

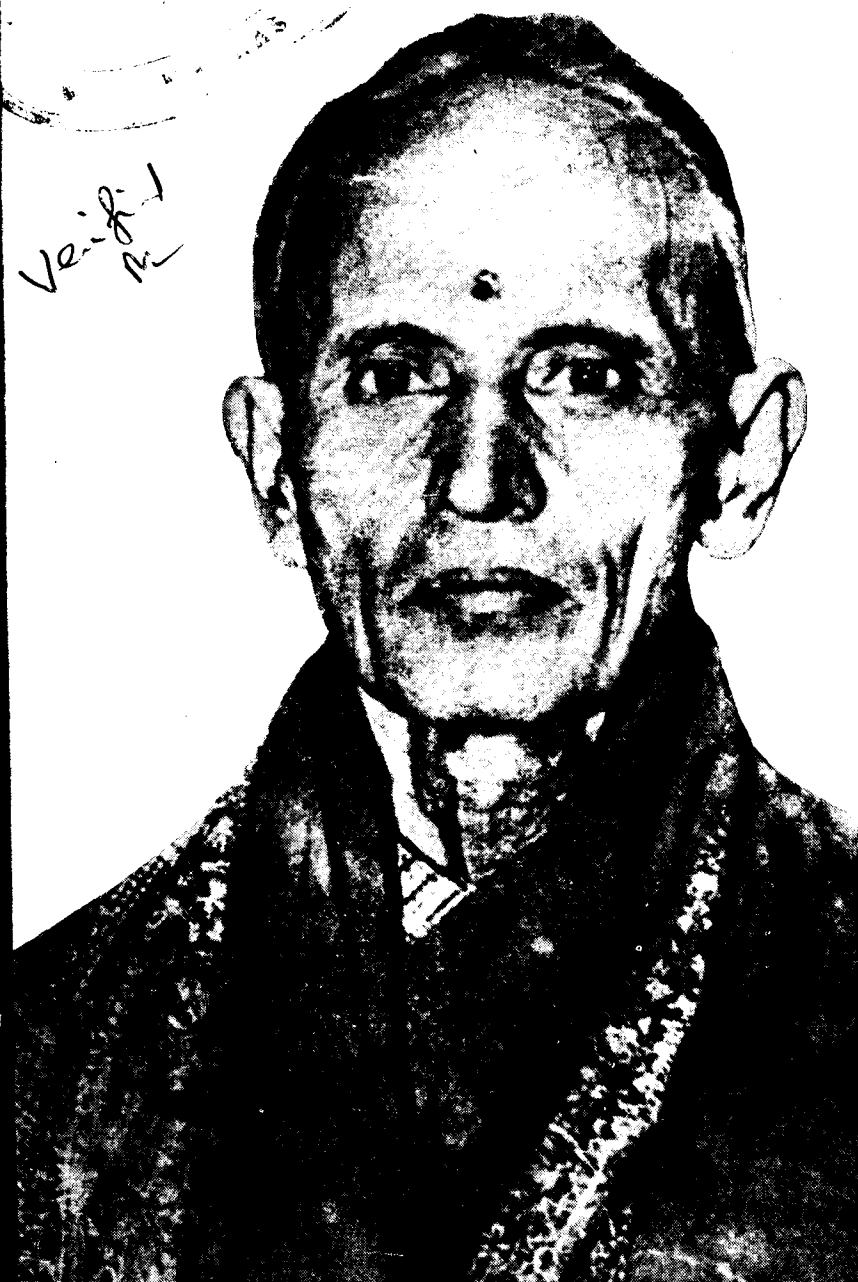
97

697

SWATANTRA

EDITOR: KHASA SUBBA RAU

Veigil
m



SWATANTRA



FOR LIFE'S LITTLE TROUBLES

turn to
Tea

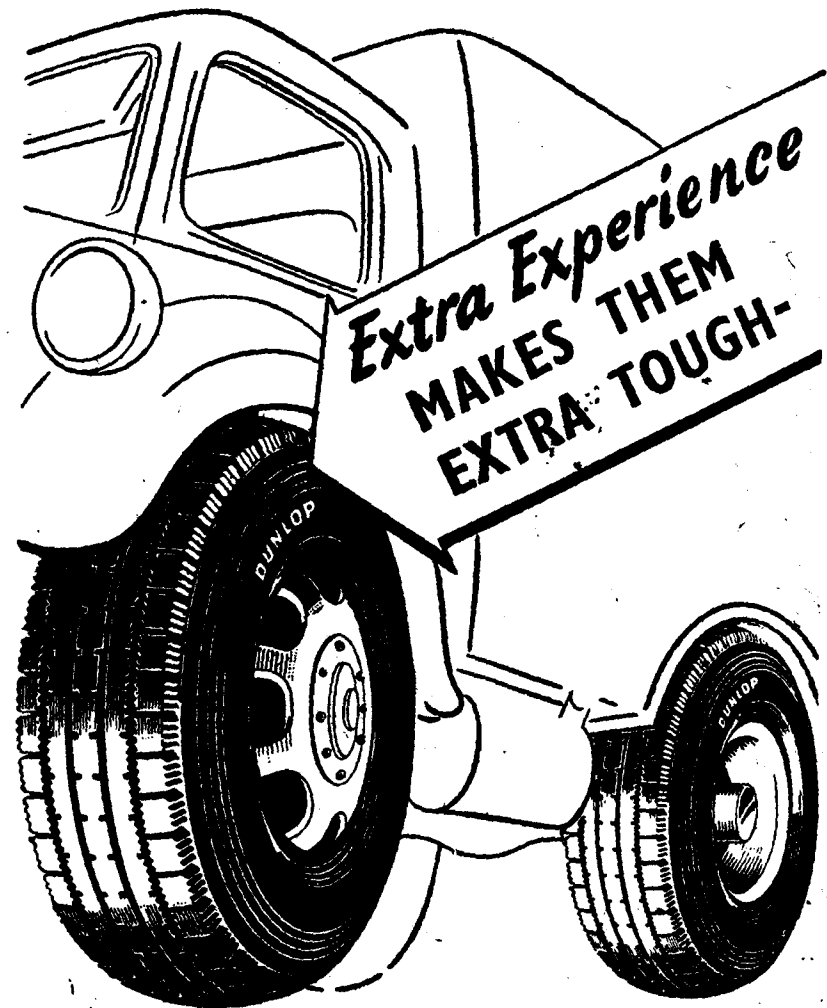
THE GREAT COMFORTER

INSERTED BY THE INDIAN TEA MARKET EXPANSION BOARD

IN 308

DUNLOP

TRUCK AND BUS TYRES



Just watch the way Dunlop Truck and Bus Tyres stand up to working conditions. Their extra performance is proof of the value of 'extra experience'—the unique Dunlop factor which results from the longest manufacturing history in the industry.



THE MYSORE CHEMICALS & FERTILISERS, LTD.

WORKS:

BELAGULA

On the way to "BRINDAVAN GARDENS," Krishnarajasagar

Telephone No. 435.

REGISTERED OFFICE:

1129, Vani Vilas Road,

Telegrams: "CHEMI" Mysore.

Mysore
Telephone: No. 243

MANUFACTURERS OF:

Sulphuric Acid
Hydrochloric Acid
Nitric Acid
Chlorosulphonic Acid

for CHEMICAL INDUSTRY

Liquid Anhydrous Ammonia
Liquor Ammonia, Forte and
Ammonia Compounds.

for REFRIGERATION
PHARMACEUTICAL &
CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES

Sulphate of Ammonia
Mixed Fertilisers
Super Phosphate

for AGRICULTURAL
PURPOSES

PATRUDU'S

'BALASANJEEVINI' (Regd.)

Cures Infantile Liver & Spleen Disorders.

Dr. Pilla Papiah Patrudu & Bror.

11, South Mada St., Mylapore, Madras.

KUMBAKONAM BRANCH:

7, Sarangapani Koil
East Street.

TRICHY BRANCH:

15, Pugulai Pillai Street,
Teppakulam Post.

Consult our specialists at the above places.



Baby's health
depends
on Mother's.....

Because it is for the mother to nourish and build up his little body, to furnish it with strength and vitality. Let Shanti-Asoka ensure the mother's health. It is the Best vitamin tonic and contains in addition Asoka, the age-old herbal remedy, for all female disorders which sap a woman's health and energy

Shanti-Asoka
The Best Uterine Tonic

Shanti Kuteeram Ltd.,

Manufacturing Pharmaceutical Chemists

Madras Stockists:

M/s. B. J. Gokhale,

260, Esplanade, Madras.

SWATANTRA

VOL. III. No. 30

(SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1948)

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Cover Page— <i>Natya Kalanidhi Sri Vedantam Lakshminarayana Sastry</i>	
Mahatma Gandhi (Portrait)— <i>By S. N. Chamkur</i>	4
Editorial Comments	5
Sotto Voce— <i>By Vighneswara</i>	9
Sidelights— <i>By Saka</i>	11
From The Gallery— <i>By Groundling</i>	12
Penal Law Reform— <i>By S. Rajagopalan</i>	15
One Year Of Freedom— <i>By K. S. Venkataramani</i>	17
"Zoni" (Short Story)— <i>By N. S. Phadke</i>	21
Life And Myself— <i>By Harinānath Chattopadhyaya</i>	24
Onam: Grandest Malayalee Festival— <i>By 'Namb'</i>	26
From Hastings To Rajagopalachari— <i>By Dr. P. C. Alexander, M.A., D. Litt.</i>	27
Our Defence Strategy— <i>By V. Subramanian</i>	29
The Limitations Of Mechanised Farming— <i>By P. V. C. Rao</i>	32
Battle For Bombay— <i>From A Special Correspondent</i>	33
Azad Qalam— <i>By K. A. Abbas</i>	35
Tumult On The Road To Mandalay— <i>By Andrew Roth</i>	40
Red Tape Getting Redder— <i>By "Bhikku"</i>	43
Sri Vedantam Lakshminarayana Sastry	45
Letters To The Editor	47

SWATANTRA

SWATANTRA is published every Saturday at 156, Lloyds Road, Royapettah, Madras (India). Single copy, six annas. Subscription: Inland, Rs. 20 per year and Rs. 10 per half-year. Foreign, £1 18s. or 8 * dollars (U.S.A.) per year. If return of manuscripts is desired, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must be enclosed.



Portrait of Mahatma Gandhi (by S. N. Chamkur) which was unveiled in the Madras Legislative Assembly Hall by His Excellency Sri C. Rajagopalachari during his recent visit to the City.

SWATANTRA

VOL. III
No. 30

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1948

ISSUED
WEEKLY

CURES FOR INFLATION

THE recent round of conferences to discuss the economic state of the nation should help to set public interest in the right direction. During the year that has passed since the attainment of freedom, we have had no lack of distractions tending to deflect attention from the primary problem of our economic disintegration. Kashmir and Hyderabad, the foremost among these distractions, have not only entailed a drain on our material resources; they have also, understandably, had the adverse effect of over-emphasizing politics in the thinking of Ministers and the lay public alike. But the quickening pace of the rot in the country's economy is making it clearer day by day that the problem can be ignored only at our peril. It is to be hoped that the present stirrings at the expert level are the beginning of a determined effort to come to grips with it.

The process of economic disintegration that was generated by British direction of India's "war effort" survived the end of the war. That was not surprising. What was surprising was that the national Government which replaced the British power did nothing whatever to arrest the process. The sterling balances which had accrued to India's credit during the war years engaged the full attention of our successive Finance Ministers. But the condition of inflation under which the sterling balances had

accumulated—a condition that was most damaging in its effect on the country's economy and on the living standards of the vast majority of the population—was left wholly unattended to. The prolific literature and oratory demanding the release of the sterling balances were full of patriotic indignation at the manner in which the British administrators had flooded the country with next to useless paper currency. The masses had been impoverished through the loss of the currency's purchasing power, it was said. The charge was indeed grave and true. But the irony of the situation was that the new popular Government quietly continued and extended the very practice for which the bad old foreign rulers were condemned. The issue of paper currency out of all proportion to the volume of goods and services still continues to be a basic defect of the national economy. Ever rising prices are the inevitable result.

Some check had been kept on the prices of essential commodities by the system of price controls and rationing devised during the war years. It was an inadequate check, but it was of immense value within the range of its operation. Prices rose, certainly, but not altogether beyond the reach of common people. The system of rationing ensured the regular supply of a minimum quantity of foodstuffs and other necessities like firewood and kerosene oil at controlled rates.

If such economic controls had not operated, it is certain that the privations which the people suffered would have been vastly greater and more cruel than they actually were. The havoc which the profiteers wrought on such a ghastly scale in Bengal would have overtaken other parts of the country in varying degrees.

It will be difficult for any observer to resist the thought that the first Government of free India committed an act of egregious folly in relaxing the controls over food and cloth. The experiment of decontrol—if a course running counter to all known laws of economic behaviour could be called an experiment—was obviously a gamble. The consequent rise of price levels has made of the gamble a total, unredeemed failure.

The Government have now recognised the unwisdom of their decontrol policy and begun to reverse it. It is not the Government alone that have seen wisdom after the event. Initially the Socialists, in curious disregard of the Socialist creed, were at one with the Government in advocating decontrol as the means for bringing down prices. The failure of this cure would seem to have shaken the Indian Socialists' hope that uncontrolled free trade would work better than badly administered controls. The Socialist-sponsored conference of economists at Calcutta has recommended that essential commodities such as foodgrains and cloth should be controlled and rationed.

Evidently, inflation cannot be overcome solely by the reimposition and efficient working of controls. Necessary as controls are, they will aid the battle against inflation only to the extent that they prevent the vicious spiral of prices and wages-salaries chasing each other upward. Even the abstention in future from reckless recourse to the currency printing press will not be enough.

The existing "surplus purchasing power" will remain. How it is to be tackled will depend largely on the answer to the question: Who has the surplus? There are, however, more than one answer to this question. And the answers, interestingly, are the same in such widely separated regions as Europe and India. Here, as in the European countries which are also passing through inflationary conditions, the capitalist gives a certain answer. Anxious to keep his wage bill at a minimum, he says that the wage increases demanded and secured by the workers account for a large part of the surplus of money over goods. The Socialist and the Communist, on the other hand, hold that the increase in salary or wage secured by a worker in a period of inflation hardly ever fully covers the rise in the cost of living, and that the profits of the managements form the major part of the surplus money.

From common observation of the plight of low income groups in India, and judging from the staggeringly high estimates of income-tax evasions, it should not be difficult to guess where the surplus money is. Few can be found to deny that the amount of money made by profiteers and hoarders, and even by legally impeccable businessmen during and since the war is very high. These abnormally large savings can be dealt with in one of two ways. In the U.S.S.R. the Soviet authorities recently performed a financial surgical operation. The war-time savings of citizens were 'mopped up' by a decree which reduced the amounts, drastically in the case of large holdings and more mildly in the case of modest holdings. Such a simple but confiscatory procedure is not likely to commend itself to Delhi. But some less drastic alternative course appears to be necessary as part of any serious attempt to stop too much money chasing too few

goods. Freezing and deferred payment of bank balances above a certain figure, compulsory saving by everybody earning more than a minimum specified income—these are among the non-confiscatory remedies suggested by economists.

The decisions at which the Government finally arrive will be awaited with great interest by the public. Equally, the promised redefinition of policy affords an opportunity to the Government to be done with the uncertainties and inconsistencies which have marked their actions in this field so far, and to put forward a clear and firm economic programme.

Indo-Pakistan Relations

IT is time the Government of India arrived at a definite policy in dealing with issues of war and peace connected with Hyderabad and Kashmir instead of trying to measure themselves against the patience of questioners. They seem to be pulled back by inhibitions and compunctions traceable to non-violence. Pakistan labours under no such difficulty. The result is that while Pakistan has been indulging in hostile acts deliberately planned to the hurt of India, our leaders have been fondly hugging to themselves a delusion of humanitarian duty patterned on the teaching of the Father of the Nation, the modern world's apostle of peace. Actually, the basic principles that form the core of the life mission and teaching of the Mahatma were swiftly abandoned in the wake of the assumption of office by the Congress. At the moment of the political victory of the freedom struggle, the Congress was confronted with two alternatives—that of vindicating in a free country relieved from the trammels of foreign dictation the power of the Satyagraha from which the Mahatma had drawn the conceptions and technique of his anti-imperialist

struggles; and that of bidding goodbye to Gandhism and branching off into the common practice of power politics all the world over. The Congress deliberately chose the latter course. The Mahatma was practically disowned by his principal disciples at the time of the political victory of the Gandhian movement, and the contemplation of what had happened filled him with continual thoughts of a fast unto death before the assassin's bullet put an end to the ceaseless torture of his mind and soul.

The fact emerges that we have a very un-Gandhian Government in control of the country today. The nepotism that prevails, the absence of civil liberties, the persistence in ways that had been condemned in British rule, the disappearance of respect for merit, the extravagant squandering of huge sums in embassies and the like for the installation of uninspiring figures in positions of doubtful national utility in foreign capitals, the depressing mix-up between Government and the big profiteers, the profligate quest of permits and the like by legislators and influential Congressmen and the constant interference of Ministers in routine administration for shabby personal ends—all these sum up the accomplished betrayal of Gandhian teaching by professed inheritors of his mission now occupying seats of power. Yet there can be no doubt that it is on Pandit Nehru that the mantle of the Mahatma has fallen.

There is thus no rational foundation for the position in which the Prime Minister has found himself. Pandit Nehru is seemingly on the top, but all below, what looks like support is a maze of disruptive contradictions. It is a tribute to the power of the personality of the Prime Minister that in a position so impossible as the one he occupies, he continues to be the darling of the multitudes, with unabated

popularity that shows no signs of ever having to fear a rival. Yet brewing storms threaten the stability of the State whose reins are held in the hands of Pandit Nehru, and in the coming days, the power of popularity may cease to be of use for tackling the problems connected with Indo-Pakistan relations on which the very safety of the country depends.

No military problem can be solved on non-violent lines. Non-violence is incompatible with military responsibilities. Nor is it necessary, in the present atmosphere of fairly complete abandonment of Gandhian principles, that non-violence should be singled out for demonstration of loyalty to the Mahatma. To do so would only debilitate India's inevitable military preparations for dealing effectively with the aggressors within and across her frontiers. To start with, sentimental oppressions connected with the proprieties of non-violent behaviour of the Gandhian pattern should be completely overcome in order that a more effective military strategy may emerge than the weak ones hitherto in the field. When it is known and admitted all over

the world that Pakistan is actively behind the campaigns of the Kashmir raiders, why should there be any squeamishness about the initiation of direct military operations to deal with the aggression at its source? The bombing of Gilgit is a meaningless extravagance that will only waste valuable ammunition and secure no worthwhile military result. If there is to be bombing at all, the proper targets, in view of all the circumstances, are Lahore and Karachi. Also, very little attention is being paid to the starting of ordnance factories in the country which is the way of common sense if any military enterprise of ours is to be strong, continuous and self-dependent, with adequate protection against being squeezed out by intrigues on foreign soil. There has been far too much of evasion of imperative responsibilities on the part of the Government of India in mistaken tender-heartedness to violent elements in a vain endeavour to minimise killing and suffering. They do not seem to have realised yet that in dealing with wily and implacable foes, stern timely action will prove in the long run the least costly even for the saving of human lives and suffering.

WAR TALK IN PAKISTAN

Peace is all very well; and none but the malicious can doubt for a moment Pakistan's pacific intentions. But the world is increasingly becoming a collection of armed camps and people who talk the loudest of the virtues of peace are themselves arming to the teeth either for aggression or for defence against aggression. Pakistan's next door neighbour, who is also Pakistan's best hater, is doing the same. In such circumstances it would be foolish if we were not to follow the current "world fashion". To do anything else would be to invite aggression.

Therefore in all seriousness and with all the emphasis that we can command, we urge on the Government of Pakistan that the corner stone of their policy for this second year of our freedom should be "a bigger Army, Navy and Air Force and more equipment for them." We have little doubt that every sensible Pakistani will agree with us and will support the policy of "guns rather than butter".

A united front of the Muslim countries there has already been in existence in the spiritual sense, but that is no longer enough. That united front can and ought to be extended by making these several countries militarily and economically complementary to one another. The Muslim has no friend but the Muslim, as surely as there is no God but Allah. — From an editorial in DAWN, Karachi.

Sotto Voce

The Hate Merchants



RASAM is the favourite dish of the Tamil and we prefer it clear, fragrant and not too pungent. Neither the nutritionist's finding that it has practically no food value nor our own sneaking desire to taste once in a while the exotic delights of 'Mysore rasam' has in any way affected our essential loyalty to the *mulligatawny* immortalised by Thackeray. As a child I lived almost exclusively on a diet of rasam and rice; and even then I tried to eliminate the rice as far as possible. I must have been possessed by a passion for perfection, a desire to enjoy rasam in its quiddity. For I insisted on my mother straining out every grain of rice before I would consent to drink the remaining, rather tasteless liquid.

It was years before I got over my infantile aversion to the integrity of rasam being violated by the presence of even a particle of cooked rice. The Tamil enthusiasts who object to the slightest admixture of Samskrit words are yet to get over this infantile fixation. It may be possible—since they swear it is—to purge Tamil of every word of Samskrit origin. But the purists are yet to produce even a laboratory specimen. All that they have succeeded so far in doing is to translate 'Aryan' names with rather bizarre effect; and the original name has to be given in brackets to enable identification! I shall perhaps be told that if the movement persists long enough it will have stabilised the fashion and created a wholly Tamil vocabulary. The optimism is hardly warranted by the experi-

ence of Esperantists and such like. A language is not made by pedants taking thought.

But supposing the miracle did happen and an extensive study of the earliest Sangam works enabled our Veera-Tamils to rig up a language free of the faintest tinge of Samskrit, what then? It may be a new language but it will not be Tamil. To an England suddenly gone mad the language of *Beowulf* might seem to satisfy every civilised need. But the last laugh will be not with the troglodytes but with Shakespeare. The language of the Alvars and the Nayanmars, of Kamban and Pugazhendhi, of Thayumanavar and Ramalinga Swami is the language of the Tamil because it has entered into the very warp and woof of his consciousness. The synthetic language that may come fresh and bright from the Self-Respect mint would be just counterfeit coin.

What the zealots are trying to do is not to rehabilitate Tamil or rescue it from the domination of the North, as they claim. If their ignorant campaign succeeded it would destroy the individuality of our people, the basic roots of our culture. In this they may or they may not be acting consciously as the tools of a new Imperialism which is seeking to engulf all civilisation in its rapacious maw. That they are serving its purposes only too well should be obvious from the striking identity of aims. They ask you to abolish God, because He is an Aryan; to establish free love because the old grammars speak of *kalaviyal*; to hate Hindi but hug

English (or is it Russian?); to demand that Tamil Nad shall not be on talking terms with the rest of India.

This programme would admirably fit in with the policies of the foremost Power in Asia. Those who have seen that dread phenomenon the forest fire say that the vast multitude of animal life fleeing in panic more often than not runs straight into the all-consuming conflagration. That is just what is happening in Malaya, Burma and China today. The panic-stricken are the vast majority. And they obey not an instinct that has been unbalanced by shock and is at fault but the subtle suggestion of the decoy, the fifth columnist. That the misleaders may themselves be misled, that they may be muddled Utopians and not paid hirelings would make no difference to the tragic issue.

In any case let the Tamils realise clearly what is at stake. The Self-Respecters who preen themselves on their modernity actually invite their fellow-Tamils to go back two thousand years. And if this backward journey in time could be made they would find themselves not in that Never-never-land from which the Brahman sorcerer is supposed to have enticed them away but on some bleak and exposed promontory of the Ice Age. We are naively told that the Tamils are not to lose God but to rediscover His authentic Tamil copy. But the danger is that when Siva and Vishnu have been scrapped the portly image of a Periyar may be installed in their stead! The Tamils are asked to remember that their ancestors roamed the seven seas and traded with every outpost of civilisation from Rome to Cambodia. They could have hardly traded in hatred or imprisoned themselves in their own egoism.

VIGNESWARA

**VITAL TO
INDIA'S INDUSTRIES**

We serve the nation by meeting the demand for basic and heavy chemicals so necessary for industrial self-sufficiency.

**FOR PURITY AND
STRENGTH**

Look for
"Cauvery Brand"

BLEACHING POWDER
CAUSTIC SODA
LIQUID CHLORINE
HYDROCHLORIC ACID



A Product of
THE METTUR CHEMICAL & INDUSTRIAL CORPORATION LTD.
Mettur Dam, South India

Sole Selling Agents:
**THE ALLIED INDUSTRIAL
DISTRIBUTORS LTD.**
120, Armenian Street, MADRAS-4 Branches

Managing Agents:
SESHASAYEE BROTHERS LTD.
TIRUCHIRAPPALLI

SIDELIGHTS : :

Out of suffering have emerged the strongest souls. The most massive characters are seamed with scars. Martyrs have put on their coronation robes glittering with fire and through their tears have the sorrowful first seen the gate of heaven.—E. H. CHAPIN.

At a recent public meeting our Finance Minister Gopala Reddi said of Sri Prakasam that "he was essentially a man of courage and fortitude. He made tremendous sacrifices and was guided by an indomitable will to serve the country. He never considered any sacrifice too much to stand by his conviction. More than any public man in Andhra he commanded the loyalty of the people in an unique degree." These words of tribute come from one who helped to pull Prakasam down. It is not good for our public men to praise leaders whom they have helped to pull down.

The tribute is welcome, nevertheless—for it breaks the conspiracy of detraction that has been built up round the ex-Premier. Another ex-Premier, C.R., was subjected to the same sort of conspiracy. But what he lost through the hostile combination of provincial controllers of votes in a condition to determine the leadership, he gained through the favour of the Congress High Command. Nehru and Patel undid the wrong that had been done to C.R. when he was ousted technically from the leadership of Tamil Nadu. Success denied by the vote was conferred on C.R. by the patronage of the wielders of power above. But it was success anyhow. It has brought about a restoration of the disturbed equilibrium of the politics of Tamil Nadu. In the competition for honouring C.R. as Governor-General with welcome addresses and rose garlands, the most active part was taken by those who had been his bitterest political opponents and had done their utmost earlier to drive him from public life.

There is a difference between the engineered receptions of the influential in a position to dominate public forums and command the publicity of the press, and the unplanned manifestations of spontaneous goodwill of common people in general. Both synchronised on the occasion of the visit of Pandit Nehru. Even if he had not been Prime Minister he would have received a no less impressive welcome. Not of all leaders can it be said that, out of office, they would command the same measure of public importance as in it, if by "office" is meant not merely Governmental positions but also keystones in the organisation of the ruling party of the day, the Congress. Present Madras Ministers to a man would sink into comparative unimportance the moment they are divested of the office that keeps them for the time being in the limelight. Of living South Indian Congress leaders, only two are big enough to take any preferment coming to them easily in their stride, whose stature gains nothing by office and loses nothing when office is gone—C.R. and Prakasam.

Of the two, C.R. has been saved from frustration by the timely intervention of people in authority. A similar service is being resolutely withheld from Sri Prakasam. He could have been the artery through which the life-blood of the Andhras as a people would have flowed into the heart of our new State invigorating it with energy and strength. The discarding of Sri Prakasam and the elevation to official power and position of comparatively insignificant persons who have not rendered a fraction of his public service is a mortal affront to masses of sensitive people who take the wrong done to him as a hurt inflicted on themselves. Long after his successful local supplanters are gathered to oblivion, Sri Prakasam will live in history as the greatest Andhra leader of the Gandhian era.—SAKA.



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

C. R. AT, BY AND LARGE

THE occasion for these random jottings on C. R. is of course his recent Southern tour as the official head of the Indian Union. They are by an ardent but not uncritical admirer who spotted him as a prospective 'winner' a little over thirty years ago at a provincial conference held not far from Madras. I cannot now determine whether it was prophetic vision or just undergraduate conceit that made me the first C. R. 'fan'. But looking back, I am free to confess that to pick out C. R. from a scintillating circle which contained Annie Besant, Satyamurti and the Rt. Hon'ble Sastri, was more than an act of faith—it was youthful brass at its best. Ever since the world came to know of him, C. R. has always been in a class by himself; and as for me, I have ever had an eye for those who have often been in a crowd, but have never been of it!

One of the consolations of common people is to see and admire greatness in pre-arranged close-ups. Hence the innumerable photographs of Royalty, nobility, feudality and sodality doing fatuous things with an eternal smile on their faces. But the pleasure of a discriminant minority lies in the manner in which greatness is colored by the wise, and old conventions come to life with a new gloss put upon them by the improvisations of genius in out of the way places.

I have seen but two Governors-General at close quarters in my

life. The first was Lord Chelmsford; it was early morning, and the pomp and splendour of a native state were turned full blast. Amidst a riot of colour, I saw a middle-aged gentleman whose tie had gone awry haled out of a carriage while hundreds bowed and genuflected all round. The King's representative was extremely affable, though a slightly bilious look could not be entirely exorcised. The second was C. R. marching up a corridor of standing people, with his squared-up shoulders, the academic robe seemingly worn toga fashion. He reminded me of the Caesar who appears in Shaw's Arms and the Man; and I saw one who had long been close enough to us at long range!

Simplicity and austerity were the key-notes of the immediate aura that surrounded and clung to C. R. I had my own private doubts as to the wisdom of doing away with all that pomp which made Delhi the *el Dorado* of our politics, and the Viceregal Lodge the Mecca of the Upper Ten. C. R. as Governor-General has other substitutes and compensations; but I am more than ever convinced of the need for preserving the pomp of the office, because we may definitely rule out a succession of C. R.'s in the gubernatorial gadi.

During his stay in the city, he spoke more often and spoke on more subjects than he has been accustomed to in the past. It was odd to see him assume the mantle of the Mahatma without ostentation

and without diffidence; and yet not odd, but stimulating, for he spoke to the point and went into the heart of the matter however formal and conventional the occasion. He touched on a host of controversial topics, but in such a suave manner as to show a way of dissolving the acerbities of politics. Like Gandhi, he attempted to simplify every issue, and present it in a shape and form which would make for individual comprehension.

The only formal address he delivered in Madras was to the university graduates at the annual convocation. Though it was a premeditated performance, it reveals the suppleness and adaptable side of C. R. For one thing, he has taken the protective colouring of his Delhi environment. The Gandhian ideas are being fitted to the Nehru phraseology; and while standing as a buffer or mediating influence, he reverts to the eternal verities as zealously as he endeavours to harmonize existing incompatibilities. But success in such a perilous task cannot be either certain or complete. For while the truths are true, it is their application that is in question. A few illustrations may be given:

Politics and Persons: His advice to journalists contained a counsel of perfection when he exhorted them not to attack persons but the system of administration. An administration is like a corporation; it has neither a body to be kicked, nor a soul to be damned. Gandhi dubbed the entire system 'satanic' and got away with it; all of us cannot bring off such a coup. Further, administration is run by men, and to get at the men is to get at the administration. This is what the corrupt tout, the brazen black-marketer and the intermeddling middleman do, and doing it they gain their ends. Words break no bones, and the right word from the right man which we call propaganda is known to have turned the history of ages into new channels. Words are the only missiles of democracy, and men are its targets. That is why the moralist also flourishes only in a democracy. And

C. R. being the supreme moralist of our time knows full well that progress is possible only through an appeal to the individual.

C. R. was less than just to a host of anonymous and inglorious Gandhi-ites when he admitted the justice of the demand for material compensations made by the average Congressman who toiled for the country. The best of Congressmen have not made the demand. They are conspicuous by their absence from the crowd of jostling aspirants to power and pelf. It is the camp followers of Congress who have usurped the title, and are engaged in exploiting it while the opportunity serves. Those who believe in the ancient law of sacrifice are never to be found among those eager to draw their dividends; they sacrifice to enable the second-best to thrive at their cost.

WEAK NERVES

NEED THIS
PICK-ME-UP



When convalescing after an illness that has rudely shaken your nerves, you need VINOSAN to pull them up immediately.

VINOSAN

A TONIC CORDIAL FOR NERVES

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

Madras Stockists:—

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

C. R.'s Educational Theories: The contradictions here too are very much on the surface. But underlying them is an almost painful anxiety to evolve harmony amidst differences. The author of compulsory Hindi ten years ago now preaching against compulsion of all kinds is an exhilarating subject for caricature. To denounce compulsion in vacuo or a priori as it were is to cut at the root of education; for certain basic necessities of human nature have to be insinuated through compulsion until they become second nature to the child. To eliminate the study of classics from the school curriculum would be the height of inconsequence. It is not the content of education but the manner of its presentation that counts. And the biggest heresy to which C. R. gave expression was when he opposed the teaching of history in the years of nonage. And yet, they are the only years in which the makings of all the world's historians were well and truly laid. If C. R. meant the philosophy of

history, that is as much elusive at the end of a man's life as unguessed at the beginning of it. But the facts of history are best mastered in youth. The rearrangement and collation of them can only come with the ingathering of experience. To learn history in middle life is like sowing the seed on rocky ground—nothing will result from such barren labour. It is to be hoped that his remarks on history and the study of the classics would not be put to contrarious use by the faithful or misguided.

On the whole, C. R.'s trip has pointed the truth of the old adage that a prophet is honoured save in his own country. If there has been any detraction in any quarter, we must console ourselves with the thought there were people in Nazareth who refused to see anything out of the way in Christ. Such people need all the sympathy we can spare them. None has shielded them more chivalrously than C. R. himself.

GROUNDLING

OUR 42 YEARS OF EXPERIENCE IN THE
LIFE ASSURANCE FIELD IS AT YOUR SERVICE
WE HAVE PLANS FOR

Retirement, Provision for your family,
Marriage and Education of your children.

For Particulars Apply to:

The United India Life Assurance Co., Ltd.

Head Office:

UNITED INDIA LIFE BUILDING

Post Box No. 281 MADRAS 1.

or

To any of our Branches or Representatives throughout
INDIA, CEYLON, MALAYA and BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

Branches in South India:

Bangalore, Bellary, Calicut, Cocanada, Coimbatore, Madras City,
Madura, Tanjore, Trichy, Trivandrum and Vellore.

PENAL LAW REFORM

by S. RAJAGOPALAN

THE need for drastic reforms in our penal law could hardly have been more forcibly emphasised than by a case decided by Mr. Justice Rajagopalan very recently at the Madras High Court Sessions. A lad of 17 had on three occasions forged the signature of his uncle and withdrew in all Rs. 100 which had been deposited for his benefit in the Post Office Savings Bank. At the Sessions, the boy repented and pleaded guilty. Nevertheless the question of awarding a suitable sentence assumed great complexity in view of the stringent provisions of the law. This was eminently a fit case for letting out the offender on probation under Sec. 562, Cr.P.C.; but that could not be thought of because the Indian Penal Code makes the offence punishable with transportation for life. Neither could he be sent up to the Borstal School since obviously he was not one with "criminal propensities". Perhaps if the nephew had committed theft of this amount or had caused hurt to his uncle with a dangerous weapon, things would have been much easier because the punishment in either case would be prison for 3 years or fine, and Sec. 562, Cr.P.C. could certainly be applied. Ultimately His Lordship solved the problem admirably and justly by sentencing him to imprisonment till the rising of the court. The learned judge reconciled in this manner the claims of humanity and justice. What should however cause us concern is why for an offence which could and should be treated so leniently the law should exact a sentence of transportation for life. Yet this is a characteristic feature of the Indian Penal Code enacted nearly 90 years ago under wholly different political and social conditions.

Prior to the enactment of the Penal Code in 1860, criminal law in this country was in a wild and chaotic state. It was "a confused medley of Islamic precepts, British Acts and regulations and judicial

decisions", lacking both a sense of proportion and uniformity. Islamic law enjoined retaliatory mutilation for offences against person and branding for perjury; and under the Acts and regulations, an unlicensed stamp vendor (as well as a purchaser from him) could both be flogged and sentenced to 5 years' imprisonment. The framers of the Indian Penal Code (the principal draftsman was Lord Macaulay and one of the commissioners was a son of Bentham) had rightly given the go-bye to these barbarous provisions, though of course it cannot be said that they have steered clear of disproportionate sentences altogether.

The Code was conceived in an essentially Indian background and in several respects it had deviated from the English criminal law. Adultery and defamation are classed amongst the offences. Murder is punishable with death or transportation for life, except when it is caused by a life-convict undergoing sentence. In regard to offences punishable with death, the Government is specifically empowered to commute the sentence in appropriate cases. Hence the abolition of capital punishment may be a live issue in England, but so far as regards the Indian Penal Code, the discussion is largely academic since both the judge and the Government can impose the lesser sentence. As regards the other offences the Code has prescribed both a maximum and a minimum except in three specific instances. Murder by a life-convict is punishable with death, nothing less. A thug has to be awarded only transportation for life; and for committing dacoity with attempted murder or grievous hurt, the minimum sentence is 7 years. Fine is an integral part of every sentence, including one for death, and it all depends on the gravity of the offence whether it is to be in addition to imprisonment or in lieu of it. In any case, a very large measure of

discretion is vouchsafed to the judge in awarding punishment and very many offences, some of them even serious, could be punished with fine only. Thus falsification of accounts is punishable with prison for 7 years or with fine. The Criminal Procedure Code, enacted a year later has mitigated the rigour of the Penal Code somewhat, by fixing gradations of offences.

The Indian Penal Code, however, does not proceed on a uniform or even a rational basis in regard to punishments. It is no doubt essential that serious crimes should merit heavy sentences, and no one can quarrel if offences like murder, attempt at murder, perjury in a capital case, dacoity, arson, rape and waging war against the State, are punished with death or transportation for life as the case may be, but it is absolutely unrighteous to bring up under the same category offences like sedition, criminal breach of trust, forgery, fraudulent suppression of will or authority to adopt, for all of which transportation for life could be awarded; nor is it anything but barbarous to impose that punishment for old offenders, some of whom at any rate are more or less prototypes of Jean Valjean, lapsing back to crime as an alternative to starvation. This is the more glaring since for crimes of more serious import than any of these, such as highway robbery, grievous hurt causing emasculation, perjury, criminal intimidation and abduction, the maximum does not ordinarily exceed 7 years. Indeed there is quite a good number of serious offences for which imprisonment is only optional, and amongst them are: rash and reckless driving of automobiles even resulting in the death of the victim, rioting armed with deadly weapons, enticing away a married woman, bribery of and by a public servant, falsification of accounts and false personation at elections. Above all, the Code takes an inexcusably lenient view of the promoters of enmity and hatred between the different classes in the country—the maximum sentence is

2 years or fine. We know only too well what major part scurrilous writings and speeches played prior to the great killings at Calcutta, Noakhali and Amritsar. Verily the Code appears to regard offences concerning a man's material possessions in a more serious light than those against his person, family, honour and reputation. Certain offences have been left severely alone, one of them deliberately. Forcible conversion or proselytization is not punished.

The truth is that the Indian Penal Code has failed to keep itself abreast of the changing times and ideas. Many of the offences as well as their punishments are getting to be out of date. In actual practice it has been found to be insufficient to cope with all degrees and varieties of offences which modern society has to face and which are found scattered about in separate enactments. Many offences dealt with under the Railway Act, such as sabotage, etc., and the Companies Act have to be incorporated in the Code itself. Emergent legislation which has been ushered in throughout the country to cope with the communistic and communal menace has to form part of our criminal jurisprudence, stripped of its obnoxious features, as a safety valve. Within the Penal Code itself there is need for a levelling up and a levelling down of the sentences. In every case punishment should fit in with the gravity of the offence. Finally, with the emergence of a socialist state, certain anti-social crimes and inhibitions have to be fought out and punished. The hoarders and blackmarketeers who in Bengal made 150 crores of rupees at the cost of a million and a half deaths of precious human lives, "balancing each death with a cash profit of Rs. 1,000" have offended every canon of justice and humanity, and must get more or less the same punishment which law metes out to an impecunious nephew purloining a hundred chips from out of a fund kept for his own benefit.

ONE YEAR OF FREEDOM

by K. S. VENKATARAMANI

WHEN I met Gandhiji at Bangalore in 1936, I ventured to let myself go. "I feel, Mahatmaji, that Freedom will come to us suddenly like the dawn in our own skies. After the next war, Britain will be obliged to withdraw from India even as the Romans did from England. The next war which I expect in one year will drain and break up India completely. No trustee cares to maintain a dry and unruly cow."

Mahadev Desai, a prince among men, after a genial talk with me at the entrance threw a gentle hint that Mahatmaji was very busy though my interview was by appointment. So I decided to be short and sweet. I knit my ideas, metaphors and similes in one single thread and quickly garlanded Mahatmaji with these ready-made flowers. Mahatmaji saw my straight-drive to business even at the opening and encouragingly smiled—a smile so full of human tenderness.

I continued in an intense voice, "I see already the war clouds in the horizon with its gifts of freedom to India ready. But, Mahatmaji, are we ready for the monsoon when it sets in, ready with seeds, the fields ploughed, furrowed, manured and pruned? Except for a fine philosophy of life with a few working points and splendid release of mass energy I don't see any comprehensive working base or a social, political and economic plan for building a New India. All this freedom will go to waste unless we keep ready the canal (contour) lines at least clear on paper. We require to-day immediately a brains trust, a study group, a parallel cabinet in addition to the splendid squad that fights for freedom. If we study the history of revolutions in the world—"

I began pompously a fresh sally but patient Gandhiji cut me abruptly but with a lisping smile, "Venkataramani"—when Gandhiji called another by name there was always the mother's tenderness and sweetness in his voice—"Give me the freedom, I'll give you the plan in 10 minutes."

"Impossible, Mahatmaji, impossible. In 10 minutes we can never get ready by a magic wand a plan that covers the complex and uneven range of life of 400 millions, in every stage of civilisation."

I knew of and always respected Mahatmaji's charming dislike for the mere writer and thinker and man of words. Not being in the midst of the

freedom-fight as an active worker. I felt that an arm-chair writer like me had no right to pursue the matter further with our great leader. I resumed silence but Mahatmaji continued the conversation with those intimate personal enquiries which endeared him to all.

That was 12 years ago. Yes, freedom came all too suddenly and in an unexpected form after the second global war and we are in a complete mess to-day, as we have, even after one year of freedom, no well thought-out, well-laid plan of work on any subject. Words, words, everywhere. Of all of our leaders, Pandit Nehru has the requisite planning mind but he is fast becoming a bundle of wishes and words, without the administrator's grit and genius to implement ideas and decisions *first things first*.

Let me review briefly our major mistakes since we came to power. Lord Wavell, Churchill's choice, was wholly unfit for the job, even for the share of work meant to benefit Britain. Lord Mountbatten, if he were sent instead of Wavell, might have done a far more effective piece of work and perhaps saved the partition and certainly the consequential disasters that overtook the country. I wish to review the past not in a weeping spirit but with a view to distilling the wisdom and guidance which failures could give us for victories in the future.

Our major mistakes since we came to power are:—

In the Interim Cabinet, Wavell was allowed to put in the Muslim League without any definite promise of co-ordinated team work to maintain the collective responsibility of the Cabinet.

Partition of India is a vital major issue. Who agreed to it? And after consulting which representative body which might be supposed to represent the various shades of opinion in India? Had the Congress members of the Interim Cabinet or even the Congress Working Committee the requisite authority to accept partition and place it before the nation as a *settled fact*? Partition is an issue which affects every section of public opinion and every party.

It is a first rate tragedy that Gandhiji's whisper of dissent was not allowed to develop into the lion's roar and lead the country.

What is the reason for the tremendous haste and secrecy with which the decision was finalised?

Why was the refugee problem not anticipated and provided for, if not in its colossal magnitude at least as a probable offshoot of the partition and the Muslim League's attitude? Elementary statesmanship would have provided for this. The unpreparedness added to the misery and conflagration.

Why was the mischievous and untrue doctrine of the lapse of Paramountcy, not openly repudiated by the first Cabinet that met after the Independence date, 15th August 1947.

Sardar Vallabhai Patel's statesmanship and timely action and the patriotism and foresight of our Ruling Princes who sensed the danger to India after Pakistan, saved our country from the anarchy which was implicit in this mischievous doctrine of lapse of Paramountcy mainly devised to help H.E.H. the Nizam in his dynastic ambitions and make Pakistan a reality and a friendly spear-head of Muslim influence to exploit the oil in the Middle East. So, it is no wonder that Hyderabad still remains a major problem which has become a little more complicated after the Mountbatten touch. Hyderabad threatens to neutralise the benefits of consolidation of 500 states, nay the very life and existence of India.

Except for a handful of Indian Muslims of Semitic origin and temperament with the desert-winds of Arabia in their souls who chance to be at the top, the average Indian Muslim, it is my firm conviction, is true and loyal and patriotic to India and the territorial and impersonal culture and civilisation of synthesis he has helped to build up, called the Indian culture. I am sure the average Indian Muslim looks with abhorrence at the Hyderabad atrocities and its attitude. To retrieve mistakes of the past, the solution lies in stern justice and prompt action. Delay is fraught with peril full of complications.

It is rudimentary strategy that a nation cannot afford to wage war on two fronts at the same time. When we were obliged to step into Kashmir with military commitments was it not our bounden duty to solve somehow the vital domestic problem of Hyderabad within one month of our commitment in Kashmir? But on the other hand, we withdrew the Indian army from Hyderabad and entered into a meaningless Stand-Still Agreement which Hyderabad utilises only to strengthen her military potential for revolt and her ideal of independence.

We all know that Pakistan hastened Kashmir into a war issue in the first months of our freedom as part of a well-planned strategic move to prevent India taking effective measures to deal

with Hyderabad. So far, how well has Pakistan succeeded!

I am in perfect agreement with the editorial attitude of SWATANTRA regarding Hyderabad. Hyderabad is the mainspring of Pakistan and the soul of Pakistan. The idea born in Hyderabad, nourished in U.P. and the Malabar Hill, has now found a rented home in Karachi and Lahore. Without Hyderabad there is no Pakistan. Knowing so much as we do about the ideals and ambitions of H.E.H. the Nizam, why did we withdraw our Indian army from Secunderabad? But for this hasty withdrawal there would not have been even 10 per cent of military consolidation and atrocities on the part of Hyderabad. And the remedy would have been so simple, cheap and direct. When will our Congress leaders learn that stern justice alone saves life and property and mere generosity, either as appeasement or *dharma* or even as a friendly gesture, kills life and destroys property. That is the Indian Dharma, mark my word Indian, which synthesises well into a code of action the benefits of a correct view of life.

What was the necessity for India referring Kashmir to United Nations? This Monty touch again has let into a purely domestic issue immense complications; it has opened the trap door of U.S.A. and U.K. domination and influence on our affairs through the puppet show of United Nations. In the order of solution of our tangled problems Hyderabad takes sovereign priority. Hyderabad first and the rest afterwards. For Hyderabad sits on the stomach of India.

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru will be held liable for all these major mistakes of commission and omission. I admire Pandit Nehru for many things, especially when he frankly says in the open now and then, "If I were in the opposition and not at the head of the Government, I wonder, if I would put up with all this." These are the words of an honest soul in anguish, rare in politics. I would go a step further and say, "If Nehru were not at the head but only a member of the Cabinet, he would have resigned long ago at any one of these decisions and led the country to a new order."

My anguish is that all these mistakes and disasters are preventable by common foresight and collective discussion and investigation of problems beforehand for which our leaders find no time or even the mood. Pandit Nehru should not be content with the verbal endearment which confessions of this type bring to him as a solace from both the thinker and the multitude but must strive to implement his anguish into deeds that translate anguish into joy.

It is not yet too late, the remedies are near at hand and crystal-clear. Without arguments I shall give my findings: The real cause is the want of a healthy intelligent and active opposition either in the Constituent Assembly or in the nation or in our own well-equipped Press which runs its rotary on the ethics and economics of textile mills!

The remedies are: Reconstitute the Cabinet with a fair share of genuine Socialists. I welcome both Capital and Labour to the Cabinet but wisdom and justice should be shown by the Prime Minister in the apportionment of portfolios. I would go a step further and welcome even the Communists instead of clapping them in jail without a trial. Indian *dharma* in politics comprehends all, provided there is honesty and sincerity and no criminality and anti-social violence. The appropriate *modus operandi* as well as the ideas of a nation to be implemented are matters for collective decision. Make the Cabinet as fully representative of the nation as possible. You will not find the executive unworkable—as party shibboleths say. In any arrangement we must strive to retain Pandit Nehru and Sardar Patel in their present capacity as they are real assets. The Cabinet now embalms individual talents in huge administrative departments. The political ferment and discussion by all that alone leavens the life of a Cabinet before a decision is really taken is lacking. After all, the essence and glory of democracy is government by consultation. There must be a real collective investigation, discussion and free thinking at Cabinet level before final decisions of policy are taken.

For a Cabinet to deal efficiently with a nation's complex and varied problems a division of functions in the Cabinet itself is necessary: One-third of the members for policy-making and two-thirds for portfolios. But the final decision on all major issues should be a collective and joint decision of the whole Cabinet.

I plead further for a compact council of elder statesmen, scholars and thinkers whose advice may be sought for by the Cabinet on definite issues placed before them.

The present Constituent Assembly, the atom-bomb of Sir Stafford Cripps in the realm of Indian policy, is the most delicate and difficult problem. It should have been tackled honestly one year ago if Nehru were Nehru. The C.A. hurts the higher instincts and the conscience of India. It satisfies none of the real conditions and tests of a Constituent Assembly. In truth it was a body devised with great care and strategy to delay the transfer of power

to India. It is now our "sovereign" body. A handy electoral college which was in being for other purposes (local legislatures), indirect election, proportional representation, a powerful one party domination of the whole show, a divided outlook and a mood of frustration and not of victory vitiate the essential outlook, background and ideals and qualities that go to make up the sovereign nature of a Constituent Assembly. As it is, the C.A. is a farce.

A Constituent Assembly not based on adult franchise has no right to exist or function and produce a constitution for future guidance. A draft constitution passed by the present Constituent Assembly will remain always to posterity a grievous hurt to the higher emotion and conscience of the nation, like an unsanctified marriage, a matter for regret which no penance or toil of posterity could redeem. Subsequent amendments to the constitution will not cure the *ab initio* voidness. The present Constituent Assembly has no validity or recognition in the eye of God or of a true patriot of India.

What is the remedy? It is simple and straight to the thinking man of courage like our Pandit Nehru. Our present Constituent Assembly should declare boldly as a first step for the formation of a new C.A. based on adult franchise. This seeming act of *hara-kiri* is really an act of immortality. It could be called into being in four months—still our administrative machinery is good—thanks to the I.C.S.

Otherwise the members of the present C.A. are like "ticketless-travellers" to use a vivid phrase of Mr. Pothan Joseph, that rare and delightful genius in Indian journalism. Ticketless-traveling is common in our railways. Should it become common also in our legislatures under Congress rule? God forbid. Let a sense of absolute justice and *dharma* as India knows it inspire our politics.

Kind reader, I crave your indulgence for a few more words as I wish to exhaust my critical attitude in this one article. The Indian temperament, especially the Hindu, likes words, mere words and expects his neighbour to implement that word. Gandhiji when he returned to India from South Africa called at a conference pandal for a cup of water. The order was passed on duly from man to man till no man could be found really to do it and the cup of water happily remained deep in the well where it was born. This is the story as I remember it today. It is expressive of our native genius and temperament. Even in words, we are talkers and not listeners. In all my wanderings I have come across

only three genuine Hindu listeners,—the Muslim is far better—S. Kasturiranga Iyengar of the Hindu, Sardar Patel and Sri N. Gopalaswami Iyengar now of the central Cabinet, barring of course Gandhiji who listened well but was rarely converted. The Indian temperament never cares to explore a view, point by point in team work by calm and collective discussion with friends and colleagues but explodes in final decisions based on intuition or finalised solitary thinking. Then Government by consultation which is the essence of democracy becomes a mockery! Our ego-musings and conclusions should go in politics especially if you are charged with power as a Minister. Political and economic problems require patient, solid, collective discussion and thinking out of varied view-points; for we have to deal with vast masses of men at different levels of culture, economics and evolution. Don't make your colleague a rubber stamp—from the panchayat to the central Cabinet—that is the cry of democratic India.

A vow of silence will be a blessing to our leaders; silence that enriches life and thought and goads you to concrete work. All work and no words except in the C.A.—no unveiling or foundation ceremony speeches after an aeroplane dash! Many of our leaders, even our foremost, now require for their daily health and sanity a minimum quota of a column length of their reported speeches in the daily press and a pleasant post-prandial talk on its subtle implications and fine imagery! This outlook is not bad in itself as it shows an artist but it does not fit in with the doing of your job on hand well. Pakistan has set a model for us in this respect!

Yet another trait. In this land of the *Gita*, and the *Upanishads*, our sense of humanity, duty, justice and dharma is at the lowest level to-day for all the splendid efforts of Gandhiji for a generation. These qualities are essential in an adequate measure at least in a large percentage of the population to stabilise a policy at a civilised level as modern conditions go. We fall, by any impartial test, far below the pass level. Each in his place is not keen on faithfully doing his duty and his best for the day, but intensely intent upon how much better he could do the job of his neighbour which incidentally carries a little more money with it!

As I pleaded in my *Next Rung* (1928) the yawning gulf between rewards for skilled and unskilled labour should be bridged by a scientific variation, according to the basic requirements and necessities of each job for a joyous

life. The top-dog should never receive more than five times what the lowest under-dog gets. This basic reform, which India alone can achieve in the name of *dharma* and social justice, is essential for a renovation of Indian life and character. But we to-day, including Pandit Nehru, have moved far, far away, with aeroplane speed, from the loftiest idealism which animated us at the Karachi Congress twenty years ago.

When a politician swims into power as a Minister, the test is not only that his personal life should conform to his principles but that he displays the requisite administrative ability to implement the ideals for which he and his party stand. That is the crucial test. Do it or get out.

One final word regarding our problem of problems—the Hindu-Muslim problem which British Raj has deeply aggravated. Let us correctly understand it in its proper historical perspective.

India has not, upto-date, recovered fully from the sentimental, humanitarian attack of Buddhism, which saps the working vigour of man and his policy at least in our sub-tropical humid India. So, Lord Parameshwara in Mountain Kailas, in his infinite grace and pity, sent for India's recovery Sankara, the great, with the blessings of His right hand. With the blessings of His left he sent into India the men from Central Asia, Arabia and Persia with their full-blooded gospel of violence, but full-statured men with courage in their hearts, deeds in their hands and art and joy in their lives.

If only Dara had succeeded and not Aurangzeb! But we, Hindus and Muslims, were not fit then for such a succession. Now at least let us show the world that we, both Hindus and Muslims, in India, are fit for such a political enthronement, above religion, caste or creed.

Fortunately all our leaders are above seventy—Nehru is as good as seventy after the partition of India. Seventy is the age of serenity and has all the subdued glory and mellowed light of our evening tropical sky. It is an age at which consciousness loses, in the true patriot and the Karma Yogi all its limitations and attains the beatific heights of One with All. May this *Advaita-Manobhava* stamp all our elder statesmen now in grip of political power. Let justice and *dharma* be the sole guiding stars in the trackless sands of politics and the deep mire of economics. India will then in five years emerge New and True and be no more a burden on herself and the world as she has been these past one thousand years.

Short Story

"Zoni"

by N. S. Phadke

(The story of a young, simple peasant girl who tried, in her own way, to defend the freedom of Kashmir.)

WINTER seemed to come with slow, unwilling steps. The waters of the Jehlum were still warm and quick. The leaves still rustled vigorously on the 'Chinar's and the 'Safeta's. The birds, which migrate to the Punjab in search of sunshine, had not yet departed. From the trees and the clusters of canes in the river came the noise of these lingering birds—woodcocks and swallows and golden orioles. The tiny dark 'Tetch' flapped its tender wings in the air; the 'Phampsir', small and soft like a cotton ball, enjoyed a swing on the grass blades; and even the sweet notes of the 'Kokil' were heard occasionally. Winter was evidently tardy; and the vast canvas of Kashmir's hills and dales, untouched by winter's freezing breath, seemed to have lost little of its summer loveliness, although it was washed by the monsoon showers.

Zoni, however, seemed to have no attention for this lavish beauty as she paddled her small canoe through the Jehlum. The little boat glided on, but there was no eagerness in her mind to go home. She knew that when she reached her hut, her three children, half starved and half naked, would rush into her arms, and their touch and their words would only increase the anguish of poverty and helplessness.

She had known very little happiness in her married life; but she had been thrown into stark misery when her husband, Rasula, had left her two months ago. She could not imagine where he had gone, and had failed to obtain information even from the loafers in the village who had been Rasula's pals. She had at last accepted the conclusion that Rasula had deserted her, and set herself to the task of earning for herself and the children. Luckily there was a small piece of land which she could call her own and where she could labour with profit. She loaded the canoe with green vegetables in the morning, rowed to the city of Shrinagar to sell them in the big market, and returned to the village in the evening with a few coins. This had worked fairly well for two months. But Zoni knew that winter would soon set in, and with it would come

the end of her daily earnings. This sad thought filled her mind, and so she had no enthusiasm to spare for the gorgeous beauty around her. The sight of birds only sharpened her pain, because it made her think what a shame it was that, while these mute creatures stuck to their nests, her Rasula had cruelly deserted her.

Lost in this thought Zoni did not notice that she had now reached the village. She went on paddling the canoe with feeble, mechanical strokes. She came out of her thoughts only when she heard someone crying 'Zoni! 'Zoni!'. She turned to look. Old Fatma, her neighbour, stood on the bank calling her and waving her hand. Zoni turned to the left, and glided swiftly through the clusters of canes. Even before her canoe had pitched into the soft earth of the bank and steadied, Fatma began chiding her.

"Zoni, why are you so late today? What a shame that you should have been away when he has come and is waiting for you...."

"He? Who?" Zoni asked as she drew the oar from the water and placed it in the canoe.

"Who else but your vagabond husband?" Fatma said, wringing her hands. "I wonder why Allah does not bring ruin on him. I have nothing but curses for the rogue. I have never seen such a worthless lazybone in my life...."

Zoni had in the meanwhile jumped out of the canoe and climbed up the slope. She took the old woman's hand, and holding a finger close to the nose, said, "No, no. Fatma, you mustn't abuse my husband. What if he is an idler? After all he is my husband, isn't he? He has remembered me and the children and come back. Isn't that a great thing? You mustn't talk ill of him. Come, come...."

She started to run, not caring for old Fatma, who hobbled behind her with difficulty, uttering curses. She was very happy in the thought that Rasula had come home. She had suddenly forgotten all the hardships that she had endured during the last two months, and was bursting with eager-

ness to reach the hut and to have a good look at Rasula.

Her children came running out of the hut as she crossed the gate, and entered the yard. They had sweets in their mouths and hands, and new frocks on their bodies. "Ma! Ma!" they cried, "Look what daddy has brought...."

To know that her husband had returned was already enough joy for Zoni, and therefore the sight of her children, eating and dancing happily made her almost weep for happiness. She inwardly repented for having thought ill of Rasula during his absence, and in that moment she vowed to herself that she would never again doubt his love.

"Look, Zoni, I have come," Rasula said, putting aside the 'Hukka' as he saw her in the doorway. "You had perhaps feared that I'd never come."

Zoni went to him and sat near him. "It's good you have come, Rasula. I am very happy." This was all she could say. And then there came a lump in her throat and she sat speechless. She asked no questions. She was content to listen to her husband.

It appeared that Rasula had made a lot of money while he was away. "I'm a rich man now, Zoni," he kept saying again and again. He did not tell her, however, where he had made the money or in exactly what way he was going to be rich in the future. Zoni too did not want to know.

After a while she got up, and put coal in the 'Samovar', and began to boil a large quantity of tea leaves. "We've gone without salt for two months. People say Pakistan has held up salt and wheat and many other things. Do you know that Rasula? So we have been drinking tea without any salt."

"I know, I know," Rasula said, and then producing a big packet he added, "Look. What do you think this is? Salt! I have brought dozens of such packets. I have brought salt and linen and silk—everything you'll want. We are going to be very rich."

"May I give some salt to the neighbours?" Zoni asked. "They would be so happy."

"O yes, O yes. Why not?" Rasula said. "We can afford to make people happy if a few packets of salt are going to do the trick."

Zoni ran out with half a dozen packets of salt, and calling Fatma and other women she waved the packets in the air and cried gleefully. "Look, what have I got?"

"Where did your husband get so much salt?" The women plied her with eager questions. "Had he gone into Pakistan?"

Zoni could not tell them because she did not know. She was very happy at the moment, and that was quite enough for her.

And her happiness became so deep and complete in the night that it did not distress her when Rasula told her in the morning that he would be staying only for two days and after that he would have to go away again on Monday morning.

"Where will you go?" Zoni wanted to ask. But she did not. Rasula would tell her, she thought, and even if he did not, what did it matter?

"I have some important business, Zoni, and I'll be out for the whole day," Rasula told her. "I hope you don't mind."

"Not at all, not at all," she said. "But you must return at night."

"Yes, I will," Rasula smiled at her and went out.

Zoni found it hard to spend the day without Rasula. The hours dragged on slowly and tiringly. She was glad when evening came. She went out to buy some provisions and fresh meat. She wanted to prepare a nice supper for Rasula. When she went to the butcher's shop, and asked for the choicest piece of meat, old Vazir, the butcher, smiled at her.

"You seem to have suddenly become rich, Zoni," he remarked with a meaning in his smile which Zoni could not quite understand.

"Not quite rich, uncle Vazir," she said. "But Rasula has come back with a little money, and I want to give him something really nice to eat at night."

"Do you know, Zoni, where Rasula got the money?" Vazir asked, pinching his old wrinkled eyes.

"Why should a good wife care where her husband gets the money?" Zoni asked, believing her question to be unanswerable.

"You must care," the old butcher said. "Because good money is one thing, and dirty money is another."

"Dirty money?" Zoni gasped.

"Yes, dirty—very dirty." Vazir looked into her eyes with a frown. "Rasula had come to me in the afternoon, and offered me a lot of money if I would send my three sons with him. He has come here to recruit men."

"Recruit men?" Zoni asked. "For what? For whom?"

"Come in, my child. I must tell you everything I know." Vazir took her hand and led her into the kitchen. The poor girl wondered what she was going to be told now.

Zoni was a very miserable woman when she left the butcher's shop. She desired to disbelieve what old Vazir had told her. But she knew that it must be true. And knowing it, all her joy at the return of Rasula ebbed out. Was her husband going to do a dirty thing for the sake of money, she kept asking herself. And if he was, was she going to watch it helplessly or do something to prevent it from happening.... She remembered the prayer-meeting at the mosque in the village of Harjat Bal to which she had gone with some of the village women on a Friday, where the great leader Sheikh Abdullah had asked the people to be prepared for war and exhorted them to be loyal to Kashmir.... If Rasula was about to betray the mother-land, she thought, she must do something to foil his treacherous designs.... And she must use all her cunning if she wanted to succeed....

Rasula was drunk when he came home at night. But Zoni talked with him lovingly, and gave him a very nice supper. "Zoni, I'll be going away on Monday morning," he told her. "Some friends will be going with me. A bus will come from Muzaffarabad to take us."

Muzaffarabad! So what uncle Vazir had told her was true, Zoni thought. But she smiled at Rasula. "But you'll be here tomorrow, won't you?" She asked.

"Yes, my dear," Rasula said. "Will you prepare a nice supper for me again tomorrow?"

"Of course I will," Zoni told him. "But you must promise me one thing, Rasula. You must take me for a little outing on the river in the moonlight after the supper. We haven't gone out in the moonlight for ages. Let's go tomorrow, if you love me."

"Of course I love you, Zoni," he stroked her cheek. "We'll go out in the moonlight tomorrow."

"You are such a dear," Zoni said and kissed him.

On Wednesday came a terrible piece of news that threw the whole village into consternation. Muzaffarabad, the last town on Kashmir's north west border, had been attacked by raiders from the Pakistan side. Men and

women from that town were running for their lives into the Kashmir interior towards the town of Uri. The raiders were advancing. Kashmir was in danger. Muzaffarabad had fallen without resistance. Soldiers of the Kashmir army had, people said, deserted and gone over to the enemy, and many civilians from Kashmir had been hired to join the raiders. "Rasula had come to take hired men to Muzaffarabad, don't you remember?" People said and nodded meaningly. Everybody in the village talked about this. If the raiders advanced, this village too would be attacked, and houses would be burnt, property looted, and women assaulted. There was panic in the village, and people talked of fleeing. There was a dark shadow of fear and anxiety on every one's face....

But here was one person in the village on whose face there was a strange smile—Zoni. She too of course shared the general panic. But she was inwardly joyful at the knowledge that she had done something of which she, as a daughter of Kashmir, might be proud....

She had given Rasula poisoned sweets when he had taken her on the boat in the moonlight. And she had thrown him into the Jehlum.... Returning to the cottage in the dead of night, she had opened his trunk, and taking out all the currency notes he had kept in it, buried them under the oven.... On the morning of Monday twenty-two men had gathered in her yard. They said that Rasula had promised to give them fifty rupees each if they went with him to Muzaffarabad. "Where's Rasula?" they had demanded. Zoni had feigned complete ignorance—and even a good deal of anxiety at Rasula's sudden disappearance. "He has left me again...." she wailed and began to sob.... The men had then gone away, cursing Rasula, and the bus from Muzaffarabad had gone back empty.... Zoni had silently done a good deed for her mother-land....

She was a widow now—miserable and helpless. But what did it matter? There was a deep contentment in her heart that she had prevented her husband from an act of treachery.... So while the whole village was in a panic and men and women stood in the streets in small groups discussing the tragic news of the fall of Muzaffarabad, Zoni a young, simple peasant girl, sat before the oven, staring into the flames, happy and radiant in the thought that she had killed a traitor and kept twenty-two men from the raiders' ranks, and tried in her own humble way to defend the freedom of Kashmir....



*Harindranath
Chattopadhyaya*

SONGS SITA SANG

AND so the days went on. Once again the world began to seem a place worth living and dreaming in. A new interest had crept into my life almost stealthily like a coloured shadow at first; but gradually that shadow slipped into the light that had cast it, the dark light of an excessive passion in the heart and the limbs resembling a fiery poppy with all the quality in itself of making the mind forget its erstwhile lonesomeness and lassitude born of hopelessness and lack of interest in life. Sita was certainly becoming, in my eyes, more and more an object worthy of affection; for she moved about the house without affectation or guile, bore about her presence a shyness which was even as a veil woven by a sterling virginity with something of pale starriness in its invisible shimmer, and always in her eyes there shone a pure light which could only have been drawn from the fountainsource of a real innocence touched with a spiritual gentleness of disposition. In fact when, in after-years, tired of tragedy and the immediate result of Ramu's forced separation from us, we went to Pondicherry to recoup mental health and spiritual strength under the guidance of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother, the latter, who lavished deep affection and constant care on Sita spoke of her as the possessor of 'an angelic psychic'—which was what I had felt from her very first historic entry into our home without being able to sum her up with the clarity with which the Divine Mother had done.

About Sita I have always felt a strange vibration as of somebody who lends half her being to earth and half to heaven all the time. When she is silent I feel she has withdrawn, behind mournful thoughts and recollections, into the realm of angels with whom she holds communion, or else, she could not have, with her delicate health and the after-tragic years of life, survived as she has done.

Sita sang Christian hymns and lilted lullabies and folk-songs. It was strange to listen to her sing in falsetto while she sat beside Ramu, either putting him to sleep of an evening or mid-noon, filling both the room and his growing heart with a fund of very sweet and attractive songs and snatches of songs. Even to this day Ramu, who is now in his twenty-sixth year, makes his childhood demands on her. When he spends a night with Sita in her Worli flat in Bombay, he calls her to his side, makes her sit by the edge of his bed and sing the old, wonderful songs all over again, replete with remembrance, bitter-sweet, cruel-kind, spirit-thrilling. For Ramu's limbs were shaped not only on Mangalore food but on Sita's songs—and stories, for Sita is a remarkable teller of faery tales and grandmother legends. I must confess to myself still adoring the songs which Ramu calls for—I, too, listen silently and often, under cover of the darkness, while that thread of clear voice lfts away patting and putting even grown-up Ramu to sleep, tears often roll across my cheeks and drop into the great pit of the night, unnoticed, unfathomed. For I recall the old days that are no more; I recall the whole of my past and realise that it has been a series of sudden, swift, unpremeditated tortures and tragedies. Nothing seemed ever to have come right in my life; everything seemed to go awry, everything seemed to become a tangle and a mess. So much so that now when anything does come right I begin to suspect its validity. Fulfilment always evokes in me a self-doubt. I have got into an unconscious habit of taking success, when and

if it does ever come, with a pretty large grain of salt!

Sita sang some very lovely words. One song I especially recall was of a child who imagined what all he would do if he should become a bird—he would fly over fields of rice flapping his wings in joy and freedom, he would fly away and away. It had something of the sentiment of Amal in Tagore's "Post Office"—and, in fact, the sentiment which dwells in everything that comes into being and form. The idea of flying away like a bird is as old as time itself—it was born, perhaps, even before birds were moulded of flight and feather. "The desire of the moth for the star" is a desire which is co-existent and coeval with creation itself—the instant of being caught in shape is the very instant of the cry "O had I the wings of a dove"—the starting-point of hunger to get released from bondage. Ramu's eyes would widen with wide wonder whenever he heard this particular piece, and then when it came to the part where the bird describes in onomatopoeia the manner of its flight, he would flap and flutter his own little hands as though they were already a pair of real wings capable of making his body levitate towards such spaces as hold in their neighbourhood rainbows and faery fires and ricefields bursting with pearls for grain.

Ramu also loved to hear another song of Sita's which became one of his favourites. But it was for a different reason from that which made other songs find a place on his list of favourites. This one was about a little girl named Mary who, one day, was given the task of washing a heap of plates and dishes. The heap was very heavy and her little strength could hardly cope with the weight...with the result that it dropped from her young hands and toppled down and broke to pieces. She had a step-mother who was, of course, of the proverbial sort—embodiment of cruelty and hardheartedness. So when little Mary returned home, the step-mother beat her black and blue until she herself resembled the

broken dish, the smashed plate. The next day she died—and the song ends with the cry "Alas! Alas! poor little Mary". This was what Ramu could hardly bear: beating a little girl to death! And he would rise in wrath from bed, stand up like a sentinel and say "That step-mother should be punished. She had no right to hurt little Mary, my friend" Ever since then Ramu has risen up like a sentinel wherever there has been injustice and wrongdoing. I cannot help giving Sita a great portion of the credit for Ramu's fine nature and character which were moulded so constantly and with such motherly care by her beautiful spiritual influence. Had

Sita not come in at the time she had done, it is difficult to imagine as to the sort of mental life he might have had to go through in childhood—perhaps, he would have gone through it alone with little of poetry and beauty to feed his heart, his imagination. For his mother was slowly entering a life of public activity which gave her little time for a steady home-life, and I was too selfishly engrossed in creating literature to part with time for a child which was born more out of secret sorrow than the joy of union—since it seemed to come only as a living link between a past of youth and hope and a future of ageing and frustration.

ONAM: GRANDEST MALAYALEE FESTIVAL

by 'NAMBS'

WEDNESDAY, 15th September, is ONAM day for the Malayalees. This festival is for the Malayalee what Deepavali is to the Tamil, Holi to the Northerner.

Rich and poor alike celebrate Onam in a grand manner. No sacrifice is considered too much to make Onam grand, for it is said to forbode the events of the coming year. The day begins with worship at the temple. All wear new clothes on this particular day. The richer classes give new clothes to their servants and dependants and this practice is called 'Kaineetam'. It is a day of feasting for all. The girls spend the day in songs and *kalkottikali*, while the young men amuse themselves with the manly 'Onathallu' which is almost like duelling though in a friendly spirit. Bananas and jack fruit, the pride of Malabar, are the most important items for the feast. Whether in Malabar, or in Peshawar or in America—the Malayalees will not miss his Onam and the Onam bananas.

For the newly married couple Onam is a very important occasion. The mother-in-law will definitely take offence if the son-in-law does not spend his first married Onam at the wife's house. It is a grand time of enjoyment for the whole family

and is usually called 'Kodi-Onam' (First Onam).

The legend behind Onam is interesting. King Mahabali was one of the most famous and generous of the monarchs that ruled over Kerala. To test his generosity Lord Krishna took 'Vamanavataram',—the form of a young Brahmin priest. He approached the King with a very small request for three paces of space for him to spread his tiger skin on for worship. The request was readily granted by the King, not knowing who it was and what the trick was to be. Vamana was permitted to measure out for himself the three paces. He, to the surprise of the King, covered the earth with one pace, the heavens with another, but could not find space for the third pace. He asked the King what to do. The King said he might place his foot on his head. Vamana did this and pushed the King right down into 'Pathala'. The King made one request, that he be permitted to come back to the earth once a year to see how his subjects were. This request was granted and Onam is the day on which King Mahabali revisits earth and sees his subjects. The subjects naturally put on a gay appearance on that day as tribute to the benevolent rule that was Mahabali's.

FROM HASTINGS TO RAJAGOPALACHARI

by Dr. P. C. ALEXANDER, M.A., D. Litt.

MR. C. RAJAGOPALACHARI is obviously the last to hold the title of Governor-General of India. With the inauguration of the new constitution the Governor-General will be replaced by the President and the office of the Governor-General will disappear into the limbo of history. It is interesting to review the evolution of this office from the time of Warren Hastings to that of Chakravarthi Rajagopalachari—a period covering exactly a century and three quarters.

During the first century and a half of the East India Company's existence there was no necessity for the office of the Governor-General, as the territorial possessions of the Company were very limited and the Company was anxious to maintain its distinctive commercial character. There were Governors in the three Presidencies of Bengal, Bombay and Madras, but each one of them had an independent status and was directly responsible to the Home Government. But the victories of Plassey and Buxar completely altered the character of the Company, and the Company had to play the new role of a territorial sovereign. It now became inevitable that the Company's activities and policies should be co-ordinated, controlled and directed by one central agency. The Regulating Act of 1773 was the first step in this direction. It conferred on the Governor of Bengal the title of Governor-General, and made the other two Presidency Governments subordinate to the Governor-General-in-Council of Bengal. The position of the first Governor-General was not very enviable. In spite of the Regulating Act, the provincial Governors continued to function like independent administrators, taking important decisions about war and peace without any reference to the Governor-General-in-Council. Further the Governor-General had no

important voice in the deliberations of his Council, and he was obliged to carry out the decisions of the majority. The Pitts India Act of 1784 strengthened the position of the Governor-General by emphasizing and enlarging his powers of supervision and control over the provincial Governments. When Lord Cornwallis was offered the Governor-Generalship he demanded as a condition of his acceptance that the Governor-General should have the power to override the decisions of his Council and this power was granted by a Parliament Act of 1786. From the time of Cornwallis the Governor-General came to be looked upon as the undisputed head of the Company's administration in India.

Till 1833 the Governor-General was called the Governor-General of Bengal. Charter Act of 1833 recognised his position as the supreme head of the Company's administration by conferring on him the title of Governor-General of India. The Act introduced the policy of centralisation in Indian administration which meant the concentration of power in the hands of the Governor-General and his Council.

With the abolition of the East India Company and the assumption of power by the Crown the position, prestige and powers of the Governor-General were considerably enhanced. The Governor-General gained a new status as the Viceroy or the representative of the Crown. From 1858 onwards the Viceroy and Governor-General became the symbol of imperial authority, and the Home Government took scrupulous care to see that the imperial dignity of the office was maintained. The Governor-General was invariably picked from the highest ranks of British aristocracy and his office, like the British kingship, came to be looked upon as a non-party office. The high salary of the Governor-

General (over two and a half lakhs of rupees a year in addition to numerous allowances), his position as the representative of the King-Emperor, the almost dictatorial powers conferred on him by the constitution, the extensive patronage he exercised, his numerous prerogatives (granting pardons, conferring titles, etc)—all these made the office of the Governor-General one of the most coveted offices in the British Empire. The difficult problems which the first Governor-General had to face—insubordination of provincial Governors or intransigence of Executive Councillors—were not there. The Governor-General's undisputed authority over the entire sub-continent of India was clearly emphasised even under the federal constitution and the Executive Councillors looked up to him not only as leader but even as master.

Lord Mountbatten was the last Governor-General to exercise these powers and also the first to play the completely different role of a constitutional head of the state. Mr. Rajagopalachari has no doubt "inherited the throne of Wellesley and Dalhousie" but obviously it is an office which has little relation with its past now. Whereas, previously the Governors-General could exercise power and influence, now the constitutional Governor-General can exercise only influence without power. But

to say this is not to belittle the importance of the office of the constitutional Governor-General; it is a well-known fact that in practical politics influence is the subtle form of power.

The most important check on the powers of the Governor-General in the pre-independence period was the control exercised by the Home Government through the Secretary of State for India. Instances of conflict between the India Government and the Home Government during the Viceroyalties of Mayo, Northbrook, Elgin, Minto and others are well-known. But after independence there is no question of any supervising control from outside. The only possibility of a conflict is between the Governor-General and his Prime Minister. But the very weakness of the office of the Governor-General is the source of its strength; no Prime Minister is likely to regard the Governor-General as a rival for the exercise of power. Like the King of England, the Governor-General stands aloof from partisan strife and becomes the symbol of the majesty and unity of the state. The ordinary masses cannot understand the abstract principles of responsible government or democracy. In their eyes he is the symbol of the power of the state and loyalty shown to him is the manifestation of patriotism.

The art of reading is not a virtue or a duty, but a faculty which at no time has won the allegiance of more than a small if satisfied following, but it has the virtue of being one of the few entirely disinterested occupations. When we read solely to please, or in other words to express ourselves, we rob no one, hurt no one, annoy no one, compete with no one, and expect nothing in return but the pleasure of the experience. We may desire at times to share some of these experiences, but first and last we read to ourselves and for ourselves, whatever reasons we may give, and, in an increasingly regimented world, this faculty is a precious possession and should be jealously protected, as it may well be the last resort of individual expression.—**HOLBROOK JACKSON.**

We want words to do more than they can. We try to do with them what comes to very much like trying to mend a watch with a pick or to paint a miniature with a mop; we expect them to help us to grip and dissect that which in ultimate essence is as ungrippable as shadow. Nevertheless there they are; we have got to live with them, and the wise course is to treat them as we do our neighbours, and make the best and not the worst of them.—**SAMUEL BUTLER.**



OUR DEFENCE STRATEGY

by V. SUBRAMANIAN

FOR the proper defence of a country, a number of things are necessary, like a good and efficient army, high morale of the people, sound finances and industry, and lastly good strategic natural frontiers. Of these strategy is the one thing which is based on the unalterable facts of geography. There is no choice for us over them, for we cannot alter the position of mountains and rivers, but can only make as good use of them as we can. An army can be recruited and trained, public morale built up, and industrial production stepped up, all in a short time, but in defence strategy, a sound understanding of history, and geopolitics of the country, based on long training is necessary. An elementary knowledge of the defence strategy of a country is necessary not only for the professional army man, but for all patriotic citizens.

India is one of the very few countries in the world with defensible natural frontiers. In the opinion of many, including the late S. Sreenivasa Iyengar, India became a prey to successive invasions, in spite of such good natural frontiers, due to her persistent negligence of defence matters. This I fear is only one side of the picture. If we analyse the long history of India calmly, we find that invasions became possible only during the absence of a strong central Government in North India. When there was a strong central Government, India had successfully defeated the best armies in the world considered invincible in their time. The invincible 'Macedonian Phalanx' of Seleucus Nikator was defeated utterly by Chandragupta Maurya. The Hun hordes under Attila who laid waste all Asia and Europe, were defeated at the gates of India by the armies of Skanda Gupta. Again the terrible Mongole armies under Jenghiz Khan and Hulagu, were thoroughly defeated by Balban the slave king of Delhi, and later Ghiazuddin Tuglak, though they laid waste all Asia, the

powerful Chinese empire, Iran and Europe. Only when there was no strong central Government did India become a prey to invading armies. Thus the necessity for a strong central Government from the viewpoint of defence-strategy can never be over-emphasized.

But alas, our natural frontiers are a thing of the past, after the vivisection of India. The defence of our long artificial western frontier is the most trying task that our country has to face. We will have to acquaint ourselves thoroughly with all the problems inherent in it, to preserve our hard-won freedom. On the other side of the frontier is Pakistan, a state none too friendly to us, with a fairly strong army, and further on Afghanistan, which is watching warily across the N.W.F. Province, to absorb the lands of Pathans, and further on still, mighty Russia. The only consolation is that in common with us Pakistan also has the same long artificial indefensible frontiers, and stands as much to lose by it as to gain. Our policy must be that in case Pakistan or any other state through Pakistan attacks us, along this long frontier, we must be ready to meet it with a counter offensive, and in case Pakistan has to defend her N.W. frontier against a common enemy to India and Pakistan, we must be ready to cry halt to the invader at the frontier itself.

Analysing this long western frontier in fuller detail, first we have mountainous Kashmir which we can give up to Pakistan only at our peril. The strategic advantages of Kashmir in a war with any enemy from the west are too well known to be repeated. We must however have easy access for our armies to and from Kashmir at all times, for which we must have at least two good roads. The present road via Pathankot, though it satisfies a long felt need, is too near the Pakistan border and has a number of vulnerable bridges. We must have as an alternative another more easterly

road. More than that we must soon equip Kashmir with a well trained indigenous army, and release our army for more important duties. Kashmir is of use to India strategically only as a springboard for any offensive, but it will be a costly waste for us to lock up our army there in mere defence.

From East Punjab down to Cutch, the Indo-Pakistan border is one long artificial line running across watered plains in the north and sandy semi-deserts further south. In modern times the deserts are no great barrier, but the deserts of Rajputana with their scanty population offer few targets for an invading army, but contain good air-fields to launch an air offensive with. But to evolve a plan for defence in depth for the highly vulnerable East-West Punjab border line is a job for experts. It may be through a system of loosely connected forts and pill boxes, through well organised border armies and home guards, through watchful air fleets, and through all these and much more. But whatever be the technical devices or systems adopted, eternal vigilance and eternal preparedness are essential pre-requisites for any defence of our western border. It is our business to see that any offensive from the west is not met by a halting defence but by stern and strong counter-offensives turning the vulnerable border line to our advantage.

The problem of the defence of our eastern border line has its own peculiar difficulties. Through a specially malicious dispensation of the border line commission, the Jalpaiguri district with an overwhelming Hindu majority which could provide a fairly wide pathway to Assam from West Bengal, was cut up to make this lifeline as narrow as possible. Our links with Assam through this pathway are liable to be tampered with any time, unless lynx-eyed vigilance is exercised. The isolation of Assam can be made up for only (1) if we have not only good rail and road links with Assam, which are now being provided, but also a separate standing army for Assam alone to guard its western border,

(2) closest relations for defence purposes with Nepal and Burma and (3) if we plan to make the best of the isolation of East Bengal from her parent land. East Bengal with its teeming millions is like an overflowed river, held by a thin dam and ready to break it and overflow into Assam, the minute our vigilance is relaxed. We must therefore make it a point that in any conflict between Pakistan and India, this most thickly populated Muslim territory is the first to be conquered and held as a hostage for the good behaviour of the hordes from Western Pakistan. Assam at all costs must never be allowed to be isolated even for a single day.

The theory propounded by League enthusiasts that India, an unwieldy Colossus, can any day be torn to pieces by a pincer movement from western and eastern Pakistan is not worth much consideration. A pincer movement or an attack on two fronts is possible only when both sides are equally well equipped. But East Bengal, a lonely island a thousand miles away from her sabre-rattling parents will be hard put to it to defend herself. The real problem on our eastern border is to prevent the isolation of Assam; for further east, we have got the whole of South East Asia and China, all of which would gladly see India triumphant in any war. More than rail road links with Assam, and a standing army in Assam, we must have the closest relations as regards defence with Nepal. When we remember that the Nepalese member in our Constituent Assembly declared the readiness of his country to fight for the unity of India to the last man, we cannot but bemoan the lack of initiative on the part of our leaders to forge closer relations with this kingdom of superb soldiers.

Complete freedom from distraction in the south is the prime necessity for any strong defence policy of India. South India by its comparative isolation from the plains of the north, its scanty Muslim population, its contacts by sea with all the outside world, and its resources,

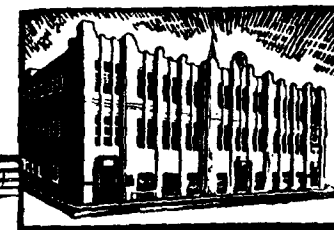
is the natural arsenal and training ground for the Indian army in any crisis. It has so far been prevented from exploiting its rich possibilities by the existence of an inimical statelet in its midst, and the liquidation of this statelet is the first task of any wise statesman planning the defence strategy of India. No sacrifice will be too much to achieve this end.

Our southern borders are the Bay of Bengal and the Arabian Sea, and with a long coast line to defend, we have indeed a great leeway to make in building up a strong navy. But fortunately, in spite of its length there are few good harbours, natural or artificial, for enemy ships to land or bombard. Hence the cost of coastal defence would not be in proportion to the length of our coastline and a good navy supplemented by coastal home guards, coastal defence squads plying small craft and a vigilant fleet air arm, can be quite equal to the task. We cannot grudge the cost of a strong navy to keep our waters clear of hostile

shipping in a crisis, especially when we boast of being descendants of people who colonized and conquered all South East Asia, and aspire for the leadership of East Asia if not all Asia. But the strongest navy would be unable to do the job without the active co-operation of Ceylon. Our relations with Ceylon have not been quite close enough in the past due to many reasons and it is no tribute to our statesmanship that Ceylon should still woo Britain, her erstwhile enslaver, for her naval defence, coldshouldering her mother country. When our leaders have succeeded in integrating more than five hundred states into the framework of India without a hitch, the problem of closer defence alliance with Ceylon cannot certainly be beyond the capacity of Indian statesmanship.

These are in barest outline some of the elementary factors and problems in our defence strategy, to which all patriotic citizens must give serious thought.

(ESTD:



1907)

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

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

ALL KINDS OF BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED

N. GOPALA IYER,
Secretary.

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

THE LIMITATIONS OF MECHANISED FARMING

by P. V. C. RAO

A warning against intensive mechanization of Indian agriculture has been conveyed through Dr. Amarnath Jha, Vice-Chancellor of the Benares Hindu University, by Professor Einstein. The Professor emphasised that intensive cultivation through tractors and allied mechanical equipment, coupled with intensive application of chemical fertilizers, would ultimately lead to soil exhaustion even though such practices might for some time produce increased output. The Professor's warning is timely to the Asian countries which are now on the run for a mass scale adoption of mechanised agriculture.

The European nations and the U.S.A. have made rapid strides in mechanized farming. Tractors save a considerable amount of labour and also render timely operations possible. Huge bull-dozers with their immense mechanical power are made to work over the mountains and dig the earth several feet deep. They uproot the bulky trees and clear the ground. The land is stimulated by the application of the chemical fertilizer. The deep furrows turned out by the tractor-driven plough assimilate the fertilizer and dissolve it widely and deeply so that it might become available for feeding the crop roots. The field yields the most under the stimulus of the fertilizer. The cycle of intensive yields continues unabated for a few decades, but as the fertility content of the soil becomes exhausted, soil depletion sets in.

The history of American agriculture bears ample testimony to the creeping death of soil exhaustion that has been brought about by the intensive exploitation of the exposed land through power farming. The dwindling yields that followed bumper outputs, and also the dust gales and the sweeping floods, awakened the American nation in the early thirties to the fatal effects

of intensive exploitation of unprotected lands through mechanised farming. The nation immediately swung to a widespread programme of soil and water conservation practices which aim at the restoration and maintenance of the balance of fertility of the land.

In a country like India where the land is too fragmented to be amenable for economical cultivation through power farming and the average farmer ill affords the costly equipment for mechanical cultivation, tractor farming has several limitations. Consolidation of holdings may render tractor farming an economic feasibility. In any case, however, the fatal mistake of intensive exploitation of unprotected lands through extensive application of power farming aided by chemical fertilizers should never be repeated by us in our country. A system of intensive cultivation through mechanised operations of a land exposed to the vagaries of wind and water is certainly suicidal to the country's agriculture.

Likewise the application of chemical fertilisers on exposed land have serious limitations both agronomic and topographical. When the soil is left to be wasted away by run-off streams or blown out as dust gales, it will be a wasteful practice to build up the fertility of the land through repeated application of costly chemical fertiliser. It is the soil that yields the crop and when such a soil itself is allowed to be lost, the chemical fertilizer will be a poor substitute.

In case it is desired to introduce mass scale mechanical farming in our country, it will be absolutely essential to take up at the outset intensive soil and water conservation practices which would ensure a healthy regenerative type of agriculture.

BATTLE FOR BOMBAY

(From A Special Correspondent)

BOMBAY like Madras is at the moment in the throes of a spirited agitation over its future. Starting about a month back, it has gathered snowball momentum and threatens to affect its trade and commerce.

Bombay City had a population of only eleven lakhs in 1921 when first concern was exercised over linguistic provinces. The headquarters of the Bombay Presidency was first Surat. It was only in 1708 that Bombay became the capital city. Since then it has been the converging point of a composite population and its prosperity has been built by the combined efforts of Parsis, Gujaratis, Sindhis, Britishers and even Madrasis.

The claim of the Maharashtrians for the city of Bombay is based on geographic considerations. Though it is an island, Bombay belongs in essence to Maharashtra, they claim. There is a systematic campaign in a section of the local press for Bombay's annexation to Maharashtra. The Linguistic Provinces Commission having already embarked on its inquiry, it is claimed that it is impossible to suspend any effort at effectively representing proper and just opinion on the question, say impatient critics of the present political set-up of the Indian Union.

The Bombay Provincial Congress Committee fired the first shot and at a crowded meeting it was decided to postpone consideration of the future of Bombay City by a decade. It was argued that the Indian Union is at the moment neck-deep in so many other more pressing problems and it should not be saddled with the complexities that would inevitably arise as a result of the agitation for the creation of linguistic provinces. The thread was later taken up by a representative meeting of Bombay citizens where a resolution was adopted urging the postponement of all issues relating to the setting up of the new provinces in the wider

interests of the country till sufficient experience had been gained about the working of the new constitution. In the event of the existing province of Bombay being re-grouped into a separate province on a linguistic basis, the meeting by another resolution decided that Bombay with its port and suburbs should be formed into a separate independent province. The resolution further strongly opposed the incorporation of Bombay in Maharashtra as unreasonable and untenable. A committee of 75 persons with Sir Purushottamdas Thakurdas has been appointed to reply to the questionnaire and give evidence before the Linguistic Provinces Commission.

The Bombay Municipal Corporation also decided by a majority that the present was the most inopportune moment for considering or discussing the question regarding the formation of new provinces on a linguistic basis. City fathers expressed the opinion that the question should be postponed till the crisis through which the country was passing was tided over. In the event however of the Commission deciding to proceed with the question the Corporation held that it should be given an opportunity to express its views.

On this issue there is again cleavage of opinion among Congressmen and Socialists. The Socialist Party here considers Bombay City to be part of Maharashtra and believes that if and when linguistic provinces are carved out, Bombay should go to the province of Sanyukta Maharashtra. The party however agrees with the Prime Minister that the whole question of linguistic provinces should be held over for a decade.

There is no doubt that Bombay is the richest and the most prosperous city in the whole of India. It is its surplus revenue that feeds the hinterland. The finances of Gujarat and Saurashtra would be consider-

ably affected if Bombay is annexed to Maharashtra. The tendency in Congress circles seems to be veering round to the view that Bombay and Madras cities should be constituted into independent entities. Many people have contributed to the growth of the premier cities of India. Not only the Gujaratis but also the Marwaris and even the Portuguese and British have considerably helped and in future, American capital will be thrown into the growth of Bombay. A master plan for the growth of the city is in blue print stage and its execution would depend very much on the decision as to whom the city should belong in future. If the Maharashtrians take it up, there is no doubt there will be a regular flow of Gujarati capital from Bombay and Ahmedabad would be developed and modernised. Affluent Gujaratis would also try to deflect part of the rich trade of Bombay to several new ports which are being developed in the Kathiawar coast. The new port of Kandla which the Central Government has decided to develop very soon and for which over five crores have been sanctioned will be a veritable rival to Bombay.

The non-Maharashtrians who are settled down here and have taken root hold the view that Poona is the real heart of Maharashtra and should form the capital of the new Maharashtra Province. It has rich associations behind it and has been enshrined in song and literature. From the climatic point of view, it is much better than Bombay. It has also infinite possibilities of expansion unlike Bombay which has reached saturation point.

A new angle on this controversy has been thrown by a contributor in a local contemporary who advocates the formation of a maritime province along the west coast of India. He pleads that in the supreme interests of the nation Bombay should be developed into a mighty bastion of the country's defence by linking it up with the coastal strips from Daman to Canara. He argues that if the coastal strip is divided among the different provinces all the varied

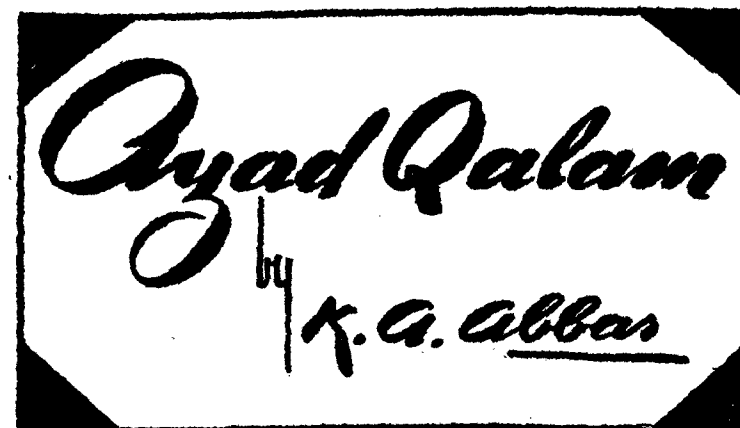
and important development schemes can hardly be carried out without stirring up inter-provincial jealousies and rivalries. An additional advantage to be derived from the formation of a new maritime province along the west coast of India would be that by bringing together various peoples on an economic basis a chance will be afforded to all to learn to live together in perfect amity.

The writer high-lights his plea thus: "Bombay with all its ready-made and unrivalled equipment of a High Court, a University and scores of other educational institutions of high standard, its innumerable factories, workshops and warehouses, its vast docks and splendid harbour and its teeming cosmopolitan population of nearly three millions, drawn from the four corners of the land, can be the metropolis of only a cosmopolitan province and will never fit into any communal or linguistic one."

But...
have you tried
NIRMAL
GLASSES



NIRMAL GLASS
WORKS LTD.
OLAVAKKOT MALABAR



IS the United States of America really interested in Pakistan acquiring Kashmir, as a part of the World-wide, encirclement of the Soviet Union? Or is it just a bogey created by the Communists and other pro-Soviet elements?

Here is the testimony of the widely read and influential American weekly, *Saturday Evening Post*, which recently has been running a series of anti-Soviet scare articles. Introducing an article headed, "The World's Queerest State" by Edgar Snow, the editors state:

"Pakistan—the personal creation of a rich and wilful man—can play a vital role in your future. What can we expect of this remarkable neighbour of Russia? A Post editor probes the riddle".

One cannot miss the significance of "YOUR future", addressed to American citizens. The frontiers of the U.S. Empire, in other words, are on the Jhelum—or rather in the wastelands of Gilgit! Along with the article is also printed a map of India and Pakistan, with Kashmir prominently marked on it, and carrying the following caption: "Russia looms directly north...The map makes clear why we are so concerned about Pakistan".

Surely there could be no plainer and franker statement of American foreign policy with regard to Pakistan—and Kashmir!

HALF-TRUTHS ABOUT KASHMIR

Edgar Snow, who achieved world-wide fame by publicising the activi-

ties of the then little-known Chinese Communists in his "Red Star Over China" but recently seems to be gradually reorienting himself to the current anti-Soviet policy of America's rulers, assumes the pose of objective impartiality in discussing the origins and consequences of Pakistan but exposes himself when dealing with Kashmir. He never cared even to fly as far as Srinagar and, consequently, devotes seven hundred words of dangerous half-truth about the situation not mentioning the popularity of Shaikh Abdullah and of the National Conference, or taking note of the fact that the Indian Union accepted the accession of the state on the specific understanding that it would be subject to a plebiscite. Confidently, he gives his verdict: "On this (Kashmir) issue at least, every Muslim seems to be a Pakistani". Would Mr. Snow accept an invitation to come to Kashmir and find out for himself?

While the attempt to back Pakistan's claims to Kashmir is obvious, yet he is forced to make certain observations which are significant enough to deserve the attention of the U.N.O. Commission, as the confessions of a pro-Pakistani Observer:

"Pakistan is just Pa-istan as long as Indian forces remain in Kashmir. That absent 'K' is as humiliating to these people as a missing front tooth would be for Betty Grable...."

"Kashmir's Hindu ruler...showed signs of joining India instead.

PRESSURE WAS NEEDED. (Emphasis mine.—K.A.A.) Pakistan abandoned the British outposts on the Afghan frontier and let the wild border tribesmen pour across her territory into Kashmir. Unofficially Pakistan helped the invaders in transit with food, arms, equipment—and **REGULAR ARMY OFFICERS** (Emphasis throughout mine.—K.A.A.).... Pakistan stubbornly backs an invasion behind a screen of tribesmen....

"While travelling by plane across Pakistan, I sat next to a young Muslim businessman from Lahore. He admitted that he had volunteered for three months service in Kashmir, which he had just completed. He had found it so "interesting" that he was going back. I asked about the arson, looting and rape that I had heard reported wherever tribesmen had gone. HE ADMITTED THAT THERE WAS WIDESPREAD PILLAGING. But that's over now. The tribesmen have been brought under discipline BY PAKISTAN OFFICERS.... My acquaintance did not deny that hundreds of Kashmiri girls had been abducted as a part of tribal loot. 'But stories that tribesmen are raping women in Kashmir are quite untrue', he maintained. 'Tribal law is very strict about rape; it is punished by immediate execution'. Then he added an indignant afterthought: 'They simply don't tolerate rape! THEY MAY KILL WOMEN, YES! But rape? Never!'

Pakistan, according to Edgar Snow, "seeks close economic co-operation with all the commonwealth powers AND THE UNITED STATES. By declaring its intention to remain in the commonwealth before India did, by voting with the British at the U.N. and by retaining many British subjects in its service, IT HAS WON BRITAIN'S SYMPATHY AND WARM INTEREST. Welcoming foreign capital and hinting at possible STRATEGIC ADVANTAGES IN THE FUTURE, Pakistan has tentatively INVITED AMERI-

CAN COURTSHIP—thus far with no notable results".

But if Mr. Snow's thesis is accepted, "notable results" will soon follow. For he concludes the article with the resounding appeal: "It would be a grave mistake to underestimate it or to refuse to Pakistan the friendship and technical aid which its more progressive people expect from the United States".

Isn't Mr. Snow trying to convert the converted? The American "Brigadier" Russel Haight, and those who sent him on his mysterious mission to help the tribal raiders, were not "underestimating" the importance of Pakistan friendship. And Pakistan papers openly have been boasting of "foreign friends" sending arms and ammunition to the so-called "Azad Kashmir" forces!

JOHN BULL, DEMOCRAT!

Talking about Anglo-American interest in Pakistan and Kashmir this is what an Englishman returned from India writes from England to a Srinagar boatman:

"I have read in the paper that there is quite a movement on foot to depose the Maharajah and join Pakistan. No doubt you are in agreement with this as it does seem rather odd having a Hindu Maharajah in a predominantly Mohamedan State".

Begad, Sir, it does seem rather odd! But not odder than the fact that a Muslim Nizam should rule over a predominantly Hindu State? Not odder than the fact that British should have ruled over a 'predominantly Indian' country for over a century? Not odder than the fact that the British should be strafing and bombing patriotic resisters in a predominantly Malay Malaya? John Bull's belated concern for democracy is very touching, indeed!

Anyway, the Srinagar boatman who is not as dumb as the Burra Saheb (who once stayed in his boat) might imagine, has asked me to type out the following reply to his English friend:

"Dear Sir,

Thanks for your kind letter and the advice you have given us. I am glad to hear you don't like the Maharaja. Nor do I. I am entirely with you in turning out Maharaja and having people's government—what we call "*awami raaj*" under our leader Shaikh Abdullah. But, sorry, we don't want to join Pakistan—even if you say so. Sorry, Saheb, very sorry, can't oblige".

POINTER FOR U.N.O.

Here is a gem of a story, vouchsafed to me by a friend in Delhi. Some members of the U. N. Commission went on a shopping expedition to the Kashmir Arts and Crafts Emporium on 5, Prithviraj Road, New Delhi. While inspecting the beautiful exhibits, they started questioning the employees of the emporium.

"Who are you? A Hindu or a Muslim?", They asked one of the employees.

"A Muslim", was the reply.

"And you?", They asked another who looked just about the same.

"I am a Hindu".

And so on. Some were Hindus and some were Muslims and the Commission-wallahs couldn't tell who was who.

"But how can you, Hindus and Muslims, work together—like this?" one of the members of the Commission enquired.

"Why not?" one of the employees countered, "Go to Kashmir, Sir, and you will see millions more like us, Hindus and Muslims, living and working together".

That's why, perhaps, the main body of the Commission has still not made up its mind to come to Kashmir!

A PLAY FOR THE PEASANTS

I accompanied the Drama Group of the Kashmir National Cultural Front to Ompura, a village about ten miles from Srinagar, when they went there the other day to give an open-air performance of their new play, "*Kisan*" (Peasant).

The village drum-beater went about announcing the show and peasants began to trickle in to the *maidan* where a flag had been hoisted and a big board bearing the words, "Kashmir National Cultural Front" put up. An improvised dressing-room was arranged under a tree and while the actors went in for make-up, the musicians, playing upon traditional Kashmiri instruments, entertained the steadily growing audience with a number of folk tunes.

The village of Ompura which is only one mile from Badgam and less than five miles from the aerodrome was under the raiders' occupation for two days, at a time when the very first wave of invasion had reached the very outskirts of Srinagar and even the aerodrome was in imminent danger. It is a small village of about a hundred houses, only three of which belonged to Hindus. Practically all the villagers are poor Muslim peasants. It was, therefore, edifying to hear them tell tales of the atrocities committed by the tribal raiders; how every house was systematically looted, and more than twenty of them set on fire when the raiders had to retreat under pressure from the Indian army.

Asadullah Dar, one of the peasant-proprietors, was one of the few men who happened to be in the village when the raiders came (the rest had fled to Srinagar or to other villages). He told us that the raiders included several uniformed soldiers wearing badges, that they carried wireless sets and brand new rifles and machineguns. Most of them spoke Pushto, some spoke Panjabi and a few even spoke in English. But NONE OF THEM COULD SPEAK KASHMIRI! Trying to win over the local population, they told Asadullah, "It is Mr. Jinnah who has sent us. So you must help us. Don't you love Mr. Jinnah?"

When the Cultural Front show started, the ruins of several huts burnt by the raiders were just behind the open-air stage, providing a realistic background to this drama of new Kashmir.

HIS HIGHNESS WAS NOT AMUSED

Using the unorthodox techniques of the People's Theatre, the Cultural Front stages its plays right out in the open, using neither curtains nor scenery, and the audience itself is part of the performance. The play, "Kisan" is a well-contrived and fast-paced though unusual combination of song, dance, dramatic action and commentary, and is deliberately keyed to the level of the least sophisticated intelligence. There is nothing subtle or arty about it. It depicts the conflict between the peasants and the rapacious landlords, points the finger of scorn at the unholy alliance of landlord, money-lender, corrupt officials, the Maharaja's minions—and the raiders! It shows the awakening among the peasants under the inspiring leadership of the National Conference and, in an uproarious climax, shows the forces of the people triumphing over the combined might of Reaction. And since it is spiced with humour and satire, the peasants gathered there hugely enjoyed it and got so worked up towards the end that Mohanlal Alma (the talented leader of the Drama Group who was playing the role of the zamindar) was in danger of being beaten to pulp. But it is not the kind of play that a Maharaja, specially the Maharaja of Kashmir, is likely to appreciate.

Yet, at a garden party given on the occasion of the Freedom Celebrations held some months ago, the National Cultural Front was invited to give a performance for the 'entertainment' of the guests—including the Maharaja—and they chose this very play. And so Maharaja Hari Singh had an opportunity, at first hand, to acquaint himself with the revolutionary mood and temper of this people. This was surely the first instance in history of a feudal autocrat being made to witness a play which strikes at the very roots of feudalism and autocracy. No wonder the Maharaja was not amused and, while all the others (including Prime Minister

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru) applauded the play, Hari Singh sat mute and glum. He would have been even more bewildered and alarmed if he had seen the reaction of this play on the peasants at Ompura!

"SARDARJI"

A short story (and not an ARTICLE, as all along alleged in the Press) of mine entitled, "Sardarji" seems to have provoked and angered a number of well-meaning Hindus and Sikhs who have got the impression (without reading the story) that the writer has defamed the great Sikh community. The Prime Minister of U.P., I gather, has promised the Prime Minister of East Punjab that legal action will be taken against the writer as well as the editor and publisher of the Hindi magazine "Maya" of Allahabad which published the story. I am expecting a warrant of arrest any moment.

After fifteen years of my uninterrupted journalistic campaigning against communalism and fanaticism, specially against MUSLIM

communalism and Pakistan, I would have regarded such a charge as preposterous and ridiculous if it were not based on an unfortunate misunderstanding of the rather unusual style of the story which is told in the first person singular. But as any one who knows anything about me and my political views can immediately find out, the "I" of the story (who undoubtedly utters anti-Sikh remarks) is not ME, Khwaja Ahmad Abbas, but a fictitious rabid communalist and fanatic Muslim clerk in the Secretariat whose stupid prejudices are exposed in this story. Moreover, I fear that most of the critics of the story have not read it right up to the end—for the sting is in the tail—and the climax shatters the entire structure of Muslim communalism and anti-Sikh prejudices. The very Sikh against whom the "I" of the story had all sorts of prejudices, saves the life of a Muslim, at the cost of his own life, and as he sees the noble-hearted "Sardarji" dying, the communalist realizes how utterly wrong were his fanatical prejudices against the Sikh community, and he says: "It was not Sardarji who was dying—I was dying—the old me, and all my prejudices". It should be clear, therefore, that the purpose of story was to glorify and not to condemn the Sikhs. For this specific reason the communalist papers of Pakistan are carrying on a scurrilous campaign against me for writing this

story, as they cannot tolerate anything which shows the Sikhs in a good light. The Pakistan Government too, is contemplating legal action against the writer and the editor and publisher of the Lahore magazine which published the story in Urdu. It will be a unique experience for a writer if both the Governments start legal action against me simultaneously—the U. P. Government on a charge of writing an anti-Sikh story and the Pakistan Government for writing a pro-Sikh story!

Any way, the country-wide agitation against "Sardarji" has now become a serious matter and it is distressing for me to find that, quite unwittingly, I should have been the cause of injuring the feelings of the great Sikh community. My own defence would be regarded as a criminal's legal quibbling. So I will request the many Hindu and Sikh writers who read and approved of the story BEFORE IT WAS PUBLISHED to come out and let the people (and the various Governments which are contemplating legal action) know what they think of "Sardarji". If an impartial literary tribunal declares me guilty of having deliberately written a story to defame the Sikhs (or any other community as such) then I do not mind going to jail for it. For then I would have deserved the severest punishment that I have always advocated and still advocate for those who foment or create communal ill feeling.

PARABLE OF THE PIG

A very rich man said to his pastor, "Why is it that everybody is always criticizing me for being miserly, when everybody knows that I have made provision to leave everything I possess to charity when I die?"

"Well," was the reply, "let me tell a story about a pig and a cow. The pig was lamenting his lack of popularity. He complained to the cow that people were always talking about the cow's gentleness and kind eyes. He admitted that the cow gave milk and cream, but maintained that pigs gave more. He asserted that pigs gave bacon and ham and bristles and that people even pickled their feet. He demanded the reason for such lack of appreciation.

The cow thought awhile and said, "May be it's because I give while I'm still living."—From Reader's Scope.

THE ANDHRA BANK LIMITED

Est'd: 1923

Head Office: MASULIPATAM

Paid-up Capital & Reserves Rs. 33,75,000

Total Working Funds Exceed
Rs. SIX CRORES

MADRAS BRANCH: 378, Esplanade

Thyagarayanagar Office:

81/82, Pondy Bazar.

Mylapore Office: 49, Kutchery Road

Branches & Sub-Offices all over the
Northern Circars.

All kinds of Banking Business
Transacted.

For Particulars:

Please apply to any office of the Bank.

K. VARNASY,

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

TUMULT ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY

by ANDREW ROTH

FROM his office atop Singapore's Cathay Building—the ranking skyscraper in Southeast Asia—youthful-looking Malcom MacDonald is watching Burmese developments with great concern.

As Britain's Commissioner-General for Southeast Asia he not only supervises Britain's protectorates and colonies—including valuable, insurgent-ridden Malaya—but also Britain's political, economic and military interests throughout the rich and tumultuous Southeast Asia area.

Burma is the only place where Britain has gone whole-hog in coming to terms with the nationalist movement and granted full independence. This was in order to split the moderates from the left and gain military and economic concessions. It was impossible to keep Burma as a dominion because even the more moderate section of the nationalist movement consists of militantly nationalistic young socialists. This results from the fact that virtually all substantial property-owners in Burma are British, Indian or Chinese. Therefore when the Burmese nationalist movement rose belatedly in the late thirties, it was radical and unpromising.

Although Burma cut its formal ties with the British Empire when it became an independent republic in January, the British still have big stakes there. Giant British monopolies, including the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company and the Burma Oil Company, represent an investment of £100,000,000. Income-hungry Labour Britain is fearful of losing these concerns.

Britain also has a military alliance with Burma, giving it the sole right to train the Burmese Army and the right to land troops there in case of war.

It has also been able to keep Burma within the sterling bloc and secure the promise that there would be "equitable compensation" for nationalized (British) industries. And by considerable prodding and encouragement the British authorities have got Burma to push up its rice export this year to 1½ million tons—about half its pre-war average when it ranked as the world's chief exporter.

This rice has been vital to allay not only hunger but political unrest. Malaya, for example, imports 70% of its rice and has been short throughout the postwar period, driving its cost up to as high as sixteen times prewar. This skyrocketing cost of living has caused the unrest which the Communists channelled into the militant trade unions which they led before they took to armed insurgency. Intelligent conservatives know that they need more rice as well as more guns if Britain is to retain its hold on Malaya. And Burma is the chief source of supply.

All these interests are at stake in turbulent Burma today, as a result of a Communist insurgence which shows signs of swelling in strength. New cities and areas have come under their control, including Thongwa on the Irrawaddy delta, only 30 miles from Rangoon. They also have threatened the large port of Bassein, 90 miles west of Rangoon. In Rangoon on August 10 a curfew was imposed—the first since Aung San's death a year ago—as reports spread that a section of the Government forces was deserting to the Communists.

The complicated political situation in Burma is made simpler if one realizes that the Burmese leadership—except middle-aged, pro-British U Tin Tut—is made mostly of young socialist intellectuals who came out of Rangoon University a decade ago and have a predilection

for splitting which makes atomic fission seem limited in scope. On the eve of the war they split on whether to collaborate with the Japanese. Those socialists now in power are mostly derived from those that first threw in with the Japanese and then helped throw them out. The present Communist insurgents were those who fought the Japanese from the outset.

After the war—when arms aplenty could be found in Burma—the left split again on how stiff the resistance to British rule should be. The Communists split into "Red Flag" (or Trotskyist) Communists who favoured immediate revolt and began an armed insurrection in the Arakhan and the "White Flag" (or Stalinist) Communists who favoured militant opposition to the British in collaboration with peppery young General Aung San and his Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League (AFPFL). This unstable young radical nationalist was the subject of a tug-of-war between the "White Flag" Communists and the British. The British agreed to recognizing Burma as an independent republic—in exchange for certain economic and military agreements—because they feared the alternative would be a Communist-AFPFL coalition which would kick them out altogether.

Since the assassination of Aung San in July 1947 by the discredited rightwing nationalist, U Saw, the mantle of political leadership of the AFPFL coalition has fallen upon genial, even-tempered Thakin Nu. Nu is a deeply religious Buddhist and therefore a man of tolerance who doesn't like to make enemies. But being a man who also likes the middle way he gets it from both sides. One of Burma's outstanding playwrights, he is a socialist by conviction and has translated a number of Marxist works into Burmese. (That is why, some wits allege, he recently suggested that the Government sponsor the distribution of Marxist books.)

When I spoke to him in Rangoon last winter he thought there was a good chance that he and the "White Flag" Communists would

come to an agreement. They were in considerable agreement on internal questions and, had the international situation not intruded, leftwing unity might have been achieved. But Thakin Nu stuck by the treaty he had signed with Premier Attlee which gave the British military advantages and kept Burma in the sterling area, saying that these were reasonable concessions in view of Burma's geographical position and the fact that virtually all of Burma's exports go to sterling area countries. But the Communists—fearing that Burma would be lined up with the Anglo-American bloc in the event of war—charged that these concessions made Burma a semi-colony.

Thakin Nu has tried to take the steam out of their attack by initiating



Sir Ben Lockspeiser

Sir Ben Lockspeiser is to act as a member of the Reviewing Committee of the Indian Institute of Science in Bangalore. He is Chief Scientist to the British Ministry of Supply. He is chiefly known for his work in dealing with the peril of ice formation on aircraft. At present jet-propelled Flying Wings, without fuselage or tail, are engaging Sir Ben's attention. Looking further ahead, he has visualised fighter flying at 1,700 miles per hour.

the nationalisation of British industries like the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company and Burmah Oil. But he has again been getting it from both sides. The Communists attack him for paying any compensation at all, while the British firms are asking exorbitant amounts. Burmah Oil, for example, is even pressing a fantastic claim for installations which were blown up during the war not by the Burmese but by the British Army.

The anti-Nu position of the Burmese Stalinists was stiffened in March by the Calcutta conference of the Indian Communists, who have always had considerable influence over the junior Stalinists of Burma. At that conference supermilitant B. T. Ranadive won out over more moderate P. C. Joshi and the line was laid down that the Western powers and their allies in South Asia would inevitably increase anti-Communist repression in preparation for World War III. The Burmese delegate was told that his party had been foolish to try to collaborate with the "pro-British" "bourgeois-socialists" in the Burmese Government. When he returned the Communists speeded their preparations to go underground and oppose the Government, arms in hand.

Thakin Nu made a last attempt to avoid civil war in a widely-misreported policy speech in mid-June. He emphasized the paramount need for leftist unity in Burma and said that Burma should be friendly with both Western and Eastern blocs, quoting Stalin to the effect that friendly co-operation

between the U.S.S.R. and the West is practicable despite differences in ideology. He said that if the Communists ceased their insurrection they would be given lenient treatment and permitted to propagate their ideas in democratic fashion. He took more wind out of Communist propaganda sails by announcing that a bill abolishing landlordism will be introduced in September. His olive branch was not accepted.

Although he has arrested about a thousand Communists and some hundreds have been killed by his troops, Thakin Nu has been hard put to suppress them. In their main base area—the Toungoo area on the famed "road to Mandalay", which I visited last winter—the Communists are strong. It had been their base for their wartime anti-Japanese activities and postwar they have extended their influence among the cultivators by leading farmers' unions.

Another of Thakin Nu's difficulties is that of divided counsels within the AFPFL coalition. The Socialist Party wants stiff action against the Communists, while a section of the People's Volunteer Organization—which consists of the radical young nationalists who formed Aung San's personal army—are somewhat sympathetic to the Communists' anti-British demands. It was from this group of "White Band" PVO's, which favoured negotiating with the "White Flag" Communists, that desertions have been reported and fuller collaboration with the Communists is feared.



Intelligence does not seem to have increased rapidly in depth during the last ten thousand years. As much intelligence was needed to invent the bow and arrow, when starting from nothing, as to invent the machine gun, with the help of all the anterior inventions. Confucius, Lao Tse, Buddha, Democritus, Pythagoras, Archimedes, Plato were as intelligent as Bacon, Descartes, Pascal, Newton, Kepler, Bergson and Einstein. But why should intelligence increase? It was prodigious in former times, and is just as astounding today. It is far from having said its last word. There seems no more reason for it to increase than for a bird's wing or an eye to perfect itself.—LECOMTE DU NOUY in "Human Destiny".

RED TAPE GETTING REDDER

by "BHIKKU"

I don't know when the Tottenham system of correspondence and maintenance of official records came into being. Whatever its pristine efficacy in its palmy days, when the boss was really the boss with regal power to squelch a subordinate to pulp or to float him up to the haven of Tahsildardom or its equivalent in other avenues of public service the system is now a coconut without milk, a temple without worship. There is still one thing to be said for it. It makes a barrage of seeming preoccupation and activity which give dignity to an office and maintains a certain celerity and nimbleness in the tossing of a paper from one limb of an office to another or between one department to a sister department, until a plausible excuse for its judicial burial is discovered by a bright clerk somewhere in its journey. Each clerk is vested with the charge of certain subjects pertaining to an office—answerable for the care of records and correspondence thereon. This is more or less a make-belief. What just happens is that he acts as a player with a ball—bats it back or heads it on to the next player. The score is on the basis of the brevity of the period of retention in one's hands. The thing should not stick to you, whatever else may happen to it. Of the weedy brand that stayed an inordinate overtime in the office and withal, took bundles of papers home to smoothen next day's labour there is no relic. Nor is any left of the species that wore a look of chronic worry and tried to recast it into a propitiatory grimace when called up by the officer for anything. The latter day tribe are a perky lot with plenty of animal spirits but little of that application or patience that is fundamental to the profession. There are of course clerks and clerks. There are the hopelessly stupid ones that get clogged with papers in spite of the Tottenham system. The generality however soon get into the swing of side-

tracking or repelling them. One very useful way is what is called an 'N' disposal. You need not cumber your register at all with such papers. You simply say 'Returned—Please quote the authority' or 'This department is not concerned with the subject matter'. This is just euphemism for saying 'Go to the D...!'. A more circumspect and much more effective way is to call the attention of the correspondent to clause (c) of subsection (ii) of Section 10 of.....Act. Neither the Act nor its subsections are ever likely to be handy enough for any further pressure for any man, be he who he be. There is always the last resort against any unquenchable enquirer. "The paper 'does not appear to be' traceable." (That is officialese.) He is requested to send a copy. (Note the third person singular—It means impersonality, calmness and judicial detachment.) Inconvenient points raised by subordinate executives scattered about in the district, trying foolishly to square popular practice with the rules of the Sircar need little ceremony or devious language: 'He will confine his attention to his legitimate duties' or 'He will see that he does not waste any more stationery or postage on such trifles'. (The 'will' instead of 'should' of the language of ordinary mortals, bears that impress of finality which the fluttered 'should' does not have).

Vyapuri Pillai was the headman of Kilsathumangalam. His report to the Tahsildar was that he had duly impounded the ass belonging to the dhobi, Palani Andi, who had persistently and defiantly allowed it to browse about in private lands. As the ass has been kept in the pound already for 2 days and the dhobi will neither claim nor pay the penalty charges, would the Tahsildar be pleased to allow a contingency of annas 8 per day for feeding the animal and send through the village menial an advance of Rs. 2 therefor? Four days later, another communication was sent:

As the dhobi Palaniandi still defiantly refuses to pay the dues and take his ass away, your honour is requested to permit the auction of the animal and recover the charges incurred on behalf of the Government, to wit:

	Rs.	A.	P.
1. Fencing the broken portion of the pound.	1	0	0
2. Pail for watering the animal	0	8	0
3. Feeding charges	3	0	0
4. Sundries such as rope, etc.	0	8	0
Total	5	0	0

(in words) Rupees Five only.

Four days after: 'As no reply was vouchsafed for my letter submitted on... the ass belonging to dhobi Palaniandi was auctioned on Friday the... instant after due Tom-Tom in the village. The 'Sircar bid' was opened at Rs. 5 to cover the amount spent on the animal. This sum however had to be reduced lower and lower as there was no bid. As no one wanted it even when the price was lowered to annas 4, the ass is still kept in the pound. Request orders for its disposal.'—'Very urgent'. The Taluk Office clerk sat up. Clearly this contingency was not foreseen in the rules. A reference to higher authorities will take months for elucidation. Meanwhile the animal cannot be kept feeding at Government cost. There will be audit objections, which will pursue one for years. This was emphatically a case for the sledge hammer. The headman of Kilsathumangalam is informed that his action in having impounded the ass of the dhobi Palaniandi shows lamentable indiscretion. If it was found to be a nuisance, he should have found other means of stopping it than creating all this trouble and expense. He will make good the cost incurred and see to it that he does not take such frivolous steps in future.'

But the village officer was not such an innocent as not to have envisaged the possibility of such an end to the matter. It is true that he im-

pounded the ass, but it was merely on a point of difference with the dhobi over the free washing of his own clothes, which by all known village laws is a primordial privilege of his office. The impounding was a great surprise to the whole village as well as to the ass, which had always enjoyed the freedom of the land for grazing as well as for its loud voiced courting. In fact the pound was a derelict of bygone days, never brought to use for its official purpose since its construction as a result of a mechanical G.O. which ordained that villages of a specific degree should have a pound. No doubt it was useful for tethering the village officer's cattle or storing his manure. The mysterious Government did other things like that. It built latrines in the village and left the cleansing to the pigs! It built wells innumerable which were dry in summer when they were most wanted or were quite brackish. These things of course benefited the contractor and the overseer, but to the people themselves they were just silly. To get back to the village officer and the ass, Vyapuri Pillay merely wanted to teach the dhobi Palaniandi a lesson for his new fangled notion of asking cash for his services, but was rather taken aback by Palani's ostentatious indifference to the matter. The loss of face that he suffered in consequence was grievous. But the material loss in rupees, annas and pies was nil, for the bill of charges made out to the Tahsildar was merely the usual flowery imagination as not a pie was spent on feeding or repairing or on any other thing. The Taluk Office clerk knew it and the village officer knew that the Taluk Office knew it. But then there is a tacit agreement among the smaller officialdom that such things are to be allowed for, by way of live and let live. How else, for instance, could the gala time and feeding during Jamabandi be had?

Oh! The Glory of the Tottenham system. It oiled the wheels of British administration. The small clerk sat upon the attender. The big clerk sat upon the small. The head clerk sat upon the whole lot

and the manager managed everything for the officer who need concern himself ordinarily only with the spot where he had to initial a paper. When a 'Dorai' read papers through for himself even occasionally and interested himself with the run of things—that a village was really without drinking water and something drastic should be done about it—he was hailed as a Daniel come to Judgment and the district rang with his goodness and the glory of the British Sircar. From these spacious golden days to what a pass have things come. It is the officer who sits overtime now trying to dispose off the papers, the manager having taken his umbrella and himself away sharply on the official closing time. The head clerk it is who now sits upon the manager and the small clerk upon the head. The attender refuses to attend. He says that he can get this pittance

anywhere any day. The small clerk who is a war product simply does not bother to learn up the wonders of the Tottenham system. He has no bated breath for the officer or even for the officer's officer. If one officer is ever so lightly irksome to his youthful spirits, there are ever so many others where like spirits will find an easy place for him. And all the clerks are blithely aware of the hollowness of officership. Circumscribed by cast iron rules of procedure of framing charges, examination in chief and cross examination and judicial procedure, they know how little of seeming guiltlessness is sufficient to leaven a whole mass of laziness, incompetence and prevarication into innocuousness.

The Tottenham system is tottering, for the little clerk who is its foundation, refuses to bear its weight.

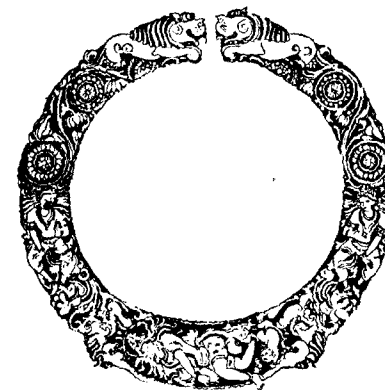
SRI VEDANTAM LAKSHMINARAYANA SASTRY

Exponent of Kuchipudi Dance

"I WAS groping in darkness and his art opened my eyes to a new vision of amazing beauty and excellence surpassing. I have found a fountain spring in the oasis of neglected dance. I have been dreaming of a Guru and now, at last, my dream has come true". These words coming from a famous adept in the art of dancing, particularly abhinaya would indicate to some extent the reverence with which a keen student of art, spontaneously perceives the greatness inherent in the real master.

Balasaraswathi has devoted many years to the pursuit of the fine art of abhinaya. "Of late," says Balasaraswathi, "no one cares for the real art:—so many extraneous influences have crept in. So much false art is purveyed in place of the real one. Clever people concoct a cheap admixture of the classical and the so-called modern and present it as "Renascent art". When I recall the

heights which masters in the traditional art had reached by their whole-hearted dedication to what was noble, I feel immensely sad for



"Simhatalata" (original design by Adavi Bapiraju) which is to be presented to Sri Vedantam Lakshminarayana Sastry at a function in his honour at the Museum Theatre, Madras on Sept. 8, 1948, at 6-80 p.m.

the state to which factors over which we have no control have brought us". Keeping alive her passion for traditional art-forms in dancing, Balasaraswathi, through what she terms "the merit of past births" chanced to see a performance of an old dancer—a dancer well beyond his sixtieth year; and the artiste in her, immediately recognised the worth of the master. Under the guidance of this old master Balasaraswathi has succeeded to a remarkable extent in perfecting what she had gathered from previous teachers. But, as she says, after months and months of incessant learning she finds that there is so much more to learn.

This "fountain-spring of knowledge in the dominion of art" is an unassuming, quiet, old gentleman, hailing from a small but very famous village on the banks of one of the branches of the river Krishna, not very far from Masulipatam. Kuchipudi, which gives its name to a great school of dance-drama appears to have been granted as an aghraharam to a family of "Natyacharyas" by an enlightened Muslim ruler who had been delighted with their performances and highly impressed with their knowledge of the science of dancing. For generations now, the members of the Brahmin families in this aghraharam have pursued the profession of dancing as a sacred duty. They claim that their learning has a divine origin having been handed to them by their great guru, Sidhendra. Tradition has it that Sidhendra was at first an ordinary man with no claim to any special artistic achievement, but that the entire knowledge of dancing came to him as a revelation. His followers have faithfully practised the precepts laid down by him and now there are three well-known families from Kuchipudi who may be regarded as the repositories of the Kuchipudi art at its best. The Vedantam family is one of these and the master who impressed Balasaraswathi with his profound knowledge

of dancing is known by the name of Vedantam Lakshminarayana Sastry. Lakshminarayana Sastry himself was initiated into the profession of dancing by his father Vedantam Venkatesam who was famous in his time as his father, too, was famous in his time. All the three of them have specialised in what is called "Bhamakalapam", the dance-drama which represents Satya-Bhama—the consort of Sri Krishna in her varying moods of ardent lover, jealous wife, passionate admirer and harsh critic. This dance drama, as interpreted by masters in the art, has in it the essence of Bharatha Natya as well as abhinaya and as one of the ablest exponents of Bhamakalapam, Sri Vedantam Lakshminarayana Sastry may be said to be almost unrivalled.

As one sees him in his role of Bhama, one sees life and colour, beauty and perfection of technique, a richness of imagination and an unlimited capacity to extemporise as the dance proceeds, at the same time keeping to the highest tenets of scientific art. These are some of the qualities that fill one with admiration for his talent. Exhibiting his art to a crowded audience at Hyderabad some years back, Sri Lakshminarayana Sastry extorted from the lips of Uday Shanker high praise that Uday Shanker rarely gives to a fellow artiste.

Sri Lakshminarayana Sastry is privileged to count among his sishyas quite a number of ardent students of the art of dancing. Some are still trying to perfect their art on purely traditional lines, while others with a somewhat broader vision seek to enrich their knowledge of dancing with influences from other schools of the great art. In the impetus given by the slow but sure artistic regeneration in Southern India several students of Sri Lakshminarayana Sastry may be expected to justify the hope that every guru entertains that his sishya may reach a wider and yet wider audience than the one he himself could reach in his time.

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.

Two Standards

When on the score of the steep increase in the cost of living, the Government servants pleaded for higher dearness and house allowances, they were accused by more than one member of the Madras Cabinet of leading luxurious lives and living above their means. There were Ministers who grudged the hardworked Government servant his occasional sip of coffee at the office restaurant, his half anna worth puff of cigarette and his weekend visit to the pictures. I was one of those privileged to hear these austerity sermons when I had occasion to meet the Ministers on behalf of the Madras Secretariat Association.

Recent news items in the Press reveal that the same 'puritan' Cabinet has purchased for its use the twin-engine eight-seater "Hanuman" at a cost of Rs. 2,65,490 and propose to keep it in an aerodrome some hundreds of miles away from the city, paying Rs. 4,500 per month, exclusive of direct charges. When questioned in the Assembly by a lady member as to the number of landing places in the province, the Minister concerned asked for notice. The fact also remains that there are regular air services to nearly all important cities in India and Pakistan from Madras. Hot on the heels of the above news comes the information that ten of our Hon'ble Ministers have had recently new four-door saloon cars (each to suit his individual taste) as their cars had become old in two years and as month after month the Government had to pay more for major repairs, which according to the Finance Minister's estimate, was 'some hundreds or thousands'.

Will it be impertinent to ask whether the Cabinet's replenishing its luxury fleet of autos so soon, and purchase of aircraft, or the poor Government servant's indulgence in an occasional cup of coffee, cigarette or picture can be said to constitute luxury items of expenditure? One cannot but wonder also at the surprisingly short time within which Cabinet decisions are taken when their conveniences are concerned, as compared with the months taken to consider the demands of their servants.

A. E. SOLOMON APPADURAI

Gross Injustice

Through the columns of your esteemed paper I want to draw the attention

of the public and the Prime Minister of India, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, to the gross injustice of the practices being observed in the handling of the country's services, due to personal and communal considerations.

The M. and S. M. and S. I. Railways Joint-Service Commission commenced functioning with effect from 3rd February 1947. On 11th September 1946 Rao Bahadur R. Madhavachari, retired Controller of Stores, S. I. Railway, was appointed as the first chairman of the Commission. Four members were appointed to the Commission: (1) Khan Bahadur Abdul Karim, a retired District Forest Officer of the Government of Madras, on 8-2-1947; (2) Mr. T. K. Sundararajan, a retired senior scale officer of the Transportation (Traffic) Commercial Department of the S. I. Railway on 24-2-47; (3) Rao Bahadur M. Ramachander, retired District and Sessions Judge, Government of Madras, on 24-7-47; and Rao Bahadur Dr. S. J. Papen, retired Chief Medical Officer of the M. and S. M. Railway, on 8-11-47.

On 1st July 1948 the Railway Board extended the life of the Commission as well as the tenure of chairmanship of Rao Bahadur R. Madhavachari by five months. But the extension of the term of office as chairman of Rao Bahadur R. Madhavachari was later cancelled. In his place Dr. S. J. Papen was nominated to act as chairman of the Commission.

On what principle was Dr. Papen selected for the chairmanship? He is only a medical man and not an administrator. To install such a man as chairman, why should the Railway Board cancel its own earlier order? Let the Transport Minister answer if he can.

A CONGRESSMAN.

Independence Day Lathi Charge

The news of the lathi charge on a small batch of Satyagrahis who took out a token procession from the office of the Socialist Party in Bezwada on the evening of the Independence Day marred the celebration of that great day in Andhra. It is the highest discourtesy, to say the least, the Omandur Ministry and the Madras Government could have paid to the millions of martyrs who gave their all for freedom.

There is something wrong with the Bezwada police who have been consistently and persistently refusing the Socialist Party all facilities and op-



portunities for public expression. On the Independence Day others including the Congress were allowed to celebrate but not the Socialist Party. Why this discrimination? Is it due to prejudice of the authorities or is it due to the fear of any political boss in the rival camp?

(Dr.) K. B. MENON,
Secretary, Madras Socialist Party.

Value Of Advertisements

'Selvam' deserves to be given 'selvam' ('wealth' in Tamil) for the interesting article in *Swatantra* of 21st August. He has indeed given good advertisement to the tooth-brushes, cigarettes and creams while trying to pick a tooth with the help of the American Dental Association.

What however seems to be out of place is his reference to Government being not aware that many advertised products are not what they are. This applies to everything in this world.

Propaganda, publicity and advertisement, these are inseparable things. Everyone who has to do one or the other knows that the arrow he uses can also be used against him. So also the Government. Through their communiques and press notes the Government obtain the results that the paid advertisers obtain. It is unfair and unwise to ask for Government control over ads. The knowledge of the ordinary individual is increased and improved from the announcements he gets. We have got enough regimented life already and it is better to leave the ads to themselves.

The 'ego' is inseparable from the individual. In our talk, in our writing, in our work, we like to feel proud of ourselves and make others know us and appreciate us. Without noise nothing can be known, nothing can happen. Let not advertisements be undervalued.

TAMBAN.

'Industrial Peace'

The article under the heading "Industrial Peace" by Mr. A. Ramachandran in *"Swatantra"* dated August 21 is wholly misleading. I can emphatically say that the recent judgement of Mr. Justice K. Subba Rao has definitely righted the wrong hitherto done both to Labour and the Managements.

In the present set-up, the Industrial Tribunal, not backed up with proper machinery to enquire into the living conditions of Labour and the financial difficulties of the Managements, is just competent to enforce only the Industrial Disputes Act of 1947, the main aim of which is to see that the contract terms and conditions of Labour between themselves individually and the Management are not altered pend-

ing legislation on major problems such as, Labour's share in profits, bonuses and maximum dividends to shareholders, etc.

Mr. A. Ramachandran's present role appears to be to create chaos and disturbance in otherwise peaceful industrial organisations without caring for the uplift of Labour as such.

During the recent trial of an industrial dispute, before the Industrial Tribunal, Mr. A. Ramachandran himself was offered the management of an industrial organisation with full liberty to run it by himself with assurances that not a single rupee of the capital will be withdrawn. He did not rise to the occasion to accept it. Now he is threatening us and the Government with Labour strikes as a result of the recent judgement.

Industrial Labour now needs real social workers and not political agitators. The present situation requires very delicate handling, in view of the financial slump and the unsteadiness of industrial organisations, if the Managements are not to be driven to desperate decision to close down their shows involving Labour in wholesale unemployment.

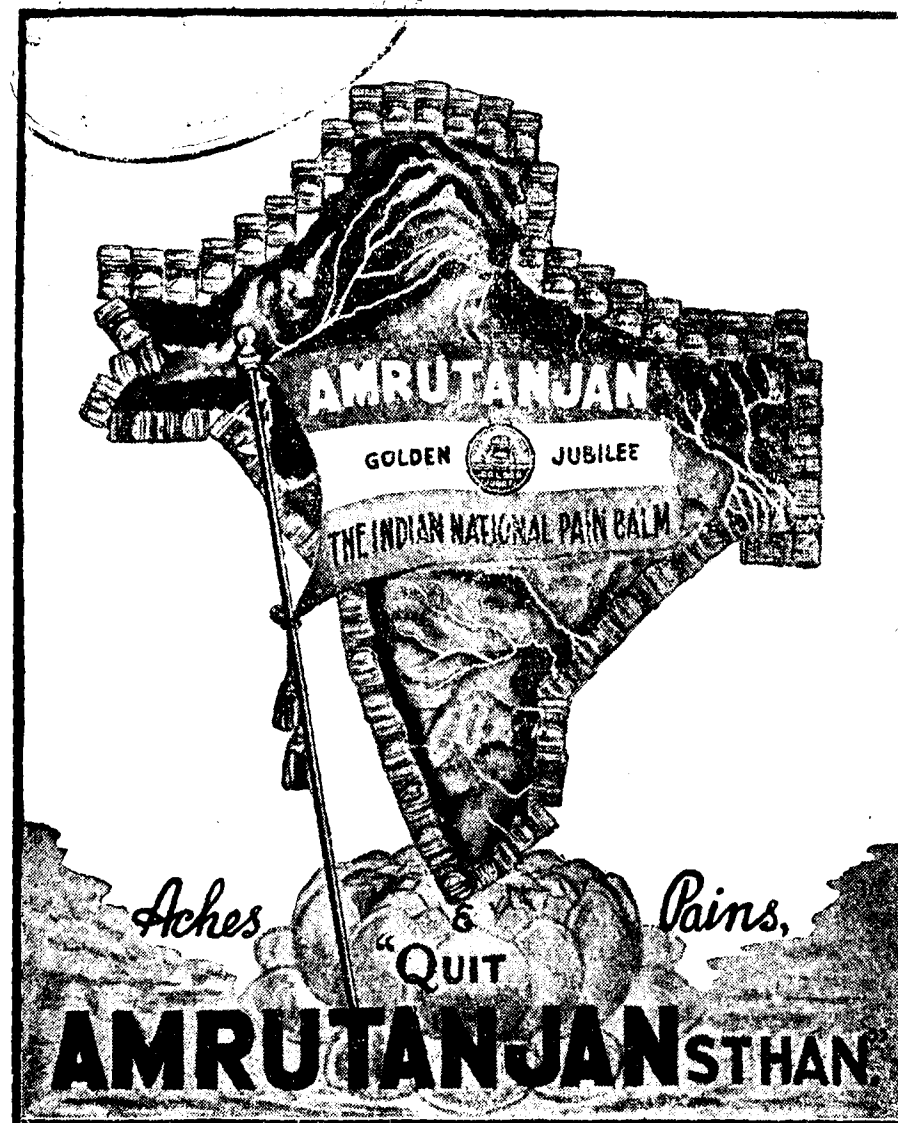
T. S. RAO, B.Sc., (Eng.) A.M.I.E.,
Chartered Engineer.

Cloth Control

The anti-social activities indulged in by the millowners and others connected with the cloth trade after the decontrol have now forced the Government to introduce control once again and chalk out a means of distribution under which the consumer may be assured of getting his requirements of this essential article at a fair price. We congratulate the Government on this action, though belated. The issue of cloth through co-operative societies, though good, may not serve the ordinary middle class consumer to the full extent for the reason that the society will be within its privileges if it claims preference for its permanent constituents and shareholders over a casual consumer. In the case of Government owned shops, it is certain that a large number of idlers who have nothing else to do, may be instigated by interested parties to line up before the shops and thus deprive the genuine buyer from obtaining his requirements.

To overcome both these difficulties, Government should permit institutions like factories, commercial houses, etc., to draw the requirements of their staff direct from the Government wholesale depots. If this is conceded, I am sure the waste of time, energy and unnecessary harassment which an office worker has to experience otherwise can be eliminated.

K. B. PANIKER.



The Hub of Asia
and eventually of
The One World

Now 23rd WEEK GEMINI CHANDRALEKA

MADRAS
MADRAS
BANGALORE
MADURA
TIRUNELVELI
COIMBATORE
KUMBAKONAM
VILAYAWADA
VIZIANAGARAM
VILLUPURAM
ARCOT
GOBICHETTIPALAYAM
KARUR
ARKONAM
TIRUPUR
RAJAPALAYAM
ARUPPUKOTTAI
DINDIGUL
MANNARGUDI
QUILON
QUILON
SHENCOTTAH
CHENGANNUR
KOTTAYAM
CANNANORE
NEYYATINKARA
VARKALA
CHITTUR-COCHIN
ERNIEL
HARIPAD
PARUR
ONGOLE
HOSPET
ANAPARTHY
TANUKU
NADANAPALLI
ADONI
PANDALAPAKA
PRODDATUR
MALLIKAPURAM
BAPATLA
TUNI
NARASAPUR
MANGALAGIRI
PEDDAPURAM
KAVALI

Wellington Talkies
Saraswathi Talkies
Central Talkies
Central Cinema
Palace De Wales
Theatre Royal
Diamond Talkies
Maruthi Talkies
Minerva Talkies
Sitaram Talkies
Jothi Talkies
Nagalah Theatre
Ambikai Talkies
Prakash
Universal Theatre
Danalakshmi Talkies
Gonathi Talkies
Jothi Talkies
Champak Talkies
Baby Talkies
Sri Mulam
Padmanabha Talkies
Union Talkies
Central Talkies
Jawahar Talkies
M. V. Talkies
Sasi Talkies
Sitaram Talkies
Havva Talkies
Jayalakshmi
Central Talkies
Jayaram Talkies
Azam Talkies
Krishna Talkies
Chittoori Maruthi
Prabath Talkies
Prabhakar Talkies
Venkatakrishna
Sharadha Talkies
V. V. Satyanarayana
Shyamprasad
Somaraju Talkies
Vijayalakshmi
Vijayalakshmi
Somaraju
Jaiprakash



Her health
is your
Happiness!

Are you ensuring your wife's health by giving her **Shanti Asoka** the vitamin tonic which prevents and remedies all female ailments? In addition to its tonic properties, it contains **Asoka**—the indigenous herb used for centuries past to eradicate female disorders.

Shanti-Asoka
The Best Uterine Tonic

Shanti Kuteeram Ltd.,
Manufacturing Pharmaceutical Chemists

Madras Stockists:

M/s. B. J. Gokhale,
260, Esplanade, Madras.

SWATANTRA

VOL. III. No. 31

(SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1948)

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Cover Page—Manjeri S. Isvaran	
Editorial Comments	5
Sotto Voce—By Vighneswara	8
Sidelights—By Saka	10
"Fellow-Feeling Before Fads"— By Pothan Joseph	12
From The Gallery—By Ground- ling	15
Economic Civil Service: A Cure For Inflation—By Jayaprakash Narayan	17
Prohibition—By P. V. G. Raju	19
Russo-German Relations—By V. Subramanian	21
Manjeri S. Isvaran: Story Writer —By John Hampson	24
Government General Hospital In Madras—By H. C. Miller	29
The Home-Coming (Short Story)—By Padma Seshadri	31
The Resettlement Of Sind Refu- gees—By H. L. Mansukhani	33
Life And Myself—By Harindra- nath Chattopadhyaya	35
Mass Weddings In China—By V. G. Nair	37
Spotlight On The World	39
Azad Qalam—By K. A. Abbas	41
Ramapadasagar Project Confer- ence: A Review—By M. Siva- ramakristniah	44
Books And Authors	45
Letters To The Editor	47

SWATANTRA

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



Chief Justice Mr. P. V. Rajamannar adorning Kuchipudi Naiya nanaidhi Sri Veda ntam Lakshminarayana Sasri with the 'Simhatalata' at a public function held in his honour last week in the City.

SWATANTRA

VOL. III
No. 31

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1948

ISSUED
WEEKLY

DR. BENES

IN the death of Eduard Benes the world has lost a great and good man who symbolised the best in humanism in its political aspect. His example is not a whit less inspiring because he was rendered powerless during the closing months of his career. Towards the end of a life marked by noble striving against vicissitudes, Benes was faced with yet another crisis. This last was truly a crisis of the spirit unlike the earlier difficulties of circumstance. Though Benes has died leaving it unresolved, the political faith exemplified by him should help the world's peoples, who are all now involved in the same crisis, to overcome the prevailing bigotries and bring sanity back into political life.

Both as patriot and democrat, the tasks that faced Benes earlier in his career had been clear and definite though not easy. To secure the independent national existence of his people was his first objective. He attained it by earnest and devoted effort in alliance with T. G. Masaryk, when the free Republic of Czechoslovakia came into being at the end of the first world war. For 17 years Benes served the Republic as Foreign Minister and came to be regarded as one of Europe's leading statesmen. He became President in 1935, only to be confronted shortly by the Hitlerite menace. In the dark days of Munich and after, Benes stood foursquare by his

principles of freedom and democracy. His triumphal return to Prague at the end of the second world war seemed to symbolise the final victory of those principles. The picture of Liberals, Socialists and Communists working in free co-operation served to confirm the view that Czechoslovakia had found the way to combine political democracy with economic planning, individual liberty with social justice. This was in contrast to West European countries like France where the Socialists joined with the Right to exclude the Communists from power, and equally in contrast to the East European countries where the Communists organised rough and ready 'purges' of their political opponents. Czechoslovakia seemed to have miraculously escaped the process of polarization which was dividing post-war Europe into bitterly opposed camps of the Right and the Left.

But this happy state of affairs was to be short-lived. The Czechoslovak Communists took complete power into their own hands last February and put an end to the processes of democratic government. The Communist coup was not only a blow to Czechoslovak democracy internally, it also reduced Czechoslovak freedom in the field of foreign policy by tying the country firmly to the Russian-dominated East European bloc. As President, Benes was faced with the question: Was he

to tolerate these inroads on the freedom and democracy of the Republic? Benes found that the answer could not be a definite yes or no. It was open to Benes to denounce the Communist seizure of power and organise a rival Free Government of Czechoslovakia—as he did when Hitler invaded the country. But his adoption of such a course would result in civil war within Czechoslovakia and a worsening of the already tense international situation. Benes' predicament in 1948 was very different from the situation a decade earlier. Then he had appealed for help from every quarter—from the West as well as from Russia—for saving his country from German aggression. Now he had to choose between two camps both of which were preparing for a war in which Czechoslovakia would be among the first to be devastated. And no significant moral choice could be made between the two camps in as much as the actions of both were compounded of mixed motives. Overt or covert extension of its sphere of influence, misuse of power to pull down or maintain the Governments of other countries, vicious propaganda against the other side, 'defensive' preparations against possible aggression by the other camp—all these have been the features of Anglo-American foreign policy no less than of Russian foreign policy. The choice was far from being clear. Thus the February Revolution, the final crisis of Benes' career, found him in a state of dilemma. It was the same acute dilemma which was responsible, at least in part, for the suicide of Benes' fellow-Liberal, Jan Masaryk, in March. It may be right to surmise that Benes' own physical decline was hastened by the torture of mind he had to pass through.

The dilemma which afflicted these two great minds—and which troubles, in varying degree, thoughtful people everywhere—is the creation of the two rival fanaticisms which

are making a new world war more and more likely. The fanaticism of the conservative capitalists symbolised by American foreign policy, and the fanaticism of Communists regulated by Russian foreign policy, are two opposed forces which yet have the same effect of restricting human liberty and happiness. Greece, China, Czechoslovakia—they all bear witness to this. Benes, at the close of his career, became a victim to the rivalry between these two fanaticisms. It should serve to warn us that it is urgently necessary to take thought and learn to live co-operatively in toleration if we are to escape regimentation for the next war.

Sir Archibald Nye

SIR ARCHIBALD NYE has left Madras covered with honour. Few Governors have won, as he has been able to do, the affections of the common people. Having in his own life known poverty and the stress of hard economic struggle, he could understand the miseries of the destitute that form the bulk of the population of the province. He cast aside all false notions of official dignity and mixed with the humble on terms of cordial goodwill and fraternal sympathy. He impressed all as a man of exemplary rectitude and integrity, a Governor with a very keen conscience to the high responsibilities of his position. In the new set-up of freedom, the post of a Governor has ceased to be a repository of power. Yet while divested of power, Sir Archibald contrived to maintain a continuity of prestige with undiminished importance in the public eye. This must be rated a first class feat in view of the shortness of the period within which it was accomplished. We can attribute it only to the power of the genuineness of his character which made accessible to him short-cuts to popularity and the esteem of the public not to be reached by any direct process

of laborious striving. He was a diligent and generous giver to good causes and considerably enhanced the quality of his benefactions by scrupulous abstinence from every cheap form of self-advertisement.

Sir Archibald Nye avoided miraculously any giving of offence to the various elements (not as a rule capable of harmony) in whose midst his lot was cast. In the world of feuds and strife in which he found himself, he sought refuge in non-committalness. The very obligations of non-committalness at times forced him into attitudes of suspended judgment on the ruling regime that looked like favouring the dubious. Alive to his many virtues, peoples have overlooked the occasional blessings he bestowed on the vagaries of leaders established in power who have been making a mess of the administration. The advantage of a Governor lies in making the machinery of Government run smooth. The interests of the governed lie in dislodging incompetents from power. Sir Archibald Nye achieved the miraculous by somehow managing to keep clear of the public displeasure nowadays showered in plenty on Ministers and similar participants in government, without seeming in the slightest degree to disassociate himself from them.

Gandhi In Art

BOTH the Mahatma, when alive, and the apostolic succession after his death, have been untiring in their denunciations of all attempts to perpetuate the memory of the Father of the Nation through effigies in stone, marble or metal. But notwithstanding such interdicts, the demand will create and be stimulated by the supply, until it is almost certain that before the present generation disappears, there are bound to appear great representations of our leader in all media known to art. It is as well that

it should be so in the interests of art no less than of biography, history and hagiography.

At the moment, we have had occasion to study two models—both busts of the Mahatma—to which we would like to draw public attention. One of them is by Sri. D. P. Roy Chowdhury, the well-known Principal of the Government School of Arts and the other by a son of the late Nagappa. Mr. Roy Chowdhury is a versatile artist, his facility with the brush being as felicitous as with tougher and less malleable media. His bust of the Mahatma which is now on view arrests attention the minute you see it. It has a rugged strength and a fidelity to the original which are felt instinctively by the visitor to be true to the aura of the departed leader. The moulding of the torso in particular must be pronounced a stroke of genius. The bust is undraped, and has therefore to bring out the anatomical and psychological ensemble which was *sui generis* to the Mahatma. The shoulder blades, and the hollows undulating below the collar-bones have been caught with a *varisemblance* which will be acknowledged by all those who had the privilege of seeing Gandhiji at close quarters. Indeed to sculpt the Mahatma in a semi-nude state was itself a tacit acceptance of a great, a perilous challenge; and not only has it been accepted, but answered in a convincing fashion. When the bust is reduced to life-size, we have no doubt that it will embalm for ever a characteristically expressive and truly interpretative pose of the Mahatma in his most placid attitude,.....

Sri Nagappa's bust attempts to do for the Mahatma what the Rev. Bowdler intended to do for Shakespeare. It rounds off the corners and angles, smoothens the contour here, there and everywhere. Even more dubious, it has draped the bust in a piece of simulated cloth, and thus saved the artist all those agonies

of moulding which would have had to be gone through to represent the Mahatma as he really was. To use drapery in statues is to invoke the aid of a kind of artistic charity in hopes of covering a multitude of sculptural sins. Greek statuary wherever it is immortal is wholly in the nude.

It is possible that in the distant future, a standardised figure of the Mahatma may be ubiquitous like that of the Vighneswara or Siva now; if so, we would hazard the opinion that Roy Chowdhury's model deserves to be immortalised and stereotyped in preference to that of any other.

Sotto Voce

The Wishing Tree



THE Tamil Nad Congress Committee has made haste to explain why it decided the other day not to contest the City municipal elections. It was from no sudden qualms about the propriety of party politics in civic affairs. It arose, on the contrary, from an urge to make the forthcoming election a purely political test. It is to be a trial of strength between Andhra and Tamil as to who shall be master in Madras. Any inclination to polyandry on the part of the fair lady must be sternly repressed: on that all Tamils are agreed whether they be Congressmen or Communists, anti-Brahman or anti-booze. If it turns out to be a field day for the Black Shirts and more grist for Tammany, our local Congressmen will feel no impulse to put on sackcloth and ashes.

Our Andhra friends, who have a penchant for picking up imaginary gloves, are shrill in their denunciation of this unfriendly act. Having their own domestic difficulties, they might not find it so easy to muster a common front. That, perhaps, explains why a section of them have been in favour

of applying Solomon's judgement to the problem of Madras. But cutting up the child is a solution which people have begun to shy at after what happened in the Punjab last year; it seems a messy business and it settles nothing. I must confess, however, that, to the old romantic in me nourished on Scott and his paladins of chivalry, the idea of two Madrases glowering at each other wrathfully across the Cooum from under battlemented brows has not been without a certain charm.

Even now I am not without hopes of seeing the issue joined. I am a man of peace myself, but when I see the trams and buses invaded by large knots of determined men clad in the angry khadi of Andhra couchant I feel a mysterious thrill, toying with the notion that here may be the beginnings of a bloodless revolution. "Who knows, they are even now converging quietly on the Secretariat and the Bastille may fall without a blow!" The true explanation is probably something more prosaic. But, whether he be a prosperous zamin tenant come to put the screw on the Minister or an astute businessman out to secure profit-

able permits or merely a visitor on holiday bent on enjoying himself, the stranger from the North gives me the creeps all right. I see the glint of battle in his eye.

But Andhra energy, let me warn them, will have to reckon with Tamil strategy. And, after what happened at Tenkasi the other day, no one would have the slightest excuse for supposing that we Tamils were not as keen on prestige as any fighting cock on earth. If the Madras Cabinet had not done symbolical *harakiri* to appease the honour of Kamaraj Nadar it might have been drummed out of the regiment by now. After that chastening experience it should not only make haste to alter the tables of precedence. It should with due dispatch execute the decrees of the Sultanate that may now come down thick and fast. Time flies, even the halcyon calm of Congress hegemony may break, and there are so many hungry mouths to fill.

Congress, as Deputy Providence, is bent upon rewarding virtue here and now. So the "political sufferers" are not only to have their parcel of good land but also a fistful of money to play with. Who suggests that this is to breed a new class of parasites? No, these veterans of a thousand non-violent campaigns will bring an absolutely open ('vacant', whispers the wag) mind to bear on the age-old problems of the land. If perchance

their characteristic gift of happy improvisation should be defeated by the perverse earth, that should make it all the easier for the State to collectivise agriculture, after of course paying handsome compensation. And, meanwhile, to get on with, there are any number of promising short-term propositions of which the patriots can have their choice.

M.L.A's who could not be absorbed in the Cabinet or employed in its purlieus have now a fine chance of setting up their little kingdoms in the mufassal. They will not be required to contest elections—which can be unpleasant and uncertain. If only the auspicious glance of the Congress bosses lights upon them they can say, after the manner of Louis XIV, "The District Board? Why, it is me." And for the smaller fry there are all sorts of odd jobs going—as prohibition propagandists, executive trustees of temples, Tirukkural expounders, *et hoc*. Indeed, what can they lack who bask in the sunshine of Kamaraj's smile? The T. N. C. C. President's latest ukase is to the effect that, without his concurrence, no Congressman shall be detained under the Public Safety Act. If the Ministry, with the memory of Canossa fresh upon them, "suddenly grow grey with fear and tremble and despoil themselves," I for one shall not wonder. The deliquescence of a once healthy organism is not a pretty sight.

VIGHNESWARA

It is in an important sense misleading to talk about the rights of the people in a political democracy. They have no rights other than the overriding right to appoint their own government. The government is not something which exists apart from them with paternal duties towards them. It is their nominee and their servant.

To talk in a democracy of the people having the right to expect the government to supply them with a secure standard of living, or free speech or whatever it may be, is a contradiction in terms. It is the people themselves who determine what their government should do on their behalf. To talk of democracy being a failure unless it does this or that for the people is to accept unconsciously a pre-democratic conception of government. It is to think of government as a form of benevolent autocracy instead of as a co-operative enterprise. It is not rights which people in a democracy have, it is responsibilities—to themselves and others.

—FRANCIS WILLIAMS.

SIDELIGHTS :

One always receiving, never giving, is like the stagnant pool, in which whatever flows remains, whatever remains corrupts.—J. A. JAMES.

To whom does Madras belong? The question is being debated by violent conclaves of people who get egged on by each other's attitude into increasing intemperance as the tempo of the impending municipal elections casts its excitement over the whole city. The desire for establishing proof of ownership seems in particular to have captured the energies of some of the Tamil public men. "Vote only for Tamilians. Let only Tamil candidates win. That way it will be proved that Madras belongs to the Tamils." These and similar exclusivist cries charged with sectarian passion have entered into the politics of the occasion.

In no enterprise calling for the spread of noise are the Andhras to be outdone. They are nothing if not non-secretive. The habit of discussing domestic affairs at the top pitch of voice in public conveyances is an essentially Andhra habit. Crowds and movement are dear to the Andhras. A condition of movement in the midst of a public to impress seems to provide the Andhra talent with its most propitious impetus for self-assertiveness. Sri Sundara Rao Naidu did not therefore wait for the elections. Long ago he conceived the idea of a procession of cars and trucks filled with stentorian men and women going round in the thoroughfares of the city contributing with the noise they made strength to the "Andhra cause." He evidently believed that if only sufficient noise was made, the demand for inclusion of Madras in the Andhra Province would become irresistible.

The simple-minded are never so happy as when they imagine that they have the guile of the serpent. The Andhra thirst for conspiratorial plotting is matched only by the

transparency of the manoeuvres they make. So in the wake of Sri Sundara Rao Naidu's brain wave, they proceeded to announce that arrangements would be made for the collection of "statistical data" on the actual linguistic composition of the city's population.

No such arrangements were in effect made. The gratification of a public announcement of strenuous intentions suffices for the Andhras who then turn in a relieved state, to other things. This peculiarity of the Andhras of drawing pleasure from spirited proclamations is not understood by the Tamils who are provoked by them into retaliatory moods, not knowing how harmless they are, however threatening in appearance they might be.

There is a type of leader who thrives on discord. Discord nourishes people with excitement which, while it lasts, is a passable substitute for food and other necessities. Badly governed starved people are fed by wily autocrats and their underlings on glory. "Glory" calls you to lay down your life in a quarrel glorified as patriotic in order that attention might be diverted from the short-comings of a regime that has become oppressive. But not until the exterminating urge is cast aside, and feelings of hostility one for another in a clannish spirit are outgrown, can the real charm of a city like this be discovered and enjoyed.

The charm of Madras lies in the absence of mofussil character in it. Mofussil character is exhibited in being born to a pattern out of which it is hard to escape, the whole social environment acting as a pre-fabricated prison-house of sameness and monotony and of conformity to established ways and values. In the capital of a multi-lingual province, humanity is of diversified variety. The inter-action

between people drawn from different localities with widely differing customs makes for rich new integrations in social outlook. The existence of strangers imparts novelty and adventurousness to life. There is a wide field of selection for friendships. If the Corporation were to consist only of Tamils, Madras would be reduced to the stature of a mofussil town, and the electors responsible would have demonstrated a tyrannical bent of mind with no quarter for other sects. The variety that is the delight of the city would be destroyed.

When ownership has to be *proved*, it means that it is not self-evident. Is a city no more than the aggregation of its lands, houses and property? It consists of people no less than of material, and the people belong only to themselves. Mahatma Gandhi used to put the right of service in the forefront of all rights and he placed the bhangis in the forefront of all as a class that rendered the best service. If there must be any fight as to whom Madras belongs, the Gandhians, at any rate, should give the award to the bhangis.—SAKA.

When the Moghul Emperor asked the Persian Ambassador if Persia was more beautiful than Delhi, the latter said: "Oh no, Persia cannot even touch the dust of Delhi."

A. D. GUPTA in "The Statesman." —

Nothing is more evil and tragically devastating in actual consequence than one's own moral and religious ideals, fine as they may be, when they are accompanied by an ignorance and resultant provincialism and blindness with respect to people and cultures acting upon, or proceeding from, assumptions different from one's own.—F. S. C. NORTHROP.



"FELLOW-FEELING BEFORE FADS"

by POTHAN JOSEPH

DISCUSSING the question of minority rights in 1944 when the Pakistan issue could no longer be burked. Mr. M. A. Jinnah summed up the case for my benefit with the remark: "The fate and rights of a minority depend in the last resort on the standard of toleration, culture and civilised instincts found in the majority." At that time, misgivings about the future of the minorities in the country were met by a reference to the section tabulating fundamental rights adopted by the Congress in the course of its resolution. Not only were there such decisions on record, but there was also a mass of statements and interpretations by leaders to assure minorities that Congress, far from thinking in terms of compulsion, meant that in a "Secular State" there should be equal rights for all. The same proposition is set out in Part III of the Draft for the Constituent Assembly, particularly in clauses 9 to 18 under the heading "Fundamental Rights". Supervening the catalogue is the provision "Subject to Public Law and Morality." The stickler for religious freedom may think that the body of doctrine which he holds sacred includes all possible issues touching public law and morality, the authority he honours is universal and not confined to the giving of details about private morality. As to what is meant by Public Law and Morality, the Legislature enacting them and the courts of law interpreting them are alone competent to define their application. Such being the case about the content of law in a sovereign country, the minorities must be prepared to accept certain limitations set on their rights on account of the judgment and sentiment natural to the majority. For we are all inheritors of tradition and there are many claims put forward by sections which future experience might disprove.

Take, for instance, the right of professing and propagating one's religion. The Draft Constitution is by no means illiberal when we consider that the conversion of one member in the family to another religion comes as a reflection on one's own way to life and social standards. When a girl from a small community marries out of her own group associations there is a wave of resentment since there is a suggestion of inadequacy about the original kinship. Some ancient religious institutes made apostasy a capital crime, but the renunciation of one's faith may be claimed by the person concerned to be the same as the enlightened acceptance of another (this time true) religion. Julian was called the Apostate because the historians viewed him from that angle. Emperor Hadrian was called a pagan since he was devoid of religious zeal and he may, at the last Judgment Day, claim to have been a 19th century rationalist. The minority not subscribing to the faith of the majority should learn to distinguish between essentials and non-essentials in their code of statutory conduct, remembering all the while that the State reserves the right of exercising what it considers to be "Public Law and Morality."

Where a disability is cast because of a change of faith, it would be a challenge to defenders of civil rights, and we may depend upon it that from time to time there will be champions rising to oppose injustice. The idea that there should be a civil inquisition to ascertain if the person had really understood the theological issues correctly, would be absurd because the type of "Revealed Religion" with its dynamics of Evangelism is, in the last resort, a thing of faith unamenable to magisterial assessment.

Next to the plea for propaganda and persuasion with its natural

sequel, minorities should be alert about the strict interpretation of fundamental rights in their favour. In clause 9 (i) it is said that "the State shall not discriminate against any citizen on grounds only of religion, race, caste, sex or any of them." The term "only" is a tricky one. The Madras Government, for instance, sets apart Rs. 1 crore for the uplift of Harijans. It is claimed that Harijans should mean only members of the depressed classes in Hindu society, an artificial definition excluding the poorer classes belonging to other religions. One of the ways of Harijan uplift is the grant of fee-concessions in schools, but observe how it reacts on the Harijan pupil as against the boy from other disinherited classes. Because the word Harijan is exclusive, the panchama pupil gets the benefit, but his friend is turned into an economic outcast. The Minister of Harijan Uplift may be a Harijan enjoying an official income amounting to Rs. 1,500 a month. His driver or motor-car cleaner may be a Christian convert or a Muslim convert whose family had embraced the faith concerned, but although his pay may be Rs. 30 per mensem, his son is deprived of the consideration paid to the little heir hailing from the Ministerial Mansion. The differentiation is manifestly unjust and it goes against the clause 9 (i) which is no doubt loop-holed with the tricky word "only".

Since my remarks are illustrative and not exhaustive, let us state an example of non-essential rights on which the minorities should try to be accommodative. The question of cow slaughter is being interpreted as an encroachment on elementary civic rights according to which a person is free to choose his food as long as it remains certifiable by health authorities. It is clear that the prompting for the ban is not universal humanitarianism but a reflection of sentiment. The ox and the goat at the hands of one butcher suffer as much as the cow, so that the plea about conservation of cattle-wealth does not stand on all fours with the particular demand that cow-slaughter should be stop-

Keep Your
BABIES HEALTHY



A BOON
TO
INFANTS

JAMES
GRIPE-
STOP
WATER

JAMES PERFUMERY CO.,
MADRAS-8.

ped. Further, beef is cheaper than mutton. Mahatma Gandhi at the time of the Khilafat movement hoped that the practice of cow-slaughter would be *voluntarily* and gratefully surrendered by the Muslims; and indeed after August 15 he had expressed himself in the "Harijan" against mandatory interference. He remarked that if cow-slaughter were prohibited under State authority within the Indian Union, it might be followed by the penalisation of idol worship in Pakistan by way of reprisal. The sight of neglected cows past the milking period, made him ask whether the logic of opposition in terms of economics was absolutely genuine and independently advanced. Now, granting that Hindu sentiment is actively behind it, does it amount to aggressive communalism to demand the discontinuance of cow slaughter? I think the issue furnishes an example on which opposition should give way for the sake of goodwill. In the injunction against animal sacrifice, Islam does not insist on cows, and they are sent to the municipal slaughterhouse as they happen to yield a cheaper commodity. There is no violence to religion.

As for Christians, it is true that in the Vision of St. Peter, there is the bidding to kill and eat without sanctity for particular animals, but there is a subsequent teaching by St. Paul who after much experience of the ancient world as a weary traveller, gave fresh advice in I Corinthians, Chapter 8. Evidently he was up against a controversy amongst believers about the consumption of forbidden meat. He concludes that if a person causes offence to his brethren by the eat-

ing of meat, it is the duty of the Christian to discard it for the sake of goodwill and brotherhood. God has given abundance of other food although a person who knows much about the dietetic value of meat compared with the weaker brother, may deem it logical to eat what he pleases. I quote three verses:—

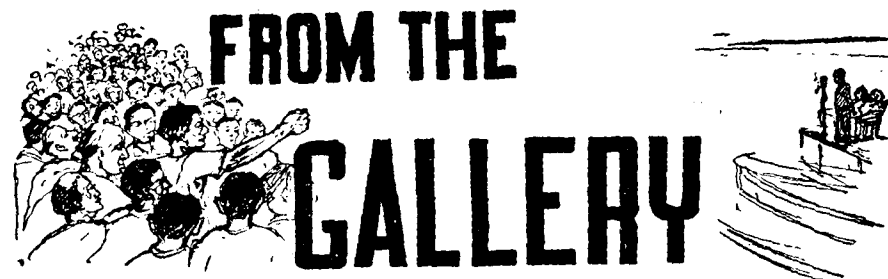
*And through thy knowledge,
shall the weak brother perish, for
whom Christ died?*

*But when ye sin so against the
brethren, and wound their weak
conscience, ye sin against Christ.*

*Wherefore, if meat make my
brother to offend, I will eat no
flesh while the world standeth,
lest I make my brother to offend.*

With such guidance to promote the spirit of concord without the sacrifice of essential rights, Christians in India must adjust themselves although it may strike them that the restrictions set go against rules of compassion in their general application. No aspersion is cast on them that they are low in the grade of animal-lovers if they eat beef, nor is abstinence from pork proof positive of any higher moral standards prevailing amongst Muslims. If the Hindus worship the cow, they worship at least something visible and it is not for me to be hypercritical about their susceptibilities dating back to time immemorial. Even if the minorities protest against such a ban to score a win, it will remain constantly under the sway of the clause "Subject to Public Law and Morality". The progress of a country depends in the last resort on the standard of toleration, culture and civilised instincts found in the majority.—N.P.S. (Copyright).

Should women abstain from politics because they do not like abstract ideas? On the contrary, I believe that they can render men the service of ridding politics of abstract ideas. Why confuse practical politics, which are so close to the art of housekeeping, with the very useless, very foggy, and often dangerous doctrinary sort? For women, politics represent good sense and hygiene. Men are faithful to ideas; women are faithful to human beings. If food prices rise or a war threatens because of party politics, a man will defend the party, but a woman will defend peace and her home, though she be obliged to change parties.—ANDRÉ MAUROIS.



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

AT long last, the city is to have a new Corporation after a record interval of a dozen years. But the interest in the coming elections has been very artfully deflated by the decision of the Congress not to set up candidates under official auspices. I do not subscribe to the view that civics should be independent of (in the sense of being above) politics. On the other hand, civics are the one sphere where politics of the worst type get entrenched. The absentee landlord, the rack-renter, the slum-owner and the sleeping partner have an unnoticed and unquestioned field-day in civic affairs, and order civic contracts about in such a manner as to promote their exclusive interests. Like Burke, I hold the view that wherever bad men combine, the good must associate to nullify their anti-social activities. Look at the vested interests to be found in any big city; they control between them a working majority of seats in the council, usually after the elections are over. For, when party discipline is non-existent, adventurers, money-bags aided by a sprinkling of adaptable demagogues and discreet dummies of the powerful run amok, and secure majorities with the most surprising ease in the world. It is too early to say who are likely to stand for election; a majority of the old guard or gang will doubtless try their luck again; but it is the new comers who would determine the quality and complexion of the new council.

The psychology of the local Congress high command is understandable enough. Having supreme

power in their hands, they are not worried if a few choose to function in opposition to the Government. As such opposition cannot be sincere or effective, unless it is inspired by genuine leftist ideas and convictions, and as the radical element has not the ghost of a chance of success in assuming leadership in civic matters, the Government can be confident of tackling the new council individually no less than collectively. There are other obvious advantages in encouraging a free fight at present in the civic arena. It may well be a modest device to mop up something of the terrific inflation which is exercising the country at large.

But there is one direction in which the coming elections bids fair to breed bad blood. I mean that the protagonists of linguistic chauvinism—Tamil and Andhra—are apparently girding up their loins for a preliminary and verbal free fight over their claims for the city itself. I anticipate that it would even degenerate into a dog-fight, to judge from the acerbity with which the future of Bombay and Madras is being canvassed by the concerned people. Fanatics at both capitals are very much in evidence. Contrast all this sound and fury on our side with the brusqueness and brevity with which Karachi has been annexed by a fiat of Mr. Jinnah to the new-born and sprawling entity known as Pakistan. It was a case of the wish being father to the thought that led us to anticipate a first class rumpus in Sind over this question. But nothing has happened. Which is an-

other instance of the 'good form' of the Muslim as against the facile and febrile dissipation of the Hindu.

Good manners have been responsible for a certain restraint with which the Indian press has been watching the progress of the observers sent by the UNO to study the Kashmir question. But further silence about its activities is apt to be mistaken and likely to be quoted against us later on. Wherefore it is needful to enter an emphatic protest against the gross impropriety of these gentlemen calling on the members of the so-called Azad Kashmir Government, and treating with them as if they had a *locus standi* at all. If this move was authorised by the headquarters of the UNO, the fact ought to be publicized for the edification of the world. If so, the UNO should hasten to send other observers to contact the leaders of the Azad Greek Government somewhere in the mountains of Peloponnesse, the Azad Burmese and the Azad Malaysians in Burma and Malaya, and find out what their minimum or maximum desiderata are. I admire Pandit Nehru greatly, but I cannot restrain a feeling of ruefulness at the pass to which he has reduced himself and the country by his devotion to international proprieties and individual ethical standards. The UNO group is engaged in bringing comfort to the enemies of India, contrary to the letter and spirit of their assignment. The sooner they are told that they have forfeited their claim to be considered umpires, the better for us.

I see that Hyderabad has, aping its betters, also published a White Paper on her side of the case against India. It requires extraordinary patience to read the rigmarole, and to come across an ubiquitous but wholly imaginary

'we'—who are alleged to be determined to be free at all costs. This 'we' is a fraudulent imposition on the dumb, downtrodden Hindus; and this crying injustice awaits heaven's own avenging hand, since human agents seem to be suffering from a surfeit of Hyper-Hamletism. If precipitancy has drawn us into the vortex of Kashmir, slowness and procrastination seem to be the bane of our attitude to this duodenal ulcer in our body politic. If from a military point of view, our aim was to avoid commitments on two fronts, our fabianism is making such a contingency a dead certainty.

Stories of espionage, of fifth column activity, of Trojan horse tactics which have a mysterious and widespread vogue are not exactly calculated to build up popular morale. Particularly odious are stray accounts of how Hindu businessmen have been suspected of collusion with the Nizam's agents. It is only such despicable specimens that have disgraced us throughout our history. Until we root them out, we can never feel or be safe. As ever, our enemies are within our ranks, not outside.

It is much to be regretted that "Dawn" should be banned throughout the Indian Union. In pleading for guns in preference to butter, it showed its spiritual affiliations with Hitler. The action in the present case is necessitated for diplomatic reasons, for "Dawn" is the semi-official organ of a sovereign state which has not yet outgrown the communal complexion of its lamentable origins!

Behold the spokesmen of the latter-day Huns
Wallowing in the gutter,
Ready to pawn their honour for guns
Which they think they can
grease with butter!

GROUNDLING

In a letter to his wife, a Marine in the Pacific wrote: "If I sound blue, it isn't that I got up on the wrong side of the bed. It's that I got up on the wrong side of the world."

—MARINE CORPS CHEVRON.

ECONOMIC CIVIL SERVICE: A CURE FOR INFLATION

by JAYAPRAKASH NARAYAN

THE problem of inflation is undoubtedly the most serious problem before the country today. There are many reasons behind it, monetary, financial and those concerning production and distribution but of these the most important one is perhaps that concerning production. The economic and industrial policies of the Government of India, which have resulted in this crisis in production, are responsible for the economic crisis through which India is passing today.

The main reason for this crisis in production is the inability to obtain capital goods. It is true that the world today is suffering from a shortage of capital goods, but if the Government of India had followed a sound policy and bestowed proper attention on this problem, the position of the country as regards capital goods would have been better. Foreign trade has all along been in the hands of private traders and there has been an absolute absence of any policy, so far as the Government is concerned, in the matter of foreign trade.

Coupled with this, the prevalence of countrywide corruption contributed to a great extent to the failure on the part of the Government to secure capital goods which the country so badly needs for its industrial development. The Government of India also failed to take full advantage of certain types of exports in which India has a privileged position. If the Government had mobilised the resources of the country, prepared in time some sort of an inventory of goods which India has to import and gone ahead with a determined policy and programme, the position would have been much better. It is now time for the Government to take over the entire foreign trade in their hands. But while taking over the foreign trade the Government should create an agency independent of their depart-

ments, with full power and authority to deal with it.

Another important thing connected with production crisis is the refusal of the business community to be satisfied with a smaller margin of profits. The big business in the country has been non-co-operating with the Government in respect of investing money in new enterprises with a view to securing better terms from the Government for itself. If big business had played its game well, the production situation in the country would not have been so bad. Unless all elements in the country come to an understanding as to the limits that should be placed on profits and prices, I am afraid the economic problems in the country will not be solved peacefully—rather there will be every danger of upheavals, riots and revolutions.

The Government of India today are busy with huge projects which will take a long time to be implemented. It is unwise on the part of the Government to undertake such huge projects in imitation of the developed countries of the West, when the secondary and small industries need development and succour.

Those who are at the helm of affairs in the country today and those who swear by the name of Mahatma Gandhi unfortunately put little credence on the policy and programme of decentralisation of industries so strongly advocated by Gandhiji. In the present context of the economy of India, decentralisation of industries is the next best alternative to solve the economic crisis but it is regrettable that except paying lip sympathy no attempt is being made by the Government in this direction.

I would recommend to the Government to make a serious study of the smaller industries, a study

of their character, requirements of raw material and technical hands and their markets; and prepare a scheme within a few months in order to make a planned beginning in the field of these industries.

With regard to the development of agriculture, the mainstay of our people, I am sorry to say that though there have been huge schemes, no substantial work has been turned out by the Government since their assumption of power. I think the Government could have put into practice some short-range schemes which might have yielded better results. If some minor projects are undertaken by the Government at a lesser cost but with a view to rendering benefit to the largest number of people thousands of acres of land could have produced food for the people and the Government would not have to spend 67 crores of rupees on the Grow More Food campaign.

The problem of corruption is no less formidable. Unless there is a drastic reform made in the whole system of administration, unless a real attempt is made to check and root out corruption, from top to bottom, nothing that the Government will undertake is going to succeed.

If the Government have the mind to tackle this huge problem of inflation, they should organise an Economic Civil Service formed of those who have knowledge, ability and practical experience and who are inspired with different ideals from those of law and order which are the sole inspiration of the existing civil service.

Not only the creation of an Economic Civil Service but the rooting out of corruption should become the first national priority. The Government should enact new legislation to root out corruption and to impose exemplary punishment for corruption in the administration. The Government should appoint a secret commission drawn from the High Court and the

Supreme Court judges and empower them with fullest authority to enquire into all cases that might be brought before it and give a decision which should be final. Attached to the Home Department there should be a new secret service which should be appointed solely for the purpose of ferreting out corruption from the labyrinthian chambers of the Government Secretariat.

All employees of the Government should be asked to make a declaration of their properties, movable and immovable, at the end of every year or two. The Government also should have the right to enquire into any acquisition of property for which there is no basis. Neither controls nor any measure to fight inflation can succeed unless corruption is removed from the administration.

It is suggested in some quarters that in fighting inflation labour should play its part. But labour in this country is greatly discontented, because its primary problem has not been solved as yet. The minimum demands of labour for living wage and housing have not been conceded.

Last, but not least, is austerity. Luxury and expenditure on unnecessary things must be curtailed. Compulsory savings in various forms must be undertaken and payment may be deferred to a future date, whether they are payments of profit bonus or interests of other kinds.

Unless every one in this country realises that he or she must have to sacrifice and sacrifice in equal measure, we are not going to make anything of the freedom that has been achieved at a great cost. Not only the people of India but the people of whole Asia are looking towards Delhi to see what may be done by the Government to solve the problem before them and usher in an era of prosperity and happiness for this vast continent.

PROHIBITION

by P. V. G. RAJU

(Raja of Vizianagram)

BELIEF in prohibition is one of the statutory obligations of all Congressmen, as embodied in the rules and regulations of the Congress Constitution. This tenet is now being applied in a practical manner and prohibition on a full scale in Madras Province is to be achieved by the first week of October. The case for individual abstinence has never been questioned—but today the case for national abstinence has come as an administrative measure. A purely moral object has thus been merged with the larger and vital issue of the national economy. Whether prohibition is a moral issue or also an economic issue has to be decided and the benefit of the individual evaluated, on the background of the benefit to society.

There is no doubt that from purely a moral plane abstinence from alcohol is one of the finest virtues. In India the case for abstinence is closely connected with moral regeneration of people sunk in poverty and frustration. But apart from the righteousness of the moral issue, the practical enforcement of mass abstinence has always tended to failure in the past—religion, which is surely the greatest force in the world, having so far failed to deal with more than the individual relation between vice and godly living.

From an economic viewpoint prohibition is to cost the public exchequer somewhere between 22 to 24 crores—16 crores by way of loss of Abkari revenue and 6 to 8 crores by way of the cost of enforcing the new basis of public morality. The 16 crores represent a 16% tax and one expects to find a release of 100 crores' benefit of new purchasing power to the community. There would have been appreciable gain had the revenue been the outcome of purely imported alcohol, the product of a foreign effort in man-hours in agriculture and industry.

But the bulk of the revenue is derived from a tax upon the indigenous alcoholic industry a very low percentage of which is drawn from scientific industrial organisation. The capital output value of alcohol in the country has come from agriculture, labour wages, agricultural rent. A very vital and substantial percentage of these, derived from a cottage-alcoholic industry, is now lost to that section of the people which was producing this product of common consumption. On the other hand, this redistributed wealth has not been allowed to accrue to the benefit of the consumer. The resultant loss in revenue sustained by the Government has immediately been offset by the withdrawal of the economic benefit by the introduction of an enhanced rate of sales tax. Thus we have the tragic anomaly of the assessed 10% drink addicts of the population, enforcing the cost of prohibition upon the 90% non-drinkers. As a result of this, Government are hard put to find the wherewithal for running the existing administration. They are also deprived of the financial surplus now so vitally required for planning and organising a better way of life for the common man.

The administrative difficulty of enforcing prohibition is enormous. Apart from the cost of enforcement, the Government have been forced to use the services of all the security forces such as the police. A new vigilance is needed to bring to book all those who offend against prohibition. The provisions of the Act are obnoxious as they make direct inroads on individual liberty. The evidence of guilt in the case of alcoholic drink is the least conclusive; for, in determining it too much is dependent upon the bonafides of individuals who cannot at all times be expected to be above personal rancour. In the present context, it will surely be worth our while to



study the background of the United States prohibition history which began in 1919 with the introduction of the Volstead Act and the 19th amendment of the constitution and was finally abandoned by President Roosevelt in 1932. During this period the Federal Government sustained a colossal loss. A crime wave that threw out such notorious figures as Al Capone, crept over America during this period.

Prohibition has so far failed on account of inherent administrative difficulties. It has brought low not only the esteem of citizens for the authority of the Government but also caused in them a conscious dislike of the very foundations of law and order. The policy of prohibition has failed to improve the morals of the people or better their economic condition. Objective improvement of the people must not be bought at the economic expense of the Government and of the people. If the common man is to benefit from the non-use of alcohol, he must teach himself gradually to abstain from its misuse to excess of his forefathers. The State which is the conscious expression of corporate living in society should aid in helping the citizen, both directly and indirectly to conquer this enemy, sapping at the vitals of his economic and moral well-being.

The direct method that the State can employ to combat the drink evil is to use the educational method in schools and colleges. A new and healthier outlook must be built up in the younger generation. All the machinery of the modern State to generate propaganda must be used and in the democratic set-up, the various political parties must

avowedly help in spreading the gospel of abstinence. The various heads of the religious bodies should be contacted and the inspiring force of religion must be utilised in converting the masses. The indirect method that the State can employ is to raise the tax on alcoholic products. These should be made very prohibitive in cost. The accruing revenue would then be borne only by those who can be classed as addicts beyond redemption. It would immediately cut across the drink habit of partial drinkers and make them consciously exercise judgment for the sake of saving expense. At the same time it would increase the cost of drunkenness and limit the number of cases of total drunkenness. It will well be worthwhile for the State to become the national distiller. The State can then help to control the percentage of the alcoholic content in the liquor offered for sale, thus effectively minimising its evil effects.

If, even after all these methods, the problem of alcoholism is not successfully solved, the State could resort to devices like the rationing system, curtailment of the number of days alcohol can be sold and enforcing a time period after which no drink can be sold. In addition to these, a "poll-tax" may be levied on all registered users of liquor. It will be possible to study the age groups of delinquents, the social, cultural, caste and religious groups in which the drink habit is most prevalent, and to restrict finally and successfully the habit of alcoholism without, as is now being attempted, merely tinkering with the problem of the enforcement of prohibition.

Nationalism, according to Marx, withers away when the national ego is satisfied. Any Irishman, looking at Britain and the British Empire, could only remark, with a certain dryness, that it certainly withers very nicely into Imperialism. Any Irishman, looking about him today in Ireland, can only remark wearily that Nationalism is an appetite that grows by what it feeds on... I do not believe that patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel, but I do believe that chauvinism is, and although I have never studied the life of the original Sergeant Chauvin, who caused himself to be lowered into the grave by knotted tricolours, I should be greatly surprised if he did not also climb in the world under cover of the flag.

—SEAN O'FAOLAIN.

RUSSO-GERMAN RELATIONS

by V. SUBRAMANIAN

THE Berlin crisis has again brought to the headlines the subject of Russo-German relations. To understand this, however, a proper appreciation of its historical background is necessary.

Russia from the time of the Mongol invasions had become a strong unified monarchy and all her later expansion in Asia and the South was due to her strong central Government. Again the centre of gravity of Russia has never been completely European. Though from the time of Peter the Great, Russian armies had participated in European wars and Russian diplomats in the counsels of Europe, the main stream of Russian life has never been seriously affected by the eddies and cross-currents of European politics. One will have to bear these two salient points of Russian history in mind to understand Russo-German relations.

Germany had none of these two characteristics. For ages, she had been politically divided, and frustration is the keynote of her long history. Secondly, situated right in the heart of Europe, she has enjoyed all the advantages and disadvantages of such a position. Sometime after the evolution of many small Germanic kingdoms, Charlemagne succeeded in bringing all of them, with France, under his sway, and the Pope hailed him as the Holy Roman Emperor. It was an evil day for Germany when this happened, for after the death of Charlemagne and the division of his empire, France practically gave up her dreams of a Roman empire, and became a strong national state. The Germanic princes, wedded to the empire-idea, thereby tied up the future of Germany with parts of Italy, and never succeeded in uniting Germany politically. Perhaps, left to herself even thus, Germany might in time have become a strong unified nation state under the name of the Holy Roman Empire. But the Reformation,

which brought life to many other countries, sealed the political fate of Germany. Rent by religious schisms Germany toiled on, and the Thirty Years' War was the culminating point of her troubles. Germany's population was nearly reduced to a third of its original strength, and all Germany lay in ruins. Before Germany could recover it, Napoleon humbled her again and again, nor did the Congress of Vienna or the intellectual ferment in the early 19th century bring any relief to the political ills of Germany. When at last a barbarian from the forests of Prussia came, and by blood and iron welded Germany politically into one empire, Germany shook herself up like a young profligate who had been too long denied his legacy by his guardians. Dreams of conquest and world domination began to take shape in her mind. The long history of national frustration, the frustration of a gifted people by political disunion, ended at last, not by evolutionary methods, but by force by a barbaric outpost of European civilization, Prussia. This has been the cause of many of Germany's mental maladies.

As regards her relations with Russia, they have been of the most cordial nature till 1914. Russia after Peter the Great began to look to Europe for cultural inspiration, and shunned by the more advanced countries like France and England, she naturally found a friend in the little German kingdoms, especially Prussia. Export of princes and princesses has been the main trade of the Germanic duchies for long, and in Russia they found a very good market indeed. From Catherine the Great onwards, as Charles Saroba points out in his analysis of Russo-German relations, all the wives of the Czars were German princesses, and the last of the Romanoffs was more a German than a Russian. Also the intellectuals and aristocrats of Germany who could not find full scope for their

talents in the little Germanic principalities, went to Russia where they were welcomed. All the departments of the Russian state were infested by Germans for long. The Czars, often truer to their blood than to their country, actually saved Prussia from disaster many a time, even at the expense of Russian national interests.

Had the two ruling houses in Germany and Russia continued, all this might have continued. But the war of 1914-18 swallowed up both the Hohenzollerns and the Romanoffs. Germany lay prostrate at the feet of the victorious Allies, while Russia had gone through an epochal revolution and emerged out of it strong, defeating all the armies sent against her by the emigres and the Allies. The German and the Russian people were now face to face without kings and courtiers. For a time, there was a lot of mutual sympathy between the two countries, as fellow outcasts from the comity of nations and friends in distress. A strong Communist party was growing up in Germany, but by a combination of circumstances there was no revolution in Germany but a weak republic holding together the pieces of Germany left by the Allies. Under the stress of postwar sufferings, Germany began, to have her ancient maladies of despair, vengefulness and the consuming willingness to submit to anybody who would lift her up. Hitler, the evil genius of Germany came, and built up Germany into a strong autocracy. But this time Russia had not only thoroughly reorganized herself in every way, but had also begun to take part in the counsels of Europe.

Hitler however never for once concealed his anti-Soviet feelings. Viewed against the long historical friendship of both the countries, this seems strange indeed. Bismarck, the father of modern Germany, the iron man who declared that Germans fear God and naught else, really feared Russia more than God. A Russian army in Berlin was the nightmare of this otherwise strong-willed statesman, and Russian friendship was the very sheet-

anchor of Bismarck's diplomacy. Long after Bismarck, all German statesmen had been afraid of a war on two fronts and were always friendly to Russia. The antagonism of Russia to Germany in 1914 was mainly due to the inordinate stupidity of Kaiser Wilhelm II, the sabre-rattler and amateur diplomat. Hitler however seems to have believed that a war on two fronts was not necessary. France he took to be beneath contempt, and he considered himself as the leader and deliverer of the Western European civilization against the onslaughts of barbarians from the Asian steppes. That he sincerely believed in his messiah role, even after the beginning of the war in 1939, after the fall of Norway and France, is revealed clearly by the Hess episode. He perhaps considered the Western Allies as just decadent old men who must just be brought to their senses by force to make them join in his holy crusade. (Of course America had not come into the picture then at all).

Stalin knew perfectly well what he was doing when he signed a pact of non-aggression with Germany in 1939. He fully used Hitler's pre-occupations in the West to build up his Baltic and Balkan fronts. What Stalin left out of calculation was the knock-out lightning speed with which France fell before the Nazi Blitzkrieg. His whole time-table was thereby upset and the Nazi onslaught caught him unawares. Russia however stood the test. It is no exaggeration to say that it was the heroic Russian resistance that really won the Allied victory. The heavy losses sustained by Russia however stagger our imagination. The loss in life alone amounts to twenty-five millions, equal to the population of Spain or Poland or a third of the population of Germany.

Defeated and prostrate Germany however offers a far greater problem to the Allies than all the problems of the war. The absolute planlessness of the Western Allies is evident from every act of the occupation Governments, and their inability to conclude a treaty with

Germany so far. America by herself is quite willing to resurrect Germany as a unified independent unit, provided she toes the line of American policy. England is not quite so sure that she wants a strong Germany again, what she wants is a manageable Germany, as a member of the Western European Union. France certainly does not want a strong Germany, and would perhaps have Germany divided as in the pre-Bismarck days. Thus the very problem of German unity is still undecided. Meanwhile the Pope and a small number of Catholics seem to believe in a revival of the Holy Roman Empire. Of the minor problems of Saar, Ruhr and Austria, the less said the better. Of only one thing the Western Allies are sure, namely that they must not allow Russia to grow strong in Germany or communize it, and they still do not know how exactly to do it. Whatever unity there is in their actions is born more out of the fear of Russia, than a unity of aim among themselves.

On the other hand Russia with her simple theory of Communism, dictatorship of the proletariat and the materialistic interpretation of history, knows clearly what she wants, namely to convert by example, propaganda and force, Germany into another Soviet republic, which she has accomplished to some extent in her occupied zone. Stalin even in the heat of war very carefully distinguished between the German people and the Nazis. Again in spite of the inhumanities of German soldiers in killing 25 million Russians, he has not indulged in any retaliation. It is too early how-

ever to say whether the Russian experiment will succeed. Cold theories of economics are matched against the historical mental maladies of Germany in defeat and the age-old hatred of the Teuton for the Slav. But Stalin must have learnt a lesson from Tito of Yugoslavia that even in a communized country, nationalism and racial kinships are never completely dead. But whatever preference the Germans might show to the Russians or the Americans, can only be one of degree, for they must naturally hate all these as oppressors. Stalin will not thus find the problem of Germany any too easy to tackle, even setting aside all opposition from the Western Allies. About the opposition in aims and ideals of the Western Allies and Russia, everybody knows that it has led to the virtual division of Germany into two entirely separate halves.

The position of Germany torn between Russia and the Western Allies is pitiable indeed. Should Germany however openly join up with the Western Allies as the spearhead of an anti-Russian Europe, the fate of Germany is sealed, for Marshall aid can do much but cannot dislodge Germany and Russia from their geographical positions. In the final outcome, whether Russia or America dominates, Germany will surely suffer greater horrors than she did even during the Thirty Years' War. The only safe course for Germany would be to build up a third force along with the Western countries of Europe and of this at present there is very little possibility.



Put any company of people together with freedom for conversation, and a rapid self-distribution takes place into sets and pairs. The best are accused of exclusiveness. It would be more true to say they separate as oil from water, as children from old people, without love or hatred in the matter, each seeking his like; and any interference with the affinities would produce constraint and suffocation. All conversation is a magnetic experiment.—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN: STORY WRITER

by JOHN HAMPSON

[John Hampson, distinguished British novelist and literary critic, came out to India early this year and returned to England in the middle of July. His visit to Madras, on the invitation of the Provincial Government, was in connection with the study of juvenile delinquency. Mr. Hampson who is keenly interested in this subject has been doing research into the different aspects of the problem for sometime now on behalf of the British Broadcasting Corporation.]

Leading among the group of writers known in pre-war days as the Birmingham School which includes F. L. Green and Walter Allen—all of them realists “interested in rendering the life of the man in the street as they see it, and not as wish-dreaming would like to make it”—Mr. John Hampson shot into reputation with his first novel *Saturday Night* at the Greyhound which was published by Virginia Woolf and her husband Leonard Woolf at their famous Hogarth Press during the spring of 1931. His other novels are: *O Providence*, *Strip Jack Naked*, *Family Curse*, *Care of The Grand*, and *The Larches*—the last one written in collaboration with L. A. Pavey. His latest publication (1947) is *The English at Table*, a lively, informative, and interesting account of dishes and delicacy, of the fine art of English cuisine.

“Bombay seems very busy and rather a hustle, especially at certain hours. I like it, for it is the first city in India that I got to know, so, that I have a kind place in my heart for it, and its name is beautiful, so full of vitality and so challenging. But I love Madras, too, it's a word from childhood that made coloured pictures for my mind and then I love it too, because it ‘feels’ Indian in my pre-conceived view of India's treasure trove.” The extract is from a letter that Mr. Hampson wrote, prior to his departure to England, to Mr. Manjeri S. Isvaran, to whose forthcoming book of short stories (readers of *Swatantra* are familiar with many of them), entitled *No Ankletbells for Her*, he has contributed the following valuable introduction. The letter shows how remote in his nursery days he had fallen under the spell of India—a magical name to him.—Ed. S.]

THE short story has roots which go back deep into the ancient past, linking up ourselves, who get our stories through the medium of radio, film, and printing press, with those who gathered round, eager audience for the teller of tales. And many of the folk-tales which entertained mankind in those early ages have come down to us as part of our great heritage of culture, a culture which is not confined within the bonds of race or creed. The poets and the tellers of stories can claim an advantage over the painters, sculptors and composers, since the tools they use are words, the

common currency of communication. And while we may not be able to hear or read the poems and stories in the language in which they were originally given to the world, we may have the chance of knowing them in translation. Many people when confronted with the cultural achievements of another race find themselves quite untouched by masterpieces of sculpture, paint, or music; they are unable to make the adjustments necessary for the understanding of a conception so alien to their own traditional standards. This explains why so few people from the West



JOHN HAMPSON
(By Courtesy of the Sculptor, Gordon Herick, Birmingham, England)

appreciate Eastern music, why so few Eastern people are impressed by the great painters of the West. But such barriers hardly exist between the East and the West where literature is concerned, for words have become part of us, and we find it hard to believe that there was ever a period in which mankind lived without the benefit of language, for speech has become so natural that we take the use of words for granted. Today we find the stories of English, French, and American writers in the bookshops of Madras and Bombay, the stories of Indian and Chinese writers for sale on the bookstalls in Paris, London and New York. This exchange is a sign of the times, a token of better understanding between the East and the West, a prophecy of the widest cultural exchanges which will ultimately take place between the races of the world. Today, as never before in the history of mankind, the teller of stories has potential powers for good, or for evil, since the peoples of the world, torn by war and famine, are slowly turning from material values in quest of spiritual experience. They are turning to the ancient sources of

consolation and hope, to the noblest aims of human endeavour, to the works of art, which offer evidence of high purpose and integrity.

During the past thirty years the art of the short story has been a constant pre-occupation with the writers of the West, through the steadily widening influence of the Russian master Chekhov whose work came like a blast of cool sweet sea air, through the dusty rooms where readers drowsed sleepily over stories made stiff and rigid by stale convention. These new stories had a freshness that combined simplicity and subtleness, that offered whole new vistas of experience to the reader. Yet these new and strangely exciting stories had a jewel-like clarity, which made them akin to the classical folk-tales of antiquity. But the great writer is a dangerous model for his lesser brethren, who while they must read and derive from his work, must not fall into the error of producing dead reflections of living masterpieces. It can be claimed for Chekhov that he revitalised the art of short story telling in the West. But we cannot blame him for the failures of his many emulators, who in their pursuit of his trends, forgot to tell us a story. Nowadays the confusion has become so widespread that many authors label their sketches and studies with the proud title of story. They will argue, too, that a story need have no beginning and no end, that like the slick snapshot of an expert photographer, it need only serve a momentary impression of mood or movement. But like the prints of the photographer, such works quickly fade into oblivion. One can carry on such a discussion interminably without ever arriving at what a short story really is, but readers who wish may apply a simple test for themselves to the stories in this or any other volume of stories. All they have to do, after reading, is to ask themselves these questions: Had the characters any life before they came into this narrative? Will their lives go on afterwards? If the answers to these queries are positive then they can be quite certain that the author has indeed told them a story.

This definition of the short story while simple, does not exclude experiments, and readers of this and his earlier volumes, will recognise that Manjeri S. Isvaran is a bold and adventurous writer, constantly widening his field both by experience and experiment, but with the knowledge of his medium which makes his work valid for those who believe that a sketch or an essay does not merit the description of story. There is an odd idea that the public does not like short stories and this is, I think, partly due to the fact that the novelist has gained the widest popularity with a literate public. The commercial tendency is always to give the public what it is thought to want. So for every short story writer of distinction one can think of fifty novelists. But the story, among the earliest of art forms existent, is one that will never die. One has only to remember the children and their love of stories to realise this. If you discuss the subject of writing with an author, you will usually find that he has tried to produce short stories during the early days of his career. And only those who have tried to write short stories can know just how difficult the task is, if the aim is high, and has a more distant target than the shiny magazines. Most widely-read people will, I am sure, agree with me, when I suggest that the taste of the public is improving. But the process is slow, and the only way it can progress is for writers to maintain high standards of conception and integrity. The short story has played a very large and important part in fostering public taste during the last three decades and most of the important novelists of the West have produced short stories, some of them excellent and valid experiments in a difficult field. Among English novelists alone are volumes of stories by writers such as James Joyce, Virginia Woolf, E. M. Forster, Forrest Reid, D. H. Lawrence, Elizabeth Bowen, Graham Greene, William Plomer, and T. F. Powys: each of these writers has produced work which would grace any anthology of short stories. Yet if one thinks of writers whose fame rests chiefly on the short stories one realises quickly that the short story is by no means a quick, or easy way to fame. Looking back over the last fifty years how many writers in Europe or America owe their fame to the short story? I imagine few of my readers will be able to draw up a list of even a dozen names, and that in spite of the impetus given to the art by Chekhov whose name few would omit. But the short story has gained a new solidity, and writers in America, encouraged by the success of O. Henry, have succeeded in establishing themselves as short story writers. Among them Sherwood Anderson, William Saroyan, Katherine Anne Porter, and Eudora Welty have gained reputation on both sides of the Atlantic. The influence of American writers of fiction, especially of the novelists, made a considerable impression in Europe after the first World War. Authors such as Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner and Scott Fitzgerald were widely discussed and eagerly read. Their material was fresh, their technique stimulating; they were iconoclasts, breaking down old standards and offering new; above all, for war-jaded European audiences they attacked the established canons of taste and style. For a time it seemed that America, in turning her back on European culture, would give the western world a new renaissance in the arts. But the hope was short-lived, for the novels, which had so dazzled on their first appearing, quickly dimmed, and on re-examination, made one wonder why they had ever been so highly extolled, so barren are they of the qualities which go to the making of enduring literature. Time has quickly cracked the brittle surface once so impressive, revealing the hollowness under the virility, the falseness of ideals which glorified violence and irresponsibility. In spite of such sentimental failures of conception, the directness and terseness of American writers has influenced the short story. And a debt of some magnitude is readily acknowledgeable for the break with tradition, and the lively experiment. American short stories, with very

few exceptions, have a curious quality of anonymity, which often lends a pleasing air, reminiscent of the folk-tale, while the work of their European contemporaries is strongly marked with the writer's individuality. The amount of experimental work done in the West since the turn of the century is sufficient proof of the vitality of the short story as an art form. But when one comes up again to the question of reputation, few indeed are the writers who have made a genuine name for themselves out of this difficult task. Among English writers, perhaps Rudyard Kipling and certainly Katherine Mansfield could claim places in the list, though neither of them are so highly regarded as they were twenty years ago. To this list many English people would add the names of Malachi Whitaker, L. A. Pavey, Leslie Halward, H. A. Mahood, Peter Chamberlain, Dorothy Baker, H. E. Bates, and perhaps most important of all, A. E. Coppard. As one might suppose, among the first to announce the arrival of this new star was Ford Madox Ford, who had already done so much for the short story writer in Paris, London, and New York. A writer himself of very considerable gifts, Ford was also an editor of brilliance. His help, influence, and enthusiasm established many gifted young writers. And up to the end of his life he fought valiantly and vigorously both the public and the publishers for their neglect of the short story writers.

The short story is a form that often attracts the talents of poets, whose gifts make them often masters of this form of writing. Walter de la Mare, Stephen Spender, Dylan Thomas, Robert Graves and William Plomer, for example, have each given brilliant demonstrations of their skill in the art. The poet is trained in economy, he has a strong sense of form, the eye and the ear for the most subtle sights and sounds. His craft enables him to take experience and clarify it by the integrity of his imagination. The result is a short story which is not exhausted by a single reading. Mr. Manjeri S. Isvaran is a poet who writes short stories and this is the

fifth volume from his pen. His first book of stories appeared seven years ago under the title of *Naked Shingles*. In it the young author shows a tenderness and feeling for life that is both exciting and impressive. He uses the technique of a realist, enforcing statements with the lucid perceptions of a poet. No theme is too humble for the gift of his imagination, he can write of the simple villager, of children playing, of superstitious women and jealous men. His first book of stories shows achievement as well as promise. "Beginnings," "The Kolu," and "The War Memorial," while giving some idea of his range and method, are exquisite examples of a poet's prose. Each of his subsequent books shows an extension of imaginative experience, each contains stories which will delight the reader of sensibility. But Isvaran does not turn his back on the sordid and violent, for he has the unblinking eye of integrity. He knows that degradation of the spirit, selfishness, greed and hate play baleful parts in the social structure of today; he castigates the materialism, the apathy, and indiscipline which hinder India's progress. He hates cruelty and intolerance. Should any of my readers be unfamiliar with earlier books I urge them to seek for copies, for it seems to me that *Naked Shingles*, *Angry Dust*, *Rickshawallah* and *Fancy Tales* all contain items which will delight the discerning. One of the most stimulating qualities about these books by Isvaran is their range of interest and variety; each story begins a new adventure for the reader who will ask himself: What now? What next? It may be the ironic "Angry Dust," the delicious breath-snatching "The Toilette," the heart-rending "Gap in the Wall," or a moving love story such as "Consummation." In *Fancy Tales* one can imagine the author sitting at dusk in a garden of flowers telling his stories and tales to us, children of all ages, sitting close to his feet, and asking greedily for more, more, more. But this delightful volume will charm the sophisticated as well as the simple, for the tales are decorated

with subtle humour and fragrant beauty.

In this, his latest collection of stories, Isvaran again shows a mastery of subject. The title story demonstrates his power in the art of story telling. He takes a simple incident such as most people would hardly notice, investing it with beauty, irony and excitement, so that some memory of it will linger in the reader's mind long after he has laid the book aside. All the items are valid examples of the story. Isvaran experiments with form and technique with a considerable degree of success. He brings the wisdom and the folly of the Past, contrasting them with the knowledge and fickleness of the Present; he accuses us, forces us to consider our aims in life. He is a moralist, but not a stern bigoted fanatic who bids us turn our backs on life, rather he bids us face it, but face it with courage, dignity and wisdom. He has no use for the blind-folded, for those who stuff cotton wool in their ears, for the smug and the complacent. Such people rouse his anger and contempt, he will attack them with fierceness and bitterness, pointing to the holes in the garments of the self-satisfied. In this new collection is a story "The Serpent Gem" written by T. J. Ranganathan in Tamil which Isvaran has translated into exquisite

English. It is a tragedy told with poetic elegance and imagination. Isvaran, haunted by its lilting tenderness, has with the daring of sympathy, written a sequel which brings about a happy ending for the heroine. This recalls his folk-tales, and by his magic we can accept the twist which restores life to the broken heart of the enchanting creature Ulundayi. Of the other stories I have been specially delighted with "Between Two Flags," a spirited comment on India's acquisition of freedom, "Peaceful Was the Night" which deals with war and peace, and the bold experiment, "Counsel For the Defence." But, really, choice is unnecessary; for as I ponder each over in my mind, surely mention must be made of the love story, "Revelation," and the touching account of an event in the lives of ordinary people in "At His Nativity", which also symbolises the birth of Lord Vishnu, has qualities of haunting tenderness and compassion.

This volume should gain many new readers for Isvaran, and among them, surely others like myself, specially grateful to the author for writing his exquisite interpretations of Southern life and custom, in a language which can play still an important and legitimate part in adding to the world's knowledge and understanding of India.

A young naval student was being put through his paces by an old sea captain.

"What would you do if a storm broke on the starboard?"

"Throw out an anchor, sir."

"What would you do if another storm sprang up aft?"

"Throw out another anchor."

"And if another storm sprang up for'ard, what would you do?"

"Throw out another anchor."

"Hold on," said the captain, "where are you getting all your anchors from?"

"From the same place you're getting your storms."—
The Friend.

GOVERNMENT GENERAL HOSPITAL IN MADRAS

by H. C. MILLER

[T is difficult for any honest man to stay for long in a hospital without deciding that God is either fiction or a fiend. In an Indian hospital, hell-spot of concentrated wretchedness, he might incline to the view that men individually and collectively are mere perpetual sport for some infernal inquisition. It is a pity, he might think, that the great among us, politicians and statesmen, who acquire some sort of spurious merit by "opening" hospitals, might not live in them for a while. Perhaps it would help them to understand what simple people mean when they ask for more and better hospitals instead of faster aeroplanes and more efficient explosives.]

The Government General Hospital of Madras, I was given to understand, is the finest hospital in the East. Recently I spent the better part of two months there; so I have been able to discover just what that statement implied. I was fortunate enough to occupy a small private room of my own so that only occasionally was I troubled by the unpleasant sounds and sights of a suffering humanity. Everyone was very courteous to me and I was repeatedly assured that I could have anything I wished for. I did ask for several things. For instance, while I am by no means a fastidious person, I rather like having utensils such as salt-cellars at least clean enough to permit the salt to pour out. I remarked on it a number of times but the salt-cellars which appeared thrice daily on my food-tray were invariably too encrusted with dirt to allow the smallest grain a free passage. I drank water, on more than one occasion, to discover, too late, that it was unfiltered, from tumblers which would have been the better for a good scrub. The thermometer popped regularly into my mouth by charming if misguided nurses was never once sterilised.

I do not imagine that I could be dubbed a class-conscious person, whatever that might be, and, indeed, I am perfectly ready to welcome a sweeper as my bosom friend. I am all for Harijan uplift and I welcome any attempt to improve the lot of the masses. Nevertheless I have an unfortunate but natural aversion to close contact with dirty people and there were times in the hospital when I was obliged to submit to intimate tasks which I would have preferred cleaner persons than sweepers to perform. Enemas, for instance. Now an enema is a fearful thing; it destroys a man's dignity, however much it may benefit his bowels. The fact that it was administered by a sweeper did not help my peace of mind. I once saw a three-year-old child, just beginning to recover from tubercular meningitis, being held by a sweeper when it was weighed. Perhaps I am wrong but I had thought nurses more qualified to perform these small but important tasks.

The hospital boasts an abundance of shining white tiles which are regularly washed; but I suspect that the appearance of cleanliness they present is wholly counterfeit. The institution is remarkable for the absence of that clean antiseptic odour always and properly associated with hospitals. I never once saw antiseptics used for washing purposes, save for the doctors' own hands. Is the Madras Government so utterly impoverished that their fine hospital is denied a few cans of carbolic acid every day?

Now the bravest of us—and I am not he—is apt to quail before the dentist's chair or the surgeon's table. Anticipation, of course, is the worst part of it and I confess I found myself hot with anger when I was kept waiting four hours without food before being taken to the theatre for a minor operation. There

was no justifiable cause for this delay. Seven years of war have left me with little feeling at the sight of blood, but I thought that other and perhaps less robust persons might not have found a blood-soaked floor in an operating theatre of any benefit to their confidence. I once lay on the table for ten minutes watching a sweeper attend to the particularly bloody remains of a delicate and protracted brain operation which had just concluded. It came as a surprise, too, that even the theatres lacked that proper atmosphere of antiseptic; a musty, stale odour was always noticeable.

Most of my fellow-patients were very poor country folk. Their ideas of sanitation are not very advanced and I thought it rather a poor reflection on the staff to see them, as I did daily, picking lice from each other's hair. Surely someone could have suggested that they wash occasionally? That their babies be taught to use lavatories instead of the hospital floor? I had hitherto believed that hospitals insisted on patients being bathed and given clean clothes before admission. If this were done in Madras perhaps the strong smell of unclean humanity from the general wards, particularly the women's, might disappear.

Then there was the tiny boy I found lying on his tummy in a plaster cast. He had tuberculosis in some of his little bones and he had been lying there for quite some time. He never laughed or cried and only rarely made any sort of sound. I wanted to take his tiny hand in mine but I really could get no nearer than a yard without retching.

There is an abundance of servants in the hospital. These servants encourage the belief that a word from them to the doctors would mean a far greater chance of recovery. And this, of course, costs our poor villager his hard-earned annas. If any one remem-

bers me for very long in that hospital it will be because of an encounter I had with one of these pocket Shylocks. But the timid villager continues to suffer. Matron, R.M.O. and lots of other very important people came to my side to assure me that the culprit would be punished. And so, indeed, he was. He was dismissed for about three days. Now he is back again robbing the suffering poor as efficiently as he can. And I can never forgive the hospital for charging me fourteen annas for the four anna tumbler I threw at his head.

The doctors, no doubt, do their best. Many of them became firm friends of mine during my stay there; friends I should be sorry indeed to lose. I know they will welcome and admit much of my criticism. But their early idealism is hardly encouraged and they are certainly given a bad start. Several times I ventured forth from my little white room to take coffee in a canteen provided for house-surgeons and students of the adjoining medical college. I do not understand how young men and women can be expected to learn anything of the practice of even elementary hygiene when, in the college where they are supposed to learn it, they are obliged to eat food in an excessively dirty, fly-ridden canteen.

Until recently medical students and house surgeons at the hospital were given free medical attention if they required it. This has now been stopped in order, I was told, to bring the hospital into line with other institutions. I shall not insult my readers' intelligence by commenting on this.

But there, I have said enough. Oh yes, there is quite a lot I could write in praise of the hospital, but I am not going to cancel out my complaints by doing so. These things must be remedied if Madras is to continue to give the lead to India.

"Too much money chasing too little skirt" during the last war was one of the contributory causes of the present-day juvenile delinquency.—Dr. Searle-Jordan.

Short Story

The Home-Coming

by Padma Seshadri

THE hands of the clock pointed to eight o'clock as Vijayam came out from the kitchen into the hall, a little satisfied smile on her face. The dinner, consisting of Tara's favourite dishes, was in the oven, keeping hot; the milk pudding was done exactly as Tara liked it; Vijayam had also kept a cup of milk in case Tara liked to drink a cup of strong coffee after her tired journey. Tara, like the average South Indian, was an inveterate coffee drinker and Vijayam could not find it in her heart to disappoint the child on the day of her home-coming if her desire was for a cup of coffee. As the clock finished striking, Vijayam went to the front verandah and called out to the chauffeur, "Ramoo! Time to take the car to the station!" The car glided smoothly out of the gate in answer to her order.

The night was serenely beautiful. The whole countryside lay bathed in the silver moonlight. As Vijayam made her way back into the hall, she recalled that it was on such a night as this that she had given birth to Tara. The moonlight had thrown queer, funny shadows in the room where she had lain in labour. Even in the midst of the intense physical torture, she had had an overwhelming desire that the child should be a girl. The unspoken rivalry between husband and wife dated as far back as that; so that, while the husband wished for a boy, whom he could bring up according to his standards, the wife felt that all her anguish would have been in vain if the child were a boy. She recalled, after all these years, the sensation of fierce triumph that had invaded her, as, lying spent and weary after the ordeal, the doctor had held out a beautiful baby girl before the young mother.

Her triumph, had however, been short-lived; for as the child grew in years, she observed a marked intimacy between the father and the daughter. It was to "Mother", indeed, that Tara ran, when she fell and hurt herself or was in need of comforting words and gentle tender hands. But in her joyous moods, she invariably turned to her father, and as Vijayam heard the childish prattle, she was aware of a deep bitterness within her.

Tara, even as a child, had sensed the vaguely antagonistic atmosphere in the home. Besides an instinctive feeling of sympathy with her father, she had not bothered herself much about it. She was a bright child with a natural aptitude for learning; so that, when, in her sixteenth year she matriculated, she was naturally eager to go to college. In this desire, she met with unexpected opposition from her conservative father, who did not want to send her away among strangers. Her mother, however, quick to see her advantage, had vehemently sided with Tara, with the result that Tara had set out from her home six months ago to go to a college in the city, where she boarded in the girl's hostel. It was a two-fold triumph for Vijayam, as, besides gaining her point as against her husband she had thrown aside all barriers and conventions for the sake of her daughter.

The mother's heart rejoiced in the fact that among the whole neighbourhood there was none to compare with Tara either in beauty or learning. She recalled now with a quick thrill of pride the big imposing armful of books that Tara had taken with her to college. Now, her daughter was coming home for the first vacation, after an absence of nearly six months. The home-coming would be all the more poignant as this was the first time Tara had been away from her parents.

Vijayam sighed and looked at the clock. It was almost time. There was a strange feeling in the pit of her stomach; this long wait was telling on her nerves. Her eyes hardened in momentary anger against her husband, who would not, even on this day of days, come down and wait with her to welcome the child. She could not, in her ignorance of the man upstairs, realise that he waited with as passionate an intensity as she did.

The sound of the car in the drive put all else out of her mind as she went forward swiftly to welcome her daughter. Tara got down from the car, looking so fresh and beautiful that her mother's heart turned over in exquisite rapture. Tara's vivacity was infectious; with an eager smile she embraced her mother. "Oh, Mother dear, how divine it is to see you! Where is father?" Her eyes strayed round the hall and clouded with disappointment. "Ramoo! Put my things in my room."

Mother dear, I'm so happy I can't eat a morsel. A cup of your strong coffee will do, mother. Just a minute while I run up to father!" and without waiting for her mother's answer, she ran up the stairs to her father's room.

Vijayam stood dazed, a hand to her weary head. All the hundred little things she had planned to say died in her throat as she saw her child run up the stairs. Still the same Tara, her heart cried out in anguish, searching out her father to share in her joy. With a strong effort, she ignored the dull ache in her heart and went into the kitchen. At sight of the milk she had so carefully put by for just such a contingency as this, her spirits revived and she set about preparing the coffee. Her heart sang within her at the thought that her child was back home again. She pictured them, mother and daughter, chatting intimately over their cups of coffee, and her spirits soared.

Having mixed the coffee, she poured it into two cups and brought it outside to the hall. As she set the tray on the table, her eyes unconsciously strayed to the clock. Tara had been gone for fifteen minutes! A girlish peal of laughter floated down to her. She realised that probably, for the time being, Tara and her father had forgotten the world. She crept slowly up the stairs, every fibre of her being quivering nervously lest she be caught unawares, and paused outside her husband's door. She could hear them talking, talking of dear and intimate things; peeping through the keyhole, she could see the light of happiness that shone on Tara's face. She could not bear to stay any longer; her pride would not allow her to open the door and call out to Tara. Slowly she descended the stairs; the light had gone out of her eyes as the joy from her heart. Almost mechanically, she went and sat at the table where the cups of coffee stood, as miserably cold and forgotten as herself.

Seeing that Tara was bound to come downstairs sooner or later, she got up wearily, and taking the coffee into the kitchen, put it in the embers of the dying fire, to keep it warm. As she returned to the hall, her eyes again sought the clock. Tara had been with her father for a full hour! Just then she heard the light patter of feet down the stairs. Despite herself, her heart gave a stupid little lurch as her daughter ran towards her. Catching hold of her mother's hands with a caressing gesture, Tara said, "Mother dear, I'm so sorry. My goodness, you've been waiting more than an hour! I completely forgot that you were waiting up for me. Oh mother, father asked you not to wait for him. He

said he would finish writing and go to bed." The mother frowned. In an annoyed tone she exclaimed, "Just like him to sit and scribble even on this first day of his daughter's return! Couldn't he have come down now and finished his blessed writing tomorrow?" Tara's heart sickened—so the old trouble still exists, she told herself.

Vijayam meanwhile, had brought the two cups of coffee and set one before her daughter while she retained the other in her hand. Fondly she asked, "Are you quite sure you don't need anything else, my dear? The dinner is your favourite one and I've made the milk pudding specially for you!" Not getting any answer to her query, Vijayam looked up and was startled to see Tara's face twisted into a wry grimace; her delicate nose was wrinkled up in disgust. There was a slight note of vexation in her voice as she asked her mother, "Mother! The coffee smells stale, as if it was prepared hours before-hand. You know I do not like my coffee to be re-heated; I cannot bear the smell!"

Vijayam was aghast; there was no milk left; she had used it all up lavishly, on the milk pudding. She said, and there was mute entreaty in her voice, "Tara dear! What a fuss over a mere nothing. The coffee is excellent, dearest. I don't take coffee at nights, as you know, Tara. Yet my dear, see I have taken a cup for myself, as I know that the joy of having you back will not let me sleep anyway. Come on Tara. Drink it up. Do not waste a cup of perfectly good coffee!"

As if in obedience to her mother, Tara lifted the cup to her lips. Almost immediately she put it down with a hopeless gesture. "Oh mother, I really can't take even one sip. All I asked for was one cup of coffee and here you have spoilt even that for me, mother!" There were tears of vexation in her voice.

The mother was stung to the quick by these unjust words. "Spoilt it, have I? You ask me to prepare coffee while you said you'd be down in a minute. Is it my fault that the coffee grew cold while you chatted with your father for upwards of an hour? After all, your father ought to have had sense enough to send you down sooner, travel-stained and weary as you were!" The words were almost wrung from her; she was at the end of her patience.

"Here, mother, stop this. Why do you drag father into this? Surely he can't be blamed for my refusal to drink this awful, nauseating stuff?" The girl was excited, too, and eager to defend her father. The words tripped one over the other while she hardly realised what she was saying.

"That's right! Blame me! Fool that I was, to have slaved and slaved for the past week, if this is the sort of thanks I get!"

"Oh mother! Leave me alone! If this is the sort of home-coming I can expect, I had better stay away for good!" Tara rushed from the hall to her room, and slammed the door behind her. Her eyes brimmed over and she wept bitterly—tears of weariness and vexation. "Why, oh why, can't mother and father be like other folk?" cried out her heart.

Vijayam sat where her daughter had left her. Her eyes were bright with unshed tears; her face worked queerly, while, with an almost superhuman effort, she retained her self control. The cups of coffee, cold again, seemed to mock at her. With a fierce gesture, she poured the coffee down the sink and returned to her place. In her heart was a great weariness—an empty, dull ache that refused to be dulled.

After the first burst of stormy, turbulent tears, Tara sat up on her bed and looked about her. At the sight of the dear, familiar room, something seemed to rise up in her throat. Swallowing hard, she opened the door

a crack and looked out. Her mother sat in the same position; there was something infinitely pathetic in the way she sat, so utterly lost and weary. At the sight, Tara's heart smote her; her love reached out to the lonely sufferer.

With a rush of tenderness, she ran to her mother, while the words tumbled eagerly, one over the other. "Mother dear! Please forgive me. I was overwrought and did not know what I was saying. Don't let us spoil this first day, mother, this day that I have looked forward to ever since I left home! There are a thousand things I wanted to ask you, mother. What do you say to having our chat now, mother dearest? I'm not feeling sleepy at all; neither, I am sure, are you. How would it be if I began with the first of my numerous questions—why did you have to stay up and do everything? What has happened to the cook?" A smile lit up the mother's face at this typical question. The petty vexations in her heart disappeared leaving only an eternity of love towards this daughter of hers; this, this was the moment that she had looked forward to, and a vast peace stole over her as she settled herself comfortably to enjoy this long-deferred pleasure.

THE RESETTLEMENT OF SIND REFUGEES

by H. L. MANSUKHANI

ACCORDING to ascertainable data, Hindus of Sind owned 30 lakhs of acres of rich agricultural land and had thirty lakhs of acres more on lease. Since the partition of India, forcible occupation of property has been a marked feature of the Pakistan regime. The Sind Economic Rehabilitation Ordinance defined "abandoned" property as a consequence of which Hindus were forcibly deprived of their properties under the fiction of law.

Here is a typical case. A zamindar who was staying on his lands and got the same cultivated for the 1948 season under his personal direction and supervision left for Jodhpur to see his family. When he returned after an absence of six days he found that he had been divested of his property under the

provisions of the Rehabilitation Ordinance.

In this way Hindus of Sind have been dispossessed of property worth several crores of rupees. They have subsequently migrated to India and filled in the claim forms. Hopes were thereby created that the Government of India would make substantial advances against duly authenticated claims and assist in the resettlement of this class of persons. But they have not been realised.

The plight of the dispossessed class of Sindhis is specially hard. The Punjab refugees have the partitioned Punjab as their own with all the essentials of an independent corporate existence and the attributes of an autonomous Government. They have everything on

which they can rebuild. But the Sind refugees are dispersed all over India and no co-ordinated efforts have so far been made to give them the basic essentials on which they could build and be resettled.

Thus the problem of the resettlement of Sind Hindus, who owned lands and other properties, who manned the public services, who had 20 representatives in the provincial legislature and one in the Constituent Assembly of India and who controlled and managed so much of business and of whom large numbers made a living on petty trading, is quite distinct from that of the surplus seven or eight lakhs of the Refugees from West Punjab.

Hindus of Sind who have lost and abandoned so much due to the partition and who have spent away their reserves in quest of resettlement are entitled to a fair compensation out of the evacuee property which the Government must carefully freeze. This is the legal and moral responsibility of the Government. When an explosion on the Bombay docks rocked the city not many years ago, the Government liberally compensated all those who had suffered losses. The ravages of the explosion of Pakistan have reduced to ruin properties worth crores. Yet nothing substantial has been done by our Government.

Sindhi refugees have special claim on India. Their present plight is the direct result of the partition plan accepted by the Congress. The party which agreed to it is the party in power today. This party must therefore own the full responsibility and discharge the liabilities incurred. The necessary and logical course of action is that the claims of the refugees must be analysed and assessed. In India, even today, Pakistan Muslims hold properties through agents and letters of attorneys. With one foot

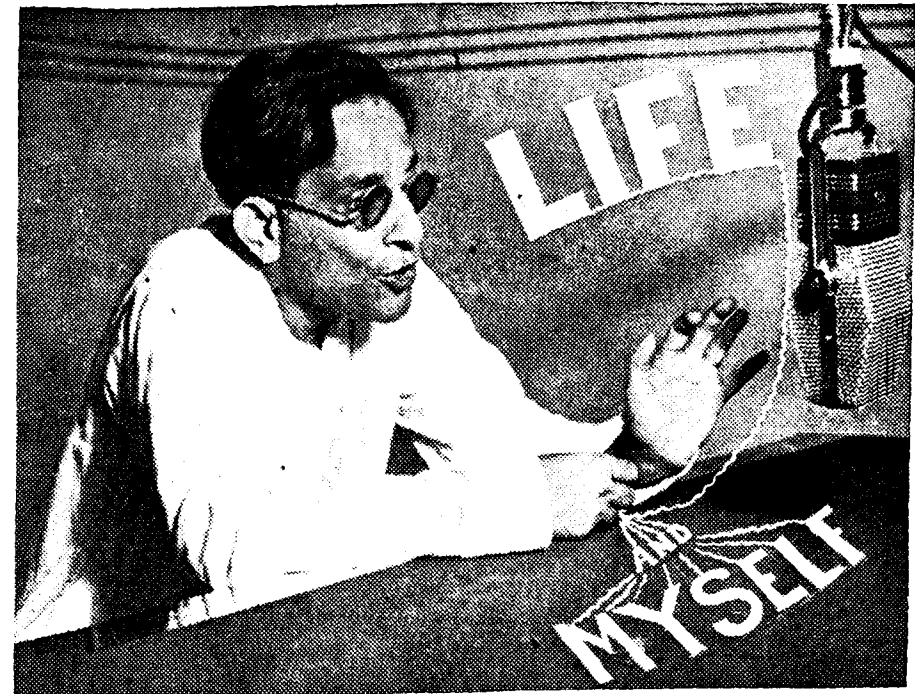
in Pakistan and the other in India, they are making hay while the sun of our democracy and brotherhood shines. Therefore, the obvious remedy is that all Muslim property held fictitiously and whose owners have left for Pakistan should be frozen by Government. This course of action will facilitate the solution of the Refugee problem.

So far the policy of the Government has been to keep the vacuum created by migration of Muslims unfilled or allow the same to be fictitiously filled in. In many cases the posts of substitutes caused by leave vacancies of Muslims which gave some relief to refugees have been refilled by returning Muslims throwing the distressed refugees on the streets. Similarly in trade the gaps which could legitimately have been filled by refugees were left unfilled and then allowed to be refilled by the Muslims from Pakistan.

The problem of rehabilitation of Sind Hindus could be tackled on this natural basis alone and the gap could then be filled in by a liberty tax or by the issue of liberty bonds. Camps providing cattleshed shelter, rations giving the bare sustenance or paltry loans to a small proportion of refugees will not solve this problem.

If Sindhis have lost 400 to 500 crores worth of property, it will require at least 100 crores to resettle them permanently. So far no plans of the Government of India have analysed this problem in this light. Sind Hindus may be dispersed all over India but the estimates must be made on proper data and the centre must own the burden and the responsibility that was implied in the acceptance of partition without the exchange of populations and properties, which should have been foreseen as an inevitable part of the whole scheme.—N.P.S. (Copyright).

Taumatawhakatangihangakoauauotamateapokaiwhenuakitanatahu. This is the name of a hill-top near the New Zealand village of Porangahau. It is claimed to be the longest place name in the world. The next longest name is that of the Anglesey village of Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllandisiliogogoch in Britain.—From "The Times" (London).



*Harindranath
Chattopadhyaya*

HYMNS HARIN HUMMED

ANYTHING which has its roots in the heart is everlasting; even if it be a least small vibration unnoticed and unguessed of men. It finds its way into the texture of evolution and is a contribution to the whole upward thrust of life—whether it be just a mood, a feeling, a tremor of response to beauty or to sorrow. It is the privilege of the poet to catch mood, feeling, tremor and response in a network of notes and words and put upon them the indelible, unbreakable seal of the eternal. The hymns of the world bear such a seal, beyond the shadow of a doubt—the language in which they have been written hardly presents itself as an obstacle to one's reaction to them—nor does the melody in which they are cloth-

ed lack an instantaneous appeal. Indeed, the test of truth is its capacity, in its inspired forms, to move across and through the world with a self-evident spontaneity and certainty. It defies the pathetic patchwork boundaries created by man in his vulgar effort of self-aggrandisement and personal prowess. The many-stained geographic maps of the world, somehow, stand self-cancelled to one self-same all-sustaining, all-pervading hue when they come face to face with authentic truth. The inspired poet can conquer the world with a song—and defeat the narrowness of secular religious fanaticism. Whether it be a bhajan from Mira or Tukaram, or a hymn from the great Christian writers—the sensitive of

spirit will not be able to build conventional walls of caste and creed to shut out the power and the message they bring to humanity.

I have always been a lover of bhajans. Even in my younger days, when, in the middle of the night, I caught strains of hymn-chanting floating across a mile and piercing through midnight stillness, I would creep stealthily out of bed and, breathless with expectation, walk the lonely road ways until I reached the spot from where the music came. I have spent whole nights listening to singers of Tukaram's *abhangas* and Mira's wonderful songs on the blue-bodied Flute-Player. Since childhood, too, I have had a deep reverence and devotion for Christian hymns. In fact, when I visited the Grammar School Cathedral in Hyderabad on occasional Sundays and joined in the choir-singing, my voice, which was exceptional when I was young, used to ring through the whole cathedral and even make its columns vibrate. I had become celebrated for my singing of hymns. In fact, every member of our family has been familiar from a very early age with the hymns of the Christians—not to speak of the Holy Bible itself.

Some Christian hymns, however, wake up in me very different emotions from what our own Hindu bhajans do; even as Sufi *ghazals* touch my heart with their own peculiar flavour. Invariably, in time of trouble and anxiety, I find myself breaking into either of two hymns which have been my favourites for years. They happen to have been Gandhiji's favourite hymns as well. "Abide with me" and "Lead Kindly Light".

There is something strikingly universal in these two hymns—since they are examples of the purely inspired heart at the moment of unwavering and absolute union with the Creator. The cry is straight out of the heart; words cease to be mere words—in fact, they are almost conversational. The utterance holds the spontaneous unspoilt unostentatious simplicity of the beloved conscious of the Lover, the servant conscious of the Master, the child

conscious of the Parent somewhere—but certainly and, beyond the shadow of a doubt, hovering like a divine Presence about and around.

"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide

The darkness deepens, Lord! with me abide"

and then again

"Lead kindly light amidst the encircling gloom,

Lead thou me on...

The night is dark, and I am far from home..."

The lonely of heart, when all things have failed and it feels deserted and lost, cries out in the darkness for Light, for Grace. I have cried myself times out of number during my life.

I had forgotten to sing these hymns for several years; if at all they came back to me on occasions, I only hummed them to myself until humming gradually grew weaker and weaker and vanished without anybody sharing a note of it. But when Sita came into my life, in order to assure her of my familiarity with the religious atmosphere and culture in which she had been brought up, I started to sing Christian hymns with full throated ease. She was, at first, taken aback to find that I was so intimately one with them; she could hardly believe her ears—and for a while suspected that I was not a genuine Hindu! But gradually I taught her to take a broad view of life and humanity; explained to her that every religion was true at its source, and that it wasn't the fault of any religion if men insisted on narrowing and corrupting it to suit their own little personal ends!

After a time I found Sita trying to impress upon me that it was through the fault of her ignorant drunkard father who had become a convert from Hinduism to Christianity that she was forced to accept the latter religion herself. With a feeling of proud assurance she told me and even today, sometimes, tells me that her mother, a splendid soul, was a Jain and did not touch flesh food and hated the smell of liquor

—although, poor woman, she had to cook fish and mutton every day of the passing years to satisfy the carnivorous appetite of a father who came tottering and stumbling home every evening with a live coal look in his eyes and the stink of cheap country liquor in his mouth!

Today Sita moves about like a typical Hindu woman, and, those

who have known of her deep, deep loyalty, inspite of my many subsequent disloyalties and betrayals both of her trust and her lifelong devotion to me, remark and rightly, too: She is a real Sita, the Sita of mythology, in a modern world proving the old tradition of Hindu wife and woman both in spirit and letter.



MASS WEDDINGS IN CHINA

by V. G. NAIR

A social revolution is now taking place in China. One of its distinguishing features, the mass weddings introduced by Madame Chiang-Kai-Shek about fourteen years ago which aimed primarily at dispensing with the waste and extravagance of ordinary weddings, have become increasingly popular in these days among the middle-class Chinese. The go-betweens, marriage gifts, bridal processions, sumptuous feasts, pomp and pageantry of the olden days are no more needed for these weddings. Wedding events devoid of the traditional

customs and conventional ceremonies, celebrated on a mass scale, are the new order that prevails now in Chinese society. This is the inevitable outcome of the terrific economic conditions created by the Sino-Japanese War. Commodity prices in China nowadays are skyrocketing. Mass weddings are considered a great boon to the economically hard-hit Chinese society, for they have done away with the conventional ceremonies involving huge expenditure and much waste.

The New Life Movement inaugurated by Marshal and Madame



A Chinese Mass Wedding

Chiang is sponsoring these weddings. First regarded as a modern curiosity, they are now conducted on a large scale in Nanking. The expenditure is meagre and the ceremony simple. The couple to be married are charged a small sum to cover the cost of marriage certificates, bride's bouquet, printing cost of application forms and a press notice. In some cases, the receipts hardly cover the expense of the weddings and the sponsoring association makes up the deficit. The economy usually takes no more than one and a half hours to complete and ends with a group photograph taken of the couples and the witnesses.

In India, middle-class Hindu girls of marriageable age are suffering under several social disabilities. The first and foremost among these disabilities is the abominable dowry.

In Kerala, Tamilnad and Andhra-desa, there are many young girls who could not be married for want of dowry. The evil is prevalent in a more virulent form among the educated classes than among the illiterate masses. In Kerala a father of moderate means who could not raise sufficient money for dowry to get his six grown-up daughters married in time, took to the yellow robe and escaped to Benares! The girls then married according to their own choice. No dowry was paid. These plucky girls are now living happily. Cases of suicide, elopement, illicit love, etc., resulting from the evil effects of the dowry could be cited without number. In free India, free marriages must be our ideal. No more should we remain slaves to dowry and conventional ceremonies. In the removal of these evils lies the happiness of the young.

They have a new name for shipbuilder Henry Kaiser—
Sir Launch-a-Lot.—SKYSCRAPERS.

FIRST
and BEST

MYSORE SANDAL SOAP

Cleanses and beautifies! Recommended for use on the most sensitive skins.

Available everywhere.

Govt. Soap Factory, Bangalore.

SPOTLIGHT ON THE



NEITHER side has "climbed down" since the break of Marshal Tito, Communist Premier of Yugoslavia, from the "nine-headed dog of the Kremlin," the Cominform. The Iron Curtain has been so rigid that those this side of it have very little specific information regarding the why and wherefore of the rift, though there have been indications that even as early as three years ago Marshal Tito was straining at the leash which bound him to the Moscow-dominated All-Union Communist Party. One year ago the foreign press reported a statement made by a British Brigadier in Austria that the Yugoslav Marshal was learning English and could recite correctly his favourite nursery rhymes, "Go to bed, you sleepy head," and "The owl and the pussycat went to sea,"—an irrefutable indication, so it was suggested, of incompatibility with regard to linguistic preferences with the anti-English Soviet and the Cominform!

This year the 'Rude Pravo,' Communist paper in Prague, printed in July just before this year's Congress of Yugoslavia's Communist Party, a communique from the Cominform. It laid certain charges at the doors of Marshal Tito and three of his Communist Ministers, Edward Kardelj, Milovan Djilas and Alexander Rankovic, head of the OZNA, Tito's secret police force considered the most efficient of its kind in the world. The communique condemned what it called their "anti-Soviet conceptions" and declared that the Yugoslav Communists identify the policy of Soviet Russia with that of imperialist powers and they treat Soviet Russia in the same manner as they treat the bourgeois states." The Communists also had instructions from the Cominform to

"change the Communist leaders in Yugoslavia" and to "raise from below a new internationalist leadership." Rumours had it that Marshal Tito, on his side, was exerting undue pressure on the Soviet representatives in Belgrade. He also delayed collectivization of the farms—a pet scheme put forward by the Cominform—and offered a substitute—farm co-operatives. His earlier proposal for a Balkan grouping of Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Albania had met with nothing but suspicion and resentment from the Cominform. And on the eve of the Danube Convention the Yugoslav Communist Party Congress sat in session till 2 A.M. engaged in the pleasant occupation of calling the Cominform names!

Marshal Tito spent his time on a little-known island in the Adriatic while his partymen replied to the Soviet charges calling them "slanders and fabrications" brought forward to "impair the prestige of the Yugoslav Communist Party." Thousands of telegrams were sent to M. Stalin protesting faith in the Soviet principles and ending with the quaint invocation: "Long live our teacher of love towards the Soviet Union, Comrade Tito, and long live our big friend, Stalin."

To explain simply, the 'Tito Affair' was just this. All over Europe there are non-Russian Communists who are beginning to feel more and more an urge to be themselves—Poles, Czechs, Hungarians, Yugoslavs, etc.—than mere Russian stooges all the time. Loyalty to the country is asserting itself over loyalty to the Kremlin.

More light has now been thrown on the Tito-Cominform rift by the publication of a series of six letters exchanged between the Central

Committee of the All-Communist Party and Tito. Copies of Moscow's letters to the Yugoslav Marshal are reported to have been slipped by the hundred into letter-boxes and under doors of Yugoslavians by M. Vishinsky when he went to Belgrade for the Danube Convention. Tito's Party then retaliated by distributing among the citizens his own replies to these letters.

The letters reveal that Marshal Tito had requested that the number of Soviet military advisers and instructors in Yugoslavia might be reduced since he had to pay them wages three times higher than those paid to his own Cabinet Ministers. Moscow replied by withdrawing all its staff from the satellite state. In his letter of March 20, Marshal Tito wants to know what exactly the U.S.S.R. meant by withdrawing all its experts from Yugoslavia giving the excuse that they were living in "hostile surroundings." The letter from the Kremlin a week later begins by referring to Tito's letter as "incorrect and completely unsatisfactory." The letter goes on to give categorically the reasons for Russian displeasure. "Yugoslav military leaders started to insult Soviet military leaders," it accuses and adds that "leading comrades in Yugoslavia are saying things like 'The All-Union Communist Party is degenerate'." Further, in Yugoslavia "capitalist elements are in full bloom" and "the Communist Party is being put to sleep by rotten opportunistic theories of peaceful absorption of capitalist elements." The letter also indirectly calls Tito a Trotskyite or Menshevik, an abuse which no Communist tolerates.

On April 13, Tito in his reply reveals the secret of the whole problem. "Even though we love the U.S.S.R.," he says firmly, "we cannot love our own country less....." Immediately after he pro-

tests against slanders levelled at his loyalty to the Soviet. He says, "We study and take as an example the Soviet system but we are developing Socialism in our country in somewhat different forms..... We do this..... because it is forced on us by conditions in our daily life." Still further he points out that "we feel it is incorrect for the Soviet Intelligence Service to recruit our citizens in our country for their service....." and "finally, even though we know that the U.S.S.R. is having tremendous difficulties reconstructing its homeland, we rightfully expect assistance....." A challenge is thrown at the Soviet to send a representative to Yugoslavia to study the problem on the spot.

From Moscow comes a blistering reply on May 4. "Your tone can only be qualified as unboundedly pretentious." It also charges that "Yugoslav leaders do not accept criticism in Marxist manner but in a bourgeois manner" and they "see no difference between the foreign policy of the U.S.S.R. and the foreign policy of the Anglo-Americans." The letter quotes a statement made by Tito as early as 1945 to the effect that "we do not want great powers to involve us in some policy of spheres of interest," as proving a weakening of his loyalty to the Cominform. Answering Tito's challenge to send a Soviet representative to Yugoslavia, the letter admits plainly that "it is not a matter of verifying individual facts but fundamental differences." On May 17 with Tito's hot reply that "not only our Party but our entire country is being insulted," ends the correspondence.

The Central Committee of the U.S.S.R. Communist Party wrote to the Central Committee of the Yugoslav Communist Party on May 22 denouncing Marshal Tito. Some weeks later the Cominform formally expelled the Marshal from its ranks.

I have never killed a man, but I have read many obituaries with pleasure—Clarence Darrow..... War would end if the dead could return—Stanley Baldwin..... You grow up the day you have your first real laugh—at yourself.

—Ethel Barrymore.



SSRINAGAR: "It must be wonderful to be a journalist", one is often told, "You meet such interesting people". We certainly do, but it is not generally known that most of these interesting people happen to be fellow-journalists.

Ever since the beginning of the Pakistani invasion of Kashmir, quite a galaxy of Indian and foreign correspondents have made the trip to Srinagar, in most cases combining business with pleasure—having a holiday in the midst of the world's most beautiful surroundings and at the same time 'covering' what is undoubtedly the most important and exciting 'news story' in India today. The arrival of the UNO Mission of alternate delegates has drawn an even bigger and more variegated crowd than usual and we have quite an International Press Colony here at the moment.

THE TWAIN DO MEET!

The two most interesting foreigners are the Cartier-Bressons, the world-famous French photographer and his Indonesian wife, happily married for fourteen years, thus defying Kipling and proving the baselessness of his "East is East and West is West" theory. Cartier-Bresson is the temperamental French artist, rather shy but full of energy, who has acquired a certain amount of Oriental informality and sentimentalism from his Muslim wife with a Hindu name—Ratna. She, on her part, has blended her Eastern reserve and modesty with French vivacity and loquacious-

ness. An odd but charming pair who can be seen going about cycling everywhere—he in Khaki shorts, bare legs and chappals, and she in a Panjabi costume. Of all the foreign correspondents who have come here since the beginning of the invasion, I think the Bressons, being nearest to Indians in their anti-imperialist ideology and in their informal, democratic ways, have learnt the most about Kashmir and about the aspirations of the Kashmiri people. And having seen him at work, I can say that Cartier-Bresson's vivid and candid pictures will tell the truth about Kashmir.

Another Frenchman in Srinagar is Monsieur Lagier, who is not a correspondent but a businessman, and is accompanying his New Zealander wife, who contributes occasional articles to Paris newspapers. Madame Lagier can out-talk any six persons at a time and is a charming conversationalist. The Lagiers' interest in and love for Kashmir (They have been here for two months) is most touching but rather surprising in a gay, young couple without any leftist political background.

The foreign brigade includes two Americans—or, rather, four, since both Trumball of the *New York Times* and Wood of the *Herald Tribune* are accompanied by their wives. Trumball's despatches from Srinagar, I find, are being fully exploited by the raiders' so-called Azad Kashmir Radio which is an index of their pro-Pakistan bias. But then

I suppose considerations of the American foreign policy override Trumbull's own genial nature and journalistic integrity. As *Saturday Evening Post* frankly admitted, "Russia lies to the north and so..."

ADVENTURE WITH THE ARMY

The two correspondents who really know most about the Kashmir situation, specially in its military aspects, are Sharma of the All-India Radio and Sahni of the *Indian News Chronicle*, both of whom have visited almost every front, some even more than once. They, along with Parasram of the Associated Press and Reuters (who, since then, has been replaced by the irrepressibly gay young Lazarus) accompanied the Indian Army force that recaptured Gurez in one of the most brilliantly conceived and daringly audacious operations undertaken during the present campaign. It was raining hard and as they climbed to the top of the Razdani pass, there was a fierce blizzard. On the upper reaches which they had to negotiate at night, it was snowing, too. And the three correspondents who had set out, imagining it to be a summer picnic, were soaked to the skin, shivering and with their teeth chattering in temperature below zero.

When they reached a hilltop position, the Army boys had three correspondents on the verge of pneumonia on their hands. Luckily the Pakistani troops, while fleeing, had left behind hundreds of blankets and each of the three was supplied with a dozen or more. But the cold had worked its way into their bones and they were still shivering. The Army has only one antidote for such a situation—Rum. But all the three were teetotallers and had never tasted liquor and so they hesitated before they accepted the offer. But then prudence triumphed over scruples and they agreed to take just a sip to warm their bones. It worked so well that the "just a sip" formula was repeated several times—till at least one of them was quite gaily intoxicated. General Thimaya still chaffs the correspondents about this incident.

It was there, twelve thousand feet up, and in the midst of a blizzard, that the correspondents wrote their despatches describing the capture of Gurez. It was so cold that they could hardly hold their pencils. And yet, I am sure, most of the people who read these despatches in the next morning's papers must have remarked, "Oh, I know how these correspondents work. They lounge lazily in a house-boat on the Dal lake, and describe frontline conditions from their imagination". Only in this case it wasn't true. And poor Parasram was ill for quite a while after his Gurez adventure.

WRITERS AND ARTISTS

It is a proof of the popular and democratic basis of the present campaign in Kashmir that it has inspired writers and artists in their

creative activity. Kashmiri writers like Premnath Pardesi and Somnath Zutshi and poets like Aasi (the proletarian cooly-poet) and Arif have written hundreds of short stories, poems and pieces of reportage since October last. Every alternate Friday, the Srinagar Progressive Writers Association meets on the velvety lawn of the Lal Mandi Park and you can hear verse and prose, mostly inspired by the present revolutionary situation. Short stories, reportage, poems, ghazals, radio scripts seem to be flowing steadily from the pens of the young writers of Kashmir.

Even outsiders cannot but be infected by this healthy and creative contagion. Shivdan Chauhan, the well-known Hindi litterateur and critic, came to Srinagar in October last with the Progressive Writers Delegation and has stayed on since then, helping in the organisation of the National Cultural Front. In the meantime, he has started on an ambitious and monumental research work—a Cultural History of Kashmir—which will not only have a permanent literary value but also definite contemporary significance as it will reveal the cultural roots of the present political unity of the Kashmiri people.

Among other little-known facts about Kashmiri history which he has discovered, Chauhan told me the other day of a primitive form of democracy that existed in certain areas of Kashmir. Voting at election of community leaders and village officials was compulsory for every adult and any one who failed to record his vote was punished by the community. A law like this would have a most salutary effect in our own times and one would not have the unedifying spectacle of Bombay's seventy per cent voters staying away from the last Corporation elections.

Mr. Narayanan of Messrs. Pakshiraja Studios, his partner Mr. Sriramulu and Mr. Gardiner of the Ceylon Theatres have made arrangements with Mr. J. Arthur Rank of England for the production of a Technicolour picture in India, under the supervision of foreign technicians. The Government of India is being approached for the necessary facilities, and it is hoped that the outdoors, to be shot in some of the most beautiful parts of India, will be finished by February.

But...
have you tried
NIRMAL
GLASSES



NIRMAL GLASS
WORKS LTD.
OLAVAKKOT MALARAR

The creative activity, engendered by the dynamics of the present situation, has manifested itself in the artistic field, too. And more pictures have been painted in Srinagar during the last eight months than in the last eight years before the tribal invasion from Pakistan. I am not referring to the propaganda posters and patriotic motifs in painting which Somnath of the Cultural Front has been doing with the zeal of a warrior. That use of art for patriotic awakening and mobilisation was natural as well as proper. But the remarkable thing is that the art of painting, as such, has received a phenomenal impetus in Kashmir during these exciting days.

**DON'T LET
COUGH
WEAKEN YOUR
LUNGS**

**TAKE KASAN
AND PLAY SAFE**

Kasan goes to the very roots of cough trouble, and brings you instant relief. Kasan is both a tonic and an antiseptic to your respiratory system, and it cures cough like magic.

KASAN
PROTECTS YOUR LUNGS
ANDHRA PHARMACEUTICAL WORKS, LTD.
BEZWADA (S. I.)



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

RAMAPADASAGAR PROJECT CONFERENCE—A REVIEW

by M. SIVARAMAKRISTNIAH

THE Ramapadasagar Project Conference held on the 27th and 28th August 1948 under the presidency of Sir S. V. Ramamurti was a grand success. It attracted several hundred delegates and several thousand visitors. The speeches delivered by Mr. I. Nagabhushanarao, chairman of the reception committee, by Desbhakta Konda Venkatappaiah in declaring the conference open and by Sir S. V. Ramamurti were magnificent. They breathed robust optimism in the feasibility and practicability of the scheme, though they also contained an under-current of strong criticism of the dilatoriness of the Madras Government in the matter of implementing it. The speeches delivered by Messrs. M. Pallamraju, Ayyadevara Kaleswara Rao, K. Lingaraju and L. Subbarao were more outspoken in their criticism of the attitude of the Madras Government towards it. The message sent by Sri M. Bhaktavatsalam to the Conference read by Mr. Kala Venkatarao was greeted with derision for it read as a message of despair, whereas the people had expected a message of hope. This message showed that the Conference was very necessary and that it was held not a day too soon.

Now the position with reference to this scheme is as follows: The investigation is complete. The engineers engaged have executed the investigation work most thoroughly. The designs and estimates are ready. The Government of India have accorded their administrative sanction and have agreed to advance all the money necessary for the completion of the scheme as they have done in the case of other parts of India—the question how much is to be treated as grant and how much to be treated as a loan being left to be determined later. The ryots in the area to be served

by the project have signified their assent to pay betterment contribution, inclusion fees and the water rates. According to a reply given by Mr. B. Gopala Reddi in the legislature, machinery worth several crores has already been indented for. This province has got the best qualified engineering personnel in the country. The need for raising more food is staring the Government and the people in the face and the position is getting worse every day. The threatening war clouds provide an additional argument for speeding up the scheme—not for dilatoriness. Why then is there this delay on the part of the Madras Government in sanctioning the work? Why do Messrs. Gopala Reddi and Bhaktavatsalam, the Hon'ble Ministers of the Government, complain of being hustled into starting the scheme? Is the complaint voiced in the Conference that Andhra-Tamil and Circars-Rayalaseema jealousies are standing in the way of starting of the scheme correct? We have been dreaming of a strong and closely-knit Indian Union. We import food into the Madras province from far-off places. Would it be better, more prudent, more profitable to import food from foreign countries like Sind and Burma than to get it from the areas to be served by the Ramapadasagar scheme?

The proceedings of this Conference show that people are becoming aware of their rights and their duties. It has also brought into prominence the change in the people's demands. It is hoped that the Madras Government and the legislature will sanction the grant of Rs. 50 lakhs which the engineers want to start the preliminary works connected with the project before the end of September 1948 and earn the gratitude of the millions that would be benefited by the scheme.



BOOKS & AUTHORS



WORK OF THE RAMAKRISHNA MISSION

There has been, lately, a considerable awakening in the Telugu districts to the culture and teaching of the Sri Ramakrishna Mission. It has been brought about by the enormous output of publications offered for the benefit of the Telugu reading public by the Mission with its headquarters in Madras City. The life and soul of this endeavour has been Sri Chirantananda Swami. He has left nothing to chance. Practically everything connected with the life and teachings of Sri Ramakrishna and his principal disciples has by him been translated into Telugu. A little library by itself has been the result. It includes biographies of Sri Saraladevi and Vivekananda; books on Bhakti Yoga, Karma Yoga and the teachings of Sri Ramakrishna; and a selection of the letters of Swami Vivekananda. In a Foreword to one of the books, Sir C. R. Reddi, Vice Chancellor of the Andhra University, pays a glowing tribute to the beauty of content and charm of style of the work of Sri Chirantananda. He says that in his own case a study of the divine story of Sri Ramakrishna, Paramahansa and his teachings had turned out to be a source of spiritual influence leading to considerable personal good—and the value of a similar inspiration in the case of every boy and girl was a thing not to be neglected. Sri Chirantananda is thus revealed to be an unostentatious social benefactor striving with indefatigable energy to create a healthy formative influence in the education of the young. Most of his work has been through translations of selected worthwhile material from other languages into Telugu—and he has brought to the task a fine aptitude and congenial flair. But he has done original work too of a valuable kind—and what is particularly noteworthy, he has applied the resources of journalism for spiritual research and the propagation of spiritual ideas on a very wide scale. The monthly journal, "Sri Ramakrishna Prabha" conducted by him has made rapid strides in popularity in a remarkably short time and won for itself enviable renown as a dependable and authoritative exponent of the culture and mission of the great saint of Dakshineswar.

Nowadays the value of the mother tongue as a vehicle for the spread of knowledge and enlightenment is everywhere readily recognised. Though an admirable organisation in every way one flaw perceivable in the running of the Ramakrishna Mission is the comparatively scanty regard paid to regional service through encouragement of regional initiative in the Telugu territory. This defect was pointed out to the Chief of the Mission in his recent visit to Madras City. The removal of the defect will multiply the scope and output, as also the quality, of the beneficial influence of the Mission in a large area admirably made for imbibing it.

United Asia. International Journal of Asian Affairs. Inaugural Number. Editors: G. S. Phoekekar and U. R. Rao. (United Offices, 21 Noble Chambers, Parsi Bazaar Street, Fort, Bombay. Price Rs. 5.)

World War II ended all progressive enthusiasm for true international relationship. The power of the dictators who could think of nothing but the exaltation of their own nations brought humanity to the infernal regions. But a few great souls like Gandhi and Einstein chastised mankind for its degenerate tastes. Conferences met and discussed the destiny of man. At the Inter-Asian Relations Conference Gandhi carried the ancient lamp of culture burning bright in his hands. Asia has become conscious of its unity within its nations, and it is for Japan now to realize its futility to build in the future a power on human skulls. The United Asia Magazine has made a good beginning in trying to bring together the thoughts of the elect. It contains a brilliant article by Prof. George Catlin entitled "Asia and the World" in which he wishes us to honour our saints. Especially our politicians must do it. Dr. Rammanohar Lohia in "United Asia: The Task before Socialists" says that on the Socialists of Asia rests the responsibility to save her "from the ruin of communal politics and the ineptitude of 'hanger-on' politics." We hope that the unimpeded continuity of this journal carrying articles of value and meaning would enable the nations of Asia to link the broken chains of affection, co-operation, and friendliness.

What Madras Premier Said

Replying to interpellations in the Assembly, Mr. B. Gopala Reddi, is reported to have pointed out that "the Premier stated that the report of his speech at Hospet" on the linguistic provinces "as published in the papers was incorrect". He is reported to have added that the speech was made extempore and in Tamil, suggesting that it thereby underwent distortion while being reported in the press. We were present as press correspondents at the public meeting addressed by the Premier at Hospet. We emphatically repudiate the innuendo that the Press resorted to garbled reporting of the Hon. Premier's speech. Sentence by sentence the speech was translated into Kannada by Mr. Tekur Subramanyam, President of the Bellary District Congress Committee, who presided over the meeting, thereby giving us unusual time to carefully note down what was said. It is a fact that the Premier did make the speech as correctly reported uniformly in all the Madras papers. It is highly deplorable that the speech made by the head of the Government before a big congregation should later be denied with frivolity on grounds of Tamil and extemporaneousness. Mr. H. Sitarama Reddi, the Industries Minister, who was present, when we remarked that the Premier's speech

might lead to controversy, said that he made the speech being fully alive to the consequences and that we could go ahead with our normal reporting.

At Hospet the Premier did say that the agitation for the linguistic provinces was kept alive only by the small percentage of the educated with a view to getting jobs, Ministerships and Governorships. Nor did he say this once; he repeated the same thing more than once in the course of that speech.

1. T. V. Krishna Rao of "THE HINDU" and "ANDHRA PATRIKA".
2. D. Gopala Rao, THE EXPRESS GROUP.
3. T. B. Kesava Rao, Editor, "NAVA-BHARAT".

Rayalaseema

It would be a happy day for all of us if the old Vijayanagar Empire is restored to its original glory and splendour by the formation of the Rayalaseema Province. Just as Krishnadeva patronised Tamil, Telugu and Kannada, the future Rayalaseema must recognise all the three as the regional languages.

G. M. GANGANNA

Yemmiganur.

THE MYSORE CHEMICALS & FERTILISERS, LTD.

WORKS:

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

REGISTERED OFFICE:

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

MANUFACTURERS OF:

Sulphuric Acid
Hydrochloric Acid
Nitric Acid
Chlorosulphonic Acid

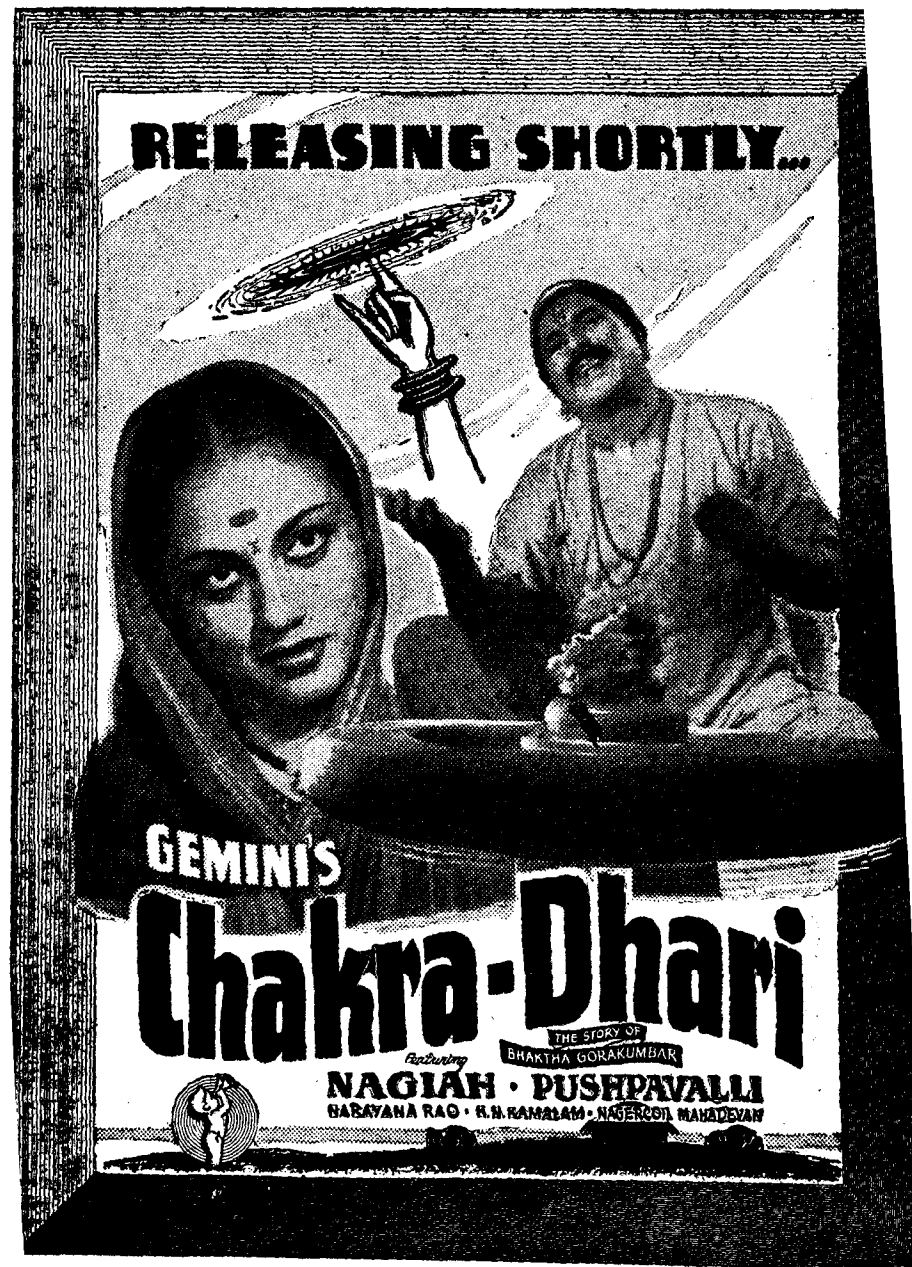
Liquid Anhydrous Ammonia
Liquor Ammonia, Forte and
Ammonia Compounds.

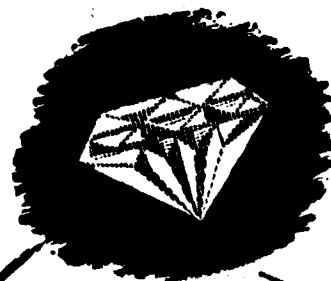
Sulphate of Ammonia
Mixed Fertilisers
Super Phosphate

for CHEMICAL INDUSTRY

for REFRIGERATION
PHARMACEUTICAL &
CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES

for AGRICULTURAL
PURPOSES





Diamonds & Diamond Mounted Jewellery

P

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

A varied selection of jewellery
of high style and exquisite
craftsmanship is always availa-
ble for your selection.

Vummidi
RAMIAH CHETTY GURUSWAMY CHETTY & CO.
Jewellers

33-35, CHINA BAZAAR ROAD, MADRAS.

038-98

THE ANDHRA BANK LIMITED

Estd: 1923

Head Office:

MASULIPATAM

Paid-up Capital & Reserves

Rs. 33,75,000

Total Working Funds Exceed

Rs. SIX CRORES

Madras Branch:

378, Esplanade

Thyagarayanagar Office:

81/82, Pondy Bazaar.

Mylapore Office: 49, Kutchery Road.

Branches & Sub-Offices all
over the Northern Circars:

All kinds of Banking
Business Transacted.

For Particulars:

Please apply to any office
of the Bank.

K. VARNASY,

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

General Manager.

SWATANTRA

VOL. III, No. 32

(SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1948)

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Cover Page— <i>The Late Qaide Azam with Fatima Begum</i>	4
Cartoon	5
Editorial Comments	11
Sotto Voce— <i>By Vighneswara</i>	13
Sidelights— <i>By Saka</i>	14
The Catamaran (Poem)— <i>By Ian Hoyle, S. J.</i>	14
From The Gallery— <i>By Groundling</i>	15
Ananda (Short Story)— <i>By "Mano"</i>	17
Spotlight On The World	19
Ramapadasagar Valley Corpora- tion— <i>By P. V. C. Rao</i>	21
Famous Madras Professor at Harvard— <i>(From Our Corres- pondent)</i>	23
Life And Myself— <i>By Harindra- nath Chattopadhyaya</i>	24
Women In Free India— <i>By R. L. Narayan</i>	27
Lest We Regret— <i>By Kamaladevi Chattopadhyaya</i>	29
Mechanisation, Or Poverty?— <i>By S. V. Ramanan</i>	31
"The Intellectuals Have Failed" <i>By B. Sanjiva Rao</i>	32
Linguistic Provinces— <i>By K. S. Venkataramani</i>	35
Peace Prospects In Kashmir And Hyderabad— <i>By Dr. P. Subba- royan</i>	38
Azad Qalam— <i>By K. A. Abbas</i>	42
Books and Authors	44
Letters To The Editor	46

SWATANTRA

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

SWATANTRA

VOL. III
No. 32

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1948

ISSUED
WEEKLY

HYDERABAD—THE LAST PHASE

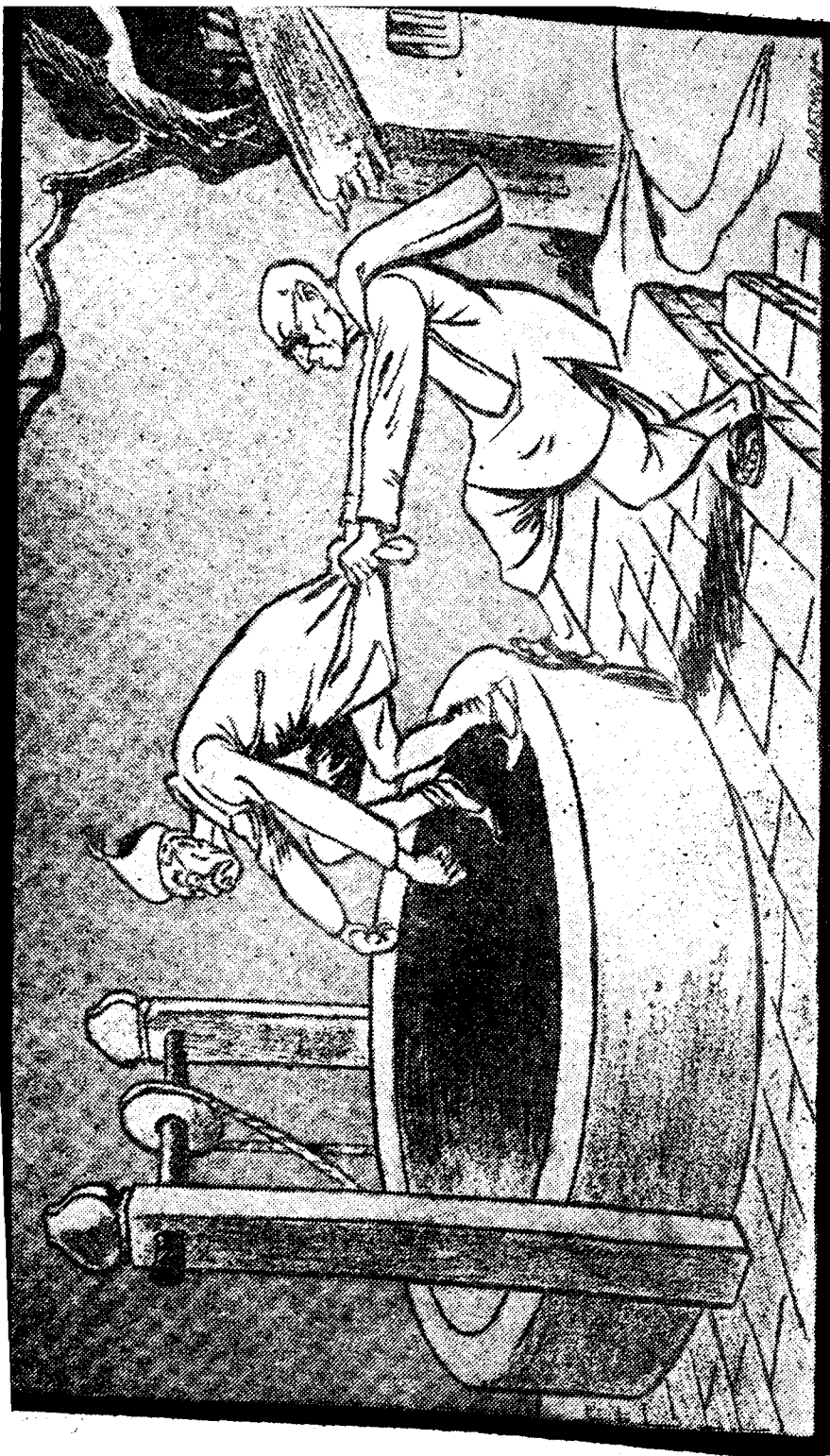
A T long last, a beginning has been made to end the intolerable situation that has been growing from bad to worse not only inside the state of Hyderabad, but also in the encircling periphery of it straggling through the Indian Union. The Indian Government has shown a degree of patience and restraint which will stand out prominently in the future. It has no doubt cost us some amount of loss in human life, property and prestige; but it will be found well worth while in the retrospect. The interval between now and the alleged lapse of paramountcy about a year ago has not been wholly wasted. The Nizam's henchmen have doubtless improved the shining hour to arm themselves to the teeth, and to prepare themselves for war. On our side, we have allowed all the world to see that our intentions no less than our professions were pacific, neighbourly and friendly, that we were not bitten by any kind of jejune jingoism, that we considered the people of Hyderabad as our own people, and that above all we bore no ill-will to the dynasty or the vested interests that had sprung round it during the British connection. But as it requires two whether to make war or peace, and as the spirit was wholly lacking on one side, the inevitable has come to pass.

While we have been content to wait and watch, we were the victims of a two-pronged attack aimed at us. War-preparations were going on at full speed; and a cold war was also conducted against us in the chancelleries of the world. The re-

buffs which the Nizam has received from a variety of sources have indirectly contributed to the vindication of our stand. The first and most spectacular failure was over the debate in Parliament. The star performer of the century was briefed to present the case of Hyderabad; and he did it by eking his facts out of his imagination and his arguments from the nursery! The Nizam's next attempt was to get an audience of the UNO on the strength of a mythical sovereignty which was unknown to international lawyers and juridical experts till now. It was coupled with a flanking movement which made personal appeals to rulers who reign but do not govern. Both H. M. the King of England and the President of the U. S. A. indicated their constitutional incompetence to come to the aid of a drowning potentate who was clutching at the straw of an imaginary independence. The latest move was an appeal to the International Court of Justice to take cognizance of the case of Hyderabad. The effect of all these moves on the diplomatic plane has been to familiarise foreign embassies with basic facts concerning Hyderabad's position historically and geographically. To that extent, Hyderabad has done us also an invaluable service.

Over and above all these factors was one of supreme moment to Hyderabad. It was, we have no doubt, the secret encouragement which she has been receiving from Pakistan for all her fire-eating proclivities. Sir M. Zafrullah Khan threw all proprieties to the winds

"I will drown. No one shall save me."



when he made his recent appeal (albeit indirectly) to the Indian Muslims to rise in rebellion against the Indian Union should there be any move of a military character against Hyderabad. Unfortunately however for Pakistan, this appeal has been rendered tragically inopportune by destiny itself which has deprived Pakistan of Mr. Jinnah at this psychological moment. It is an open question whether the nationals of Pakistan would recover sufficiently quickly from their great bereavement to stage an adventure to save the 'Islamic' state of Hyderabad from being overrun by the forces of the Indian Union. What is material to us is that the Indian Cabinet is fully aware of the dangers that encircle us, but that nevertheless it has found safety in action rather than in continued forbearance.

Now that we have crossed the Krishna and Godavari as it were, it behoves us to make a sober and objective appraisal of all the possibilities of the situation. The Indian army is being assigned a specific and limited objective; it is the occupation of Secunderabad with a view to restoring confidence inside the state and maintaining the rule of law, the eclipse of which synchronised with the withdrawal of the Union troops from Hyderabad territory after August the 15th of last year. If the march of our troops is to be obstructed, as seems likely, it would merely delay the programme, not destroy it. The Razakars have proved by their record that they are capable of fanaticism; it has manifested itself so far in terms of arson, loot and murder, not to mention worse atrocities with which the papers have been full to sickening for nearly a year. Let it be granted that they could also fight well-equipped armies with the same fanaticism. Hitler's hordes had the same virtue, but their trump card did not avail them in the end. If the struggle becomes a long-drawn

affair, it would provide further evidence in support of the action taken by our Government. For this subcontinent, notwithstanding its vast size, is not big enough to tolerate, much less encourage, two rival imperiums contiguously without any kind of natural and impassable barrier separating them. Even if the ruler of Hyderabad had been a Hindu, the problem in its political and strategic aspects would remain precisely the same. For a power in Hyderabad would be a standing menace to the power at Delhi. Neither can be at peace while the other exists in a spirit of active hostility. Delhi cannot afford to bow down to Hyderabad, for it is the container, and Hyderabad the contained. Obviously, therefore, the dreams of Hyderabad deserve to be scotched at the earliest opportunity in the interests of the country as a whole.

Another possibility is that Pakistan might try to weaken us by making a more naked attempt to push eastward into Kashmir. That would confront us with a fight on two fronts. Even then, it could only delay our reaching our objectives, not thwart us from reaching them. This was indeed one of the dangers that weighed with Pandit Nehru all these months. But the conditions of divided India being what they are, a fight on two fronts is *always inevitable* so long as there is such an entity as Hyderabad outside the Pakistan territorial limits. It does not matter therefore how soon or late we are called upon to tackle it. If we fail, it could only be through the inertia or incoherences of our national and emotional front. We would then deserve to fall. But we must liquidate once for all the threat to our existence from the mischievous potentialities of a predatory power planted so perilously close to the heart of our new-established state.

The next possibility is the starting of communal clashes leading to

the 'blood-bath' anticipated with lugubrious wishfulness by Sir M. Zafrullah Khan. The days when the Hindu qua Hindu was taught to fear the outbreaks of communal frenzy as a blot on his good name are gone. If anything, the Hindu has to be repressed these days from acting in retaliatory savagery to the overtures of the rampaging Muslim qua Muslim. If in spite of the lurid lessons of the last ten months, the Muslim in the Indian Union is spoiling for a fight, we have no hesitation in characterising it as a desperate bid to commit mass suicide. For this very reason, as well as for the fact that many thoughtful Muslims in every province have already dissociated themselves even ideologically from the madness that is ruling Hyderabad, it is safe to conclude that there would be no gratuitous widening of the battle-front, no extension of the horrors of war into remote and unrelated parts of the country or groups or communities of the people.

Remains the last of the possibilities which is also the most dangerous. The UNO or Britain or America might intervene in this domestic dispute at a later stage in some devious manner or other to rob the Indian Union of the finality of a clear-cut and decisive action. But as at the moment it is but a remote possibility, we need not canvass it further at this stage.

As citizens, as patriots, as the inheritors of a freedom which is still in the making, there is only one duty cast on us all. It is a united front that we need, for it is a united front which would make our first attempt to vindicate ourselves in the domestic sphere the success that it ought to be, if we should survive.

Once our primary military objectives are attained, other consequences of more than military significance would follow. These we must defer for future consideration. For

we should bear in mind that wars decide nothing; but it is the settlement of the peace that would show whether the wars were worth while.

Star-Chamber?

READERS of newspapers would have noticed the publication of periodical press communiques, giving a compendious account of the activities of a department known mysteriously as the 'X-Department'. From these communiques, we learn that a certain number of Government officials from the level of menials to that of gazetted officers, who have been accused of bribery and corruption are awarded varied punishments, presumably after investigation and inquiry according to the procedure laid down. These communiques are obviously intended to reassure the public that we have got a very watchful Government, which, in the midst of its multifarious activities, is particularly zealous to maintain the incorruptibility of its personnel by weeding out the undesirable elements by timely detection and prompt and deterrent action. All this is welcome, but there is reason to fear that all is not well with this department and that it is very largely trying to *create* an impression which is not strictly in accord with facts.

Let us give expression to some of the doubts and difficulties which we have felt in regard to its activities. In the first place, its proceedings are secret; in the second place, all the stages of inquiry are conducted by one and the same agency. While the spirit of the entire machinery is intended to be judicial, in actual practice, the essence or virtues of the judicial system are not made available to the accused parties. In short we have to express concern whether in the name of weeding out corruption and punishing offenders, a kind of tyranny or high-handed executive action is

not being perpetrated in a large number of cases. The activities of this department, as now conducted, are not only such as to create a sense of resentment in the aggrieved parties, but also to leave a sense of panic in the rest, since no one knows on what flimsy pretext he himself might be the next to be victimised unawares. We should therefore like the Government to satisfy itself and assure the public that in all inquiries under this department conducted before an officer or officers nominated for the purpose, the accused parties are given every facility for stating their case, and letting in evidence in support of their pleas; that not only judicial processes are formally observed but the spirit of judicial inquiry is strictly maintained; that the rights of the accused parties are not in any way circumscribed by *ex cathedra* pronouncements or arbitrary action of the enquiring officer, and that final judgment is in all cases supported by properly sifted and clearly recorded evidence without the intrusion of any personal bias at any stage of the proceedings. The public wants corruption to be weeded out. But the corruption that stalks in the land in its cumulative effect is of such magnitude that it bears no relation to the insignificant quantum of the alleged corruption discovered. The sacking of half-a-dozen peons or a clerk or a reduction in status of a revenue inspector or a deputy inspector of schools or a sub-inspector of police cannot meet the ends of justice or equity; because, if the corruption that exists is only of this category, we need not give it such wide publicity at all. There is no need for a separate establishment of a department to tackle this flea-bite. But when the public wants that corruption should be put an end to, it obviously means and refers to corruption at much higher level. Departmental inquiries conducted with all the aids of 'X-

Department' and of the dubious methods available to it, cannot really meet the requirements of the situation. For it functions with more malignity than did the Star Chamber, since in the present case, the prosecutor and judge are combined in one and the same person, who enjoys surprising and dangerous immunity from any further check on his actions or revision of his judgments in conditions of publicity in a court of law. We purposely refrain from introducing personalities, because the issues involved are of such grave importance that the Ministry cannot afford to take a complacent view of the activities of the department, but must satisfy itself at every stage and in every case that there has been neither miscarriage of justice nor the perpetration of injustice.

There have been cases where some of the victims of the department have been given very scurvy treatment and were subject to the malevolence of the investigating officer masquerading under judicial processes. We consider it extremely unfortunate that the same officer should be appointed to investigate all kinds of cases of corruption. We consider it still more unfortunate that that officer should have been given what appears to be an interminable tenure of office. The power to inflict punishment should not be vested in one individual for any length of time. We wonder how many of those recently dismissed from or punished in the services have been the victims of what may be called the letter of the law instead of the spirit of it. What we plead for, in view of the complexity of the problem, is not the abolition of the department, nor the condonation of corruption; but for the appointment for specified and short periods only, of investigating officers, preferably in larger numbers and scattered in various localities, so that justice might be done; for justice should mean not merely

securing of conviction or the punishment of an individual found guilty, but the infusion into the entire system of administration of the impersonal spirit of justice and the ability and desire to dispense it without fear or favour, without malice or ill-will.

Ambidextrous Minister

IT was said of Burns that he spent his life sinning and repenting for his sins. We are afraid that some such thing has happened to our Education Minister as well; because we notice that he has been engaged in promulgating a series of orders and then proceeding gradually to cancel, water down, minimise or explain away most of them. If it had been the simple case of recanting or confessing the error of his ways, there would have been nothing more to say about it. But the trouble at the moment is that we do not know where exactly he stands in regard to any one of his proposals and what exactly is the bearing of what he does or says on the course of administration of the department entrusted to his care. His attitude to the compulsory teaching of Hindi is marked by ambiguous evasiveness which shows a desperate pleader at work rather than a seasoned statesman. But let that pass, because the future of Hindi or any other national language is not in the hands of any politician. All those trying to obstruct the operation of natural laws must be reminded of the fate of King Canute or of Mrs. Partington trying to mop up the waves of the Atlantic.

But we would like to draw attention to one of the latest instances of the Education Minister's ambidexterity as evidenced in the recent introduction of the bill in the Assembly to requisition property of private institutions in certain specified contingencies. There are two principles which ought to guide the

action of law-makers. Remedy should in any case always be to prevent disease and where punishments are indicated, they must fit the crime. It cannot be pretended for a moment that either of these tests is fulfilled or even visualised in the legislation under view. The entire history of education in our province is sought to be given a new turn or twist by what amounts to the executive fiat of an individual. What is worse, the future of all our educational activity is also placed at the mercy of one individual. This is not only wrong ethically but injudicious and unseasonable.

The Minister alleges that there have been cases of default by managements in the performance of the obligations cast upon them by the provisions of the Grant-in-aid Code. If this is a statement of fact, it ought not to be difficult for the Education Minister to name the offending parties and hold them up to the scorn of the public. Another charge which he has brought against the managements is that there have been instances of falsification of accounts. If true, we should ask the Education Minister why criminal action was not instituted against such people and convictions obtained in the ordinary courts of law. If legal proof could not be obtained, is it fair for the Minister to go on, under cover of the protection which his position confers upon him, indulging in statements which cannot be sustained or proved in a court of law? In short, if there have been abuses on the part of managements, is the Education Minister satisfied that every means of exposing such abuses, punishing the agents of them and eliminating malpractices have been tried? If not, how can he ask the Assembly to arm him with powers which in practice would amount to investing him with a kind of dictatorship in matters educational? The root cause of much of the trouble and many of the malpractices which may

exist, has not been so much as guessed by the Minister for Education; in our opinion, it lies in the Government-formulated and Government-administered system known as the Grant-in-aid Code. The basic idea on which the Grant-in-aid Code was drafted is a vicious and immoral idea. For, the Grant-in-aid Code says that a half-grant will be given to all those institutions and agencies which are able to complete a work out of their own resources. In other words, the Grant-in-aid Code impresses Christ's famous remarks and tells managements: "To him that hath more shall be given, from him that hath not, the little he hath shall be taken away." The effect of this axiom is to enable managements to swell up costs of works done by them and claim half-grants on fictitious titles. Thus a specious fraud is imposed upon managements as a condition of their obtaining any Government grant at all. The more enterprising and adept people are in construing rules to their advantage, the greater are the amounts they receive by way of grants from the Government. All these tortuous processes eventually result in making education a commercial proposition with very attractive dividends, and in the case of long established institutions, almost gilt-edged security. So long as the Grant-in-aid Code is not scrapped and the basis of contributory grants from Government rationalised, abuses in the Educational Department cannot be rooted out. Requisitioning the property of a few institutions is neither a remedy for an admitted disease nor a punishment for a crime.

There is one further consideration for which we think it not amiss to refer to here. It is that this present bill, if passed into law, would have the effect of expropriating not merely private property but one of the fundamental rights of the ordinary citizens, namely, the right to be educated in his own way. We should not be surprised if a test case is

instituted to determine whether the new bill is *intra vires* of the provincial Government's powers. We have no hesitation in saying that salutary and far-reaching reforms can be quietly and unostentatiously effected through the force of personality and character of the Education Minister and they will have more enduring effects, if effected through methods of suasion than by invoking the aid of the legislature. There is no knowing what a legislature will not do, once this precedent is allowed to dissolve its moral compunctions. We would therefore urge the Education Minister to defer proceeding further with the bill and use his moral influence and the existing provisions of the law to effect much-needed reform at least in a few chronically bad cases. If this establishes the need for further legislation, he will be only strengthening his hands to that extent.

Playing With People's Lives

THE August issue of *People's Health* points out a "distressing instance of official muddling". It occurred in Salem where a sudden and widespread epidemic of cholera was reported to have broken out sometime ago. The local health officer, after an alleged detailed investigation of all the cases, seems to have come to the remarkable conclusion that the cholera was due to the fact that some fatal *bondas* were consumed in a particular *cafe* by the victims. Apparently it never occurred to the health officer to make an elementary distinction between cholera and food-poisoning, but an even more curious event was to follow. The Director of Public Health appeared on the scene with a press note saying that *v-cholerae* were isolated from eight of the reported cases. With justifiable indignation *People's Health* comments:

The intrusion of the Director of Public Health with his expert opinion only tended to confuse the public mind with a show of learning which

in reality conceals lamentable ignorance. How the Director of Public Health could mix up cholera and food-poisoning passes our comprehension... The explanation given is so unscientific and the so-called detailed investigation of the epidemic such a bogus affair that, if such a story had been put forth anywhere west of Aden, the officers responsible would have been cashiered on the spot. But in our unfortunate land, incompetence is still at a premium, specially in positions of great public responsibility involving high technical knowledge.

People's Health pleads that the curative and preventive branches of public health administration should be brought under a single unified control and direction. Such a change will undoubtedly make for some improvement in efficiency. But the really important thing is the manner in which Ministers of Government exercise their power in

the discharge of their administrative tasks. There may be an honourable exception here and there, but the generality of them, bitten by the communal bug, seem to have lost the faculty of acting patriotically and in the public interest. The radium scandal associated with the General Hospital and the malevolent drive going on for displacement of a renowned research worker of proved worth and ability from the Directorship of the King Institute, Guindy, are notorious examples of the perversity enthroned in the seats of authority. In cases like these, the installation of a ministerial favourite in a post for which he is not adequately qualified might mean not merely inefficiency but also loss of life. This sort of playing with the lives of people should be put an end to.

Sotto Voce

Grace Absconding



ONE hundred and twenty marriages a day is, by any standard, quick work; and the temple archakas of Madura and Tirupparankundram have every right to be proud of their achievement. True, they had not much to do, being merely required to act as witnesses to the garlanding of the happy couples by each other. But a misanthrope, if haply there was one among them, might have felt some of the fierce exultation which the attendants of the guillotine experienced in the heyday of the French Revolution! On the other hand the humanitarians would have confessed to a secret satisfaction that the ancient Pandyan rite at which they assisted had not the grim finality of the marriage to the guillotine.

It is a sign of ultra-modernism to be ostentatiously in love with the archaic. While the mass marriages were taking place at the Meenakshi temple, the members of the Madras Legislature were indulging in an orgy of mutual adulation over the passage of a measure that permits divorce while at the same time imposing monogamy. Our legislators will no doubt rejoice to hear of the Pandyan ceremony as it matches so well with their own ideas of inexpensive simplicity. But it is another matter whether the humble couples who were united in wedlock by paying two rupees three annas apiece to the temple authorities would rejoice to hear that they could annul the contract equally inexpensively if they so wanted.

We are not told how many of these marriages were contracted by parties who belong to communities in which this simple ceremony is customary and binding and how many by the neo-pagans. To the former, you may be sure, the saving in expenses would not have been the primary consideration, be they rich or poor. The rich man who vows that he will celebrate at Tirupati the *upanayanam* of his only son born after many austerities is not influenced by the fact that it costs only a few rupees. He probably spends ten times as much in making the journey to the shrine with a host of retinue and relations. On the other hand the poorest labourer would not dream of grudging his daughter the auspicious red saree for her wedding, though it might cost him three months' wages.

And how many of those who declaim against 'waste' in marriages and funerals find their financial conscience pricked when they burn more money for a tea-party to Bumble on transfer or a panchayat board election? The one-day marriage has become so popular because the typically selfish modern cannot abide family ties and thinks of every relation as a poor relation. The black marketeer spent more money bribing nurses at the hospital during the long last illness of his spouse than he is prepared to expend on her funeral rites. He self-righteously declares that he was never the one to encourage drones. But *vaidiks* have surely as much right to live as cute businessmen who dodge the law.

The economic argument is a transparent camouflage for that spiritual nakedness which reduces life to an endless round of trivialities. The shallow-pated social reformer, who declares that the conception of marriage as a sacrament is outmoded, has not the wit to see that life, for those who have the heart to feel it, is one long mystery. Man lives by symbols. But it is not

every symbol that is a sacrament. The dictionary definition of sacrament is "a religious ceremony or act regarded as outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual grace". In many Christian countries marriage has become a simple business of signing a register. But the athletes of these countries solemnly brought the lighted torch from Olympia kindled by modern flappers draped for the nonce as vestal virgins.

Our rationalists denounce as meaningless mummery the old-time marriage ritual because the incantations are in Samskrit and even the priest who mumbles them does not understand their meaning. But they would hardly make sense out of the mantras even if they were given the literal meaning. And if only those who have imbibed the esoteric wisdom of the Vedas were to be allowed to marry, a celibate world would rapidly advance towards extinction. Happily most of our people have something far better than scholarship; they have the inward grace that makes them feel the presence of God. And they naturally believe that what God has joined man may not put asunder.

In the new-style marriage Vedic Samskrit is replaced by Tamil of monosyllabic simplicity. In the place of the ignorant *vaidik*—who however has no axe to grind—you have a paunchy politician officiating and blessing the bridal pair. Instead of asking Arundhati and Dhruva to witness and seal their eternal fidelity he calls upon the newly wed to consecrate themselves to the Cause. And the Cause may be anything from fighting for national liberation to leading a crusade against compulsory Hindi. It is understood, of course, that they remain true to each other. But it is equally well understood that this is a contingent liability terminable at will by either party. In this world of perfect convenience who would look for grace?

VIGHNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS :

Our passions are like convulsion fits which, though they make us stronger for the time, leave us the weaker ever after.—SWIFT.

MR. JINNAH was a man of ambition, grit, ability and determination. It is a common failing of the ambitious to be irked by waiting. They are impelled by their impatience into acceptance of the second best, ignoring the higher objective. Mr. Jinnah had the steadfast will of the self-confident, and would not be diverted from any aim of his by other inducements in the way. He acquired thus a great reputation for incorruptibility. Actually his incorruptibility was the converse of a colossal pride—a pride that cherished a vision of himself as the sovereign source of all power and so disdained as demeaning any acceptance of gifts from other hands. Even while he was a struggling barrister, he fashioned himself into a man of destiny with the power of his pride. Not aware of this, Sir Charles Ollivant advised him in those days to accept a permanent Government post in his gift on a generous scale of pay rising to Rs. 1,500 per month. Mr. Jinnah declined, saying that his ambition was to earn Rs. 1,500 a day. Sir Charles thought then that the young lawyer was sentimental and was committing a mistake, but later he changed his mind and felt that Mr. Jinnah had been very wise to decline the offer and congratulated him on it.

It would appear that before Lord Sinha was appointed Governor of Bihar, Mr. Jinnah was sounded if he would accept the office. A Governorship in those days was a mighty thing. The captivating lure of it, few of the ambitious among the country's leaders could have withstood. But Mr. Jinnah spurned it with a lively sense of satisfaction as while registering a deed of correct propriety. He would not let down the future ruler of Pakistan by stooping for a favour which was

for him to bestow on others and not receive from any.

Dreaming of a power beyond the power of all else to control, Mr. Jinnah lived for power, worked for power, and in pursuit of power turned his back on every decoying attraction and distraction. He dedicated himself to the acquisition of power with all the ardour of renunciation of a Buddha in quest of Nirvana. His absolute indifference to the types of temptation proving irresistible to ordinary politicians, clothed him with integrity and rectitude in the public eye. His stature rose to mountainous heights on glamorous legends of supposed rare virtues in him, in particular his lofty imperviousness to the usual mundane snares of nepotism. He resembled the Mahatma in the responsiveness to his every little gesture that he commanded from crowds of people spread over a vast territory. He was a figure of fatality endowed with immense power for good or evil over the minds and hearts of millions of admirers. What use did Mr. Jinnah make of so unique a position?

For the sake of the sovereign power he coveted, he forged the two-nations theory to cut Indian humanity into two. He turned out to be the architect of a devastating technique of power-politics that has dehumanised all that fell under its sway, with horrible consequences of which the end is not yet in sight. Mr. Jinnah's achievement of Pakistan has meant that millions of one "nation" are left in the heart of the other as a disintegrating malady of the body politic. An anti-Hindu hatred cult, steeped in bloodshed and violence, has been Mr. Jinnah's outstanding contribution to the average political mentality of the Muslim community.

The wisest thing that has come from a Madras Minister for many

a day was said by Sri Gopala Reddi in a speech at Kurnool this week. Muslims, he said, could not be discarded as fifth columnists, or be taken into complete confidence as loyal subjects of the Union, as they had pledged their faith till lately to the two-nations theory and the poison of it might still be persisting in their blood. It is to Mr. Jinnah that Muslims owe their liability to be ranked as fifth columnists in the Union, and it is to Pandit Nehru more than to anyone else living, that they owe their rescue from the ignominious legacy of Mr. Jinnah's political ideas. What Mr. Jinnah stood for is irreconcilable with all that India's Prime Minister, Pandit Nehru, stands for. The difference between the two is as wide as that between war and peace. Death ends all feuds, and the courtesy proper to the departed head of a neighbour State should of course on no account be departed from. But it

should find refined and dignified expression. It is no obligation of courtesy to grow ecstatic over a strife-laden record of ephemeral power and doubtful utility in terms of social good and human salvation. History cannot be cheated by propaganda. Mr. Jinnah loved the trappings of a benefactor. But often his acts belied what his tongue proclaimed. He was not a man of religion. But he dragged religion deliberately to strategic service of secular ends. He was a peerless actor of melodrama with the gift of employing the appeal of religion to excite and madden Muslim minds and mould them like clay in his hands while remaining himself preternaturally calm. What he passed off as doctrines came not out of convictions but cold calculations. Over the malleable illiterates of an enslaved land steeped in centuries-old superstition, they worked like a scourge.—SAKA.

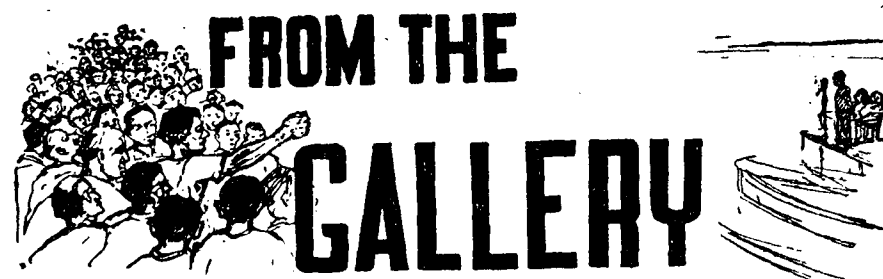
THE CATAMARAN

Wild blows the wind, and silver flows the tide
Where fishermen stand poised upon roped-trees
And bravely over foaming billows ride.
Before them tilt horizons dark and wide,
And over and around them swell the seas,
While underneath them lurking Terrors glide.

But when I see them slanting on the wave
Engulfed beneath the tumult of the foam,
I know the thrill that comes of being brave.
For though the ocean should uprear and rave,
These seamen still courageously would roam
With their roped-logs between them and their grave.

O will you not, in truth, agree with me
Their bravery is equal to the sea?

Ian Hoyle, S.J.



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

THE news of the death of Mr. Jinnah came with a suddenness which staggered the public, although it was an event for which the whole world was adroitly prepared.

Death squares up all accounts, says the old adage; and the ancient Romans put it in more stately language when they enjoined: 'De mortui, nil nisi bonum.' Truth is still the desideratum, but neither the whole of it nor nothing else but it. As Johnson said, a man is not on his oath in preparing obituary notices or lapidary inscriptions. That Mr. Jinnah was a great man by all ordinary and obvious standards needs no labouring. But the character and quality of that greatness are in large measure bound up with the fortunes and misfortunes of the state which he has (putatively at best) brought into existence. History abounds in examples of men of destiny who braved a world of perils to achieve a plan or a dream cherished from the days of youth with a constancy of devotion which was proof against all adversity. Aeneas had the feeling of being a dedicated soul, assigned a particular task, and confident of achieving it, notwithstanding delays and rebuffs. Caesar was another, Napoleon a third in modern history. Their work is never wholly undone. On the other hand, there is another type of greatness which embodies antitheses. They seek in one way or another to build a whole philosophy or scheme of life on negations, Ravana, Hitler, and the long and still prolific line of dictators are cases in point. Their function is to renew the springs of life by contrarious procedure.

Mr. Jinnah belongs to neither of these categories. He had no clear or consistent vision from his beginnings to his end. It is one of the ironies of history to find the persecuting Saul becoming St. Paul, and vice versa. The founder of Pakistan was an ardent nationalist, a liberal of the nineteenth century brand, a desiccated Indian who was the product of the British connection. That such a man should have blossomed out as the patron saint of a theocratic system and the fanatical exponent of a series of doctrines repugnant to reason and commonsense must remain one of the cruxes of Indian history as it comes to be written or studied in the coming years.

All heroes of fiction had their protecting deities. Aeneas had Venus herself, Ulysses had Pallas Athene; but Mr. Jinnah had the backing of the British master planners. Long and bitterly did he scorn the advances made by them to woo and win him over for their purposes. If you read the proceedings of the Round Table Conferences, you will find Mr. Jinnah of those days demolishing the case for Pakistan as it was presented in the thirties with a lordly sneer. I consider that the tragedy of Mr. Jinnah lay in his going over to an enemy with whom he had nothing in common. Instead of the evolution of a complex personality illuminating different facets of itself under the stress of unfolding events, what we have failed to notice is the crumpling up of a vigorous mind under the blight of a sense of defeatism and frustration. The secessionists of America furnish a parallel instance of people cutting

off their noses to spite their faces. For, notwithstanding all text-book arguments in support of the contention that Pakistan can grow and develop into a strong and independent state, the blunt truth is that there can be no two states like Pakistan and India giving a foretaste of the golden age by agreeing to live in perfect amity and side by side. Eventually, there is going to be only one state in this country; and till that is achieved, there will supervene a state of chronic jitters or pernicious chaos of the kind that is now our portion. Mr. Jinnah, in this view of his role in India, is an instrument of disruption, a puppet of the ironic fates, a creature of an inexorable Nemesis which neither he nor any one of us as yet believes in. We, Hindu and Muslim alike, have still a lot to answer for and expiate before we shall have paid the full reckoning of Mr. Jinnah's greatness.

It was odd that the London Radio should have listed among the virtues of Mr. Jinnah that he laboured hard to establish a modern, secular state in Pakistan! I hope I am not misrepresenting, but that was what I heard. Even more curious was the extraordinary fidelity with which the Pakistan Government's communique copied the language used by our Government in announcing the assassination of the Mahatma. Mr. Jinnah had to die before being called the 'father of the nation.' Since many of us honestly do not believe that Muslims are a different nation, I can only say that it would be more appropriate to describe Mr. Jinnah as the father of the notion that the Muslims are a separate nation.

There is one further thought that strikes me concerning the manner in which the great protagonists of our time in our country quitted their lives on earth. Mahatma Gandhi fell by the bullet of an assassin, adding the halo of a martyr to many other kinds of aura which he cultivated about him with conscious austerity. We know his last words, his last acts and his last hopes—they harked back to

first things which are also eternal verities. Mr. Jinnah faded out with a progressive insignificance which has remained unnoticed. On the burning topics of post-partition India, his directives no less than his desiderata are either unknown or reactionary. He had apparently neither the will nor the inclination to work for a period of agreed truce. Either he or his henchmen were eager to force the pace—witness the Kashmir adventure. Pakistan would never let us alone. Notwithstanding all professions to the contrary on both sides, the instincts and impulses obscurely working in men's minds are driving them to an ultimate trial of strength between the two states until a new resolution is sought in the swallowing of the one by the other. There is no compelling necessity in favour of the domination of the Hindus over the Muslims; but a possible via media might be evolved which would enable the two communities to reign and rule simultaneously at different parts of the country. This possibility is not ruled out even in the event of the country becoming entirely red! But then, there is no man alive who is likely to see this wished-for or dreaded consummation.

I am glad that Dr. Subbarayan has drawn attention to the dubious implications of the Governor of a province addressing a joint session of the two houses for what was a wholly extra-constitutional homily. The popularity of Sir A. Nye was something of a curiosity; by all accounts, he seems to have successfully been all things to all men. If so, he has shown remarkable suppleness for an Englishman; and another characteristic about him which I marvelled at was a power of effusive volubility, an almost exaggerated loquacity which is no less uncharacteristic of the typical Englishman. A joint-session of the two houses will, we hope, be next time restricted to its legitimate function of considering Government and State business of utmost importance.

GROUNDLING

Short Story

Ananda

by "Mano"

A boy faces his first great test.....with his whole future at stake.

EVEN before she heard Ananda's footsteps, slow and reluctant, through the heavy rain, Susila knew that something had gone wrong.

She had known it all afternoon, as she hurried to finish the dresses for Ramavathy's children—as she watched the dragging clock hands with a mother's grave eyes.

Ananda's footsteps by-passed the front way, lagged around to the back. She stood rigid, listening. Without her husband to guide her, Susila sometimes felt hopelessly lost. For Ananda had never been an easy child, and since the day of his father's death, he'd grown stranger and stranger.... until now, when she couldn't bear another loss, it seemed she was losing his love.

Now she heard him bang into the kitchen, and fling down his books on the table.

After a moment, she went to him and put her hands on his shoulders: "Something's gone wrong. Ananda. Tell me....what is it?"

Ananda wouldn't look at her, but kept worrying at a piece of cracked slate pencil with his mischievous fingers....Then wordlessly he took a square folded paper from one of his books and handed it to her. She read it, her forehead beginning to pucker into a network of crisscross lines, her gray eyes turning dark with worry.

"Then, you're falling behind in your class," she said. She tried to keep the panic out of her voice....panic that came of watching the rising cost of living, and of knowing that some way, somehow, she had to get Ananda through school; had to make him the man his father had dreamed he would be. "Your teacher says you're not trying—not trying in anything. Is that true, Ananda?"

His shoulders moved in a quick impatient shrug under his rough shirt.

"I dunno," was all he said.

She took his chin in her hand and made him look up at her: "Your teacher's giving you one last chance, Ananda. If you don't get these pro-

blems he sent you home with, he says he's failing you outright!"

For a moment he gazed at her steadily out of his angry eyes. Then he jerked his head away, "Ahhh, he gives me all the hardest problems. It is not my fault if he picks on me, is it?"

Susila sat down on the stool and looked out of the narrow window at the rain which was gathering all over the cracked road.

"If you fail," she said, "that means your class will go on without you. And that means an extra year in school...." Her hands were gripped so tightly, her face had gone white, and with an effort she relaxed.

"My coffee?" he asked after a moment.

"Have you got the problems with you, Ananda?"

He ran a hand through his hair. "Yeah, I got 'em. all right."

"Take them in the front room and get to work. I'll bring your coffee." She watched him go, shoulders sagging, while he hummed a defiant tune.

After a moment she brought him two 'iddalies' and coffee and set them down on the table. Silently she turned up the lamp for him....for in the house it was always dark on a rainy day.

He didn't say anything, but wriggled uncomfortably and bent closer above the sheet of paper on which he had begun to mark a few scraggling numbers. Susila went back to her sewing and tried to concentrate on her work. Her mind was unsteady and her hands now and then, suddenly stopped. And once she got up and went to Ananda and looked down across his shoulders.

The paper was mussed and dirty where he'd worked the same problem over and over, and in one place his eraser had rubbed a hole in the gray sheet.

She said, "Can't you get them, Anand? Can't you get them at all?"

He looked up at her with open misery, and shook his head. She thought for a long time before she sat

down and tried to work out the problems for him. She tried to think what Raghupathy would have done, and what was best for Ananda. And at last, because so much—so very much—hung upon the problems, she pulled the book in front of her and began puzzling over the printed rows of figures.

She worked on them past supper time, past nine o'clock. For though they were only sixth grade problems, Susila had gone no further than the eighth, and she found she'd forgotten so much in the hurrying, busy years.

Finally, when she had them all copied down and carefully listed in order, she said to Anand, "Did you understand how I worked them? Is it clear enough, Anand, so you could do them all for yourself?"

His eyes were strangely sullen. "Oh, I don't know. I got a sore throat, Ma. Do I have to go to school tomorrow?"

She gazed at him steadily, and then after a long moment she said: "You are the only man in the family, now. Are you going to be a man, Anand?"

He took the sheet of problems and folded them almost angrily into his arithmetic book. "All right, all right...I'll take them in," he snapped.

She watched him off to school next morning with a strange, disquieted feeling. He went slowly down the street, his shoulders sagging—kicking a broken stone as he went.

She did not know if she'd been too stern with him, or not stern enough. She didn't know if she had helped him too much. Worst of all, she didn't even know if she worked the problems out right...with what little she knew of arithmetic.

The harder she tried to think, the more tangled her thoughts became. They seemed to go round and round and they always came out at the same place.

"He's got to turn out right." That was all she could think. He's got to turn out right, because he's all I have, and whatever his future is, that's mine too."

At four o'clock she heard his footsteps, and she leaped up, her scissors flying one way, her thimble another...and half finished dresses scattering in wild confusion across the bare floor.

"Were they right?" she asked him, almost before he could open the door. "Anand, were the problems right? Are you going to pass?"

She waited as if her whole world hung on his answer...as if those problems in arithmetic she'd tried to work for him last night might prove to her, once and for all, whether her

guidance of Anand so far had been right...or terribly wrong.

He crossed the room and sat down. "No," he said gravely. "They were wrong. All of them."

She closed her eyes and rested her head back against the wall, and after a moment she heard him get up and cross the room.

"I asked him to give me another chance," he said. "I told him...I'd stay and work, evenings after school...."

He was busy with his pencil on the wall. "Want to know something, Ma?" Then he hesitated for a moment, then said: "Your answers were right, Ma. But I didn't hand them in."

She stood up and moved a little towards him. "Why?" she asked.

"Well," he began defensively, "you said I was the man of the family, and a man has to do things his 'own' way...by himself." He shrugged. "Well...so my way was wrong this time...."

"Oh no," she said, "your way wasn't wrong, Anand. Doing those problems over...just on your own...was the rightest thing you ever did in your life!"

And because she didn't want him to see the sudden foolish tears of relief and pride and gladness, she grabbed him up in a hard hug.

For Anand had solved by himself the greatest problem of all...the problem of what kind of man he would be.

DISTRIBUTORS
AND SALES ORGANISERS
all lines

MACHINES
and
MACHINE TOOLS

PALMER DIESEL ENGINES
(AMERICAN MAKE)

PHARMACEUTICALS

FOR PARTICULARS:
THE INDIAN MARKETING & DISTRIBUTING CO LTD.
SECOND LINE BEACH, MADRAS.1.

SPOTLIGHT ON THE



WHEN in March 1947, Wang Shih-Chief, China's Foreign Minister, huffed by the criticism of his official juniors, sent in his resignation to Marshal Chiang-Kai-Shek, the President sent for him and said wearily, "Everybody wants to resign. To whom can I resign? You go back to your post." Two weeks ago with all except Central and South China gone into Red hands and weary of the long and losing fight against the enemy, the Marshal must have been sorely tempted to wash his hands of the whole economic mess that the administration had become. Prices were sky high. A single hair-cut cost 780,000 Chinese dollars. Refugees from the north streamed south in their millions. In August, Hankow, Kiukiang and other cities were flooded by the rise in level of the river Yangtze. The dykes of the Yellow River ("China's Sorrow") threatened to burst any moment. The strategic railway city of Shensi which controls the only highway linking Central China to Shensi Province, had fallen into Communist hands. There was talk that the Reds were planning to set up a Government in opposition to the Nanking Government on China Day (Oct. 10).

Things were certainly out of control. The Government had also realised the futility of any further approaches towards a truce; for, as a Chinese proverb says, "Only he who can fight can make peace". There were apparently rumours of Chiang-Kai-Shek's resignation, for the foreign press was suddenly rife with speculations and journalistic guesses as to what he could do in the crisis and who would succeed him if he decided to quit. But all these guesses were proved wrong

when last week the Marshal decided to come to new grips with the problem and announced drastic fiscal reforms to combat the devil of inflation which was at the bottom of the whole trouble. China was to have a new coin called the *yuán* which was exchangeable for 12 million of the old Chinese dollars. The Government was not to print more than 2 billion of them. Black-marketeers were to be ferreted out and the stores of hoarders seized. Imports were to be cut down except those coming by way of the Marshall aid. Chiang-Kai-Shek's final gesture was to ask the richer citizens to collect \$1,000,000 for refugee relief. "If the skin is gone," he is reported to have said sadly quoting an old proverb, "the hair will have nothing to grow on."

The post-war situation since 1941 can be described as a series of moves leading to tension by stages. The first stage may be described as Disagreement in Conferences. U.S.A., Russia, France and Britain played at this game in Moscow, London, Paris. The next stage may be called Minor Irritations when the bigger powers played international chess with Europe as a gigantic chess-board. Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Rumania and other small nations were the pawns. The third stage was that of Deadlocks in which Germany, China, France, Italy and Greece took part. In between the second and third stages is a small sub-section called Diplomatic Scandals.

The American and Russian presses buzzed with one such last month. It concerned a Russian school-teacher named Oksana Stepanova Kosenkina who had been sent to New York two years ago to teach

the children of Soviet diplomats. The school closed this July and Kosenkina was to have gone back to her fatherland. But she didn't. The American version is that, afraid to go back, she appealed to someone for help who promptly sent her to Reed Farm, a camp for Russian refugees run by Countess Alexandra Tolstoy, daughter of the famous Russian author. From there she was virtually kidnapped by Jacob M. Lomakin, the Soviet Consul-General, and kept in confinement at the Consulate.

The story told by the lady herself in the presence of Mr. Lomakin when questioned by reporters at the Consulate was that just as she was about to embark for home, one Dr. Korzhinsky accosted her on the road and warned her not to go back to Russia as she was certain to be sent to Siberia. A little later another man named Leo Costello "lured her to a park bench" and put her to sleep with a hypodermic injection. Then a third man came in an automobile and took her away to Reed Farm.

The Consul-General's version was that Oksana Kosenkina wrote him a letter and smuggled it out in a "vegetable cart" from Reed Farm. One of the lines in the letter was: "Once more I beg you not to let me perish here". When he went to fetch her, some men tried to pull her away and also damaged his car and all the time the woman screamed begging him to take her away.

From the moment she was taken to the Consulate, newsmen stood outside its doors with their ears cocked. And then one fine day Oksana Kosenkina jumped from a third-story window of the Consulate. A crowd gathered. The police appeared on the spot and though the members of the Consulate expressed a wish to have the lady attended to by their own doctor, summoned an ambulance and whisked her off to Manhattan's Roosevelt Hospital.

Mr. Lomakin sent his Vice-Consul ~~Zot~~ Chupurnykh and his secretary,

Zina Ivanera to the hospital but the medical officers refused them permission to see her. When at last they did let them in, Kosenkina is reported to have moaned and turned away her head and said: "I don't want to see anyone. You kept me a prisoner. You would not let me go." She is also supposed to have told her U.S. benefactors that before her jump no less a person than Ambassador Panyushkin tried to persuade her to sign an affidavit swearing she was not a prisoner at the Soviet Consulate as the American press alleged. There! said the American press. That proved it. It was conclusive evidence that all that the Soviet Consul-General had said about her was just one tissue of lies. At Moscow, Foreign Minister Molotov lodged a formal protest with Walter Bedell Smith against U. S. conspiracy with "White Guard Organisations" and accused that the American police were putting words into Kosenkina's mouth which she would never have uttered. Soviet Consulates in New York and San Francisco were promptly closed down and Jacob M. Lomakin recalled home by the next bus.

Oksana Kosenkina was neither the first nor apparently the last of the Russians who stay away in other countries and refuse to go back to their homeland. There have been others before her, as for example, Alexander Barmine, former Soviet Charge d' Affairs in Athens; Fedor F. Raskolnikov, former Soviet Minister in Bulgaria who "died in suspicious circumstances on the French Riviera"; and Ignace Reiss, former Assistant Chief of Soviet Military Intelligence in Central Europe who was "murdered in Switzerland" to give three examples. Last year the story went round that a Russian engineer in U.S.A. said in support of his appeal not to be sent home: "It has been clear to me that my work like that of the whole Russian people is beneficial to the Soviet regime and not to themselves. No nation is more exploited or rather enslaved.....the entire Soviet Union is a concentration camp...."

RAMAPADASAGAR VALLEY CORPORATION

by P. V. C. RAO

IT is now widely recognized that the Ramapadasagar Project is one of national importance rather than merely of provincial interest. It is a multi-purpose project covering large scale irrigation, navigation, flood control and power development. In view of the likely enormous quantities of the generated power, the project will have a direct influence on the development of the industrial potentialities of the area served by it. The project therefore is not only concerned with the construction of irrigation and power works but also with navigation, soil conservation, afforestation, public health, and the industrial, economic and general well-being of the people of the valley. It is therefore of paramount importance that the responsibility for the inter-related development of the valley's land, water, forest and mineral resources should be vested in one single authority like the T.V.A. and the Damodar Valley Corporation, endowed with extensive powers and at the same time free from red-tape and rigidity. The very fact that the issue of administrative sanction for the project was settled within six hours when brought under the direct purview of the proper authority, whereas it had dragged on ineffectively through the routine Secretarial channels for over six months, clearly shows the importance of the constitution of an independent authority possessed of the supreme spirit of enterprise and initiative so essential for the speedy, economical and successful execution of such a gigantic project presenting novel problems of a highly complicated nature never tackled before anywhere in the world.

Unfortunately, we have not so far realised the importance of unified development of resources in the planning and execution of our major river projects. The fact that

the land of the watershed has a good deal to do with the life of the project is generally ignored. The effects of sedimentation are now being keenly felt in the form of a fall in the depth of the Red Hills tank, and curtailment of the water supply of Madras City, in the closure of the Mettur Reservoir during the busy cultivation season, in the delayed supply of water for the delta areas of Godavari and Krishna, and in the rapidly dwindling sources of tank irrigation. The traditional practice of indiscriminate assignment of lands by the Revenue and Agricultural authorities should be put an end to, and an effective planning of the land treatment of the watershed should be closely integrated and co-ordinated with the structural design of the dam and its appurtenances. The Tungabhadra project occurs in the most vulnerable part of the Deccan plateau, and therefore effective land treatment plans through soil conservation surveys should have the highest priority if the project is not to be short-lived. The authorities will do well to appreciate the extreme importance of the matter and should avoid prior commitment of land assignments by the Revenue authorities before undertaking detailed conservation surveys for the land treatment of the watershed.

Land utilization and effective soil management for irrigation and flood control would, along with industrial development, constitute an interwoven web of economic emancipation of the valley communities of Ramapadasagar which radiates wealth throughout the length and breadth of the country.

When the project is brought under an independent authority through an act of the Central Legislature, the Corporation will have complete freedom for the procurement of men and materials

from all available sources and also in the selection of the best agencies for the execution of the different works of the project. The finance, whether contributed by the Centre or the Province, should necessarily constitute a charge on the provincial revenues.

Apart from the dearth of materials, lack of trained personnel is considered to be the major bottleneck in undertaking works of magnitude. Indeed many works in this province are stated to have been held up due to want of qualified men. In this connection, it will be of interest to note that the Madras Government stands as the sole exception in the country in regard to the assignment of standards to technical qualifications. While the Central Government and the rest of the Provinces and States recognize the qualifications of the major professional institutions established by Royal Charter such as the Institution of Engineers (India), the Institution of Civil Engineers, the Institution of Mechanical Engineers and the Institution of Electrical Engineers, England, for recruitment to the higher cadres of technical services, Madras alone is extremely conservative and ultra-provincial in limiting the services exclusively to holders of provincial qualifications.

The Ramapadasagar Project can have its own training institution called the "Ramapadasagar Institute of Technology", where the personnel recruited from the various schools and colleges may be put to an intensive training on the works. The Land Improvement Institute of the Government of Bombay at Bijapur is a model institution aiming at an effective solution of the personnel problem.

The constitution of the Ramapadasagar Valley Corporation may be similar to that of the Damodar Valley Corporation. There should be a board of three members of whom Sir S. V. Ramamurthy, the founder of the project, may be the Chairman.

The constitution of the Ramapadasagar Valley Corporation may be similar to that of the Damodar Valley Corporation. There should be a board of three members of whom Sir S. V. Ramamurthy, the founder of the project, may be the Chairman.

FAMOUS MADRAS PROFESSOR AT HARVARD

(From Our Correspondent)

NEW YORK: Dr. Yellapragada Subba Row, noted Indian physiologist and director of research for the Lederle Laboratories Division of the American Cyanamid Company, died this week at his home here. He was 52 years old. Born in Madras, he received his Medical and Master of Science degrees from Madras University. Then he matriculated at London University where he studied tropical medicine. He came to U.S.A. in 1923 and later became an American citizen. He was a Harvard University Fellow from 1925 to 1928 and a Rockefeller Foundation fellow from 1928 to 1930. In the latter year he received a Doctor of Philosophy degree in chemistry from Harvard. For the next six years he was the recipient of the Austen Teaching Fellowship in bio-chemistry at the Harvard Medical School. In 1936, he became an instructor and in 1938 was named associate professor of bio-chemistry and biological chemistry. In 1940 he was appointed associate director of research of Lederle Laboratories. Two years later he became the research director and in that post directed study in chemical, medicinal and pharmaceutical research. Dr. Subba Row evolved new methods of phosphorus determination. He also won widespread attention with his work in isolating certain liver factors which resulted in the development of such products as folic acid, terpterin and other drugs. His researches in nutrition produced a new approach to the treatment of cancer through nutrition. His most recent major accomplishment was the completion with his associates of work that led to the creation of auriomycin, a new product for the treatment of infections that do not respond to penicillin or streptomycin. He also aided in studies that made it possible to produce penicillin and streptomycin in large quantities during the war. At one

period in his life, Dr. Subba Row decides that he knew too little about organic dyes. The logical way to handle a problem like this would be to go out and learn something about the subject, read about it and inquire about it. Dr. Subba Row did this and after barricading himself in a library for a few weeks, he came with the answers he wanted. He was like that, driving to the core of the subject, accepting no superficial answers, asking for the facts and getting the facts. And with it all, he had a humility that made him the idol of his co-workers and his students. Few laymen knew directly of Dr. Subba Row's work, but many advances in modern medicine stand as monument to his genius and countless thousands will benefit for years to come from investigations he set in motion and supervised.

(ESTD:



1907)

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

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

ALL KINDS OF BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

N. GOPALA IYER,
Secretary.

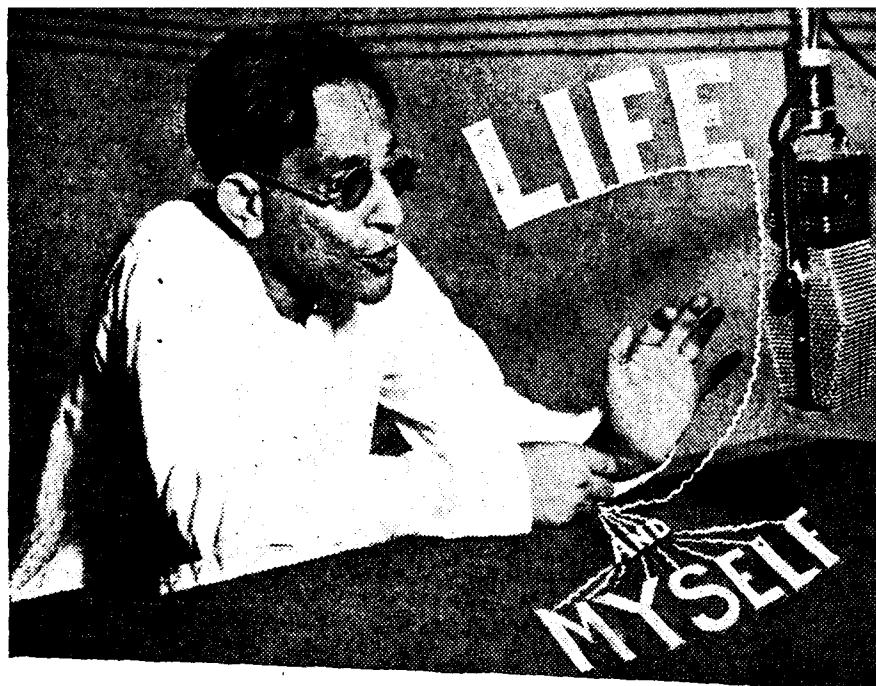
THE INDIAN BANK LTD.
HEAD OFFICE, INDIAN BANK BUILDINGS,
NORTH BEACH ROAD, MADRAS.

SAKTHI SERVICE AGENCY

For drafting appeals,
memorials, petitions and
for expert advice on all
questions relating to
Public Services please
consult:

SAKTHI SERVICE AGENCY

11, Brodies Road,
MYLAPORE,
MADRAS.



*Harindranath
Chattopadhyaya*

IN BANGALORE

WE left Mangalore together: Kamala, Sita with Rama-krishna in her arms, and I. Sita had never travelled by train before. It was a new world to her, rattling and rolling on wheels, from station to station passing rapidly across miles and miles of railroad and through changing scenes of huts, trees, mountains in the distance and ever new faces. It was truly an experience not only for her but for me as well. In an age of mechanical inventions, when the railway train had already become almost obsolete, giving way, as it was slowly but surely doing, to the air-cleaving plane, to think there were persons like Sita who had never in all their lives travelled by any other transport than that of the bullock cart and jhukka and, perhaps, very

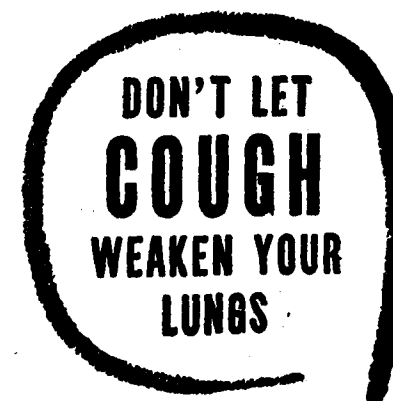
occasionally, if at all, on a motor car! It was unbelievable to watch her watching the innocent excitement in Sita's eyes literally drinking in every detail of Nature seated silently at the window of the compartment with, however, subconscious motherly attention fixed on the least small movement of our little child.

We were now on our way to Bangalore, where we had friends waiting to receive us: among those who were already intimate were Venkatachalam, now well known as an art-critic, and Kuppuswamy Iyengar, the brilliant young Senior Wrangler who was very soon destined to marry Kamala's cousin, Heera, whom we called Baby. We were received warmly in Bangalore by friends and stayed for a few days

in the house of one of Kamala's cousins, Sakharam Rao who was then working in a Mill in the capacity of a boss of one of its important departments. I felt intensively on entering it, that there was a sense of impending tragedy pervading the whole house and—home. It is curious how the atmosphere of a place gets unconsciously saturated with the sum-total of personality which breathes and moves and has its being in and through it! How little we realise the far-reaching and indelible character of man's vibrations. It's aura tinges every chair he sits on, the table at which he dines, the clothes he wears, the very door he shuts and opens. The most expressive thing among the inanimate things which serve him day in, day out, is, perhaps, his pair of shoes. I have been able with uncanny precision to tell a whole history of a man's life, personality and character by the shape his shoes take on with constant wearing. It is not something which science may not explain; on a little reflection it might easily strike one that the weight a man throws into his shoes, the rhythm of his tread mould them into some particular pattern. With its yawning gap of a mouth a shoe seems to relate the inmost history of a man. The weight, the rhythm in a man's gait and carriage are subconsciously the result of his interior activity, the quality of his nerves, the note to which the instrument of his entire psychic frame is attuned. A walk is no little thing, no negligible quantity in the complete understanding of a man's mood, emotion, make-up. It is the intimate and favourite pair of shoes I first reflect on when I come into contact with a host—not when he has them on but when, after a day's hard work or of idled hours, he returns home and takes them off and leaves them in a corner.

From the pairs of shoes in this house, then, I had come to a silent and unexpressed deduction. I saw a sense of suffering, of restrained tragedy. But of course, judging from the surface, it was a home of happiness and plenty—as so many

homes seem to be. Going at that particular time, as I did, through a new and shy attachment to Sita, conducting myself overtly and under constant cover, lest the knowledge of it be revealed to those around me, I grew sensitive to other people's love affairs as well, affairs which might seem impossible if deduced merely from outward circumstance and relationship—but are thoroughly probable in the light of deeper Nature who is never tired of trying out experiments apparently impossible, and when forced into possibility, more than cruel—nothing really is impossible. Nature's permutations and combinations are both countless and daring. She is never afraid of what people will say or what the editors of newspapers have to say about her most undreamed-of, unheard-of efforts at



**TAKE KASAN
AND PLAY SAFE**

Kasan goes to the very roots of cough trouble, and brings you instant relief. Kasan is both a tonic and an antiseptic to your respiratory system, and it cures cough like magic.



KASAN
PROTECTS YOUR LUNGS

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

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

new patterns, new combinations, new relationships of things to each other. I felt, therefore, that we were in a home wherein all was not quite just what it ought to be if it was to be termed a successful home. I laughed and tried my utmost to be merry during my stay there, but I must confess to a terrible strain throughout it. The strain became the greater because of my constant care and protection of Sita which I dared not make obvious lest people should begin to talk. But it very soon began to grow obvious to everybody that Kamala and I had ceased to share a love which could be loyal to itself. Fortunately Kamala did not interfere in my affairs nor did I in hers. It was not through any sense of innate nobility which was out to make a sacrifice based on personal suffering borne in silence. Nothing of the sort; it was frankly due to the fact that we had lost, slowly but surely, a real interest in each other's affairs. But all the same I was still being introduced in society as Kamala's husband and she as my wife. It is most pathetic—and amusing—to find so many hundreds of instances in society—life existing around us everywhere, of men and women behaving so courteously to each other in public, putting on the air of deep concern and love—intoxicated lovers before the gaze of watchers. But it is quite a different story at home. Marriage! what a damnably false institution, in the last analysis.

"The priest performs your marriage

Just for your money's worth—

O marriages are made in heaven

And broken on the earth!

Who or what is a priest, after all? Is he anything more or less than a go-between of the marriage contract to support a capitalist system which transforms women into private property alongside furniture and cattle and banknotes? The

institution of marriage in modern days is a downright farce enacted by men and women harnessed in pain to the heavy carriage of tragedy which moves on heavy creaking wheels. It is already effete. The future will abolish it as a holy institution—replacing it by some method of living together on a far more sensible and stable foundation than a mere half-hearted, absentminded oath taken on the Holy Book or before the sacrificial fire. What holier book is there than the heart that loves or truer sacrificial fire than love itself? All such thoughts began to crowd in my mind and cried aloud for clarification.

We soon moved to a hired cottage of our own in Malleswaram where I felt no need of trying to look cheerful as a compliment to a host. I had more time for my own thoughts now. I seemed to find my idea of the world contracting into a narrow one consisting only of Sita and Ramakrishna. But to me it was bigger than the hollow, cramped world which, with its innumerable codes and preconceptions, seemed to strangle my vision, my nature, my growth. Inwardly I was already kicking against custom—I had always been a rebel. It was now only another opportunity of displaying my utter contempt for anything that threatened the freedom of my impulse, the freedom of my nature, and dictated to my right to live according to what I sincerely felt to be my being's most natural law: Love. For, after all, when a man and woman cease to love each other and yet insist on continuing to have physical union, devoid inevitably of the psychological, it is nothing short of harlotry—not only for the woman but for the man as well. Alas! such insipid and vulgar harlotry masquerades as respectability under a garb of loyalties which entertain disloyalties based on an unwritten sanction!

She shifted her brain into neutral and let her tongue idle on.....The clever man makes hay with the grass that grows under other men's feet.....A budget is a method of worrying before you spend instead of afterwards.

—Nectar in a Nutshell (ALLEN AND UNWIN).

WOMEN IN FREE INDIA

by R. L. NARAYAN

"Let girls remember that knowledge is not an end in itself. As soon as they get the requisite or satisfactory minimum of knowledge, they must marry and look after their families", observed H. E. Mr. C. RAJAGOPALACHARI speaking at the Ethiraj College for Women. ('HINDU', 25th August).

THESE words, coming from the mouth of one of the top leaders of the country who undoubtedly enjoys the confidence of all the rest of the national leaders, obviously reflect the view of the national leadership on the role the women of the country are to play in our future.

The overwhelming majority of our women are irrevocably tied to the drudgery of family life. Their world is the family. Their vision does not extend beyond the four corners of the kitchen. When a girl attains her fifteenth or sixteenth year, her marriage is arranged by the father and she directly steps into the monotonous routine of family life. Her economic dependence upon the man to whom she is married is absolute. This economic domination virtually makes the man a sort of dictator at home and his will is the law. This supremacy of the man is conceded as his birthright and the woman considers herself bound in duty to submit to him in every respect, regardless of her own views, likes and desires. A son is more adored and valued than a daughter not only by the father but by the mother as well. Sisters silently acknowledge their brothers' right to such partial treatment. From the very childhood the inferior status of the female is brought home to the girl and this takes deep roots in her mind so that she never even gives as much as a thought to offering resistance and striving for emancipation. The result of all this is that we have in our country tens of millions of women caged in their homes, whose status is no better than that of slaves. Their sole job is to please their men, look after the household affairs and bear children.

In the social and political life of the country, our women play a very insignificant role. The vast majority of our women are ignorant and illiterate. Only a small fraction of our girls go to school at all. There are very few schools for girls. A small percentage of the petty, middle and upper class girls attend the primary schools and this too only in the large cities and towns. Perhaps half of these girls do not even complete the primary school course. Those who reach the elementary schools seldom reach the secondary schools. Before they get through the elementary schools, they are withdrawn by the parents for the simple reason that they have reached the marriageable age. They are then given away in marriage. What knowledge one would expect these girls to possess at this period of their lives? Are they likely to possess the "requisite or satisfactory minimum of knowledge" at this age? The answer can be nothing but an emphatic "NO". The fate of those who pass through the secondary schools is no better. A few of them perhaps turn out to be primary school teachers or hospital nurses. All the rest of them marry and remain in the family shell. All that they laboriously learnt during the years spent at school is of no practical use to them in their married life and is soon forgotten. The burdens of family life prevent them from embarking upon any creative work.

The privileged few of the upper classes who go through the colleges fare no better. A few of them become either doctors or teachers. But the overwhelming majority of these college-educated women, few though they are, do not make use of their education for any creative

purposes. For them their education is merely a ladder to a convenient marriage and a comfortable home and perhaps a place in the upper-class social circles. All the same, they too are dependent upon their men for their comforts and social position.

Such is the plight of women in our country. Their absolute dependence upon men throughout their lives is slavery to them physically, morally and intellectually, and at the same time it is a heavy burden—a shackle—to the man. The family burden—the entire responsibility of providing for the family—causes unending worries to the man and it prevents him from using all his creative capabilities for his own advancement and the advancement of his country and mankind as a whole. There can be no real happiness or unity in a family where one has the power to dominate. The apparent tranquillity in our family life is unreal because behind it lies all the suppressed aspirations and desires of the woman. Real harmony in family life is possible only in a free society in which men and women have equal rights and opportunities in all walks of life, in which the economic and social dependence of the women is ended once for all.

The argument that such social and economic independence of women will wreck the family life is proved incorrect by the experience of the Soviet Union. The Dean of Canterbury, Rev. Dr. Hewlett Johnson, who spent not an inconsiderable time in making a thorough study of life in the Soviet Union, observes:—

"Women enter now side by side with men into endless forms of activity external to the home. Nor has the family suffered through this external activity. Far from it.

The family has benefited. For side by side with the outside work which enlarges her life, the mother has been relieved of many narrowing but essential tasks; the public laundry and the public restaurant lessen kitchen drudgery; and the nursery school and creche, together with the kindergarten, give to the masses of women what every woman who can afford it in other lands eagerly seeks: skilled and trained assistance in the upbringing of her children. Experience has shown, and increasingly shows, that the woman concerned with other interests outside her own home is not the less interesting as a wife or as a mother, or less happy in her own personal life than the woman who remains exclusively in the house and with the children.

"Viewed externally, Russia is the most moral land I know. During many months in Russia, in great towns and small, in country places and seaside resorts, in back streets, at all hours of day and night, in bookshops and railway stalls, in theatre and picture houses, I never saw a sight I would screen from the eyes of a young girl.

"And the secret? A positive purpose in life and a creative job for all, no economic necessity for a girl to sell her honour, no economic drive to harness pruriency for profit; ability for all to marry at the biologically appropriate age—such I suspect are the main reasons for the undoubted fact."

These lines show clearly what immense benefits the emancipation of women can achieve in any country. Instead of wrecking the family life, the economic and social independence of women will enrich the family life, to the benefit of all concerned.

Only a social revolution of enormous magnitude can liberate the Indian woman from her centuries-old serfdom and man will really be free only after this great task is accomplished.

There ain't no 'appiness in this world, so we must just be 'appy without it.—A London Charwoman.

Work is the curse of the drinking class.—OSCAR WILDE.

LEST WE REGRET

by KAMALADEVI CHATTOPADHYAYA

IN his biography of Lenin, James Maxton states: "Can humanity progress to higher forms without collapse of existing forms, entailing widespread sufferings? Can man by force of intelligence go forward to better things or must he proceed by way of struggle, violence and brute force? History is on the side of Lenin's view. At every big change in social structure, there has been an open clash of opposing forces." "Force" wrote Marx "is the midwife of every new society". But the tragedy today is that some of his followers, as someone has put it, would make it the father, mother and child as well of a social revolution. The issue of force or no force, reviewed in the historical perspective, is a misleading presentation of the question. Implicit in a speech by Lenin to the Russian Transport Workers Congress are certain implications of this much debated point: "What gave this class (Russian masses) the moral strength to bear this privation? It is clear that it had to obtain the moral strength to overcome this material privation from somewhere... For three and a half years all the wealthiest powers in the world fought against us. Their military forces were many times, immeasurably and undoubtedly superior... Our military forces were insignificant. We did not win the victory; the victory was won by the fact that the powers could not hurl the whole of their military forces against us... the moral strength of the Russian worker was that he knew, he felt, sensed the assistance and support which the proletariat of all the advanced countries of Europe rendered him in his struggle. Relying on this support, our proletariat, numerically weak, tormented by poverty and privation, won because it possessed moral strength. This is the first force."

Thus the master of revolutionary technique, gives us an insight into the social process which seems to produce a dependable ethics which

is also a calculating strategy, capable of inspiring as well as sustaining humanity in a heroic battle against heavy odds. Force in this context rests not necessarily on brute military weapons but on the strength the movement derives from the organisational and moral sanction behind the positive social purpose it is to serve.

The existing order rests in and is supported by the armed State with a few democratic trimmings to camouflage and soften the steel frame. In terms of realism, the weapons forged for replacing such an order are of necessity determined by the setting itself, that is the State and the order it stands for. To rely wholly on logic, argument, constitutional methods, human persuasion, is to fail the bigger cause by ignoring the foundations of power in modern society. For in the event of a change, this order, unfettered by the moral precepts it preaches to those it oppresses, does not hesitate to ride rough-shod over the rebelling elements. The struggle has to be determined by only one criterion, unswerving resistance to evil, that is to oppression, tyranny and exploitation. The alternative is abdication. For the forces of change must be viewed in harmony with the progressive social forces which move towards the liberation of a chained humanity and of the productive system manacled by restrictive capitalism and the narrow limits of a Nation-State. Today the choice before us is either a continuation of the present society rent by perpetual conflict, subjected to a bleak existence of artificial scarcity, relieved only by periodical global conflagrations; or a new era based on a classless society, provided with essentials and a World State. The only rational ethical criterion is to weigh the costs in terms of human progress and happiness under the status quo and in the struggle for the new. Force takes brutal forms only when it is not insulated by the elemental

forces making for social advance. Moreover a price must be paid whenever a challenge to the status quo is offered. Even where resistance is offered non-violently, it often results in brutality and loss of life, for the other side is bound to use any and every weapon without much scruple. Non-violent resistance or rebellion is as much of a force as any with military weapons. The method of strike and passive resistance has produced commendable results because those who resist tyranny and refuse to bow to coercion, have the moral law on their side—a factor of immense importance in the construction of a new society. In a fundamental sense, the very struggle creates the positive conditions out of which peace and harmony can be evolved and will flourish—a condition that Professor Joad has described in his book, "Philosophy of Morals and Politics": "For the Greeks, ethics and politics were two aspects of a single enquiry. It was the business of ethics to determine the good life for the individual. It was the business of politics to determine the society in which the good life as prescribed by ethics could be lived." The comments of Rosa Luxemburg on this knotty question throws it into proper relief: "Historically legislative reform and the revolutionary method function in accordance with influences that are much more profound than the consideration of the advantages of one method or the other... Legislative reform and revolution are not different methods of historic development that can be chosen at pleasure from the counter of history as one chooses hot or cold sausages. They are different factors in the development of class society. They condition and complement one another and at the same time are reciprocally exclusive, as are the North and South Poles... every legal constitution is the product of a revolution... revolution is the act of political creation, while legislation is the political expression of the life of a society which has already come into being. Work for reform does not contain its own force, independent from revolution. In each historic period, work for

reforms is carried on only in the framework of social reform created by the last revolution.... a social transformation and a legislative reform do not differ according to their content." To favour one in place of the other is not a question of choosing a quieter road to the same destination but rather choosing a different goal altogether because one stands for a radical change and the other surface patch work. A radical change in the law can only be the result of a process in the structural change itself.

This is essentially so where the establishment of a Socialist society is concerned. For a change over from a society based on private profit to one on common ownership and economic equality is a revolution, regardless of the presence or absence of violence or its degree of intensity. Those who fall to take note of this, do so at the risk of defeating their very objective. Where those who pursue the Socialist objective content themselves with trying to reform capitalism, instead of trying to replace it, there the positive Socialist purpose is surrendered. In many countries, the Socialist parties have allied themselves with pro-capitalist groups to get into seats of power and have thus lost themselves in the sterile task of maintaining the status quo. A Socialist party can therefore coalesce with any other on no other basis except one of rapid and complete transformation in the basis of society. The primary consideration is not what the weapon is, but what the aim is. The instrument can then be adjusted to the situation. An insurrection was inevitable in Moscow and Petrograd in 1917 and would still be normally in a totalitarian dictatorship, while it may be wholly unnecessary under a stable parliamentary system as in England where prospects of socialisation measures through the normal constitutional machinery are still practicable.

After the Great War (1914-1918), the peoples of the world failed to meet the problems thrown up by the decay of capitalism—for the war itself was a symptom of the struggle

in which this decaying system was caught. Because of this not only was peace lost but the groundwork for the next world war was laid. Political schemes such as the League of Nations contrived within the vicious orbit of power politics, left untouched the basic economic problems. The inevitable chaos and insecurity that followed resulted in Fascism and another global war.

We have emerged out of that war to face the threat of still another. Can we not avoid another era of fear, tyranny and starvation and ward off the atomic war? The Socialists declare that it can be avoided and that the solution lies in our own hands by building a Socialist planned economy and ending national separatism in an international Socialist society and World State. —N.P.S. (Copyright).

MECHANISATION, OR POVERTY?

by S. V. RAMANAN

PEOPLE often resort to Gandhian economics to argue away a Socialist, who according to them, perpetuates the evils of capitalism, by continuing a machine-based society. Gandhism argues that the centralisation produced by the machine makes Socialism lose all the good in it. It aims at avoiding overcentralisation both of power and of money, by going back to the village unit type of society, self-sufficient and based on handicrafts.

In reality, it is a going back. Back of it is a false philosophy that long hours of hard work are a delight to all men. All men are not Longfellow's Blacksmith. To the mass of men, labour is an inevitable evil. To expect men to be delighted over the hard work of a loom or a takli is folly. Bertrand Russell says that in a Socialist world—and it is with that ideal Gandhians quarrel—four hours of work for a man would be enough. As to the argument of greater art-sense in handicrafts, for one thing, it is the result of setting handicrafts besides the hopeless order of today. For another, if a man has real art-sense, there is greater possibility of its being discovered in a Socialist's world than in being bound to a task the life-long day.

The machine is apt to centralise power in the hands of the expert. By demechanising, the Gandhian hopes to give real power to every

individual. By self-sufficiency, he seeks to do away with the need of a centralising agency for co-ordination. Self-sufficiency in all things is a dream and even if it were not, the need for a co-ordinating agency is patent at least so long as India gets on as a unit. If, as is clear, self-sufficiency is the bed-rock of decentralisation, decentralisation would be hard to achieve, harder than the Socialist ideal. The high tariff walls it necessitates cause crushing isolation. Isolation means a lower standard of life. Again demechanisation means a fall in productive efficiency. That leads to fall in standard of life. Thus, in pursuit of decentralisation we are asked to court a fall in our standard of life.

Before we dismiss the machine as a centralising Leviathan, we must think calmly. The Leviathan can be tamed. Granted a high degree of productiveness, a Socialist state can definitely afford to reduce specialisation and make an individual master of two or more trades and make of him more than a mere monotonous cog. It can allow a good measure of decentralisation of power. With a good level of education, there is no reason why an expert may not be pulled up by the workers. After all, why must we despair of creating a newer and a fuller man if the Gandhian does not lose hope of making an angel of a trustee out of a capitalist?

"THE INTELLECTUALS HAVE FAILED"

by B. SANJIVA RAO

"THE intellectuals have failed". That is the bald admission of the teachers of the human race—and they have failed because they have not been able to invest life with meaning. "What meaning or dignity can the individual have in a world so vast, among species without number and in time without end? He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow, and in much wisdom is much vanity." This statement is by a modern intellectual fully aware of the trends of modern philosophy and modern science.

Contemporary history seems to justify the note of pessimism sounded by Will Durant. The crisis in the modern world is without precedent or parallel. A social or political revolution was sufficient to tide over the catastrophes of the past. But the crisis that has overtaken us and promises to create conditions that threaten a total annihilation of modern civilization is unique in the sense that in its origin it is psychological. The human psyche is diseased and no superficial or symptomatic treatment can possibly cure that disease—only a radical transformation or regeneration of the psyche can be the basis, the foundation of a new social order. The tragedy of the world has been summed up by an Indian thinker of great spiritual genius: "There is no love in our hearts." Love has been called by different names. In the Christian Bible it was called 'charity'—the highest of the trinity of Christian values. Annihilation of self, non-violence—these are the words which our Indian sages have used. The disease from which humanity is suffering is self-love. The problems with which the world is confronted all derive from this self-love. All international rivalries, all racial jealousies, spring from the limitations of self-love. We

have innumerable conferences for settling human differences—we divided ourselves into Pakistan and the Indian Union—and we are trying to create further divisions—what is it that divides us? Lack of love, of that understanding which alone can heal and unite. Can merely living apart bring about peace and harmony between hearts divided by self-love?

Political and legal solutions have no doubt a place in human affairs. They merely offer palliatives, not cures for a disease which is acknowledgeably there. They are obviously not solutions of the problems. These things have become commonplaces by constant iteration and have lost their meaning for us. That we do not believe in these truths is obvious. We are born, not because our parents wanted us, but because of passion, the children not of Dharma, but, of Karma. We go to school, not because of the love of knowledge, but because of social and economic necessity. Our teachers teach us, not because they love us or desire to spread knowledge, but as part of a routine. We choose a profession, not because we love the work which it brings us, but because it offers us a position and an income. We are loyal to the State or to a religion, because we are born in them. We hardly do a single thing except by a necessity imposed upon us by our social or economic environment. Even in the most intimate relationships of life, love plays only a subordinate part, being only one of many factors which determine our choice of a partner. The family, the caste, the state are all organised on the basis of mental gratification. The more perfectly the social group is organised the more does love recede into the background. The modern West has given us organised Truth and built up a Church, or an Ideology—we have

organised our instinct to remove pain and built up hospitals where patients are treated without love. Philanthropy has degenerated into institutional charity and building of schools and temples and charitable endowments. Is it any wonder that life has become lonely, empty and loveless? That is the universal disease from which the world is suffering today, the symptoms of which are an incessant craving for sensation and stimulation from outside and a world-wide conflict which exists in times of war as well as of peace.

What can cure us of this malady, this world-wide neurosis? What can bring meaning to life, purpose to our activity?

The restoration of meaning to life, of purpose to work, has always been the task assigned to the regenerated and the wisest amongst their own generation and their followers. We require a new race of teachers who are psychological healers, who have discovered a new therapy. Every disease contains within itself the secret of its cure. In human history we see that exceptional crises throw up exceptional men and women who help the race to tide over that period—such self-restoring power is characteristic of all living organisms. It is true equally of the psychic organism. In the midst of this almost universal darkness of the spirit, we may, if we carefully watch, observe the emergence of a new type of humanity, a sort of psychological mutation of the human species—the liberated man. It is true that such men are rare and are scattered far and wide. It is significant that they are not confined to one race or one country, or to a particular religion, but that in spite of differences of race, culture and creed they speak with the authentic voice of the spirit. To use the language of an eminent Roman Catholic, the Papal Nuncio, the voice of

Truth is neither Eastern nor Western.

The emergence of this 'new man' is as striking a phenomenon as the crisis that has produced him. It is worthwhile examining the characteristics of this new type. Sri Aurobindo has adopted the word 'gnostic' to describe this new type. "Unity", he says, "is the basis of the gnostic consciousness, mutuality, the natural result of its direct awareness of oneness in diversity, harmony the inevitable power of the working of its force."

The liberated man is one who has broken the walls of the prison house of self-hood, who can say with the Buddha,

*Broken Thy House is and the
Ridge-Pole split,
Delusion fashioned it.
Safe Pass I thence,
Deliverance to obtain.*

Delivered from self-love the liberated man is conscious of no barrier between him and his neighbour. He casts no shadow on the face of his brother. He knows that his neighbour is himself in a different form and because of this knowledge arises that ceaseless service of another and that complete understanding which dissolves all problems.

The world is going through a supreme crisis. The civilization built upon false values is crumbling to pieces. All effort to salvage that civilization is a futile task. We have to build anew on the foundation of the new insights that our seers and sages are giving to us. Father Riccardo Lombardi, the Jesuit Father from Rome, accepts the justice of Communist demands, but says that only love can fulfil those demands. He has erected the front of love. Yes, all teachers from the East and West declare unequivocally: "Love alone can solve all problems, for all problems cease where there is love."

"A cook is a male or female worker of twenty-one years of age or over, wholly or mainly engaged in the cooking of food requiring the mixing of two or more ingredients with, or without, assistance."—British Industrial and Staff Canteens Report.

LINGUISTIC PROVINCES

by K. S. VENKATARAMANI

THERE is a great deal of loose thinking on the question of linguistic provinces. The partition of India has made us fire-shy even for domestic cooking and such creative purposes. The linguistic provinces stand on a wholly different footing from Pakistan. They don't ask for a separate sovereign status with independent armed forces. They are proud to be part of the Indian Union working for the common welfare and glory of India.

Linguistic provinces, under Indian conditions and our mode of historical evolution, crystallise into harmony scattered forces, integrate personality, focus the will and the mind for team work, double the impulse and energy for constructive deeds and the sacrifices they mean. This ideal idealises the whole province into a well-knit joint-family. If this intense and legitimate longing be thwarted or even delayed by unimaginative leadership in the province itself or at Delhi, the destructive cry of total separation like Pakistan will arise with whirlwind velocity, and E.V.R. like Jinnah will become a victorious reality! Let us not make any more fundamental mistakes which would create more Pakistans and complete the Balkanisation of India.

Creation of linguistic provinces claims priority No. 1 among our national problems. Like scientific bunding and terracing of fields at proper levels, linguistic provinces double the harvest of joy and quicken the making of a New India. This process is, like digestion or blood circulation, a domestic process, an internal renovation and reintegration which could or should go on even when a major surgical operation is on. Nay, it is even necessary to vitalise the blood and increase the general powers of resistance. It is wholly beneficial during and after convalescence.

Provinces based on language and culture fit in with the genius and temperament of India like marble

slabs that go to make up the cumulative glory of the Taj. They release the maximum quantity of mass energy like a *mela* or a marriage. If a statesman at the head of affairs does not use it, feel it or perceive it himself, no one else could teach him the primary emotions of history or sociology. He must use this release for constructive ends. Financial, administrative and other difficulties or conveniences are no considerations at all and do not count before an impulse or upsurge of this character. If you suppress it by force, you will find eventually that you destroy yourself. Congress in its freedom fight most wisely realised this, but in power, alas, encircled by vested interests its statesmanship is faltering amidst the confusion of values and multitude of problems created by Pakistan. It is ill-luck and pity that Andhra, the spearhead of this great fertilising movement, is not represented in the Central Cabinet today.

Therefore the creation of linguistic provinces should not be delayed on any account but quietly carried on in spite of Pakistan, Kashmir, Hyderabad and Ceylon, four major problems for the defence and safety of India which British statesmanship has given us as parting gifts in the infant hour of our freedom. Investigating commissions are only instruments of delay.

Linguistic provinces are mainly a problem of South India, south of the *Vindhyas*. For a scientific solution and reintegration of all the territories throughout there are some difficulties which time alone could solve, for instance, like Hyderabad. But Bombay and Madras presidencies and C. P. could be and should be immediately dealt with: The Andhra province, Tamil Nad, United Kerala, with Travancore and Cochin, United Karnataka with Mysore, the Maharashtra Province and Guzarat with the union of Saurashtra (Kathiawar) and Baroda. These are clear-cut units long-ing for immediate formation. There

RELEASING ON 1st OCT'48



Raja Mukti

NARENDRA PICTURES

Starring: M. K. Thyagaraja Bhagavathar * Serulathur Samba
M. G. Ramachandran * M. R. Swaminathan * P. G. Venkatesan
M. G. Chakrapani * P. S. Veerappa * Srinivasa Rao
K. Sahadevan * S. M. Thirupathi * Gopalsamy
P. Bhanumathy * V. N. Janaki * C. T. Rajakantham
P. R. Chandra * Baby Rajamani

STUDIO: PRABHAT-POONA

DIRECTION: **RAJA CHANDRA SEKAR**

are no doubt points of conflict in issue but they are capable of being finally settled by an impartial tribunal.

One condition for the healthy functioning of these provinces is that their political and cultural capital should lie amidst their real homelands, centres of their true culture and life. For which it would be most necessary to ignore the realignments in our lives which 150 years of British rule have made, almost by subtle compulsion. Madras, Bombay and Calcutta are essentially products of British Raj which raised these capitals on the sub-tropical, hurried and unhealthy sea-coast for their own (British) safety and convenience. Look into our history. We always built our capitals inland far away from the sea, on dry and invigorating and beautiful uplands—Tanjore, Trichy, Madura and Warangal. Occasionally we built an emporium, not a capital, on the sea-coast wherever our sea-borne trade was good and prosperous. In our subtropical country, a capital on the sea-coast is wholly unthinkable for a crowded population—witness the present agonies of Madras and Bombay.

Now the correct solution is to make Bombay and Madras small autonomous provinces like Delhi and ask them to carry on with good cheer. They must be enthroned on their own footstools, independent units by themselves within their municipal limits without any extra territory being given to them. I am sure they will develop a strong and hardy life of their own as primarily maritime towns and not the present parasitical bulge, unhealthy to the core from any point of view!

The beautiful and invigorating uplands between Tanjore and Trichy will make an ideal site for a new capital of Tamil Nad, with Madura and Kumbakonam as university centres for arts and fine arts, with colleges of science, engineering and technology distributed between Coimbatore and Salem. Similarly for the Andhra Province: Bezwada or Rajahmundry; Mysore-Bangalore for Karnataka; Trivandrum or

Kaladi with Cochin (as emporium) for Aikya Kerala; Poona for Maharashtra; Ahmedabad or Baroda for Guzerat.

I plead for intelligent dispersion in the new order. Each province should develop a political capital with the High Court and the Legislatures therein, a separate cultural centre with a university for arts and fine arts, and an industrial centre with colleges of science and technology. These three centres of national activity should be vitally interconnected not only by easy transport but by an organic flow of ideas, ideals and personalities. On this steel-frame you could erect the most dynamic provincial life enriching the federal. "Vested interests," the most ancient enemy of human welfare, will fight this re-orientation of life tooth and nail. But courageous selfless leadership could achieve wonders if only it learns to fly and steer above this cloud.

One thing is clear to my mind. Madras as the capital of Tamil Nad or of Andhra or of both is disastrous. Madras can never replace or nourish the genius of the Tamils or the Andhras, their vital mood or intense longings or their racy qualities indigenous of the soil. Madras satisfies none of the major tests for the capital of a linguistic province.

On the vexed question of the real dividing line between Tamil Nad and Andhra my finding is that the Swarnamukhi river is the true northern frontier line for the Tamil land, from Tirupati to the sea. The tract is no doubt bi-lingual but the voice, the approach and the way of life is Tamil, though the accent is Telugu. A tribunal or a plebiscite could easily settle this issue. Once the Tamils and Andhras are set up, each in his own home, like true brothers who have come of age, they will discover more points of affinity and cousinly features in their lives. After all India is one in every way and she seeks this realisation of oneness amidst conflicting diversity without losing individuality or family identity.

FUTURE OF MADRAS

(The following extracts from an article in "Everyman's Review" written by me in 1922 may be of interest now.)

OF all the peoples of India, the Andhras are the best ripe for a province of their own. They are a fine race with a vernacular feeling and culture. They could have and ought to have, secured by this time the preliminaries, at least, of a province, if they had cared to put in a more spirited effort and refused to be beguiled from the right track of national development by the red-herring of "Justice" politics. I trust that the Andhras will go early to Vizag and lay the foundations of a polity which will conserve and develop the best traditions of the Telugu-speaking race.

Then, Madras shorn of its only merit of being central, is bound to look widowed and almost edged to an arid corner of the Tamil Province. The history of Madras is the poorest of the great and the small capitals of the world. Beggars cannot be choosers and Madras, a place totally devoid of any natural advantages, came to be what it is through the accident of an English physician healing a petty Indian Rajah who in return, had no worse site to offer on the sea-coast than Madras. But the East India Company, being of a hardy race, thrived where they fell like the prickly pear and spread with each conquest. Ever since the transfer of India to the Crown, Madras has donned a little more handsomely the robes of a metropolis, and in fact to some extent even consolidated its scattered virtues. But will Madras retain this primacy when the Andhras deprive it of its solitary peg of support? The acid test, then, is "Has Madras the natural vitality which pulses and keeps alive the capitals of the world?"

To my mind the answer is a complete negative. Madras as a capital of the Tamil Province is an impossibility. Because

Does a great river fertilise it? No.

Do well-watered and valuable tracts form its uplands? No.
Is it the natural outlet of areas rich either in raw materials or in minerals? No.
Is it blessed with a natural harbour? No.
Does it lie on the route to any continent or a country? No.
Has it captured the imagination of the Tamils? No.
Is it one of the ancient cities of Southern India? No.
Is it a place of pilgrimage or the seat of any renowned Hindu temple? No.
Is it central to the Tamils? No.
Is its climate healthy or site ideal? No.

Need I put more questions? On this pile of zeroes Madras is built. To every question which indicates some advantage the obvious reply is a plain negative.

Cities grow in India as elsewhere, though on different scales of importance, on certain well-defined principles: religious, commercial, political and natural, either singly or collectively. Madras has none of the requisites to be the capital of the Tamils, except the fact (or the fiction) of the Governor dubbing it so from the balmy heights of the Nilgiris.

Madras has not the bosomnal warmth to hatch a great metropolis worthy of an ancient people. It can never renew the race or scatter wide and fresh the seed of life and knowledge. It is like a derelict palm which yields all leaves and no nuts. It can never slake the thirst or calm the appetite.

Sterile Madras! We bid you good-bye. Let all wakeful Tamils gather together in the exodus to the land which nourished five dynasties of kings; back again to the banks of the Kaveri to drink the gold-dust in its rolling waters and dance with the fecund joys of ever-lasting youth.

PEACE PROSPECTS IN KASHMIR AND HYDERABAD

by Dr. P. SUBBAROYAN

(Lately Minister For Law, Madras)

OUR Prime Minister Pandit Nehru, by his statement in the Dominion Legislature on Hyderabad and Kashmir, has taken the country and the world into his confidence as to what is happening with regard to these two problems which are causing such anxiety to the Indian Union. The Cabinet Mission in 1946 stated that paramountcy would be at an end when India attained self-government. I trace all the trouble we are having with regard to these two States to this mistaken decision. The Indian States were no doubt under treaty alliances with the British Crown, but the idea of the paramount power of the Crown developed during British rule in India, and Lord Reading, as the Governor-General, made it clear that the Crown had not only the right to conduct the external relations of the States, the States having no independent international existence, but also paramountcy gave the Crown the right to interfere in the internal affairs of an Indian State if anything went wrong or misrule took place. He asserted this specially in connection with the Hyderabad State. The Butler Committee who toured India and reported on paramountcy made it clear that the Crown had this overriding right in internal affairs as well. By the passing of the Government of India Act, 1935, the relations with the States were made the particular province of the Crown Representative who was also the Governor-General and, in dealing with States, the Crown Representative, though it was in his discretion to act in the case of States, often consulted the Government of India as represented by the Executive Council. Therefore, the British Government, when they decided that the treaties had come to an end, should not have also decided

to give up paramountcy, as logically no doubt this decision was correct, but realism demanded a different treatment. It would have been easy for the two new Dominions to settle down to the business of Government if paramountcy had been retained in them over the States taking into consideration the geographical contiguity and the wishes of the rulers and the people of the States concerned. This really has led to the problem of the States becoming rather difficult for the Dominion of India which had more States in her part of the country than Pakistan. While passing the Independence Act, His Majesty's Government in England announced that the States were free to accede to either of the two Dominions keeping in mind the contiguity to the Dominions concerned.

Sardar Vallabhai Patel who was placed in charge of the States when the new Government came into being has tackled this thorny problem with great success and determination. Before August 15, he had got every State in India to accede to the Indian Dominion with the exception of Kashmir and Hyderabad. This achievement will always stand to his credit and to the Government of which he is such a distinguished member as it made the progress of the new independent India sure and certain. He also began to look at the States problem from the point of view of viable units in the new Indian Federation which led to the merger of the smaller States in Orissa, the Central Provinces and Bihar and Madras in the Provinces, at the same time acknowledging the rights of these Rulers to allowances in keeping with their dignity. It must also be said to the credit of the Rulers of the States which merged into the Provinces as well

as of those who formed independent Unions that they were patriotic enough to see the signs of the times and attune themselves to the ferment in the country which demanded the association of the people of the territories concerned in the Governments of such territories.

Hyderabad alone remained out of this arrangement as there was no accession nor was there any attempt to bring the people of Hyderabad into association with the Government. His Exalted Highness wanted two months to come to a decision after August 15 and with patience the Government of India consented to this as they did not want to take any action which would savour of haste. After protracted negotiations, a Stand-still Agreement was concluded with Hyderabad which gave power to the Government of India with regard to the three subjects of External Affairs, Defence and Communications. As Pandit Nehru has explained, it would have been impossible for India to recognise Hyderabad as an independent unit with international status. Some people have tried to draw the analogy between Switzerland and Hyderabad but this cannot be done as Hyderabad is right in the middle of India and is the link between the north and the south and any disorder in Hyderabad is sure to have its repercussions in the south and in the north. It is good that Pandit Nehru has made it clear that no communal considerations come in in the tackling of the problem of Hyderabad. It is seen only in relation to the defence of India which is the most important aspect of this problem. Hoping that the Government of Hyderabad will see sense and will be particular in keeping law and order, the Government of India withdrew their troops which were stationed at Secunderabad. This was done to show their bona fides that they wanted a settlement with Hyderabad by agreement. For eight long months, the Government of India through His Excellency Lord Mountbatten who was then Governor-General have

tried to solve this problem but every attempt has proved infructuous. When an agreement seemed in sight last March, the Nawab of Chattari who was leading the Hyderabad delegation was prevented at the last moment from going to Delhi and naturally the Nawab Saheb resigned and a new delegation was sent. But whenever an agreement seemed near, the Nizam himself seemed to have hesitated at the last moment. The real secret seems to be that the Razakars under Mr. Kasim Razvi became as Frankenstein's monster to the Nizam. As the White Paper on Hyderabad clearly shows, the Stand-still Agreement has been broken in many respects by the Nizam's Government and border incidents in the neighbourhood of Madras, Bombay and Central Provinces and Berar have become frequent and have led to the worsening of the situation. The Nanaj incident is a good case in point. The recent raid of the Nizam's

But...
have you tried
NIRMAL
GLASSES



NIRMAL GLASS
WORKS LTD.
OLAVAKKOT MALABAR

police and military in the neighbourhood of Madras where officers and men of the Nizam's military forces were taken prisoners shows clearly that this trouble is assuming undesirable proportions. Such being the case, the Government of India had no alternative but to ask the Nizam to let them restation their military contingent at Secunderabad to prevent the deterioration in law and order. This they have done by a personal letter from the present Governor-General H.E. Sri C. Rajagopalachariar to the Nizam to which His Exalted Highness gave an evasive reply stating that everything was peaceful in Hyderabad, which was contrary to all known facts, and that there was no need for Indian troops being stationed at Secunderabad. This the Government of India, the situation being what it is, could not accept and, as Pandit Nehru has explained at a Press Conference, the Government of India are bound to proceed in the interests of peace to restation their troops at Secunderabad, which no doubt they will do though, in the interests of security, they cannot divulge when this action will be taken. In the meanwhile, the Hyderabad Government have tried every expedient to get out of accession. There has been the appeal to the UNO, a letter to His Majesty the King from the Nizam and also a letter from the Nizam to President Truman of the U.S.A. Both His Majesty's Government and President Truman have taken the right course by saying that they cannot interfere as the Nizam, by the Stand-still Agreement of November 1947, had conceded the right of the Indian Union to conduct external relations with regard to Hyderabad and by this the problem has become entirely a domestic one of the Indian Union. The UNO, I am sure, will also take this view when the case comes up before them. Taking advantage of the Stand-still Agreement, there has been gun-running into Hyderabad though the Government of India have tried to prevent this. Sardar Patel on behalf of the Government of India has made it clear that there is

only one alternative to the Nizam, i.e., to accede to the Indian Union and confer responsible government on the people of Hyderabad. Pandit Nehru also has explained that he stands for an honourable association of Hyderabad with the Indian Union on these conditions. H.E. the Governor-General has also explained in his latest communication that the only sane thing for the Nizam to do, is to agree to the stationing of troops before any negotiations can take place.

In dealing with this problem, the Government of India have shown most exemplary patience and in spite of odds have strained every nerve to get an agreement by peaceful means. They could not have done anything else as they are inheritors of Gandhiji's traditions and he had always placed moral standards above expediency. It is to be hoped that even at this late hour the Nizam and his Government will see sense and act as reasonable men.

Kashmir stands on a different footing. His Highness acceded to the Indian Union at a very late stage when he found government was becoming impossible and the raiders had come in and his own troops were not able to stem the onrush of the raiders. After such accession, Kashmir became part of the Indian Union territory and the Government of India had not merely the right but the duty to safeguard Kashmir. They rushed troops by air only just in time and have managed to clear the raiders out of a great part of the Kashmir Valley. It is now known that Pakistan not merely aided the raiders by giving them munitions and modern weapons but also put their own troops in action against the Indian army in Kashmir. As the Indian Union wanted a peaceful settlement, they took the case of Kashmir to the Security Council of the UNO which has appointed a Commission to examine the case on the spot. After considering every aspect of the position in Kashmir, the Commission made a proposal for "cease-fire" and for an interim Government in Kashmir and also

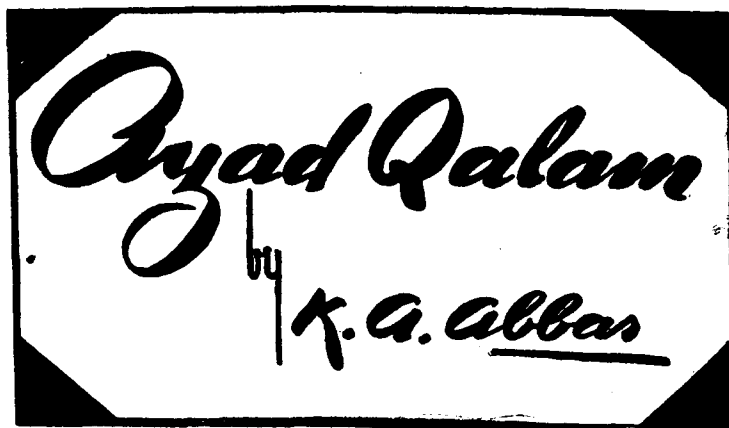
for the taking of a plebiscite under normal conditions with peace restored. The Government of the Indian Union accepted the proposals but the Pakistan Government have virtually turned them down. During the Commission's investigation, the Pakistan Government admitted that their troops were in action in Kashmir on the plea that, if this was not done, the Indian Union troops might have overrun Kashmir. This is indeed a specious plea, considering that Kashmir had acceded to the Indian Union; which clearly proves the aggressive nature of the action of the Pakistan Government. Virtually, this means there is an undeclared war though the Government of India do not want to push things to a crisis as they still believe in a peaceful settlement. The UNO Kashmir Commission have said that they are still negotiating. When such is the case, it will not be correct to say anything which will detract from their attempts.

The tackling of the Hyderabad and the Kashmir problems redounds to the credit of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Sardar Valla-

bhai Patel and the Government of India. There is proof positive that the Government of India, having moral standards in their mind, have shown patience not to take any hasty action in both these cases as they do not want to do anything which will in any way affect the peace of this part of the world. As Pandit Nehru said in his statement on Kashmir, right is bound to triumph in the end. Let us hope that the Pakistan Government will see that they should also play their part in maintaining peace in the two Dominions and making the independence of India secure. Much depends on the action of the Pakistan Government. They also value their independence as much as the Indian Union does and a peaceful settlement of Kashmir will certainly lead to the establishment of conditions which will make the independence specially of Pakistan secure. Let us hope that the statesmen of Pakistan will see this and will not allow conditions to deteriorate. The Indian Union on their part have acted in a manner as to bring this about.

The only one of the 562 princes to refuse to accede to one dominion or the other, the Nizam of Hyderabad seems determined to maintain his feudal reign. His state—about the size of Minnesota—is a land island within the Indian Union and bound to the union economically, ethnically, and religiously. He is a Moslem, but seven-eighths of Hyderabad's 17 million people are not. The idea that such a state could remain independent with its own armed forces, foreign service, tariffs and so on seems about as sensible as if Minnesota or another of our states should seek such a status here. New Delhi has the resources to assume control any time it wishes. It has withheld action only because of the fear of consequences elsewhere. The Nizam seems determined to force it to such a decision.—Editorial in New York Times.

A record total of 926 foreign students from 54 countries—including 60 from India—were enrolled in the 49th Summer Session recently concluded at Columbia University in New York City. The Canadian delegation of 217, composed of 124 women and 93 men, was the largest visiting group, with the second largest (139) coming from China. Other large national groups included 84 from Cuba, and 27 from Greece. Four students came from Afghanistan, the first from that country to enroll. Paraguay and Bolivia were the only Latin American nations and Albania the only country of Eastern Europe not represented in the student body.—USIS



SRINAGAR: Pakistan's claims to Kashmir fitted in so perfectly with the needs of Anglo-America's global anti-Soviet strategy that no argument against Pakistan, however valid, seemed to impress these powers and their satellites. Kashmir, it was blindly believed and blandly asserted, was a Muslim-majority state and, therefore, the people of Kashmir must be wanting accession to Pakistan. For the second time in two years the secular imperialists were endorsing and even propagating the anti-secular theocratic two-nation theory—because it suited their power purposes!

U. N. O. COMES TO INDIA

It was with this outlook that the U.N.O. Commission arrived in India. Of the powers represented in its composition, the U.S.A. was manifestly pro-Pakistan; the two South American states—Argentina and Columbia—were subservient to the United States; Belgium was tied to the apron-strings of Britain; only Czechoslovakia was independent, from whom one could expect a measure of impartiality and objectivity. There was no British member of the Commission but the American member had a British ADVISOR, Richard Symons, with pro-Pakistan and anti-Indian antecedents. As it happened (and not certainly by accident) he proved to be the most active member of the Commission staff and soon acquired a key position.

Then two things happened.

Firstly, Pakistan, for reasons of its own, admitted to the Commission that Pakistan troops were actually fighting in Kashmir. This knocked the bottom out of the earlier case of local patriotic rising which had been built up so assiduously and in which the U.N.O. wallahs had actually come to believe. In the face of this admission it was impossible to exonerate Pakistan completely.

Meanwhile, British pressure (with the tacit approval of certain elements in India) was being brought to bear in favour of a scheme to 'partition' the state into 'Muslim Kashmir' and 'Hindu Jammu'. It would not do to spring the partition plan all so suddenly; much better to present it later as the result of their firsthand investigations. And so it was decided to send a sub-committee of the Commission to Srinagar to make a "political and economic" survey of Kashmir. They did not even worry to explain how such an enquiry was relevant to the main issue, which was whether Pakistan had been guilty of aggression, as alleged by India, and if so, how best to stop it. (When I put this question to Symons who acted as the Secretary of this sub-committee or Mission, as it was called, he could not answer it for full five days and then lamely replied that the "political and economic enquiry" could come within the terms of reference, according to a resolution of the Security Council dated such and such).

U. N. O. COMES TO KASHMIR

From sources close to the Commission I have acquired a fairly good idea of what the members expected to see in Kashmir. The Pakistani protagonists of the so-called "Azad Kashmir" had not failed to "brief" the Commission properly about their version of the Kashmir situation. And so the alternate delegates who came as an advance party expected to find a country seething with discontent and revolt—the Muslim majority up in arms against Shaikh Abdullah's "puppet" regime. They expected to see elaborate police *bundobust* to keep down the mass opposition; they had visions of pro-Pakistani Kashmiris staging mammoth demonstrations for their benefit; and of the Indian army and the Kashmir police beating up and firing at these Pakistani demonstrators right before their eyes.

Unfortunately for Pakistan, what the Commission saw and heard did not conform at all to the picture

that had been painted for them in Karachi.

In all they must have thus contacted hundreds of thousands of Kashmiri people; there was hardly any military or police in evidence anywhere; yet there was not a single pro-Pakistan demonstration. The failure of the Pakistanis to appear on the scene was not due to any suppression but to the simple fact that they have no mass backing.

PERSONAL FACTOR

The personal factor, too, has something to do with the visible signs of the U.N.O. attitude to Kashmir somewhat slightly changing in favour of India—and truth!

In the final analysis, however, it will not be the subjective reactions (however decent and well-meaning they might be) of these alternate delegates that will determine the U.N.O. verdict, but the exigencies of power politics and the delicate international balance of power.

BOOKS & AUTHORS

Actuality-Avatar. By Brahmachari Gitananda. Published by Messrs. B. G. Paul & Co., 4, Francis Joseph Street, Madras. Price, Rs. 4 or Sh. 6. Pages 224.

The Bhagvad Gita has a new and revolutionary message which does not easily fit into the traditional background. The Gita inaugurates an original and daring outlook, whose distinctiveness is lost when it is sought to be reduced into a conformist doctrine devoid of the clarity, sincerity, and sharpness of the severely ethical tone and temper conveyed by its characteristic message. Almost all the crucial terms of the Gita, though borrowed from the past, are employed with a new meaning; and to get at the heart of its singularly profound and sublimely simple message in all its freshness, originality and novelty, one should not be too eager to set it against any popularly preconceived, or traditionally habituated, background and too ready to interpret it as a merely evolutionary product of past thought. The great commentaries on its text all equally converge to the view of its being but a "mixture of many cows' milk"—while in fact Gita announces an ever fresh message of distinctive simplicity and originality.

Gitananda in his new book, "Actuality-Avatar", has sought to preserve this uniqueness and inwardness of the Gita—which is out and out *Sui Generis*. He has endeavoured to follow the prophetic message in all its freshness of individual splendour and grandeur, without striving to smoothen the rugged outlines that rise, as it were, sharp and steep above the foaming waters of troubled life and offer a haven of hope and strength to those who dare fasten themselves to it steadfastly.

Having settled his original mode and method of exposition, Gitananda unfolds the meaning of *Avatar*, following a path which forms a very welcome deviation from the too much worn traditional ways and the no less facetiously accepted modern methods of Gita-interpretation. Students and even mature scholars of the Gita do not usually realize that an *Avatar* stands higher than his own teachings and distinctive message. Even as Jesus stands immeasurably above the Christian gospels, Krishna outmeasures his

teaching in the Gita. The failure to realise this leads to the fallaciously facile statement that it does not matter whether Krishna was a historical figure or not. This statement, often untrue even with regard to ordinary persons breaks all the canons of true logic when applied to an *Avatar*.

An *Avatar* is a physical embodiment or nothing. He can never be reduced to a mouthpiece of a mere transmitted tradition, however hoary and ancient. From this standpoint, Rudolf Otto was right in saying that the original Gita was *Viswarupa Darshana*. The clue to the meaning of the *Avatar* lies in the actualization of the vision of Reality at once cosmic and personal, immanently immediate and transcendently transparent and intimate. Gitananda devotes the best portion of his book to an exposition of this cardinal truth of all real history being wrought with and worked out of the ontologically deontological Divine. The author of "Actuality-Avatar" reads out of the Gita an eternally living history of creatively recreative and recreatively supercreative *rhythm-reason-righteousness* that is poles apart from the all familiar traditionalized interpretation. He strongly condemns the "functionlessness-void" of reflectively rarefied and reified abstractionism—that passes for the so-called Advaitic Absolute. He would have no truck with "objectivity-denying, materiality-devaluating and bodiliness-despising affectations and attitudinizations."

Reality portrayed in the Gita, as expounded by Gitananda, comes out full-blooded and red corpuscle; has the energy and vitality of fulness marching towards higher and richer levels of perpendicularly ascending character-heights with their uniquely universalizing, immanent-transcendent splendour and sublimity, grandeur and Godliness. Gitananda gives us, though not systematically, three stages or grades of reality realisability—the empirically ontological, the ontologically deontological and the historical. Along with this original vision he also strikes another note of equally fundamental importance, namely, the ethical constitution of "Reality's Reality" or *Satyasya Satyam*. The central uplifting urge indwelling and impelling all life and established Laws of Nature is love—which alone is the consummation

of all consecrated loyalties, leading to the inevitability imposing automaticness of "oughtness"—intuition.

The author just touches the vital question of technique or Yoga of the Gita, but does not develop it—as I wish he had. The pre-Gita thought conceived the technique in terms of *margas* or selectively suitable paths, as Karma, Bhakti, and Gnana, but proto-modalistic and pro-dialectical character-cra-activity is throughout the urge of oughtness's undivided immediacy-intimacy.

A note of warning is needed. The author reveals to soar and dwell in the rarefied atmosphere of abstractions and his talent for such sudden flights into high abstraction is not at all a help but a positive hindrance. His hyphenated words, often many inches long, may prevent even his most ardent readers from realising the profoundly original and purely religious aspiration and thought embedded in his verbal wilderness.—P. CHENCHIAH.

Youngest Disciple. By Edward Thompson. Abridged and edited by S. Narasimhan and A. E. Subramanian. Rao Brothers, Tenali. Price Rs. 2-8.

The inevitability of good fortune by which most works of religion come to be great literature has attended this "recreation of the life of the Buddha" by one of the most sympathetic students of Indian genius. To render in terms of literature one of the noblest epochs in the history of this land, when the Blessed One walked the fields of Magadha expounding the Noble Eight-Fold Path, is a task demanding the finest in the best of men of letters. But, like the great translators of the Bible in the reign of King James, Mr. Thompson has acquitted himself most meritoriously in a work of sympathetic imagination. "Phalgun ended, and Chaitra came, a flower-tide washing the banks of the trees with wave on wave of sweetness. Chaitra ended, and it was Vaisakh; the last scarlet bowls of the simul were ready for the storm that would toss them from the boughs". The book is certainly worthy of the passage through its pages of the Blessed One, perfumed by His memory and ennobled by His compassion for the shepherd and the robber.

There can be nothing but praise for the unobtrusive, vigilant, and loving manner of the abridgement of this work, which belongs to a class of literature not easily susceptible to such transformations. It has been an intelligent task, rendered easier than it would have been by the knowledge and sympathy which the editors have brought to bear on it. If Mr. Thompson's entrancing novel must be abridged, a more pleasing volume cannot have resulted.



Baby's health
depends
on Mother's.....

Because it is for the mother to nourish and build up his little body, to furnish it with strength and vitality. Let Shanti-Asoka ensure the mother's health. It is the Best vitamin tonic and contains in addition Asoka, the age-old herbal remedy for all female disorders which sap a woman's health and energy

Shanti-Asoka
The Best Uterine Tonic

Shanti Kuteeram Ltd.,
Manufacturing Pharmaceutical Chemists

Madras Stockists:

M/s. B. J. Gokhale,
260, Esplanade, Madras.

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.

Only Cure For Inflation

The present inflation in our country is due to the locking up of the major portion of the national income in the hands of the privileged few and the consequent disparity in the purchasing power of the different sections of community. It is a matter of common knowledge that during the war, the rich people amassed an enormous wealth by way of profits while the poor continued to lead a hand-to-mouth existence. Consequently, after the conclusion of the war, the economic inequality between the rich and the poor became greater. The Congress Government which inherited, among many other evils, the evil of inflation also from the British, actually accelerated its pace by printing more paper currency for financing the various items of expenditure, such as the Kashmir operations, the rehabilitation of evacuees, etc. If only they had financed these items of expenditure by absorbing the surplus money with the upper classes, they would have freed society from the evil consequences of inflation. But our leaders did not think it worthwhile to pursue this progressive method.

The various proposals put forward for solving the present crisis do not seem to be appreciably divergent in their nature. Barring the demand of the economists for imposition of controls over essential commodities, each one of the proposals is identical in every respect with the other. Readjustment of taxation and loan programmes of Government are among the main recommendations put forward by every section. Our capitalist comrades are adepts in evading payment of taxes to the Government and it will, therefore, be futile on our part if we try to acquire the surplus money by further taxation. Government loans are hardly subscribed to the extent required, since it is always the grievance of the capitalist class which has the necessary money at its disposal to respond to such loans, that the terms and conditions of the loan do not enthruse them to sufficiently purchase Government securities. The loan programme will not be successful, the method of withdrawing currency through loans will not be effective unless the capitalists are offered heavy concessions which will, further worsen inflation.

One is, therefore, constrained to advocate the method of compulsorily depriving the capitalists of their ill-gotten money for the restoration of the peaceful and prosperous economic life of the country. A monetary reform must be introduced by the Government by which new notes should be given in exchange for old notes at varying rates to different classes. Only by legislating for confiscation of the surplus money with a certain class, can this unprecedented situation be tackled.

V. RANGACHARI.

Madras.

Instruction in Colleges

It is astonishing to hear that the Ministry of Education has requested the Universities and the Provincial Governments to replace English as the medium of instruction at the University stage by gradual stages and to adopt in its place the language of the State or Province or regions as the medium of instruction and examination. If the Central Government is particular about the replacement of English as the medium of instruction at the University stage, it should be carried out by adopting a common language for all the Universities as well. Otherwise India will be facing linguistic disintegration in due course of time, which ultimately will impede national progress itself.

Though secondary education is provided in the regional languages, it is necessary that University education should be in the Federal language or any other language common to all the Universities. It will not be too late if the National Government waits till a federal language or any other language common to all the Universities is developed sufficiently to be eligible to take the place of English.

GIRI.

Repalle.

Tractor-ploughing

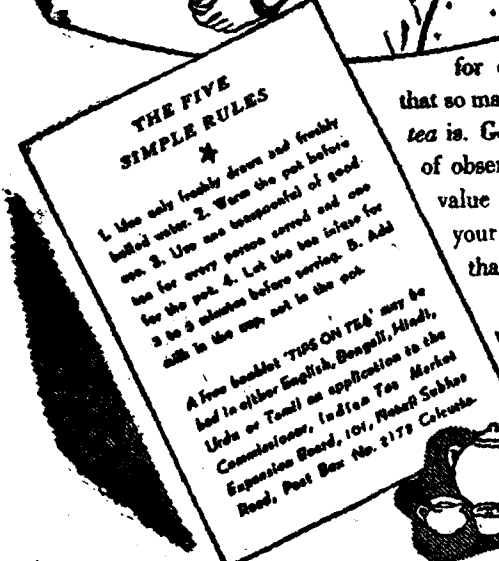
In Madras tractor-ploughing is done largely on waste lands. Where the land is stripped of its rich top soil due to severe erosion, the less fertile subsoil is ploughed out and it needs heavy fertilization to give the yield of normal untreated land. Further, if the land

66 Here's Arand Misra ...

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



Millions of people turn to tea for cheer and refreshment. How sad then that so many who drink tea do not know what good tea is. Good tea costs no more and is the result of observing five simple rules. To get the full value for your money and the full flavour of your tea learn these rules by heart and see that they are always followed in your home.



NOTHING SO GOOD AS WELL-MADE

Tea

PREPARED BY THE INDIAN TEA MARKET EXPANSION BOARD

is gullied, all-out effort will have to be made for the prevention of loss of even this less fertile substrata soil, as otherwise the yield will be still further diminished. When covered virgin land of the undulating countryside is tractor-ploughed, it is absolutely necessary to have recourse to conservation farming including contour terracing in order to prevent the exposed soil from wasting by torrential streams; otherwise tractor-ploughing will do more harm than good.

In the C.P. and U.P. heavy tractors are used mostly on flat lands where the weeds uprooted act as good farmyard manure after decaying under the conserved rainfall. Hence the yield from these areas is markedly higher than that in similar areas of Bombay and Madras.

We will do well to avoid the mistakes committed in America during the infant stage of mechanised farming. Unprotected and untreated lands should not ordinarily be tractor-ploughed. A tractor should, on no account, be kept idle, as otherwise the heavy interest and depreciation charges will render the per capita cost of ploughing quite uneconomical. When it is not ploughing, it should be

utilized for power purposes. Our Government should therefore see that there is full work for the existing units all the year round before undertaking any new purchases in order to avoid the dual loss through idle capital and subsequent heavy subsidies.

P. V. C. RAO.

Violated Promise

In the Bapatla Agricultural College Calendar (1946-47) it was stated that the Agriculture Department had to stay the execution of schemes, owing to shortage of technical personnel. We anticipated a great future for agricultural science in a free India. But the promise held out to us is now being withdrawn. We are told that agricultural graduates cannot be absorbed by the Government and no schemes are to be framed. This is a serious blow to us as we are mostly poor people with no private holdings.

If the Government did not wish to utilize the skilled services of the graduates turned out by the colleges, is it not wasting lakhs of rupees of public money?

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE
Bapatla. STUDENT.

NOW **24** th **WEEK**
Showing

GEMINI'S
Chandraleka

All over the province
and at **MADRAS**

WELLINGTON
SARASWATHI



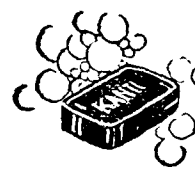

The Hub of Asia
and eventually of
The One World



But only a Soap

We would rather be honest about it. All we want to sell through this advertisement is a good quality toilet soap that's within the reach of the rich and the poor alike. We are not going to promise you that Kanti Soap will bring you beauty, love and many other things. But we can truthfully say that Kanti Soap is delightfully perfumed and is not injurious to the tenderest skin.

Other quality Swastik Products include Kanti Soap, Swastik Shaving Stick, Washing Soap, Gowalin Brand Vanaspati, etc. etc.



KANTI

Toilet Soap

MSL/P

Sam 18

SWASTIK OIL MILLS LTD., BOMBAY.

SWATANTRA

VOL. III, No. 33

(SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1948)

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Cover Page—Sjts. Pattabhi Sitaranayya and Shankar Rao Deo.	
Frontispiece—An Aurangabad Bazar Scene	4
Editorial Comments	5
Sotto Voce—By Vighneswara	8
Sidelights—By Saka	10
From The Gallery—By Groundling	12
After The Surrender—By Dr. P. Subbarayan	14
The Sea (Short Story)—By Leslie Webb	17
Life And Myself—By Harindranath Chattopadhyaya	19
Men And Moustaches—By V. Subramanian	21
New Delhi Diary—By V. V. Prasad	23
Village As The Unit—By K. S. Venkataramani	25
Pakistan After Jinnah—By C. H. V. Pathy	26
"What Next?"—By Bharatan Kumarappa	27
Spotlight On The World	29
Anomalies Of Housing Policy—By K. G. Sivaswamy	32
A Layman's Thoughts On Inflation—By M. S. V. Chari	34
Unwise Economy—By S. Rajagopalan	36
Moonlight (A Legend)—By S. Krishniah	38
The Much Maligned Businessman—By 'Nams'	39
Our Language Problem—By G. Subba Rao, M.A., M.LITT.	41
Books And Authors	44
Letters To The Editor	46

ZAC

GRIPE MIXTURE

IDEAL FOR BABIES

A reliable preparation for teething, wind and digestive discomforts, neutralising and preventing acidity. Agreeably sweetened. Especially useful for the young.

DOSE

For wind, acidity, gripe: During first 6 months, half teaspoonful; 6-12 months, one teaspoonful; 1-3 years, two teaspoonfuls.

For teething and distressing crying: As above.

For cold, diarrhoea, sickness or restlessness: give above doses every two hours for first 6 hours and then every four hours.

ZAC means quality. Insist on ZAC. Refuse substitutes. Use ZAC & ZAC only.

Manufactured by:

HOUGH ROSEASON & CO. LTD.
MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

Sole Distributors:

INDIAN MARKETING & DISTRIBUTING Co. Ltd.

Managing Agents:

V. M. Raghavulu Naidu & Son,
9/10, Second Line Beach, Post Box No. 75,
MADRAS, I.



PEACE RETURNS TO HYDERABAD: AN AURANGABAD BAZAR SCENE.

SWATANTRA

VOL. III
No. 33

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1948

ISSUED
WEEKLY

AFTER LIBERATION, WHAT?

THE tributes that are being paid to the "wisdom" of the Nizam do not seem to us to be well conceived. He disqualified himself for the responsibilities of government by depending on a gang of ruffians for the consolidation of his power. He became the prisoner of the unruly forces pampered by him, but it was the people of the State that suffered the most. The Razakars took the law into their own hands. Justice and security vanished. Murder, loot, rapine and rape became the order of the day. Thousands left the State and fled in panic to the bordering Union provinces. The march of Indian troops has happily saved the people of the State from the horror of the unchecked tyranny that had been their lot, much quicker than expected and with far less bloodshed than the most sanguine had hoped for. But after the liberation, what? Is it all to end in the restoration to honour and dignity of the original cause of the whole tragedy, to the accompaniment of plaudits over his wisdom?

We hope the Government of India will not abandon the path of commonsense in their hour of victory. It is meaningless to arrest the Razakars and their leader while the prime originator of their power of mischief is not only left untouched, but treated to exhibitions of profound consideration for his supposed exalted status. For a fraction of the misdeeds that stand proved against the Nizam, no citizen in the

land could hope to escape public trial. It is not consistent with the ideal of secular State so repeatedly proclaimed by Indian leaders that on hereditary and communal considerations the operations of fundamental justice should be interfered with as they are sought to be done in Hyderabad.

What is the secret of the extraordinary tenderness now being manifested towards the Nizam? We fear that the Government of India want to use the Nizam for checking the tempo of potential foreign intervention in Indian affairs of the sort foreshadowed by the activities of the Security Council. If so, the price of international non-intervention would be the toleration of autocracy in the heart of the country, a condition that would reduce our supposed freedom to a sheer farce. It is chimerical to dream of international goodwill on foundations of voluntary support to any discredited regime run without popular support. International organisations are worthless for the promotion of world peace unless they labour for some synthesis of power and culture on the basis of responsible government. In Hyderabad the Nizam has squandered his wealth for reckless gun-running and other anti-Indian aims and abused his power unscrupulously for anti-social purposes. The popular clamour arising out of the experience of his victims is that he should be dispossessed of both and put for

ever out of further power of mischief. It cannot be the logical end of the police action on which the Government of India have entered, that the central source of the criminality which it set out to tackle should be allowed to continue in august status with palace honours. No sane people subjected to the horrors of a rule patterned like the Nizam's can avoid wishing, if given the choice, that it should end, and the sooner the Nizam's rule is ended, the better. The feudalism of the Asaf Jahi dynasty is incompatible with any conception of responsible government and democratic freedom in modern times. The Government of India should have made no bones about pledging all their authority in support of so obvious an axiom as this. Their resolute non-committalness in the matter is as surprising as it is disquieting.

Should Hyderabad continue as a State, or should its various linguistic areas be merged in their respective adjoining territories? National security demands that no region with traditions of communal hegemony should be left in the centre of the country to serve as a hot-bed of intrigue for breeders of bad blood from across our borders. Also, if the principle of linguistic provinces is not to be abrogated, it will not be possible for long to prevent the States going the way of the Provinces and getting dismembered in their present shapes for fresh re-formations on lines of linguistic homogeneity. Evidently to avoid the complications of the problem in bilingual and multi-lingual cities, Pandit Nehru has lately been pleading for a ten-year respite. The appeal has come mixed up with denunciations of centrifugal tendencies like communalism and provincialism. The real root of all apparently disruptive movements lies in the discontent of elements that feel themselves unfairly left out in the general competitive race for political and economic power. But for the massing, of late, of

sectarian Tamil forces in formidable forms for the ousting of Andhra competitors from influence and prominence in the composite set-up, the Andhra demand for a separate province might not have reached its present virulence. In the Centre also, the Sindhi member is partial to Sindhis, the Bengali to Bengalees, and so on, and preferment proceeds on patently provincial lines, to the detriment of standards of inter-provincial equity and fairness. The maladies on the circumference of the nation's life are mostly imitations of follies committed from the Centre.

UNO Politics

IT is a lesson of history that every new State has either to survive a war or be born of it. Like the ills of nonage which test the capacity of an infant to brave the perils of life, and in a sense to immunise it to them, war continues to be the greatest ordeal of nations which aspire to live free independent lives. Till last week, Hyderabad occupied a position of such dreaded importance that it enjoyed a prestige out of all proportion to its real power. Suppose riots had broken out in all cities, suppose Pakistan had declared war on India, a situation might have been created which would have put us into political chancery so to speak. The UNO would have stepped in, and loaded the scales heavily against us, and Britain would have returned by the back-door to pay off some new scores. Why did these calamities not overtake us? We are too near the events to find the complete answer; but a part of it may be indicated without much difficulty.

The British Cabinet is definitely pro-Indian on the Hyderabad issue. But for Mr. Attlee, the attitude might have been far different and far more disastrous to us. Even in the British Cabinet, there is the Bevin group which, though horny-handed, has become injected with

the imperial venom, as witness the adventure now mounting in tempo in Malaya. Individually, therefore, Ministers say what they like; but the Cabinet acts in the manner laid down by Mr. Attlee. We may have to include Sir Stafford Cripps also with the Premier. This friendliness of the Ministry in office is an asset. When India is considered as a dominion, we are with Attlee. When India is considered through the British Foreign Office, then we are undone, for we come under the baleful influence of the Blimps.

As in India, so in Israel. In the case of Israel, Mr. Bevin's Foreign Office has been playing a far from creditable part. But unlike in India, Mr. Attlee succumbed to Mr. Bevin in the matter of the British Government's formulation of Palestinian policy. Mr. Churchill was by reputation a passionate Zionist. But the Conservative Party led by him gave full support to the Foreign Secretary's attempt to browbeat the Jews into acceptance of his pro-Arab policy of refusal to co-operate in the United Nations' partition plan. Neither in the Government at Westminster, nor in Parliament, nor among the British people was there anyone to plead for the Jews. Support for Mr. Bevin's disastrous handling of Palestine was complete and unanimous.

The reason for all this was Mr. Bevin's uncritical confidence in a small band of imperialist-minded and highly influential pro-Arab Blimps stationed in Cairo. These persuaded Mr. Bevin that militarily the Jews could not withstand the march of the Arab armies and Mr. Bevin proceeded to persuade others. In hopes of enlisting the supposed martial strength of the Arab Legion for the protection of British oil in the Middle East and as a bulwark against Russia, the Labour Government in Britain yielded to Mr. Bevin's importunities to dishonour their pledges to the Jews. Perfidy triumphed over principle. British

staff officers led the Arab Legion and both the Legion and the Egyptian Army were equipped with British artillery and aircraft of the very latest designs. Mr. Bevin's Foreign Office confidently expected that the Palestine campaign would end in a week in victory to the Arab side. But actually the Arabs proved to be wholly unable to make any effective use of their splendid equipment, and it was the Jews, despite their improvised home-made arms, that revealed themselves militarily superior. Then it was that qualms of conscience began to quiver in the breasts of the righteous in Britain and coincided with doubts about the competence of the Arab rabble to serve as a bastion against the Red Army.

It must be recognised that British predominance at the UNO could not possibly have inspired confidence in Palestinian Jews about the capacity for impartiality of that body. The Labour Government has lately come into the consciousness that it had unwisely backed the losing side in the Palestine conflict, but by that time the mischief had been done and the credit of the UNO tarred black with the dark colour of Mr. Bevin's devious politics. The real source of menace to international peace missions of the kind undertaken by Count Bernadotte is to be sought as much in the atmosphere of moral corruption imparted to UNO proceedings by power politics of the imperialist brand of its leading members like Britain, as in any inherent turbulence of terrorist gangs in Israel. If the assassin that shot the bullet that killed Count Bernadotte was a member of the murderous Stern gang, some part at least of the responsibility for the sickening of soul impelling people to terrorist ways must in the case of Israel be attributed to the disgraceful intrigues and unprincipled policies of the British Foreign Office.

Devious Strategy

AN *ad hoc* committee of the Tamil Nadu Provincial Congress Committee appointed for collecting data on the boundary issue, has set up candidates in the City municipal elections this year. The P.C.C. resolved not to set up candidates, but a creature of the P.C.C. has undertaken what the P.C.C. resolved not to do. This is another stroke of the ingenuity of the moving spirit of the P.C.C., Sri Kamaraj Nadar. It is as if with his left hand he has done what it was proclaimed the right hand would not do. What was the need for this devious strategy?

There is only one feasible explanation. For years the Andhra and Tamil Congress authorities have been jointly setting up candidates in all City elections. Evidently Sri Kamaraj wanted to extricate the Tamil Congress this year from the restraints pertaining to that established convention. There is scarcely an Andhra name in the list of candidates published. The thoroughness of the strategy for extinguishing in this manner the civic status of an entire element of the population has very little in it worthy to be called democratic. No true lover of the Congress can help deploring the situation.

Sotto Voce

The Man Of Destiny



THE passing of the creator of Pakistan, one should have thought, would make a mighty splash in the news; it produced hardly a flutter. When Gandhiji fell it was as if the sun paused at noonday uncertain what to do. I recognise that Mr. Jinnah was at a disadvantage, dying in his bed; and Pakistan in its publicity seemed anxious not to linger over the last scene. Just at that moment, too, Hyderabad lurched into the head-lines, somewhat as a whale dives sucking into the whirlpool in its wake all manner of small craft. Mr. Jinnah, had he lived, might have been less affronted by what was happening to the Nizam than by Kasim Razvi's sublime impudence.

But, as in all great caricature, there was a grain of truth in the

Razakar Fuehrer's boast. "Like Mr. Jinnah I shall leave no successor": that melodramatic flourish, like a flare let out into the night, lights up a fatal flaw in the Qaid-e-Azam's make-up. What a man is and not what he does—that alone avails him when he comes to square his account with posterity. And Mr. Jinnah, for all that he carved out a kingdom for himself, was sterile, hopelessly sterile. He was master of one tune and as that was soon exhausted he went on repeating himself endlessly. It is the fate of crooners in musical monotone that they never suspect that they may be setting other people's teeth on edge.

The world knows little of Mr. Jinnah's private life, his personal tastes and preferences. Dressed with the exquisiteness of a

Beau Brummel, dignified, almost severe, in his bearing, irreproachably correct in professional matters, he appeared before his fellows in an armour in which there were apparently no chinks. And yet he was lonely, terribly lonely. There was something pathetic about the old man as the photographs showed him during his rare public appearances in Pakistan. Age had suddenly descended on him as it does on most well-preserved men; like a tautly strung bow relaxed, he seemed to have passed without any transition from spry health to feebleness.

Oddly enough the fact that on these occasions he was usually seen in the company of his sister strengthened the impression of loneliness. It was public knowledge that the relations between him and his only child were strained. It was said that he had never reconciled himself to her marriage outside the Islamic fold, though in this she had but followed his own example. By marrying the heiress of a Parsi multi-millionaire he had offended orthodoxy in his time. But *she* had made her submission to Islam, which mollified the Maulvis who in any case could not afford to quarrel with a prosperous lawyer who seemed none too anxious to placate the greybeards.

But, as the Mullas relaxed, Mahomed Ali Jinnah regressed. The secular politician who had kept contemptuously aloof from the Khilafat agitation came in time to see himself as the pontiff-founder of a new Baghdad. He gave Id messages, joined the faithful in their public prayers, and dutifully if not lovingly turned his cheek to his Muslim chauffeur—to be kissed. The prophet-king of the new Islamic Kingdom donned the democratic achkhan and fez as unemotionally

as the barrister of Lincoln's Inn had donned academic cap and gown.

There was the same absence of emotion about the systematic way in which he built up a public personality for himself. His political associates cowered before him, fascinated as is the tiger's victim by the ruthless magnificence bearing down upon it. But Mr. Jinnah, even while treading on the heads of the multitude, justified himself by the constitutional formulas of that very democracy which he contemned. Towards the opponents of Pakistan—which to the last he never defined, for the excellent reason that he had no notion what it was—he showed a cold fury which in time petrified into a pose. Looking down upon most people, his lips curled in a perpetual sneer, he yet gave the impression of suffering from an obscurely sensed inadequacy.

He lacked magnanimity. Mr. C. R. Reddy has spoken of him as the Coriolanus of Indian politics. But Coriolanus, who poured out his contempt on the tribunes of the people, reserved his highest admiration for a worthy foe like Aufidius; his tortured love for his country was none the less love because it had curdled into hate. When the Mahatma's tragic death wrung from Mr. Jinnah an unwilling tribute he must needs diminish it by remembering that Gandhiji was the leader of the Hindus. Once during the war, when Britain was in no mood for parleying, he protested in tearful querulousness that Gandhiji wanted to embroil him with the British. And at the moment of his triumph, when he sat enthroned in the Chair of State, the camera with pitiless candour showed him vaguely smiling, and shuffling his feet in a fever of unease. The Man of Destiny was, clearly, a man afraid.

VIGNESWARA

"There are many paths to the top of the mountain, but the view is always the same."—CHINESE SAYING.

SIDELIGHTS : :

In politics, merit is rewarded by the possessor being raised, like a target, to a position to be fired at.—BOVEE.

OF the three candidates who have entered the lists for election as Congress President, Sri Shankar Rao Deo is the least attractive. Formal addiction to certain overt peculiarities of simplicity as practised by the Mahatma became habitual to him at a fairly early stage of the Non-Co-operation movement. A good few of the type have survived to this day, but the larger number desisted on the way and went back to normalcy. The survivors can be identified by their complete abstention from the use of tailor-made clothes. Sometimes they appeared before you with the cleanest of clean shaves which made them look stern, ascetic and forbidding. At other times they looked bearish with a beard. It is said of Lord Northcliffe that he never could endure a beard, and whenever any bearded member of the staff passed by, he could scarcely control his chagrin. "That fellow must be having something to hide in his beard" he used to shout. Beards were decimated in the offices controlled by Northcliffe by the sharpness of his well-known aversion, but there was one intrepid employee who was no less than an editor of *The Times* who would not give up his right to wear a beard. But it cost him his office. The editor's beard irritated Lord Northcliffe so much that it made harmony and courtesy impossible, embittered their relations and before long forced a separation between the two.

There is a little of Northcliffian boyishness in most of us. It makes us distrustful of aggressive manifestations of abnormality. In the case of the Mahatma every departure from the normal came in a straight line from the relentless pursuit of some dear tenet, so that at the back of all his oddities there was an integrating principle at work. He gave up nothing which did not serve to enrich him at a higher

point of contact with the life of society. But the exercises of his imitative disciples have not always had a similar positive constructive significance. They were like a crown decking the head of a mountebank.

Beyond wearing the habiliments of sainthood Sri Shankar Rao Deo has not progressed far. He carries with him a chilling atmosphere. A certain skill in the execution of minor errands belongs to him undoubtedly. It has made him the darling of the Sardar in his need of instruments to be used of dependable efficiency and controllable ambitions. Acharya Kripalani is a classic example of an efficient instrument proving undependable on account of the unpardonable ambition of wishing to assert himself. He had therefore to quit. Sri Rajendra Prasad cannot be characterised as anybody's instrument. But he has slipped quietly off the pedestal of effective power in the post-Gandhian period, leaving the Sardar and the Pandit as its sole occupants. A victim of asthma, he is subject to sudden enfeeblement at unpredictable moments to the grave detriment of public business in his charge calling for urgent disposal that could not be so disposed of. Leaders of his stamp labouring under physical ailments incapacitating them for hard work should be reserved for posts of honour without responsibility.

In the crisis preceding Acharya Kripalani's exit, Sri Shankar Rao Deo came to prominence as a clog in the wheel of the President's movements, endowed with redoubled obstructive capacity by serving in addition as a lever for directing forces outside the office. His unshakable presence without regard to delicacy on occasions when two could exchange confidence but a third party was an obvious inconvenience, spoiled whatever chance of success Acharya Kripalani had when as Congress President he undertook his Madras mission during Sri

Prakasam's premiership. The furtive second-hand impression that Sri Shankar Rao then made is not compatible with the dignity and historical importance of the office of Congress President. It is a different matter if the aim be to convert the Congress into a side-show.

Sri Purushotham Das Tandon is a more commanding figure than Sri Shankar Rao Deo. Of the burning sincerity of the man there is no question. He is not a climber or clinger and compels respect by his non-acquisitive character. He is constitutionally unfit to intrigue. But on two counts, he will not, at this moment, be an apt choice for Congress President. Our central political structure, like the New Delhi administrative machinery, is already over-weighted with U.P. men and sons of Gujarat, and the integrity of the State is being threatened by the gathering discontent of the "excluded areas". Provincialism which nowadays is rightly condemned from so many platforms, is aggravated by disequilibrium in inter-provincial division of central power and influence. No question arises of provincial representation in the case of leaders of national stature that have outgrown provincial status. Nehru and Patel belong to all India and not merely to their respective provinces. Sri Tandon yet belongs to the provincial category of leaders. His passionate sympathies for the R.S.S. and the Hindu Mahasabha, though valuable as an influence for the avoidance of persecution, do not seem quite suited to the needs of the moment with its primary emphasis on the evolution of a secular State.

Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya is the fittest of the candidates in the field for the honour of Congress Presidentship. It is seven years now

since I wrote of him that, born in any other province, he would long ago have become the Congress President, but he paid the penalty for being an Andhra by just missing the prize. The Andhras are a pathetically inefficient people for promoting the political fortunes of their own leaders. Everywhere, no doubt, aspirants for leadership fight with each other, but there is a domain beyond which they will all combine, if not for security against outside rivals, at least to look respectable to the world. But the Andhras are a curious people who accept no boundary for their fights and insist on carrying their quarrels all over the globe. Andhra leaders when they outgrow provincial status and enter on the inter-provincial scene are left therefore without that provincial support which acts in the case of others as a propelling impetus to national importance. But for this handicap, Dr. Pattabhi who possesses a perfect equipment for public life would not have been overtaken and left behind so easily by so many mediocres of inferior calibre, in the race for recognition.

It is a waste of national substance to allow Dr. Pattabhi's gifts and talents to continue unused in an organisational way for political work and administrative tasks. He has energy, intelligence, debating skill, organisational capacity, industry and application, and the will to serve. He has the planning mind harnessed to a keen constructive faculty. None in the country is so well versed in the problems of the States. As Congress President he will be able to steer his way with dignity, avoiding both subservience and hostility to the ruling regime, which neither of his competitors might be able to do in a comparable degree. In the context of affairs as they stand, Dr. Pattabhi would be the fittest choice for the Congress Presidentship.—SAKA.

SOCIALIST BOOK REVIEW CLUB

The Socialist Party is organising a Book Review Club. Friends interested may contact Mr. G. V. Subba Rao, Secretary, Regional Office, Socialist Party, 8 Nungambakam High Road, Cathedral Post, Madras.



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

DISAPPOINTMENT, dismay, discomfiture and disgust are discernible in the undertones of the comments of the British press on the surrender of Hyderabad. They had all been waiting ghoulishly for news of pogroms, to lap up stories of arson, loot, murder or rape on which to hang the familiar moral of our eternal inability to behave in the absence of an umpire. That there was not a single incident to mar the united front of the nation has a lesson of great import to us. What is it? It is that the British Government was in a position to precipitate communal riots whenever they were deemed necessary as an instrument of policy. The Government that is now in power willed that there should be no riots, and the result was that there were none. This single fact damns retrospectively and on the ethical and spiritual plane British rule in India through a century. It invests Mahatma's indictment of it as 'Satanic' with the virtue of scientific precision! It is the exposure of her mental reservations that now breaks out in these contradictory and confused comments. Out of them stand out a few glaring ideas. There is an unnatural solicitude for the Nizam which was conspicuous by its absence when it was the fate of say Baroda or Bharatpur or Rewa. Evidently the Nizam has been a good paymaster; the enquiry into the financial deals and doles of the Laik Ali Ministry now announced will certainly rival the latest crime-club best seller. Secondly, even the *Manchester Guardian* is so obsessed with the greatness of the Nizam

that it appeals to us to invite the UNO to supervise the plebiscite.

The last of the hints which proves to be anonymous, and so may be safely taken as British in origin or inspiration is that the UNO might still choose to keep Hyderabad on the agenda, even if the Hyderabad spokesman should want to withdraw. It shows that trouble-makers have not yet taken the beating in a spirit of sport. If the UNO which has more serious work is going to stultify itself further than it need or should, well, it is its affair. In which case, Pandit Nehru might seriously consider the advisability of sponsoring a resolution to take the question of Malaya on the agenda. Mr. Bevin who posed beautifully for the Blimps and deplored how India had become suddenly war-like might be afforded an opportunity to explain the brand of peace which he is out to bring the Malaysians with the help of 'the holy text of pike and gun.'

I think it high time that the Sardar wound up the relaying of 'B.B.C.' news at 9-30 p.m. If the monitoring service of the A.I.R. is unequal to the job of preparing a world round-up once every twenty-four hours, I shall gladly supply the stuff or put the crowd of AIR people in the way of preparing it. People who are in love with the Delhi Station might go to it direct. The B.B.C. is merely a trade name like All India Radio. But since partition, the London Radio has been meticulously malicious in calling our broadcasting station from the capital as Delhi Radio. The implication

is to denigrate us subtly, and to rub the sore of partition as often as possible.

There is another detail also to which I should like to draw pointed attention. The London Radio has a 'special correspondent' in India and Pakistan. How he does the twin job, I don't know and do not indeed care. As Mrs. Malaprop remarked in a slightly different context, this correspondent may even be like Cerberus—three gentlemen at once! But the point of interest about this gent's activities is that his 'news' is mostly 'views'. And his views are discreditable to an honest man. For he forecasts the likelihood of riots breaking out here, there and everywhere; and when they do not happen, he comes along with the most saintly air to say that it remains to be seen how much longer the calm would prevail. It is a new technique to purvey news by exploiting a series of negatives. It amounts to indulging in tactics of *agents provocateurs*, and I should like this supple gent to be ticked off by whoever is competent to do so. Of course, it is understood that there is no curtailment of the freedom of this worthy to ply his trade!

I wonder whose was the decision to brief Sir A. R. Mudaliar to present our case against Hyderabad. If it was the Sardar, I must admire his mordant sense of humour. For Sir Arcot was a prize-boy of the departed British power, and played the part assigned to him with a perfection born of the application of great gifts to mediocre ends. The wheel came round full circle when he stood up as the spokesman of the Sardar to ask the British chairman a pointed, pertinent and personal question. Et tu Brute! must have been Sir Alexander Cadogan's silent exclamation.

I heard with some incautious sympathy, and purely by accident, part of the Nizam's broadcast to his 'beloved' people. Then I re-

LIFE ASSURANCE

is a fortune bought by easy periodical payments to ensure financial independence for oneself in old age and/or for dependents.

WHY YOUR LIFE SHOULD NOT BE INSURED?

For a bright future career represent a leading LIFE OFFICE

THE SOUTH INDIA CO-OPERATIVE INSURANCE SOCIETY LTD.

Head Office.

Armenian Street,

Post Box No. 182, MADRAS.

membered the mawkish tears shed by Burke, and by millions since vicariously, over the untoward fate of Marie Antoinette. The Nizam spoke English like the average Mulki—with a system of phonetic values unknown to the English language. I am glad that he made no offer to accede to the Union straightway, as it might later be used as accession under duress. I guess too the hand of Munshi (the scribe) in the phrase 'integrated friendliness' occurring in the Nizam's firman. It is said to be the first time that the Nizam spoke in front of a mike. And that reminds me that the Nizams have always been stay-at-homes; I don't think any one of them went out of Hyderabad. Perhaps they were afraid of not getting back or getting it back, if they left it even for a day. Which accounts for the fact that none of the Asafjahis is a Hajee either.

GROUNDLING

"Savages can have many wives, but Christians only one; this is known as monotony."—STEEL WORKER AND MINER.

AFTER THE SURRENDER

by Dr. P. SUBBAROYAN

IT is gratifying that the Hyderabad problem has been solved without much trouble by the police action taken by the Government of India. The patience and forbearance shown by Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru and Sardar Vallabhai Patel has brought about this happy ending. When the British Government by their statement said that Paramountcy had lapsed and the States were free to accede to either Dominion and come to an agreement with the new Indian Union, people like the Nizam felt that they could declare independence. This view was supported by some eminent lawyers, but situated as Hyderabad is in the middle of the Indian Union, it was not possible for the Government of India to look on and leave Hyderabad in a state of suspended animation. It was made clear when the Indian Independence Act was passed that the British Government, in spite of the lapse of Paramountcy, would not recognise any Indian State as an international entity. Mr. Attlee reaffirmed this view in the Hyderabad debate when Mr. Churchill raised this question, but, to a certain extent, this was undone in the recent debate on Hyderabad by Mr. Bevin when he talked of the warlike attitude in the new Dominion. Events have proved that there was no question of any warlike attitude. The Government of India had to eventually take action in Hyderabad when law and order conditions in the State deteriorated and there were repercussions in the border areas. It must be said to the credit of the Government of India that their action resulted in successfully tackling the problem of Hyderabad and bringing in peace to Hyderabad itself. They have been criticised for not taking action in time, but the facts have proved that their patience bore fruit in avoiding much unhappiness both in the State and outside. I trust now accession and responsible government will follow.

It is gratifying to note that Swami Ramananda Thirth has been released and he went round the city of Hyderabad with Mr. Munshi asking for a calm atmosphere. The State now is under Military governorship as the law and order situation has got to be put right before civil administration could come into being again, but the Military Governor is to be helped by various civilian administrators from the border Provinces. It is to be hoped that things in Hyderabad will settle down soon.

It has been said that some of the Razakars have gone underground and that some arms which they had in their possession have been handed over to the Communists. It is to be hoped that the Communists will not now take a hand by engineering sabotage. They must be patriotic enough to realise that the Indian Union has undertaken the task of clearing a very difficult position for the new State. There must be patriotism enough in them to see that the first necessity in the State is the restoration of law and order and the Military Governor and his civilian administrators should be helped and not hindered in their difficult task. The sooner this task is accomplished the better it will be both for the people in the State and those on the borders. No constructive work can be done when there is disorder. The Government of India have announced that it is the will of the people that should count in the future ordering of the State. This can only be done when peace is restored and election for a Constituent Assembly is held. It will then be the task of the Constituent Assembly to decide the future of Hyderabad.

Swami Ramanand Thirth who has struggled so long for the solution of the Hyderabad problem will, I am sure, see to it that elections when they come, are held in a manner to get the will of the people reflected in their representatives in the Constituent Assembly.

A difficult situation has been got over with the least amount of unhappiness. Geographically and by its natural position, Hyderabad can never be outside the Indian Union. That object must be kept in view in any settlement that is to come. The Government of India will no doubt act in this moment of victory in a generous manner, but such generosity must be reciprocated by the people of the State. There is no question of communalism in the solution of this problem. The fact that there was no communal outburst in the Indian Union in face of the police action in

Hyderabad shows the Government of India correctly appraised the situation. A meed of praise is due to the leaders of the Muslim community in having seen and understood the correct position and having ranged themselves on the side of the Indian Union in their mission of peace. This is a good augury for the future of India and it is to be hoped that the Government of the Indian Union will now have respite in order to undertake many things that they had in mind and which had to be postponed because of the internal situation in the Indian Union.



Too much mechanical efficiency is the enemy of liberty because it leads to regimentation and the loss of spontaneity. Too little efficiency is also the enemy of liberty, because it results in chronic poverty and anarchy. Between the two extremes there is a happy mean, a point at which we can enjoy the most important advantages of modern technology at a social and psychological price which is not excessive.—Aldous Huxley.

GLUCONATE-D

(CALCIUM GLUCONATE WITH VITAMIN D)

Gluconate D tablets contain the purest Calcium Gluconate with Vitamin D in a highly palatable chocolate base and therefore can be easily taken by children as well as adults. Indicated in all cases of calcium deficiency.

MANUFACTURED BY THE MYSORE INDUSTRIAL & TESTING LABORATORY, LTD., MALLÉSWAREM, BANGALORE.



SELLING AGENTS

BEST & COMPANY, LTD.,

POST BOX No. 63, MADRAS

Consult

THE
MADRAS PENCIL FACTORY
FOR
STAR OF INDIA PENCIL
★
HOE & COMPANY

for High Class Printing & Lithography

★
V. PERUMALL CHETTY & SONS

for

All Kinds of High Class Stationery

5, STRINGER STREET,

MADRAS 1.

Short Story

“The Sea”

by Leslie Webb

(“Man’s love is of man’s life a thing apart”).

THEY had cast the net and were now relaxing before they drew it up for the final time. In the small weather-beaten catamaran, Ramalu sat gazing wistfully out over the sea. A young athletic figure, bare, except for the narrow piece of cloth about his loins. Against the bamboo mast, Chokalingam, his aged and grizzled father, dozed with half-open lips. The one sail, hanging lifeless in the still air, protected the two men from the rays of a mid-day sun which beat down fiercely all around. Ramalu heaved a sigh of contentment. Ever since a child, he had learnt to love the sea. There was something about it that absorbed his interest and drew him closer day by day. He could not imagine his life without its embracing friendship. Here, in this quiet, secluded spot, where they stopped for their fishing, he found a constant source of pleasure. Every moment passed was like being in a dream—his most cherished dream.

The boat rose suddenly over a swell and Chokalingam awoke startled. “Have I been sleeping?” he asked in a heavy voice, and then “Come on, let us hurry up and pull in. It is getting late and your Luxmi will be waiting anxiously for you”. Together they hauled up the soggy net, now strangely alive with a myriad of silvery convulsive forms. It was a good catch and the old man grinned appreciatively. Soon they were heading for home with a strong wind from behind bending the canvas. Ramalu thought of Luxmi, his childhood friend, and the girl he was to wed in a few days. She would be sitting alone on the beach as she always did. He longed to bring her out on these excursions of theirs, to let her share in the joy that he felt. But

he remembered how his father had turned on him when he first mentioned the idea. “Don’t you know this is a man’s job and women are not supposed to accompany us?”, Chokalingam had replied hotly, and he had not dared to repeat the suggestion after that. Besides, Luxmi was afraid. Afraid of the water, ever since that morning her father’s body was found washed on to the shore, bloated and pulpy. His craft had been a victim of the gale that had sprung up suddenly in the day. She was lonely now, and excepting for her mother Mariamma, he was her sole companion. The coast came rushing now to meet them in a blaze of familiarity. They landed in shin-deep water and Ramalu hurried up the hard, wet, shore.

He made his way lightheartedly through the gathering of fisherfolk on the beach. Sturdy dark-skinned men, who never talked much, were hurrying to and fro, whilst women in dull coloured saris squabbled amongst themselves in harsh tones and children chased one another over the warm sand. He felt the crunch of it under his feet and kicked up some playfully. He found her, slender tawny thing, cutting figures on the sand. He greeted her and her face lit up into a happy smile when she saw him. Soon they were chatting about themselves and Ramalu realized for the first time how beautiful she was, with her black laughing eyes and small shapely mouth. And then something made him look at the grey expanse, visible over her shoulder. The Sea. Strangely, it seemed to beckon to him, as if he needed its help. He shoved the fantasy from his mind and glanced at Luxmi. She was watching nonchalantly the kites swooping and wheeling in the sky. He knew her thoughts were of the future which

promised to be so bright for the two of them.

The sun was just beginning to hide its orange-coloured self for the night, when they got up from the sand and rejoined their own parties, now preparing to return to their dwellings. Ramalu walked slowly behind his father, past the rambling wall that skirted the beach, and the low adobe buildings of the old town. He hummed something nonsensical to himself that told of his happiness; for Luxmi was nearly his own and she was happy too.

And then it happened. One evening, just before the day of the nuptials, when returning from their work, Ramalu and Chokalingam were surprised to see a small knot of people gathered at the entrance to the 'patch'. They enquired and learnt that a fire had burnt down one of the huts. Quite a common occurrence in their life and they thought no more of it. But on the way, Ramalu noticed groups of women talking excitedly and looking at them queerly as they approached. He overheard bits of talk "Quite a charming girl and very devoted to him", "I believe there is nothing left of her." Funny, how they made him think of Luxmi. Wild thoughts suddenly began to spring into his head. He had not seen her at all today. Supposing it was she who was in that hut when the fire started. He tried to dismiss the idea but a cold fear made him run forward to see if she was safe and well. He heard his father call after him but he did not heed. Around a corner, and there he saw people clustering about something. He pushed his way frantically through their midst, and knew whose ashes were mixed in the charred remains of the hut, before he saw the widow Mariamma weeping on the ground. He tried to console her, and in between deep sobs, heard of how a spray spark alighting on the thatched roofing under which Luxmi slept, soon developed into a conflagration which had devoured her. A great sickness welled up in his heart and

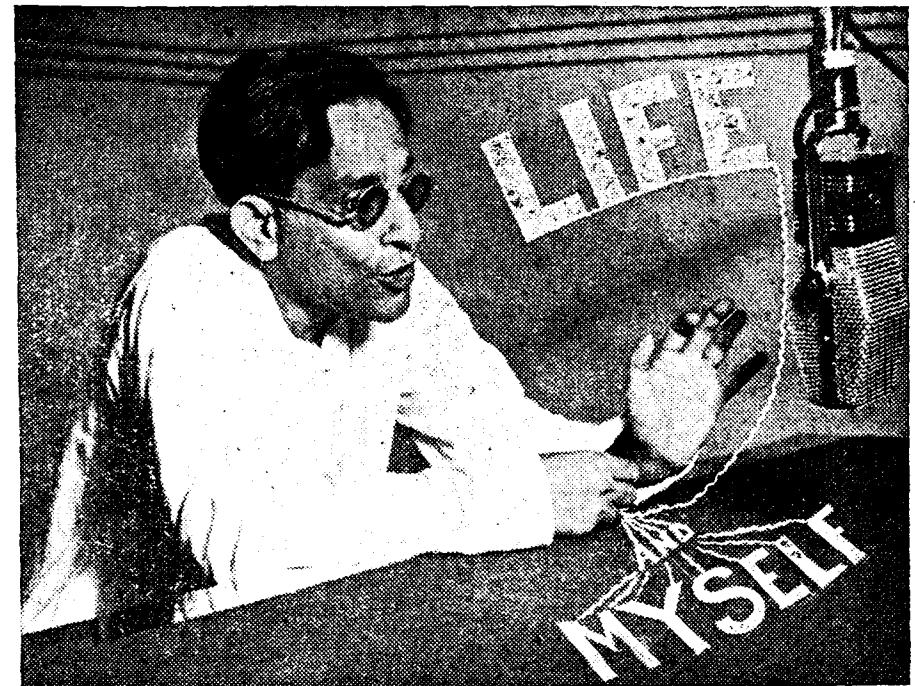
he tried to control the tears now rushing to his eyes. He left quietly. A sad, broken, figure.

It is the morning after Luxmi's death and the little boat tops the foam-flecked waves. Ramalu stands in the prow and feels the salt spray beat refreshingly against his face. The events of that fatal evening are still fresh in his mind but he does not brood over them. A cruel act of fate had robbed him of one he had loved very dearly, but it had not crushed him. He still had the Sea. Somehow it gives him consolation and the will to survive. A deep feeling of gratitude as he is caught in the magic of his surroundings. He knew it now. The sea had always been closest to his heart—even before Luxmi—but he had not recognized it as such. May be, in its bid to possess him entirely, the Sea had won out. He bent down and trailed his fingers in the cool water. A shimmering waste of perennial delight. The Sea.

**But ...
have you tried
NIRMAL
GLASSES**



**NIRMAL GLASS
WORKS LTD.
OLAVAKKOT MALABAR**



*Harindranath
Chattopadhyaya*

LIFE AND DESOLATION:

IT was spring in Bangalore. The climate nearly swept me off my feet. The breeze that blew so gently and with so much sweetness seemed to be from a giant fan of blended colours held by flower-turbaned Time, a slave attending on the Horizon which wore garments of a regal and jewelled glow. Once again the mood to drink began to creep over me. There is strange fascination residing in a pleasant climate like that of Bangalore which seems to work the heart of an artist like me into states of romance. I went for long walks all by myself. My favourite haunt soon became the large lonely stretch of land lying beyond the railway lines not far from the house in which we had settled down for a few months. I have always loved solitary walks;

while the limbs move and the feet measure distance to the rhythm of conscious footfalls, the mind settles down to a sense of concentration and the heart becomes receptive to deep things. The mundane conditions of everyday life slip into the background and one becomes, as it were, a new world wherein inklings of the deeper self twinkle out and remind one of far away beauty and link one to such rapture as seems to have come down through endless time—rapture that is the birth-right of man.

Sita began more and more to become a member of the family; indeed, the home and its affairs slowly, but surely, revolved round her. She was the silent mother who tended and moulded our son who grew more and more attached to her with

almost pathetic attachment. Her presence was all sweetness; all our friends accepted her as someone who belonged by right to the house—she was loved and respected for her lovely ways and gentle nature.

In the meantime my friendship with Kuppuswamy, the young Senior Wrangler, grew in intensity. He was the one person whose company never cloyed me. It was a relief to have somebody like him to talk to, for he was interested in a number of subjects and talked with authority not only on his own subject, mathematics, but also on literature and yoga. I have always felt that a deep knowledge in any sphere finally leads one into the abstruse problems of God, nature and self. It is only the superficial scholar, the mind that has not touched the glowing border line of pure Imagination, who gropes in the darkness and does not know the ecstasy of the struggle between time-values and the values of the eternal. Kuppu had made many authentic flights into the realm of higher mathematics and grappled with calculations on planes which evade those of the purely mental. A mathematician, a scientist, an artist—when they go beyond the conventional inaccuracies of thought and deduction which to the mind seem apparently accurate, they inevitably touch the fringes of something beyond and above the mind; and, once the fringes are reached, then there is no rest for them. They are drawn, as by a magnet, from the material to the spiritual. Constant contemplation on higher and higher problems of figures, laws and visions, saturate them with such light as slowly transforms the very texture of their being. With time they become unconscious seekers of the spirit—from several truths they go towards the Truth. Their daily life becomes simplified and to men around it is obvious that they begin to wear the semblance of the yogi: that is why they are treated as abnormal and eccentric—yet looked upon with a sense of silent awe and even of subtle deep-hearted respect. Kuppu was, undoubtedly,

looking for states which went beyond the most complex permutations and combinations of mere man-conceived brain—established groups of figures. I loved him for it; since I myself, since an early age, was striving in a very lonely way to go beyond the beauty and the stirring of life and nature towards something which, I felt sure, underlined the whole complex myriad-hued changing processes of what is ordinarily named existence.

Venkatachalam was entirely of a different type. He always suggested to me a sort of joyful vagabond who looked upon life as something which should be enjoyed without getting attached to the enjoyment—a sort of wandering genius with a rare capacity for capturing countless contacts and winning the best out of life. A theosophist at the time, he naturally came under the influence of a colourful system of thought and belief which gave him a background of a wider understanding of life than usual, and developed in him an intention which worked wonders in his career of friendships and contacts. Always cheer-

ful and helpful, ready to do things for others and never tired of co-operating especially with artists in their efforts to create beautiful things. He was destined, for a long period in my theatre-work, to lend his co-operation and look after the organisation of our recital-tours. I have always felt of him that he was essentially a faqir of romance one who, while possessing little of worldly possessions himself, seemed to travel like a lord from place to place enjoying warmth and comfort afforded to him by noteworthy persons whom he had befriended with rare naturalness and spontaneity. Venkatachalam was one of the members of "the inner circle" of our life.

Kamala drew to herself numbers of young admirers and friends who felt about her a power and a culture which were unusual. It has struck me that a woman is never happier than when she has admirers. And there is no age-limit to this love of admiration. Show me even a spinster who is free from it? Was there ever a woman in creation who did not like to be told, even contrary to fact, that she was beautiful? But in Kamala's case it was different. She was beautiful at the time, and certainly had a

charm which was irresistible. But time has somehow proved that she was never capable of retaining friendships. Possibly, it has been due to her nature which is that of persons whose ambition uses events and people as passing stepping-stones towards its goal. It is in the nature of things; power and a quest for power do not weaken at any point for the sake of sentiment. Loyalty, power would argue and does, is only a word and sentiment the refuge of the weakling, the puny creature who clings to things even after they have outgrown their meaning and their purpose! "The play's the thing" as Shakespeare said—the actors who help the play to succeed are but temporary automatons!

Our life in Bangalore became a queer jumble of varied social activities leading to a sense of weariness. By this time I had completely ceased to have any jealous interest either in Kamala or the home. I became lonelier and lonelier and this growing loneliness slowly began to measure itself with growing measures in a glass to tone up my spirit and lend my existence an artificial buoyancy which, times out of number, led to spiritual frustration and desolation.

MEN AND MOUSTACHES

by V. SUBRAMANIAN

BIOLOGISTS say that the moustache is a survival of man's primitive years, when it was necessary as a feeler and for protective purposes. But as soon as it became possible to cut it to a desired shape, various types and forms of moustache have been fashionable at various times. In fact it had become as much a part of a man's physiognomy as the nose or chin, and as much an indicator of his character as they.

Certain types of moustache have been taken to indicate valour and chivalry, for example the well-waxed and uptwired military type resembling the Kaiser's or Kitchener's moustache. But when we carefully analyse the physiognomy

of great men, we find that most world conquerors have been without this moustache. Caesar, Alexander and Napoleon were clean-shaven, while Jenghiz Khan and Tamerlane had Mongol moustaches quite unlike the army type. The Duke of Marlborough and Wellington were again clean-shaven. Many victorious generals of the present war like Eisenhower, Mountbatten and MacArthur are also clean-shaven. Perhaps modern conditions of warfare, and the necessity to wear gas masks, etc., have made the moustache a needless encumbrance.

Coming to royalty, we find that in ancient India the moustache was not held in very high esteem, as

DISTRIBUTORS
AND SALES ORGANISERS
all lines

MACHINES
and
MACHINE TOOLS

PALMER DIESEL ENGINES
(AMERICAN MAKE)

PHARMACEUTICALS

FOR PARTICULARS:
THE INDIAN MARKETING & DISTRIBUTING CO. LTD.
SECOND LINE BEACH, MADRAS. I.

21, Seshadri Road, Bangalore.

we find from statues, coins and paintings. Rama is generally represented clean-shaven though there is an old controversy about his moustache. Samudra Gupta and many other kings are again clean-shaven, as are most paintings of royalty in Ajanta. The moustache and the well-cut beard became popular with the advent of Muslim rule, and most Hindu kings who opposed the Delhi Sultans, themselves began to grow moustaches like Rana Pratap, Shivaji and Krishna Deva Raya, while Guru Govind Singh made the beard and moustache compulsory for all Sikhs. In Europe also in ancient times, the beard and moustache were popular, but slowly the beard was dropped. At present, the moustache is not quite popular with royalty, and most rulers prefer to be clean-shaven like George VI. If at all they have moustaches, they are as Wodehouse points out, generally of the "clipped mustard" type, which only gives rise to controversies as to whether there is a moustache at all or not.

Moustaches have been indifferently popular with statesmen. A certain type of moustache, well grown and trimmed, had always stood for a strong obstinate character, and the capacity to get things done. Bismarck, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Stalin and Motilal Nehru have very great similarity in the types of their moustaches and they are all men of action and very few words. Whenever the beard is present along with the moustache, it is indicative of a certain innate goodness of character, as is found in Gladstone and Abraham Lincoln. Another type of moustache-beard combination, namely thick Mongolian moustache with the goat-like

beard, is generally indicative of high intellectual capacity combined with executive ability. Lenin, Cardinal Richelieu and Mazarin were of this type.

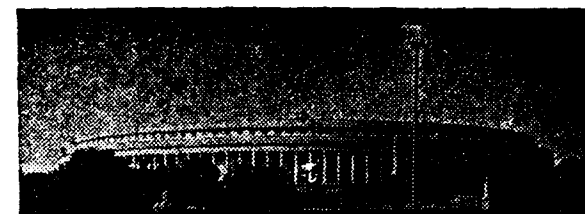
Apart from being indicators of the characters of statesmen, moustaches have had a profound influence on politics. Emil Ludwig once said that the whole problem of Germany was a problem of moustaches. Bismarck had a peculiar impressive moustache and the Germans worshipped him. The Kaiser had another type of moustache, Hindenberg another, and both lorded it over Germany. Hitler had his own type and he extracted the unquestioning obedience of Germany.

With most artists a clean shave has been quite popular, while prophets are associated with long beards. Most of our musicians and composers preferred to be clean-shaven, though there is a story that Thyagaraja once grew a moustache to win a bet. In the case of lovers, however, the position of the moustache has been dubious. It is considered a sign of manliness and chivalry, but is surely an impediment in kissing. We all know the dilemma of the man who wants to drink his soup and keep his moustache in form also.

The days of the moustache are however numbered, and it is only a matter of time when it will completely disappear from the human face. It is quite likely that just as the tail disappeared in the course of evolution, when it became useless, so also the moustache may cease to grow on a man's face after a few more generations of the safety razor and soft living.

"To conduct a great human experiment we must first of all have men. Behind the conception MAN there must be grandeur. No political party is capable of ushering in the Kingdom of Man. The workers of the world may one day, if they cease listening to their bigoted leaders, organize a brotherhood of men. But men cannot be brothers without first becoming peers, that is, equals in a kingly sense. What prevents men from uniting as brothers is their own base inadequacy. Slaves cannot unite; cowards cannot unite. It is only by obeying our highest impulses that we can unite."—Henry Miller.

NEW DELHI DIARY



by V. V. PRASAD

DESPITE repeated questioning, Pandit Nehru tried to evade telling what his Government proposed to do with the Nizam. At the last Press Conference, just before the "police action" against the Nizam, I asked the Prime Minister whether it was a fact that the Government was in favour of installing the Prince of Berar in the place of the present ruler. He replied that the Nizam was not in control of affairs in Hyderabad, and therefore that question did not arise. I then asked the Prime Minister if the Government proposed to let the Nizam himself continue. Pandit Nehru stated that the Constituent Assembly of Hyderabad had to decide all these questions.

This attitude appears to be hardly helpful, except, of course, to the Nizam. It is unfortunate that Pandit Nehru should be among those who are unable to appreciate the need for Linguistic Provinces. This Diarist had occasion to suggest to the Prime Minister on another day the desirability of splitting up Hyderabad State into three, and merging the areas with the adjoining linguistic units of Andhra, Karnataka and Maharashtra. The Prime Minister was asked whether he was opposed to the idea, and naturally he replied he was not opposed to that. But he thought, he said, that the approach they had in mind was an altogether different one. He believed (six months ago) that the suggestion was not a practicable one.

There is no point in perpetuating an anachronism like the Nizam and the Hyderabad State. There is a general weakness for Princes among our Cabinet Ministers. Prob-

ably because, as Gandhiji said, one of them is the uncrowned king of India, and another (who was in the Cabinet before) has the heart of a king. There was absolutely no provocation for appointing a Prince as the Governor of Madras, (not to mention the Governor of Bombay Raja Sir Maharaj Singh). The latter's sister, Rajkumari Amrit Kaur is a Minister in the Government. The Jam Saheb of Nawanagar has been sent as a delegate to the U.N. Assembly in Paris. Who said the Indian Government is Capitalist? No, Sir. It is Feudalist.

The leaders of Andhra, Karnataka and Maharashtra should make a joint demand against the continuance of Hyderabad as a separate political entity, and in favour of dividing the State into the three natural units according to the language spoken in the respective areas. Rajaji had unfortunately blessed the decision of the Osmania University to make Urdu the medium of instruction upto the Master's degree. He could never explain how Urdu was superior to English as medium of instruction—when both the languages had the equal distinction of not being the mother-tongue. Such is the prejudice among top-leadership against Telugu, and possibly other Provincial languages—except one's own language, which, in Rajaji's case happens to be Tamil. Rajaji's blessing of Urdu as the medium of instruction was but the first step which led to the creation of the mentality of the Razakars. He however deserves to be thanked for the C.R.-formula on Hyderabad, the formula for the entry of Indian troops into Hyderabad. It was Rajaji's suggestion that Indian troops should

go on the ground that law and order had broken down in Hyderabad. Until then, our Ministers were fumbling with talk of the Nizam having violated the Standstill Agreement. But the Indian Union Government had subjected the people of Hyderabad to untold suffering by denying them essential supplies. The Government of India were under the impression that this resulted in inconvenience to the Nizam and his Government. It would have, if the Nizam's Government was a popular Government. The Nizam and the Razakars had everything they wanted to eat and to drink. It was the poor masses of Hyderabad that suffered on account of the economic blockade.

The *Associated Press of America* circulated a report of an interview with the States Ministry's Secretary, Mr V. P. Menon, in which Mr Menon was quoted as saying that the Government of India would be satisfied if the people of Hyderabad wished to let the Nizam continue as ruler. This was broadcast by the

B. B. C., and was afterwards contradicted by All India Radio, which said that it was authorised to contradict the report—without, of course, giving an idea of what the report was. I have no doubt in my mind that this interview did take place. It is quite consistent with what the Prime Minister said at his Press Conference. As journalists, we come across such contradictions only too frequently. I myself had occasion to have sent out an interview recently with Sir Mirza Ismail, which he afterwards contradicted. The same kind of report as mine was published in *The Statesman*, Delhi, and some other papers, from their respective Correspondents. But Sir Mirza had no hesitation in contradicting what I quoted him as saying. To one of the papers which published my report I sent quotations from other Correspondents' interviews with Sir Mirza, and requested the paper to publish them. But it wouldn't. I understand that in France there is a law which makes it obligatory for a newspaper to publish rejoinders.



VILLAGE AS THE UNIT

by K. S. VENKATARAMANI

SIR B. N. RAU has done a real service by his article on "Indian Constitution" in the Independence Anniversary Supplement of the *Hindu*, clearly summarising the main criticisms against the Draft Constitution. I am interested in that portion of his article which deals with the village as the unit. I find that it is a *verbatim* reproduction of his letter to me dated 14th June in reply to my suggestions and criticisms on the Draft Constitution published in SWATANTRA and Dr. Rajendra Prasad's memorandum thereon. So I feel I should meet the criticism of Sir B. N. Rau and state our position, of the vast majority of those who believe in the Indian village as the true instrument of renovation and as such feel that a basic recognition of the village in the new Constitution of India is necessary. For aught I know, no serious exponent of this view wishes to load with details the Constitution of India so heavily at every step as suggested by Sir B. N. Rau.

We desire the creation and recognition of a rural unit as the base of the new Constitution of India for two main purposes: (1) as an integral unit of administration with effective powers; and (2) as an electoral college for the Provincial and Central Legislatures.

This recognition must be found in the Constitution of India itself. It should not be left to the will and pleasure of the Province whose administrative exigencies with many urban pressure groups always make it easier to solve a Provincial problem at the expense of the village. Under the unitary Government of British Raj our villages were mercilessly drained of their men and materials in quantity and quality, with the result that they are on the verge of chaos today, every tie broken, all loyalties sapped, after two global wars under foreign rule. Except for a bill-writer and a bill-collector there is no life left in an

Indian village. We are now breaking up the unitary system into a federal or semi-federal structure. Hence the recognition of the integrity of the Indian village in the new Constitution of India is the only way of saving it from death.

The Constitution of India should provide for the grouping of contiguous villages into one rural unit, say with a population of not less than fifteen thousand and not more than twenty-five thousand, total for a rural unit.

This unit should be administered by a body of panchayatdars, elected on adult franchise at the rate of one say per thousand of the population with the help and guidance of a rural officer in charge of the unit, according to a Panchayat Act framed by the Provincial (State) Legislature.

The Constitution should also provide the rural unit with adequate powers and resources and a list of subjects in which the primary responsibility for action and administration shall be fixed on the rural unit.

I am glad to find that Sir B. N. Rau agrees as to the need for an electoral college. It is my firm conviction that Democracy owes both its victories and its defeats to an unrestricted use of adult suffrage. Let us have the victories, and let us also defeat the defeats by intensive thinking and a scientific reform and readjustment of adult franchise to suit different levels of electoral activity—local, Provincial and Central. For all local functioning adult franchise in full and direct operation is the best as well as for a referendum on a specific issue. So let us confine it to local bodies and to referendum. Let us use the members we so elect to local bodies on adult franchise as the primary members of an electoral college for all Provincial and Central elections. There will be selection, a search for quality, culture and refinement in

this process, provided we are able to command a minimum amount of electoral honesty. Like fire, it is difficult and dangerous to deal with indirect elections but it is equally necessary to do so to obtain proper results. That is why the further safeguard of providing for some prescribed qualifications for candidates based on character, ability

and record of service is deemed necessary for the Constitution to prescribe.

The world looks to India, even divided India, for the evolution of a new type of government based on democracy and this cradle-land of Dharma should evolve this as a healing gift to herself and the ailing world.



PAKISTAN AFTER JINNAH

by C. H. V. PATHY

EVERYWHERE in India and Pakistan, people are openly asking the question what will happen to Pakistan after the death of Jinnah. It was the iron will and dynamic determination of Quaid-i-Azam which kept the infant State of Pakistan on an even keel. He towered over the mediocrities who clustered around him. Mr. Jinnah demanded absolute obedience and saw that clever people were kept at bay. One of the most ambitious of his lieutenants who played no inconsiderable part in carving out the new dominion, namely, Choudhri Khaliq-uz-Zaman was kept in cold storage and is today the most frustrated man in Karachi. Another equally clever about whom we will hear quite a lot very soon was also kept at arm's length. He is none other than Mian Iftikaruddin whose hold on the Punjab people is great. Suhrawardy was branded as a traitor and Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan imprisoned.

If we look across the political landscape of Pakistan at the present moment, we see everything flat and unimpressive. Though Khwaja Nazimuddin has been temporarily installed to power as Governor-General, it is a sop thrown to keep East Bengal in fine fettle. Nazimuddin has neither the international reputation of Mr. Jinnah nor the latter's undoubted hold on the masses. He is a dark horse, not much known in western Pakistan.

If sheer ability is the criterion, there is none more suited to be the Governor-General than Sir Zafrullah Khan but he has no following and the community from which he comes is not much in favour with the ruling clique in Pakistan. Next comes ease-loving Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan whom Mr. Jinnah himself tipped once as his likely successor. But Liaquat Ali comes from the United Provinces, which is a disqualification. The Punjab element which dominates both the army and the Secretariat in Pakistan would strive its best to capture the citadel of power. I will not be surprised if Sir Feroz Khan Noon or some other unknown personage strides into the political picture. There is bound to be a wild scramble for power at some not distant future. In the long run, it will not be possible to keep the eastern wing of Pakistan intact. The signs of disintegration are already discernible and over the issue of the national language for Pakistan, the Bengalis have not yielded. In Sind, too, excepting Mr. Ghulam Hussain Hidayatullah, Mr. Jinnah had no friends and if Mr. Khuhro emerges from out of the cloud which at present surrounds him, he will make a bold bid for the political hegemony of his province. It is also not possible to keep Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan and his brother perpetually in prison and when they are freed, they too will try to grasp the nettle of power.

The speed of a cricket ball sent down by a really fast bowler, measured from hand to bat, is about 90 miles an hour.

"WHAT NEXT?"

by BHARATAN KUMARAPPA

OUR one passion till a year ago was attainment of freedom. Since then, we have been engaged in what we may call the consolidation of our country. What shall be our next great task?

There can be no doubt that the great political problems which we have had to face during the last year or two have left little time for our leaders to deal with problems which vitally affect the people. The result is that so far as our masses go, political independence has brought them nothing. On the other hand, with scarcity of goods and rising prices, the situation as they see it has gone worse rather than better under our own Government. In spite of the proverbial long-suffering and patience of our people, it is certain that unless there is an improvement in their economic condition, the present widespread discontent among them will be, if it is not already, exploited by interested and self-seeking political parties. The one who will provide food and clothing is the one who will obtain their loyalty and support. After all, what do they care who rules over them, or whether Kashmir and Hyderabad come into the Indian Union? The problem that worries them most is how to end poverty and scarcity. It is this question which needs to be tackled next and cannot brook further delay.

But this problem cannot be solved till we are clear in our minds as to what type of economic order we want. Today there does not appear to be any plan or system underlying our economic policy, and we seem therefore to be drifting along the old ruts. Much of the mess in which the world finds itself today is precisely owing to the fact that economic life in the capitalistic countries of the West has been allowed to develop just anyhow, without any plan or purpose, but with the one aim of making headway against all rivals and of accumulating as much profit as possible for oneself. If we

follow the same course as they, as we seem to be doing, we shall also end up in the same quagmire of economic chaos that the West finds itself in. Hence the need to have both our eyes wide open when we plan our economic life.

Towards this end the solution suggested by Gandhiji is of great value. Keenly interested as he was in getting rid of the poverty of our people, and at the same time in establishing peace and good-will among the nations, his solution merits our most careful consideration, for it aims at securing both these objects—the ending of poverty and war—without which no solution can be satisfactory. For if we sought after economic prosperity only, even if it be at the cost of conflict with other nations, such a prosperity will be short-lived, as all our wealth will then be swallowed up by war, and our last state will be worse than the first.

The main plank in Gandhiji's scheme is that all plans of economic reconstruction of the country should centre round the village. The reason for this is that India lives in the villages, and unless our plans keep in mind the villager, they will fail to solve the problem of our country.

In the village people are without profitable employment. The main reason for this is that the industries which formerly kept them busy and gave them an income in addition to what they obtained from agriculture have ceased to exist or are in decay. Why? Because these industries have been ousted by factory production. Cloth or oil, for example, which used to be produced in the village is now imported into it from mills outside, leaving the spinner and the weaver, or the oilman, idle. Agriculture cannot by any means give full employment to all our rural population. So it is absolutely essential for them to have subsidiary occupations.

This will be readily granted. But it may be thought that the best plan then is to industrialize the country, so that we may manufacture speedily and in large quantities all that we need. The trouble with this solution is that industrialization can provide employment only to a few people. For the rest it spells unemployment. Large machines curtail labour. What required a hundred craftsmen to produce can now with the aid of a machine be manufactured by a handful of men. So if we went in for industrialization on a large scale, we shall add to the problem of unemployment in villages, instead of solving it. Gandhiji therefore suggested that, as far as possible, industrialization should be avoided, and whatever can be produced in the village through cottage methods of production should be encouraged. Only thus can the people of our villages find employment and become prosperous once more.

Further, factory production means that the vast majority of workers become mere servants employed by the few who are in charge. They thus lose their independence and spend their lives merely carrying out orders from the top. Gandhiji was eager that as far as possible everyone should be his own master, able to direct and control his own work. This is possible only in cottage production where the artisan is his own master. What is a multitude of goods worth if, in order to get it, one has to forfeit one's liberty?

Besides, when a man is in charge of his work, he is thrown on his own resources. He has to think and plan, and struggle with the many problems which his work sets him in regard to finance, raw materials, implements, markets and such like. In this way he develops intelligence,

initiative, resourcefulness, character and artistic sense. Not so the factory hand. His work is set for him by the machine. Like it he repeats the same set movement hour after hour, day after day. Factory work therefore dehumanizes him and makes him into a machine. As Gandhiji was interested in Man's self-development rather than in a mere increase in material goods, he would rather have cottage production than factory manufacture.

Moreover, when you produce on a large scale, you require markets all over the world for your goods. Other nations, who have also taken to large scale production, also require markets. The only way for you to have those markets is to crush your competitors out of existence. This is what happened in the last war, when Germany and Japan were got rid of as trade rivals. If we want to avoid war and help to establish peace between the nations, we must give up large scale production as far as possible and take to cottage manufacture.

The question is, Is Free India going to turn its back on principles such as these for which Gandhiji lived and worked? Will it allow itself to become a fertile field for capitalistic exploitation to enrich a few and to enslave and impoverish the many, and to use them in the end as gun fodder? Or will it lay the foundations for an era of prosperity and peace for the masses of our land? Let us not leave the responsibility for answering this question in the hands of the Government. In a democracy the people have to shoulder responsibility for the actions of their Government. If the people willed strongly enough, the Government cannot but submit to their wishes.—N.P.S. (Copyright)

Humour is the great corrective medicine with which the Englishman doses himself. No individual, and, taken all in all, no nation laughs and smiles at itself as much as these islanders do.

It follows that a man who has no sense of humour has a bad time of it. Among the defects that the naturally lenient Englishman cannot forgive bad manners and the lack of a sense of humour take first place. No one who cannot laugh is taken seriously in England.—Kurt Von Stutterheim, "Those English."

SPOTLIGHT ON THE



RUSSIA'S latest attempt to put some of the Western Powers in the dock was made in Geneva a couple of weeks ago at a meeting of the 16-nation U.N. Committee on Non-Self-Governing Territories. At this meeting her proposals for giving the United Nations greater powers of supervision over the colonies of the world, had been thrashed out and rejected with ill-concealed indignation by the Colonial Powers. Officially, the function of the Committee was merely to examine and compile all colonial information submitted to the Secretary-General and report on it to the General Assembly. The Soviet attack on Britain was the most bitter and vituperative. Seconded by Nicaragua and Columbia, she as good as said that Britain had so messed up her colonial affairs that it was high time somebody took over control and brought relief to the poor martyrs in her colonies, the oppressed and downtrodden millions who stood so sorely in need of deliverance. Britain, she said, ticking off instances, deliberately and with calculated malice kept her colonial inhabitants ignorant and ill-educated so as to be able to have her own repressive policies in their administration unchallenged. The Russian delegate was unmoved by the walk-out in protest of the British, French and Belgian delegates, or the direct charge made later that the U.S.S.R. herself had always refused to furnish any information about her own territories.

All colonial information, of course, is published in White Papers which the Colonial Office issues from time to time but Britain felt that to submit a report on it to the Committee was tantamount to acknowledging the right of the

Committee to interfere in colonial affairs which was a purely domestic matter.

The British Press, promptly, vociferously and categorically pointed out the benefits that Britain's three million square miles of colony were receiving at the hands of her Government. Schools had been built, and hospitals fitted up with the latest modern equipment. Unexplored and inaccessible regions had been penetrated. In fact, if the British had not been there to take care of them, half the populations of the Western Pacific Isles and the African colonies would have perished in internecine bickering or due to starvation or lack of medical care. That these sixty-two and odd millions of immiscible people of various creeds, colours and cultures "from the half-naked, hedonistic headhunter of Borneo to the Oxford-educated, London-tailored, culture-loving doctor of West Africa" were peaceably developing into one mighty brotherhood was, it was pointed out, entirely owing to the unselfish and uninterfering policy that the British Colonial Office always followed. "Many territories" indeed, "came into the Empire by voluntary cession after their own request for protection" and it was Britain's desire "to guide all these colonial territories to responsible government within the Commonwealth." The old belief that colonial administration was synonymous with exploitation was mere "nonsense". Mr. A. H. Poynton, Deputy Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, commented indignantly that it was "an insane thing" to propose to bring the political set-up of the British colonies within the U.N.

The seven Colonial Powers, Britain, Denmark, France, Belgium, Holland, New Zealand and the U.S.A. stood unitedly against the Russian proposals and threw them out of the window. But the Committee was prepared to compromise. It could not be made permanent as the Indian delegate had suggested but a similar committee is to meet next year and examine information sent to the United Nations on the conditions prevailing in the colonies. What it proposed to do with such information was left delightfully to the imagination.

The four-Power talks on the Italian colonies of Eritrea, Somaliland and Libya fizzled out. Under the Italian peace Treaty the deadline was September 15th after which, in the absence of any decision, the question would automatically revert to the UN.

These territories, since their capture during the war, have been under a British Caretaker Government acting for the UN. They are vast desert areas in Africa and were more or less almost forgotten until a four-Power Commission drew up a report on their administration some months ago and submitted it to the interested Governments. Ethiopia, of course, had been handed back to her Emperor. More and specific information regarding conditions in these colonies was published in an interesting book by Lord Rennell entitled 'British Military Administration of the Occupied Territories of Africa During the years 1941-47.' Among other things, he points out improvements achieved in the departments of health, education and farming in these colonies giving facts and figures to prove his case.

The U.S. note in reply to the Soviet proposal for four-power talks made the American position clear even at the beginning. It said that "in view of the wide divergence of views expressed by the Deputy Foreign Ministers" the Government was of the opinion that "no useful purpose would be served by the meeting unless the Soviet Government has new proposals to make."

But, just earlier, the U.S. Secretary of State, George Marshall, had spoken of a "bi-partisan" agreement for the Colonies, presumably referring to the American plan as announced in 1945 which provided a ten-year international trusteeship for Libya and Eritrea at the end of which time these Colonies would receive independence. A similar plan had been drawn up for Somaliland though no mention was made of eventual freedom. Ethiopia was also given an outlet to the sea through Eritrea. The U. S., of course, bore in mind when recommending such trusteeship the commitments Britain had made during the war with regard to these Colonies. Some tribes in Libya, for instance, had been given in return for military aid a British promise against re-imposition of Italian

control over them. Russia had consistently blocked the scheme and as consistently demanded the restoration of these Colonies to the Italian administration, a wish fervently seconded, among others, by most of the Americans of Italian descent whose votes President Truman and Thomas Dewey are both very anxious to secure in the November elections.

What seemed to Mr. Vishinsky, the Russian delegate, objectionable from the start was that the meeting had not the rank of a Foreign Ministers' Conference as it was agreed it should have. Failure to reach agreement in conferences and meetings being politically fashionable just now, no one was much surprised at the way the meeting petered out.

The word 'sin tak' which means trusteeship is particularly abhorrent to Koreans because it was first used when the Japanese took over Korea on the pretext of establishing what they called 'Treaty of Guardianship' after the Russo-Japanese War. Though in Seoul in August the world's second largest bell rang in the new Republic and her thirty million people heaved a collective sigh and imagined they were at last free of 'sin tak', later events have proved that Korea is still as far as ever from the independence it had known fifty years ago. In the north, firmly entrenched in Korean soil is the Russian Government with its army of a hundred thousand, and to the south are twenty million Koreans under U.S. rule. In between these two zones is the line bisecting the country called the 38th parallel, "the most opaque of all curtains between the Russian sphere and the rest of the world." Up in the north are most of the industries, while south of the steel line are the nation's agricultural resources and next to nothing of industry and fuel and power. The problem for

Korea now is how to get rid of these over-staying guests and manage her own affairs. The U.S. and the U.S.S.R. each expect and demand that the other should clear out first. The former suspect that the big Russian delegation of a hundred experts to the joint U.S.-Soviet Commission in Seoul, supposedly engaged in the task of unifying Korea, was really planning and organising an underground movement in South Korea whose ultimate object was the inclusion of that American zone in the proposed all-Korean Soviet Government. This and other marked signs of unwillingness to come to terms have made the U.S. decide to keep her occupation forces a while longer in South Korea. They have come to an agreement with Dr. Syngman Rhee's Government to continue occupation for two years more for the ostensible purpose of teaching Koreans "to become politically strong, economically sound and militarily prepared." At almost the same time that that decision was taken, Mr. Kim Ir Sen, Premier of North Korea, outlining his policy for the unification of the Koreans in the Supreme National Assembly said his Government's first aim as advised by the Soviet would be to rid the country of all foreign forces. Even last October, M. Molotov had said that if American forces left Korean soil at the beginning of 1948, the Soviet troops would do the same. Not only has that not happened but the two Governments still remain on Korean soil setting the stage for what President Vincent Auriol, with a Frenchman's delicacy of expression, calls 'la guerre perlee' which translated in naked English means the 'drop-by-drop' war. "We are midwives," Lt.-Gen. John Hodge, hero of Okinawa and Guadalcanal, had said last year, "at the rebirth of a nation." It is feared the labour is too prolonged and painful for a safe delivery.

**DON'T LET
COUGH
WEAKEN YOUR
LUNGS**

**TAKE KASAN
AND PLAY SAFE**

Kasan goes to the very roots of cough trouble, and brings you instant relief. Kasan is both a tonic and an antiseptic to your respiratory system, and it cures cough like magic.

KASAN
PROTECTS YOUR LUNGS
ANDHRA PHARMACEUTICAL WORKS, LTD.
BEZWADA (S. I.)



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

DO YOU KNOW THAT

There are only 55 people in Britain with incomes of over £100,000 a year; in 1941 there were nearly 80.

ANOMALIES OF HOUSING POLICY

by K. G. SIVASWAMY

AS I heard the Registrar of Co-operative Societies, Madras, supported by the Secretary for Development of the Government of Madras, building up a case showing the impossibility of providing housing accommodation on the co-operative basis for any person drawing an income of Rs. 200 and less, and as I watched the desperation among the representatives of the low income groups that they were doomed for ever to struggle for housing space in the city of Madras paying premia, rackrents and what not and as I further heard the Minister for Housing appealing to these groups to rely on self-help, at a meeting of employees and labour representatives at the Mahajana Sabha on 17th September, my sense of frustration and disappointment reached its zenith. Is there any hope at all, not to speak of the labouring classes who have not sufficient means to clothe and feed themselves, for even low income groups drawing salaries between Rs. 100 and Rs. 200 to obtain just the minimum space for living to shelter themselves under the sun? The Registrar made out a thesis and repeated it often. He said that co-operation was business, that the cost of construction amounted to Rs. 5,000 and the monthly instalment to Rs. 33 and it was therefore impossible to provide any house for those drawing a salary of Rs. 200 and less.

How is this monthly instalment of Rs. 33 arrived at? It was taken for granted that the whole loan for a house should be returned within 20 years. To the question what harm there was if the period was extended to 30 years in the case of private ownership and even 60 years in the case of socialised ownership through co-partnership housing societies, the reply was that the Government of Madras would not extend the term. To the question again whether in respect of the site value for

half a ground which formed about 50% of the cost of construction, Government should not bring special legislation fixing principles of fair compensation similar to those of the Zamindari Bill, the Registrar took his stand on the existing Land Acquisition Act, which provided for the market price and an additional 15% for loss of proprietary rights. The representatives present wanted the 1939 level of prices to be statutorily fixed for house sites in the City. It was indeed pathetic that while we talked big of social welfare, the officers of the Government could not discriminate between land acquisition at market price in normal times, and wholesale purchase of private properties in the interest of social welfare. Such purchases are always governed in all constitutions of the world by special legislation fixing compensation or *ex gratia* payments. Control of prices for house sites which formed as essential a commodity for living as food-grains was pronounced as expropriatory and communistic on the Russian model both by the Registrar and the Secretary for Development. Is it seriously maintained that every man of the low income group who is today not blessed with a land status should be blackmailed in an uncontrolled economy by the few who are today in possession of surplus land in the city? All western countries have legislation fixing land values. The idea is to avoid the scarcity price due to competition for houses. Fair price for sites should avoid speculative price as well as price due to the present inflation. There should be some relation between the price of site and that of construction. It should be the average over a long period. Social welfare legislation has everywhere permitted a lower payment in the case of land-owners who have more than enough of land in their possession. The price for which the original buyer has purchased the

land can be no consideration, as various unsocial considerations enter into such purchases. To talk of self-help among the have-nots in a free economy and ask them to shell down prices as demanded by the haves is no more than a plea to create a nation of helots to slave ever for the rentier and the creditor and go on paying endlessly out of their slender incomes to the proper-tied few.

It is no doubt true, as the Hon'ble Minister for Housing said, that the costs of construction increased between 30 and 40% when executed through contractors, but it was pathetic when the two officers and the Hon'ble Minister, who were present, let down their own department when they said that even construction by the State would be equally costly. What prevents the Government from appointing the right type of personnel and getting these works executed economically? It might be that a few employees might have the capacity and the time to take advantage of the supply of materials at controlled prices and build houses individually, but this might not be possible for many of the employees, particularly in the city of Madras. On the other hand, some of them may burn their fingers in learning the enterprise and may be ruined in this project. If the rents of houses are controlled, which is no more than capital value reduced to the term of a single year, there is no reason why site values which are no more than the capitalisation of annual values should not be controlled. Such a controlled price would operate only in respect of State acquisition of surplus house sites in the city.

The Registrar spoke of the possibility of supplying building materials at economic cost, but the gain in reducing the costs of distribution would be so little that it would hardly bring down the construction costs. Supply of coal for burning bricks and coke for burning lime at controlled prices and the wholesale manufacture on building materials will effectively bring down the prices. In other words, we want a Corporation of paid expert officers

similar to those that have been started by the Government of India for various purposes with independent powers and free from political interference for acquisition of sites, manufacture of materials and construction of houses. The co-partnership co-operative societies at the bottom would admit members, collect the instalments and arrange for the construction of houses under the direction of the central Corporation.

The Registrar again threw another obstacle and said that co-operation being business, every loan for a house could be given only on the basis of a fifth of the loan amount being found by each member as share capital. In other words every employee who wants a house should be in a position to offer a share capital of Rs. 1,000. Does the Registrar mean that it is not proper business if a Government or a private agency lends to a housing society on the mortgage of the sites that have been purchased? Is it again not business to lend building materials on the strength of the share capital of a society for a few houses which will again be the basis for further lending for further construction? Acts governing land improvement loans in various provinces have recognised the principle of lending for well construction and houses on their mortgage security even though they have to be built up after the issue of a loan. And when a loan is granted for house building, it is not the whole amount that is advanced but the actual amount required from time to time. The whole discussion showed that it was a special pleading by the Registrar that no co-operative housing schemes for lower middle classes earning a salary of Rs. 200 and less are possible at all.

The Minister for Housing had been ever pressing on those present that they should not look to Government, but get things done by their mutual help. This proposition can readily be granted, but mutual help can hardly solve such evils of private economy as the high interest rates, the blackmarket price for building materials, the speculative

and inflationary prices for sites, profiteering by the middlemen in the trade and the high class contractor whose costly estimates ill-assort with Indian conditions. Fourteen years back, the Whitley Commission on Labour recommended departmental execution of public works in the place of private contractors. There are limits to the service of voluntary agencies. They cannot certainly take the place of the State in regulating the conduct of private economy, except it be by squatting on others' lands and expropriating properties. It is extremely dangerous to mix up the

spheres of the State and the voluntary agencies and if this present state of affairs continues, of acute housing shortage and various kinds of blackmail by houseowners, it will only tend towards bitterness, frustration and disappointment and strengthen the revolutionary elements in the country. The existing Government can, by eliminating the evils of private capitalism and landlordism and providing security and decent living conditions, make democracy safe and thus ward off the march of the present society towards a class war and revolution. But will they do it?

A LAYMAN'S THOUGHTS ON INFLATION

by M. S. V. CHARI

WHAT is inflation? It simply means this. The poor and the middle class man finds that the prices of commodities have risen in round multiples fourfold and fivefold, while his own income has not even doubled. And he finds it difficult to make both ends meet. Money seems to be cheap judging by the price-levels that commodities reach. While the rich seem to roll in wealth, the poor find it difficult to balance their domestic budget. In one sense, the rich profit by inflation from the money saved by them now, in the exact 'proportion' to which it gets deflated in future years. The rich man who saves a lakh now will find it worth 4 or 5 lakhs in terms of purchasing capacity at the end of the abnormal period, and to this extent he contributes to the swelling of the national debt. Paltry wage increases, which bear no direct relation to inflationary trends, will not solve the problem. Increased production of essential consumer goods alone can give succour to the poor. Of these, food and clothing take the first place. However, till increased production is actually achieved, we have to resort to *planned control*. Planned control is possible only on the basis of *correct statistics*. If controls failed former-

ly, it was largely due to *false statistics* that the Government had at its disposal. This created panic and encouraged hoarding. Added to this was the low morale of the public services, high and low, a legacy of the British Indian regime during the fag end of World War II. The Defence Savings schemes and other allied schemes, sponsored by the British to bleed the ryot white to win the war, gave the requisite training ground for the public servants to become experts in corrupt practices. This could not be checked overnight but the men who run the administration after the exit of the British from India, have not the necessary grit to wipe out corruption. They think public servants could be cajoled into a life of rectitude. To a large extent, this must be attributed to the anxiety of the Congress Ministers to keep the public services in good humour lest the governance of the country should collapse—a wholly unwarranted fear, unworthy of our great leaders. But there it is.

The fact of the matter is that for efficient control, correct statistics and rectitude of conduct on the part of public servants are *both* essential. This is not impossible of achievement. As for collecting correct statistics, a month or two

ought to be enough. A simultaneous collection of statistical data on all matters pertaining to agriculture, the ryot and his needs, the total population, etc., can be made with the help of village officials. In the collection of such statistics, the main attention could usefully be paid to increased production and the needs of the population in the matter of essential consumer goods. Specially of food and cloth. For in truth, if the food and cloth problems are solved, half the battle is won. But while the Central Government are prepared to liquidate the sterling balances in purchasing *decayed* food-stuffs from foreign countries at *fancy* prices, they have not, in fact, spent much over the increased production programme. If only the Government had pressed inflation into service to sponsor schemes useful in increased production, inflation would have even proved a blessing. Checking corruption is not so hard a job as it is supposed to be. For one thing, it is bad for even Ministers to go about the country saying that corruption is a thing that could not be checked in a day and all that sort of cheap stuff. This can only encourage corruption. For another, public servants who have had a reputation for rectitude must be brought to the forefront and given charge of key posts and asked to see that their job is to wipe out corruption. Instead, what we in Madras see, is that efficient and incorruptible I.C.S. men are shunted into monkey positions and only Yesmen are put in key positions. Unless the services are manned by efficient men who will not allow interference from the Ministers in every day administration, there is

absolutely no hope of a purer administration emerging out of the present medley.

The Central and Provincial Governments should *jointly* undertake State farming of all fertile lands. The Government could run these farms with the aid of agricultural graduates who are now available in any number. The Government could run these farms just as they do the P.W.D. Thus they might maintain *maistries* and gang coolies. Surplus labour could be paid for, as occasion arises. The proper function of Agricultural Department is to produce food at critical times. The Government can have a correct idea of its own resources with exactitude and can rush foodstuffs to deficit areas with comparative ease. The landowner will only be too glad to lease out his land to the Government during this period of crisis. An ordinance should immediately be brought forward by the Government to take over from ryots all land in excess of their actual needs. The lands could then be rationed to the ryots for self-cultivation, at so many acres per individual in the ryot's family.

All depends upon the masters we have at the top of the administration. The recent revelations of SWATANTRA'S Delhi correspondent regarding Sir R. K. Shanmugam Chettiar's resignation make one despair of our leaders ever getting out of the clutches of the rich magnates. It would be criminal for the Government to allow the capitalists to prey upon the poor in the matter of necessities. Government should nationalise the agricultural industry having regard to the *increasing population in India and the permanent deficit in food*.



An American visitor was taken to a large factory near Prague. "Whose is it?" he asked his guide. "It belongs to the workers." "And whose are those?" the American asked, pointing to about half a dozen large cars standing outside the gates. "Oh, those belong to the bosses." Shortly afterwards the guide went to visit the American in Detroit. "Whose is that factory?" he asked his host. "Why, that belongs to the boss." The Czech then pointed to a fleet of hundreds of cars standing outside the gates. "And whose are those?" "Oh, they belong to us."—From *The Times*.

UNWISE ECONOMY

by S. RAJAGOPALAN

THE move for abolishing the original side of our High Court has now been favoured by the Retrenchment Committee, but one hopes that even at this stage efforts will be made to examine the legal and constitutional difficulties arising therefrom. Obviously economy is the over-riding factor, but even so, it is highly problematic if any substantial savings could be effected. If the idea be to expand the jurisdiction of the City Civil Court and convert it into a pucca City Civil and Sessions Court, then its present strength will have very nearly to be quadrupled because the new judges will have to try not merely the civil and sessions cases now tried by the High Court Judges but the infinitely more voluminous miscellaneous proceedings leading up to and subsequent to the trial in original suits, which are now dealt with by the lesser judicial functionaries known as the Master and the various Assistant Registrars.

Contrary to popular supposition, the original side jurisdiction is not concerned solely with the litigation brought up by the citizens of Madras, but possesses what may be called an extra city or an all-presidency jurisdiction in regard to at least three matters: (1) proceedings under the Indian Companies Act; (2) Admiralty and maritime litigation; and (3) proceedings under Section 45 of the Specific Relief Act, for the issue of the high prerogative writ of Mandamus. For litigation of this type and importance, it is imperative that the judge hearing it should be of the highest court in the province.

The original side jurisdiction is peculiar to the three presidency towns in this country, Bombay, Calcutta and Madras, which are also the country's three major ports, handling the vast sea-borne trade of the realm. In regard to this and in many other matters, presidency towns are of a class apart. Legislation has always proceeded on this

basis. For instance, the City Municipal Act differs in ever so many particulars from the District Municipalities Act. One can create a mortgage by a mere deposit of title deeds. The reasons are not far to seek. These places are the nerve centres of trade and commerce; the litigation is most largely commercial, with the litigants probably drawn from all parts of the globe; even as Antony said of Venice, "The trade and profit of the city consist of all nations". Indeed, while framing a more comprehensive, and withal, a more stringent insolvency law for presidency towns in 1909, the framers desired "to foster a higher tone of commercial morality." The procedural laws, known as the original side rules, are modelled on those of the English Supreme Court and, being framed by the judges themselves, are considerably elastic and make for speedy and even cheap justice. All routine and miscellaneous proceedings, in the nature of a "preliminary skirmish" in every litigation, and all execution matters are heard by the administrative - cum - judicial officials, viz., the Master, the Deputy and Assistant Registrars, subject to correction on appeal by the trial judge. The system of originating summons and garnishee summons has helped to cut many a long litigation short. Evidence is recorded verbatim by stenographers which is certainly an improvement on the practice obtaining in the mofussil. One owes it to the intrinsic worth of the original side procedure that the liquidation proceedings in the recent Travancore and Quilon National Bank debacle were finished so quickly and satisfactorily. Furthermore, litigants on the civil side pay considerably less court fee than their compeers in the mofussil, especially in uncontested cases and those of short duration. Most important of all, a decree on the original side may be kept alive for any number of years, by presenting an application for revivor once in

12 years. This privilege is not available even to the High Court decrees on the appellate side, which like any other decree, will be barred after the lapse of 12 years unless periodically kept going once in 3 years.

In regard to criminal jurisdiction, all trials by the High Court have to be with the aid of a jury; but if they are to be by a district judge, then, only offences against property can be tried by a jury. Again in jury trials by the latter, an appeal will lie only on a point of law, whereas under the newly enacted Criminal Appeals Act governing High Court Sessions trials the verdict of the jury could be assailed both on a point of law and on a question of fact.

All things considered, it seems best not to disestablish an institution existing for upwards of three

quarters of a century, merely on the ground of saving a few thousands, even which may well prove to be illusory after all; more especially when such a course may abrogate some very valuable rights of the litigant public. No doubt if litigation on the original side shows a definite tendency to fall off, proposals for its abolition may have some meaning, but that apparently is not now the case. Even otherwise, it would be prudent to tackle the question as part of a planned reorganization of the legal institutions in the country and at any rate on an All India basis. Only recently the Union Government have had to administer a gentle warning to the provinces not to embark on legislation curtailing the powers of the High Court to issue writ of Habeas Corpus under Section 491 of the Code of Criminal Procedure.

"Man in revolt against his own cloying nature—that is real war. And that is a bloodless war which goes on forever, under the peaceful name of evolution."—HENRY MILLER.

For Comfort Economy and Service

MYSORE SILKS

★

Manufactured by

**Government Silk Weaving Factory,
MYSORE.**

MOONLIGHT: (A Legend)

by S. KRISHNIAH

THERE is a small fishing village far from the civilised world we know. It is tucked away between a lonely rocky shore and extensive virgin forests. It has not as yet felt the grinding heel of the giant, civilisation.

It is a world all by itself and things do not happen there as we know them. The simple fishing folk with their minds untrammelled by fear and their hearts overflowing with the quintessence of love believe in many things which we call unbelievable.

They believe in a God. They have a stone God all to themselves a few yards inside the forest in a niche formed by twisted tree-trunks. The climbers with their green leaves and yellow flowers climb on the twisted tree-trunks.

The stone God in the niche is not like our God. The stone God listens to prayers and answers them. He also grants boons if any one of the small community goes there and asks for it in a special way.

It must be a full-moon night and the moon must be shedding its ethereal light on the slab of stone on which the God sits. Then the person who wants a wish granted goes up to the slab, kneels and then asks for the boon. The boon is granted.

But a boon is seldom prayed for since in the heart and mind of everyone contentment prevails.

A boy and girl lived in this village and loved each other. They were going to be married shortly. No love exists in this sequestered place which is not true love and there is no true love that goes unrequited.

The boy went out one evening as usual to fish in the wide open sea and the girl stood as usual on the beach waiting for him.

The crested waves moaned as they dashed themselves on the rocky unevenness of the shore. The sky

was clear. The moon was shedding its mellow light on that narrow strip of beach.

Standing by the sea-shore the girl was in transports of bliss. Her lover would be coming back to her in a short while. Her love for him was tender, pure and all-pervading. He, to her, was heaven.

Was she heaven to him, she wondered? She did not think herself deserving of all his devotion. She wanted him to have the best—the best and nothing short of it.

Suddenly she remembered that it was a full-moon night. The slab of stone on which the God eternally sat was spot-lit by the moon. She knelt before the God.

Bathed in moonlight from atop and illumined from within by the exquisite purity of her soul she shone like a sculptured Madonna.

"Oh God!" she prayed aloud, "I want You to grant my lover the best."

"What do you want for him, my child?" the stone God asked.

"The best! What You think the best!"

"It shall come to him, my child," the stone God replied.

The girl was very happy. She rose from the suppliant posture and retraced her steps to the beach.

She saw her lover's fishing boat far away coming towards her. It was coming very swiftly as if propelled by some urgent unseen power.

On and on it came—nearer and nearer. The crest of a wave caught the fragile boat as it neared the shore and with one lunatic fling dashed it against a rock. The seething waters caught him up again and flung him on the sands.

The girl ran towards her lover and knelt by his side. She pressed her head against his breast to listen for the heart-beat.

"Is this the best, Oh God?" she cried.

THE MUCH MALIGNED BUSINESSMAN

by 'NAMBS'

ONE hears everywhere outright condemnation of the BUSINESSMAN, as if he is the one person who eats away all the fruits of life.

The businessman is usually visualised as one who piles up his money and bank balances by other people's labour, one who takes milk and honey by the sweat of his employees, one who fleeces society and enriches himself and his family. Business is connected with the word BIG and so all of us, 'the small', look on with suspicion and alarm.

Can we forget the fact that the individual entrepreneur has to show his intellect and tact if he is to earn his bread? He has to continuously think of how to produce better, or work better, so that what he has built may be lasting and paying. He may have ideas, but necessarily for physical reasons he has to enlist the help of others—his employees—to work out these plans. He has to direct them, keep them in trim and thus keep them paid and at the same time keep himself paid. If he decides to stop his process of intellectual activity he harms not only himself but all his co-workers and employees. This one responsibility keeps his mind and brain engaged all the time. Whether in sleep, whether at meals, whether with friends, he has to unconsciously keep himself alert as to how the organisation he has built up may be sustained and developed.

Next, can we forget the fact that the businessman has no time which he can call rest or leisure? He cannot possibly keep so-called 'office hours'. His clients and customers will come at their convenience. If he talks of rules, his customers abandon him for ever and that means his ruin. An official can send away the visitor saying

'It is out of office time'. But a businessman has always to see his clients' convenience.

Let us take the pan shop keeper at the corner of the street. No one calls him a 'businessman', though he is as much that in spirit as the millionaire. He starts with a few packets of cigarettes. Then he finds that his costs of living increase, as he progresses with the small earnings. He has to ensure that he gets a certain minimum income. So he takes to keeping pan and betel as well. Then he takes to selling a few magazines, a few newspapers, and so on. As at least some of his customers are likely to change their habits or tastes, he must necessarily find new custom or new lines of sale. He has to sharply keep this activity if he wants to live. The biggest of businessmen also have the same problem.

Can we forget that the so-called millionaires hold the heaviest of responsibilities? It is an easy process to destroy a thing; but to construct is a herculean task. A magnate who has built up various concerns has to see that they run without any slackness. If there is any slackness, the unemployment, misery and loss will be widespread. Further, if he is not running the business, his assets will have no value. His machines worth lakhs will have to be sold for a song, if he winds up. If he continues production he can get a return as well as employ others. This process of continuity is eternal for the businessman. It is only when he reaches the grave that a businessman gets rest and peace. Even that is a matter for conjecture. Is it then fair to condemn businessmen and private entrepreneurs in general, who have to keep their intellect, interest, risk and money in a continuous process of trial and error?

Jammi's LIVER CURE

**TAKES THE DREAD OUT
OF CHILDREN'S LIVER
COMPLAINTS**

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



Jammi Venkataramanayya & Sons

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

236

THE MYSORE CHEMICALS & FERTILISERS, LTD.

WORKS:

BELACULA (Mysore State Railway)
On the way to "BRINDAVAN GARDENS," Krishnarajasagar

Telephone No. 435.

REGISTERED OFFICE:

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

MANUFACTURERS OF:

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

OUR LANGUAGE PROBLEM

by G. SUBBA RAO, M.A., M. Litt.

LANGUAGE is primarily a medium of communication. It is a means, not an end in itself. It is absurd, then, to make it into a fetish. Any language that serves as an effective means of intercourse among members of a social group or groups might be willingly learnt and used. But language is not only a social instrument. It is a vehicle of the thought and culture of a community. It records and reflects its life and character. Every community is prompted by a natural love of all that is its own and an inhibiting prejudice against all that is alien to it. To the ancient Greeks the rest of mankind were 'barbarians'; to the Aryans in India, 'mlecchas'. It seems as though consenting to learn another's language implies somehow conceding the superiority of his culture—a concession which few would freely make. So, in a polyglot State like India, despite the fact that there is a broad substratum of common culture, when the need for a common language arises, there are theoretically as many candidates to that position of distinction as there are languages. Our language problem is in a way a cultural problem.

During the long years of the British Raj, when the distinctive culture of the whole country suffered a temporary eclipse, we yielded to the use of English as a common language, firstly because we could hardly do otherwise, secondly because, in the words of Rajaji, 'the advantages in life of a superficially anglicised culture were great'. That we have been able to make better use of our erstwhile master's language than Shakespeare's Caliban—"You taught me language; and my profit on't is, I know how to curse"—that we have been able to produce some of the greatest masters of English, a Tagore, a Sarojini, a Gandhi or a Nehru is perhaps as much a proof of the power and catholicity of the Indian

mind as of the vigour and richness of the English language.

But, with the birth and growth of Indian nationalism, the feeling came upon us that English can never serve as our lingua franca, notwithstanding that we have acquired a right to regard it as our 'own' by the great and glorious use we have made of it. What is India for?—our national leaders asked. To commemorate our shame and sorrow, our servitude to the British? To report the uses and growths of Great Britain? No. India is for Indians. India must commemorate things belonging to India. That is Swaraj. Our leaders felt that in order to produce and maintain popular enthusiasm for the cause of Swaraj, there must be a national flag, a national uniform and a national language—for language is as much an external sign of the nation to which a man belongs, as a flag or a uniform. In order that the Tamilian at Cape Comorin and his fellow-countryman in far-flung Kashmir might realise their kinship they must be able to converse with each other in a language of their soil. When a choice had to be made out of the 15 major or literary languages among the 179 languages of our country (Grierson's estimate), expediency decided in favour of Hindustani, being the most widespread.

Now, with the achievement of a dearly bought freedom, the problem of a common language has come to the forefront and gained in insistence. Confronted with dangerous forces of disruption like rabid provincialism and communalism, it is natural that our infant State should seek to exploit every means of unification. It is idle to deny the need for a single State or national language. A State could, no doubt, exist with more than one official language. Belgium has two principal languages, Flemish and French. Switzerland has four official languages, French, German, Italian and Romansch. But, circumstanc-

ed as we are, our need is unification, more unification.

From this point of view, Hindustani has strong claims. It is the most widespread tongue, the third great language of the world, coming after Northern Chinese and English, being spoken by about 150 million people. Therefore, says Pandit Nehru, 'Hindustani has to be employed as an interprovincial medium'. He goes on to assure us 'Hindustani cannot be and is not a rival to any regional language. It is only the younger sister of other languages'.

But sisters are seldom free from jealousy. The elevation of one of the several regional languages to the status of a national language creates understandable ill-feeling among those to whom it is not the mother-tongue. It may be contended that while the South Indian is 'forced' to learn his own as well as another tongue, his northern counterpart is in the enviable position of having to learn none but his

mother-tongue. Those who decry Hindustani therefore see in this move a sly attempt at Northern 'domination' over the South and raise the bogey of 'Dravidian culture in danger'. There is no doubt that an organization like the Dravida Kazhagam is trying to exploit a linguistic problem for political and economic ends. But the fear, although irrational, is nevertheless present.

To avoid such provincial ill-feeling as well as to establish a link with our ancient culture, the proper substitute for English as our State language, it has been suggested, is Sanskrit—'a language which', in the words of Dr. C. R. Reddy, 'has covered directly or by its derivatives more than two-thirds of Asia and which has a majestic standing as a classic, immortal and beyond the corroding power of time to eat into and disfigure'. To those who complain that Sanskrit is a 'dead' language and that it can hardly meet the

needs of our modern life and thought, Dr. Reddy's trenchant answer is, 'It is no dead language, except to those that are dead to culture'.

Another suggestion that has been made is that we must 'build a true and enduring common tongue that will last through the ages as a monument of India's cultural richness and power of synthesis'. To build this common tongue *Indian* 'let us take the best from the whole of India... Tamil can teach us splendid lessons in grammar. Telugu can show us how sweetly musical a language can be. Hindustani can contribute fine, terse words and roots with a wide currency. Malayalam can show us how to simplify grammar; Gujarati how to simplify a script. Each language can teach us something'. (Adeltha Peterson—A common language for India, 'SWATANTRA', 10-8-48). But the fact that efforts to construct and use artificial languages, like Esperanto, Ido or Interglossa have met with little success should make us realise that we cannot be too hopeful of this scheme. Imperfect man cannot have a perfect language. Man cannot be reduced to a robot and life to logic. Languages are born, not made.

Our language problem may therefore be met by choosing either Hindustani or Sanskrit. The claims of the former have received great and deserved consideration. But the parent seems to possess certain advantages over the child. First, it may eliminate or at least minimise ill-feeling among the provinces. Secondly, Sanskrit, with its literature as old as 1500 B.C., will enable us not merely to talk, but actually know something of the glory that was Ind, and spur us to further achievement in the realms of the spirit. It no doubt suffers from certain drawbacks. It is difficult and deficient. The complaint that it is 'dead', it has been shown, lacks point. To cite a parallel, the Government of Eire has been able to foster the use of Irish, a language that began to decay.

The contention that it is a language difficult to learn has some force. Sanskrit is a synthetic language, with a highly complicated system of inflexions. But labour spent in learning a language like Sanskrit can never be labour lost or mis-spent.

The complaint that it is deficient in vocabulary is also valid. The Sanskrit dictionary is a slim, small volume compared with the magnificent tomes of the Oxford English Dictionary. But what has been possible for English ought to be possible for Sanskrit. English vocabulary has increased with increase in power of expression from the 20,000 words of Anglo-Saxon to the 400,000 registered in the OED. Sanskrit too can grow in power and effectiveness, and serve as a fit medium for our modern life and thought if, like English, it not only creates new words from its own material, by the methods of derivation and composition, but also borrows freely yet discreetly words from other languages like Arabic and Persian, and from English, which is now the richest language in the world.

The alphabet in which Sanskrit is written is also defective. The Sanskrit grammarians had devised an almost perfect system of speech sounds. But in representing them the Devanagari script employs 'no fewer than 280 difficult and often highly complicated symbols for 30 spoken sounds'. Arabic can be written faster; but it is more difficult and irksome to read. Since there is no Indian script which approaches the Roman alphabet in simplicity and sufficiency, an alphabet based on it might be devised in accordance with the phonetic system in Sanskrit. This would reduce the number of symbols, eliminate the confusion of composite symbols, contribute to ease and facility in reading, writing, typewriting and printing and promote economy in the matter of printing. May we not find a satisfactory solution to our language problem in Romanized Sanskrit—an old language in a new livery?

NOW 25 **th WEEK**

GEMINI'S

CHANDRALEKA

AT MADRAS

WELLINGTON & SARASWATHI

And all over the province



At Wellington there will be regular shows on Monday, the 27th Sept. '48

BOOKS & AUTHORS

Pen-Portraits, Essays, and Addresses.
By Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar. (Hind
Kitabs, Bombay. Price Rs. 6-8).

Here is an author who has, in the noble phrase of Landor, "warmed both his hands before the fire of life". Whatever be the subject, religion, culture, politics, music, or law, he brings to its consideration a mind mellowed by wide reading, an imagination set on fire by ancient models, and a feeling refined by intimacy with the finest productions of many literatures. A wise catholicity informs his reading; he is as much at home with Kalidasa as with Lamb, Palgrave, or Sainte Beuve. The result is that there is not one of the numerous subjects he handles that he does not adorn. There is much wisdom in his warning that India can neglect English literature only at her peril. An entire library is compressed in his summary of the characteristics of Hindu culture; the daring imagination in speculation, the spirit of tolerance, and the "sense of the pervasive imminence of the Divine." The student of recent Indian political history will receive not a little instruction in the studies of Ranade, Mrs. Besant, and Mr. V. Krishnaswami Aiyar. This, however, by no means exhausts the list of his eminence; he is also, as he calls himself, an "electrical fanatic". On the burning topics of the day, some of them not generally likely to receive the attention of one and the same thinker, no guide is likely to be more instructive, valuable, or elevating.

Sri Thyagaraja. By K. Srinivasa Iyengar, Visveswarapuram, Bangalore City.

"Sri Thyagaraja" written by Sriman Srinivasa Iyengar is extremely interesting, instructive and thought-provoking. As the author has rightly pointed out, the greatness of that great saint Sri Thyagaraja Swami who was at once a Karma Yogi, a Bhakta Yogi, a Gnana Yogi and above all, as has been rightly stressed by the author, a Nada Yogi and the supreme position that he has carved out for himself in South Indian music, become amply apparent only when a comprehensive and comparative study is made. The numerous illustrations the author has

cited from the compositions of the great master musicians of the East as well as the West provide ample testimony to the keen interest with which he has studied the subject. I learn that the author himself is well versed in playing on the veena. Men of this type should unearth the hidden treasures of our cultural heritage.

I earnestly hope that this scholarly essay will inaugurate a series of comparative studies of Eastern and Western music, for this is the only way in which Indian music that has been the proud heritage of India can be the heritage of the entire world.—K. VASU-DEVACHAR.

Canteen Planning and Tea Service.
(Issued by the Indian Tea Market Expansion Board, 101, Netaji Subhas Road, Calcutta. Price, Rs. 3).

Even in this machine age, if the wheels of industry are to be kept constantly revolving, the human element is of considerable significance. In fact developments in the world have underlined the importance of keeping the worker contented not only because it is necessary to do so from the selfish point of view but also because it must be done from the ethical point of view. One of the ways of keeping the worker satisfied is to make food available to him at reasonable prices—and tea forms one of the principal ingredients of the worker's "food". The present brochure offers detailed advice for the planning and inauguration of tea service and industrial catering in this country. The information is simply and attractively presented and is accompanied by effective drawings and illustrations. It affords good tips to the employer who is anxious to befriend his workers, and should inspire to action the employer who is not.

Twentieth Century Urdu Literature.
By Mohammed Sadiq, M.A., Ph.D.
(Padmaja Publications, Baroda. Price, Rs. 2-3.)

Ninety pages are but a brief span for the survey of modern Urdu literature which, among other Indian literatures, registers a rapid growth due to the

impact of movements and methods of writing obtaining in the West. However, the brevity of the survey is as remarkable as its brilliance; against a background which has the simplicity and clarity of an etching, Dr. Sadiq presents the mind and art of the poets, the novelists, the short story writers, the critics, and the journalists, with an economy of phrasing and a perspicacity of judgment that are truly impressive. In the sphere of the short story the names of Krishan Chandar and Ismat Chughtai stand out prominent. "Ismat's quality," writes Dr. Sadiq, "is undeniable. She is original in her outlook as well as in her method. I do not know any writer who has such a sure sense of the topsy-turvydom of our social life as she has. She is a realist, and has pricked the bubble of our romantic illusions."

The new Urdu Literature is in a transitional stage; it promised much but it has achieved less, and in the opinion of Dr. Sadiq, the Progressive Movement which began well has failed to live up to the big things it claimed in the beginning. He analyses the causes for the deterioration, which are both psychological and economic, and the note on which he ends carries strength and a gentle hope: "All around us communalism has let loose forces of hypocrisy and hatred which are confusing all rational values. How is it possible to have a genuine criticism of the social order when the watchword of the day is: My party before every other party, and woe to the man who dares to breathe a word against it. Notwithstanding, young men are not wanting even today, who have the courage of their convictions. They are filling the gaps in the ranks of the Progressive Writers, and we believe, the end is not yet." Literature to be alive has to keep itself well abreast of every constructive endeavour of man; a universal vision more than a complete comprehension is its essential integral.

SWATANTRA

156, Lloyds Road,
Royapettah, Madras.

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



Her health
is your
Happiness!

Are you ensuring your wife's health by giving her Shanti Asoka the vitamin tonic which prevents and remedies all female ailments? In addition to its tonic properties, it contains Asoka—the indigenous herb used for centuries past to eradicate female disorders.

Shanti Asoka
The Best Uterine Tonic

Shanti Kuteeram Ltd.,
Manufacturing Pharmaceutical Chemists

Madras Stockists:

M/s. B. J. Gokhale,
260, Esplanade, Madras.

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.

A Case for Public Trial

The Hyderabad situation has for the nonce ended. But the real end of the trouble will be only after the Razakar menace is effectively destroyed. It is clear that those responsible for ruthless loot, plunder, arson and rape should be made to suffer for all their misdeeds. The news of certain leading Razakars going underground never surprised any one, for, that was but expected. Major General El Droos, shortly before the surrender—perhaps when the surrender of Hyderabad had been rendered inevitable—is said to have radioed to certain Razakar leaders asking them to discard their uniforms. This was a clear hint to make them go underground. Fortunately it is reported that Kasim Razvi himself has been arrested. Every one of the Razakars who has gone into hiding should be brought out, publicly tried and punished. Otherwise real peace and security can never be ensured in Hyderabad. People who are known to have committed dastardly crimes, if let go unpunished, are likely to be encouraged to such activities in future also. The hoards of loot which must be in the possession of the Razakars and their evil allies should be seized and restored to lawful owners. The private properties of persons responsible for such atrocities should go in liquidation of the damage and suffering of innocent victims. Toleration in such matters is no virtue but a euphemism for indifference. To suggest the keeping of such men in service is like paying the burglar for picking the locks.

R. BALASUBRAMANIAN.

Tanjore.

All-India Bar

It is time our Dominion and States' Governments set up a committee of judges and jurists to see to the establishment of an All-India Bar by the end of January 1949. Such a Bar will help to make the legal profession more mobile, thus bettering their chances economically.

Now, advocates of the Madras High Court who have to argue in Bombay or Calcutta High Courts (or vice versa) are put to great inconvenience. Though the reciprocity principle is recognised, there are unnecessary distinctions as regards Original and Appellate jurisdictions.

There should be one Bar offering membership to all holders of a university degree in law, plus a certificate of proficiency in procedure. It is best that this procedural test is not hardened into a rigorous examination and it should be held by courts having inherent powers of prescribing the syllabus. It should also be an All-India one. A nominal fee for enrolment could be paid before any one of the courts which will act as feeder institutions for the enrolment and maintenance of an All-India Roll of Advocates.

Membership to the All-India Bar should be retrospectively available to even vakils and pleaders of the old regulations on payment of a nominal registration fee.

The High Courts should as now retain powers of examining cases of professional misconduct. There should be no restraint, either whole or partial, on the right to practise. There will then be greater interprovincial understanding and homogeneity.

As regards recruitment to the Bench from the Bar, the respective High Courts may exchange judges. Recruits from one province may be sent, like the Civilians, to another, thus establishing an All-India cadre of the higher ranks of the judiciary.

"LAW BIRD."

Preparation of Electoral Rolls

The preparation of the electoral rolls for the new elections as planned by the Government is going to cost the country many crores of rupees. A poor country like India can ill afford it.

It is worthwhile therefore to investigate if there are not other methods, adopted in other countries, which simplify the procedure and at the same time guarantee a proper exercise of the franchise by every citizen qualified to vote.

It is said that in some countries the voter is asked to dip his finger in some fast colour, as an indication of his having exercised his vote. He is thereby prevented from seeking to vote in the same or another constituency for a second time. If it is satisfactory to rely on one's declaration that one is over 21 years of age at the time of the preparation of the rolls, it is equally satisfactory to rely on such declaration at the time of voting itself. Moreover in the event of his being challenged, a

doctor will be at hand to testify to his age, if better evidence is not available. Once double voting is provided against, it is fairly safe to rely on the voter's testimony about his residential qualification, or if need be the testimony of the village officers or other officers present at the polling station.

Whether this method is adopted in toto or not, it is a matter which requires serious consideration and a suitable procedure, simple and economical enough for our country has to be devised instead of the costly and cumbersome machinery which has been conceived by the Government and which does not after all ensure even fifty per cent of the correctness or completeness aimed at by the sponsors.

A CITIZEN.

Real Cause of Conflict

Hindu society was in early times a composite whole, the components helping each other in the cultural, social and economic spheres. But the Hindus have transgressed the ideals of Dharma; neither Brahmin nor Non-Brahmin now conforms to Dharmic standards of living.

Communal acrimony is due to the race for power and money. The problem is not as Sri E. V. R. Naicker declares, a conflict of interests between the mythical Aryan Brahmin and Dravidian Non-Brahmin but one between rich and poor. The rich of each community work to the detriment of the masses. The rich, power-seeking Non-Brahmin diverts the ryot's attention from his poverty by enlisting him in an anti-Brahmin crusade. The poor and lower middle of all sects, be they Brahmin, Naidu or Mudaliar should join hands, to solve their economic problem in a practical way. They should not be led astray by interested communalists who go about spreading hate.

V. G. RAMACHANDRAN, M.A., B.L.

Pressure Groups

In spite of the fact that the Hon. Premier has issued instructions to the departmental heads of the Province not to be influenced by the Congress leaders or M.L.As. in the discharge of their administrative duties, there are no such signs in Nellore District. There are two congress groups in almost every village and town of the Nellore District known as Ministerial and Andhra Provincial Congress groups and local officials in some of the places take sides and favour only the members and people attached to the Ministerial group and victimise other people even in the matter of distribution of food. Both the Congress prestige and administrative efficiency are being undermined by

vested interests. The immediate solution of the problem lies in express instructions from the Government and wholesale transfer of officials in all the Taluk centres.

M. VENKATARAMAN.

Sulurpeta.

Regrettable Resolution

The resolution passed by the Andhra Provincial Congress Committee at its recent meeting on the zamindari and inam legislation is to be regretted. The A.P.C.C. is a provincial organization of the Congress. The Congress stands for all sections of the people and is expected to tackle any problem comprehensively and not in a sectional spirit. The Congress Parliamentary Board has issued its final instructions regarding compensation and exclusion of inams. Their angle of vision and manner of approach towards this question stands contrary to that of the Provincial Congress Committee.

The Provincial Congress Committee fails to note that the ryotwari pattadar has his sub-tenant as the inamdar has his tenant. In relation to the Government the ryotwari pattadar is in an inferior position to that of the inamdar. The inamdar has full proprietary rights in his inam lands including the right to minerals. The well-being of the inamdar is and should be as much the concern of the Congress as that of his tenant. The inamdar is as much interested in the cultivation of his land as the ryotwari pattadar is in his. It would be better in such a case to reconcile the several interests. This would be possible if both the Ministry and the Provincial Congress take a comprehensive view of things.

The Congress High Command has already appointed the AGRARIAN REFORMS COMMITTEE on an All-India basis. The Committee is touring the provinces and will shortly visit Madras. The relation between the pattadar and his tenant, the rent to be paid by them to the pattadar, whether the rent should be in kind or in cash, the maximum and minimum of a holding and such vital problems will be determined by the Committee. The task of the Provincial Government is to reduce the zamindari tenure to ryotwari tenure by payment of compensation to the zamindar for his past services as Rent Collector. The conversion of inams to ryotwari tenure simplifies matters by securing uniformity in tenures without the liability to pay compensation. The inamdar, in any view of the matter, cannot be said to have a lesser right to cultivate his land than the ryotwari pattadar.

As to compensation the Madras Premier wants market price for ryotwari land in excess of 800 acres. The maximum he prefers to be 800 acres.

93609
In the case of inamgars both the Provincial Congress and the Madras Ministry want the compensation to be a year's rent or some multiple of that rent, not on the existing rent but on the reduced rent.

It is hoped that better counsels will prevail and that the Provincial Congress Committee and our Ministry will approach this problem in the interests of the different sections of the community, considering the justice and equities involved.

S. VENKATANARAYANA.
Vizianagaram.

Unwise

Hindu Religious endowments in this Presidency have an immense annual income and, for the past several years, their accounts have been audited by an independent body of registered accountants.

Recently, however, the Government of Madras have decided to give up the system of entrusting the audit to registered accountants and have proposed to organize a staff of auditors under the name and style of "The H.R.E. Audit Service."

The entire administration of the rich Hindu Religious endowments in this Presidency now vests in the H.R.E. Board and if even the audit of the accounts of the endowments were to be entrusted to a staff working under the same Board, it should be considered an unwise arrangement.

If an audit should be entirely good, it should be done by an expert who is not a paid servant under any one. This principle appears to be well recognised in some Western countries where almost all classes of audit are entrusted to private auditors. For all practical purposes, the H.R.E. Board has now become the sole monarch of the vast properties of the numerous religious endowments in this Presidency and the audit of the properties should not also be left to be done by a staff employed by the same Board.

A DEVOTEE.

Child Welfare-Centres

The Child Welfare Centre which was working well at Yemmiganur since the year 1930 has been closed down—mainly for want of Government support. It was useful to poor men's children in many ways. Milk was being freely distributed. Medical aid was being freely given. All the children entrusted to the centre were being looked after by the local doctor and his staff.

Since 1942 the centre has completely stopped working. The same may be said of other such centres all over the presidency. May I draw the attention

of the Health Minister to this and request him to take steps for the resuscitation of such centres in the interest of public health and national child welfare.

G. M. GANGANNA.
Yemmiganur.

Contradictions

On 15th August 1948 the Minister for Education said in the Madras Assembly that the Government of India had accepted the communal G.O. introduced by him in this province and agreed to its continuance. In the "Hindu" of the same date, the Centre complains that the Madras Government had not accepted its suggestion to scrap the communal G.O. I addressed a letter to the President of the Indian National Congress suggesting that either steps should be taken to have the communal G.O. now in force cancelled, or to dislodge the present Cabinet of the Madras Government from membership of the Congress organisation. I have received the following reply:

"We have already received other representations regarding the activities of the Congress Ministry in Madras. We can fully assure you that in case it is found that any Congressman departs from the Congress policy, the Congress will not hesitate to take action against him, however eminent a position he may hold in the Congress organisation or in the Congress Government".

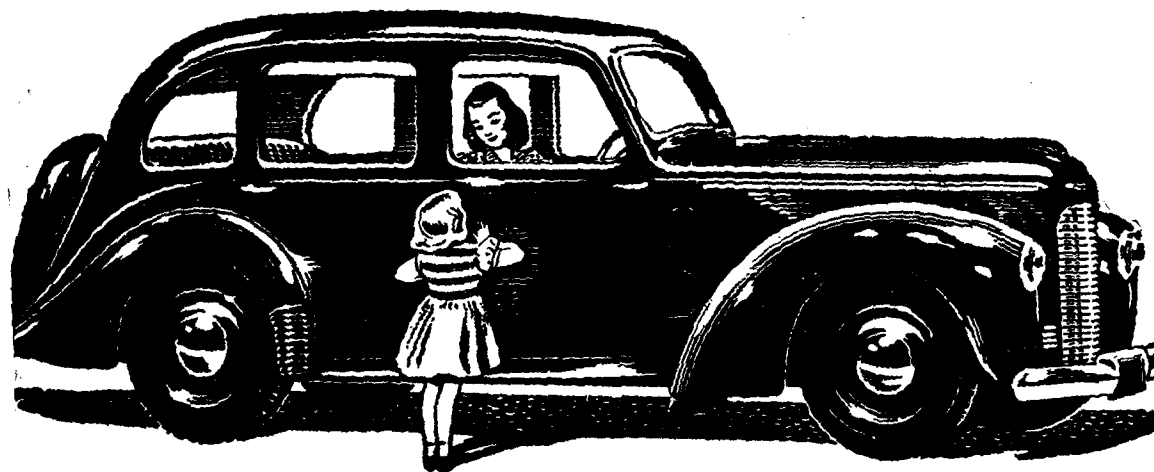
B. RAMA RAO.
Bellary.

A Free Parliament Of Religions

We must have in this country a free parliament of religions to hammer out a basic moral pattern to which all religions might subscribe themselves; a parliament such as will prevent religious strife, promote sweetness of conduct among men, the larger morality among nations.

India is most eminently fit to assume the moral leadership of the world. The world needs moral leadership and we who are heirs to the finest civilisation of the soul that ever existed can supply it; we who have become the rightful custodians of Gandhiji's gospel of kinship and compassion can supply this moral leadership, a condition precedent for any political leadership harnessed to the establishment of a world state in which lies the best hope for an embattled mankind.

N. K. VENKATESWARAN.
Trivandrum.



THE MAGNIFICENT 1948 MINX

A Product of the Rootes Group

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

Enquiries may please be addressed to:—

SIMPSON & CO., LTD., MADRAS.

Branches: BANGALORE, OOTACAMUND, TRICHY.

The Name ...



Adds

Prestige
to your
Jewellery

313, ESPLANADE,
MADRAS.