade dwindled.

The Greek question was taken over by the General Assembly when the Security Council was prevented from taking a decision on the reports submitted by the Balkan Commission last year, by the Russian veto. The Commission submitted to the Assembly at Paris in October this year, three reports, the last dealing with the situation till about a month ago. The reports revealed the unco-operative and uncompromising attitude which the three northern neighbours of Greece chose to adopt with regard to the commission. They had refused even to talk to the members or allow them inside their territories calling the group contemptuously a "monarcho-Fascist organ of espionage masquerading under the insignia of the U.N." The reports stated firmly that as long as these countries continued to help the Greek rebels "a threat to the political independence and territorial integrity of Greece will exist and international peace and security in the Balkans will be endangered." This judgment was accepted after fourteen days of incessant wrangling when first the Balkan Commission, then

the Greek Cabinet, and lastly, the U.S. Government came in for vitriolic denunciation by the Soviet and Yugoslav delegates. The U.N. Political Committee also voted for extension of the life of the Commission. It was also decided that representatives of the four Governments in question should meet in Paris and try to reach some sort of understanding.

"Our fate," said a Greek Cabinet Minister some time ago, ".....is

at present in Mr. Marshall's strong hands." But let the "land of lost gods and godlike men" remember

"When riseth Lacedemon's hardi-
hood,

When Thebes Epaminondas rears
again,

When Athens' children are with
hearts endued,

When Grecian mothers shall give
birth to men,

Then may'st thou be restored;
but not till then."

THE RAINS CAME

by K. C. RAGHAVAN

(With apologies to Mr. Louis Bromfield)

As a kid in kindergarten, I learnt the nursery rhyme that goes something like this:

"Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day."

My opinion regarding the sagacity of those lines has not changed since. Nor has my attitude towards rain.

But—the rains have come. Late, for sure, but making up in good measure for unpunctuality with a hearty gusto. The Ministers say our dry crops are saved, and the P.W.D. announces that the reservoir water level has risen, giving us an extra four months' water supply. I am indeed happy to hear all this—but...well, let me explain how it is with me when the monsoon begins.

It started like this a week back.

I got up one morning to a heavy storm which subsided to a drizzle round about office time. It looked like rain all the day through. Since I dislike damp, greasy raincoats, I fished about in my trunk and pulled out a thick, hairy, tweed sports-coat, which was built for any Arctic, sub-zero temperatures I once thought I might encounter in the Nilgiris some summers back. Here's the very thing, thought I—stylish, warm and water-proof. I strolled out jauntily into a cold and gloomy world, in my wellingtons, a battered felt hat and my coat.

The bus-ride was long and tedious. When I finally got off at my

destination, I found slightly to my dismay that the sun was coming out and the drizzle was stopping. One of those brief interludes, I said consolingly to myself. At one o'clock I went out for lunch, and every damn'd ass kept staring at me and my coat, as if he had never seen anything like it in all his life. The newsboys and pavement loafers giggled behind my back, as the sun shone down mercilessly from a "hateful blue sky".

Lunch at the crowded restaurant over, I staggered out, perspiration dripping down my face and body. As I struggled back to office looking as cheerful as an Esquimo in the Sahara, I once again ran the gauntlet of critical and disparaging remarks and titters. I would have committed murder, when a little urchin yelled sarcastically, "Dorai has just come from England!" But, just then I spied an expensive dry-cleaning establishment across the road. I dashed into the place, and wrenching off the "bearskin" said, "Dry-clean this—and take your own time about it, almost adding, keep the wretched thing. I strolled out into the sunshine in my shirt-sleeves and gazed, as one of the Free, on a blue and happy world.

It is needless to add that when office gave over, it looked as if it was the beginning of the second Deluge. I crept home like a wet rat, and spent half the night dosing myself with C.A.Q. and aspirins.

And that is how it is every year. Every rainy season I lose three to four umbrellas, re-sole two or three pairs of shoes, and note the gradual decline and fall of some of my best suits. A monsoon has never passed me by, without leaving me a memento in the shape of a few days in bed with a sprained ankle. How come? Well, brother, have you ever tried to catch a bus at a crowded stop, with a parcel in one hand and an umbrella in the other and a nice, slimy road to aid you, in a sort of a hop-skip and ski-jump on to a door-step travelling at about 15 m.p.h.—avoiding any obstacles that might be in your way, such as about twenty others like you who are going through the same elaborate course of gymnastics?

Now do you understand my uncompplimentary attitude towards rain? It is one of the few unpredictable elements that still supersede the will of man. The meteorologists and observatory experts may announce, "Fine and bright weather for the next few days", but take my word for it, the moment you have finished transplanting those rose-bushes, the skies will split open their sides laughing, and chuck a few hundred bucketfuls of H₂O into your flower-beds, so that they end up looking like fish-ponds. Rain puts the clock back or forward—breaking engagements, postponing appointments, halting army offensives, turning dinner-time into tea-time, transforming picnics into fiascos and open-air concerts into something out of *King Lear*.

The dobhi greets you with a confident grin, instead of the usual, shifty sidelook, and says, "Sahib, the Rain!" before the query regard-

ing your missing clothes is out of your mouth. You sigh. You will have to wear that soiled dhoti once again to-morrow to office. With an early morning shower or two, it will not look very different from a newly-baptised fresh garment. But, then, to your intense chagrin, to-morrow turns out to be a holiday for Mr. Rain, and while everyone turns up in spotless, white trousers and dhooties, you look worse than the office-boy in his off-hours. Yes, of course, the moment you get your clothes back from the wash (not quite white, perhaps), and pick up the courage one fateful morning to wear something neat and natty—well... You know only too well that *that* is worse than the storm signal they hoist up in the Harbour.

And to think that modern science takes pride in the fact that it can conjure up a fairly satisfactory drizzle by spraying clouds with dry-ice pellets, when Nature pulls off periodically some really fascinating mammoth productions, complete with all off-stage effects and in technicolour too! The day Homo Sapiens can say Stop! to an unwelcome shower, or close off that main that pours several million gallons down from the heavens just when the farmers do not need it—then, only, will he walk the surface of the earth, complete master of his fate. Till then he must lay in a stock of aspirins, C.A.Q., spare handkerchiefs, hats, overcoats, raincoats, macintoshes, waterproofs, umbrellas, wellingtons, overshoes, mufflers, coats, torches, and all the paraphernalia that herald the arrival of the Rains. After all, they say Cherrapunji has over 400 inches of rain a year—and people live there!

RADAR DETECTS CLOUD FORMATIONS

Radar is being incorporated by the British Government's Tele-communications Research Establishment in an apparatus whose performance is little short of marvellous.

By means of this new instrument, the pilot of an aircraft can detect the presence of cumulus clouds—which would give the aircraft a severe shaking—within a range of 40 miles. Furthermore, this improved radar instrument will indicate high ground in the path of the aircraft even at considerable distances and detect other aircraft in the vicinity, reducing to a minimum the risk of aerial collision.

IMPLICATIONS OF "ASIAN UNITY"

by Dr. P. C. ALEXANDER

ASIAN unity has become a very popular slogan in India. Even though the Inter-Asian Conference held at New Delhi last year had scrupulously avoided any discussion on political problems it is the general hope that co-operation in cultural and economic matters will ultimately lead to co-operation in the political field. Pandit Nehru's recent discussions with the representatives of the Asian states at Paris have served to revive popular enthusiasm in India in favour of this ideal and many in our country seem to be believing in the so-called destiny of India as the leader of Asia. While Asian Unity may be a very attractive slogan, and the talk of India being the pivot of Asia may help to tickle our national pride, one seriously doubts whether there can be any useful and effective co-operation between the Asian states in the political field. Even if it is practicable, one doubts whether it is desirable in the best interests of India.

Political unity on a continental basis is a medieval concept. European history has proved beyond doubt that co-operation in political matters on the basis of continental unity is an impracticable ideal. If Europe, comparatively small in area, with her unity in religion and civilisation, failed to achieve this ideal, Asia which is a loose agglomeration of diverse creeds, races and civilisations has lesser chances of success.

Asia is a mere geographical expression. There has never been an Asia in a political or ethnic sense. The only thing in common for the Asiatic peoples is their backwardness. And backwardness can be no basis for unity. Asia today like all other regions is torn into irreconcilable ideologies and there can be no real co-operation ignoring these differences. No doubt the tendency in the post-war world is in favour

of organising what is known as "regional security". But it is important to remember that the most vital factor in any scheme of regional security is ideological affinity. The leading powers of the world today are pinning their hope on their schemes of regional security, but in these schemes the real basis is ideological unity and not mere geographical contiguity. If the states of Eastern Europe organise a common scheme of security, it is not because they are Eastern states, but because they have a common political ideology. It is as Communist states that they fear aggression from the West and, not as Eastern states. The Western European Union is another example of regional security, but, here again, it is the ideological unity of Western Europe that is binding them together. Communism and not Eastern Europe is their enemy. America is organising regional security in the American continent, but she is equally anxious to enter into schemes of common security with the states of Western Europe and the Commonwealth. The lesson that India has to draw from these examples is that neither racial affinity nor geographical contiguity can be a safe basis for political unity or co-operation for common security. Progressive India with her ideology of secular democracy can have no real co-operation with her neighbour Pakistan which swears always by Islam. The decadent fascism of Chiang Kai-shek is as galling to us as that of a Franco. India cannot condone Chiang's fascism simply because it is of the Asiatic variety. The so-called Middle-Eastern states are a veritable cess pool of stinking medievalism and India cannot feel happy in their company. Neither is India fascinated by the Red star that threatens to dominate the Eastern sky. It is sense and not sentiment

that should guide us in determining which camp we should choose. If we do not find any camp worthy of our choice it is not necessary that we should organise one.

Does India stand to benefit by taking the lead in organising co-operation among the Asian states in the political field? Obviously this should be the most important consideration that should guide our policy. Asia today is in a state of flux. Large portions of the continent are still under foreign domination. While we may have sympathy for them, we are not in a position to extend to them anything more than that. There is no peace or order in many regions which are politically free, and it would be bad diplomacy to extend our support to any of the contending sides. The Arab states, with the exception of Egypt which is not an Asiatic state, are mere estates whose military strength is of

little consequence. Our alliance with them will be more a liability than an asset. We will only find ourselves embroiled in the tangled web of the Middle East with no substantial benefit to us. Ceylon in spite of her status as a Dominion is still an appendage of Britain and India can never hope to bring Ceylon in line with a pan-Asiatic policy. Pakistan, the only strong state in Asia after India, is not likely to accept our bonafides, perhaps they require an alliance against us and not with us!

Under the present circumstances India cannot afford to shape her foreign policy on the basis of continental unity. Perhaps the danger for Asia is more from Asiatic countries than from outside. India can hope to have little strength or support from the Asian countries in organising any common scheme of security.



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LEGAL PLANNING: JURY-LESS TRIALS

by S. RAJAGOPALAN

DR. PATTABHI SITARAMAYYA, President-elect of the Indian National Congress, had rightly stressed at the Rajaji Hall reception the other day, the need for lawyers to think of how best to effect legal reforms in the wake of the new social and political changes, although it must be confessed that the subject has so far received less attention than it deserves in the orthodox legal circles. Certain phases of the problem, however, have been touched upon in these columns, but we are still far from evolving an over-all planning for post-war law reforms. There is of course nothing radically wrong in regard to our legal institutions but the march of events for upwards of a century, has made all the difference; and it cannot possibly be suggested that our legal system fashioned in the early half of the previous century, can afford to remain static, unaffected by the cataclysmic changes all round. Opinion may differ as to whether the British overlordship over our country all these years had been to our lasting advantage, but few can deny that the importation of the principles of British jurisprudence into our legal machinery has been to our eternal benefit. One such is the right to sue the Crown except in a few specified instances. The Crown has got the same disabilities and privileges as an ordinary litigant in respect of all civil wrongs. Under the Income Tax Act, a wrongful levy cannot merely be annulled at the instance of the aggrieved subject but the Crown will also have to pay the costs.

The principal objective of all law reform may be summed up thus: Law should work in aid of justice, and justice, as the Magna Charta proclaimed, should not be "delayed, denied or sold". Planning for law has mostly to proceed on this basic principle. The chief defect of the

modern legal system is, as the British Lord Chancellor, Lord Jowitt, mentioned the other day in America, that it "takes too long and it is much too costly to obtain justice in our courts". The problem does not, as is commonly supposed, affect the lawyers who probably form less than .01 per cent of the population, but it really concerns the people at large, who may become litigants more out of compulsion than choice. Every individual has to be either a debtor or a creditor, and thanks to the acute housing problem, a landlord or tenant; and in either capacity, he may have litigation thrust upon him somehow. It is hence of the utmost importance that the twin evils of delay and high cost are obviated. Delay seems almost synonymous with law. In India the existing procedural laws are perhaps the sole contributory cause for delay and unless they are radically modified, or better still repealed, swift justice is impossible of realisation. And it was precisely because that had not been done that even the mighty labours of the Civil Justice Committee which was constituted by Lord Reading in our country and produced elaborate reports, came to naught; and the delay is still there. An example may illustrate this point better. The recent House Rent Control Acts work under a special procedure which is both swift and cheap, for all kinds of litigation between a landlord and tenant: in consequence all proceedings in that behalf can be finished in a few weeks; whereas a suit in the regular civil courts may take up as many months. Hence the major solution lies in scrapping the Civil Procedure Code, which was enacted 40 years ago, though still referred to as the "New Code" in legal circles, and replacing it by a few set of rules modelled on the original side procedure of chartered High Courts.

As for costs, litigation is generally speaking less costly in India than in England. In England litigation is much too costly; and too often, as Sam Weller complained, the costs are the suit claim "multiplied by five". Counsel's fee accounts for the most part. No limit has been set to the fee which a lawyer or a K.C. may demand and no one can help if it reaches astronomical figures. Even lawyers have complained about it, and one of them has attributed it to the enormous output of case-law which entails heavy labour and analysis. In India the Court Fees Act exacts a heavy penalty, and as was shown in these columns some time ago, it spares rich and frivolous litigation but chokes the poor man's and absolutely necessary litigation. Counsel's fee forms only a negligible part, especially in civil cases, where it has been standardized by definite rules.

In regard to criminal cases, certain suggestions have been put forward in "SWATANTRA" of the 15th May and may go a considerable way towards ensuring speedy justice. But one important problem still remains and that concerns the future of the jury trials in our country: the matter has become topical in Madras in view of the enrolment of women as jurors. Viewed dispassionately, one is forced to the conclusion that the institution itself is unnecessary as it helps both to "delay and deny justice."

Trial by jury is an essentially English institution, and does not obtain in the continental countries, some of which have what is called the "collegiate decision". Collegiate decision is nothing more than a decision by a collection of judges, just as in the English House of Lords where the decision of each Law Lord is given in the form of "Aye" or "No". Other examples are the International Assembly of judges, which conducted the Nuremberg Trial and the recently concluded Tojo's trial. The jury system does not owe its origin to any statute, though it had been

systematized in an Act passed in 1870; rather, as one writer has remarked, it had become inextricably woven with the people's habits: indeed, he says, the germ is to be found in human nature itself, and in some phase or other, is detected in almost every form of civilization, the essence of it being a reference of disputed facts to the impartial judgment of a few men of average understanding and of nearly the same station in life as that of the litigant. In ancient Rome, a criminal trial was conducted before a judge and a body of persons called the "Judices" who could decide on the innocence or the guilt of the accused as well as exercise the prerogative of mercy. One can also instance in this connection the caste panchayats in our country, which are convoked to settle caste disputes. Juries in England are summoned both for criminal trials and civil trials except on the Chancery side.

II

Trial by jury was doubtless an infinite improvement on trial by battle which had prevailed in England, but even so, the association of the common people with the administration of justice has benefited neither justice nor its administration. If they were to be regarded as the bulwark of popular liberties, then as has been pertinently remarked, how about the infamous State trials in Charles II's time, the trial of the accused in the Popish plots and Judge Jeffries' bloody Azzizes, all of which were based on jury's verdicts? Even otherwise the defects of juries lie on the surface: they are untrained in the difficult art of appreciating evidence, and more often than not respond to emotion and eloquence of counsel. Indeed as one English judge once remarked, if juries had to give reasons for their verdicts, jury trials would not last 5 years. Perhaps the final verdict on these trials was given by Charles Dickens in the celebrated trial of *Bardell vs. Pickwick*. Here was an utterly false and preposterous claim for £1,500 for alleged breach of promise of marriage by a middle aged widow

against a gentleman of respectability; it was in evidence that it was promoted by the plaintiff's scheming attorneys. But the verdict was for the plaintiff for £750 and costs.

It is not to be wondered at that the system could not survive so much ridicule although of course it took quite a century in England to mend matters. By statute passed in 1933, a large measure of discretion is vouchsafed to the judge who can dispense with the jury in cases requiring a prolonged examination of documents or accounts or scientific or local investigation.

"Pickwick Papers" was published in 1837, and it was perhaps not unnatural that when six years later, the jury system of trial was sought to be established in India, it should be confined solely to criminal cases and that too under certain limitations. For presidency towns, where there was a higher percentage of literacy and education, all trials had to be by jury. In the districts, conditions varied with each province. In Madras, only offences against property are triable with a jury. In Bengal however they can try offences against persons also with a jury. In respect of offences against person, we have the institution of assessors in Madras, which was primarily designed to assist the judge, who, in those days, was not a son of the soil. The assessors give only their "opinion" which however is of no binding effect. In regard to jury trials in the mofussil, if the verdict is unanimous or of a majority and the judge agrees with it,

then there can be an appeal to the High Court only on a point of law. But if the judge disagrees with the verdict, he can refer the whole case to the High Court. In presidency towns, an unanimous verdict of the jury is binding on the judge and he cannot get away from it. If however it be by a majority he can either accept it or if he disagrees he can discharge the jury and order a retrial. In any event, until 1943, an accused person convicted on an unanimous or a majority verdict had practically no right of appeal excepting the exceptionally limited right of taking the case up to the Privy Council or to the Advocate General for a certificate. The Criminal Procedure Amendment Act 1943 has undoubtedly effected an improvement. Now in any criminal trial, there may arise questions of law and questions of fact. It is a truism that questions of law are to be tackled by the judge, and of fact by the jury. An accused now can bring up an appeal to the Division Bench of the High Court, against his conviction on a point of law; he may also complain about any matter involving a question of fact with the leave of the appellate court or upon a certificate of the trial judge. A like privilege has also been conferred on the Crown who can also appeal against an acquittal on any of those grounds. These safeguards notwithstanding, it is still necessary to enquire whether jury trials in criminal cases can be relied upon to approximate to all the principles of criminal law and justice.

DIABETES TEST

Development of a simple, new diabetes-detection test, suitable for locating the disease in its early stages, is reported in the United States. The technique, perfected by the U.S. Public Health Service, is based on a patented tablet reagent. When brought in contact with a few drops of blood, it produces a blue reaction. The color change indicates the presence of dangerous amounts of sugar in the blood.

The main value of the new test is in mass "screening" surveys. Once the diabetics have been found, conventional blood and urine analyses can more accurately establish the extent of the disease in individual cases.

Kits, containing all the materials required for the test, will soon be made available to general practitioners by a pharmaceutical manufacturer. United States citizens will be urged to take a diabetes test during the National Diabetes Week campaign, December, 6-12.

MADRAS: THROUGH FIFTY YEARS

by P. R. KRISHNASWAMI

GREAT changes have come over Madras within the past twenty years, and they are gaining further momentum since August 1947, so that it may be difficult for us to know in later years what exactly the pre-1947 Madras was like. It is worth while looking back now to record some prominent features of the city in the last half a century. Fifty years ago large and shady trees lined Madras roads, since cut down to make room for electric wires. The electric tram was established in a few roads, the cars sailed along with bold advertisement boards of Pears and Sunlight Soaps and of Mellins Food. They ran along the Esplanade and by the Evening Bazaar to the Central Station, Chintadripet, Triplicane and Egmore. The Island which was military ground was too sacred for the tram to be laid in it. The tram linked Wall-tax Road with Pachaiyappa's College only about 1908. The fares were ridiculously low, three pies forming the minimum rate.

The People's Park was a real extensive park unspoiled by crowded buildings. The Town Hall and Moore Market stood at the edge of it. A few stuffy theatres were run, frequenting which did not make for respectability. The name of Balamani, the star actress (also the only actress) filled wall posters. She had elicited earlier the eloquent praise of the French traveller, Pierre Loti, who devoted a whole chapter in his book on India to "Balamoney, the Indian Bayadere." European circus troops who exhibited really splendid feats with fierce wild animals appeared frequently in the city. Amateur theatricals were in great vogue, specially in schools and in colleges. The annual staging of a play of Shakespeare was the normal ambition of most colleges. The Suguna Vilasa Sabha housed in the Victoria Hall represented the biggest amateur theatrical association,

with star actors like Messrs. P. Sambandam, A. Krishnaswami Aiyah, T. Raghavachari and Rangavadivelu. A Parsi theatrical company called the Alfred Theatre established itself in the People's Park for a long season. It had a rich list of plays beginning with "Bhool-bhoolian," and was reputed for brilliant dresses and music. It adopted the stunt of introducing on the stage a real railway train. The audience enjoyed seeing a real steam engine with a few passenger coaches behind, run along the stage. An English dramatic company of which Alan Wilkie was the chief actor visited Madras about 1911 and staged Shakespeare's and Sheridan's plays with great success.

The Park Fair was the most popular annual entertainment. It was looked to eagerly long before its time, in December. Railway fares were low, and concessions were allowed on all railways, in Christmas time. Friends from distant places found it convenient to meet in Madras at the time. Numerous conferences were held in the city from Adyar to Rayapuram. A big fire occurred in the Park Fair towards the end of the last century which occasioned looting and some unscrupulous people were said to have made their fortunes then.

The Prince of Wales (later George V) visited Madras in 1906 and elaborate arrangements were made for his reception. Long galleries were erected along the Island road to seat school children to whom sweets were distributed. There was a display of fireworks in the Park and a return show of greater refinement was provided by the battleship which brought the Prince. The two gentlemen who acted as secretaries to the reception committee were promptly dubbed knights before the Prince left Madras. "Black Town" was also transformed into "George Town". The Golden Jubilee of Bri-

tish rule was celebrated in the Park in 1908, when tributes were paid to the memory of Queen Victoria. A big gathering at the Banqueting Hall marked the Coronation in 1911, when Sir John Atkinson read out the royal proclamation. The next notable event was the visit of Lord Hardinge in 1914.

Political meetings and lectures were the most exciting events in earlier years. The deportation of Lala Lajpat Rai was marked by protest meetings in the city. Among the notable speakers of the time were C. Ramachandra Rao Saheb, Rai Bahadur P. Ananda Charlu and G. Subramania Aiyar. Pachaiyappa's Hall, now unfortunately crowded with bazaars, was the place of many notable lectures. Romesh Dutt the historian, and Eardley Norton the brilliant barrister both delivered addresses there. The great Dr. Miller, with bushy eyebrows was sometimes seen in the gatherings. Dr. T. M. Nair was a new arrival and he attracted large audiences to his exposition of municipal problems. He had a never-failing humour, and it was refreshing to hear him after enduring other speakers. Once an audience in Mint Street was suffocated physically and mentally by a long lecture on Gladstone by a painstaking lecturer. Dr. Nair as Chairman stood up at the end to regale the audience with delightful bits of personal reminiscence of the great man, as he had known him during the Midlothian campaign. Another time Dr. Nair smashed the holding up of Cecil Rhodes as a hero by Sir Arthur Lawley in Pachaiyappa's Hall. Dr. Nair was invited to speak in the same hall the very next day, and he took the opportunity to demolish the Governor's propositions. Sir Arthur Lawley was himself a great orator and he created a splendid impression once by a speech at the Banqueting Hall, at the Anniversary of the Society for the Protection of Children. Sir Narayan Chandavarkar had previously tired the meeting by a long account of the legislative aspect of the subject. Sir Arthur electrified the audience by reciting in his resounding voice the first stanza of

Mrs. Browning's poem, "The Cry of the Children."

Bepin Chandra Pal's visit to Madras about 1907 was full of political importance. He was the first political speaker to apply cold logic to political thinking and his inferences anticipated those of Gandhi. Thousands of people collected at the Triplicane beach day after day to hear with rapt attention his exposition of political problems, till at last the meetings were disallowed by the police. When he arrived at the Basin Bridge Station a huge ovation awaited him. He was placed in a horseless carriage, which was pulled along by students. Thambu Chetty Street was seething with human heads as the procession came along and the Esplanade was filled later, paralysing all traffic. The young men who attended his lectures went home intoxicated with the idea of British rule being an unmitigated evil and that it should be uprooted at once.

The Royal Commission on Public Services held its sittings in the Council Hall at Fort St. George about 1912 and drew great attention to itself. Lord Islington presided over it. Among the distinguished members were Ramsay Macdonald, the Earl of Ronaldshay, Sir Valentine Chirol, Gopala Krishna Gokhale, Sir Abdur Rahim and others. It was absorbingly interesting to watch the proceedings of the Commission. The President with his gruff voice stopped summarily many an indiscreet question from the members which was calculated to lead to the expression of racially bitter statements. Ronaldshay was the beau with his fresh buttonhole. Gokhale was full of sweet persuasiveness and Abdur Rahim betrayed his peevishness whenever he thought the Muslim interest was adversely touched.

Anderson Hall was a second place of importance for public lectures. The place has, unfortunately again, become a hotel now. Speakers of international reputation appeared in Anderson Hall. Mr. C. R. Reddi, newly arrived from Cambridge, delivered a series of talks on the so-called materialism of the West. The

Madras leaders aired their opinions on social and literary matters there. Sankaran Nair and S. Srinivasa Iyengar pleaded for the Civil Marriage Act. T. V. Seshagiri Aiyar and V. S. Srinivasa Sastri thought Indians could not write English poetry, and V. Krishnaswami Aiyar

meant to tell Mrs. Whitehead that there was a philosophy of doing nothing among Hindus. When the great leaders of the Y.M.C.A., Mott and Eddy, appeared, a huge pandal was erected near the present Fort Railway station, and thousands of young men heard them eagerly.

NEW GOVERNOR OF BANK OF ENGLAND

MR. CAMERON F. COBBOLD, who has been appointed to succeed Lord Catto as the Governor of the Bank of England, is the hero of a success story.

Educated at Eton and Cambridge, young Cobbold left the latter before finishing his course on the death of his father. He entered a firm of accountants in the City of London but when he was 24 his obvious talents secured him the post of manager of the Italian subsidiary of an English insurance firm.

He was called in to unravel the extremely intricate financial position caused by the failure of an important Italian bank. This work brought him to the notice of the financial genius Montagu Norman, who was then Governor of the Bank of England.

Mr. Cobbold joined the Bank of England staff in 1933, often attend-

ing Montagu Norman at meetings of international bankers. In 1938 he was elected a Director of the Bank—the youngest ever appointed. He became Deputy Governor after five years and now attains the highest office in the British banking world.

Mr. Cobbold succeeds Lord Catto who, following the long standing rule of the Bank, has announced that he will retire on reaching the age of 70.

Apart from the nationalisation of the Bank, which passed into State ownership in the Labour Government's first year, Lord Catto's term of office has seen Britain's strenuous concentration on the huge task of recovery from the economic dislocations of the war.

Mr. Cobbold will take over the Governorship of the Bank of England on March 1, 1949.

PROPHECY FULFILLED

YOGIRAJ VILHUTI SWAMI SRI NITYAANANDA, now camping at Devon, Aravenu Post, Kotagiri, Nilgiris, has been using his yogic powers of intuition, and his scientific knowledge of astrology to give to the world not only forecasts of world events, but also great thoughts for the world's good. Many a prediction of his on war and world events, from 1940 to 1945, have been fulfilled and a few could be found in "War Forecast Broadcasts," by Swamiji published by the Spiritual Healing Centre, Coimbatore, edited by Sister Lalita.

Here is one which was made on Wednesday, 27th March 1946, 7 p.m.

"President Truman, though now unpopular, will continue his full term. He may be re-elected this second term, till 1952. He will lean heavily on Labour, and Labour will support him. He will be more lavish in giving financial help to all sides than Roosevelt."

Again on November 4, 1948:

"The Democratic Roosevelt—Truman Administration, which has been in power since 1935 will continue until 1952, a continuous period of two decades."

Swamiji's prophecies and thoughts will, I hope, prove a power for good for the guidance of world-thought towards co-operation, happiness and peace for all.—**M. V. SHARMA.**

SATYAGRAHA AS A WEAPON IN POLITICS

by BHARADWAJ

IN a message to his Passive Resistance companions in Natal on the eve of his departure from South Africa in 1914, Gandhiji uttered words which were truly prophetic and whose significance seems all the greater in the face of the violence that envelops the world today. Commending the supreme efficacy of Passive Resistance or Soul-Force, which in one form or other the Indian community in Transvaal and Natal had practised under his lead for eight years, Gandhiji said.

"Only those who realise that there is something in man which is superior to the brute nature in him, and that the latter always yields to it, can effectively be passive resisters. This (soul) force is to violence what light is to darkness. In politics its use is based upon the immutable maxim that government of the people is possible only so long as they consent either consciously or unconsciously to be governed.....The use of this force requires the adoption of poverty, in the sense that we must be indifferent whether we have the wherewithal to feed or clothe ourselves.....For this, prolonged training of the individual soul is an absolute necessity, so that a perfect passive resister has to be almost, if not entirely, a perfect man.

"We cannot all suddenly become such men, but the greater the spirit of Passive Resistance in us the better men we shall become. Its use, therefore, is indisputable, and it is a force which, if it became universal, would revolutionise social ideals, do away with despotisms, and destroy the ever-growing militarism under which the nations of the West are groaning and are being almost crushed to death, and which promises to overwhelm even the nations of the East."

This remarkable passage was written long before Indian independence, a few months before World War I and years before World War II and before the atom bomb could be thought of.

Years later Gandhiji was to repeat his South African experiment on a vaster scale over a huge sub-

continent with results which have astonished the world. Britain's exit from India in 1947 was no doubt a graceful withdrawal not forced by any nationwide struggle. But there can be no doubt that the spirit of resistance which Gandhiji had roused in the country over the previous twenty-five years would in any event have made the continuance of foreign rule a political impossibility. Latterly, indeed, the habit of disobedience had become so widespread over such large sections of the population that one wondered whether the grim forebodings of Mrs. Besant in regard to the ultimate consequences of non-Co-operation and civil disobedience were coming true. It was Mrs. Besant's view that the habit of obedience to laws and constituted authority is one which is inculcated in a people over generations and should not be lightly disturbed. Her fear was that once respect for law and government is undermined it might be very difficult to create such respect even in a new Government. That argument had no appeal to Gandhiji, who was for one thing essentially an anarchist, in the sense that he believed in all human relationships being governed by love obviating the need for any coercive authority like the State, and for another was very much preoccupied with the immediate problem of rousing the Indian people from their century-old slavery and their meek acceptance of foreign rule. It was enough for him that the people whom he exhorted to defy authority adhered strictly to non-violence. And whenever the movement threatened to develop violent forms he had no hesitation in calling it off, without regard to his prestige or any adverse consequences the withdrawal might have on the national struggle for the moment.

It has oftentimes been urged that such success as has attended Gan-

dhiji's Satyagraha is due on the one hand to the peculiar conditions of India and on the other to the fact that the rulers against whom it was applied were the British—a people very susceptible to a moral approach. There is something in that contention, but it would be incorrect to limit the efficacy and the value of Satyagraha to the peculiar case of Indo-British relations. Gandhiji in fact was engaged, in South Africa first and subsequently in India, in finding an answer to the problem of how an unarmed people can assert its rights and secure justice from an armed State. The problem in its sharpest form of the unarmed individual pitted against the tyrannical State was no new one and long before Gandhiji it had been answered more or less in the manner Gandhiji had done. What was unique in Gandhiji's application of the solution was the way he made a whole people engage in Passive Resistance. Therein lay his unique greatness as a leader of men. Within the limitations of his basic moral principles he could fashion instruments of struggle which could shake an empire.

The attainment of Indian independence has not certainly exhausted the possibilities of Passive Resistance. Militarism and the despotisms about which Gandhiji spoke nearly thirty-five years ago have grown rather than declined in the intervening years. The State everywhere is more fully panoplied and powerful than it was a generation ago. The rise of totalitarian ideologies and systems has made the individual a less important cog in the scheme of things. In the face of these developments it becomes all the more important to keep alive a doctrine which asserted the supreme obligation of the individual to the truth as he saw it and his right as well as his duty to proclaim the truth in defiance of all consequences. The world will always need, and never more than today, men and women who will resist evil and injustice and oppression by the way of self-suffering and without malice or hatred in their hearts. They are the salt of

the earth. If the world is to be rid some day of its terrible violence and hatreds it will only be when the example of men like Gandhiji has infected the mass of people with the faith and the fortitude that inspired Gandhiji during his life.

The sceptics will ask whether there is any use looking forward to this consummation when, in our own country, in the land of Gandhiji's birth, the tremendous violence of last year and the circumstances of Gandhiji's own death suggest that the effect of his teaching in India itself has been negligible. Gandhiji's failure, such as it has been,—and Gandhiji would be the first to admit it,—is proof of how difficult it is to root out hatred and selfishness from men's breasts and not the futility of the Gandhian doctrine. Judged by any test, what Gandhiji achieved in Noakhali, Calcutta and Bihar was stupendous in the annals of man. And in Delhi itself he strove to stem the tide of hate and revenge and forfeited his own life in the attempt. If the country has kept its head cool in the subsequent months such a result must be ascribed in no small measure to the supreme sacrifice made by Gandhiji.

Whatever the significance and value of other aspects of Gandhiji's teachings, his political ideas relating to Passive Resistance and Satyagraha are of perennial significance. The essence of those ideas is that one should not be silent and submissive in the face of injustice and violence, organised or individual. Failure to oppose injustice amounts in fact to participation in its commission. Fearlessness is the first essential requisite in a passive resister. The strict regimen which Gandhiji enforced on his Ashramites is profoundly related to the development of this utter fearlessness and unselfishness. The almost ascetic life which he insisted on was intended to be a preparation for the ordeals which one might have to face as a civil resister. Gandhiji realised that one who loved an easy life would necessarily have to compromise with his conscience for the sake of his comforts. To be

true to what Gandhiji referred to often as the "inner voice" one had to be indifferent to the things of the world.

There is one other qualification for a true Satyagrahi on which Gandhiji laid stress which is worth examining. Deeply religious as he was, Gandhiji held that no one could be a true Satyagrahi unless he had firm faith in God. Gandhiji felt that no one could possibly make the renunciations and sacrifices called for from a Satyagrahi unless he believed in a divine dispensation and in the triumph of that ultimate power over all things evil. I do not know whether such a faith is warranted or is necessary for standing up to what one regards as evil and wrong. The question, in fact, raises the issue of the relation between ethics and religion and whether ideas of right and wrong should necessarily be related to a system of spiritual beliefs. The heroism displayed by many Communists and atheists does show that a belief in God is not necessary for making the greatest sacrifice. What seems to be more basic than even a belief in God is the preparedness to assert the integrity of one's convictions whatever they may be and not to sin against the light. The message of Gandhiji's life was that each one should assert the truth of his beliefs regardless of personal consequences. Where the Communists have erred, and erred grievously, is in mystifying the Party and the State and in surrendering their judgment to that of the Party, which most often means the will of the leader in power at any moment. The state of mind which argues itself into the belief that the will of another, however eminent, represents its own

better judgment seems to be destructive of human personality. It must inevitably produce a system where the freedom of the individual counts for nothing. Some day, sooner rather than later, it is to be hoped that some one will arise in the land of Tolstoy to tell the Russians that there are other ways of looking at the world than the Leninist and Stalinist and that there are many truths beyond the ken of the editors of *Pravda*. The late Romain Rolland considered Lenin and Gandhi as the foremost men of our times and hoped that in some way he could not then divine, the revolutionary social philosophy of Lenin could be fused with the deep humanism of Gandhi. Both were undoubtedly filled with a deep love of their fellowmen and had a burning hatred of social injustice and of any system which tolerates, even if it does not cause human misery and degradation. But their methods of ending these things were diametrically different. It is doubtful whether in the world as it is today you can rule out revolutions. There will always be men who seek to force the pace of social change and if they have the power they will force revolutions on us whether we approve of them or not. But the duty of those who respect truth more than their individual future is clear. Whether under a reaction or a revolution they must speak out the truth as they see it and face the consequences. They may be liquidated but some day the truth will be perceived. At any rate, they will have done their duty by their conscience and by mankind. For such men the message and the life of Gandhi will always remain a source of perennial inspiration.

Railway travel serves to strengthen rather than mitigate evil customs and bad habits. First and second-class passengers are pampered, luxurious habits encouraged. Third-class passengers on whom the railway revenues largely depend are denied even elementary amenities and exposed to all kinds of hardship. In either case weakness is exploited. And when, in addition to this, separatism and untouchability are recognized by the railway authorities, it is the very limit. If any passenger wishes to impose restrictions on himself he is at liberty to do so at his own expense and suffer, may be, even hunger and thirst. But let him not demand special facilities for himself from railway authorities.

—MAHATMA GANDHI.



IF it is true that a rose would be just as fragrant with any other name, will the greatness, glory and prosperity of India really depend on whether it continues to be called India or is re-named Bharat?

The question has been raised in the Constituent Assembly and, though its consideration has been postponed for the moment, it may be brought up again before the constitution-makers. So far only two alternatives have been proposed—Bharat and Hindustan. But once the game of 'Let's Re-name Our Country' starts, it may not end with only these two suggestions. There may be many more. Some one might not be content with naming the country after Bharat, the child of Dushyant and Shakuntala, and might like to go back to Arya-varta. Which, again, might provoke our non-Aryan brothers of the South. If Arya-varta, they might argue, why not Dravidistan?

'STAN' AND 'STHAN'

The Partition Plan divided the old undivided India into two parts which, according to the wishes of the respective Governments, were officially named 'India' and 'Pakistan'. But the Pakistani politicians and press did not relish the term 'India' which, perhaps, reminded them of the undivided past—and, maybe, frightened them with the prospect of a re-united future. Moreover, like the cat in the fable who had lost her tail and therefore exhorted all other cats to do away

with the cumbersome, useless appendage, the Pakistanis want somehow to bring India also to their own non-secular, theocratic level. And so they made it a point to refer to our country as 'Hindusthan'—the land of the Hindus thus equating it with 'Pakistan'—the land of the Muslims. They pointedly spelt the usual 'Hindustan' 'Hindusthan', the additional 'h' emphasise the alleged Hindu character of the country, in keeping with the same perverse psychology which prompted their leader always to refer to the Congress as a 'Hindu organisation' and to Gandhiji, even after his martyrdom, as 'a leader of the Hindu community'.

Strangely enough—or, perhaps it is not so strange—the Hindu communalists in India seemed to agree on this nomenclature with the Pakistanis. All the Mahasabha and pro-R.S.S. papers call India 'Hindusthan' because they, too, believe it to be the Land of the Hindus. This, of course, is not the only example of League-Mahasabha unity—were they not always united in opposing the Congress? They were (and are) equally opposed to secular democracy; and the basic conception of 'Hindu Rashtra' is not very different from Pakistan.

Apart from Bharat, Bharat Vars, Arya-varta, Hindusthan and Hindustan (without the sanskritised 'h' other likely suggestions are: Hindia—and Gandhistan. My own vote goes to any name which might help us to get a little more bread and

—a little more civil liberty. After all 'Persia' became 'Iran' but could neither throw off the Anglo-American yoke completely, nor has it secured bread and freedom to its abysmally poor people.

CITIES GET NEW NAMES

In U.P. the names of cities which were corrupted by the British rulers' ignorance of the Indian languages are being given their proper spellings. This is a very healthy move. Thus 'Cawnpore' has become Kanpur, Fyzabad has become Faizabad, 'Benares' has become 'Banaras' and so on. But there is also a revivalist tendency to change the names of cities. Many people, for instance, like to call Allahabad 'Prayag' and Banaras may become 'Kashi'. On this analogy, the people of Bihar might like to rename Patna as Patliputra.

This trend, unless checked, would lead to confusion on a grand scale—both in India and Pakistan. If Delhi or Dehli or Dilli is renamed Indraprastha, the Pakistanis might want to change the name of Lahore—named originally after Lav, the son of Ram, as Kasur was named after the other son, Kush. Aurangabad might then become Ajantanagar and Hyderabad renamed after General Chaudhry. Bombay would have to revert to Mambai. Karachi, of course, would be Jinna-habad and Ahmedabad transformed into Vallabh-nagar. Once started, the process would never end.

Names of cities are meant for identification but they also come to symbolise the origin or development of that city. Names evoke memories and give us a sense of the continuity of history. Let not Lahore, therefore, suddenly be changed into Jehangirabad or Anarkalipur or even Iqbalabad. Let it remain Lahore—in memory of the valiant son of Ram who founded it. And let Delhi remain Delhi (or Dehli or Dilli if you like)—a monument to the cultural synthesis which was evolved here, linking the greatness of Indraprastha with the glory of Shahjahanabad.

CHINA'S CHIANG

Opinion is so sharply divided on any issue which is even remotely connected with Communism or Communists that it is difficult and very rare to get an unbiased view of China. For many years Chiang's Kuomintang Government has been taking action against what are described as "Communist bandits"—in fact, originally, even the adjective "Communist" was not used and they were called plain "bandits". It was Edgar Snow (not a Communist then or now) who penetrated the Kuomintang Iron Curtain and first brought first-hand reports of the men and policies dominating "Communist China". His best-selling book "Red Star Over China" introduced the leaders of Red China—Mao Tse Tung and Chu Teh—to the world. They and their followers were certainly not bandits, whatever Chiang might call them. Nor were they just paid agents of Moscow; in fact it was shown that Chinese Communists had developed an indigenous brand of Communism by applying the principles of Marx and Lenin to Chinese conditions. Since then Agnes Smedley (who, too, is not a Communist) and Anna Louise Strong and several other American correspondents have written about the Chinese Reds who appear, from these accounts, to be sincere, well-organised, and enjoying the confidence of the vast mass of the peasants in their area.

The remarkable manner in which they carried on guerilla warfare against the Japanese invaders during the Second World War has, of course, become a legend. India got a first-hand account of this part of China from the doctors of the Congress Medical Mission to China who worked mostly in the Communist-controlled North.

Beyond the personal contacts between our Prime Minister and the Chiangs on a level of international cordiality and the bare facts that the Marshal was a lieutenant of the great Sun Yat Sen and that the Madame is a very charming, sociable, western-educated lady, we

know very little about the internal conditions of Kuomintang China. That is why the recent developments in China, the serious reverses that the Government troops (despite all-out American aid) have been suffering, and the almost-imminent collapse of the Chiang regime have come as a great surprise to most of us. Why is the Kuomintang Government unable to cope with these alleged "bandits"? Why are the Communists able to secure such a vast territory and mobilise such a terrific force of their own?

For an explanation, one must turn to an impartial and unimpeachable source of evidence which might not be branded as "Communist-inspired". One such witness (who, by no stretch of imagination, can be accused of pro-Communist sympathies) is the late General Stilwell, Chief of China's General Staff during the war, whose private diaries and papers have just been posthumously published. They throw startling light not only on the personal vanities and weaknesses of Chiang but also on the intrigue and corruption that pervade the entire Kuomintang regime. This is how, on various occasions, Stilwell describes Marshal Chiang Kai-Shek:

"...stupid little ass...a stubborn, ignorant, prejudiced, conceited despot who never hears the truth except from me and finds it hard to believe...his obstinacy refuses discussion. He has lost all habit of discussion, in fact, because everybody around him is a Yes-man. No one dares tell him an unpleasant truth, because he gets mad...He is not taking a single forward step, or doing anything concrete to improve the position of China...Chiang same as ever—a grasping, bigoted, ungrateful little rattlesnake. He had the wind up in a big way, to the point of throwing teapots and vases at visitors.....It would of

course have been undiplomatic to go into the nature of the military effort that Chiang Kai-Shek had made (against Japan) since 1938. It was practically zero...."

Even discounting Stilwell's rather exacting temperament and any possible prejudices he might have had against Chiang, one certainly does not get the picture of a democratic leader of the people. Nor is Stilwell's antipathy confined to the person of Chiang; he exposes the whole Kuomintang machine and their policies. He reveals how Chiang put obstacles in his way when he wanted to use the Chinese Red Army in a co-ordinated campaign against the Japanese. He refers to the secret police espionage to which even he, an Allied General, was subjected. He exposes the warlords and commanders who got pay for troops which did not exist. He berates the "sycophants and parasites" that swarm round Chiang. "The Chinese Government", he says, "is a structure based on fear and favour, in the hands of an ignorant, arbitrary, stubborn man. It is interlaced with family and financial ties and influences.....shot through and through with politics, personal jealousies and incompetence.... (full of) such things as false reports, cowardice, neglect of duty, smuggling, stealing and similar irregularities".

If any one else had said that, he would be straightway branded as Communist. But need one wonder now at what is happening in China?

By the way, Stilwell's summing up of Lord Louis Mountbatten should interest the many admirers and friends of Mountbatten in India:

"The Glamour Boy (Mountbatten) is just about that. He doesn't wear well and I begin to wonder if he knows his stuff. Enormous staff, endless walla-walla, but damn little fighting....I oscillate from Glamour Boy (Mountbatten) to Wonder Man (Chiang) and I don't know which is worse".

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.

Bureaucracy At Its Best

During the pre-August era, the words 'steel-frame', 'bureaucracy' and 'red-tape' were familiar to us with characteristic connotations. The 'steel-frame' is gone out and liquidated; but the bureaucracy and red-tape continue to flourish as a cherished inheritance.

Here is an interesting typical case.

An employee of the former North-Western Railway in Sind, who had opted for Pakistan was forced to migrate to India due to the disturbed conditions of life.

He at once reported to the Transfer Officer at Ambala for re-employment-assistance. But he was directed to represent his case to the Ministry of Home Affairs.

This he did early in March 1948, through the Sind Congress Refugee Relief Committee. The reply received said: "The Ministry of Railways has been called upon to consider the question of his employment."

Accordingly a further representation was made to the Ministry of Railways. The Railway Board gave the reply: "The policy has been laid down by the Ministry of Home Affairs and it will be therefore appropriate that any representation should be forwarded to that Ministry."

Thereupon a representation was once again made to the Ministry of Home Affairs and the reply received said: "The Government of India are already following a uniform policy and the name of this person is being recommended to the Ministry of Railways for re-employment."

I wrote to the same Ministry saying that the Railway Board took a different stand and that therefore the apparent confusion may be cleared and the relief sought afforded to the sorely affected party.

There was then no further response from these quarters.

I then saw the Director (Establishment), Railway Board who explained in a wayward fashion that the Railway Board was not an employment agency and further that those who had opted finally for Pakistan were to be treated as outsiders who may apply as freshers against definite vacancies advertised by the various Service Commissions.

But this reply was not given categorically during the course of several months of correspondence.

Till today the stand of the Ministry of Home Affairs is that the case has been recommended to the Ministry of Railways and the stand of the Railway Board as recorded in the files is that "it will be appropriate that any representation should be made to the Ministry of Home Affairs."

My suggestion to the Director of the Railway Board that instead of filing away the recommendation of the Ministry of Home Affairs and directing me to make representation to it, a disposal of the case may be made by direct reply to the Ministry of Home Affairs, was not appreciated and not accepted.

In the Government files, the case is thus disposed off by these contradictory replies and the affected party continues to live a life of acute sorrow and misery.

H. L. MANSUKHANI,
Sind Congress Refugee Relief Committee.

Absentee Legislators

When the Houses of the Madras Legislature are in session at Fort St. George, it is a common sight to find the corridors of the adjoining Secretariat buildings flooded with visitors anxiously waiting to meet the different legislators for obvious reasons. On such occasions a standing joke with the Secretariat staff is to tell enquiring visitors that the members concerned could readily be found in the nearby restaurant.

The members of the Cabinet are no less conspicuous by their frequent absences from the Treasury benches. On one occasion the Speaker had to helplessly plead his inability to compel the Ministers to be present at the Assembly. Only the other day at the Council the Leader of the Opposition Dr. V. K. John, while drawing the attention of the Dy. President to the absence of all but one Minister from their places when the important Zamin-dari Abolition Bill was being discussed, mentioned that the Leader of the House had on a previous occasion stated that the Leader of the Opposition should be present throughout the session!

If this state of affairs in the Province's law-making body is lamentable, the story behind the forthcoming bye-election to the Ramnad rural seat in the Legislative Assembly is shocking. The Leader of the House revealed that the member representing the consti-

ty in question had not attended a single sitting of the Assembly for the last two years and that a letter drawing his attention to the continued absence had not elicited any reply! The most ticklish part of the story is that the member, Mr. U. Muthuramalinga Thevar, a prominent Congressman and the head of an insurance concern, had been drawing his monthly salary as a legislator regularly from the date of his election in 1946.

Do not the electorates (with) apologies to the nominated legislators have a right to expect Ministers and members of the Legislative to be more responsible in the discharge of their public duties, at least to the extent of regularly attending the sessions?

A. E. SOLOMON APPADURAI.

Police Raj Or Democracy?

It is already two months since a local journalist of standing was man-handled by a police inspector within the Kurnool railway station premises. It made a sensation throughout the district provoking strong comments in the local Press followed by spirited protests from the local Congress Committee and the District Journalists' Association. Subsequently a deputation also waited on the Premier of Madras. The least that was

expected of the popular Government was to transfer the police inspector outside the district and then hold an enquiry into the occurrence. It certainly leaves a bad odour that a conspiracy of silence should be maintained over the matter and nothing done to create a wholesome fear in the police that their day of irresponsible behaviour has closed.

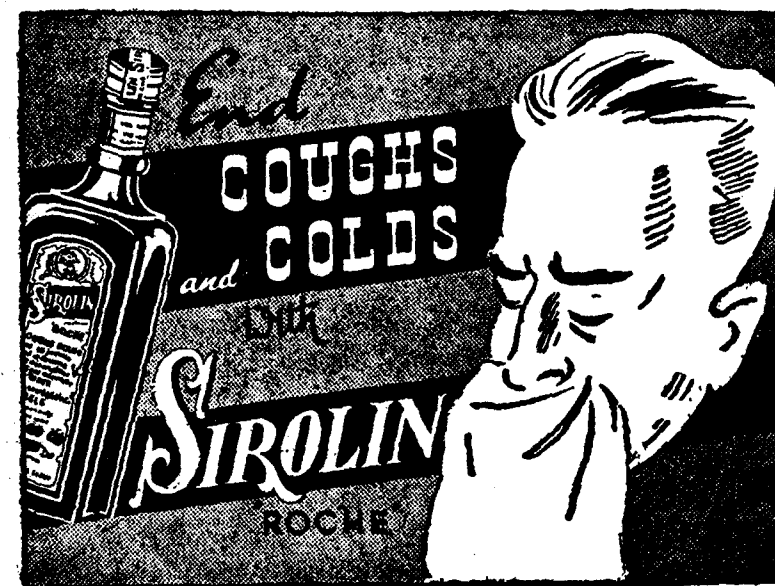
Kurnool.

T. S. R.

The Target Wheel

A news item appearing in the Hindu dated 8th October, stated that the Central Food Ministry had fixed the new target of food production by the Madras Government at 6½ lakhs of tons in five years. Out of this the Madras Government assigned 5½ lakhs of tons to the Agricultural Department and 1 lakh to the Public Works Department. It was by sheer coincidence that the "target production" news and the "withering crop report" of the Board of Revenue appeared in one and the same column. These two news items reveal the story of the "target wheel" which, if pertinently put, will be on the following lines.

The Director of Agriculture who is concerned mainly with improved agromomic practices, says to Government:



(76)
 "It is immaterial for me whether the revised target figure is 5½ lakhs or 10 lakhs, for mine is a job of simple mathematics—so many tons of green, compost and chemical manure, and so many bags of improved seeds are equal to so many tons of increased output of rice and millets. I would prefer having my own staff, but if you want to rope in the co-operative societies and the panchayats, it will be all the better, for they may serve as scapegoats for you as well as for me when occasion arises. I shall surely welcome them."

The target wheel is set in motion with a grave gusto and under the inspiring perorations of the Hon'ble Ministers on whirlwind tours. The time for the assessment of results will soon come, as the rate of imports of food grains will show a tendency to rise systematically.

The Director of Agriculture glares askance at the District Agricultural Officer in the delta, who will promptly reply with stunning statistics, "My quota of green and compost manure, and improved seeds is promptly and correctly fulfilled, but if the Board of Revenue still goes on issuing its withering crop reports, it is their business."

The P.W.D. Engineer will be equally vehement in disowning any responsibility for the withering crop report. "How can I supply timely water, My reservoir and canals are getting choked with silt. The designers of the project ought to have provided for silt prevention. If they had not done it, it is not my fault. I am doing my level best to dig out this huge recurring pile."

In the dry districts, the "withering crop" report is not attributable to the fault of either the District Agricultural Officer or the P.W.D. Engineer. The onus rests with the voiceless rain god.

"I am not at all satisfied with the progress of food production in the Provinces and States. We shall have to institute a searching inquiry into the whole affair. I am calling for a 'national convention of food drive' immediately, to give a positive lead to the country", thunders the Hon'ble Minister for Agriculture in the Central Legislature.

This is the story of the "target wheel" grinding its weary way through the "withering crop" reports.

P. V. C. RAO.

"Two Errors"

I thank Mr. Binay Kumar Datta for correcting "two minor errors" in my article on Netaji.

I mentioned in it the formation of the Forward Bloc by Subhas Bose, but

an intense examination of the fortunes of the Bloc and the close comradeship between him and Srinivasa Iyengar was beyond the scope of the article. I wanted to record the main events of Netaji's career, not to chronicle their details. Probably Mr. Datta's "regret" may be lessened if I draw his attention to one of my previous contributions to 'SWA-TANTRA' dated 3rd April 1948, entitled "Netaji and Srinivasa Iyengar—the two stormy petrels."

M. S. SRINIVASAN.

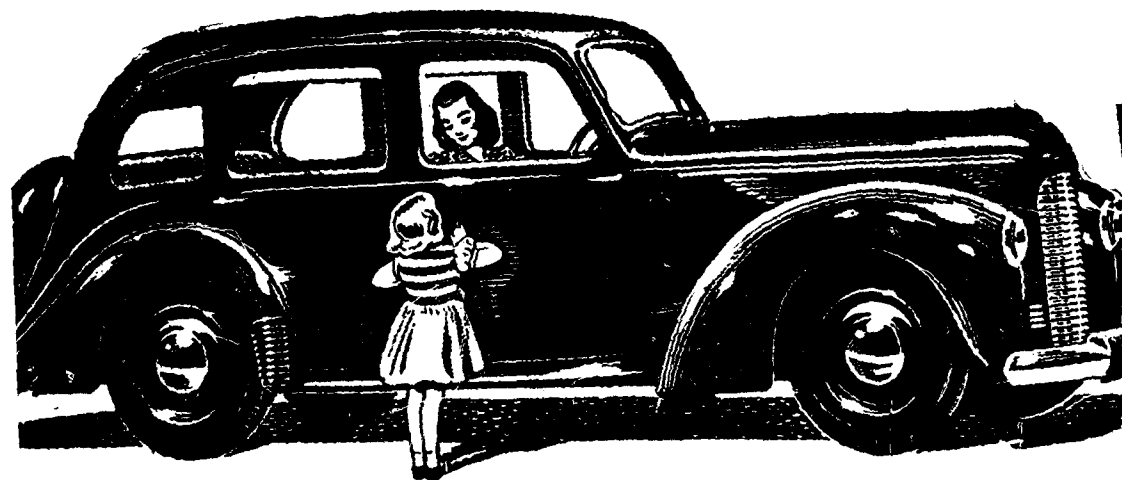
Defective Syllabus

I learn that the Committee appointed by the Madras Government to reorganise the secondary education of the Province has prepared a draft syllabus abolishing all the optionals. Though the principle of abolition of optionals at the high school stage is commendable, it has introduced certain anomalies adversely affecting the syllabus in mathematics. Algebra and geometry, the starting point for higher studies in science and mathematics, have been completely omitted. According to the new syllabus, nothing of algebra or formal geometry will be taught in the high school classes, whereas the high school syllabuses of the western countries like France and Germany contain not only algebra and geometry, but also a little bit of calculus, trigonometry and analytical geometry.

In view of the fact that we are introducing in the Andhra University I.Sc. courses of study from the next academic year, the change proposed by the Madras Government in the new syllabus is not conducive to efficient instruction in science subjects in the college classes. Mathematics is the father of all sciences and if our country is to progress industrially, students of our high schools must have a good grounding at least in algebra and geometry on the formal side.

Before it is too late, the Government will do well to revise the draft syllabus so as to incorporate algebra and geometry. I also suggest that a committee of experts may be appointed by the Madras and Andhra universities jointly to consider the draft syllabus and suggest suitable modifications. But if the Government are not able to accept our modified syllabus on other considerations, the only alternative left to the universities is to make the Matriculation examination the sole test for admission into the college classes in the University area.

P. S. RAMA RAO,
 Member, Senate of the Andhra University.



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